Funeral services, conducted by Dr. George Wesley Jones, his Presiding Elder, assisted by several ministers, were held at Zion Church, Seaford, and were attended by a great concourse of sorrowing friends. The body was taken to Staunton and there interred in Thornrose Cemetery, Rev. C. M. Hesser, pastor of Central Methodist Church, and Rev. Herbert Sydenstricker, Presiding Elder of the Rockingham District, performing the last sad rites.

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

by B. F. Lipscomb

William Henry Atwill. On Thursday, May 16, 1929, under the sheltering roof of his son, William H., Jr., Larchmont, Norfolk, Va., Rev. William Henry Atwill, after a pilgrimage of more than four score years, including an itinerant ministry of over fifty years, laid down his worn body and his sacred charge, and entered into a well earned rest.

His career began under favorable auspices, amid gracious surroundings. He was born in Westmoreland County, Va., March 2, 1848, the third child of S. B. and Jane Ann Atwill (nee Broun, of Northumberland County, Va.) whose high character and exemplary lives had created a Christian home for his growth and development and transmitted to him the splendid heritage of a good name, a sound body, a sane mind, and a cheerful spirit. They brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, placing his feet in the path of the just that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, and he walked worthy of his high calling. In addition to the care and culture received from his parents, he had training from a private teacher, and the example and fellowship of preachers and other religious leaders always welcome to his father's house.

At sixteen years of age his patriotic spirit heard the call to arms from his stricken Southland, and he enlisted as a soldier and joined the ranks of Mosby's men. At twenty-one, during a series of meetings in Northumberland County, conducted by Rev. W. F. Bain of the Lancaster Circuit, he was consciously converted and distinctly called to the work of the ministry. Being highly endowed by nature and richly endued by the Holy Spirit, he was qualified to minister to his fellowmen in holy things.

He was licensed to preach at White Stone Church, Lancaster Circuit, April 22, 1872, and in the fall of that year went to Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., to fit himself more fully for the sacred life work to which he had consecrated himself. He stayed two years, leaving in June, 1874, and going by appointment of the Presiding Elder to the Mathews Circuit as junior preacher under Rev. A. M. Hall, preacher in charge. At the Conference that year in Elizabeth City, N. C., Bishop Marvin, presiding, he was admitted on trial into the traveling connection, and returned to Mathews Circuit as junior preacher. From then till fifty-three years of active service had been performed, he went in and out among us as an obedient son in the gospel, serving his generation according to the will of the authorities above him, and showing himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

In the fall of 1875 he married Miss Maggie A. Guyon, formerly of Westchester County, N. Y., but then with her parents, a resident of Mathews County. At the Conference following, he was sent to Powhatan Circuit. At the Conference in Richmond, November 1876, he was ordained a deacon by Bishop Kavanaugh and appointed to the South Brunswick Circuit where he served four years. At the Conference in Petersburg, 1878, Bishop Pierce presiding, he was ordained an elder. Being thus regularly set apart and authorized to preach the word, he went forth to make full proof of his ministry.

Following his pastoral care of South Brunswick Circuit, he served Hicks Ford, now Emporia, one year; Wesley, Petersburg, four years; Wright Memorial, Portsmouth, two years; Clay Street, Richmond, four years; Centenary, Lynchburg, four years; Cumberland Street, Norfolk, two years; Ashland, four years; Calvary, Danville, four years; Presiding Elder Danville District, four years; High Street, Petersburg, four years; Colonial Avenue, Norfolk, three years; Smithfield, seven years and Highland Petersburg, four years.

At the session of the Conference in Danville, November, 1927, Bishop Denny presiding, he asked to be relieved of further active work, and was granted honorable place in the ranks of the superannuates with warm appreciation of his long and faithful

service. His day being far spent, and his natural strength abating, he retired to the welcoming home of his son in Norfolk, to spend the evening time of his life and to await the coming of the endless day.

But he never lost interest in the activities of his Church or in the toils and triumphs of his brethren. He kept in sympathetic touch with them, held up the hands of his pastor, preached as occasion required, taught a Bible Class occasionally, and set an example and exerted an influence that made his presence in his community a cherished benediction.

His sunny soul radiated light and warmth wherever he went, and many rejoiced at his coming and delighted in his fellowship. His merry heart did good like a medicine for his tonic good cheer toned up many a drooping spirit. His optimistic eye saw a silver lining aback of every cloud, a peaceful calm beyond every storm, an alluring height above every vale. Groups often gathered about him to listen to his vivid description of amusing incidents in his life and to covet a portion of his genial good humor. His heart held no bitterness toward anyone, his speech no hurtful sting, his efforts no selfish aim. But he did not lack iron in his blood, candor in his counsel, courage in his convictions. Aback of his smiling face and gracious countenance, there was a stout soul, a strong will, a fearless spirit. He could stand before kings unabashed. He did not fear the face of man, and yet his fearlessness was tempered with a tenderness that enabled him to be frank and friendly at the same time.

As a pastor he was gentle in his approach, tender in his touch, and cordial in his dealings with all classes. He sought to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and he led many into green pastures and beside still waters, and had a word in season for those that were weary. His people cherished him with particular affection, and followed his leadership with remarkable responsiveness. He improved the church property in many places, rebuilt or repaired houses of worship, and materially extended the Kingdom of God. The Annuals of the Conferences bear record of his success as a pastor.

But his pulpit ministrations were his chief joy. He loved to preach, and his preaching appealed to the people. Erect in form, dignified in manner, pleasing in appearance, fluent in speech, poised and self-controlled, commanding easily all his resources, he won attention at once, and held his hearers by his earnest presentation of his message.

In his "sketch" of him, Dr. Lafferty says: "He has singular aptness to seize an occasion and readiness to discharge his best powers to achieve immediate results. There is no hesitation, confusion, clumsiness. The flow of his words is as of natural gravity from a brimming fountain." His sermons were scriptural in content, simple in analysis, fervent in spirit. Sinners were convicted and converted, mourners comforted, believers edified, and saints strengthened in their faith. He wrought well. He rests now, and his works follow him.

His final illness was of short duration. His health had been failing for some time, but he kept in active touch with his friends till a slight fall jarred his frame, and speeded his decline. He walked quietly and confidently into the valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil, for the rod and the staff of the Shepherd of his soul comforted him. He had walked through the shades of this valley before to the graves of four faithful wives, nee Guyon of Mathews County; Cata of Emporia; Browder of Petersburg; Harris of Lynchburg; and two children, Minnie Minor and Robert Bailey.

On Saturday morning, May 18, 1929, his sleeping body was taken to his home church, Larchmont, Norfolk, Va. for an appropriately simple service conducted by his pastor, Dr. John T. Bosman, assisted by his Presiding Elder, Dr. Geo. Wesley Jones, and his long time friend, Dr. T. McN. Simpson. His brethren and friends of the two cities attested their appreciation of him and their sympathy for his loved ones by their reverent attendance and silent tribute. In the afternoon of the same day he was tenderly laid to rest in old Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., where many Methodist ministers and friends were gathered. The burial services were conducted by Drs. John T. Bosman, H. C. Pfeiffer and J. C. Reed, his fellow laborers in the gospel.

Surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Carrie V. Atwill, whom he married May 10, 1910; two sons, William H., Jr., Norfolk, Va., and Frank H., Richmond, Va., and three daugh-

ters, Miss Mary Clay, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. James Edwards, Wise, Va., and Mrs. P. D. Gwaltney, III, Smithfield, Va.

"Servant of God, well done! Rest from they loved employ.

The battle fought, the victory won; enter thy Master's joy." **by T. McN. Simpson**

John Walker Parrish was born in Augusta County, Va., January 15, 1850, and died in Lynchburg, Va., Jan. 19, 1929, and was buried in Buena Vista, Va., May 19, 1929. His parents were Henry A. and Sarah C. Parrish. His father was a Methodist steward and class leader, who died May, 1856. His mother moved to Fluvanna County, Va., with her five children. She was a woman of deep and fervent piety, and brought up her children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

In 1864 John W. Parrish was happily converted at Palmyra, Va., under the ministry of Rev. Wm. I. Hunter. Soon after his conversion he felt his call to preach. He began at once to prepare himself for his great work. He attended Mountain View Academy, Palmyra, Va., taught by Mr. James O. Shepherd. In October, 1871, he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of Fluvanna Circuit, held by Rev. Jacob Manning, Presiding Elder. A year later he was employed by the Rev. H. B. Cowles, Presiding Elder of the Lynchburg District as a supply for Amherst Mission. For three years he labored most successfully on this mission, leading many souls to Christ, building two new churches, developing and establishing the work permanently. From 1875 to 1881 he cultivated a farm and taught school, preaching on the Sabbath and working for his Master as he found opportunity.

In 1881 he began his constant work in the ministry as a supply and thus became a real itinerant, and gave all his time to the appointment of the Conference. In the capacity of a supply he served Glenmore Mission three years, West Buckingham three years, West Bedford for six years (at two different times), and North Bedford one year, making in all thirteen years.

After entering the Conference in 1894 he served the following charges: Concord, West Campbell, Mecklenburg, South Hill, North Bedford and Franklin Circuit. In 1907 he asked for the superannuate relation and remained in that relation until his death.

He was twice married. He married Miss Mildred Tucker, December 1887, of Amherst County, Va. She was an encouragement and a helper in his work. On November 21, 1906, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Sallie Dameron of Lynchburg, Va., who cheered and helped him in his work of the ministry and watched tenderly over him in his declining years. She still survives to mourn his departure and to look forward to a blessed reunion in our Father's House in Heaven.

John W. Parrish was a man of "solid piety," deeply in earnest, diligent and faithful as a pastor, a sound preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, a winner of souls. He had fine judgment and strong common sense. He was quiet, humble, prudent, zealous, conservative and consecrated. Children loved him, his people were devoted to him, and all who knew him loved and trusted him. Surely a good man and a faithful minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ has gone to his great reward.

"Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high." **by J. C. Reed**

James Kilgore Jolliff. On December 14, 1868, a son was born to Josiah and Sarah A. Jolliff in Norfolk County, Va., and to the world was given a prophecy of a new life which was gloriously fulfilled and closed at Ashland, Va., on June 5, 1929.

This boy was named James Kilgore Jolliff and received his early education in the public school at Fentress, Va. In 1886, under the preaching of Rev. Travis J. Taylor, he was happily converted and joined the Methodist Church. From the first day of his Christian experience he felt a call to the ministry and entered Randolph-Macon College two years later to prepare for his life work. At College his influence on the student body was helpful and inspiring. His friendly disposition made him a favorite among the students. He took a lively interest in all college activities and was one of the best athletes in the school. He was an active leader in the Y.M.C.A. and was always relied on to give good counsel and to do needed work. In the literary halls he showed marked

forensic ability, and the chaplain of the college leaned hard on him for help in all his work.

In 1892 he joined the Virginia Conference and was assigned to East Suffolk and Magnolia. The splendid impression and fine work done in his first charge still live. His next appointment was Edenton, N. C. After that he served in succession the following places: Whaleyville and Somerton; Effingham Street, Portsmouth; Cape Charles; Smithfield; Queen Street, Norfolk; Wright Memorial, Portsmouth; Central, South Richmond; High Street, Petersburg; the Petersburg District; McKendree, Norfolk; Laurel Street, Richmond; Charlottesville; then as Secretary of the Christian Education Movement for two years, from which he returned to the pastorate as Presiding Elder of the Petersburg District for four years, and at the Conference in Norfolk was assigned to Main Street, Suffolk, from which he retired to take the superannuate relationship at the Conference in Danville, in November, 1927. He then returned to Ashland where he lived until the day of his translation. In all of his appointments he was pre-eminently successful.

His father was one of the leaders in Methodism in Norfolk County, a man of splendid intellect, deep piety and absolute loyalty to the Methodist Church. His mother, who survives him, now ninety years of age, is a woman of deep piety and culture, with a disposition as amiable and sweet as that of a child, with a mind that grasps and properly values all things.

He was twice married. In 1893 to Miss Sue Hubbard, a beautiful and accomplished young woman of Halifax County, who lived only two months. In 1895 he was married to Miss Mary Lizzie Taylor, daughter of Rev. Travis J. Taylor, who still survives him. Much of his success as pastor was due to the cooperation and inspiration that came from this splendid Christian woman. To this union were born four children: James Taylor Jolliff, E. Corwith Jolliff, Mary Sue Jolliff, now Mrs. William Leech, and Josiah Travis Jolliff. Brother Jolliff leaves one sister, Sarah, and two brothers, Josiah and Jesse. No man's home life was ever sweeter. He loved his old mother and the mother of his wife, Mrs. T. J. Taylor, and his tender, gentle care for them can never be forgot. He loved his children with a love so keen that some would call it sentimental.

Brother Jolliff was a diligent, tactful pastor. He knew the doctrines of the Methodist Church and proclaimed them in a popular and forceful way. He knew human nature and adapted his appeals to the needs of the people. Christ was at the center of all his preaching and in every message he magnified his Master. From his first charge until the day of his death he kept the spirit of an evangelist, and everywhere had souls for his hire. After his superannuation he continued to do this work, answering every call to which he was able to respond. His last meeting was at Hilton Village where he preached Christ with great power. He began calling sinners to repentance, and his last public ministry was still echoing the gospel call to a sinful world.

Brother Jolliff was a fellow helper in the gospel and always cooperated in every task of his Church. The writer frequently called on him for service in the cause of education and never found him too busy to respond. These splendid responses marked him as the man best suited to carry the message of Christian Education, and at the Conference in Norfolk in 1919, he was selected by the Board of Education to fill the position of Secretary of the Christian Education Movement. This was a hard task and a movement without popular appeal. With force, energy and tact, he did this work and in the performance of it was injured on the Eastern Shore in an automobile accident from which he greatly suffered and perhaps never entirely recovered.

This Conference knows his love and devotion to the cause of missions. He served most wisely and efficiently on the Board of Missions, and cooperated in every way in making the Centenary a large success in Virginia.

He was twice Presiding Elder of the Petersburg District and led his men and people in every field of Christian activity. He was a special friend of the young men, many of whom affectionately call him Daddy Jolliff. He sympathized with them, encouraged them, and looked after them in their work.

Should one try to find the key to his useful life, I think it would be found in self-forgetfulness. His big heart responded to every appeal and tried to help every needy cause. His broad, big sympathies are best illustrated by a story told of him

while at Smithfield. His Sunday School had gone to Newport News for a picnic. Soon after landing at the beach a cry went up that a boy was overboard. The crowd was panic stricken. While some men rushed for life savers, he, without a moment's thought of himself, threw off his coat, jerked off his shoes and was out in the channel swimming for the boy and had brought him safely in before the life savers arrived. The ear that heard the cry of the troubled mother when her boy was in danger, heard every troubled cry and responded, forgetting himself. Let any who think that he made mistakes remember that those mistakes are recorded as successes by Him who said, "Let him who would save his life, lose it." We, his brethren, today are poorer for his going, but we are also richer for having had this example of unselfish living.

Two spots seemed very dear to him: Ashland, where he lived as Christian Education Secretary, and to which he returned after his superannuation; Petersburg, where he served as pastor and as Presiding Elder twice. After the going of his spirit from the former, we took his tired, worn body to the latter, and in Trinity Church where he and his family had worshipped, the writer, assisted by Reverends C. C. Bell, H. C. Pfeiffer and R. F. Gayle, conducted the funeral services. Some fifty of his brethren in the ministry and a large concourse of friends gathered for the services.

It was very appropriate that the grave in old Blandford should have been covered with a carpet of flowers for he loved flowers and in every charge where he had the opportunity it was his pleasure to grow them and to give them. Literally thousands of rooms in hospitals and homes were made bright by the bunches of home-grown flowers placed there by his own hands. Even in this late October day in the town of Ashland flowers are blooming that were planted by him. Better still, the flowers of hope and faith are blooming, and will bloom throughout the years in lives that he touched and helped. We shall see his face no more in our Conference gatherings, but blessed be God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has begotten us to a living hope of a reunion in the skies, we shall see him and bask in the light of the souls of just men made perfect.

by S. C. Hatcher

W. A. S. Conrad, son of Fayette and Elizabeth Conrad, was born at Harpers Ferry, Va., August 19, 1853, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hayden, in Richmond, Va., July 9, 1929.

Reared by godly parents, the doctrines of the Christian religion were thoroughly instilled into his young life. In addition to the training of a pious home, Mr. Conrad also received all the advantages of an education that his native place afforded. Later he studied pharmacy and entered the drug business in Richmond, Va., where he conducted a lucrative business up to the time of his entrance into the traveling ministry.

Brother Conrad was converted and united with Trinity Church under the ministry of Dr. R. N. Sledd. In 1880 he transferred to Laurel Street Church, and was soon put into official relation with the church as Steward. Here the workman found his work and lost himself in his work. About this time he attended a District Conference in New Kent County, which gave to him greater visions of the Kingdom of Christ on earth. And the workman himself received a quickening in his spiritual life. Returning to his home he threw himself, soul and body, into the work of the church and counted himself as but a steward of the Lord in the things he possessed. In 1882 he was licensed to exhort and the following year was licensed to preach and for five years continued in the local ranks.

A part time service did not satisfy the soul of the workman called of God to a full time ministry. Accordingly, he disposed of his business and started out to become a "fisher of men," and at the Conference of 1888, held in Portsmouth, Va., the name of W. A. S. Conrad was entered as one of the class received on trial into the Virginia Conference.

Brother Conrad's first charge was West Street, Petersburg, where he served two years. In 1890 he was assigned to Buckingham Circuit where he served four years. From there he was sent to Fluvanna and labored one year. His next appointment was Rappahannock, two years; Greene next, four years; then Scottsville, one year; then Gordonsville, two years. Again the wheel turns and North Mecklenburg became his field of labor and here another four years of his useful life were spent. At the Conference of 1908 Brother Conrad was assigned to the Prince Edward Circuit where he stayed only one

year. It was while serving this pastorate that the greatest sorrow of his life overtook him, for his bride of thirty-four years ago heard the Voice of her risen Lord calling her unto himself and on August 31, 1909, her spirit took its flight to realms beyond. In 1909 Brother Conrad was assigned to Burkeville; 1911 to East Middlesex; 1912, Cartersville; 1913 he was again assigned to Burkeville and continued there for another four years of labor; then Norfolk Circuit one year; Clarksville four years; Boydton three years; Clarksville again had him as pastor for the next two years, and in 1927 he received his last appointment at the hands of a bishop, when he was read out for Cartersville. For some time past the frame had been losing strength and at the Conference held in Lynchburg in 1928 Brother Conrad, after forty years of active service, asked for and received the superannuate relation. Leaving the parsonage at Cartersville in October, 1928, Brother Conrad moved to the home of his daughter, Mrs. R.A. Williams at Union Level and continued there until a few weeks of his death, when he went to Richmond to consult specialists. All that medical skill and tender nursing care could do were of no avail to bring back to health the worn out soldier. On July 9 his name was called by the Lord of Heaven and the shield of faith was exchanged for the crown of glory; the sword of the spirit for the harp of gold.

Brother Conrad was a splendid preacher. His sermons were carefully thought out and written and his utterances were clear and to the point. The Master's command: "Feed my sheep," was to him a commission that nothing short of his best would satisfy. His life was a benediction to all who knew him. He had sweet fellowship with God and talked with Him as face to face, so that those who heard him pray were brought into the presence of God. The secret of his life is best told in a written prayer which he always carried with him: "Lord, teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents a dollar. Help me to so live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience and unhaunted by any face to whom I may have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my living on the square, and in the earning of it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Keep me from dwelling on the faults of others and reveal to me my own. Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife who has been a blessing to me I will have nothing to conceal. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age. And when comes the day of darkened shades, the smell of flowers, the tread of soft footsteps and the crunching of wheels in the yard, let me have been of some use to my fellowman in pointing him to the Lamb of God who lives eternally in the heavens."

Of the forty years of active service twenty-six were served within the bounds of the Farmville District. The several times he was returned to former charges shows the esteem of those he served for this servant of God. The good people of Boydton had urged him to spend his declining years with them and it was while superintending the removal of his goods to the parsonage there that he was taken suddenly ill.

Though his suffering at times was intense no murmur escaped his lips. But with joy he stepped out to meet his Master face to face. Brother Conrad was twice married. In October, 1875, he married Miss Annette Carter, of Richmond, of which union seven children were born, five of whom survive. On June 15, 1911, he married Miss Blanche R. Wingfield, who walked with him to the crossing, and who with the children mentioned, mourn the loss of a loving companion and tender father.

The journey is ended, the crossing near.
While loved ones are watching, his last words to hear.
The angels are waiting his spirit to bear
To regions beyond as heavens glory to share.
The spirit at last breaks loose from the clay,
And the night is dissolved by the glorious day.
The face of his Lord, the servant beholds,
And the glory of Heaven enraptures his soul.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. E. Booker, assisted by Rev. W.T.A. Haynes and other of his brethren in the ministry. His body was borne to the grave in Hollywood Cemetery and laid to rest till the trumpet on the ramparts of Heaven shall call the sleeping hosts into the presence of the Living Lord.

by J. C. Harry

Robert Pierce Lumpkin. The poetic utterance that "death rides on every passing breeze and lurks in every flower" found a fresh verification in the sudden and unexpected death of the Reverend R. P. Lumpkin.

On his way home from a meeting of his official board he was taken ill and hailed a passing automobile which fortunately contained a member of his church. On entering the car he called for fresh air and seemed to lapse into unconsciousness. In a few moments "the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken" and the spirit of our esteemed friend and brother had ascended to his Heavenly home.

Robert Pierce Lumpkin was the son of the Reverend W. G. and Clara Farinholt Lumpkin and was born in the city of Petersburg, Va., May 14, 1873. He was converted in childhood under the ministry of his father and in early life was profoundly impressed that it was his duty to preach the gospel. He united with the Virginia Conference at its session in Petersburg, Va., in November, 1899 and served the following charges in the order in which they are named: Junior preacher on the Mathews Circuit under Rev. J. E. Deshazo; preacher in charge of the Montross Circuit; Epworth, Richmond; Washington Street (now Grace), Danville; Matoaca, West Chesterfield; Hinton Avenue, Charlottesville; Culpeper Station; Centenary, Lynchburg; St. James, Richmond; LeKies Memorial, Norfolk; Bethany, Reedville; and Byrd Park, Richmond.

On January 20th, 1909, he was united in marriage with Miss Inez King, who with the following children survive: William Garrett, Charles King, Robert Pierce, Jr., Elizabeth Lyle and Inez Miles Lumpkin.

Brother Lumpkin possessed the inclinations and habits of a student. In childhood and youth he attended the public school wherever his father happened to be located. After his father's retirement from the active ministry and the family had moved to Richmond he entered business life, but matriculated in the Night School for a time to continue his preparation for his life work. During his ministry at Epworth, Richmond, he was a student at Richmond College, now the University of Richmond, and when he was stationed at Hinton Avenue, Charlottesville, he attended lectures at the University of Virginia.

As a preacher Brother Lumpkin was earnest and forceful, positive and vigorous. He had a genius for the condemnation of sin and the exposure of evil and in his attacks upon them he seemed to possess the holy boldness and burning zeal of the ancient prophets and the inspired apostles. He had a fondness and aptitude for public discussion. With readiness and fluency he sometimes entered the arena of debate, and not infrequently proved himself to be a formidable antagonist. If the cause of righteousness were assailed he felt called upon to defend it, and with flaming heart, dauntless mien and impassioned tone he expressed his protest and resentment.

As a pastor Brother Lumpkin was alert, attentive and diligent. He did not find recreation and enjoyment in the diversions and amusements of life but in association with his people whom he loved with all the ardor and devotion of his affectionate nature.

In paying tribute to the memory of my esteemed friend I do not desire to deal in extravagant compliment or fulsome adulation, but merely to mention some of the admirable qualities which he possessed and which endeared him to all with whom he was brought into association. One could not know him in even a superficial way without being impressed with his absolute sincerity. A gifted writer declares "that although it may seem paradoxical to say so some men are naturally theatrical. Their chief temptation is to act a part. They will appear better than they are or worse than they are; cleverer than they are or, when it is possible, more foolish than they are. Their lives are vitiated and disfigured by endless pretense, affectation and unreality." But our lamented comrade did not belong to this class. He was singularly free from dissimulation and abhorred all manner of duplicity. There was nothing dramatic or spectacular about him. He was a fine example of the man who follows the simple life in a perfectly natural and guileless way. He was a model of integrity and never betrayed a trust, ignored an obligation, deserted a friend nor took a questionable advantage of an antagonist.

Still another element in the character of our departed friend which challenged our admiration was his kindliness. He possessed in an eminent degree the love that

"suffereth long and is kind." To share the burdens of others, to help his fallen brothers rise, to mitigate human anguish and woe, was one of the dominant purposes of his unselfish career. In observing his brotherly course and his exemplary Christian conduct I was often reminded of the verse--

"Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

But the crowning excellency in the character of Robert Pierce Lumpkin was his consecration to Christ. No one who knew him ever doubted that this was whole-hearted and unreserved. One of his great objectives was to live above and beyond the power of sin. Some years ago, in company with a number of friends, I visited for the first time the beautiful and picturesque Peaks of Otter. I observed as we neared the vicinity of the peaks that an angry storm was rising and might break at any moment. As I stood upon the summit of the mountain I witnessed a spectacle that I had never seen before. The storm that had been forming had broken and was raging in all its fury in the valley below. Beneath my feet the rolling clouds were passing off in volumes of vapor as the rain poured in torrents. The thunder rumbled and roared, the lightning flashed and danced all around me but I was profoundly conscious that on the eminence upon which I stood the storm could not disturb or harm me. So my consecrated friend, with holy aspirations and unsullied spirit, wished to occupy that lofty pinnacle and enchanted sphere in Christian experience and attainment where the powers of sin and evil could not molest or injure him.

But his desire to live beyond the polluting and blighting effects of sin was not the sole aspiration of his heart. He longed to make progress daily in the Christian life. Personal holiness was the master passion of his fruitful ministry. He wished to go on from grace to grace, from image to image and from glory to glory until he should attain unto the "fullness of the stature of a perfect man in Jesus Christ." The dominant and absorbing purpose of his soul doubtless found expression in the beautiful and inspiring words of Holmes--

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

The funeral service took place from Byrd Park Methodist Church, of which he was pastor, in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing friends who bore silent testimony to the esteem in which he was held and the affection which was cherished for him. The service was conducted by Bishop Collins Denny and the writer, who were assisted by the Reverends Dr. J.N. Latham and Dr. Fred R. Chenault. A male quartet from Broad Street Methodist Church rendered several appropriate and beautiful selections. The Methodist ministers of Richmond and surrounding communities acted as honorary pallbearers and his remains were laid to rest in Riverview Cemetery, at the base of which the majestic James chants the requiem of those who sleep there and in lovely Hollywood.

by George E. Booker

Robert Lee Busby. As we meet in our annual session today, we miss the familiar form and face of Rev. R. L. Busby, for many years one of the Conference's statistical secretaries. He is not, for God has taken him.

Robert Lee Busby was born in Norfolk, Va., February 13th, 1863, and died at Nottoway Parsonage, August 22, 1929. He was the son of Andrew J. and Olivia F. Busby. His father was a Virginia pilot, and lost his life during the Civil War. His mother, whose maiden name was Olivia Cuthriel, was a devoted Methodist and a consistent Christian, and she reared her children to walk in her footsteps. For many years she was the leading soprano in Granby Street Church, Norfolk, Va. Her son, Robert, inherited her musical talent. He was gifted with a well trained voice, and sang in the paid choir of

Granby Street Church for six years. This was during the pastorates of Doctors R. N. Sledd and W. V. Tudor.

Brother Busby was twice married. His first wife was Miss Celia Skinner, of Baltimore, Md., a beautiful character. There were two daughters born of this marriage, both of whom died in infancy.

Brother Busby graduated at the Norfolk Military Academy at the age of sixteen and became an expert accountant. At the age of twenty-five he moved to Baltimore and lived for a few years. He then returned to Norfolk County and engaged in farming for eight years. During this period he felt his call to preach. He had all his life been a regular attendant at Sunday School and church, and had taken a prominent part in choir work. He was never happier than when singing with cultured musicians.

In January, 1905, he married Miss Mary Lucenia Marston of Charles City County, Va., and to them were born two sons, Arthur Sharpe and Robert Lee, Jr., both of whom survive, with their mother, to mourn his departure and to praise God for such a father and husband, and to look forward to that day, when they shall be reunited in that "land that is fairer than day."

Brother Busby was a cultured Christian gentleman, and an earnest and faithful preacher of the Word of God. "The people heard him gladly." He made many friends. They trusted his good judgment. He had the happy faculty of settling differences. He was a peacemaker. He was, indeed, a sweet spirited and lovable man. His health was not robust but he zealously and gladly did all his strength would allow. For four years before his death his strength began to decline and on his last charge, the Nottoway Circuit, in the second year of his pastorate he was able to do only a little work at the beginning of the year; but the work did not suffer for his heroic wife, by her diligent and earnest labor, supplemented what her husband was unable to do: visiting the churches, calling to her aid those who gladly responded to her call. Through all his sickness and sufferings he was sweet spirited and uncomplaining, and his trust in God was complete.

The funeral services were held at the Nottoway parsonage, conducted by the writer and assisted by Revs. J.W. Gee, J. W. Dixon, B.S. Via and W. A. Jeffreys. The body was taken to Norfolk to rest in his own lot in Elmwood Cemetery. The burial services were conducted by Revs. H. P. Clark and J. S. Gresham. He was also buried with Masonic honors. There he sleeps in Jesus, until

"God shall bid him arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies."

by J. C. Reed

Graham Heath Lambeth. The last of our Conference, for this memorable year, to strike his tent and depart is Graham Heath Lambeth, a gentleman most sterling human and Christian. His work was brief and his course too quickly run. But the deft touch of spirit is still vibrant. Tennyson said of the bugler's note that faded out, "The horns of Elfland faintly blowing." Then thinking of the spirit's touch that would not die, "Our echoes roll from soul to soul, and go forever and forever." Nature did so much for our friend, we wondered that the texture of the physical was so frail. But he is gone. Death came at five-thirty on the afternoon of September 12th.

He came into our Conference in 1895, when we were in session as at present, in the city of Richmond. Around his childhood the story of the Redeemer had been an aroma. He was the son of Dr. S. S. Lambeth of this Conference, most princely and distinguished when gospel preaching was a glorious passion. His mother, remaining with us, was Miss Virginia Parker, of Nansemond County. It is no wonder in such a home the desire grew that "he might speak the matchless worth."

Graham was a student in McCabe's school in Petersburg, Norwood's, of Richmond; Randolph-Macon College, and Vanderbilt--taking the usual degrees. Later in life Randolph-Macon conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. If in conversation you ran up against "things most surely believed," it was to discover he had learned to think for himself. There was no slack twist. Camping upon questionable ground was never an exhilaration to him, and it wasn't hard to get a deliverance from him--tough grained as the heart of oak.

It has been thirty-four years since he began with us. One-third of these intervening he was partially as a soldier paroled. "But they also serve who only stand and

wait." Words do not tell his worth, nor delineate the excellency of this exceptional servant of the Lord.

His is an enviable record as a preacher. From the very start he caught attention, then advanced regularly to appointments of more and more prominence. "He is a popular preacher," said a scribe, "and there is a reason. His discourses are packed with thought, and his lowly heart is flooded with the spirit speaking in zeal and fluency." We have known no one who excelled him in the art of taking pains with careful preparation, that the sermon might be in righteousness and spirituality.

He entered the fields of different pastorates, as just the thing. They seemed new worlds to be discovered, adventurous with romance. Immediately he would possess the land. People liked him from the start, drew towards him, and his place in their hearts was permanent. Brethren following in the service wondered at the magic of the spell that lingered. He was a modest man and thought not to make himself first. The Conference sufficiently esteemed him to give him place with the General Conference of 1918.

In the midst of sincerest devotion to the things of the ministry many of us grow heavy laden. Certainly our departed friend also carried his share, in sympathy with all that came under his shepherding care. But he turned with unfailing delight to the world of play. The interests of youth "stabbed the spirit wide awake." What the athletes were doing caught his eye first when he opened the news of the day. Through the lingering hours of suffering he knew what the young people were discussing. As the prison house closed slowly about him toward the last, the step of a boy or girl would start him to enquire about them. Charity and tenderness bloomed to the last.

The Virginia Conference purchased the Advocate in 1918. Of literature, Goethe said,: "There are many echoes but few voices." Echoes are short-lived, voices remain. When the Committee on Christian Literature sought an editor for the Conference paper, the real individuality of Doctor Lambeth stood forth. He had distinct literary gifts. We believe he would have made a great editor, when he had gotten behind him the hard days of beginning things. But the grind of office withered too rapidly a frail constitution. Four years, the pen grew feeble, and he laid it down.

The round of his ministry is as follows: Central, Hampton, three years; Cabel Street, Lynchburg one year; LeKies, Norfolk, three years; Boydton, one year; Mt. Vernon, Danville, four years; Ghent, Norfolk, one year; Farmville, two years; Monument, Richmond, two years; Editor of Richmond Christian Advocate, four years. There are intervals between several of these when the Master said, "Come ye, yourselves apart and rest awhile."

Supreme above the gifts with which our friend was endowed came the day of a happy marriage. The first of November, 1899, he was united with Miss Virginia Murrell Lavinder, of Lynchburg, Va. She helped largely to make the days of his popularity. Her happy, cheering disposition carried him over miles of weariness. He would have fallen earlier had she not sustained the will to live. It is the comment of an intimate friend: "Her reward will be great in the other world." There are four children who came with the years to gladden their home: James Parker, who is with the Garrett & Massey Co., of Richmond; Nathan Lavinder and Graham H., Jr., who are with the Travelers Life Insurance Company, of Richmond, and Miss Virginia, who resides with her mother.

His going was set in the mid-September when the face of nature is toward harvest home, when falling leaf and ripened fruits give surety the sound of the year is nearly done, when woodpath and upland are lit with loveliness of autumn tints, and bloom. There came to him peace--such as is found when our God calls, and it is sunset.

The funeral was conducted at the home in Ashland by Rev. George F. Greene, assisted by Drs. B. F. Lipscomb, M. D. Colonna and S. C. Hatcher. The burial was in the cemetery of this delightful college town.

"We two have paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin the days of auld lang syne."

Graham Heath Lambeth, born in Nansemond County, Va., November 13, 1870. Died in Ashland, Va., September 12, 1929.

by George Wesley Jones

Jesse T. Whitley. In the passing of Jesse Thompson Whitley, November 1st, 1929, the Virginia Conference lost one of its outstanding members. For lofty character and accurate scholarship, for preaching ability and facility as a writer, he was justly held in high esteem. He came into this breathing world February 6th, 1850, in Nansemond County, Va. He was the son of Mills W. and Margaret A. Whitley. Blessed with godly parents, he was early taught to fear God and keep His commandments. At the age of fifteen, under the ministry of Rev. W. B. Wellons, he made profession of saving faith and joined the Christian Church, of which his mother was a devout member. For several years he assisted Rev. Mr. Wellons in the publication of the Christian Sun, the organ of his denomination. But feeling drawn to the ministry of the gospel, he entered Richmond College to gain a better equipment for his sacred calling. Here he spent three busy and fruitful years, graduating in some departments and doing valuable work in others. In 1869 he was licensed to preach as a minister of the Christian denomination, and for ten years he rendered efficient service in the ministry of that Church. Seeing, however, as he thought, a wider and an equally congenial field of usefulness in another denomination, in March, 1879 he transferred his allegiance to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was received into the Baltimore Conference. In November of that year he was transferred to the Western Virginia Conference and stationed at Parkersburg. In 1881, having been appointed chaplain to the University of Virginia, he became a member of the Virginia Conference, and in its ministry he served with conspicuous ability for thirty-two years. Among the charges blessed by his labors were Salisbury, Md.; Elizabeth City, N. C.; Broad Street and Trinity, Richmond; Queen Street, Centenary and Larchmont, Norfolk; Calvary, Danville; Centenary, Lynchburg; Duncan Memorial, Ashland; First Church, Hampton; and Main Street, Bedford. He also filled for seven years the important office of Presiding Elder, one year on the Farmville District, two years on the Charlottesville, and four years on the Rappahannock. In this work his thorough and painstaking methods found ample scope and yielded good results.

In 1915 a throat affection with which he had been struggling for quite a while became so aggravated as to compel his retirement from active service. He then took up his residence in Norfolk, and here he spent his remaining years. In the good providence of God, these became probably the most fruitful years of his long life; for being denied the privilege of speaking much in public, he resorted to the pen, in the use of which he was already an adept. And having formed a connection with the Virginian-Pilot, he became a regular contributor to its columns. In a letter to the writer dated April 11th, 1929, he says: "I have just sent to the Virginian-Pilot the six hundred and fifty-seventh number of my series of Monday articles begun in March, 1916. It is a source of great satisfaction to me that I am enabled through this medium to send out nearly fifty thousand copies in the interest of righteousness every Monday morning. It helps me to bear fruit in old age, a thing that we old men may well covet." These "Views of a Veteran," as he called them, were replete with valuable information and with inspiration to wise and useful living, and through them God enabled His servant to reach a much larger audience than he had ever before addressed. In them, too, the catholicity of his spirit was abundantly manifested. "Here," wrote the editor of the paper in which they appeared, "was the true philosopher--the lover of the vision of Truth--who seeing values in their long perspective, left to others the sterner pursuits of a day prodigiously enmeshed in the machinery of progress, and devoted himself to such gentle arts as friendliness, tolerance, forgiveness and human kindness."

In addition to his ministerial duties, Dr. Whitley's activities were varied and valuable. He was for four years assistant secretary of the Conference, and for eight years he edited and published the Conference Annual, in both of which positions he rendered most efficient service. In 1920 he succeeded the lamented W. W. Vicar as secretary-treasurer of the Preachers' Relief Society, a work for which, by reason of sound judgment and a sympathetic heart, he was eminently fitted. In him the needy claimants upon the funds of that society found a wise counsellor and a helpful friend. In 1904, Randolph-Macon College conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity, a just and graceful recognition of conspicuous ability and faithful service.

Superannuate though he was, our brother literally died "in harness." He loved to preach and never declined an invitation that he was physically able to accept. His

last Sabbath on earth was spent in filling an appointment in Suffolk where he had lived and labored in former years. Returning to his home Sunday evening in a state of exhaustion, he took to his bed and from it he never arose. Pleurisy quickly set in and under its ravages he sank steadily until on Friday night of that week he fell asleep and entered into the rest that remains for the people of God. At his bedside ministering to his needs were his good wife, Mrs. Mattie Cathon Whitley, whom he married in November 1872, and their two daughters, Miss Mary Whitley and Mrs. Annie Whitley Pleasants, wife of Rev. Cameron E. Pleasants of the Virginia Conference. He died as he had lived, full of faith in God and of love for his fellowmen. Among his last words were these characteristic utterances: "Death awes me, but I am not afraid of it," and "Give my love to everybody."

Thus passed to his reward a Christian gentleman, an able and edifying preacher, an accomplished writer, a faithful friend, a kind and affectionate husband and father, a man who, as has been well said of him, by simply living in his community and mingling with its people made it spiritually richer.

Funeral services, held at Park Place Church, Norfolk, on Sunday afternoon, November 3rd, were conducted by the writer, assisted by Revs. R. H. Potts, Wm. Archer Wright, H. P. Clarke, and Sparks W. Melton of the Baptist Church, and were attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends. In Cedar Hill Cemetery at Suffolk, amid strains of sweet music and the solemn words of our burial service, his mortal remains were laid to rest.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

by B. F. Lipscomb

Charles Henry Green, son of John R. and Ann D. Green, was born in Mathews County, Va., January 31, 1846. His mother was a devout christian and began to teach him the Bible in his early years. He never forgot her training, which was a great comfort and stay to him in his young manhood.

When he was about fifteen years old, the Civil War came on and after a short time, he entered the Confederate Army and served in Company F, Fifth Virginia Cavalry, in General Payne's Brigade. After the close of the war in 1865, he worked on the farm, and on the 11th of August of that year, he made a public profession of faith in Christ, at Providence Church near his home, in a meeting conducted by the Rev. James E. Martin. He never doubted the work of God's spirit in his conversion. The regenerative power was unmistakable.

He taught a small private school the next three years, 1866-68, and gave himself to study that he might deepen and broaden his education and be better prepared for the duties of life, whatever they might be. He entered Randolph-Macon College in 1869, where he spent two sessions. He was a good student and made considerable progress in his studies, especially in Greek, which he followed up after leaving college and became no mean Greek scholar. He did not enter college with the intention of becoming a preacher but while there he decided to make the Methodist ministry the work of his life. His work was frequently interrupted, however, on account of the weakness of his body. He was more or less an invalid all of his life.

He served on the following charges: Hertford, King William, Goochland, West Mathews, Wicomico, Danielstown, Danielstown and Madison, South Brunswick, King William again, Huntersville, Windsor, East Dinwiddie, Wakefield, and Whealton.

He was married twice. His first wife was Miss Mary L. Green of Mathews County, Va., who died in early life and was buried in her native county. His second wife was Miss Lizzie L. Brazeal of Richmond, Va., who preceded him to the grave by about four years. He leaves two children to cherish his memory--Mr. Curtis M. Green of Chester, Va., by the first marriage and Mr. Charles W. Green of Fairmount, W.Va., by the second marriage.

He was a good friend. He was true to himself and could not be false to any man. Faithfulness was one of the chief characteristics of his friendship. When he discovered the faults and foibles of his friends, as he was usually quick to do, he did not forsake them, but sought their elevation by keeping before them the high and beautiful ideals of friendship in Christ, always employing skillful and wise discretion in

his ministry to them. The more clearly he saw their imperfections the more deeply he felt his indebtedness to them. The weave of his life was fashioned of fine fiber.

He was a good conversationalist. This choice art has been called one of the lost arts of the present day, but it was not so with him. The possessor of a vocabulary of considerable extent, it seemed easy for him to express his meaning in beautifully simple and forceful language. It was in these moments of self-forgetfulness that he came to his best, as he talked about the precious truths of the gospel in the homes of his people, the place of his power. He never monopolized a conversation. His modesty forbade it.

He was a good preacher. His sermons were well prepared, orderly in arrangement, instructive and spiritual. He was deliberate in the pulpit, but earnest and impressive.

Several years before his death he wrote of himself as follows: "I lay no claim to extraordinary piety. I have seasons of doubt and fear, but I have seasons of ecstasy, the thrills of eternal life. I have a strong hope of heaven." The stream of his spiritual life ran deep, fed from the never-failing fountains of God's grace, giving him freshness and sweetness in his old age and feebleness.

Toward the close of his life, he would sometimes express regret that he had been able to accomplish so little in his work for God and his Church. That thought seemed to embarrass him, but later on, he added that he believed his work was not done, and that he hoped to take it up again in the great beyond and somehow make it measure up to his intentions. His heart was crying out, unconsciously, perchance, with the poet who said:

"Make my mortal dreams true,
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant."

Early in the morning of the 7th of November, 1929, at Chester, Va., he peacefully but bravely, walked out into "the thoroughfare we call death, ready to take up his unfinished task," with new and abundant life in the land of love divine. He was satisfied that "an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away was reserved in heaven for him." He had seen and enjoyed the flowers of that fair shore and had fed upon its life-giving and nourishing fruits, and he knew that such evidences of the world unseen come over the ocean of time from no other country but the heavenly.

On Saturday afternoon, the third day after his death, his funeral services were held in Monument Methodist Church, in Richmond, Va., conducted by Dr. Costen J. Harrell, assisted by Dr. Fred R. Chenault and the writer of this memoir.

His body sleeps in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., beside the grave of his devoted wife. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

by W. T. Williams

Richard Ferguson. A volume could be profitably written on the life and labors of Rev. Richard Ferguson. Of him it can be truly said: "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."

He was born in Dinwiddie County, Va., October 3, 1838, and died in Tampa, Florida, January 1, 1930, aged 91 years and three months. His parents were William and Martha Ferguson. They were devoted Methodists and zealous christians. They brought him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, " from which he never departed. His father died when he was nine years old, and his mother, when he was in his thirteenth year. From early childhood he felt the call to preach the gospel.

He received his education at Randolph-Macon College, graduating in 1868 with the degree of A.B. He was preparing himself for the ministry, when in 1861, the war between

the northern and southern States began. He felt it to be his duty to join the army of the Confederate States and defend and protect his beloved state and southland.

He served both as a private and as a commissioned officer. He was well known in the celebrated Pickett's Division for his courage and gallantry. His devoted and heroic service in the army of Northern Virginia makes one of the brightest pages of its history. But as notable and bright as were the pages written of his services in the Confederate Army, more notable and bright were the pages written by his life of devotion and service as a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

He was for many years one of the most valued and faithful members of the board of trustees of Randolph-Macon College, and gave liberally of his means for the support of his alma mater. He resigned as a trustee when age and distance made it impossible to attend the meetings of the board.

He joined the Virginia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1869. Thence until the day of his superannuation in 1918, caused by increasing years and ill health, he let his light so shine that God was glorified in all his labors. Every charge he served, from Coalfield circuit, his first charge, to Greenesville circuit, his last charge, was a better charge when he left it. Churches were built and repaired. Differences were settled, for he was a great peacemaker; family altars were erected, and fires rekindled on altars where they had ceased to burn; souls were saved and the members of the charges grew in the grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ, as this gentle, faithful pastor led the way.

His ministry was a sin-destroying, soul-saving, and upbuilding ministry. He rebuked sin in high and low, but loved and sought to save the sinner. By faithfully preaching the word, by loving visitation and earnest pleadings, he sought to lead men to Jesus the Savior of sinners. He always stood in the front line in opposing the legalized liquor traffic. Long, earnest and unceasing were his labors, steady and strong were the blows he dealt this great evil, until prohibition was written in the Constitution of this state and nation.

He was a sound, clear and strong preacher. He loved to preach and point men to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." And great was his success in winning souls to Christ.

He was married April 26, 1871, to Miss Margaret Gains Thrift, of Albemarle County, Va. Of this union there were seven children--two daughters and five sons. Six children now survive, his eldest son, Dr. Richard Ferguson having preceded his father to the grave. He was most fortunate and happy in his marriage relations. The unselfish devotion of the wife and mother to her family and the Church, contributed in no small degree to the success of her husband in the ministry. This good wife and mother passed to her reward November 2, 1902. November 23, 1904, he married Mrs. Bettie Guy, of Petersburg, Va., who lived only two months, dying January 17, 1905.

He was united again in marriage to Miss Lucy Vaughan of Amelia County, Va., who greatly assisted him in the work of the church and ministered to him in great tenderness and love, making bright and happy his declining years, and who survives to mourn the loss of this great and good man. He is also survived by two daughters, Mrs. R. T. Vaughan and Mrs. Blaisden Mickler of Tampa, Florida, and four sons, John Ferguson of Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Robert F. Ferguson of Charlotte, N. C.; C. Guy Ferguson, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ernest P. Ferguson of Richmond, Va.

He moved soon after his superannuation to Tampa, Florida, where his married daughter resided. That mild climate doubtless prolonged his days. He was never idle, but unto the end did whatever it was possible for him to do in the upbuilding of God's Kingdom.

On January 1, 1930, just as the new year was dawning, he entered his heavenly home, aged 91 years and 3 months. His precious remains were brought to Petersburg, Va., January 2, 1930, and laid to rest in the Blandford Cemetery. The burial services were conducted by the writer, Rev. W. B. Jett pronouncing the benediction.

"Oh, may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past."

by J. C. Reed

John R. Gill died Friday morning, January 31, 1930, at his home in Virgilina. His death resulted from double pneumonia following influenza contracted in his pastoral

work. His four children had been summoned and were with their father while he was still conscious. Mrs. Gill was in another room too sick to be told of her husband's death.

The funeral was conducted from the Methodist Church on Sunday, February 2, by the writer, assisted by the Rev. E. R. Harris, the Baptist pastor of the village. The remains, after temporary interment in Virgilina, now repose in the Gordonsville Cemetery.

Brother Gill was born August 22, 1869, at Miskimon, Northumberland County, Va. He was the son of Zachary Gill and Nannie Davis Gill. The Gills were sturdy Welsh people who settled in Maryland before the War of Independence. The grandfather of Rev. J. R. Gill came to Virginia shortly after the Revolution and the estate which he created at Heathsville is still occupied by his descendants.

John, the sturdy son of a sturdy race, was soundly converted at Edgeley Church at the age of twelve, an at the same time answered in his heart the call to the ministry. He graduated at eighteen from the Heathsville Academy. He finished much of the A. B. course at Randolph-Macon College, but was compelled by weak eyes to withdraw before graduation.

Brother Gill was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference at its session held in Danville in November, 1892, having been recommended by the Quarterly Conference of the West Lancaster circuit. Through all the years of probation and full connection, he has given to the church an unblemished and unstinted service.

He kept up the study habit and applied himself particularly to those subjects which would make his ministry most effective. He delighted to read the books, new and old, which expounded the christian doctrines. He was familiar with the contents of the Bible and the Methodist hymnal. Apt quotations from the Scriptures and the great hymns fortified and adorned his preaching.

To the end of the journey he was a very diligent minister. His three months' pastorate on the Hyco circuit where he died was characteristic of his diligence everywhere. In this brief time he had visited practically every Methodist home in the circuit, had won some who were dissatisfied and had planned several projects for the good of the work.

During thirty-seven years of his itinerancy he had served the Bloxom, Chesterfield, Gloucester, Caroline, Dorchester, Pocomoke, St. Martin's, Gordonsville, Gretna, Monroe and Greenesville charges.

Brother Gill was a builder. He remodeled and built parsonages and churches and added Sunday School facilities in many of the charges which he served. He was a winner of souls. Those in position to know say that perhaps four thousand persons were won to Christ by him.

He fought organized sin. He was against the liquor traffic, legal and illegal. He had the courage of his convictions and the ability to defend them. He was a brother to men. He had great sympathy for the poor, the sick and the unfortunate. One of his last acts was to contribute to a needy family on his circuit. He delighted to carry the bread of life to the underprivileged in the lowlands cut off by the swamps and in the mountains with only a trail leading to the cabin, and to those in prison who had missed the way.

To his naturally compassionate heart was given the tutelage of suffering. Once for nearly four years he had general peritonitis. At another time a broken leg kept him in bed for almost a year. A gastric ulcer kept him out of the pastorate for nearly a year and a half. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He broke the bread of life very tenderly to the sick and the unfortunate.

This indomitable itinerant, despite ups and downs, assisted his four children in procuring fine educational equipment. Every one of them graduated in some high-class institution. One daughter is an A. M. of Duke University, the son is an A. B. of Randolph-Macon and an M. D. of the University of Virginia, another daughter is an A. B. of Greensboro College and the married daughter graduated at Blackstone.

Brother Gill's lifelong companion was the sweetheart of his youth, Miss Ida May Russell, of Pastoria, Va., to whom he was married June 12, 1893. She and their children, Miss Nannie Katie Gill, Mrs. W. R. Norris (Ruth Ida Gill), of Max Meadows; Dr.

John Russell Gill, of the East State Hospital staff, La.; Miss Helen Reed Gill, and two grand children, Jane Wormley Norris and John Russell Gill, Jr., cherish the memory of a good husband and father.

The family, the village neighbors, the skilled physicians, the nurses and the friends from the circuit rendered every possible attention to Brother Gill in his illness. He who had so long and so faithfully served others, was now the recipient of tender human ministrations. Realizing the heroic efforts of the doctors, he said, "I will co-operate with you." But worn nature could not hold out. With his parting breath he whispered, "There is rest for the weary," and slipped away to be with Jesus.

"Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high."

by Edwin L. Bain

Joseph T. Routten was born at Fox Hill, Elizabeth City County, Va., November 22, 1853. He was the son of William C. and Louisa E. Routten. In 1877, he felt strongly his call to preach and in February, 1878, entered Randolph-Macon College to prepare for his beloved work. He attended the college for two and a half sessions.

In August, 1880, he was employed by Rev. Geo. H. Ray, presiding elder of the Eastern Shore District, to take charge of Conquest and Guilford, to fill the vacancy made by the appointment of Rev. W. W. Royal as missionary to China.

In November, 1880, he was admitted on trial in the Virginia Annual Conference, and was appointed to Berlin circuit, Maryland, and was returned to the circuit for the second year. On May 31, 1882, he married Miss Ida F. West of Berlin, Md. She became a great factor in his life as a minister--making him a happy home and greatly assisting him in the work of the church. Four children were given them: Ruby W., Willie W., Joseph Reed and John Newbill Routten. Ruby, his beloved and only daughter, and Willie W. had gone on before to greet their father on the Shining Shore. His widow and two sons, Joseph Reed Routten, of Cleveland, Ohio, and John Newbill Routten, of New York, survive him.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop McTyeire, and elder by Bishop Keener. In 1882 he was sent to the Wicomico circuit where he remained three years. Thereafter he served the following charges: Currituck circuit four years; Princess Anne three years; Asbury, Norfolk, four years--during this time Lekies Memorial was built, taking the place of Asbury; Crewe two years; Denny Street, Richmond, three years; Chestnut Street, Newport News, two years; West End Memorial, Richmond, four years; West Street, Petersburg, one year; Belle Haven, three years; Heathsville two years. At the conference held in Salisbury, Md., November, 1911, Bishop John C. Kilgo, presiding, Brother Routten was appointed Chaplain to Seamen, Norfolk, Va., and continued to serve as Chaplain to Seamen until God called him home.

In this work at the Seamen's Bethel at Norfolk he found his ideal and most beloved work in the ministry. For nineteen years he labored with untiring zeal to help those who "go down to the sea in ships." His heart went out to all who sailed the seas.

Finding, when taking charge of the Seamen's Bethel and Institute, that the place provided for his work was inadequate and needed enlargement and better facilities for the care of his "sailorboys," as he lovingly called them, he set earnestly to work to provide the necessary accommodations. This he successfully accomplished by the hearty backing of the Seamen's Friend Society and generous contributions from others.

On Bute Street there now stands the handsome Bethel and Institute, providing the men of the sea, without cost when circumstances demand it, home comforts, good food and an atmosphere of Christian love. It was in the office of this building, while talking to a visitor, on March 5, 1930, that suddenly, without a sign or groan, he dropped his anchor in the sea of heavenly rest.

Who did not love Joseph R. Routten? His greeting and smile invited confidence and love. He was a child in his simplicity. He was unique--a charming personality. His visits to the homes of his charge brought brightness and cheer. The children loved him and gathered about him.

As a preacher there was a peculiar charm in his sermons. He had a vivid imagination; he was blessed with a voice of power and pathos. He loved to preach and tell the

story of Jesus and His love. He was a true evangelist--a winner of souls to his Savior. Many were the seals to his ministry. Being dead he yet speaketh.

The funeral services took place in Lekies Memorial where he desired the last rites should be conducted. Those taking part in the services were Rev. J. R. Eggleston, pastor; Dr. R. H. Potts, presiding elder, Norfolk District; Rev. D. T. Merritt, and Rev. J. D. McAllister. The preachers of the Norfolk and Portsmouth districts attended in large numbers. The burial was in Forest Lawn Cemetery. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." **by J. C. Reed**

Gilby Campbell Kelly was born in Carter County, Kentucky, November 19th, 1951 and died at his home in Algonquin Park, Norfolk, Va., March 7th, 1930. A noble and beautiful life devoted to the service of God and humanity came to its close only to go on in the heavenly world in beauty and truth and goodness.

He was fifty-two years in the ranks of the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a member in turn of six different annual conferences: the Kentucky, the Western Virginia, the Louisville, the North Alabama, the Tennessee and the Virginia. His versatility and ability were shown by his successful ministry in various charges of the conferences mentioned above. It is an excellent thing to be well born; Dr. Kelly was fortunate in possessing a godly and religious ancestry. His father was Rev. Samuel Kelly, a member of the Kentucky Conference; his mother was Mary Jane Rice, a woman strong in character and deeply religious. They were sprung from pioneer stock and their son inherited the pioneer spirit in his thought and work.

"To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on forever, and fail and go on again,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with the eyes,
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That some how the right is the right,
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough."

Young Gilby Kelly attended school at Kentucky Wesleyan College where he was noted as a brilliant speaker and debater. One of his friends writing about him at this time gives a vivid picture of the college student: "When I first saw him he was coming along the center aisle with an armful of books and if I mistake not had been engaged in a good natured tussle with a chum on his way to his seat. His beardless face, fair and transparent as a maiden's, and his neatly fitting suit consisting of brief black coat of fine luster and light pants, gave him rather a dudish appearance, and I set him down as the scion of some wealthy house in attendance upon college in search of a good time rather than literary honors. Imagine my surprise when I learned that he was the son of a Methodist preacher, a divine in embryo in his senior year and the lion of his literary society. When I heard him speak in the literary hall in my untutored judgment he did not fall one whit below Demosthenes or Cicero."

In April, 1870, before he had graduated and before he was nineteen years old he was licensed to preach, and was admitted on trial into the Kentucky Conference five months later. In 1872 he was made a deacon by Bishop Kavanaugh at the Kentucky Conference meeting at Harrodsburg. Two years later, in 1874, he was ordained an elder by Bishop Wightman at the Kentucky Conference meeting in Mount Sterling. He was appointed to Catlettsburg as his first pastoral charge. After that he served in succession the following places: Greenwich circuit, in Bourbon County; Milton circuit, on the Ohio River; Carlyle circuit; Winchester; Covington; Frankfort; Broadway Church, in Louisville; Settle Memorial Church, Owensboro; First Church, Birmingham; Tulip Street Church, Nashville; Court Street Church, Lynchburg; Broad Street Church, Richmond; First Church, Charlottesville; Ghent Church, Norfolk. His last charge was Ashland where at the end of his fifth year he voluntarily retired from the ministry after fifty-two years of faithful and devoted service for Christ and his church.

Dr. W. F. Tillett says: "His life is not only a part of the history of Southern Methodism; but he is one of those who have made our history as a church during the past fifty years to be a history of achievement and progress, with the promise of yet greater service for mankind in the years to come."

His family life was very happy. In his young manhood he was married to Miss Nannie Carroll Stitt, daughter of Dr. Alfred Gaines Stitt, of Millersburg. They were

lovers all through the long years of their married life. She brightened his home by her vivacity and wit and helped him bear the burdens of a minister's busy life. Six daughters were born to them (one of whom died a little girl in Owensboro), the others are: Mrs. W. E. Graves, of New York; Mrs. H. C. Featherston, of Lynchburg; Miss Florence Kelly and Mrs. J. Carl Peck, of Norfolk, and Mrs. Oscar B. Ryder, of Alexandria.

Dr. Kelly's years of retirement were spent at his home in Algonquin Park, Norfolk; they were peaceful and serene years. He had no fear of passing into the spirit world. It was his desire, however, to go quickly without long hours of suffering and waiting. He had his wish, at the evening meal, surrounded by his family, he bowed his head, rested it upon his arm and passed to be forever with the Lord.

Dr. Kelly was one of the great preachers of Southern Methodism. As a young preacher he gave promise of those powers that reached their mellowness and richness in later years. In May, 1874, he visited the General Conference at Louisville. Without his knowledge it was announced that he would preach in Chestnut Street Church. The Louisville Courier said: "The sermon was a remarkable one to emanate from one so young, the speaker appearing to be scarcely out of his teens. It was a discourse rich in thought--strong, terse, solid thought--clothed in language chaste, polished and beautifully expressive; combining all the grace of finished composition and exhibiting none of the defects of overstrained effort so common in incipient genius. His style is simple, unaffected, earnest; his manner easy, unpretentious, humble; his voice rich, sonorous, tender; his bearing collected, yet diffident and captivating."

This is still an excellent characterization of Dr. Kelly's preaching except that it was enriched by years of wide reading, deep thinking and companionship with his Master Christ. He possessed marked poetic talent. His outlook upon nature, life and religion was that of the poet. John Masefield, England's poet laureate, has said; "Life is infinitely more mysterious than anything the poet can say. You realize that somewhere from outside life there come gleams and suggestions, a kind of butterflies floating into the world from somewhere. You make yourself the determination that you will follow these butterflies of the soul and hope that you will come at last to some country that is quite close to this life of ours." These heavenly butterflies were often seen by Dr. Kelly; they fluttered here and there in his sermons and addresses; sometimes they appeared in bits of song.

Dr. O. E. Brown, writing of Dr. Kelly as an efficient minister of Christ says: "He was a preacher of creative power to the limit of his God-given resources. He was a constructive leader of public worship throughout his active ministry, constantly enriching it in form, but refusing to spoil its spontaneity. He was a churchman with a community mind using his church as an agency for community betterment rather than simply exploiting his community in the interest of his church. He was a patriot, but had in his patriotism a loyalty to all who were members of that great family of God--the Kingdom of Christ."

He illustrated in his life the Christian graces of which he preached, gentleness, courage, courtesy, humility, cheerfulness, tolerance, kindness of speech, all these appeared in his life, broken gleams of the glory of the Light of the World with whom he walked. Who can tell how many souls he won for his Master by his preaching and his life. Cowper once ended a letter to his cousin Lady Hesketh with these words: "There is not room enough for friendship to unfold itself in such a nook of life as this." Having passed from this "nook of life," this noble soul goes on unfolding itself in the friendship of the "city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

by J. N. Latham

Benjamin Shepherd Herrink was born October 2, 1847, in New Hanover (now Pender) County, N.C. His parents were Samuel and Anne E. Bordeaux Herrink. He entered the army of the Confederate States, June, 1864, and served until the surrender of the forces of General Joseph E. Johnson. He participated in the battles of Fort Fisher, Kinston and Bentonsville.

He joined the church at an early age and the call to devote his life to the ministry grew upon him as the years went by. He spent two sessions at Randolph-Macon College in preparation. In 1873, while at college, he was licensed to preach, and in

1874 he was received on trial in the Virginia Conference, at Elizabeth City, North Carolina, Bishop E. M. Marvin presiding.

He served the following charges: Patrick, West Charlotte, Caroline and Berlin, one year each; South Halifax, four years; Henry, two years; Meherrin, North Carolina, four years; Halifax, one year, East Franklin, three years; Mecklenburg, four years; Pasquotank, N.C., four years; West Bedford, two years; West Campbell, two years; Fluvanna, two years; Hyco, two years; Hanover, three years; South Chesterfield, one year. He superannuated 1912.

He was married on January 2, 1883 to Miss Emma Richardson of Halifax County, Va. Of this happy union there were three children: Clive Richardson and Louis Shepherd Herrink, attorneys at law, and Helen Graham Herrink, all now residing in Richmond, Va. They survive with the mother to mourn the loss of this devoted husband and father.

The body of our beloved brother was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., the funeral service being conducted by Rev. Geo. E. Booker, D.D., assisted by Rev. E.L. Copley.

When on June 25, 1930, Benjamin Shepherd Herrink departed this life, one of the most faithful members of the Virginia Conference went to his Heavenly Home. He was diligent and faithful, and yet so modest and quiet in his labor that he was never appreciated at his full value except by those who came in closest contact with him in his work. This was the privilege of the writer of this memoir. But his Master, whom he so faithfully served, has already pronounced, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." A good and true laborer in the Master's vineyard has gone to his great reward.

by J. C. Reed

John William Carroll was born in Bedford County, Va., May 7, 1854, and died at his home in Rocky Mount, Va., August 2, 1930.

His father was M.A. Carroll, of Louisa County. His mother's maiden name was Martha C. Payne, a granddaughter of William Flanagan, on whose estate was located the well known Enon camp ground, celebrated for great camp meetings in the earlier days of Methodism. Brother Carroll was descended from good Methodist stock.

At the early age of twelve years he was genuinely converted to God, and maintained his Christian integrity and loyalty to God and duty with increasing fidelity to the day of his death. It was while he was engaged in the hardware business, in the city of Danville, in the early days of his young manhood that he became seriously impressed with a sense of the divine call to preach the gospel. Like the great prophet he heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and he answered with his whole heart as did Isaiah, saying "Here am I; send me." When he was twenty-two years of age he entered Randolph-Macon College to study for the ministry and remained there four years in preparation for his sacred calling. He excelled in public speaking as a college student, as well as later as a minister, and received a medal for oratory from the Washington Literary Society.

On the eleventh of September, 1877, by the Quarterly Conference of Lynn Street Station, Danville, Va., he was licensed to preach. After completing his studies at college he was admitted to the Virginia Conference on trial in November, 1880. He was ordained deacon in November, 1881, and elder in November, 1884.

Brother Carroll was sent to Culpeper circuit in 1880; to Accomac in 1883; to Franklin circuit, including Rocky Mount, in 1887; to Wright Memorial, Portsmouth, in 1890; to South Princess Anne in 1891; to Wesley, Petersburg, in 1893; to Batesville in 1896; to Lambert's Point, now Zion, Norfolk, in 1899; to Newsoms circuit in 1900; to Henry circuit in 1901; and to Bedford circuit in 1904; to Denby in 1908; to Lunenburg in 1910, and to Schoolfield in 1911. At the conference of 1912, on account of the impaired condition of his health, he took the superannuate relation and continued in this relation for two years. His health improving, he took up active work again in 1914 and became solicitor for the Virginia Conference Orphanage. In 1917 he was appointed financial agent for Ferrum Training School, and in 1918 was assigned to Churchland and West Norfolk, in 1920 to South Franklin, and in 1921 to West Franklin, which he served for a year when his active labors as a pastor ceased and he occupied the superannuate relation from this time until his death. But his restless, zealous, eager soul would not permit him to remain idle and as far as his strength would permit

he worked for the Children's Home Society and the American Bible Society that he might do all the good he could as long as any strength at all remained.

On the thirteenth day of November, 1883, he was happily married to Miss Alice Shearer, a daughter of Mr. W. Newton Shearer, a prominent and active member of the Methodist church in Appomattox County. For forty-seven years until the day of his death, she stood lovingly and faithfully by his side, comforting, encouraging, and stimulating him in his work as an itinerant Methodist preacher. She was an helpmeet indeed.

His only daughter, Miss Sallie Carroll, four years ago went to Japan as a missionary. When he realized that he had but a short while to live he expressed a great desire to look upon her face once more before he died. The Mission Board very graciously and fittingly directed her to come home at once and she arrived some days before his departure, and gave him great peace and comfort by her presence. His last wish was gratified and he was ready when the summons came to answer to his name on the long roll of the saints of God.

He is survived by his wife, his daughters, and five sons, namely: Charles Wesley Carroll, of Palm Beach, Florida; Andrew Newton Carroll and Robert Scott Carroll, of Rocky Mount, Va.; Rev. J. Herman Carroll, pastor of Halifax circuit, Virginia Conference, and Dr. Thomas Fitzgerald Carroll, presiding elder of the Charlottesville District, Virginia Conference. It was one of the greatest joys of his life that three of his children have consecrated their lives to all time service in the Kingdom of God as a life investment.

For three and fifty years, lacking forty days, this man of God was a faithful, devoted and wholly consecrated minister of the gospel of the Son of God, and died in a triumphant faith in Jesus Christ as his all sufficient Saviour and Redeemer. It may be said of him as truly as of any man I have ever known, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." His interest in the building of the Kingdom of God in the earth was like a fire burning in his soul and knew no abatement to the day of his death. I quote from the pen of another the following well-deserved tribute, written thirty years ago: "He showed a willingness to take long, weary rides in the saddle, over dusty and muddy roads, over plain and mountain, in order that he might teach others the narrow way that leads to eternal life; to live on simple fare that he might feed others on the bread that cometh down from heaven; to dress in common apparel that he might hold up to the admiration of others the white robes of the saints; to live in an unpretending house that he might point others to mansions not made with hands eternal in the heavens; to be poor in order that he might make others rich--rich in character, rich in destiny."

Brother Carroll was a devout and diligent student of the Bible. He accepted it as the word of God and believed unfeignedly in its inspiration. For him it contained God's message to men that was sufficient for the salvation of their souls. Its great truths and doctrines were exceedingly precious to him. He hid the word of God in his heart that he might not sin against Him, and committed to memory many of its beautiful passages, quoting them on appropriate occasions. It was the privilege of the writer to visit him from time to time in his sick room during the long, painful and weary months that preceded his death. On such occasions he often repeated passages of Scripture suggested by his situation, and in these his soul found rest. No word of murmuring or even of impatience ever escaped his lips. God's ways and providences were to him always right.

He was a most excellent preacher. He had command of a vocabulary that afforded him a ready and immediate vehicle for the expression of his thoughts and words flowed freely from his lips in his public utterances as well as in private conversation. His preaching was with power. He had a profound conviction of the greatness of the gospel he declared, a passionate love for the souls of the people to whom he preached, and unquestioning faith in the power of the Christ to save from sin, and with words that burned their way into the souls of men he declared the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. Great revivals attended his ministry, and he led the district on which he was serving in this respect that year. If the facts were available, it could doubtless be shown that the number of souls led to God by our brother in his more than half a century of service as a minister would be counted by thousands. The words of the great

apostle to the Gentiles might have been fittingly spoken by him, "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling, and my speech and my preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstrations of the spirit and of power, that your faith might not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

Brother Carroll excelled as a pastor. There was no home in his charge, however humble or out of the way, that he did not find; no heart that he did not minister to as best he could according to its needs. As did no other man I have ever known he carried the burdens and interests of others on his heart. He was deeply and sincerely concerned for the material as well as the moral and spiritual interests of his people, and was eager to lend a helping hand to everyone that he could help in any way. He literally poured out his life in behalf of his fellowmen. He was especially interested in young people and gave freely of his substance to aid them in getting an education or in any other way he could help them. He was a consistent and persistent tither as long as he lived. When his income became very small, after his superannuation, he never failed to give one-tenth of all that came into his hands.

On Saturday, August 2nd, his purified spirit, ready for the call that came from God went out of life into life; out of a lower life into a higher life; out of a life of pain and suffering into one of endless joy. His last days were spent among those who had known and loved him for many years, some of them for decades. Most of his children lived near him or made him frequent visits. Earth held much that was dear, but for him to depart and be with Christ was far better. Just before his departure he held up his hand as though in obedience to a call from the great Master of the skies and like the good soldier of the cross that he was, he said, "Ready." This was the last word he spoke on earth, but in Heaven his tongue is doubtless loosened to speak the praises of Him who redeemed him and received him to glory.

On Sunday afternoon, August 3rd, his funeral services were conducted from the beau-tiful new church in Rocky Mount by his pastor, Rev. J.W. Dixon, assisted by Rev. J. W. Wimbish, Dr. E. E. Dudley, of the Baptist Church, and the writer. His mortal remains were laid to rest in the Rocky Mount cemetery to await the resurrection of the just. A large company of sympathizing friends and a wealth of beautiful flowers attested to the sincere affection in which he was held. We shall see his face no more on earth, but we know where to find him and shall live in the blessed hope of seeing him again in the Father's home beyond the skies.

by B. M. Beckham

Randolph Thornton Clarke was born and bred in the good old county of Nottoway, not far from Blackstone, Va. His parents, Wm. N. and Rosa A. Clarke, were among the best in their section, and before the days of the War Between the States, lived in comfort on their large farm. Randolph was born when the South was on the eve of that awful catastrophe, out of which his parents came stripped of most of their earthly possessions. Hence his early educational opportunities were few.

At the age of fourteen years, under the ministry of the Rev. J. W. Blincoe of blessed memory, he was converted and joined the M.E. Church, South, beginning almost at once active service for his Lord. Like a host of others, he soon heard the voice of God in the temple of the great out-of-doors, calling and saying: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" And like the great prophet on another immortal occasion, he said: "Here am I; send me." And God sent him to the halls of Randolph-Macon College to secure the intellectual training necessary to his highest efficiency in his God-appointed ministry.

The autumn of 1884 found him a matriculate in this school of the prophets where he remained till the spring of 1889. In the fall of that year he knocked at the door of the Virginia Conference for admission. He was received on trial and assigned to North Pittsylvania circuit where, in the glow of youth and redeeming love, he did some of the very best work of his entire life. He conducted revival meetings in all the churches of his circuit, and in two years time had received more than one hundred persons into the church on profession of faith.

It was on this charge he met and married Miss Lessie Wilkinson, one of the most beautiful and charming young women of the country, who has through the succeeding years proven to an invaluable helpmeet. He loved her with unbounded devotion and she in turn

gave to him and her children and the people whom they served all her brilliant genius and charming worth.

After two years on the North Pittsylvania circuit Brother Clarke was sent to Pittsylvania circuit, and after two years here he was sent to Cascade circuit where he remained for four years, maintaining the high standard of efficiency and work he had set for himself in his first charge. Other appointments served by him were: West Amherst, four years; Rappahannock, two years; Dinwiddie, two years; Louisa, four years; Norfolk circuit, four years; Onley, one year; Lancaster, two years; Gloucester, two years; Prince Edward, two years; Amelia, four years; Lunenburg, four years, and Windsor, two years. Brother Clarke was in the truest sense a pastor-evangelist, and people were converted under his ministry in every place, the grand total reaching more than fifteen hundred persons.

Mrs. Clarke and seven children remain, the youngest of whom is seventeen years of age. The names of the children are: Mrs. Ruth A. Stokes, of Hertford, N.C.; Mrs. Rose E. Milteer, of Driver, Va.; Miss Elizabeth Randolph Clarke, of Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Virginia D. Aitcheson, of Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. Mary W. Winslow, of Hertford, N.C.; Paul W. Clarke, of the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.; and Randolph Thornton Clarke, Jr., of Duke University, N.C. There are also nine grandchildren, three sisters and one brother living. The sisters and brother are: Mrs. Beverly Wells, Mrs. Asa Jones, Mrs. Joel Lambert, and Mr. Wm. N. Clarke, all of Blackstone, Va.

Brother Clarke's health had not been good for several years, but he continued in the effective ranks till the day he was taken up to join the hosts above. His last illness was of about four weeks' duration, the last two weeks of which were spent in a Suffolk hospital. He passed away on August 9th and the remains were taken to Hertford, N.C., on the next day, where, after appropriate services in the church of that city, conducted by his presiding elder, Dr. Clayton O. Tuttle, Revs. J. K. Holman, C. E. Pleasants, M. Y. Self (pastor of the church), and the writer, they were tenderly laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery of the city to await the sounding of the last trumpet when the dead in Christ shall arise.

A man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, has gone from our midst. It may be truly said of him: "He walked with God and is not; for God has taken him." Than Randolph Thornton Clarke there never lived a better man. His eye was single, his heart was pure. He was as brave as a lion in his attacks on evil of every sort, and as tender as a mother in dealing with the evil doer. Hence he won many of them to Christ and all of them to himself.

The late Geo. R. Stuart said in advice to a young minister: "A friend is an asset. An enemy is a liability. Hence I have always sought to make as many friends and as few enemies as possible." If Ran Clarke ever made an enemy I never heard of it. He loved God with all his heart, mind and soul, and his neighbor as himself. And his love was not in word, but in deed and in truth. He would share the last dollar he had with a fellowman he believed to be in need, and would go not one mile but many to do a man a kindness, if he had any reason to think the man for the moment had anything against him. In the old days he would condemn the saloon in unqualified terms and so win the heart of the saloon keeper that he would aid him in his church building enterprises and other deeds of loving service."

Brother Clarke never received over $1,650.00 salary in any one year of his life, and yet he educated every one of his children, and left no debts behind him when he was gone. His two sons are now in school--one at the U.S. Naval Academy and the other at Duke University. He and his good wife knew the very fine art of stretching dollars as far as they would reach. His name is as ointment poured forth in every community in which he ever lived and served.

He came to his end in great peace and glad anticipation of the future because he had lived right. Just before the end came he said, "My greatest desire is to depart and be with the Lord." And again, when in a few moments his chastened spirit was to be released: "I'm going soon. Oh, it is so beautiful!" And out into the realms of eternal light his hallowed spirit sped.

He has come up through great tribulation and washed his robe and made it white in the blood of the Lamb. God has wiped away all tears from his eyes and to him there

shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; for to him these things are passed away. In his itinerant career he has sometimes had to live in humble parsonages, with few conveniences; but now he has a mansion all his own, made ready by the loving hands of Him who loved him with an everlasting love, and how with loving kindness has taken him to be with Himself.

"The homeland! O, the homeland! The land of souls freeborn! No gloomy night is known there, but aye the fadeless morn."

by W. T. A. Haynes

James W. Heckman, the subject of this memoir, was born in Franklin County, Va., March 1857 and entered into rest in the city of Richmond, Va., October 17, 1930. He was the son of Luke S. and Elizabeth Montgomery Heckman. His parents were Dunkers and did not believe in Sunday Schools and revivals. The early training of Mr. Heckman was meager. When he was converted he preferred another body of Christians, and accordingly united with the Baptist Church. He soon discovered that he was out of harmony with the close communion as practiced by his church. During the time that his church was wrangling over calling a pastor Heckman withdrew and remained out of the church for some time. Like many others reared in the hills of Virginia, he knew nothing of Methodism, but was deeply prejudiced against the Methodist Church. At the time of which I write, he was living near a Methodist preacher. His soul being in trouble he went to this man of God for help. The Rev. Thos. P. Duke loaned Mr. Heckman two works on "Baptism" and also a "Discipline" of the Methodist Church, which explained to him the Methodist doctrines and their methods of carrying on the work of God. He also read the catechism on doctrines as set forth by the Methodist Church. New light broke in upon his mind. He was convinced that the Methodist Church was teaching scriptural doctrines and also had a wise form of government. Mrs. Heckman, the faithful wife, who walked with our brother for more than fifty years, was converted in 1876. The husband soon thereafter rejoiced in the joy of salvation. "Thank God," says Brother Heckman, and the words came a from artesian depths, "never doubted since." Both Mr. and Mrs. Heckman united with the Methodist Church, South, and have been faithful members down through the years.

In January, 1887, Mr. Heckman was licensed to preach, serving as a local preacher until the fall of 1890, when he was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hendrix in 1892, and elder in 1894 by Bishop Haygood. His first appointment was Snow Creek Mission. He then served the following charges in the order named: King William, Goochland, Bedford, Spotsylvania, Cascade, South Dorchester, South Brunswick, Greenesville, Brunswick, New Kent, Fox Hill. This was the last charge he served. Here his health became so impaired that he felt that he should retire. This he did in the fall of 1923. Since then he and Mrs. Heckman have made their home with a son in Richmond. He was not satisfied with being idle, so he set up a shop and began fitting eyeglasses. He had prepared for this work as a young man and had done a little of it from time to time in addition to his circuit work.

Mr. Heckman was a great student of the Bible. He was largely a man of one book. He knew the doctrines of the Bible, especially as taught by the early Methodists. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of sanctification as presented by John Wesley, Francis Asbury, and other great lights in Methodism. He was a clear expounder of the word. His manner was one of ease in the pulpit. He knew what he wanted to say and said it. He was a great lover of sacred songs. His soul was often stirred as he played and sang the gospel hymns.

Perhaps the most conspicuous work of our brother's life was the founding of the Spotsylvania Holiness Camp Meeting. This camp is still running, a living monument to the zeal, faith and good judgment of our brother.

Wherever Brother Heckman lived and labored many will rise up and call him blessed for the help he imparted. He died, as he had lived, trusting in the blood of Jesus for purity of heart.

On the early morning of October 17, our brother passed to be with Jesus, leaving behind to mourn his going a host of friends, his faithful and devoted wife, and his son, Morton. His beloved daughter had preceded him to the heavenly home.

"How blessed the righteous when he dies."

by Le Roy J. Phaup

Minutes for 1931. **Daniel Gregory Claiborne Butts,** son of Augustine Claiborne, and Anna

Maria Claiborne Butts, was born at "Roslin," Brunswick County, Va., October 10th, 1848, at the home of his maternal grandfather, Rev. John Gregory Claiborne.

He died at Oceana, Princess Anne County, Va., November 13th, 1930, on the fifty-eighth anniversary of his marriage to Miss Emma Swann, of Caroline County, Va. The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. F. B. Oglesby, and Rev. R. H. Potts, D.D., Presiding Elder of the Norfolk District, at Providence Church, Oceana, Va. His body was laid to rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Norfolk, Va., by the side of his son, Sergeant Herbert Swann Butts, Battery E, 60th Artillery, United States Army, who died at the Base Hospital, Royet, France, during the World War.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emma Swann Butts; four daughters, Mrs. G. S. Marchant, Mathews, Va.; Mrs. Otho W. Byrd, Oceana, Va.; Mrs. John T. Fitzpatrick, Arrington, Va.; Mrs. S.A. Brock, Norfolk, Va.; and one son, Emmet D. Butts, Richmond, Va.

He was an ardent soldier of the Confederate States. Though too young to enter the army at the beginning of the struggle for southern independence, he entered the army the latter part of the war with the Virginia Military Institute Cadets, and surrendered at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865. He took great delight in attending the State and General Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. At the time of his death he was Chaplain of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia.

He answered, on the first day of the Conference, every roll call of the Virginia Annual Conference from the time he was admitted on trial, until this Conference. Today he answers not. God hath taken him. He has joined the ranks of those who have finished their course, fought a good fight, and have kept the faith." He professed faith in Christ and joined the Church at Market Street Church, Petersburg, Va., under the ministry of Rev. R. N. Sledd. He was impressed at once with the conviction that he was called to preach the gospel.

On March 9th, 1869, while a student at Randolph-Macon College, he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of Hanover Circuit, held at North Run Church and presided over by Rev. Jacob Manning, Presiding Elder. November, 1870, he was admitted on trial in the Virginia Annual Conference, and appointed to the Caroline Circuit. November 24th, 1872, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Paine at Washington Street, Petersburg, Va., and ordained Elder by Bishop E. M. Marvin, November 22nd, 1874, at Elizabeth City, N.C.

November 13, 1982, he married Miss Emma Swann, daughter of Dr. George F. Swann, of Caroline County, Va. He was most fortunate in selecting his life's companion. She was a woman of fine judgment and deep piety. In his address to the Conference at the close of the fiftieth year of his ministry, he paid this beautiful tribute to his wife--"God sent me a good wife, who guided by grace Divine, became the builder of my home, the inspiration and strength of my ministry, my companion and adviser for forty-eight years. She has captured the hearts of the people wherever I have been from the mountains to the sea."

Rev. D.G.C. Butts from the beginning to the close of his ministry was diligent and faithful--leaving nothing undone which he could do for the upbuilding of God's Kingdom, from Caroline circuit, his first charge, to Campostella, his last charge. For fifty-three years in the active service, as pastor of both circuits and stations, he was "diligent in business" and "fervent in spirit." He did his work cheerfully, faithfully and well. He loved his work--his heart was in it.

He was guileless and simple as a child. His smile and humor were contagious. He was gifted as a conversationalist--a most charming companion. He made friends everywhere. The children gathered about him, charmed by his unique and winning personality.

His memory for figures, facts and faces was remarkable. The use of choice language marked his speech, and he had the pen of a ready writer. He was a great pastor. He knew the people of his charge and knew how to minister to their needs. As a preacher of the gospel, he was at his best. He was sound in doctrine and clear in exposition. He did a great work in building churches and parsonages, and improving the material condition of his charges, but his greatest work was in winning souls. He was a true evangelist and with power and pathos he declared the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ, and many were the "seals to his ministry."

After serving fifty-three years in the active work of the ministry, he took the superannuate relation in 1923, but continued active, preaching whenever an opportunity made it possible.

None who were present at the Conference of 1930 will soon forget the address he made before the Conference. The seal of death was then on his face, but the joy of the Lord was in his heart. He said,"I have never asked for an appointment and I have never turned away from one. I tried to do the work they gave me, and I had no other plans to go anywhere else. I stuck to my job. And now I have come down to this hour and it is an hour of triumph--I did the best I could." And the Master said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." **by J.C. Reed**

Luther T. Hitt was born in Culpeper County, Va., May 5, 1866, and died in Fredericksburg, Va., January 29, 1931.

The writer of this memoir first met him when he was a student at Randolph-Macon Academy; at that time there sprang up an intimacy which lasted without interruption all these years. I came to love him as a brother and from him I learned lessons of faith and consecration. He was a man of prayer and power, the sunshine of his religion was felt by all who came in contact with his life. As a friend he was sincere and faithful. His last days, like his first days, were beautiful and inspiring.

He professed faith in Christ in childhood and never doubted his conversion or his call to the ministry. He joined our Conference in 1892 and gave many years of faithful service to the itinerant ranks. A purer and nobler minister has not graced the roll of the Virginia Conference.

Brother Hitt was above the average preacher. Hundreds were converted and reclaimed under his ministry. His manner in the pulpit was natural, engaging and thoughtful. He had superior talents in evangelistic work and his life was truly owned and blessed of God as the prophets of old. Without a moment's notice he could speak on any subject on any occasion. He was faithful in life and triumphant in death.

The funeral services were held in the Methodist Church in Fredericksburg, the writer assisting the pastor, Rev. E.V. Aaron, and J.S. Peters, and others in the services. He was laid to rest on Sunday afternoon, February 1st, in the beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery of that historic city with the sweet assurance that his pure spirit had entered into the heavenly home.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Beatrice Kerns Hitt, and five children to mourn their loss; four by his first marriage, Mrs. A.W. Shelton, Lynchburg, Va.; Mr. Albert Hitt, of North Carolina; Miss Virginia Hitt, Lynchburg, Va.; and Mr. Samuel Hitt, of the United States Navy. The name of the daughter by his last marriage is Louise Kerns Hitt. Resignation reigned supreme during his last illness. It was glorious to be at his bedside in his severe affliction and witness what the Christian religion can be for dying souls. He prayed to be relieved but added, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." There was no fear of death since his future was secure and his relationship to God satisfactory. **by W. R. Ware**

Charles William Turner was born in Franklin County, Va., June 22nd, 1854. His parents were Wm. B. and Mary Turner, both affiliated with the Methodist Church. He had only such educational advantages as were afforded him by the public schools; but, blessed with a good mind and an earnest purpose, he made excellent use of his opportunities and served his generation well. After several years of service in the local ranks he was elected a deacon and received on trial in the Virginia Conference at its session in Danville, November, 1887; and for twenty-six years he rendered faithful and efficient service as an itinerant preacher. Twelve pastoral charges of this Conference had the benefit of his consecrated ministry, namely, Middle Bedford, Madison Station, West Goochland, Sussex, Dinwiddie, Prince George, King William, Greenesville, Blandford and City Point, Dendron, York and Goochland.

In all these charges he was abundant in labors and made full proof of his ministry. He had in good degree the evangelistic gift and was able, year after year, to report a goodly number of additions to the Church on profession of faith. He was a diligent pastor and a strong preacher. He knew whom and what he believed, and had the courage of his convictions. Under his ministry believers were confirmed in the faith and sinners were led to seek salvation.

Soon after entering the Conference he married Miss Lillian J. Huddleston of Bedford County, and to her ready sympathy and hearty co-operation he was doubtless largely indebted for the success that he achieved. Of this union were born two sons and a daughter, namely, Edward B. and Wm. C. Turner, and Mrs. T. E. Pittman of Gates County, N.C., all of whom, together with two of his sisters, Mrs. S. B. Stover and Mrs. R. W. Wells, survive to cherish his memory.

At the Conference session of 1913 he felt compelled by failing health to ask for the superannuate relation, and his request was granted. He then made his home in Ashland for a year or so, removing thence to Wakefield where nearly all his remaining days were spent. In the fall of 1930 he came to live with his son, Edward, at Elmont, in Hanover County. Here he lingered in steadily declining health, until February 13th, 1931, when he entered into the rest that remains for the people of God.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. H.K. Swann, of Kenwood, and his mortal remains were interred in Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, besides those of his good wife who some years before had preceded him to the better land.

"It is not death to die
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God."

by B. F. Lipscomb

Walter J. Williams, son of James P. and Henrietta Hudgins Williams, was born in Mathews County, Va., January 14th, 1868, and died in Norfolk, Va., February 23rd, 1931. Brother Williams was married to Miss Mary L. Edwards on December 5th, 1893.

Walter Williams began his education in the schools of his native county. Completing the high school course there, he entered the Bryant-Stratton Business College of Baltimore, where he continued until graduation. He spent two years at Randolph-Macon, at the end of which the state of his finances compelled him to leave the College.

Before his conversion, in his boyhood days, the Holy Spirit directed his mind and heart to the work of the ministry. He was converted at the age of seventeen in a meeting held at the Mathews Tabernacle, under the preaching of the late Dr. Geo. C. Vanderslice.

At the age of eighteen he met with a most unfortunate accident. While duck hunting, the accidental discharge of his gun so maimed his left arm that amputation was necessary to save his life. This accident led him at first to doubt his call to the ministry. Taking it to God, he found the call to be even more insistent, and he hearkened to it. He was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of East Mathews Circuit in 1889 under the pastorate of Rev. J.W. Nicholson.

He entered the Conference at Petersburg in November 1891, and was sent to North Pittsylvania Circuit, serving one year. The following year he was sent as junior preacher to Rev. J.M. Anderson on the Pungoteague Circuit. In November, 1893, he was assigned to Culpeper Circuit, where he remained four years. His appointments, as the Conference Minutes will show, were as follows: West Charlotte Circuit, four years; Westmoreland Circuit, four years; West Mathews Circuit, three years; York, four years; Newsoms, four years. Failing health compelled him to ask for the superannuate relation, but he continued in that relation only one year. Resuming active work, he was sent to Driver, three years; Fox Hill, two years; Cradock, three years; Lynnhaven, two years. Failing health again forced him to retire from active work, and at the Conference held in Norfolk in 1926, he was placed on the superannuate list, continuing in this relation until he was summoned to his reward.

Brother Williams was a good preacher; forced to leave college, he did not cease his efforts to gain an education. He bought good books, knew them and loved them. Communing with master minds gave him an equipment that manifested itself in the subject matter and arrangement of his sermons. He preached well, and the people heard him gladly. Christians were helped to a high degree of grace; backsliders were reclaimed and sinners converted under his ministry. He was intensely in earnest; his piety was apparent to all. His illustrations were well chosen and his sermons so arranged as to hold the attention of his audience. Few saw Walter Williams when he was preaching, but they did see Jesus, for He was the center of all his life.

Tender, gentle as a woman, meek, lowly of heart, and yet a manly Christian. His religion was of the type that was beautiful to the mind and heart of its possessor, helpful and cheering to his fellow-man. In his last conscious moments he repeated passages from his favorite sermons and asked his children, who were at his bedside, to pray with him. His last words were in keeping with his life. They were these: "Soon I hope to meet you in heaven, where suffering will be no more."

He was buried in the cemetery on Gwynn's Island. There his dust will lie until the day of the Resurrection. He is survived by his wife and five children.

by Asa Driscoll

Reginald H. Potts. The Virginia Conference lost one of its most distinguished and useful members when the Rev. Reginald Harrell Potts, D.D. breathed his last in the Protestant Hospital in Norfolk, Va., on the morning of February 28th, 1931.

Dr. Potts was the son of Rev. Joseph E. Potts and Mary Ann Harrell and was born in Hampshire County, W.Va.--then Virginia--July 10th, 1858. His paternal ancestors in order to escape the religious persecution in Germany, settled with the colony of William Penn in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The particular branch to which Dr. Potts belonged migrated to Virginia and located in Loudoun County, of which his father was a native. Under the influence of the preaching of Bishop Asbury the Potts family became Methodists and went forth to exhibit those admirable qualities which characterized the pioneers and founders of our church in the early days of this Republic.

Dr. Potts received his primary education in the various schools where his father happened to be located. He was prepared for college, however, by his father who came from a long line of educators and who was himself a man of scholarship and culture. In due time he entered Randolph-Macon College and from the first gave promise of a useful and successful career.

He was reared in a home of religious culture and from early life was inclined to be spiritual. His father's godly counsel, and holy life made an indelible impression upon him, and his mother's pure and saintly spirit constantly reminded him of the highest things of life. He seemed to grow up with a definite and abiding conviction that he should preach the gospel. Of his call to the ministry he said; "I always wanted to preach but I dared not until I was assured of a distinct call, for which I waited three years."

Dr. Potts was twice married. His first wife was Miss Sarah Blanche Cammack, who lived only a few years. Of this union two sons survive--R. Blanchard Potts and J. Harrell Potts, of Richmond, Va.

In 1892 he was united in marriage with Miss Annie Christian Moore, of Hertford County, N.C., a lady of striking personality who immediately identified herself with the cause which he represented and proved herself to be a faithful adviser and diligent co-worker in all the labors of his ministry. Of this marriage there were nine children: Elizabeth Rider (deceased), J. Manning, Reginald H., Jr., John G., Marvin (deceased), Edgar A., Mary Virginia, Alpheus Wilson and M. Frances Potts. J. Manning and Edgar A. Potts are members of this Conference and Alpheus Wilson expects to unite at an early date.

Two of his three brothers, the Rev E.A. Potts and the Rev. E.J. Potts, are also members of the Virginia Conference. The third brother, Dr. Thomas N. Potts, preceded him to the tomb a few years ago.

In the course of his ministry Dr. Potts served the following appointments: Essex, West Lancaster, Charlotte, Cambridge, Md.; Salisbury, Md.; First Church, Suffolk; First Church, Hampton; Central, Portsmouth; Union Station, Richmond; Park Place, Norfolk; Monument, Richmond; and Memorial, Lynchburg. He was also Presiding Elder of the Richmond District, the Portsmouth District, the Farmville District and the Norfolk District, where he was serving with great acceptability when death summoned him to higher labors and richer rewards.

Dr. Potts had peculiar qualifications for the office of Presiding Elder. He was a fine judge of men and knew almost intuitively the capabilities and limitations of the men committed to his charge. He had the happy faculty of cheering and encouraging his preachers and making them feel that they were equal to the accomplishment of any task. He knew fully as well how to command the laymen and to secure their most cordial

cooperation. He himself never knew the meaning of defeat and counted as little upon failure as upon annihilation itself. He was a vigorous and aggressive leader of men and movements and possessed in an eminent degree the wisdom, tact and perseverance which insures success. In a masterful way he carried forward to a grand and glorious consummation the Centenary, the Christian Education Movement and the Superannuate Endowment. Causes of lesser moment received the same careful and earnest attention.

Dr. Potts was a preacher of rare ability and gifts. He frequently rose to lofty flights of eloquence and power and awakened within his hearers a burning and passionate desire to emulate and if possible reproduce the life of Christ in their own characters and lives. He had an ever increasing fondness for revivals of religion and was never so happy as when he was leading some sin-sick soul to the Saviour of mankind.

One of the outstanding efforts in the life of Dr. Potts was the Alumni Address which he delivered at Randolph-Macon College, of which he was subsequently elected a trustee. An excellent address was anticipated by his intimate friends but he excelled their most sanguine expectations. It might be said of his address what was said of another on an entirely different occasion: "It was rich in thought, finished in style, chaste and elegant in illustration, and delivered in an admirable manner."

As a pastor Dr. Potts presented an example which any minister might follow with profit. He never allowed any social engagement or secular duty, recreation or diversion, to interfere with his pastoral work. When he made a pastoral visit the people remembered it because of his brotherly interest in their spiritual welfare and because he had carried them to the Throne of Grace on the wings of his earnest supplication--

"While Heaven came down their souls to greet
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

As a gentleman Dr. Potts was a finished model. Courtesy, affability, considerateness and sympathy were as natural to him as beauty to the lily or luster to the stars.

If I may be permitted to say so, Dr. Potts was one of my dearest friends. It was my privilege to travel with him through nine countries of Europe. During all that time he was my close and intimate companion. In all my association with him I never saw in him anything but the highest qualities and the noblest spirit. If he had faults I failed to discover them and if he possessed them at all I am sure that I can say of them what Robert Burns said of his father: "They were failings which leaned to virtue's side." The influence which he exerted upon me and upon all his friends was an ennobling, refining, uplifting influence which still abides. I can say of him what Alfred Tennyson said of Arthur Henry Hallam:

"Whatever way my days decline
I felt and feel, tho' left alone
His being working in my own
The Footsteps of his life in mine."

Dr. Potts was one of the most generous and liberal men I ever knew. With perennial gratitude he often gave to the point of sacrifice and never refused to help a worthy cause or a needy fellow-man. "Let us be kind to one another," Ian MacClaren used to say, "for most of us are fighting a hard battle."

It is difficult for me to realize that we shall not see again the genial face and dignified form of our beloved friend upon the floor of this Conference. We shall miss his cordial greeting and optimistic spirit. And there is not a single one among us who does not share the thought of the witch-bound champion in the legend of Sir Walter Scott-- "I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again."

The funeral service was held in the Ghent Methodist Church in the city of Norfolk and was conducted by Bishop W.B. Beauchamp, who followed him to the spirit world in only a few months. The following ministers assisted in the service: Dr. John T. Bosman, Dr. T.A. Smoot, Dr. T. McN. Simpson, Rev. R.M. White, and the writer of this memoir. The choir of the church rendered appropriate music. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. The remains were borne to Richmond where they were interred in Forest Lawn Cemetery in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing and sympathetic friends.

by Geo. E. Booker

William Lewis Jones was born of good parentage at Oakwell, his parental home in Gloucester County, Va., on February 2, 1868, and died at a hospital in Richmond, Va., April 8, 1931.

His mother died when he was a lad, and his father died when the son was hardly grown. At the age of twelve he united with Bellamys Church in the neighborhood of his home; here he continued to hold his membership until he joined the Virginia Conference in 1898. Soon after becoming of age he entered the mercantile business, but experiencing a call to preach he closed his business and prepared himself for the ministry. In making this preparation he spent one year at Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford, Va., and several years at Randolph-Macon College. He was a diligent and bright student, making good use of his time. Before completing his college course he served as supply on Middlesex Circuit for the latter part of one year, and while still a student at college he was pastor of Asbury, Richmond. His other appointments were West Point, New Kent, West Buckingham, Burkeville, Crittenden, Norfolk Circuit, West Mathews, West Chesterfield, Lynnhaven, Culpeper Circuit, West Franklin, King George, Richmond Circuit, and Middlesex, ending his ministry on the same circuit where he began.

At West Point, brother Jones was happily married to Miss Mary Normant on February 12, 1901. He was very fortunate in his marriage, his wife being a great help to him in his religious work as well as making for him a comfortable and happy home. To this union were born three children: Ruth, Ann Mary, and William Lewis, Jr. These all survive to honor the memory of their father.

During almost the entire ministerial life of brother Jones his health was poor. He was very nervous, and often found it difficult to get enough sleep to enable him to do his work. At one time he had to give up his work for three months, and at another time he took the superannuated relation for two years. Fortunately, however, several years before his death the cause of his ill health was discovered and removed. His health greatly improved, and he gave promise of a number of years of efficient service. He was sent to Middlesex Circuit where his ministry was happy and successful. In his second year he was taken ill and sent to Richmond to a hospital where he underwent an operation that was supposed to be slight. To the surprise and grief of his family and friends he did not recover, but passed on to his eternal home.

William Lewis Jones was scrupulously honest and truthful with a high sense of honor in all things. He seemed to have no sense of fear when his duty was involved and showed no disposition to court the favor of the rich and influential. He combined the good qualities of generosity and economy in a high degree. He could care for his family, and keep out of debt on the smallest amount of money of any man that I ever knew.

As a preacher, he was far above the average. Original, clear and logical in his thinking, he expressed himself in choice English, with a graceful and energetic delivery.

He was a warm hearted and true friend. Those of us who knew him best loved him most, and we shall miss him until we greet him in the city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

by Frank Burrus

George Fearing Greene. The subject of this sketch, George Fearing Greene, was born December 18, 1864, in Perquimans County, N.C., and died in Richmond, Va., May 7, 1931. He went to his room as usual in the afternoon and as he was in the habit of going out for his meals no apprehensiveness concerning him was felt until the next morning when he failed to respond to repeated knocks on his door. Kindly and anxious friends entered his room and found him kneeling by his bedside with an expression of agony upon his face and with one of his hands clinching the bedclothes as if he had been engaged in a life and death struggle. The weary wheels of life had ceased to move and his immortal spirit had winged its mystic flight to fairer worlds on high. It is under conditions like these that we are strikingly impressed with the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and feel that the poet was justified in saying--

"O what is life! And at best a brief delight,
A sun scarce rising ere it sinks in night;
A flower at morning, fresh, at noon decayed,
A still swift river gliding into shade."

Brother Greene received his early education in the private schools of Elizabeth City, N. C. He entered Randolph-Macon College in 1888, where he pursued the college curriculum with assiduity and success. After leaving college he was General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Berkely, Va.

In 1892 he united with the Virginia Conference and was assigned to Haygood Memorial and Lynnhaven. Among his appointments were Ebenezer Church at Crittenden, Va.; Princess Ann Circuit, Ettrick, Blackstone, Calvary, Danville; LeKies Memorial, Norfolk; Martinsville, Decatur Street, Richmond; Oxford, Suffolk, and St. James, Richmond.

He spent several years as Sunday School Secretary of the Virginia Conference and was admirably adapted to the activities of this sphere. Our Sunday School work in many places, and especially in the rural districts, received a new impulse and inspiration because of his ministry in this field of labor.

For twelve years he was business manager of the Richmond Christian Advocate. He had a superior knowledge of this work and under his leadership with the co-operation of its talented editor the Advocate reached the highest pinnacle of success.

On June 1, 1892, he was united in marriage with Miss Annie W. Gaskins, of Elizabeth City, N.C., a lady of culture and refinement. She proved to be a help-meet indeed until ill health laid its oppressive hand upon her and caused her to relinquish the labors of her loved employ. For many years she was a confirmed invalid, but bore her sufferings with patience and fortitude. During all these years Brother Greene ministered to her both night and day with an ardent and unceasing affection and sympathy which challenged the admiration of all who knew him. And when the end came he experienced the pangs of an inconsolable grief and the painful consciousness of a loss which was irreparable.

To the pulpit Brother Greene brought messages that had been wrought out in the privacy of his study in the atmosphere of earnest meditation and prayer. Consequently they were delivered with a Divine afflatus which constrained them to find a lodgment in the hearts and consciences of all to whom he ministered.

In the discharge of his pastoral duties he was diligent and systematic. He endeared himself to all with whom he was brought into association and contact. His presence, therefore, was frequently sought by those who needed a trusted counselor and unfailing friend.

If one should attempt to analyze the character of George F. Greene he would be impressed first of all with his conscientious adherence to duty. Duty was to him an imperial command to be obeyed under all circumstances and conditions. With one of America's most illustrious statesmen he believed that a sense of duty pursues us ever.

"It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness, or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it."

Impelled by a sense of duty it would have been natural, if he had not been a minister of the gospel, for him to have identified himself with the highest possible ideals and to have fought for the promulgation of righteousness and the vanquishment of evil. His unfaltering fidelity to principle, his rugged and uncompromising honesty, his fearless advocacy of what he believed to be right, and his vigorous and aggressive war against wrong doing of every kind would have given him a place among the courageous soldiers of Tennyson's Light Brigade of whom the brilliant poet exclaimed:

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die,
Noble Six Hundred."

Another quality which Brother Greene possessed was readiness and willingness to serve his Master in any field to which he might be assigned. He never sought the position which involved great responsibility, the brilliant or spectacular sphere, the most influential and wealthy appointment, but was content to labor in even the most inconspicuous realm without the semblance of disappointment or chagrin. Unpretentious, modest, and characterized by a sublime and beautiful humility he could say with Christina Rossetti:

"Give me the lowest place; not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but thou hast died
That I might live and share thy glory by thy side.
Give me the lowest place or if for me that lowest place too high
Make one more low where I may sit and see my God and love thee so."

In all my association with Brother Greene I was impressed most of all with his close and undivided consecration to the service of Christ. With him "first things came first" and nothing connected with the cause of Christ was ever given a secondary or subordinate place. His entire life was a sacrificial offering upon the altars of the church. With the great Apostle Paul he could say:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Death to him was simply the friendly messenger who came to conduct him to his Heavenly home where in the presence of his Lord and in the company of the redeemed he will be unspeakably happy throughout all eternity.

by George E. Booker

John Courtney Harry was born in Cornwall County, England, January 15, 1873. His parents were Rev. William Thomas Harry and Eliza Jane Pascoe Harry. They were devout and pious, and to them were born nine children: six boys and three girls.

The family moved to America in October, 1883, and settled in Goochland County, Va. Brother Harry's parents did their best to train their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and all of them became members of the church at an early age.

John was converted under the ministry of Rev. R. H. Mullen and joined Gum Spring Church, West Goochland Circuit, in the fall of 1886, and at the early age of fourteen he felt the call of God to preach.

He attended the public schools of Goochland County near Gum Spring and worked at the carpenter's trade under his brother in Richmond. Later the call to preach came with greater power, and he then consecrated his life to the labors and work of the ministry in the Southern Methodist Church.

After the removal of some obstacles, he entered Randolph-Macon College in the fall of 1894, where he remained two sessions. He was licensed a local preacher by the West Richmond District Conference, August 6, 1896, and received on trial in the Virginia Conference at Danville in the fall of 1897. He was ordained deacon November 18, 1900, at Norfolk, and an elder November 12, 1905, at Danville.

Brother Harry served the following charges: Floyd Street, Danville; Franklin Circuit, Prince Edward Circuit for two years, Accomac Circuit for four years, Batesville Circuit four years, Louisa Circuit two years, Wachapreague one year, Union Level four years. He was in his second year on the Prospect Circuit when the call came to go home to dwell with God.

While on the Franklin Circuit he met Miss Julia Elizabeth Price, daughter of the late John W. Price, to whom he was married in Red Valley Church, July 17, 1900. They lived happily together for sixteen years. Five children were born to this union: Louise Taylor, Elizabeth Pascoe, Julia Courtney, John C., Jr. and William Thomas Harry. Elizabeth Pascoe Harry lived only a short time. Mrs. Julia Harry died at Accomac, July 19, 1916 of typhoid fever. She was buried in Riverview Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

Brother Harry was married to his second wife, Miss Almeda Crowther, Sept. 11, 1917. One daughter, Mildred, was born of this union. Brother Harry lost his second wife March 28, 1930, as the result of an operation for tumor. She also was buried in Riverview Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

He was a good husband, tender and considerate of the needs of the members of his family. Although somewhat timid and reserved, he counted his friends by the hundreds, and as a friend he was true as steel. It was the writer's privilege to visit often his home and he always proved himself to be the very soul of hospitality. He was fond of music and delighted in singing. He was a strong believer in the doctrines and polity of his church and no one had any reason to doubt his solid piety. He was a logical thinker, a good student and a man of strong convictions, never hesitating to express himself though he might not think as did the majority. He delighted in preaching and was a good, safe, thoughtful, and practical unfolder of God's truth. As the result of his preaching many precious souls were born into the Kingdom.

Brother Harry had been sick only a short time and, while in Richmond on a visit, he consulted a specialist with whom he had an engagement for the following day. Not feeling well the next morning, the doctor was called and soon after his arrival our dear friend and brother passed away.

The funeral services were conducted August 26, 1931, by Dr. Geo. E. Booker, in Highland Park Church, and his remains were laid to rest in beautiful Riverview Cemetery, Richmond, there to await the resurrection morn. A number of ministers acted as honorary pallbearers.

In the passing of John C. Harry the world is poorer and heaven is richer. There is no doubt but that he was ready to meet his Pilot face to face, when he had crossed the bar.

by C. H. Williams

Minutes for 1932. **John Caldwell Calhoun Newton.** On November 30, 1931, there passed into the World Beyond one of the outstanding figures of our denomination and one of its great missionary leaders, Dr. John Caldwell Calhoun Newton. Tall and erect, venerable, yet keenly alert and active, sometimes wearing the decorations conferred on him by the Emperor of Japan, Dr. Newton was a prominent personality at the sessions of the Ecumenical Conference, which he attended and thoroughly enjoyed up to within a few days of his death.

Even the briefest summary of his eighty-three years demands our deepest admiration. He was born in Anderson County, S.C., May 25, 1848, descended from John Newton, who came to Westmoreland County, Va., in 1660. He studied for a time at Thalian Academy, Pickens County, S.C., until the Civil War interrupted his education. When only a boy of seventeen he enlisted in the Confederate Army and saw service during the latter part of the war. Afterward he entered Kentucky Wesleyan College, but later transferred to Kentucky Military Institute, from which he graduated with first honor, receiving A.B. degree in 1874.

Following his graduation he joined the Kentucky Conference. He continued in that Conference for ten years, meanwhile teaching for some time at Millersburg (Ky.) Female College.

In 1874 he was married to Miss Lettie Emma Lay, of South Carolina. Their life together for more than fifty-four years was one of singular devotion and happiness, and their beautiful Christian home was a joy and an inspiration to all who entered it.

In 1884 he began postgraduate work at Johns Hopkins University, at the same time serving a church in the city of Baltimore. Later he held a pastorate at Warrenton, Va. until March, 1888, when he went out to Japan to join the little handful of Southern Methodist missionaries who had begun the mission less than two years before.

Dr. Newton's work in Japan was to be the training of young Japanese preachers. He with his three students went to Tokyo and for one year was connected with the theological department of Aoyama Gakuin, a school belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The next year plans had been completed for the organizing of Kwansei Gakuin in Kobe, and Dr. Newton and his students transferred there to become the nucleus of the new institution, Dr. Newton becoming dean of the Theological Department. After about eight years of this work Dr. Newton returned to America where he held pastorates in Virginia until 1903, when he went back to take up his old work.

Kwansei Gakuin was growing, and Dr. Newton and others perceived the advantages of making it a union institution. He had an important part in the negotiations which culminated in 1910 in organizing it under the joint control of the Southern, the Canadian, and the Japan Methodist Churches. In 1914 he was elected president of the whole

institution. He served as president for about seven years and under his guidance the school made remarkable progress in numbers and in physical equipment until it took its place among the best and largest colleges in Japan. Even after resigning as president, Dr. Newton remained at the school, continuing his lectures in the theological department until 1923, when advancing years and Mrs. Newton's poor health compelled him to retire from active service.

From this time they made their home with their daughter Ruth, Mrs. E. Marvin Underwood in Atlanta. From this beloved home Mrs. Newton went to her Eternal Home on December 8, 1828 and Dr. Newton followed less than three years later on November 10, 1931.

The years could never dampen the young, progressive spirit of Dr. Newton. Even up to the very day of his retirement from active work in Japan he could always be counted on to see and understand the position and attitude of the youngest members of the mission and many times he took the floor at mission meetings to support them. For some men retirement, particularly at an advanced age, means an abatement of interest in life, especially a slackening activity, but not so with Dr. Newton. In the fall of 1924, he delivered a series of lectures at Southern Methodist University, and later occupied for a time the chair of missions at Scarritt College. He had ever sought to keep abreast of modern thought and scholarship, and he used his leisure years for the most intense study and literary activity. The variety an depth of his interest may be shown by the titles of two books, What England Owes to Other Peoples, and Christian Ethics, the former of which he completed a few months before his death, and the latter, practically finished, on which he was laboring almost until the day of his death.

At heart Dr. Newton was ever a missionary, ever devoted to Japan and its people, ever eager for news of his many friends there, both missionary and Japanese, and ever praying for the advancement of God's Kingdom in the land of the Rising Sun. How troubled he was about the complications in Manchuria which began a few months before his death! He was not blind in his love for Japan but he saw the unfairness of the prejudice in the minds of so many people in America. The last publications from his pen were articles in the Atlanta Constitution, which sought to lead to a better understanding of the real Japan and the heart of the Japanese people.

On the first night of the Ecumenical Conference, two of us who had been with him in Japan were invited to spend the night with Dr. Newton. It was a time of rare fellowship, but the moment which I will always remember was when Dr. Newton asked that we have prayer together in the Japanese language. He got down his well-worn Japanese Bible and read a passage, and then we knelt together, and our prayer, in language as well as in thought, carried us back to beautiful Japan and her need for our Savior. Our eyes as well as our hearts were full when we rose from our knees.

Even during his illness his thoughts were ever reverting to Japan, and he seemed to enjoy speaking to his daughter in the Japanese language.

Dr. Newton has passed from this world, but the influence of his life will ever remain and grow in America and in Japan, and the inspiration of his life, his holy character, his friendship will ever live and shine brightly in the hearts of us who loved him.

by John B. Cobb

Egbert Ray Degges. The subject of this brief sketch, Egbert Ray Degges, was born in Lancaster County, Va., October 5, 1889, and entered into rest in Hampton, Va., April 15, 1932. He was the son of Rev. C. L. and Alice Carleton Degges. His father was a local preacher in the White March Methodist Church and a man of great faith and prayer. His mother was a pious, godly woman. The influence of a Christian home is a mighty factor in shaping the lives and destinies of men. Brother Degges, at an early age, confessed Christ as his personal Savior and united with the White Marsh Methodist Episcopal Church, South, by which he was granted a license to preach in 1917.

He was possessed with one great ambition, that of fitting himself for life's work. But he had many obstacles to overcome in acquiring an education, for his parents were of limited means and there were other children in the family to be educated. After graduating from Lancaster High School, he felt very definitely the call to the ministry. Then his ambition was intensified, and nothing could stop him from pursuing his studies. Thus he entered Randolph-Macon College with marked determination to do the

will of God. He was an earnest, conscientious, faithful student. He lost no opportunity to improve his talents. He loved his Church and was anxious to know its doctrines and carry out its program. His kind face and his genial smile were familiar to all who have attended the Virginia Conference Training School in recent years. But we missed him last summer from the classes and the playground, for he had graduated and finished his course, "having kept the faith." His work was brief and his course too quickly run. "Then let our sorrows cease to flow,

God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts in every woe
Still say,'Thy will be done.'"

Brother Degges served the following charges: West Campbell, North Pittsylvania, Broadwater, King George, Spottsylvania, King William, and Fox Hill. The last named charge was the most fruitful field of his labors. He brought to Fox Hill all the experiences of other years, and there he laid himself on the altar of God to win and to hold the young people of his church and community. It was said concerning the young people, by one who knew him best and loved him most, his faithful wife, "Their devotion to him and his for them was beautiful." He was beloved by his people on every charge he served because he was an excellent pastor. There was no home on his charge, however humble or out of the way, that he did not find; no heart he did not minister to as best he could according to its needs. His special interest in young people naturally drew them close to him.

On December 30, 1914, he was happily married to Miss Lillian George. To this union were born two sons, Egbert Lawson and Franklin Carleton Degges, the latter dying in infancy. His was a congenial and happy home, for he was truly devoted to his family. No sacrifice on his part was too great for their joy and comfort.

Brother Degges' death was sudden and a great shock to many, who knew nothing of his illness. He was stricken with appendicitis early Sunday morning, April 10, and lived only five days. On the following Sunday he was laid to rest in the cemetery at White Marsh Church. His Presiding Elder, Dr. J. T. Boxman, conducted the funeral service, assisted by J. T. Greene, W. H. Jones, and C. C. Jones. The choir of the church of which he was last pastor sang his favorite hymns, while a host of friends mingled their tears of sorrow with those of his wife and son, who live to cherish the memory of his consecrated life.

The noble purpose of this brief life as the writer knew it might be expressed in these poetic lines:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure, for there are those who care,
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend to all--the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

by Edgar G. Hill

Olin Ray was born near Walnut, Tippah County, Miss., July 5, 1886, and died at the home of his boyhood, June 19, 1932. He lacked but a few days of being forty-six years old. His parents were Franklin Elmore and Martha Lucretia Ray. Besides his wife and three children, his father, three sisters, and four brothers survive him.

He received his early education in the public schools near his home. In the fall of 1907 he entered the preparatory department of Millsaps College, from which college he received the B. A. degree in 1913. In December, 1914, he entered Emory University and graduated with the B. D. degree in the summer of 1916. He was never satisfied until he had equipped himself in the very best manner possible for the great work to which he had given his life and to which he had been called.

At the age of twelve Olin Ray joined the old Campground Church, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was reared in a Christian home and never knew the exact time of his conversion. He had always loved the Savior, and in his early boyhood felt the call to the ministry of His dear Son. To this ministry all the energies of his

life were directed and dedicated. He never had other plans. He has two brothers in the ministry.

In 1908 he was licensed to preach and was appointed as a supply to the Sidon and Tchula charge, North Mississippi Conference. To this Conference he was admitted on trial at the session of 1910, and served the following charges in that Conference: Holcomb, three years; Johnstown and Bilem, one year; student at Emory University from December, 1914, to the summer of 1916; Tunica and Robinsonville, two years; Macon Station, three years; Kosciusko, two years. In the fall of 1923 he was transferred by Bishop W. A. Candler to the Virginia Conference and was stationed at High Street, Petersburg, where he served four years. He then served Onancock Station four years, and in the fall of 1931 he was assigned to Central Church, Portsmouth.

On Christmas Day, 1916, he was united in marriage with Miss Sarah Louise Graham, daughter of William and Janie Graham, of Prairie Grove, Ark. To this happy union three children were born, Martha Louise, Bobbie Janet, and Mary Kathrine.

Olin Ray was a success everywhere he went. At High Street, Petersburg, he had an outstanding pastorate. During his four years there the work of the church advanced in every way. About 170 were added to the membership; a beautiful parsonage home was bought; a Skinner pipe organ was installed in the church; the financial interest of the church reached its highest level; and the entire life of the church was awakened and revived.

It was during the pastorate at High Street that the writer came to know Olin Ray intimately and to appreciate the fine qualities of his quiet but beautiful life. It was refreshing to see how he grew upon his people as they came to know and to understand him. In fact, the thing that counted most with him was the consecrated life he lived before his people everywhere he went, from his boyhood home to the last charge he served. They loved him because of his genuine worth, his noble character, his beautiful selflessness, his utmost sincerity and humility, and the goodness of his heart. There was a joy, a simplicity, a Christlikeness in his life that drew the people to him in a devotion and loyalty that was rare and beautiful.

His was the evangelistic type of ministry. He had the power and the gift to awaken the conscience to a sense of duty and responsibility. By honest effort, continuous struggle, and painstaking care he came to be a clear, convincing preacher. His life was constantly sustained by a deep and determined consecration and devotion, so that his message had power with the people. They hung upon his words, they listened to his entreaty, and their lives grew richer and sweeter under his ministry. Everywhere he labored a rare devotion grew up between the preacher and the people. He did not catch them by any trick. He won them and held them by his love for them and his service to them. It could be said of him what Goldsmith said of his village preacher, "He watched and wept, prayed and felt for all."

Any fair appraisal of Olin Ray would have to take into consideration the last six months of his earthly life. When life is flooded with strength and girded with youth, almost anyone can sing, with Robert Browning in his "Pippa Passes":

The year's at the spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven--
All's right with the world."

Olin Ray had warnings of something more than any passing disorder. But relief from pain, the urge of the task, and a great hope had given him courage to believe that he was well over his difficulties, and that he was ready for many years of work at his beloved vocation. He came to his Portsmouth assignment with a freshness and vigor that belied all rumors of any physical debilities. And how finely he took hold of the work at Central Church! His appointment there was a perfect fit. He won the congregation with his first words: "I am a country preacher, and I came here with a great many misgivings. But after seeing you and studying your faces, I feel perfectly at home." In a few weeks the entire church had felt the pulse of new life. Few beginnings ever gave promise of greater success.

It was early in January that the fatal blow fell upon him. The months that followed were the severest of tests as he heroically struggled to live. The singular

loyalties of the people of Central Church and the unstinted devotion of his faithful wife is a story that cannot be told in words. All the resources of his fine and fruitful character were brought into play. With what patience and fortitude he bore his afflictions, as each day he hoped he would grow better! With what calm and courage he looked into eternal realities as it gradually appeared to him that he would not get well! Rallying from one attack after another, he would be joyous, uncomplaining, and his soul was full of melody fairer than earth's fairest song.

Realizing that the end drew near, he longed to go back to the home of his boyhood. Summoning all of his strength, he made the long journey to Mississippi, and arrived in time to have a happy reunion with his loved ones and friends of other years. In his last days he was surrounded by those who knew and loved him best. He had dreams of many happy years of service here, but he was without a single fear of what awaited him in the hereafter. He was deeply grateful to God for the opportunities he had been given in this life, and he had complete confidence that larger opportunities awaited him in the life eternal. So in the midst of the years of his greatest usefulness, with a desire to stay, but with complete resignation at going, his beautiful soul "went sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The funeral services were conducted at Campground Church, on Monday afternoon, June 20, by Rev. J. H. Felts, Presiding Elder of the Corinth District, North Mississippi Conference, assisted by Rev. E. S. Lewis, of Corinth, Rev. J. H. Holder, of New Albany, and Rev. W. W. Wodland, of Ripley. His body was laid to rest in the church yard near by, a short distance from the grave of his mother. **by H. P. Clarke**

Bernard Farrar Lipscomb. On Monday, August 15, 1932, Rev. Bernard Farrar Lipscomb, D.D., finished a long and widely useful course, laying his charge and his body down together, and resting from the labors of a well-spent life. He had served his generation with marked fidelity and efficiency and left a record rich in achievements and a name bright with honors. No words of mine can appraise his worth or measure the values of his fruitful ministry, but the high esteem and warm appreciation cherished for him attest the excellence of his gifts and graces.

His age and effectiveness had brought his name to first place on our roll of active members, and his character and ability had brought him first place among our trusted leaders and wise counselors. His going pains us with a sense of serious loss, and our hearts grieve that his manly form and guiding voice will not be seen and heard again in our assemblies.

Dr. Lipscomb was born February 16, 1851, the first-born of Cornelius B. and Pocahontas F. Lipscomb, who taught him the way of life and placed his feet in the path of righteousness, and for eighty-one and a half years he walked humbly with his God, following the lead of the "kindly light" that brightened his steps and brought him to a peaceful end.

Having been trained under the gracious influence and tender ministries of a Christian home, he early accepted Christ as his Savior and Lord, and joined the Church of his fathers--old Trinity, the mother church of Richmond Methodism--and held sacred the vows of his youth down through the years of his old age.

In personal appearance he was notably attractive, tall, well proportioned, neatly attired; in manner, reserved and dignified; in spirit, kind and sympathetic; in thought and speech, clear and forceful. His strong personality and sound mind and fine courage made him a capable adviser and our chief spokesman.

Eight times he was chosen by his brethren to represent them in the General Conference, and he served with credit in every session of that supreme council of the Church from 1902 to 1903. Eighteen times he was elected Secretary of his Conference, and performed his duties so accurately and acceptably that he was re-elected every year from 1914 to the end of his life. Twenty-one times he was appointed to preside over districts, thirty-four times to serve pastoral charges, and one time to act as Secretary-Treasurer of Randolph-Macon College, and thus for nearly fifty-six years he went in and out among us a loyal Methodist preacher, "holding forth the word of life and adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour."

In 1902 he was called to fill a vacancy in the Board of Trustees of Randolph-Macon College, and gave such constant and intelligent consideration to the affairs of

the institution that he was made chairman of its most important committees, and President after the death of Judge Newman five years ago. In 1888 he was asked to edit and publish the Minutes of his Annual Conference and continued to do this difficult and painstaking work until relieved by request in 1909. Counted worthy of special recognition and honor, his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity and the key of Phi Beta Kappa, and this tribute to his standing and merit was heartily approved.

At the beginning of his promising life, business attracted him, and his manifest aptitude secured him a position in the State Bank of Virginia in his native city. In 1872 he married Miss Ella J. McLaurine, of Richmond, who proved herself a worthy companion and made for him a sweet and restful home, but their happy union was soon dissolved by death, and he and his baby boy were left sorely bereaved and distressed. In the hush and sorrow of the lonely hours that followed, the call to the ministry came appealingly to him, and he promptly gave up his chosen career and yielded himself to the will of his Lord. His mother church, Trinity, Richmond, gave him license to preach September 28, 1874, and soon after he entered Randolph-Macon College for better preparation for his high vocation, supplementing the education he had received at Jefferson Male Academy, Richmond.

In 1876 he was received on trial into the Virginia Conference and was sent to Queen Street Church, Norfolk, a newly organized charge, where he made full proof of his ministry and remained four years to the pleasure and profit of his congregation.

On December 12, 1877, he married Miss Sallie Emily Wright of Smithfield, Va., who was a true and devoted helpmeet, enriching his life, brightening his fireside, sharing his burdens, and blessing his home till she fell asleep November 16, 1920. At the head of his family group he was gentle and affectionate, holding the love of grateful children, who "rise up and call him blessed."

On finishing his term of four years at his first charge, Queen Street Church, Norfolk, he filled successively the following appointments: Salisbury, Md., '80-'83; Churchland, '83-'85; Berkely, '85-'89; Charlottesville, '89-'93; Mount Vernon, Danville, '93-'97; Newport News, '97-'99; Washington Street, Petersburg, '99-'02; Secretary-Treasurer, Randolph-Macon College, '02-'03; Petersburg District, '03-'07; West Richmond District, '07-'09; Park Place, Richmond, '09-'10; Norfolk District, '10-'13; Petersburg District, '13-'17; Charlottesville District, '17-'21; Rivermont, Lynchburg, '21-'23; First Church, Hampton, '23-'24; Lynchburg District, '24-'28; and Ashland, '28-'32, where in the fourth year of his happy pastorate he was stricken with anemia, and all that love and skill could do could not stay its fatal effects. And so after five weeks of patient and careful treatment at St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond, he yielded his spirit to the God who gave it.

In his pulpit ministrations Dr. Lipscomb was sincerely devout, handling the Word of God reverently and proclaiming its truths with simplicity and earnestness. In his pastoral relations he was a faithful undershepherd, feeding the flock committed to his charge, leading them "into the green pastures and beside the still waters" of spiritual renewal and refreshing. In all places he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. May the mantle of his ascended spirit fall on us who tarry at the task he gave his life to!

He is survived by one sister, Miss Minnie Lipscomb, Richmond; three brothers, Irvin and Stanley, Richmond, and Herbert, Fort Union; and by ten children: Arthur McL., Richmond; Mrs. Frank Talbott, Danville; Bernard W., Richmond; Herbert C., Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg; Walter P., Suffolk; Mrs. James B. Denny, Norfolk; Mrs. Walter McCandlish, Petersburg; Miss Helen, Ashland; Thomas L., Baltimore; and Willis G., Dallas, Tex.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon, August 16, in the Duncan Memorial Church, where he had so helpfully ministered in holy things, and where large numbers of his brethren of the Conference and members of his congregation and other friends gathered in token of their admiration and affection.

Bishop Collins Denny, assisted by Dr. S. C. Hatcher and Dr. T. McN. Simpson, conducted the service, and his sleeping body was laid to rest in quiet Hollywood amid those he had "loved long since and lost awhile." In the stillness of that evening hour

the gracious words of the divine Master could be repeated: "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou has been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." He had left us to be with Christ and to wear his crown.

by T. McN. Simpson

Werter H. Gregory, son of Richard Claiborne and Eliza Twitty Bailey Gregory, was born August 31, 1846, in Lunenburg County, Va. In boyhood he attended rural school conducted on the subscription plan.

At the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the Confederate Army, joining Major Batts' battalion of Petersburg, Va., composed of boys not old enough to enter the regular service. This was in 1863. In 1864 he was transferred to the 32nd Virginia Infantry, one of the regiments of the noted Pickett's Division. He was engaged in many of the hard-fought battles in defense of Petersburg, and was engaged in the battle of Five Forks as the army retired from Petersburg. At the time of his death he was a member of William Watts Camp of the United Confederate Veterans and Chaplain of the Camp at Roanoke, Va.

Brother Gregory made a profession of faith in Christ under the ministry of Rev. James W. Blincoe, pastor of the Powhatan Circuit, but did not join the Church until 1868 while he was a student at Randolph-Macon College, situated near Boydton in Mecklenburg County. He was received into the membership of the Church by Rev. James Jamieson, Chaplain of the College. He soon realized that he was called of God to preach.

At the Conference of 1871, held in Portsmouth, Va., and presided over by Bishop Robert Paine, he was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference. He was ordained deacon on November 30, 1873, by Bishop John C. Keener, in Cumberland Street Church, Norfolk, Va. He was ordained elder November 21, 1875, by Bishop N. H. McTyeire in Lynn Street Church, Danville, Va.

His first appointment was to Pittsylvania Circuit. This was a most discouraging and difficult field of labor. The church buildings had been dismantled and destroyed by the great battles of the War between the States, but, not daunted by the difficult task, he entered the charge with the determination to restore what had been destroyed. He visited Baltimore and other adjacent cities and collected funds for the restoration and rebuilding of the churches. His zeal, energy, good judgment, and unfailing devotion to his Lord's work characterized his labor in all of his charges, from Pittsylvania, his first charge, to Concord Circuit, his last charge. He was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." In the charges he served he had many "souls for his hire and seal to his ministry." Brother Gregory was modest and unassuming, gentle and kind--a humble, noble Christian minister.

When he had spent thirty years in active ministry, in 1902 he asked for the superannuate relation, and retired to Roanoke, Va., where he spent the remnant of his days. He was loved, honored, and held in the highest esteem by the citizens of Roanoke.

This good man and faithful minister of Jesus Christ passed to his eternal reward September 26, 1932. He died without a struggle or a groan; his going could not have been more peaceful--"So he giveth his beloved sleep."

Brother Gregory was twice married. He married Miss Sallie James Payne August 8, 1877. This good woman and faithful wife and mother died June 4, 1907. Of this marriage there were seven sons, all of whom survive: Rev. H. C. Gregory, a member of this Conference, H. F. Gregory, H. B. Gregory, Judge of the Court of Appeals, and E. P. Gregory, of Roanoke, Va., W. P. Gregory, of Oak Hill, W. Va., H. W. Gregory, of Los Angeles, Calif., and P. W. Gregory, of Wheeling, W. Va.

July 13, 1910, he married Miss Lillie B. Thomas, who survives him and whose tender and loving ministries brightened his last days.

Rev. S. C. Hatcher, D.D., of this Conference is a nephew of Brother Gregory.

The funeral services were held from Trinity Church, Roanoke, Va., where he made his church home, by Rev. Hubert Sydenstricker, pastor. Interment was in Fairview Cemetery, Roanoke, Va.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

by J. C. Reed

Minutes for 1933. **George William Wray.** The stately and stalwart form of George William Wray will no longer be seen at the Annual sessions of the Virginia Conference,

Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He has "fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith," and "entered into the joy of the Lord." He was the son of Beverly Alexander and Martha Parr Wray and was born December 4th, 1853, in Greensville County, Virginia.

At the age of sixteen he joined the Church under the ministry of Rev. John B. Dey, and was soon thereafter appointed Superintendent of the Sunday School. He was licensed to preach under the pastorate of the venerable William B. Rowzie of blessed memory. Feeling called to preach, he entered Randolph-Macon College and remained there for two sessions, preparing for his holy calling. He was received on trial in the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, November 17th, 1877. On November 23rd, 1879, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Wm. M. Wightman, and was ordained Elder by Bishop George F. Pierce, November 19th, 1882. His first appointment was West New Kent Circuit, Richmond District, and his last charge, Onley, Eastern Shore District. Between these appointments he served many of the most desirable appointments in the Virginia Conference. His popularity, adaptability, success, and usefulness is evidenced by his remaining the full term of four years on the large majority of all his charges, and on one charge Trinity, Newport News, he served six years.

Nature had well endowed him for his great work. He was tall and well proportioned, graceful in movement, with a pleasant face, an agreeable voice, and natural manners in the pulpit. It was both pleasant and profitable to hear the "Old story of Jesus and His love" from his eloquent lips. He was sound in doctrine and fulfilled his ordination vows to be "a faithful dispenser of the Word of God, and His Holy Sacraments."

He was married early in his ministry to Miss Victoria Sherman of New Kent County, Va., who died in Portsmouth, Va., while he was pastor at Central Church. There were three children by this marriage, one dying in infancy. George William Wray, Jr. of Norfolk, Va., and Mrs. Mary Lee Howard of Washington, D.C., still survive.

He was married October 25th, 1893, to Miss Sallie Floyd Vaden, a daughter of Rev. W.C. Vaden of the Virginia Conference. Of this union was one son, Grayson Vaden Wray who died at the age of twenty-five years.

After fifty-two years of active labor, feeling the weight of years and increasing physical infirmities, he asked to be placed in the Superannuate ranks and retired to Hampton, Va., where he had prepared a home for his last days. Here in this home, ministered to by kind and loving friends and his devoted wife, who for forty years had been his comfort and stay, he lingered until God called him home, November 7th, 1932.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. John T. Bosman, D.D., Presiding Elder of the Norfolk District, in Central Church, Hampton, Va., assisted by Rev. J.A. Chapman, pastor of First Methodist Church, Hampton, Va., Rev. J.T. Moore of Central Church, and Rev. D.T. Merritt of Chestnut Avenue Church, Newport News.

Devout men whom he had served as pastor tenderly bore his remains to Green Lawn Cemetery, Newport News, and laid him to rest by the side of his beloved son, who eleven years before had preceded him to the grave.

"To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father in His throne." Revelation 3:24. **by J.C. Reed**

Richard R. Burnette was in the nineteenth year of his ministerial life at the time of his death on January 30, 1933, at Patrick Springs, Va., while in the second year of his pastorate on that charge. He, however, knew the ministry all his days, having been born in a christian home that had always extended its hospitality to the Methodist ministers who served New Kent circuit.

Richard Rome Burnette was born at Cold Harbor, Hanover County, Va., June 8, 1886. He was one of six children. There were three sisters and two brothers, all of whom survive. Both of his parents, however, are dead. His father was John Wesley Burnette, a licensed exhorter, of Prospect Church, New Kent Circuit. His mother, Mrs. Dora Lee Hazelgrove Burnette, was a woman of religious devotion.

Brother Burnette received his call to the ministry while a regular attendant upon the Bates Bible Class in Union Station Church, Richmond, Va. A call to preach was to Richard Burnette a call to prepare to preach. He did his college preparatory work at Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va. He received his collegiate education at

Randolph-Macon College, having received his A.B. degree from that institution in June 1916. He then entered the Candler School of Theology, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, for his theological training. There he successfully prosecuted his studies, doing all of the work required for the B.D. degree in three years, except writing his thesis. This he did later and received his B.D. degree on August 29, 1925.

Brother Burnette was admitted in the Virginia Conference on trial at the session which was held at Monumental Church, Portsmouth, Va., November, 1914, at which time he was a student at Randolph-Macon College. When he returned to Virginia, after finishing his theological training in the Candler School of Theology, he was appointed pastor of the Hopewell and City Point charge. Thereafter, he served the following charges: Altavista, South Dorchester, South Salisbury, Hampton Roads, West Mathews, Bowling Green, Middlesex Circuit, East Halifax Circuit and Patrick Circuit.

On June 9th, 1925, Brother Burnette was happily married to Miss Mary Allen Lee, a deaconess of our church, who at that time was serving at Trinity Institutional Church, Richmond. His wife, with diligent devotion, gave him at all times unstinted support in all his ministerial labors. Through his sudden and brief illness she ministered in tender faithfulness. Three promising children gave hope and joy to the home. These children are, Richard Rome, Jr., age five; William Lee, age four, and Elizabeth Lee, age two.

Brother Burnette died of pneumonia on January 30th, 1933, after one week's illness. On Sunday, one week before he died, he held two appointments, morning and afternoon, preaching on "The Bible, God's Word." He was greatly loved by the people on all his charges. The people on the Patrick circuit showed their love during his last illness in many ways. They said that if they could get another pastor who was as good a man as Brother Burnette, they would be satisfied.

Among his outstanding characteristics were patience, thoughtfulness of others, loyalty and great generosity. He was a great lover of children and devoted to his family. He was ever faithful to his task and insisted upon meeting his appointments when the weather was so bad that he knew there would be but a few, if any, present. He said that if only one went to the service, he wanted that one to find him there.

As a preacher, Richard Rome Burnette was never quite so happy as when declaring to his hearers the evangel of redemption. During his ministry he won many to Christ and membership in His church. He was also an administrator of the affairs of the church of no mean ability. He planned and promoted the work committed to his overseership with care and persistence. Perhaps most of all in the realm of the shepherd of the flock he did his most effective work. His people knew his tender and sympathetic touch and they held him in warm regard and tender affection. Our friend was known for his genuineness of character and devotion to duty.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. F.B. McSparran, his Presiding Elder, assisted by Rev. J.W. Dixon, Rev. E.G. Hill and Dr. T.R. Reeves, with interment in Oakwood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

by L.S. Flournoy

Samuel Emmett Jones was born at Oldtown, Grayson County, Va., December 31, 1889. He attended the public schools of his community, where he prepared himself for Hiwaisi College, in Tennessee, at which institution he received his collegiate training.

Early in life he gave his heart to God. Soon after his conversion he felt the divine call to the ministry, but felt so keenly the responsibility of his high calling, that he refused to obey the deep conviction of his life for several years. When the full surrender came, there was no longer any doubt or question with him as to the place of the ministry in his life, and it mattered little how difficult the field, so long as he was preaching the Gospel, for he was willing to give of his best to the Master, which service always filled him with joy.

In 1914, he was received on trial in the Holston Conference, and was given the following appointments in the order named: Hilton, Stonega, Big Stone Gap and War and Newhall. From this appointment he was transferred to the Baltimore Conference by Bishop Hendrix, and sent to Romney, where he was stationed for two years, being transferred at this time to the Virginia Conference to do mission work in Patrick County. He remained in this work but a short time and was sent to Danville Circuit, South Halifax, Isle of

Wight, Fairmount and Norview in Norfolk, Courtland, and Richmond Circuit, where he passed to his eternal reward.

He was married June 18, 1919, to Miss Grace Hunt, who with six children, his father and mother, of Galax, Va., three brothers and two sisters, a brother-in-law, Rev. N. F. Hunt, of the Virginia Conference, survive to lament his going. A devoted husband, affectionate father, loyal son, true brother, and friend has departed, awaiting the Resurrection Morn.

Brother Jones was most successful in the field of evangelism. Nothing gave him greater happiness than to hold meetings of that type, and many souls were led to Christ under his ministry. He also delighted to minister to those most in need in the communities where he served, and many of the burdens of life he helped others to bear, thus relieving their suffering and lightening their load. Catching the vision of his Master's life, and hearing the call, he went about doing good. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

On March 18, 1933, he suddenly fell asleep in the midst of his pastoral duties. "He died at his post." "He is not, for God hath taken him." The funeral services in charge of the writer, assisted by a number of other ministers, were conducted in Calvary Church, on Richmond Circuit, after which the remains were taken to Galax, Va., where a service was also held in the Methodist Church, by his class mate and close friend, Rev. W.M. Bunts, assisted by Revs. P.L. Cobb, W.T. Moore, J.C. Spurlin, college mates, also the ministers of the other denominations of the town.

The body was laid to rest in Felts Cemetery, in Galax, Va. The Masons from Oldtown Lodge, of which he was a member, took part in the burial service, reciting their beautiful and impressive ceremony.

"We shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn,
We shall meet to part, no, never;
On the Resurrection Morn."

by Starke Jett, Jr.

James Sidney Peters was born in the town of Berkley, November 12th, 1866, and died at the Memorial Hospital, in the city of Richmond on the twentieth day of March, 1933. The funeral services, under the direction of the writer, were conducted at the High Street Church to which Brother Peters had been recently assigned. The interment was in the family plot at Norfolk, the committal services being under the direction of Dr. Thomas A. Smoot, pastor of Epworth Church.

Many will recall Brother Peters' devoted mother, who for years gave herself to the poor and the fallen and to whose efforts we may attribute the present-day missionary interest of the women of this section. Under her influence a lasting impress was left on his character.

As a lad, the best that the local schools afforded was his. He received his preparatory training at private schools and when but thirteen entered Randolph-Macon College. Afterwards he attended Hampden-Sidney and thus laid the foundation of a cultured life.

When he was only twenty-one years of age, he ran for the Legislature in Campbell County and was elected. This experience was useful to him in later life when he was called on to lead a great civic movement. At this period in his life law was his chosen profession. The Holy Spirit had other designs. Deep conviction for sin followed by a work of grace in his heart changed the whole purpose of his life. On the very day that he had planned to go before the examiners to secure a license to practice law he appeared before a Quarterly Conference and secured a license to preach. At the ensuing Annual Conference which was held in Danville, Va., he was admitted on trial and was assigned to the Staunton River Mission in the Blue Ridge mountains. He there began a ministry of unusual zeal and signal success that lasted for thirty-nine years. Two years later, in November, 1895, he was ordained deacon by the saintly Galloway and admitted into full connection. Two years later in the city of Danville, Bishop Fitzgerald consecrated him to the office of elder. He served the following appointments: Staunton River Mission, 1893-1894; Brookneal Circuit, 1894-1896; Cartersville Circuit, 1896-1897; Barton Heights Station, 1897-1900; First Church, Hampton, 1900-1904;

Trinity, Richmond, 1904-1906; High Street, Petersburg, 1906-1908; Central Church S. Richmond, 1908-1909; Associate Editor of Baltimore and Richmond Advocate, 1909-1911; Emporia, 1911-1913; Blackstone, Crenshaw Church, 1913-1916; Representative of Virginia Anti-Saloon League, 1915-1916; Commissioner of Prohibition, State of Virginia, 1916-1922; National Lecturer of Anti-Saloon League of America, 1922-1923; Fairmount Ave., Richmond, 1923-1927; Central Church, Richmond, 1927-1929; Grace Church, Newport News, 1929-1933; High Street Church, Petersburg, 1933.

In 1886 our friend was happily married to Miss Victor Morgia Brandon, of Walnut Hill plantation, in Campbell County. Two children were born to this union, John Brandon, and William Anthony. The former followed in the steps of his father and is now the pastor of the Druid Hill Church in the city of Atlanta. The latter is a successful surgeon and doctor and resides in Elizabeth City, N.C. After 17 years of a happy married life, on the 22nd of January, 1903, Victor Morgia Brandon Peters passed to her eternal reward. Two years later, Miss Sara Lee Robertson united her fortunes with those of this itinerant preacher. Seven children blessed this union. Josephine Willis is a teacher in the Newport News High School; Agnes Lumsden is a teacher in the Junior High School of Newport News; James Sidney is employed in a Roanoke bank; Sara Lee is a student in college; whilst Howard Robertson, Frank Woodson and Elizabeth Woodson are with the mother in Salem, Va.

In the movement that culminated in 1914, J. Sidney Peters took a major part. Virginia owes to him as much as to any other man that great moral victory.

His wide acquaintance in the State, his organizing genius, his judgment of men, his unusual ability as an advocate, sometimes sweeping audiences with an eloquent outburst that left his hearers speechless, made him an asset whose value cannot be computed. Whilst possessed of such talents he never sought the limelight, contented if only the cause prospered. In this great reform he gave, not only his unusual talents but sacrificed freely of his means. He backed the "Richmond Virginian," a prohibition daily, not only with his time, but also with his money. This paper was destined to a short life but wrought well whilst it lasted. With that paper went a large part of the personal fortune of Brother Peters.

Elected Prohibition Commissioner he set out with enthusiasm to his task. The odds against his success were very heavy. He was too tenderhearted and the indiscretions of the young and the misery of the aged touched him deeply. He succeeded, perhaps, as well as any one could with the press encouraging the lawless and protesting daily against prohibition and all connected with it.

I am sure that Brother Peters would care to be remembered by his brethren as a preacher, rather than as a skilled political manager or even as a reformer. This he clearly showed when the secretaryship of our General Board was offered him. This he declined, although the salary was inviting, preferring the pastorate on much smaller pay.

As a preacher he was magnetic, tender and emotionally responsive to the gospel that he preached. One who heard him through a revival service that lasted four weeks said that he had never in his life heard sermons of such high order and of such appeal. The truth stirred his own soul and his quick sympathies gave him access to the soul of others. He believed in the gospel as interpreted by Wesley and modernism made no appeal to him.

This memoir would not be complete without giving a few of the personal traits of our friend and brother, traits that endeared him to a very wide circle of friends. Wherever he appeared friends eagerly surrounded him, charmed by his rare conversational gifts. He was master of a subtle humor that flavored his conversation without becoming its staple. In the social circle he seemed to quickly find out those subjects his companions were interested in and tempted them to talk. He was a good listener as well as a charming conversationalist.

Like the Master he was a friend of the friendless and a defender of the oppressed. If one had no other friend it was a sure passport to his heart. He helped, not only with cheering words, but with his money. A friend writes me this little incident, that is illustrative of his kindness. "I remember well when a report came to Brother Peters that a young man whom he had taken into the church had fallen into the clutches of

strong drink. He traveled one hundred miles to get this poor, weak fellow, locked him in his bedroom and nursed him as a mother would a child and for months would visit him and encourage him. What he did for this boy he did for hundreds." On another occasion the writer remembers that when a friend had been accused and was in the toils of the law, Brother Peters came into a gathering of this man's friends and asserted that he had no money, but that he had come by the bank and borrowed two hundred dollars which he freely contributed for defense fund.

Brother Peters had a genius for friendships. A friend has been defined as "one who comes in when all the world goes out." No friend of his ever trod the wine-press alone. It might be truly said of the departed as it was said of Jefferson, "That he never abandoned a principle or a friend." Ibsen said that "friends are a costly luxury." If Brother Peters ever found them so, he never mentioned it. I feel quite sure that Brother Peters would have endorsed this sentiment of one of the old worthies "That a desertion of a calumniated friend is an immoral act."

In his religious life he was practical. Religion to him was heart-felt devotion to the divine Christ and helping those in whom Christ seemed most interested. He despised cant and hypocrisy was anathema. Highly emotional by nature, yet that type of religious expression made little appeal to him. Our Conference is the poorer for his going, Heaven is the richer.

His very last days were spent with the friends of long ago. High Street Church, which he had formerly served, gave him hearty welcome. Although no one knew it, not even Brother Peters himself, he was fatally ill with an insidious disease, when assigned to High Street. This congregation tenderly supported him and gentle hands bore him away to his sepulchre. May the Lord reward them richly. **by James W. Moore**

Asa Driscoll. A faithful minister of the gospel fell at his post when Rev. Asa Driscoll died April 29, 1933 at the parsonage of Elm Avenue Methodist Church in Portsmouth, Va. For almost a year he had lived under sentence of death, his physician having told him that he was suffering from an incurable disease. However, he worked bravely on and performed the duties of his appointment up to a short time before his death.

Born in Buckingham County, Va., August 15, 1867, he lived to be nearly 66 years old. With his parents, Daniel and Mary Driscoll, he moved at an early age to Lynchburg, Va. There his father soon died, making the continuance of his education difficult. However, he took advantage of the public schools of Lynchburg, attended college in Tennessee, and later studied at the University of Virginia and Columbia University. He was a constant reader and kept himself supplied with good books. After he entered the ministry he studied medicine, hoping to become a medical missionary, but his frail body kept him from realizing this ambition.

That unique, dynamic and consecrated minister, Rev. John Hannon, who has left such a wide trail of Christian influence through our Southland, led Asa Driscoll to Christ and started him in his way of service. He joined the Virginia Conference in 1891 and served the following charges: Middle Bedford; South Brunswick; Cape Charles; West Charlotte; Gloucester Point; West Buckingham; Decatur Street, Richmond; Central, Hampton; Campbell; Accomac; Monroe, Hinton Avenue, Charlottesville; Boydton; Clarksville; Denby, Norfolk; Whaleyville and Somerton; Crittenden, and Elm Avenue, Portsmouth.

In some respects his last pastorate was the most fruitful and happy of his ministry. He early won the hearts of the Elm Avenue Church people and turned that congregation into a hive of activity. At almost every service the church was well filled and the people followed his leadership. During his pastorate a parsonage was bought and almost paid for; a Woman's Missionary Society organized; the Sunday School improved and all branches of the work advanced. He was especially fond of children and they followed him like a father. Organized into a chorus choir, the children of Elm Avenue Sunday School sang at every service, even the one on Wednesday evening. The death of the shepherd brought sorrow to the flock. Already a tablet to his memory has been placed in the church to proclaim the esteem in which he was held.

Although always frail in body, Asa Driscoll's work in the Conference was characterized by energy and diligence. He gave attention to every detail of the church program. Building on the foundation of his predecessors, he always tried to leave his charge better than he found it. His preaching was clear, forceful and inspiring.

Regularly he visited in the homes of his people and he was quick to discover and help the distressed, cheer the sick and comfort the bereaved. Everywhere he lived, he made fast friends. In order to establish more helpful social contacts he joined several fraternal bodies and in these he was always active and welcome.

The courage with which he met death was shown also at the time of the World War. His age would have been accepted as an adequate excuse for no service overseas, but Asa Driscoll sought enlistment in the Y.M.C.A. and served in the Medical Corps in France. There he did his best for the wounded men and came home, when the war was over, to use his influence in the cause of world peace.

The marriage of Asa Driscoll to Eva Grey Landrum of Lynchburg, May 22, 1889, proved to be a most fortunate and happy union. No minister's wife ever shared the vicissitudes of the itinerancy with greater fidelity and devotion. She clung to her husband through sunshine and shadow, made his home a haven of rest and shared with him the work of the church. Lovingly and tenderly did she nurse him to the end. The value of such a wife is above rubies and the account of the work of one, is the record of the mutual labor and sacrifice of both.

Two children came to bless this home: Laurie Grey Driscoll and Marvin Garland Driscoll. Imbued with the missionary spirit, the former has taught for several years in the Virginia Industrial School at Bon Air, Va.; while the latter has been employed as an electrical engineer in Birmingham, Alabama.

When after months of increasing weakness and pain, the end came for Asa Driscoll, a wave of sorrow swept over his congregation and the circle of his friends. A throng of people, which taxed the capacity of the church, gathered for the funeral which was held on Sunday afternoon, April 30. Appropriate services were conducted by Dr. L.S. Flournoy, presiding elder of the Portsmouth-Newport News District, assisted by local ministers, and his body was laid to rest under a blanket of flowers in Olive Branch Cemetery, Portsmouth, Va.

Another comrade in the ministry of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, has fallen. We miss his presence among us, but he died in the faith and his works do follow him.

Some day we shall meet again.

by Clayton O. Tuttle

Leroy J. Phaup was born on February 6, 1864 in Buckingham County, Va., the son of John J. and Ann Eliza Phaup. At the age of eighteen he was converted under the ministry of Rev. Travis J. Taylor and united with Smyrna Church on the Prospect Charge. At twenty years of age on April 19, 1884, he was licensed to preach by Rev. J.C. Dice on the Augusta Circuit, Baltimore Conference. He had to struggle for an education but was greatly encouraged by the noble self-sacrifice of his parents. Randolph-Macon College and Vanderbilt University contributed to his equipment.

After doing some supply work, in November, 1889, he was received on trial into the Virginia Conference and assigned to Howard's Grove Mission, Richmond, which mission later became Fairmount Avenue Church. Following his first appointment he served West Chesterfield, Madison Station, York, South Princess Anne, Capron, Mathews, East Dinwiddie, Lawrenceville, Wright Memorial--Portsmouth, Victoria, Zion--Norfolk, Memorial--Richmond, and Highland Springs. It was from this charge he had to superannuate on account of his greatly impaired health. From then until the time of his death he fought a losing battle against the disease that increased in its intensity and at times caused great suffering.

He died in Richmond July 13, 1933, at sixty-nine years of age, having been a faithful Methodist preacher for forty-four years. His funeral services were conducted by Dr. H.C. Pfeiffer and Dr. George E. Booker from Centenary Church on Saturday, July 15th, at 3 P.M. A large circle of friends were present to pay their tribute of love and respect. The thought of the hour was expressed in the opening hymn, "Servant of God, Well Done." The Methodist ministers of Richmond served as honorary and active pallbearers, and the interment took place in Oakwood Cemetery, Richmond.

Mr. Phaup is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Turner Phaup, and the following children: LeRoy L. Phaup, Atlanta, Ga.; Travis T. Phaup, Portsmouth, Va.; J. Garland Phaup, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Wilton L. Barnes, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. John L. Bowman, Portsmouth, Va.; Mrs. Wade H. King, Jr., Richmond, Va.: and Miss Lannie Mae Phaup, Norfolk,

Va.; also by two brothers, Robert and Henry Phaup, both of Buckingham County, Va., and ten grandchildren. Two daughters preceded him to the grave.

The writer of this article knew Brother Phaup intimately for a number of years. For four years we were almost next door neighbors and rarely a day passed but that we saw each other. He came to have a large part in my life and before he died he called me to the hospital and asked me to write his memoir.

He was an unusual preacher. Frequently we talked together of making sermons. He was a hard student and wrote many sermons. He had a clear homiletic mind and there was a clarity of thought that was exceptional. He accumulated a large number of books and brought a keen understanding of the worth of these tools to the ministry. Frequently it was my privilege to hear him preach and always there was something to carry home. He impressed one with his ability to present the word of God. The gospel was his life and in his heart a fire burned, which flamed to light the way of those to whom he preached. He pointed men to their Saviour and the Holy Spirit was his inspiration.

His greatest gifts were expressed in his evangelistic zeal. He was first and foremost a "fisher of men." His ministry was largely a ministry of evangelism and he called men to God wherever he went. That flame of fire that burnt on his heart caused him to have many "souls for his hire" who will rise up and call him blessed. Whatever the program in which he was interested, he related it to the saving of human souls.

He was a loyal Methodist preacher. The program of the church was his program and he was never satisfied with the least a church could do. He wished it to do its most. His was no confined gospel but his conception of the word was that of universal good news to every man everywhere.

He was devoted, loyal, true, but above all he was a kindly man. His heart went out to his fellowmen both in the pulpit and the pew. He loved the brethren and one was struck as he mingled with him with his fine love for his fellowmen.

It was privilege to be with him during some of the last days. He talked as casually about his going as he did anything else. The time was short and he realized it. He had no fear, nothing but hope and he seemed to have realized the peace that passeth understanding.

He has gone. Many there are who mourn. Many miss him. But he had the victory about which he preached so forcefully for forty-four years. He preached the cross. He has won the crown. The city with foundations is his. His memory and influence abide with us who linger.

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou are crowned at last.

by J. Manning Potts

Ernest Stevens fell asleep so peacefully on the morning of October 10th, 1933, and entered into rest, the Virginia Conference lost one of its purest and best preachers.

He entered this life October 7th, 1861, in a home of comfort and culture, in Petersburg, Va., a city rich in the best traditions and peopled with many gentle Virginia families. His father was John Stevens, a successful merchant, and his mother was Elizabeth Nelson. A large family circle blessed that happy union and the sons and daughters have enriched the life of "The Cockade City" and far beyond. Their church home was Market Street Church, now Trinity, and the Stevens family were among the most devoted members.

His education was pursued at the celebrated and unique Petersburg School of the brilliant W. Gordon McCabe. The honor system of that school and its mental brilliancy ever called forth his enthusiasm. For two years he studied at the University of Virginia and for four years at Randolph-Macon College. These years gave him unusual cultural advantages.

He joined the Virginia Conference in 1885, and filled the following appointments: South Hanover; Edenton, N.C.; Orange; Cabell Street, Lynchburg; Culpeper; Barton Heights, Richmond; Memorial, Lynchburg; Ashland; Bedford, Trinity, Richmond; Chase City; Clarksville; Larchmont, Norfolk; Oxford, Suffolk; Chatham; Crozet; Oceana; and Boydton.

Providence blessed him in his marriage March 12th, 1903, to Elizabeth Sneed, daughter of John L. and Josephine Moore Sneed of Nelson County, Va., of another large and distinguished Virginia family. Their service to the state and nation has been and is widespread. This fair daughter of Virginia has been a devoted helpmate to him. Of the marriage one child was born, Ernest, Junior, a child dearly loved.

He was an unusually strong preacher. His sermons preached the Word in the best expository sense and his cultured intellect and love of finish gave them a policy all their own.

His deep spirituality, his high ideals and his conscientious devotion to duty are well known. He would have been correctly listed in Caesar's Tenth Legion. He knew no compromise when conscience called. Among the bravest of the brave, he entered the lists and touched with his spear the shield of the doughtiest knight. A friend says, "He showed in the blood which came to him from Robert Bruce, deliverer of Scotland, and from Alexander Spottswood, Virginia's early Governor, the courage and loyalty to principle that marked his famous forbears." Along with his scorn of humbuggery and all ignoble things, there was a tenderness of heart towards all that disarmed his opponents. The flavor of a knightly courtesy appeared in his conduct. He was the soul of honor and life to him was filled with music, romance and poetry. It was the delicacy that marks the high bred gentleman. This delicacy bred a sensitiveness that sometimes went into a particularity in dress, speech, opinions, and manner that some might call meticulous. But it was the worship that his spirit paid to its ideal and worshipers must be true to their ideals.

In carriage erect, and with a suggestion of sternness in repose, humor ever bubbled up in his heart. Dignity departed in intimate circles and he enjoyed the nickname his friends gave him, "Jonah," dubbed so at college when his student chums put on a mock marriage between him, "Jonah" and his roommate, "Punch."

With John Wesley he abhorred "vile panegyric," and if he is now following this pen over my shoulder, he would say, "No more. And write no flamboyant rhetoric or high flown poetry over me."

He was tried in the furnace. Life had many sorrows for him, but his faith in the Heavenly Father's care sustained him, and like Israel he "marched through the wilderness to the sunrise." He superannuated in 1927 and made his home in Bedford, his favorite town, where he had been pastor. Here he led no idle life. Vigorous still, with neither the senility nor the decadence of advanced years, he took great interest in the church, in the town, in the nation, in the world, preaching when requested, teaching a Bible class to their pleasure and profit and to his own. Much beloved, "an institution of the town," loving his garden, his flowers, his friends, until having been "made perfect through suffering" and faithfulness to duty, one lovely October morning, "God's finger touched him and he slept." He walked with God, and like Enoch one day they went so far that he did not come back, but went on with "The Great Companion" through the gates into the city.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

by R. H. Bennett

Minutes for 1934. **Clarke Walton Leftwich** was born on December 8th, 1859, at Walnut Hill, the old Leftwich home in Campbell County, Va. He was of distinguished ancestry. He was the son of Col. Joel Breckenridge Leftwich, a Civil War veteran, and Frances Walton Leftwich. One of his ancestors was Gen. J. B. Leftwich, a captain in the Revolutionary War, and a Brigadier-General in the War of 1812. Later, in 1822, he was elected Major-General of the Virginia militia.

Mr. Leftwich was a graduate of Randolph-Macon College. He was married on December 8th, 1897, to Miss Susan Elizabeth Sale of Hibernia Plantation in Bedford County. Four children were born to this union--Richard Sale, Emily Wharton, Frances Walton, and Virginia Meriwether, all of whom survive.

He entered the ministry in 1887, and was a faithful worker in his high calling for thirty-seven years. In 1924 he retired from active work on account of failing health. From then until his death he was practically an invalid and was under the constant and

affectionate care of his wife who ministered to him as only love can. He passed away in Washington, D. C. on January 20th, 1934, surrounded by his family. The body was taken to Bedford, Va., and, after appropriate services conducted by Dr. J. F. Carey, pastor of the Methodist church, was laid to rest in the family lot in Longwood Cemetery where the bodies of other loved ones quietly sleep.

Clarke Walton Leftwich was a strong preacher. His voice and delivery were good. He was a clear thinker and those who heard him realized that he had thought much of what he said before he spoke. He was consecrated to his Master and to that Master he gave the best he had. He was a man of real convictions and not a mere "reed shaken by the wind." His ministry was a blessing to those who were fortunate enough to come within its reach. He left a blessed heritage to his home, his family, and to all who knew him. He was a true minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ in this confused generation. His faith did not fail. We miss him but we remember that "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." When we think of him we turn to the words of W. Lomax Childress:

"God give us men like these for we need them in the tempests' shock,
To build the city beautiful upon the solid rock.
Against the characters of such, the shafts of sin are hurled in vain,
And though they die, these sons of God, yet they shall live again."

by Henry W. Davis

Henry C. Pfeiffer. Between the dates May 28, 1873, and February 1, 1934, Henry C. Pfeiffer spent his life. He was born in the city of Richmond, Va. and in the same city he finished his ministry. Few men have given so good an account of life's stewardship as he, and none have died more highly esteemed. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!" In the midst of the battle for truth and right, he fell, wearing the full armor of God as

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

When only two years of age his parents, the late John Casper Pfeiffer and Mrs. Wilhelminna Pfeiffer moved to Lynchburg, Va. There, their son, Henry grew up under the influence of a Christian home and old Centenary Methodist Church. After finishing his education in the local schools, he started upon a business career. God, however, had other work for him to do and although yielding a little late in life he paused long enough to thoroughly prepare himself for the Christian ministry. Through Bedford Academy he passed to Randolph-Macon College where the A.B. degree was conferred upon him in three years, and in two years more he received his B.D. degree from Vanderbilt University. He was then ready to offer himself trained and consecrated, to the church, and in the fall of 1902 at Broad Street Methodist Church, Richmond, he joined the Virginia Conference. A little more than a year previous to this date, September 6, 1901, he had married Miss Edith Atkins of Boydton, Va. Theirs was an ideal marriage, leading to the establishment of a Christian home. What one lacked the other supplied, and each could say of the other:

"The face of all the world is changed, I think
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still beside me."

Much of the husband's time was spent in public service, but he was prepared for this in the sheltered precincts of his home. He went forth each day reinforced by the faith, love and devotion of his family. When he returned, he forgot his burdens and fatigue in the love and welcome which awaited him. In the generous, friendly hospitality of this home many were privileged to share. Those who did always carried away pleasant memories. Two children blessed this union. The first, Belle Atkins Pfeiffer, after a short life of seventeen months, fell like a flower cut down by an early frost. The other, Edith Atkins Pfeiffer, has developed into a talented young woman receiving her A.B. degree from Randolph-Macon Woman's College a little more than four months

after her father's death. Perhaps, from his heavenly home, he witnessed this happily anticipated event.

Henry Pfeiffer's first charge was Washington Street Church, Danville. Here he stayed two years and then served the following appointments: Cambridge, Md., Centenary --Norfolk, Central--South Richmond, Duncan Memorial--Ashland, Farmville District, Pace Memorial--Richmond, Epworth--Norfolk, Portsmouth--Newport News District, First Church--Charlottesville, Washington Street--Petersburg, Richmond District.

He was a scholarly preacher, thorough in preparation and forceful in delivery. He fed his congregation upon the bread of life. Among his people, he was most sympathetic, attentive and friendly. They learned to love him and to discover behind a becoming dignity a tender heart and a helpful hand. His interest in young men and women struggling to secure an education led him to help more than one through school. In his support of the various aspects of God's kingdom, he was generous almost to a fault. So well rounded was his personality and so comprehensive his ministry that it is difficult to state in just what respect he excelled unless it be in consecrated manhood.

He was an able counselor and administrator. The districts he served made rapid progress under his leadership. He was a valuable trustee of Blackstone College for Girls, of Randolph-Macon System of Schools and Colleges and of the Virginia Conference Orphanage. As chairman of the Williamsburg Church Commission, he was largely instrumental in securing a modern church plant for a college town. He was one of the organizers of the Virginia Conference Historical Society and a member of the General Hospital Board. An alternate delegate to the General Conference of 1926, he represented his Conference in the General Conference of 1930 and had been elected to lead the delegation from Virginia in the General Conference of 1934. As honors came, he accepted them with becoming modesty and such influence as they carried, he used for the good of the church.

A member of the scholarship fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, his alma mater, Randolph-Macon College, bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was also a member of Kappa Alpha and Phi Gamma Nu fraternities and of the Widows' and Sons' Lodge, No. 60, A.F. and A. M., Charlottesville, Va.

A manly man he commanded the respect, confidence and love of men. They followed him because he shared their burdens and was himself ruled by the spirit and ideals of our common Lord and Master. Another has aptly expressed the sentiments of his brother ministers, "No member of the Virginia Conference held the confidence of his brethren more absolutely than did Henry Pfeiffer. We trusted him because he was trustworthy. We loved him because he was lovable. We believed in him because of his noble integrity of character. Lowness, sordidness, meanness, could not abide in his presence. He was high-minded, but possessed a heart of tender sympathy. He was keenly sensitive with the fine sensitiveness of the lofty soul. He wa far removed from everything that savored of the ignoble. Sincerity marked the man. He had strong convictions which he held tenaciously. They were of his moral and spiritual fibre. He did not flaunt them before the world but, if necessary, he would have died for them." It is not surprising that such a man should have drawn to him a host of friends and that his passing should have caused a widespread sense of personal loss.

At the conclusion of the Virginia Annual Conference held at Epworth Church, Norfolk, in October, 1933, Henry Pfeiffer accepted his renewed commission and returned to his home in Richmond somewhat weary but eager to begin another year's work. That "weariness" proved to be of an unusual type, however. He preached only once before his physician discovered that his splendid physique was seriously affected. Calling the writer to assist him with some of the pressing duties of the district, he made a brave but unsuccessful attempt to recover his health. In this attempt he had all the assistance that professional skill and loving attention could give. The church went to its knees for its stricken shepherd. God willed release and reward and these came Thursday, February 1, 1934.

At noon the following Saturday Monument Methodist Church, Richmond, was filled to its capacity with sorrowing relatives and friends who had come from over the State to pay their respect to a fallen servant of God. Impressive services were conducted by Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon, assisted by Bishop Collins Denny, Dr. J.N. Latham and Dr. J.W.

Moore. The presiding elders of the conference and the writer served as active pall bearers. The honorary pall bearers were the ministers of the conference of whom there was a large number present. While genuine and general sorrow was evident there was also universal gratitude for the life and ministry of a good man and joy in that triumphant faith which overcomes death and the grave.

Beneath a blanket of flowers the mortal body of Henry Pfeiffer was gently laid to rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Richmond. The monument that marks his grave is a love gift of his friends. Those of his family who survive are his widow, Mrs. Edith Atkins Pfeiffer, a daughter, Miss Edith Pfeiffer, his mother, Mrs. Wilhelminna Pfeiffer and two sisters, Mrs. R.N. Biggs and Mrs. P.C. Johnson. **by Clayton O. Tuttle**

Robert Spencer Baughan. The subject of this sketch was born in Cumberland County, Va., December 15, 1864, and was the son of Warner Louis and Mary M. Baughan. In early life he went to Lynchburg, Va., and engaged in business. During his residence there he attended Court Street Methodist Church in which he took an active interest. As he participated in the work of the church, the impression which he had formerly received--that he should preach the gospel--became more and more absorbing and dominant. In order to prepare himself for this high and holy task he entered Randolph Macon College at Ashland, Va., where he pursued the prescribed curriculum with marked success. Ill health, however, intervened and prevented him from receiving the A.B. degree at the close of his college course. This was presented to him in June, 1921, when his only son graduated with the same honor from the same college.

Brother Baughan united with the Virginia Conference in 1893 and was assigned to Trinity Church, Norfolk--a church which he organized and launched upon a successful career. He served the following charges in regular and consecutive order: Central--Hampton, Benns, Burkville, North Mecklenburg, Wakefield, West Dinwiddie, Boykins, Amherst, Ocean View and Virginia Beach, Prospect, Isle of Wight, Denby and Norview, Moneta, Bedford Circuit, and Gretna.

As a preacher Brother Baughan was clear, logical and convincing. He was not an orator in the common acceptation of the phrase, but his well chosen words were fraught with burning earnestness and passionate persuasiveness and constrained many to accept Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. As a revivalist he excelled and was never so happy as when emphasizing and magnifying the love of God for a sin-cursed and fallen world. Scores and hundreds of redeemed souls in heaven and on earth will always remember him with sentiments of gratitude and joy.

As a counsellor with the young he had few equals and no superiors. He knew how to warn them concerning the treacherous shoals and unsuspected quicksands incident to the voyage of life. At the same time he entered into their dreams and visions of future achievement and greatness, and knew how to hold before them in an attractive and alluring way the picture of a useful and happy life.

As a pastor Brother Baughan was diligent and systematic. He deemed it a privilege to visit the people in their homes and to share their burdens, their joys and their sorrows. As a consequence his people loved him and placed a high value upon his unselfish service. Very frequently they would say to him without hesitation and in all possible sincerity: "You are the best pastor we ever had."

Brother Baughan was a conspicuous example of the minister who makes an exalted character and an exemplary life the chief end of his career. He did not care for the admiration and applause of his fellowmen. Prominent appointments held no inducement for him. Ephemeral honors and transitory compensation did not appeal to his pure and lofty soul. To be like Christ in mind and in spirit and to show the world how a Christian ought to live was the dominant desire, the controlling purpose, the ruling passion of his life. With ardent and enthusiastic desire and with heavenly aspirations he could say with Holmes:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine out-grown shell
By Life's unresting sea!

Brother Baughan was a strenuous and persistent champion of moral and social reforms. To combat vice, to dethrone evil, to destroy injustice and oppression, to lift the grinding burdens of the poor, to improve the condition of the underprivileged, to mitigate the numerous and diversified ills of life and to make the world a brighter and a better place in which to live, was a task which claimed his undivided attention and unabated interest. No advocate of temperance ever fought the iniquitous liquor traffic with more consistency and zeal. With the aggressive spirit of the ancient crusader, he faced and fought the enemies of righteousness wherever they were to be found. He was a true and valiant soldier of the cross of Christ who looked for ultimate success and triumph:

One who never turn'd his back but marched breast forward
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

On March 25, 1896, he was united in marriage with Miss Onie Portlock Wilson, daughter of the Rev. E. P. Wilson of the Virginia Conference from whom she inherited an intense and abiding interest in the advancement of the Master's kingdom. Gifted and consecrated with a genius for Christian service, she was able to render her husband valuable aid in his "loved employ," and proved to be a helpmeet indeed. Their union was blessed with three sons, one of whom survives: Clarence W. Baughan, a very bright and attractive young man of winsome personality and high character who is seeking to keep alive his father's manly spirit and useful life.

Several years ago Brother Baughan became the victim of precarious health and was compelled to retire from the active ministry. During the last days of his life, however, he preached whenever he was able to do so and held one of the most successful revivals of his entire ministry. On March 4, 1934, after a protracted illness, he passed away in the triumphs of Christian faith. His funeral service was conducted from Central Church, Hampton, by his college and conference classmate, Reverend R. T. Waterfield, who was assisted by Reverend J. D. Hosier of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His remains were interred in beautiful Blandford Cemetery in Petersburg, Va., where many of the most distinguished members of our conference have found a last resting place and await the announcement of the resurrection morn.

To such as he was:

There is no Death! what seems so is transition!
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

by George E. Booker

John Emory DeShazo, son of Charles Henry and Mary Frances DeShazo, was born in King and Queen County, Va., August 23, 1850. When he was four or five years old, his parents moved to Dinwiddie county, Va., and became connected with Trinity Church, West Dinwiddie Circuit. In August, 1868, he was happily converted during a protracted meeting conducted by the pastor, Rev. Jacob H. Proctor, and joined Trinity Church. From the time of his connection with the church, he gave great promise of usefulness. He took an active part in all of its services.

He soon felt called to preach. His education was defective. Preparation for his great work was needed. Through several years of hard labor he accumulated the funds necessary to enable him to enter Randolph-Macon College in February, 1872. He took his membership to the College Church and at once became an active worker in that church. From this church he received his license to preach. During his stay at college he often attended the churches in the country near Ashland, teaching in the Sunday schools and preaching as opportunity presented. During his vacations he aided pastors on large circuits in the Conference. He entered the Virginia Conference on trial November, 1875, and was appointed to the Patrick circuit, where he remained four years.

In November, 1879, he married Miss Sara Lucinda Zentemeyer, of Patrick County, Va. Of this union the following children were born, namely, Edwin Penn DeShazo, John Emory

DeShazo, Jr., Martha Florence DeShazo, Peter Hannon DeShazo, and Mary Hunter DeShazo, all of whom survive him, except Martha Florence, who married George Marvin Stubbs, of Gloucester County, Va. Mrs. Stubbs passed away April 7, 1918. He leaves also five grandchildren and two great grandchildren. His first wife died in November, 1906.

On October 8, 1908, he was married to Miss Lucy Bishop, of North Carolina. Of this marriage there was a daughter, Martha Corrie DeShazo, who with her mother survive him.

In November, 1920, John E. DeShazo was appointed to Gloucester Point. After serving two years, he superannuated at the session of the Conference, October, 1922. After his retirement from active work, he purchased a few acres of land at Gloucester Point and built a cottage, in which he spent his declining years. He attended Bethlehem Church, of the Gloucester Point charge, and taught in the Sunday School there until his health failed in 1933. May 7, 1934, he passed to his heavenly home. His funeral services were held at Bethlehem Church, and he was laid to rest in Bellamy Church Cemetery by the side of his daughter.

The services were conducted by Rev. L. O. Wright, pastor of Gloucester Point Circuit, assisted by Rev. John Marshall, superannuate, and Rev. D.G. Trent, of the Gloucester circuit.

And thus passed away an unique personality and a faithful and diligent laborer in the Master's vineyard. He was low in stature but strong in body, mind and soul. Whether on circuit, stations, or as presiding elder, he was a "Workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." His labors were fruitful and "Many were added to the Church." "His record is on high. More needeth not to be recorded here."

"He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

"He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." **by J. C. Reed**

William Thomas Williams. On Christmas Day, December 25, 1857, in Sussex County, Va., William Thomas Williams was born. His parents, John D. Williams and Mary Williams were loyal Methodists and he must have early caught the spirit of the day of his birth for Christ found a place in his heart and he felt compelled to preach the glad tidings of peace, goodwill and joy.

He grew up on the farm, attended the local schools and received more advanced training at Randolph-Macon College. When a little less than twenty-three years old, he joined the Virginia Conference on trial and was assigned to King William Circuit. It was within the bounds of this circuit that he met Miss Mary Moore, daughter of Dr. J.B. Moore, and they were married November 28, 1888. For eleven years this faithful wife shared with him the vicissitudes of the itinerancy. When she died in November, 1899, she left two sons who have become prominent in the educational work of the State. Robert Moore Williams of Driver, Va., represents a New York publishing company and Thomas Chambliss Williams is Superintendent of Public Instruction in Alexandria, Va.

At his own request in 1881 Brother Williams was transferred to the Denver Conference and stationed at Las Vegas, New Mexico, for about a year. Perhaps he thought that this move would be beneficial to his health. He soon longed for his native State, however, and returned in the spring of 1882 to fill a vacancy in Fox Hill Station. For forty years thereafter, with the exception of one year, 1908, spent as a supernumerary on a farm near Ashland, Va., he served his church. Beginning the fall of 1882, he received the following appointments: Blandford Station--Petersburg, West End Station--Manchester, Caroline Circuit, West Point, Bowling Green Circuit, Scottsville Circuit, Hanover Circuit, Denny Street Station--Richmond, West End Memorial--Manchester, Lekies Memorial--Norfolk, Bedford City, Madison Circuit, Culpeper Circuit, Boydton, Rocky Mount, South Boston, Waverly Circuit, Drivers Circuit, Chester Circuit, Chatham, City Point.

In the fall of 1922 he superannuated and settled at Chester, Va.

Dr. John J. Lafferty, that "wizard of the inkhorn," and student of human nature said in his sketches of the Virginia Conference preachers, published some years ago:

"Mr. Williams is not robust in stature but erect and manly; of a prepossessing personal appearance, graceful in manner and dignified in bearing. His auburn hair and ruddy face indicate an ardent temperament and an impulsive nature. There is an undisguised and open honesty and sincerity that mark his manly face. He is strong in his

personal attachments, magnanimous and generous. In the social circle he is never morose, but always bright, genial and cheerful; in the pulpit he is earnest and impressive; in pastoral work, he is sympathetic and diligent and his labors on circuits and stations have been eminently successful." During his later ministry these characteristics appeared all the more prominently.

When the writer was a lad living in the county of Hanover, Brother Williams was his pastor. One Sabbath after service we were riding in his buggy to my home for dinner. He took advantage of the opportunity to question the growing youth as to his aims in life and his preparation for his work. It was a word in season, vividly recalled to this day even as to the place on the highway where spoken, and many of the hopes there kindled have since been realized. He always had his eye on the youth in his congregation and sought by some personal touch to guide them in the way of life. Those helped hold him in grateful remembrance.

As a pastor he was always available to his people. They felt free to come to him with their questions and problems and he met them with sympathetic understanding. To observe him in any company was to think of an Israelite in whom there was no guile. A Christian gentleman himself, he drew out the best in others.

During the last twenty-eight years of his life he had the companionship and assistance of Mrs. Rebecca Hudgins Bernard of Culpeper, Va., who became his wife, January 3, 1906. She was a mother to his children, a home maker in every parsonage, a helper in the work of the church and a comfort and joy to his last day. She survives him, as do also one sister, Mrs. R. B. Mason, of Rocky Mount, N.C., and his sons.

In the peaceful friendly town of Chester, Va., Brother Williams spent the years of his superannuation. The friendships of his pastorate there were ripened and the quiet influence of his godly life radiated through many hearts and homes. When the infirmities of age and disease came upon him, loving hands eased his burdens till the hour of his release came. His going July 9, 1934, was the triumph of a Christian soul. He ascended to receive the crown of life from the pierced hands of his Savior and Lord.

Deep sympathy was shown by the large number who attended his funeral which was held in the Methodist Church in Chester, Va., July 11. It was conducted by his pastor, Rev. C. E. Johnson assisted by Dr. J. W. Moore and Rev. R. M. White. Through a double line of members of the church bearing flowers, his body was carried to the cemetery just out of town and laid to rest. Said one who was present and deeply impressed, "the world can not escape the influence of a good life." Here we bid him, "Good night," but yonder we shall say, "Good morning."

"Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again."

by C. O. Tuttle

James Williard Stiff. The famous "Northern Neck of Virginia" gave to the nation the Washingtons, the Lees, and the Marshalls; Monroe, Madison, and William Wirt; the Carters, and the Balls; to Southern Methodism it gave Julianna Gordon Hayes, and Bishops Doggett, George, and Beauchamp; and to the Virginia Conference it gave Atwill, Sturgis, and Chandler; the Paynes, the Jetts, the Forresters; Sewell, Unruh, and others, perhaps two score Methodist preachers, including James Williard Stiff, the subject of this sketch.

At Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, in King George County, he was born, June 6, 1856, and at his birth he was dedicated to the church by Godly parents, who prayed that he might become a minister of the Gospel. His father, J. Hampden Stiff, a prominent merchant and a genuine Christian, was well known for his spiritual fervor and evangelistic zeal. Bishop R. C. Jett, of the Episcopal Church, has often said that the life of this noble Methodist layman was a source of great inspiration to him. Of this good man we find a record also in the autobiography of D. G. C. Butts, who describes "Ham" Stiff as "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." On his first visit to Northern Neck, he was entertained in the merchant's home, and there became acquainted with his son, James Williard, then a lad of fifteen years. Between the two there developed a great friendship, and it was largely due to the counsel of D. G. C.

Butts that Williard entered Randolph-Macon College in 1875, as a student for the ministry.

During his college years there came to Brother Stiff a subtle, and a very disturbing temptation. For some reason he was led to doubt his call to the ministry, and he became for a time "disobedient to the heavenly vision." Like Jacob of old, he wrestled with the Lord in a long and bitter struggle, but he came finally to make an entire surrender to the will of God, and the decision then made was never again questioned.

In 1878, at Petersburg, he was admitted on trial to the Virginia Conference, and during his fifty-three years of active service he received the following appointments: Clover Hill, Burkeville, Belle Haven, Dinwiddie, Chesterfield, Smithfield and Benns, Elizabeth City, West End--Richmond, Wesley Church --Petersburg, Memorial Church--Lynchburg, LeKies--Norfolk, Central--Portsmouth, First Church--Hampton, Onancock, Lawrenceville, South Hill, Wakefield, and Chester and Ivey Memorial. Many of these appointments were for four years, one for five, and one for seven years. In all of these fields he labored with great usefulness and unusual success. Under his leadership there were gracious and far-reaching revivals, and thousands found their way to the Christian altar through the efforts of this great Gospel preacher. He was held in esteem by his brethren, and was at one time a member of the General Conference.

Of him a life-long friend writes: "His work was deep and solid, without froth or tinsel. The people heard him gladly and he wore well." Another, a layman, who knew him over a period of fifty-five years, and who was his near neighbor at the time of his death, has written of him: "I am sure I never knew a man of greater faith in God. He was a good preacher, a true friend and neighbor, beloved by all who knew him."

In 1931 he was granted the superannuate relation, and thus ended one of the longest periods of active service, one of the most fruitful and one of the most uniformly successful, in the records of the Virginia Conference. His place cannot easily be filled. After his retirement, he continued to live in Chester, where he had served twice as pastor, and where he had a host of friends. In his last year, he was a great sufferer, but through days of great agony his faith failed not. In spite of great tribulation his serene trust in God was unshaken.

"What mean those strange, hard words: 'through tribulation?'
O Man of Sorrows, only Thou canst tell,
And such as in Thy life's humiliation
Have oft been with Thee, aye, have known Thee well."

When Bishop Doggett was dying, a friend tried to encourage in him a hope of recovery, but the good Bishop answered: "I have gone too far now to come back. I prefer to go through, and step out on the golden shore, dressed in the robe of immortality." It was with such a holy confidence that Brother Stiff faced the end of life's journey here. "Our people die well."

Death brought release on July 16, 1934, and in the beautiful little church, erected during his second pastorate at Chester, the funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. E. Johnson, Dr. J. W. Moore, Rev. Roy Bishop, and Rev. W. B. Jett. There were fourteen ministers present to evidence their love and personal regard for this great soldier of the Cross, and a great profusion of flowers from neighbors and friends in various fields where he had labored. The burial was in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

Brother Stiff was first married to Miss Emma Nottingham, of Northampton County: "a beautiful Christian, full of faith and courage, who shared the hardships and triumphs of his early ministry, and fell asleep in Jesus in the midst of the years." In 1897, he married Miss Mamie Webb, of Richmond. "Wise, courageous, with constant trust in God, she wrought by his side in the midday of his career...She brightened the path with her devotion, ministered to him in his long illness, and was with him when he passed away." In addition to Mrs. Stiff, he is survived by one son, Thomas H. Stiff, of Norfolk; and by three daughters: Mrs. J. A. Brown, of Blacksburg; Mrs. Chesley Meredith, of Lawrenceville; and Miss Elizabeth Stiff, of Richmond. Another daughter, Mrs. John Trevilian, was called to the eternal home several years ago.

Up to the time of his fatal illness, Brother Stiff walked among us with an erect bearing that typified his upright character, and the unyielding integrity of his life

and ministry. He was straight in all his relationships, and uncompromising in his fight against the forces of evil.

Not for fear or favor could he be induced to depart form his convictions, or yield to expediency for the sake of earthly triumphs or advantages. Truly he was one of those

"Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!"

And yet he had a broad sympathy and a genuine regard for others, and he identified himself in a real way with the interests and needs of his people. In his gifts to the church his generosity was often beyond his ability. He was a devoted husband, an affectionate father, a faithful shepherd of souls, and a true servant of God.

The world is better, the church is stronger, and Heaven is richer because of James Williard Stiff.

"Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die,
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high."

by J.S. Gresham

John M. Burton. Among the exceptional young men and promising students on the campus at Randolph-Macon College whom I entered in the fall of 1874--Page, Tillett, Wardlaw, Smithey and others worthy of honorable mention--stood the Saul-like form of John Madison Burton. He was head and shoulders above the rest of us, but lowly in spirit, quiet in manner, steady in habit. His age and war experience had subdued him to marked seriousness, and he took little interest in the recreations and pastimes of the boys and gave himself almost exclusively to the pursuit of his studies. He stood well in all of his classes and ranked high in the esteem of faculty and students alike.

He was born in Bedford County, June 7, 1848, the youngest child and only son of Jesse A. and Damaris Burton. At sixteen years of age, he entered the confederate service, joining Company A, Topographical Engineers, whose duty to map the ground of prospective battles exposed him to sudden and dangerous assaults. While in Wythe County, he resigned as member of the Corps of Engineers to join the Cavalry and started April 1st, 1865, to his home to procure a horse. Arriving on the 9th, he was awakened in the night to be informed by his father that General Lee had surrendered.

In the winter of 1871 at a series of meetings held at Court Street Church, Lynchburg, by Dr. Leonidas Rosser, he was converted and went from that Church the following March to Randolph-Macon College to study for the ministry. He was graduated with an A.M. degree, June 1876. At the opening of the college session that fall, he taught in place of R.E. Blackwell, who had not returned from his study in Germany.

In November 1876, he was admitted on trial in the traveling connection of the Virginia Annual Conference. He was one of the best equipped young men who had entered the itinerant ranks and gave to the service of the church a sound body, a trained mind, and a warm heart. He "studied to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He won the favor of the people, improved the property of the church, and instructed and edified his congregations. His time and strength were given largely to rural charges where for twenty-five years he made full proof of his ministry--serving Orange, Chase City, Culpeper, New Kent, Palmyra, Mecklenburg, Concord, Lunenburg, Northumberland, Albemarle, Madison, Culpeper. In 1901 he was appointed agent of the Charlottesville District Academy and served until 1903.

At the end of his four-year pastorate at Culpeper, November 1881, he was married to Miss Ella Berry, who was his worthy companion and constant helpmeet. She now survives him with three daughters: Misses Edith and Mabel of Culpeper, and Mrs. Amos W. Gillett of Wilson, North Carolina; and two sons, George L. Burton, formerly of the Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford, and Jesse P. of Little Rock, Ark. Another son, John Marvin, died in service in the World War, and is buried in the Meuse-Argonne, American Cemetery.

In 1903 he asked for a supernumerary relation, thereby retiring from the regular ministry, and assuming the care of himself and family. He located in the town of Culpeper, the home of his wife, and identified himself with the local church attending up-

on her ordinances, supporting her institutions and counseling and cooperating with her pastor.

On the afternoon of September 29, 1934, his aged and worn body fell on sleep, and he was laid to rest on Monday afternoon, October 2, in Fairview Cemetery. Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. M.F. Draper, assisted by Dr. D.T. Merritt, presiding elder of the district; Rev. Bernard S. Via, of Ashland, a former pastor; Rev. J.T. Edwards, of the Culpeper Baptist Church and Dr. K.J. Hammond, of the St. Stephen's Episcopal Church.

A veteran of the War between the States and between the Kingdoms of Light and Darkness has laid down his armor without stain and entered into peace. We honor his memory and commend his heroic spirit to the great captain of our salvation.

by T. McN. Simpson

Minutes for 1935. **Nathan Bangs Foushee,** son of John C. and Mary Caton Foushee, was born in Culpeper County, Va., January 30, 1848. He departed this life November 9, 1934, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E.N. Johnson, in Ivor. His ancestry was French on the paternal side and Irish on the maternal side. His name discloses his Methodist parentage. He came from a long line of distinguished ancestry. He was choice in the selection of the traits, tendencies and influences that went into the structure of his own life.

He was reared on a farm and attended such schools as the neighborhood and the time supplied. His father "was a good English scholar," a teacher and an educator, and the son received from him the rudiments and principles of a sound education. The tragic War Between the States deprived him a college education. Divisions of the armies of the North or South wintered in Culpeper County three out of four years, and by the end of April 1865, there was nothing left but the land and the unbroken spirit of the people. "There was no money left in the Foushee family with which to send Nathan to school."

In times of desperation and tragedy, people sense more easily their need of God. Immediately after the war, ministers and faithful people began to repair and rebuild the churches, and to construct brush arbors where the churches were destroyed. Soon great revivals spread over the broken South, which helped to heal the open wounds of the people. During a protracted meeting held by Rev. E.H. Pritchett, the subject of this sketch was converted, and at once became an active Christian. In succession, he was a class leader, a teacher, steward, Sunday School superintendent, exhorter and local preacher.

In the early seventies, he traveled as colporteur for the American Tract Society. He read the books so as to be able to recommend them to others, and so was doubly profited. At an early age he learned how to meet people, to talk to them about religion, and to pray in the homes he visited. He was licensed to preach in 1874, and at the close of his first sermon he called penitents, and a young man came forward and was converted at the altar. For two years he was employed as a junior preacher, first on the Rappahannock, then on Bedford Circuit. On the Bedford Circuit nearly a hundred people joined the church. He had a wonderful experience which brought to him confidence and courage for his life's ministry, and he became convinced that he should join the Conference. At the session of the Virginia Conference of 1876, which met at Richmond, he was admitted on trial. He served St. Martin's Circuit for one year. He then served four years in succession, South Campbell, Mount Pleasant in Amherst, and Bedford Springs, twelve years around Lynchburg.

On December 21, 1881 he was united in marriage with Miss Lelia A. Robertson, of Bedford. Of this marriage he said, "My wife has proven a helpmeet, indeed." Their happy union was blessed with four daughters who survive him: Mrs. M.J. Railey, of Como, N.C.; Mrs. J.T. Bryant, of Sunbeam, with whom he made his home since retiring; Mrs. John W. Bryant, of Sunbeam; and Mrs. E.N. Johnson, of Ivor. Three sisters also survive him: Mrs. J.S. Miller, of Orange County; Mrs. Granville White and Mrs. T.B. Manuel, of Culpeper.

He moved from Henrico charge at the end of three years on account of his wife's health. Then he served four years successfully, Dinwiddie, Newsoms, South Princess Anne, Wakefield, Mathews and Lawrenceville. At the end of three years at Windsor, in

1923, on account of the failing health of his wife, he retired from active ministry. He served for forty-seven years in the itinerancy, and two years as a helper before he became a member of the Conference. He served forty years on ten circuits and moved twice on account of health conditions. A record unsurpassed in the Conference.

For many years of his ministry there were great ingatherings. Sunday Schools increased in vigor and numbers. In all of his charges he led a forward movement. Churches and parsonages were repaired, built, overhauled and improved, inside and out. Additions and conveniences were added to the parsonages. He had a mind to work and he was able to engender his spirit in the churches and the people he served. Of his work, he said," The Lord has been good to me, and no pastor ever served better or kinder people. They were not all saints, but they were good to me."

Brother Foushee was a fine preacher. It was the judgment of many that he could have occupied many of the strong stations had he not preferred country work. He was at home in talking to the people about God. He was generally recognized as one of the best pastors in the Conference. More than once he was selected for a difficult situation. He possessed remarkable power to conciliate reconcile, and heal misunderstandings, and to unite the people in positive and forward-looking programs. The following is quoted from the Lafferty Sketches, "Wherever this sterling servant of the Master tends the divine vineyard, thrift, health and betterment are seen. The secularities are mended. The fruits ripen, the church prospers. Rounded, balanced and sound to the core is Nathan Bangs Foushee."

He was thorough-going and just in all the relationships of life. During the years of his poverty he learned to live the simple life and permit his wants to be few. He left every place he served with the unanimous praises of the people. When at length he retired, he went back to live within the bounds of one of his former charges. He could have gone back to any one of his twelve former charges and found a whole-hearted welcome. An intimate friend, who had known him all his life, said, "I never heard a word spoken that cast the slightest shadow on his character, his reputation or his work. But I have heard many words of commendation. Everybody had confidence in him. His influence was Conference-wide." His pastor bears high testimony to his sterling worth as a sympathetic and understanding friend.

Best of all, Nathan Bangs Foushee was a Christian gentleman. There was about him a calm, a poise, a serenity and a dignity of life that begot confidence. While he was not of the world, he was at home in his world, both with God and with man. People recognized in him a choice friend, an interested brother-man, who was desirous of doing them good. They knew also that he walked with his God. There was a depth and compassion in his love, a strength in his moral purpose, a light in his soul that brought refreshment and encouragement to the world about him.

It was in the later years of his life that the writer came to know him and to appreciate the pure gold of his character and worth. The experiences of life had done their worst and their best to him. How sweetly and beautifully he grew old! There was no root of bitterness in him. There were no regrets, no anguish; not the slightest hatred in his lovely character; not a word of bitter criticism of any human being. For three-score years and ten, the Master Builder had been at work in the fine art of constructing life, and in his body and in his spirit he bore the marks of the Lord Jesus.

He looked forward, planned and came to his fifty-eighth session of the Annual Conference as a man who would once more climb his mountain of joy and hope and inspiration. Gladness filled his heart as he looked once again on the faces of his brethren beloved. His joy overflowed as he heard the reports of his fellow workmen. His heart was uplifted as he listened to the inspiring addresses. We stood together in the last moments of the Conference session. There was a light upon his calm face not found on land or sea as he said to me, "This is my last Conference. It is all right--I want you to write my memoir." He arrived at the home of his daughter in Ivor in great feebleness of body. After a short illness, on or about the fifty-eighth anniversary of his admission into the Annual Conference, his beautiful spirit "went sweeping through the gates."

The funeral services were conducted from the Methodist Church at Ivor by his pastor, Rev. J. K. Holman, and his Presiding Elder, Dr. L. S. Flournoy, assisted by the

pastors of the neighboring charges. A beautiful tribute was given by his relative and life-long friend, Dr. J.T. Mastin. Our friend could have said with a more famous, but not more faithful Apostle, "I have fought the good fight; I have run my course; I have kept the faith." For he was--

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

by H.P. Clarke

James C. Reed. Outstanding among the men the Virginia Conference delighted to honor was Dr. James C. Reed. His long life of effective service gained him first place on her roll of members. His high character and sterling qualities gained him first place in the esteem and confidence of his brethren. His handless arm, mute witness of valor, gained him sacred place in the affection of all who knew him. He was a Christian nobleman--"an Israelite in whom there was no guile." He kept faith with the ideals of his princely soul, and walked worthy of his high calling as a prophet of God. Pride and pretense were foreign to him and things low and mean were offensive; but things true and of good report awakened hearty response. He cherished no selfish ambition, rarely claimed the Conference floor, but when depression and defeatism challenged his faith and courage, his voice rang out in vigorous protest.

His tall and erect body was crowned by a well-poised head, ruled by a strong mind, warmed by a generous heart, animated by a gentle spirit, radiant often with genial humor. The fine combination of virtues which he embodied made him a valued citizen, a cherished friend and neighbor, a popular pastor, a capable and earnest preacher, a true, devoted husband and father. In simplicity and Godly sincerity he served his generation and made full proof of his ministry.

When he finished his course, he had lived and wrought for more than ninety-two years--four years as a soldier in the War Between the States, thirty-eight years as a pastor, fifteen years as a Presiding Elder, one year as a supernumerary, twelve years as a superannuate. In the meantime, he had represented his Conference in the General Conference five times, served as member of many boards and committees, and had been an active trustee for thirty-seven years of Randolph-Macon College, who gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

James Clayton Reed was born in Pasquotank County, N.C., November 1, 1842, the son of Rev. Lemuel Sutton and Pharaba White Reed, who enriched the world with other worthy children; notably their youngest, Dr. Walter Reed, who won world-wide recognition and renown by his service in eradicating yellow fever.

At the age of seventeen, young James Reed entered old Randolph-Macon College at Boydton, but he studied there only two years as on July 17, 1861, he entered the Confederate Army, joining the Bedford Light Artillery at Jamestown Island. On September 8, 1868, he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of the Charlottesville Station, and on November 23rd of the same year at Charlottesville, he was admitted into the Virginia Conference on trial, and sent by Bishop Wightman, presiding, to Nelson Circuit. On November 14, 1869, at Richmond, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Doggett and sent to Powhatan Circuit. On November 13, 1870, at Lynchburg, he was ordained an Elder by Bishop Pierce and returned to Powhatan Circuit. Having completed the Conference "Course of Study" and been received into "full connection" he was given appointments as follows: Atlantic Circuit, Southampton Circuit, but was soon transferred to Edenton Station, N.C., when in April 1873, following the death of Rev. George N. Guy, pastor of Hertford Circuit, the Hertford church was added to his charge. He served this temporary arrangement the rest of the year and then was sent to the Norfolk Circuit; Nottoway Circuit, High Street, Petersburg; Trinity, Richmond; Norfolk District; Suffolk District; Memorial, Lynchburg; Central, Manchester; Danville District; Lynchburg District; Rappahannock District; Petersburg District; Blackstone Station; First Church, Hampton; Bedford City.

In 1921 he asked for the supernumerary relation "to give place to a younger man," but in 1922 he was given the superannuate relation. Having decided to make his home and garden at Blackstone, he retired to that quiet community to spend life's evening,

in the midst of parishioners of former days and devoted friends of many years. He was welcomed with heartfelt enthusiasm and radiated the light of a Godly life, giving strength to every good cause, generous support to the church, and comfort and aid to his pastor.

On December 13, 1869, brother Reed married Miss Sallie Clarke, of Fluvanna County, a choice young woman, who enriched his life and graced his home, becoming the mother of ten children, three of whom died in infancy; one, Miss Laura, at the age of twenty-three. Mrs. Reed died in January, 1890.

On April 2, 1891, he married Miss Janie Veale, of Portsmouth, who ministered to him and mothered his children with such tender efficiency that they all "rise up and call her blessed." One son was born of this union, Jesse Veale Reed, who responded to the call in the World War and made the supreme sacrifice in the Argonne Forest, France, October 15, 1918. His body was brought back home, and rests now in a well marked grave in Lakeview Cemetery, Blackstone, Va.

On January 7, 1935, Dr. Reed laid his worn body quietly down and left the heritage of a useful life to his surviving relatives: his widow, Mrs. Janie Veale Reed, a half-sister, Mrs. D.T. Elam, Farmville; and six children: Mrs. J.E. Bowman, Amherst; Mrs. S.J. Battin, Portsmouth; Mrs. George T. Elliott, Hampton; Misses Alice and Elizabeth Reed, Blackstone; and Walter Pierce Reed, Amherst; five grandchildren, three great grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

On the following afternoon, while the stores and schools were closed, and the flags of the city were at half mast in his honor, his body, clad in the uniform of Confederate gray which he held sacred, was borne to the church where he had delighted to worship, and amid a great gathering of friends from far and near, and a profusion of flowers, the funeral service was impressively conducted by his pastor, Dr. William Albert Wright, assisted by Dr. M.S. Colonna, Presiding Elder, Dr. C.T. Tuttle and Rev. B.S. Via, former pastors, Dr. T.McN. Simpson, an old friend, and Dr. T.G. Faulkner, of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Blackstone; and this maimed veteran of "the Lost Cause," but victor in the good fight of faith, was given a peaceful resting place in Lakeview Cemetery, beside that of his sleeping soldier boy, and in the midst of the loved ones who had gone before. Dr. L.S. Flournoy pronounced the benediction and all hearts responded,

"Servant of God, well done.
Enter thy Master's joy."

by T. McN. Simpson

William Henry Riddick was a quiet, obedient son in the Gospel, "loving mercy, dealing justly, and walking humbly with his God." He never obtruded himself, but was steadfast in his faith, positive in his convictions, and pronounced in his utterances. He never bowed his knees to Baal.

In physical stature he was low, but his moral standing was high. A stocky body housed a noble soul, and his full black beard framed a comely face. His gentle manner and wholesome conversation made him a welcome visitor and his visits a benediction. Old and young delighted in his company. In his own home, he was the honored head of a devoted family. In his itinerant life he was content to go where sent, asked no favors except to serve, and for thirty-five years he stood "at attention" in his Conference, saying, "Here am I, send me," and he went where he was appointed with singleness of purpose to "show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

His preaching was an earnest exposition and application of the Scriptures. His praying was a fervent up-reaching of soul to God for Grace and guidance, and his pastoral work was a watchful shepherding of the flock he had been appointed to oversee. His labor was not in vain in the Lord. Sinners were converted, believers edified, the church built up, and every good cause promoted.

Brother Riddick began life July 23, 1847, in Nansemond County, near Suffolk, the son of John and Mary Walton Riddick, and grew up on the farm under the shadow of lowering war clouds, and amid the wreckage of war machines, where firesides and fortunes were despoiled.

He was converted August 27, 1866, and joined the church, but did not enter the ministry for ten years. He stayed on his farm till conditions improved, then, in January, 1876, he went to Randolph-Macon College for better preparation for his high

vocation, but had the advantage of this institution less than two years. In the fall of 1876 he was licensed to preach by the Gates, N.C., Circuit Quarterly Conference, and was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference, November, 1877, and sent by Bishop Doggett, presiding, to Hertford Circuit, in North Carolina, as junior preacher. He was ordained a deacon in 1879 in Norfolk by Bishop Wightman and sent to Matoaca. In 1881 he was ordained an Elder by Bishop McTyeire, at Charlottesville, and continued at Matoaca. Filling out the term of four years at Matoaca, he was given the following appointments in success: Greenesville, Wakefield, then again to Matoaca, then Windsor, N.C., Palmyra, Bowling Green, Cartersville, Bon Air, Princess Anne, Norfolk Circuit, Capron.

At the Conference in 1912, having broken in health, and being at the end of his term in Capron, he asked to be superannuated, and continued to live among the people he had found so gracious and hospitable, and to serve as strength allowed. He made himself useful in church and Sunday School, and was a wise counsellor of the pastor, and a sturdy supporter of every good cause.

A writer in the Christian Advocate says: "Brother Riddick was a faithful and consecrated Methodist preacher, bearing in his soul the deep convictions and the full consecrations of the early Fathers, and all his life he honored the Church and served it to the best of his ability. He was a kind and gentle man and his life of service and devotion was a benediction to the entire community."

In 1926 he and his wife spent the summer in Whaleyville, making a home for their preacher son, who was "supplying" that charge. In 1927, they moved to Urbanna to occupy the parsonage and to be with their son, who had been appointed to this work.

Brother Riddick was twice married. First, to Miss Fannie Williams, of Gates County, N.C., a worthy companion and helpmeet, but their union was of short duration, as she died in 1888, leaving him childless. On March 5, 1890, he married Miss Nannie Whitehurst, of Petersburg, who cheerfully shared with him the trials and triumphs of his ministerial labors. She, with four sons and one daughter--W. W. Riddick, Capron; Prof. John D. Riddick, Roanoke; Mrs. L. M. Marks, Courtland; George W. Riddick, Front Royal; Rev. Roland P. Riddick, Franktown, survive to cherish his memory and to emulate his example.

On the morning of March 4, 1935, in the 88th year of his age, after a week's illness, his weary eyelids closed in final sleep. As he was entering the "Valley of Shadows" he was heard to exclaim: "Blessed be God, I can go out into the darkness unafraid."

His funeral was held in his home church in Capron, conducted by Dr. L. S. Flournoy, his Presiding Elder, who was assisted by Revs. A. K. Lambdin and Edgar A. Potts. Interment was made in Old Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, where Rev. J. Manning Potts, A. P. Williams and T. J. Hawkins laid to rest his sleeping body to await the coming of his blessed Lord, who will "bid him arise to hail Him in triumph, descending the skies."

"How blessed the righteous when he dies.
He rests from his labors, his works follow him." **by T. McN. Simpson**

Estmus Virgil Carson was born in Spout Springs, Va., July 25, 1862. His parents, Franklin and Mary Ann Carson, were devout members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His childhood life was spent on a farm, where he developed a robust constitution and a love for nature. Here he learned many practical lessons of how to get on in the world that stood him in good stead in his ministry.

He was converted at the age of thirteen and soon heard in his soul a divine summons to preach the Gospel of the Son of God. In obedience to this call, he went to Emory and Henry College, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1889. In the fall of that year he was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference and sent to Chatham Circuit. At the end of a four-year ministry in this appointment his record was unrivaled by any other preacher of his age. Hundreds of souls had been brought to Christ, his people inspired with a deeper faith in God and moved to such liberality that five churches had been built and one parsonage erected.

He then served Rocky Mount two years; Amelia Court House, Amherst, Batesville, Newsoms, Heathsville and Richmond Circuits for four years each; Memorial, Petersburg,

two years; Asbury, Richmond, two years; Denny Street, Richmond; Oaklette, Norfolk; and Albemarle Circuit for four years each.

Brother Carson was eminently successful in every appointment that he served during the forty-six years of his active ministry. The same spiritual fervor that marked his ministry in his first appointment was manifested in all his appointments: souls were saved, the spiritual life of the church was quickened, church debts paid and new houses of worship erected. Brother Carson was a tireless worker. He gave himself to the poor, to the young people, to the old people, to the administration of the material affairs of the church, to assisting in every civic and community enterprise, in fact, in doing everything that made for a better life for his people. He worked until he was practically worn out.

At the Conference in Centenary Church, Richmond, in 1932, his brethren who loved and honored him, decided it would be cruel to continue him in active service and suggested his superannuation. When he received this suggestion he sought me in my seat and asked me to come to the rear of the church, and, putting his head on my shoulder, he wept like a child, saying: "Brother Sam, I can't stop. I must preach the Gospel of my Saviour until I die. I must go on." I hugged him close to me, but I could not conscientiously promise this tired worker to resist the judgment of his brethren who loved him, for I knew that the old servant was tired and that he ought to rest. The Conference was poorer the day E. V. Carson was retired from its active ranks, for it was a spirit like his that made our church in the pioneer days, that led and guided and inspired her through all these intervening years. He was a great itinerant, he preached a full Gospel, he was instant in season and out of season, and with all long suffering he reproved and rebuked the sinner, and with a pathos and a power possessed by few, he preached the doctrine of Salvation through Jesus Christ, and the door of opportunity open wide to every sinful man. God greatly honored his ministry.

Never at any point or at any time in all this long ministry did he commit any act or manifest any temper that reflected on his Saviour. He was a fine example of a modest, fearless, Christian soldier who went forward every day under the marching orders of his Master.

In his business transactions he stood for high standards, in his fraternal orders, as a Mason and Woodman of the World, he proved himself a master workman. As a husband he was tender, loving and faithful; as a father he set an example of a spiritual leader. He has gone away, but all who ever knew him know where to find him and their faith is strong today in the consciousness of a new meeting with their spiritual leader in the Kingdom on High.

He came of a family of one sister and six brothers, one of whom is our faithful and beloved brother, Adrian L. Carson, of the Virginia Conference. In 1891 he was married to Miss Annie B. Hall, of Chatham, Va., who survives him. To them were given three children, one of whom, Thomas Carson, died at the age of six; another, Dr. Virgil H. Carson, is a distinguished surgeon in the United States Navy; and Mr. Carr H. Carson is an executive of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company. This saintly mother and these two splendid young men are living up to the heritage of their noble father.

In the early morning hour of March 16, 1935, this tired itinerant ascended to his Lord. On the 18th, a large concourse of people gathered at the home that had been made sacred by his presence for the funeral service, which I conducted. The stewards of the last church he served in Richmond acted as pallbearers. From that home we took the body to Forest Lawn Cemetery and committed it to await the resurrection morn. People from all walks of life mourned that day because a brother, a friend, and a great spiritual leader had gone from their midst. We have had in the Virginia Conference no finer example of a Christian gentleman than Estmus Virgil Carson. **by S. C. Hatcher**

John William Smith. Of John William Smith it may be truly said that when he passed from this life to the Life Eternal "it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." He breathed out his life in the late afternoon of June first. In the late afternoon of Sunday, June second, his mortal body was placed under the flowers in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

John William Smith was born in Lovettsville, Loudoun County, Va., October 11, 1877. His father was John Fravel Smith; his mother, Mary Spring Smith. John was edu-

cated at Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, and at Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, from which he was graduated in June, 1901, with the A. B. degree. In his senior year there he taught Introductory Greek and won the Walton Greek prize. He did post-graduate work at George Washington University, Georgetown, and at Johns-Hopkins University, Baltimore, only lacking residence for his Ph.D. degree. Randolph-Macon College conferred Phi Beta Kappa membership and the D. D. degree upon him.

Brother Smith married Miss Annie Louise Edwards on December 26, 1901. She is a daughter of Rev. William Emory Edwards, D.D., a grand-daughter of Rev. John Ellis Edwards, D.D., and is descended from Rev. Ethelbert Drake, all distinguished ministers in the Virginia Conference. There are four sons: Landon Edwards, Emory Fravel, Ashby Wade, and John Drake Smith.

Brother Smith's ministry began in 1901. During thirty-four years he served eleven charges, as follows: In the Baltimore Conference--Caernarvon Mission; Bethel Military Academy; supplied Fredericksburg; Fairfax Courthouse, three years; Epworth, Washington, four years; St.. John's-Emmanuel, Baltimore, four years; Wilson Memorial, Baltimore, five years; Greene Memorial, Roanoke, seven and a half years. Transferred to Durham, North Carolina, where he served three years. Transferred to the Virginia Conference, he served Centenary, Lynchburg, three years, and Centenary, Richmond, one year, seven months and nine days. He was the first pastor of Wilson Memorial Church, Baltimore. A portable building sheltered its twenty members and two Church School pupils. He laid the foundation of the present great church.

The world has been lighted by Prometheus-like souls who flamed with holy fire caught from the altar of God, which they consecrated to the service of men. The writer of Hebrews had such in mind when he wrote: "He shall make His servants a flame of fire." In this sense John William Smith belongs among the fire-bringers who burned out for others.

Dr. Smith was an unconquerable idealist. He believed that life is made for the true, the beautiful, the good. He loved men. He possessed unusual gifts for dealing with them. Yet his success with them was not achieved by compromise nor by lowering his high standards. He won the hearts of men and earned his leadership among them because of his own manly qualities. This was so in college and through the years that followed. Success could not spoil him. Always he was the plain, unaffected gentleman. To him may well be applied the language of Tennyson:

". . . high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, . . .
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

One of the finest tributes every paid a man was given by a friend regarding a distinguished minister, in these words: "He is the only man in whom I have never been disappointed. He is always what he has led me to expect he will be." This estimate applies to J. W. Smith.

Family life in the Smith home was ideal. "Lover to the end," was the eloquent summary given by her who shared the labors of the years. There was no bitterness in John Smith's make-up. Unkindness soon became to him ancient history which he strove to forget. If some past injustice was mentioned he quickly covered it with the mantle of Christian charity, the love that "taketh no account of evil."

People loved him because he loved people. When he lay in extremis in the hospital, sixty-five calls of sympathy were made there in one hour. Churches of his own and of other denominations called their congregations to prayer for him by ringing the church bells and chimes. St. James Episcopal and Catholic churches were among those showing this fraternal interest. A traffic officer asked of an out-of-town motorist, "What is going on that so many out-of-town cars are coming in today?" The answer was, "We are attending the funeral of a Methodist preacher." The home was flooded with letters and messages of sympathy. His sick room was a bower of beauty with floral offerings. Passengers on buses and street cars made inquiry of one another regarding his condition. The nurses loved him for his fine spirit of gallantry under suffering.

Dr. Smith's life as one of self-effacement. He practiced the humility which Jesus exemplified. His was a kindly optimism which saw life as a whole, saw it clearly, and believed in it. He loved life. He was a happy man. He radiated happiness because he

had a happy heart. He was generous, both in magnanimity of soul and in distribution of his means.

His leadership was inspiring. With self-forgetful zeal he gave himself to the work which God called him to do. His vital concern was for results. And he got them. His methods did not always conform to fixed standards. He was too much alive for that. He was faithful to the whole program of the church, yet he was not slave to method.

Dr. Smith was an inspiring teacher. For twenty years he taught in the training schools of the church. His classes were so popular that the enrollment often exceeded the limit. His lectures showed study and research, yet were delivered from prosiness by his never-failing good humor and his interesting way of presenting his subjects. Regarding his interest in youth, he might have said with Horace Mann, "The next generation is my client."

Dr. Smith was a splendid preacher. Scholarly, he presented truth simply and attractively. He made no truce with sin. Always he was the friend of the sinner. With tremendous conviction, he preached positives, not negatives. He made fine impressions on congregations and wore well through the years. He enjoyed preaching. While delivering his message with impassioned earnestness his whole personality radiated joy and goodness.

Two words express the spirit of Dr. Smith's preaching: Evangelistic and Sincerity. He gave the full measure of his strength to evangelistic effort. His last public work was his noon messages in the Methodist Evangelistic Campaign in Richmond. Those who heard him preach felt that here is a man who has tested out his religion in the laboratory of experience, and this which he preaches is the rich product.

Dr. Smith was in the midst of a great pastorate at Centenary when he was stricken by fatal illness. Amazingly he was meeting the tremendous demands that were made upon his time and energy. His church rallied to his dynamic leadership and accomplished notable achievements. The building was renovated and beautified throughout. The congregations and membership increased. Evangelistic and financial programs were carried through successfully. The city felt the force of Dr. Smith's personality. He served other churches in evangelistic campaigns. He was in great demand for outside service. He never declined an invitation that he could accept. So strong he looked, with his sturdy, closely knitted frame, built for work, his easy grace, his untiring energy, that death seemed a long way off. He appeared much younger than his age.

John Smith came to our Conference a stranger to most of its members. He easily won our hearts. He was not a brother-in-law, but a brother in love. We shared our mutual labors, joys, and heartaches. When he left us we sorrowed. Life is different without him. We rejoice that he has entered into the joy of the Lord whom he so joyously exemplified.

by James Riddick Laughton

Leon Stanley Flournoy. On the first day of March in the year 1888 in the county of Chesterfield, Leon Stanley Flournoy first saw the light of day. His earlier years were not spent amid the surroundings of luxury, but self-denial and sacrifice were a part of his everyday life. When twelve years of age he had the misfortune to lose his mother and shortly afterwards went to live with a sister who resided in Newport News, Va. In this bustling town he found employment and became known as one entirely trustworthy. When a lad in his teens, he attended a revival held by Rev. Arthur B. Sharpe. A deep conviction for sin was followed by a conversion which changed and shaped his whole life. When quite young he felt that God was calling him to preach. While Rev. R. M. White was temporarily filling the pulpit of the Trinity Church in Newport News, young Flournoy came before the Quarterly Conference seeking its recommendation. Quite gladly was this granted him, for the officials already knew him as a quiet, devoted Christian, intent upon the performance of his religious duties.

To brother Flournoy a call to preach was a call to prepare himself for the ministry. This preparation seemed an impossible task, since he was without money, without wealthy kindred and devoid even of a High School education, but his faith was of that character that he did not doubt that in some way God would open the doors of opportunity. He did not "ask" to see the distant scene! but one step was enough for him. In the year 1910 he entered the Academy at Bedford City, presided over by that princely gentleman, E. Sumpter Smith. It did not take long for him to impress both students and

professors with his character and ability. A vacancy having occurred on the Staunton River Circuit, Professor Smith was asked to suggest some young preacher to supply the work and his mind turned at once to young Flournoy, who already had demonstrated his high abilities. So great was his success that afterwards during his entire school career he had a pastoral charge in conjunction with his college work. What a clinic was to the student in medicine, pastoral charges were to this young minister. Knowledge became to him, not something separate and apart from life, a mere intellectual furnishing, but a tool for everyday use. He learned not only how to fence, but by real experience how to fight the good fight of faith.

Having finished his preparation, brother Flournoy entered Randolph-Macon College, where he showed the same diligence and the same ability that he had shown at the Academy. Whilst he grew in knowledge he grew in favor with both God and man. One day one of the students was heard to observe, "Why cannot all the ministerial students be like Flournoy?" Had they given the same attention to conduct and at the same time possessed his sympathetic soul they, too, might have ranked with him in the affectionate esteem of their fellow students. From the hour of his conversion, he walked with God. With a year spent at Emory University his college career closed, but he never looked upon his education as finished, for throughout his whole life he devoted himself to study. His library was amongst the largest in the conference and his literary tastes were shown by these well chosen volumes. Dr. Flournoy served the following churches with unfailing success: Staunton River, 1910-1911; South Bedford, 1911-1912; Seven Pines, 1912-1914; Ashland Circuit, 1914-1915; Blandford, 1915-1916; Emory University, 1916-1917; Bethany, 1917-supply; Ginter Park, 1917-1922; Franklin, 1922-1923; Central, 1923-1926; Missionary Sec., 1926-1928; Ginter Park, 1928-1932; Presiding Elder Portsmouth-Newport News District, 1932-1935. This covers the chronology of a short and useful life. But life is not really to be measured by the hours, but by tasks accomplished and noble attempts made. He had made full proof of his ministry.

Dr. Flournoy was pastor at Ginter Park for two terms. He was its first pastor and Ginter Park was the first church to which he was permitted to give his undivided attention, having finished his work at the college and at the University. Being the first pastor, a splendid opportunity was offered him to shape the ideals of his congregation. Under his wise leadership and intense loyalty to the Church's program was developed and a missionary passion that even the late depression has not been able to subdue. "As much for others as for ourselves," became the slogan of Ginter Park. When his pastoral relationships ceased, Dr. Flournoy no longer had anything to say about the conduct of the church, but the last conversation I had with him he talked of Ginter Park Church and expressed the hope that they would ever remain loyal to the larger program and would always keep alive a missionary passion.

At a time of deep need the Church called upon our departed friend to serve as Conference Missionary Secretary. Loath to leave the pastorate, yet he looked upon this field as an opportunity for great usefulness. Into this task he threw himself with characteristic energy and soon the quickening of the missionary pulse of the Conference was readily observed. This perhaps was the most difficult work that he was called upon to perform. Coldness and indifference in the church shocked his ardent enthusiasm and ofttimes greatly depressed his spirits, but he kept on with the work with unfailing success. The path of duty led him again into the pastorate and once more he was serving the church that he learned to love with great devotion. The unfortunate death of Brother Bradford left Ginter Park without a pastor and for four years more he again expounded the gospel of Christ's growing kingdom to his devoted people.

It was perhaps during this period, as he also served as a Missionary Secretary, Dr. Flournoy had his greatest growth. Self-confidence and self-assertion were not in his make-up , but his service as Missionary Secretary developed him into one of our greatest leaders. Thereby he was fitted for the work of a Presiding Elder, which office he adorned. He led his brethren of the District, not because he possessed a personality that was overpowering, nor because of vague threats of loss of prestige or favor, but he led them by his power of evoking their affection for himself and their devotion to the Master, whom they served. And this is the only leadership worth while. No wonder the preachers who served with him learned to love him. Their misfortunes

were his misfortunes, their needs his needs, their sorrows his sorrows. His pleas for his brethren were persistent and sympathetic. As advocate he was strong and resourceful. In the Cabinet he was aggressive and most often successful. No preacher had any fear that his case would be neglected, if he had wrought with him in the Portsmouth-Newport News District.

His character was even and well balanced, so that no characteristic stood out boldly, over-topping and dwarfing others. Modesty and sympathy was so combined as to at once command the affection of his associates. Were you able to count all these who came within the circle of his genial personality you might then number all his friends.

In his relationship to his brethren he was the soul of honor. Often he was confided in and his advice was always sane. Possessing a sensitive soul, he frequently suffered, but he was so loving, so tender, so sympathetic that by neither word nor act did he cause another to suffer.

In his domestic life Dr. Flournoy appeared to greatest advantage. On the twenty-seventh day of December, 1919, he was happily married to Miss Mabel McDonald. She made his home the center of refined and Christian hospitality. The tastes of both were similar. Through the years they alike grew both in intellectual culture and in graces of character. Alike they loved the church and the Master of the church. In companionship they were inseparable. His greatest delight was to gratify her every wish, whilst she, in turn, furnished him the inspiration that made his labors doubly effective.

It is hard to say whether Dr. Flournoy was greater in the pulpit or in his personal ministry to his people. He was a teaching preacher, but his facts were aglow with the enthusiasm of a prophet. He kept in close touch with the movements of his generation and was able to illustrate his sermons with current happenings. He read widely and knew how to make use of the knowledge gleaned. He knew intimately his people and his sermons fitted their religious needs. Our strongest pulpits welcomed him and how strange it seems that he should be called away at the very time he was reaching his greatest usefulness. But--

"God has His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we can not tell;
But He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well."

On the twenty-fifth day of August he bore witness to his Maser in the pulpit the last time and on August 27th went to his reward. I wonder if he did not die the very way he would have chosen. Time had not touched him with the finger of decay. He was at the height of his intellectual strength., his college had crowned him with its highest honor and placed him on its governing board. His Conference had sent him to represent it in its highest body; large churches were ready to welcome him as prophet and pastor. At the time of his death he was a welcomed visitor in the hospitable home of a former parishioner, Luther W. Wells, a trusted and beloved friend. His last earthly look was into the face of his dear wife, whom he not only loved but adored. It was fitting that he should be buried from Central Church in the City of Richmond, where he had formerly served as pastor. A great concourse of people thronged the church to do him honor and multitudes followed him tearfully to the Forest Lawn Cemetery, where his body was laid tenderly to rest.

by J. W. Moore

Minutes for 1936. **Thomas McNider Simpson.** When Dr. Simpson quietly fell asleep on November 12, 1935, there were only three ministers living who were members of the Conference when he was received into full connection. He had seen his other brethren pass on to the Church Triumphant and the hour had now come for him to join their redeemed ranks.

Thomas McNider Simpson was born in Hertford, N.C., March 7, 1852, the son of Thomas R. and Elizabeth Jane McNider Simpson. When he was about six years old his father died, leaving a frail mother to care for and bring up three small children, he being the eldest. When eleven years old he went to work. In the ten years that followed he was constantly employed. In this way he not only helped to provide for the family but laid the foundation for a strenuous and vigorous life. Though never physically robust he was equal to the most difficult work and could endure trying and painful experiences. At eighty he was subjected to a serious major operation and at eighty-

two he broke his hip; yet up to the Sunday before his death he was able to participate in the services of the church. At his last Conference, a month before his death, he read the memoirs of two beloved members of the Conference, James C. Reed and W. J. Riddick.

At seventeen he made a profession of religion and united with the church. At twenty-one, after active lay service in the church, he was granted a license to preach by the quarterly conference of his home circuit. In the fall of that year, 1873, he was admitted on trial by the Virginia Conference, of which his section of North Carolina was then a part, and was sent to Bertie Circuit as junior preacher under Rev. W.P. Wright. During that year he lost by fire all his possession, but kind friends gave him their value in money and, realizing that his education was inadequate for the work to which he was called, he determined to take this money and go to school. This course was approved by his presiding elder, Rev. L.S. Reed. At the Conference of 1874 at Elizabeth City, N.C., he was discontinued, as there was at that time no provision whereby a minister might retain his membership in the Conference while attending college. He entered Randolph-Macon College in the middle of December and by rigid economy was able to remain there three sessions. He was then sent to supply the vacancy at Hampton and Fox Hill caused by the breakdown in health of Rev. J.B. Laurens.

At the Conference of 1877 in Lynchburg, he was again received on trial, ordained a local deacon, and sent to Berkley. Here he remained for four years. In 1879, at the Conference in Norfolk, he was received into full connection. At the Conference in Charlottesville in 1881 he was ordained an elder and sent to Ettrick, which he served one year. Succeeding appointments were to Lynn Street, Danville, 1882-4; Smithfield and Benn's, 1884-7; Memorial, Lynchburg, 1887-90; Farmville, 1890-1; Monumental, Portsmouth, 1891-5; Farmville again, 1895-9; Main Street, Danville, 1899-1903; Clay Street, Richmond, 1903-7; Memorial, Norfolk, 1907-09; Lynchburg District, 1909-12; Richmond District, 1912-16; Barton Heights, Richmond, 1916-17; Norfolk District, 1917-20; Lynchburg District again, 1920-4; Portsmouth and Newport News District, 1924-8; Smithfield again, 1928-32. In the fourth year of this pastorate extreme illness compelled him to give up the work and at the 1932 Conference he requested the superannuate relation.

In 1900 he was elected a trustee of Randolph-Macon College and in 1901 his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. By appointment he represented our church in the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America at the sessions in Washington and Boston. He was a Mason, a Knight Templar, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the Junior Order, United American Mechanics. He belonged to the college fraternity Phi Delta Theta and to the national honorary scholastic society of Phi Beta Kappa.

On March 23, 1881 he was happily married to Miss Jocasta Land Gray, of Windsor, N.C., a saintly woman of rare attainments and charming personality, and a helpmeet indeed until her death on May 8, 1914. Their union was blessed with seven children: Thomas McNider, Jr., a professor in Randolph-Macon College; Mary Turner, wife of Dr. Fred R. Chenault, of this Conference; George Gray, a business man of Norfolk; John Chiles, President of Stratford College, Danville; Janie Blanchard, deceased, who was the wife of Dr. C.R. Wilcox, President of Darlington School, Rome, Georgia; Lellie Winfree, who was her father's companion and home-maker; and Helen Land, a teacher in the Blair Junior High School of Norfolk. No children ever had more affectionate and devoted parents and no parents ever had children who were a greater joy and comfort to them. They now "rise up and call them blessed."

As a presiding elder, Dr. Simpson was exceedingly kind and gentle. No one ever heard him utter a harsh word or say an unkind thing. His presence allayed all antagonisms and created in all circles a spirit of forgiveness and forbearance. He was profoundly interested in the churches and in the preachers.

As a preacher he was thoroughly scriptural and evangelical. He accepted the Bible as God's revelation and proclaimed it as such with great authority and boldness. It is not surprising that under his ministry churches were led to a richer experience and the unsaved were led to Christ. Dr. Lafferty, in his sketches of the preachers, wrote this about him: "His preaching is earnest, close and practical, with enough animation to keep attention wide awake. His treatment of the theme is natural, well pondered, and

accurate, especially suggestive, but never sensational. His style is graceful and often elegant, but never gaudy and pretentious."

As pastor he had no superior. He visited from home to home and lived in the lives and hearts of his people. The poor and needy claimed his special attention. What the apostle said about the Saviour may truly be said of him. "He went about doing good."

But the most outstanding and conspicuous feature in his life was the reproduction of his Lord's life. He had lived in such intimate and blessed fellowship with Him that he had assimilated His spirit and in many respects reminded the people of what the Lord was like.

The prayer of the poet was his daily request:

"Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise."

At the adjournment of the Conference in Danville in 1935, he moved to Norfolk. Here, delightfully domiciled and with the constant and tender attention of his daughters, he remained until November 21, when the call came for him to come to his heavenly home. His funeral services were conducted at Monument M.E. Church, South, Richmond, Va., at noon on Saturday, November 23, 1935. Relatives and friends had come from various sections to pay their tribute of respect to him. Dr. J.N. Latham officiated at the service, assisted by Dr. J.M. Potts and Jno. T. Bosman. The pallbearers were ministers of Richmond and other sections of the State. Interment was in the family plot in Hollywood cemetery.

by Jno. T. Bosman

Stephen Alexander Donahoe. At Cheriton, Va., December 19, 1935, Stephen Alexander Donahoe, who for forty-five years was an itinerant minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, finished his labors on earth and entered upon a well-earned rest. As to the place from which his spirit took its flight, it was as he had wished. The writer met Dr. Donahoe within a week after reaching his new appointment and was graciously greeted by him with the words: "I am glad to be with you on the Eastern Shore district, and I hope I may be permitted to stay on this district until my work is done and from the Eastern Shore district pass on to Glory." His wish was gratified, but at the time, little did he or the writer think his work would be finished so soon. In less than a month, however, the "well done" of an approving Father is spoken; Dr. Donahoe's labors on earth are ended, and he departs to be forever with the Lord.

Dr. Donahoe had an interesting career in the Methodist ministry. He was the type of Christian gentleman who readily finds access to and is welcomed by any company. He had a magnetic personality, a gracious manner, a jovial disposition, and was not only an entertaining conversationalist but was also a good listener. He was interested in people, young and old, and sought them out that he might be helpful in the development of their characters and the enrichment of their lives.

He was a preacher of the simple gospel of the Lord, Jesus Christ. With a full toned and a well modulated voice he, at times, was eloquent and, throughout his ministry, was recognized as a forceful preacher. Many souls were won to God and righteousness by his faithful ministries. The churches he served invariably had accessions and the membership thereof were edified and built up in the faith.

Stephen Alexander, the son of Lucinda Coles and William Penn Donahoe, was born at Barboursville, W.Va., April 11, 1870. As a youth he attended the public schools of his native State and, in September, 1887, he entered Morris-Harvey College from which, in June, 1890, he was graduated. In 1911 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of "Doctor of Divinity."

Dr. Donahoe was admitted into the traveling connection in the Western Virginia Conference in September 1890. He held pastorates and served as presiding elder in this Conference for a period of eighteen years. In 1908 he transferred to the South Carolina Conference, and during his pastorate at St. John's Church, Anderson, S.C., the congre-

gation erected one of the most imposing church buildings in that Conference. In 1912 he transferred to the Virginia Conference and was stationed at Ghent, in Norfolk, Va. He served thereafter, in order, Farmville; Central, Portsmouth; Cumberland Street, Norfolk; Onley; Brambleton Avenue, Norfolk; Emporia; Irvington; Cape Charles; First Church, Hopewell; and Cheriton. His pastorate at Cheriton was brief, but he greatly endeared himself to the people of the community and theirs was the sad pleasure and privilege of ministering to him in his last days.

On June 30, 1891 he was happily united in marriage to Miss Leona Ellen Rollyson, of Gauley Bridge, W.Va., who adorned his home and proved a worthy companion and true helpmeet in all the varied experiences of his ministry. Of this union there were born three children: Willie Ethel, Paul and Eugene. Willie Ethel, who became the wife of Rev. J.T. Poole, of the North Carolina Conference, died at Wilson, N.C., August 12, 1927. Paul, a resident of Onley, Va., and Eugene, who lives in Norfolk, Va., with their mother, survive.

The funeral service, largely attended, was held in the Cheriton Church, Sunday, December 22, 1935, at 12 o'clock noon. The writer was assisted in the service by Rev. J.W. Gee, Rev. H.W. Landrum, and the Rev. E.L. Larsen, of the Cheriton Baptist Church. The body was taken to Portsmouth, Va., and interred in Oak Grove Cemetery beside the bodies of his daughters and granddaughter to await the Resurrection morn.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
"For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

by S.J. Battin

Guy Hank Newbury was born in Milton, Dorchester County, Md., July 27, 1881. He came from a devout Methodist family and, in early life, became acquainted with the Methodist ministry for his home was the preacher's home. In this community he was educated in the public schools and grew to manhood.

In early manhood he went to New York City, where he was engaged in business for a number of years. The writer of this sketch well remembers a Sunday evening in 1908 when his sister, Miss Maude C. Newbury, came to him with her face aglow to impart the news of her brother's decision to devote his life to the ministry. He returned to his home in Maryland that spring and began to prepare himself for the ministry. In the fall of 1908 Brother Newbury entered Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford City and the next year he attended Randolph-Macon College.

In the summer and fall of 1909 Brother Newbury supplied the church at Crozet, filling the vacancy caused by the absence of Rev. F.O. Smith. Here he made the acquaintance of Miss Sadie Clarke, who afterward became his wife. In the fall of 1910 he was admitted into the Virginia Conference on trial at the session held in Broad Street Church, Richmond, Va.

Brother Newbury served in the Conference for fifteen years, when impaired health necessitated his retirement from the active work. His first appointment was Nelson Circuit, where he served two years. From Nelson he was sent to Williamsburg, where he served three years. His next appointment was old Clay Street Church in Richmond, Va. Here he ministered for two years. Under his ministry the Clay Street congregation was merged with other congregations of the city and the building sold. From Clay Street he was sent to Memorial, Lynchburg, where he served three years. He was then appointed to Park Place Church, Norfolk. During his ministry there the church edifice was destroyed by fire. Through the untiring efforts of Brother Newbury and the loyal cooperation of the membership, the present fine plant was erected. From Park Place Brother Newbury was sent to Mt. Vernon, Danville. Here, in January 1926, he became ill and in the fall of that year the condition of his health necessitated the taking of the superannuate relation. For ten years he made his home in Richmond, Va., and with his family attended Barton Heights Church.

Guy Newbury was a preacher of unusual ability and charm. Large congregations attended the services whenever he preached. With eloquence and impassioned earnestness he proclaimed the riches of God's grace in Christ Jesus our Lord and scores found pardon and peace under his ministries.

He had the happy faculty of making friends. There was an attractiveness about him that won and kept the confidence of men. Young people counseled with him freely and older persons sought his advice. In his pastoral duties he carried an atmosphere of peace and blessing into the homes of his people.

On April 2, 1936, Guy Hank Newbury passed from his labors to his heavenly reward. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow, Mrs. Sadie Clark Newbury, and three daughters, Frances Whitehurst, Maude Hunter and Mildred Clay.

"Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won
And thou art crowned at last."

by P.M. Hank

Granville Booker King was born September 16, 1872, and died in Norfolk, Va., on Saturday night, April 4, 1936. Brother King came from a long line of preachers. His great-grandfather and his grandfather were ministers of the gospel. Reared in a Christian home, counseled through the years by a godly mother who now survives him, it is not remarkable that the heart of our Brother turned toward the sacred calling. With such a heredity we are not surprised that two other brothers, Rev. W.L. King, of Ruther Glen, and Rev. W.B. Cranford, of Wilmore, Ky., became ministers also. On the side of his father he was descended from Rev. John Clay, the father of Henry Clay. At nine years of age Granville gave his heart to God and until the time of his death led a consistent Christian life.

In his earlier life Brother King was a school teacher, farmer and surveyor. In the course of the years, however, there came a definite call to him to enter the ministry. He joined the Conference in Petersburg, Va., in the fall of 1907, and was assigned by Bishop Galloway to the Franklin Circuit, where his popularity was attested by four years of service. He also traveled the following circuits: Pittsylvania Circuit, four years; Princess Anne, four years; Wachapreague, three years; Brunswick, four years; East Dinwiddie, four years; South Dinwiddie, five years, and Campostella, his last charge, he served only a few months, but in that short time had gained the devotion of his new congregation.

Brother King was twice married. In 1898 he married Miss Mary Sparger, of Mt. Airy, N.C. Three years later she died. There was born to this union two children, William Eugene, who resides in Charlottesville, Va., and Lillian, wife of J.T. Jarvis, who resides in Washington, D.C. In 1910, Miss Harriet Gorham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Gorham, of Rocky Mount, Va., united her fortunes to that of the young itinerant. At the time of this marriage Miss Gorham was engaged in educational work. She became not only a devoted wife, but a great help to him in his ministry. She was well-suited to her sphere. She seconded him in every good work with tact and ability. To this union there was born a daughter, Dorothy Lelia, who is now in college.

To those of us who were intimate with Brother King he seemed destined to a long life, and his sudden call came as a distinct shock to his brethren. Doubtless the days of anxiety he spent because of the sickness of his wife told upon his strength, for he had a devoted heart. For months after an automobile accident Mrs. King had lingered between life and death and, but few, if any, thought that she would recover. A merciful providence has spared her life and to her the sympathies of the Conference will continue to flow.

In his work our friend was faithful, thoroughly conscientious, and successful. He was so sympathetic that in sorrow men and women sought him out. At funerals he was often requested to sing as well as to read the ritual, for God had endowed him with a mellow, musical voice. He spent much time in his study and as pastor none excelled him. In the homes he became as one of the family. His preaching was predominantly spiritual. He was never happier than in a revival service. The testimony of a new born soul was to him as the music of heaven.

On that fateful Saturday Brother King returned from the bedside of his wife, tarried for a short time in Petersburg to greet old friends, went to his home in Norfolk, was taken suddenly ill, summoned a physician, who found him past human help. On that Saturday night he did not die, but passed into the life eternal.

Funeral services were held in the Campostella Church, conducted by his Presiding Elder, Dr. Wm. Archer Wright, assisted by Dr. W.L. Murphy and O.B. Newton. From the Church his body was borne to Petersburg, where a large concourse of former parishioners had gathered from the nearby circuits to show their love and respect. Another service was held under the direction of Dr. Wright, assisted by Rev. R.M. White and the writer. From this place his body was borne to Blandford Cemetery, there to await the great day of accounts. In that day many shall rise up to call him blessed.

by J.W. Moore

Edward H. Hopkins was in the twenty-sixth year of his ministerial life at the time of his death April 21, 1936. He had been appointed to Brightwood Charge and had served the charge acceptably for five months when the call came from God to cease his labors here and join the ranks of the redeemed.

Edward Hopkins was born in York County, Va., in 1877, the son of George Edward and Mary Elinor Hopkins. He came from a family of religiously inclined ancestors. In fact, the first man by the name of Hopkins who settled in York County was a minister of the Episcopal Church. Brother Hopkins' grandfather was a Methodist preacher and those who knew Edward H. Hopkins best feel that from his earliest years he was conscious of the hand of the Unseen guiding him into the life which his father had planned for him. However, due to circumstances, he did not begin his active life as a minister until his more mature years.

Brother Hopkins received his training for the ministry at Randolph-Macon Academy, at Bedford, Va., and at Vanderbilt University. He was an industrious and diligent student, giving all his time to a study of the courses assigned him. He never overlooked an opportunity to be of service to his fellow students and was often consulted by them concerning their personal salvation. His counsel was kind and always helpful.

Brother Hopkins was admitted in the Virginia Conference on trial at the session which was held at Trinity Church, Salisbury, Md., in November 1911. Bishop Kilgo presided at this session and the ordination service was very impressive. A deep impression was made on him, so much so, that he often referred to this as one of the spiritual milestones of his life.

On January 3, 1911, Brother Hopkins was happily married to Miss Zippora Evans, of York County. His wife, with constant devotion, gave him at all times unstinted support in his ministerial labors. From this union there are two sons, Rev. Garland Hopkins, pastor of Trinity Church, Richmond, and Edward Harvey Hopkins, a student in Randolph-Macon College.

Brother Hopkins died after much suffering from arthritis on April 21, 1936. He bore his suffering patiently and was very brave to the end.

Among his outstanding characteristics were patience, thoughtfulness of others, loyalty to the cause to which his life was dedicated. He was a good preacher, faithful pastor, rather outstanding as a revivalist. He loved the country and was a country preacher from choice. In his early life he followed the water and his influence with his fellow watermen was helpful.

He served Nelson Circuit, Saluda, Westmoreland, Princess Anne, Wachapreague, Guilford, Cumberland, Cambridge Circuit, Beaver Dam, and Brightwood. The last he had served only five months, when he was called to his eternal home. Our friend was known for his genuineness of character and his devotion to duty.

Another comrade in the ministry of our Lord has fallen. We miss his presence among us, but he died in the faith and his works do follow him.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. T.G. Laughon, Rev. B.F. Hudson and Dr. J.W. Moore. He sleeps in Trinity Church Yard, York County.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy master's joy."

by T.G. Laughon

William Asbury Christian. Not many men would choose that loved ones go suddenly, passing on without any single hint of warning to make ready. For myself I should want some little foretoken to prepare me in the case of friends. And yet in a time like this, when there are so many going suddenly and violently, it might be a real boon to have one's closest friend just lie down, close his eyes, and quietly sleep himself away into the eternal light.

So it was with the dear friend and comrade who is the subject of this sketch. He lay down in the evening as usual, and then, about one o'clock in the morning, his pulse ceased to beat, and he had gone on to his heavenly reward.

William Asbury Christian was born January 3, 1866, at the home of his parents in Lynchburg, Va. He was the son of Edward Dunscombe Christian and Cornelia Burton Christian. Both of his parents were descended from long lines of old, prominent Virginia families. Gentleness was in his blood, and so he moved among us, as was his right, a gentleman of the finest old school of this Dominion.

He attended the city schools and after working for awhile in the offices of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, entered Randolph-Macon College, where, in 1890, he graduated with his Master of Arts degree. For further preparation he went to Vanderbilt University, where he finished with his Bachelor of Divinity degree in two years. In 1910 Randolph-Macon conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and later he was honored with the membership and key of the Phi Beta Kappa scholarship fraternity of that institution.

Dr. Christian was pastor in Richmond, Lynchburg, Norfolk, Petersburg, and Newport News. Then for four years he was Presiding Elder on the Richmond District. Four years he served Union Station in Richmond; six years he was President of Blackstone College for Girls; later serving Barton Heights, Richmond; Monumental, Portsmouth; Martinsville and Berryman, Richmond. About six years ago he retired from the active ministry.

Dr. Christian was the author of "Richmond--Her Past and Present," "Lynchburg and its People," a study entitled "Marah," and the papers report that at the time of his death he was working on a history of the Virginia Conference.

He was active in the work of the Conference, serving on its Boards, was in demand for its most important committees and commissions, and was honored more than once with membership in the General Conference, where he was an active and useful participant in its work. He was President of the Conference Board of Missions for years and a member of the General Conference Board at a time when the Virginia Conference was coming to its place of leadership in the missionary work of the Church, and through those years he never failed or refused to help and to encourage in the advancement of that movement.

For some years he was President of the Anti-Saloon League of the State, and in the work of that organization, as no less in the congregations of influential pastorates, he wielded blows that left their sledge-hammer impress upon the moral and social life of this Dominion. A newspaper of this city that was often in disagreement with Dr. Christian's views declared: "In the death of the Rev. W. Asbury Christian Virginia has lost one of its most virile and uncompromising crusaders. Whether one agreed with his views or not, it must be admitted that he fought with singular force, dexterity and determination. He was in the forefront of the long and bitter prohibition struggle in Virginia. There was never any question," the paper continues," of Dr. Christian's sincerity. He was impelled to this battle by the flaming spirit of the crusader."

Dr. Christian was signally happy in the life of his home. On October 18, 1893, he was married to Miss Anna McMullen, of Madison County, Va. Matching the gentleness of her husband's blood, Anna McMullen Christian became at once the noble helpmeet of his life and service. To their home were born two daughters, Edith, who is now Mrs. George P. Compton, of Ashland, Va., and Grace, Mrs. Robert B. Hardaway, of Blackstone, Va.

Our friend will go down in our history as a great preacher. For years as a pastor in his early days he did effective evangelistic work among his brethren. His churches would always speak pridefully of his able preaching, and openly declare that he was the best preacher in their midst.

Asbury Christian was my friend, my very close personal friend. I knew him well in college, but my close intimacy began in the membership of this conference. As often has

happened among us, our friendship was woven of a three-ply bond, and the third one in the trio was the late Bishop W.B. Beauchamp. Through many years we knew each other as brothers and more.

The funeral was held from the home of his brother, the late Judge Frank P. Christian, of Lynchburg, conducted by his lifelong friend, Dr. M.S. Colonna, assisted by other pastors, and interment was made in Greenhill Cemetery, where he sleeps to await the resurrection of the just.

by E.H. Rawlings

William James Young. (Memoir written by Dr. W.J. Young before his death, with instructions that it be read without alteration or addition before the Virginia Annual Conference).

"I desire nothing to be added, except what may be needed to bring the statement to a close--the last incidents of life, the date of death, an account of the funeral.

"Williams James Young was born of godly and devout parents January 9, 1859, in Baltimore City. He was educated by his mother, in the public schools of Baltimore, by private tutors, and at the Vanderbilt University.

"He was converted May 19, 1868, and joined the Methodist Church. He was licensed to preach March, 1876. He was received into the Texas Conference, November 1879. He was ordained a deacon by Bishop Pierce, October 1880, and ordained an elder by Bishop Parker, October 1882.

"He served the following churches: Travis Park, San Antonio, Texas; St. John's, Galveston, Texas; Calvary, Baltimore, Maryland; Washington Street, Alexandria, Va.; Ashland, Va.; Park Place (now Pace Memorial), Richmond, Va.; Epworth, Norfolk, Va.; Court Street, Lynchburg, Va.; Centenary, Richmond, Va. (twice); Main Street, Danville, Va.

"On November 1, 1882, he was married to Mary Margaret Campbell, of San Antonio, Texas. He is survived by a sister, Miss Mary G. Young, of Baltimore, Md.; by a son, Dr. William Walter Young, of Atlanta, Georgia, and by a granddaughter, Mary Kirby Young."

Dr. Young died at the home of his son on July 2, 1936, and was buried in Westview Cemetery, Atlanta. He left detailed written instructions for the conducting of his funeral, which were as simple as the above memoir, and desired that it be stated that "he died confident of the truth of all the essentials of the Christian faith."

read by W.A. Smart

John Thomas Bosman was one of God's noblemen. All who knew him were devoted to him. Even those who had only a casual acquaintanceship with him held him in highest esteem.

He loved his Lord supremely, and with simple, childlike faith in Him, moved among his brethren with an influence which was a benediction.

How often have we seen his face shine with the radiating love of the Master! How often have we felt our hearts respond to the consecrated earnestness which characterized his efforts as he preached the "unsearchable riches of grace in Christ Jesus."

His preaching was with a zeal that came of long knowledge of Him to whom he had committed his life in early youth. His words were from a heart that overflowed with Christ-like love for all mankind. He knew from experience that the soul which leans on Jesus would not be forsaken by his God.

John Thomas Bosman was born in Somerset County, Md., September 13, 1862, the son of Isaac Henry and Annie H. Bosman. In 1869 the family moved to the city of Norfolk, Va., where, in private schools, he received his early education.

While still a mere lad, John Bosman came to love Jesus Christ. He committed his life unto his Lord, and walked humbly before him all his days. Giving his life to the keeping of Jesus meant for him daily service in His name. Consequently, he entered Randolph-Macon College to begin a preparation for the ministry. After five years at Randolph-Macon, in the year 1884, he entered the Virginia Conference as a Preacher on Trial and was assigned to the Atlantic City charge, in the city of Norfolk. This charge is now known as Lekies Memorial Church. Following two years at this church he was sent to Newport News. After two years of ministry here, he married Miss Mamie LeCato, a godly woman, who became the inspiration of his life and the mother of his two children.

Thereafter he served in order the following churches and districts, with credit to himself and to the glory of God: Trinity, Salisbury; Culpeper Court House; Wright Memo-

rial, Portsmouth; Mount Vernon, Danville; Park Place, now known as Pace Memorial, Richmond; Ghent, Norfolk; Market Street, Petersburg; Monumental, Portsmouth; Main Street, Suffolk; Farmville; Larchmont, Norfolk; Presiding Elder, Eastern Shore District; Larchmont, Norfolk; and closed fifty years in the active ministry with a four-year term as Presiding Elder of the Norfolk District.

In June of the year 1912, in recognition of the faithful and efficient service which John T. Bosman had rendered the church, Randolph-Macon College conferred upon him the Doctor of Divinity degree. However, no college or university degree was needed to make him an outstanding servant of Jesus Christ. He loved men and continually sought to reveal the heart of God to those who knew Him not as Lord and Saviour. His attitude, his expressions, his bearing at all times reflected the spirit of Christian love.

His brethren of the ministry loved him. They have missed his beaming face which was the outward symbol of the gracious spirit which tenanted his body. We have laid that body to rest, and it has returned unto the dust from which it came, but we know that the beautiful, kindly, Christ-like spirit which we knew as John T. Bosman is with his Father God.

We take up the tasks he laid down, and purpose to run, as he did, the face that it set before us, until in that "great day" there shall be reunion about the throne of God.

by H. Wark Curry

Henry Woodhouse Davis was born on the 15th day of September, 1878, in the Southern Female Seminary, at Petersburg, Va. His father was Joseph C. Davis, the son of William T. Davis, who was the founder and first President of this College. His mother was Mary Eleanor Holmes, a beautiful and godly woman.

When the boy Henry was five years old his family moved to Southampton County, where his early childhood was spent. The home in which he was reared was an ideal Christian one, and the call to preach came to him very early in life. Even as a little child he would, in his boyish fashion, preach. He never wavered from his decision to obey the divine call, and throughout his life the preaching of the gospel of the Son of God was preeminent in his interest and preparation.

Graduating from Randolph-Macon College in 1903, he began his life's work as a member of the Virginia Conference. On December 28, 1903, Mr. Davis was married to Miss Margaret J. Wills, of Louisa Court House, Va. Truly this marriage was of God, for she not only loved him but she loved his work, and aided him on all occasions as only an ideal helpmate can. During his ministry Brother Davis served charges in the counties of Accomac and Norfolk and in the cities of Portsmouth, Danville, Newport News, Richmond, Farmville, Norfolk, Hampton and Salisbury, Md. He served four years as Presiding Elder of the Eastern Shore District, going from there at our last Conference to Franklin, Va., where he labored faithfully and well until his sudden death in the early morning of October 6, 1936.

Funeral rites, conducted by his Presiding Elder, the Rev. C.C. Bell, assisted by local ministers, were held from High Street Church in Franklin, Wednesday afternoon, October 7th, at two o'clock. The services were largely attended, with nearly all of the ministers of the Portsmouth-Newport News District present to serve as honorary pallbearers. Interment was made in the family burial plot in old Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg. Many ministers of our Conference attended the burial service. Mrs. Davis, together with their three children, Miss Virginia Holmes Davis, a teacher in the Danville High School; Miss Mary Eleanor Davis, a teacher in the High School at Parksley, Va.; and Dr. Richard Beale Davis, an instructor in the State Teachers' College at Fredericksburg, Va., survive him. He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. L. McKay Jack, of Portsmouth, Va., and a brother, Mr. William Holmes Davis, of Norfolk.

"Left behind, to wait in trust,
For the resurrection day."

Brother Davis was to me a very dear personal friend. For four years during the tragic and trying days when the Eastern Shore was in the throes of economic distress, he was my Presiding Elder. During that time he gave to that District a spiritual leadership that saved many individuals and many situations to our Church.

He was a welcome guest in any home. It was always a happy occasion in our home

when we would say to our children, "Brother Davis is coming." They loved him and he loved them, seeming to captivate them from the time they first knew him.

Brother Davis was cultured, refined, consecrated. He gave useful and loyal service to his Church. He was straight in all his relationships, and fearless and uncompromising in his fight against evil. He was strong in his convictions, a true friend, a devoted husband and father, a generous, unselfish, and faithful servant of God.

"Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah, when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign.
With our translated friend."

by Roland P. Riddick

Minutes for 1937. **Charles Henley Williams** was born in Pasquotank County, N.C., September 2, 1865. After a quiet, well-spent life of seventy-one years, he went home to God from Mathews, Va., December 10, 1936. He had the good fortune to be the child of a Methodist parsonage. His father, Thomas L. Williams, a modest, retiring member of the Virginia Conference for some forty years, was nevertheless a man of brilliant mind and unusual gifts as a minister of Christ. His mother, Henrietta Nixon Butt, the devout and cultured daughter of an old North Carolina family, brought grace and personal charm to the household of her Godly husband. There were five children, one of whom died in infancy. Charles and three sisters lived to reward their devoted parents with noble characters and useful lives.

The childhood and youth of Brother Williams came during the years and immediately after the War Between the States, when such public schools as there were in the South were hopelessly disorganized. The refined, intellectual atmosphere of his father's home offered him and his sisters an opportunity denied to many of their contemporaries. There under the tutelage of his parents he received his early education.

When he was eighteen years of age his father was pastor of Gates Circuit, N.C., then a part of the Virginia Conference. During a revival, in a nearby Baptist church, the boy Charles was happily converted and made a profession of faith in Christ. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and became active in its work. While his father was pastor at Lawrenceville, Va., from 1882 to 1884, he spent two years at Rock Springs Academy in Brunswick County. The next year he attended the Gatesville Academy in North Carolina. He then secured employment as a clerk in Sunbury, N.C. and continued in that position for about two years. From 1887 to 1892 he was a student in Randolph-Macon College, where he went to prepare himself to follow the course of his father in the Christian ministry.

At college his reputation as a student and a Christian gentleman made for him an honored place. His thoroughness and amiability won the esteem and favor of both faculty and students. One of his classmates wrote concerning him: "Forceful in character, he possessed marked qualities of leadership. He was always a power for good in the entire student group."

It was during his days at college that Brother Williams lost his good father and mother within a few months of each other. Shortly after his father's passing he appeared before the Quarterly Conference of Gates Circuit to be recommended for a license to preach which was granted that year. This was in June, 1890. Two years later the young local preacher entered the traveling connection of the Virginia Conference, meet-ing that year in Granby Street Church, Norfolk. In November, 1894, Bishop A.G. Haygood ordained him a deacon at Charlottesville, and in November, 1896, Bishop W.W. Duncan ordained him an elder at Court Street Church, Lynchburg.

Brother Williams was twice married. On June 19, 1895, he took as his wife Miss Lucy Ellen Brown, of King George County. This union was blessed with three children. Lucy Ellen, the first of the three, died in infancy. Arthur Rowzie and Charles Frederick survive. The former is now principal of the Lee-Jackson High School in Mathews and the latter followed his father and his grandfather in the ministry and is stationed at Ginter Park Church in Richmond.

In 1923 the faithful wife and devoted mother passed away. Four years later, January 2, 1927, Brother Williams was united in matrimony to Miss Imogene Farinholt, of Petersburg, who survives him.

During an active ministry of forty-five years without a break, this loyal itinerant served fifteen charges. He loved the open country and both by taste and temperament was peculiarly suited to rural work which claimed his time throughout the period of his membership in the Conference. His appointments were in the order given: Port Royal Mission, Richmond Circuit, Spotsylvania, West Bedford, King William, West Mathews, Heathville, Concord, Onley, Locustville and Melfa, Hendersons, West Dinwiddie, Dendron, Boykins, Kilmarnock, and Appomattox Circuit.

In the autumn of 1934 he was appointed to the last of his charges. The people of the circuit received him gladly and he entered upon his ministry with his accustomed zeal and expectation. To the understanding sympathy and aggressive zeal brought to his task the people responded. There was every promise of a joyous and fruitful pastorate with never a hint of anything to interfere. Before the year was out his close friends observed signs of ill health and he reluctantly admitted his strength had abated some. A second year he was appointed to the same charge where his ministrations continued till June 30, 1936, when he was taken to Memorial Hospital in Lynchburg for observation. His surgeon advised an operation, which was shortly performed, but an enemy of his health had already entrenched itself so firmly that surgical skill was of no avail. For a month he continued in the hospital, where devoted parishioners and friends visited him often to find a serene, hopeful spirit whose faith rested upon the assurance of the eternal goodness of God. On July 31 he was moved to the home of his son, Arthur, in Mathews. He became steadily worse until early in the morning of December 10, his passing was as though framed in the words of John Oxenham:

Fold up the tent
The sun is in the West.
Tomorrow my untented soul shall range
Among the blest,
And I am well content
For what is sent is sent
And God knows best.

In the afternoon of the following day, December 11, the funeral service was held in Washington Street Church, Petersburg, by his beloved friend, Rev. W.B. Jett, assisted by Dr. John B. Winn and Rev. D. G. Trent. The body of this devoted servant of Christ was borne to old Blandford Cemetery, where it lies beside the mother of his children.

This faithful minister of the Church carried in his body all the signs of a vigorous manhood. He was above the average height, was finely proportioned, and to the end of his days poised and erect in his carriage. His manly physique evidenced strength both to do and to endure. Probably he never knew the reserve physical resources upon which he was privileged to draw.

"Charlie" Williams, as his brethren affectionately knew him, was pure in heart and saintly in life. In him was no guile, no pretense, no selfish ambition. His faith was simple and steadfast, set in thought forms that have reassured and inspired men throughout the Christian centuries. He never conformed to his age or to the opinions of others, but by a renewing of his mind sought a continuous transformation that brings life into harmony with the will of God. Though firm and positive in his convictions, he knew the art of gentleness and the way of gracious cooperation. He loved people and found great joy in those little acts by which the loads of others are made lighter and their path brighter. While he shared his life freely with any or all who asked service of him, his intimate experiences and cherished aspirations were reserved for a few chosen friends who earned the right to enter into them with him. Natural endowments, together with certain refinements he cultivated, fitted him to be a good husband and an understanding father. In him the virtue of humility was so real as to be almost a fault-- "Give me the lowest place; or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low"
was about the way he framed his approach to the task to which for nearly a half century he gave the full resources of an abundant life.

Brother Williams was a minister of Christ, serving his generation in the Methodist church. To this one thing he gave himself without stint or reservation. His preaching rested in and came naturally out of his own experience. There was an element of certainty in his message. He spoke with authority. He was always fervent and sometimes powerful in his delivery. The zeal and at the same time the solicitude of a true evangelist were reflected in his utterances. He never trifled with the pastorate. The

close relation of a minister to his people was to him as sacred as life itself. He used it to rebuke kindly, to comfort tenderly. The homes to which he went felt the lingering beatitude of loving service as an afterglow of the pastoral relation. In all things he was a faithful and faith-filled minister of Jesus Christ, whose chief reward always was the assurance of duty well done.

And now "Charlie" Williams walks among us here no more. His task on earth is done. He has become invisible to those of us who had fellowship with him in the days of the flesh. Perhaps he is not far away. Certainly it would be hard to think of him as idle. Somewhere he must be engaged still as one of God's fellow-workers. By such as he is, in our memory of his goodness and devotion to God, the larger life of the human spirit becomes more real and enticing to us. **by J. Callaway Robertson**

A. C. Jordan. There passed out from us in the City of Washington on January 14th, 1937, one of the truest of men, Arthur Clifton Jordan. He labored in this Conference thirty-seven years. He was also a Superannuate for twenty-years--doing what his hands found to do, that time might bring no abatement to the convictions of youth.

This writer remembers him in the illuminating days as he stood before the congregation, magnetic and with handsome face. One felt him capable of genuine achievements. There must have been Prophetic fire aflame in the marrow of the Jordan line. Three of his name, within hand touch of kinship, have made honorable records in this Conference. They were Gates County, North Carolina men. Perhaps from the very beginning of Methodism in our land, that flame has been springing through this family, here and there.

A.C. Jordan went with intense conviction to his fields of labor. There was no wavering in his spirit; but courage, and steadfastness and zeal. One who knew him well said the Spirit witnessed to his preaching. Sinners heard him and confessed their sins. The wavering caught new courage from his life. Congregations were blessed. "One soweth and another reapeth," said the Master. A harvest of benefits rejoices the laborers of our day because of valiant men of other years at morning casting in the seed, and at evening holding not their hand. So it was with our friend. He did much toward developing some that now are among the best circuits: Cambridge, Coalfield, Patrick, Burkeville, Surry, East and West Dinwiddie, Greenville, Currituck, Hyco, Mt. Pleasant, Amherst, Amelia, Chester, Boykins, South Norfolk, Painter, Monroe, South Princess Anne and Richmond. To these he made contributions that marked improvement. He was known over the Conference for building and repairing churches and parsonages. His were the days of battle when the word went forth, the saloon must go. In that struggle he vigorously engaged. At a time of reminiscence he remarked with a light in his eye: "No saloon ever kept open its doors in a community where I had charge." To have known him well is to accept this statement.

He was married January 20, 1886 to Miss Rosa Gwaltney of Surry County, Va. Most fortunate indeed was this choice. The happiness of home is the strength of the minister's heart. His accomplished wife, who survives him, had no small part in the success of his ministry. Five children came to bless their home. Four of them are living at the present time: Mrs. Essie Hill, Mrs. Willa Reed and Miss Nancy Jordan of Washington, D.C., and Arthur C. Jordan, Jr. of Detroit, Michigan. The youngest son, Harry Myers, was drowned in 1928 at the age of sixteen. The loss of this young life, so dear to his heart, was a crushing sorrow to the father. He was never quite the same after that.

During the last years of his superannuation Brother Jordan made his home in Washington and worshipped with the congregation of Francis Asbury. He was constant in his attendance upon the Bible class of men and the regular preaching services. His pastor referred to him as one who was ever encouraging and helpful, genial, lovable and greatly missed.

The final illness was not long. The Pastor noted his absence the last sacramental day, from kneeling by his side. A few days more and he was gone.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. A.P. Shirkey at Francis Asbury Church. He was assisted by Rev. Dr. E.C. Berry, the Presiding Elder and Rev. Dr. DePeir, a friend of many years. The body was laid to rest in Fort Lincoln Cemetery in Washington.

Rev. Arthur Clifton Jordan, born in Gates County, N.C., March 28th, 1855, died in Washington D.C., January 14th, 1937. **by Geo. Wesley Jones**

Samuel Jackson Battin was born in Portsmouth, Va., September 8, 1866. While still a mere boy he went out to take part in the work of the world. He never shirked. He never asked an easy place. He never sought a selfish advantage. It was his expressed hope that he might serve his fellow men to the end of his days. He was in the midst of and busy and effective ministry as presiding elder of the Eastern Shore District, when suddenly he passed away in Salisbury, Md,. in the morning of April 4, 1937.

While the Battin family lived in Portsmouth for many years, they originally made their home in Nansemond county, where the father, William A. Battin, was a class leader in his church and a highly respected citizen of his community. His mother, who was Miss Margaret Pitt, of Nansemond, was a devout Christian and a woman of unusual gifts and graces. There were three children who lived to maturity. The only one who now survives is Mrs. W. A. Walker, of Norfolk.

As a boy Jack attended the public schools of Portsmouth till he was about fifteen years of age, when he stopped to go to work. His first employment was as a messenger for the Western Union Telegraph Company. There he took advantage of the opportunity to learn telegraphy in his spare time. So successful were his efforts that while still in his teens, he had acquired sufficient skill as a telegraph operator to have his ability recognized by being given a responsible position with the company.

In 1886 the city of Norfolk and vicinity were stirred deeply by a revival of religion conducted by the devout evangelist, Dwight L. Moody. Under the influence of the general spiritual awakening that came then, Jack Battin, a young business man at the time, was happily converted on the evening of April 15. With the joy and assurance of his new experience came the conviction that he should make the Christian ministry his life work. He united with Monumental church, where for a time he had the distinguished Dr. John D. Blackwell as his spiritual advisor. While pondering seriously his future, he had opened to him such flattering and enticing opportunities in business as seldom came to one so young in those days. His salary was advanced and the prospect of rapid promotion was held out to him. Within a year of his conversion he was offered and accepted a responsible and lucrative position with the Norfolk and Virginia Beach railroad. To the superficial observer there was every reason why such a bright young man should embrace the opportunity a business career offered. For him the decision had to be made finally under the guidance of the still small voice that kept speaking in the quiet recesses of his soul. In September, 1890, he resigned his position with the railroad and entered Randolph-Macon College to prepare for the Christian Ministry.

As a student Brother Battin took a high stand at college. He had a clear mind, trained to accuracy by his early experiences in business. But both his fellow-students and his teachers remember him best for the fine Christian influence he exerted on the campus. The faculty relied upon him, and his associates elected him to occupy positions of leadership in the religious life of the institution. He met fully all the demands made upon his noble character and capacity to lead among his fellows. Completing his work at college in June, 1894, he determined to go on with his equipment for the work to which he felt so certainly called. In a day when few ministers in our church regarded theological training as necessary, he entered the Biblical department of Vanderbilt University, took the full course, and graduated with distinction in the spring of 1897. He worked his way through both college and the university by practicing his profession as an operator in the summer and using every means of earning support in the school he attended.

While still engaged in his studies at Vanderbilt, Brother Battin was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference in November, 1896, and was at the same time ordained a local deacon by Bishop W. W. Duncan at Court Street Church in Lynchburg. Four years later in Norfolk Bishop Duncan ordained him an elder. At the session of the conference in 1897 he was assigned to Richmond Circuit where he remained one year when he was appointed to West End, Hampton. The year at Hampton seems to have been ordered by divine foresight. During his pastorate there a threat of yellow fever spread alarm throughout the National Soldier's Home and vicinity. The entire area was quarantined and those who could do so fled to others parts for safety from danger of that terrible scourge. The pastor of West End Church remained in the city and employed his skill as a telegraph operator to keep the isolated community in touch with the outside world.

His efficient and courageous service in this emergency won for him the praise of both citizens and officials.

At the Conference in 1899, Brother Battin was sent to Floyd Street, Danville. There under his ministry the church was remodeled and enlarged and the name of it was made Sledd Memorial in honor of Dr. R. N. Sledd, who had done notable service in Danville as pastor of Main Street Church. Then in the order named he gave his pure life and capable leadership to the following charges and districts: Rivermont Avenue, Lynchburg; Main Street, Bedford; West End, Petersburg; Martinsville; Saint James, Richmond; Crewe; Memorial, Berkley; Danville District; Blackstone; Union Station, Richmond; Park View, Portsmouth; and the Eastern Shore District.

It is nothing short of amazing how large a part this brother of ours had in the conduct of the business of our Conference. He was a member of the Joint Board of Finance from 1899 to 1922 when the Commission on Budget was set up. From 1926 to 1934 he was secretary of the Commission on Budget, asking then to be relieved because of the pressure of other duties. Thirty-six years he served on the staff of statistical secretaries, more than half of that time being chief of the staff. For two decades, 1918 to 1937, he was editor of the Conference Annual. It was his work on that publication that made it one of the very best in the entire connection. Ten years, from 1912 to 1922, he was secretary-treasurer of the Brotherhood of the Virginia Conference, his wise and gracious administration greatly enlarging the benefits that organization provided. He will be missed from these lines of effort for which he was so well fitted by both endowment and experience.

After the session of the conference at Richmond, in the autumn of 1936, Brother Battin had several of his close friends meet him in his room at the hotel. He talked frankly of the feeling he had that the time had come for him to relinquish some of the responsibilities he had carried for his Conference. His request that an editor of the Annual be elected to take his place after a year, had been acted upon by his brethren at the session just closed. Then he talked enthusiastically of the plans he had for the district in the year just opening. He was still young in spirit. A long future seemed to open to him. There was zest for his task and high hopes for the church evident in his talk. One who did not know his age could hardly have guessed from his appearance and his plans how many years of service he had given already to the labor he loved so dearly. He bade us an affectionate farewell and turned his face eagerly to the district assigned him for the year. In a little while he and his faithful wife began their rounds together again. The first round had been completed. The second was almost finished when he was called away. It was Sunday. He had complained of not feeling quite well and cancelled an appointment at St. Martin's Church for the morning. Going to his room, he typed a letter to the Conference Director of the Bishop's Crusade. Another letter was begun which remained unfinished. As he had wished, he suddenly laid down the duties of life here to enter upon the larger privileges of the human spirit in the eternal home of God.

Simple funeral services were conducted in the district parsonage by Rev. A. L. Franklin, assisted by Rev. Kenneth J. Haddock, Rev. Allen J. Carter, and Rev. G. D. Coffey. The ministers of the Eastern Shore District acted as honorary pallbearers. His remains were taken to Portsmouth, Va., where they were laid to rest in Oak Grove Cemetery, after the burial ritual had been read by Rev. William Archer Wright, assisted by Rev. C. C. Bell and Rev. A. L. Franklin. The high esteem and affectionate regard in which this faithful servant of Christ was held was strongly attested by the large number of ministers, laymen, and personal friends who came from all parts of the Conference to do honor to his memory.

by J. C. Robertson

Leroy Lee Banks. The subject of this sketch was born April 3, 1866, on Bank Street in Norfolk, Va. He was the son of Richard Burton Banks and Mary Virginia Lee Banks. The Banks family had lived in Tidewater Virginia for some generations prior to his birth. His mother was a daughter of the late Rev. and Mrs. Leroy M. Lee, of famous memory in Southern Methodist history.

While he was yet in his tender years, the wheels of fate so turned that he, his brother Wheless, and their mother went to live with her parents. Here he met many distinguished personalities. In a recent sketch of his life, he makes brief mention of

Dr. James A. Duncan, Dr. Leonidas Rosser, Dr. E. N. S. Blogg, W. W. Lear, and others; he also paid a glowing tribute to his grandfather, Dr. Leroy M. Lee, who was a nephew of Jesse Lee, a benefactor in the founding of Methodism in the New World. Dr. Lee was for many years editor of Richmond Christian Advocate, author, and strong defender of the truth. Association with such influence led him to an early, complete surrender to our Lord and Master. Here is his own description of his conversion:

"Dear Brother Blogg laid his fatherly hand on my shoulder and said, Lee, don't you want to give your heart to Jesus? I went at once to the altar. The Spirit made it plain to me that after I had confessed my sins, and turned to Him for mercy, He freely forgave me and spoke peace to my little heart. Surely I was a happy boy, my heart bounding with peace. My first birth was material, my second spiritual. I entered the kingdom at ten years of age. Soon after this incident there crept into my life the thought I was to preach His glorious gospel."

Brother Banks grew to manhood near Ashland, Va., and attended the public schools, and Randolph-Macon College. During his college days, he accepted a responsible position in Forest Grove Sunday School, about five miles from Ashland. This distance he usually walked, and for four years missed but very few Sundays. Here he developed his musical talent so that he might render even a larger service for his Lord. He both played and sang well, which was a great asset to him in his life work.

He went to his first appointment, West Street Church, Petersburg, in November, 1890. For two years he labored there, and under his ministry a gracious revival of religion crowned his labors. During the second year at West Street Church he had a severe attack of asthma which threatened to end his career as an itinerant preacher. That year, however, he took work in a rural charge and devoted the remainder of his time to rural work--enduring the hardships, overcoming many difficulties, and maintained a gracious spirit to the end of a fruitful ministry.

In July, 1897, under the preaching of Dr. B. Caradine, Brother Banks professed the experience of sanctification; which experience he adorned both in sermon and life--precept and example. Following this new experience, there were great revivals of religion under his preaching. In New Kent, Surry, West Buckingham, and Essex charges there were mighty outpourings of the Holy Spirit. Camp meetings sprang up and multitudes were swept into the Kingdom. The church edified and quite a few young men and women answered the call to "life service" in the church. Opposition arose, but the Spirit of God moved mightily and this humble servant found great peace even amid the persecutions that crowded into his pathway. He was never happier than when leading some soul to a deeper knowledge of the love and grace of God or bringing some sinner to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord.

On April 26, 1898, he and Miss Ellen Moore were united in matrimony. She was a jewel among women, a good wife and mother. To them were born two sons, Leroy Lee and John T. M. Mrs. Banks succeeded him by several years to the mansions above. Leroy Lee is in a hospital for disabled veterans and John T. is a member of this body and is well equipped to proclaim the gospel his father loved so well.

Brother Banks labored under severe difficulties, in that he was never well long at a time. Truly he knew what it meant to bear "the thorn in the flesh." Yet, he was not complaining nor fault-finding. Beneath a face that sometimes showed evidence of physical discomfort, there was a happy heart and a singing soul. Only those who knew him best knew the wealth of his experience, or the depth of the peace which was his. Under the most trying circumstances he maintained a courage and sweetness of spirit that only a truly noble soul can know. His happiest experiences came in ministering to the needs of others in the name of Him who "went about doing good." To the very close of his active ministry, he was busy seeking out the lost and winning them for His Lord, and pointing believers to the cleansing fountain--preaching both repentance for the sinner and consecration and cleansing for the believer. Nor did his work stop when he took the superannuate relation. On he went into camp meetings, revival services--wherever he could speak word of breathe a prayer that would bless a soul and make the way brighter for the pilgrim.

Brother Banks served the following charges: West Street, Petersburg; East King and Queen, New Kent, Surry, West Buckingham, Essex, Patrick, Stuart, West Amherst, Madison

and Mountain Mission, Scottsville, Rapidan, Appomattox Circuit, Brookneal, and Jarratt. For forty-one years he went in and out among the people as one who would do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus. About fifteen hundred joined the church on profession of faith under his ministry. Multitudes were richly blessed by his messages, many of whom received the sanctifying grace. He left behind him a clean record of unselfish service--a life well lived and went home to be with the redeemed and to enter the service in the Kingdom Eternal.

He departed this life on June 28, 1937. His going was a surprise even to his physician. He had been in normal health and just prior to his going, had his physician diagnose his case. The doctor said he found nothing wrong with him. His call home was unexpected, unannounced. He answered the roll call to a higher Conference. The burial services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Dr. J. W. Moore in the home of his sister, Mrs. Emma McCrea, in Newport News, and his body tenderly laid to rest in Green Lawn Cemetery, there to rest until the resurrection morning.

"Crowned Son of God! Behold, thy friend
Departs from us, to bide with Tee,
Trusting Thy Word, that to the end
Where'ver Thou art, Thine own shall be.
And in Thy Temple we shall view
Our brother strong, who overcame,
Bearing, above all names we knew,
The glory of Thine own New Name.

by O. B. Newton

Francis Blackwell McSparran. For eighty years the name McSparran has stood in honor on the rolls of the Virginia Conference. In 1857 J. E. McSparran, father of Frank, was received into the Virginia Conference and thereafter for forty years traveled within its bounds, an effective, fervent, steadfast soldier of the Cross.

In the parsonage home of this true son of the Church at Concord, Va., June 3, 1876, Francis Blackwell McSparran was born, inheriting a tradition of loyalty to the church and its service, inheriting also a stalwart frame, fit habitation for a soul as stalwart. At the age of sixteen, Frank was converted at Cumberland Street Church, Norfolk, where Dr. H. E. Johnson was conducting revival services with Dr. W. G. Starr, the pastor. Two years later Frank enrolled at Randolph-Macon College as a ministerial student and in 1896 was admitted on trial into the Annual Conference at Lynchburg, Bishop Duncan presiding. He was appointed that year "Student at Randolph-Macon College," but served a supply appointment at Hasker Memorial, now St. Paul's, in the Richmond District. The next year he served Montross Circuit and in 1898 was appointed to Washington Street, Danville, now Grace Church.

On December 5, 1899, while pastor at Matoaca, he was married to Miss Bessie Helena Diacont, of Richmond, who survives him. Of this happy union three children were born, two of whom died in infancy. The third, a daughter, Frances, is the wife of Rev. R. Alfred White, of the Virginia Conference. Some time after Frances was born the McSparrans adopted into their home a little girl who, grown to gracious womanhood, became the wife of Mr. J. W. Greyard, of Portsmouth. It was while on a casual visit to her home her foster-father died.

Brother McSparran's appointments showed steadily increasing powers. His pastoral charges were Surry; Ettrick; Owens Memorial, now Elm Avenue, Portsmouth; Decatur St., Richmond; Cambridge, Md.; First Church, Hampton; Barton Heights, Richmond; Main Street, Suffolk; First Street, Norfolk; Central, Portsmouth; Crewe; Blackstone; and Chesapeake Avenue, Norfolk.

Three times he was presiding elder. At the close of his Hampton pastorate in 1913, Bishop Denny appointed him to the Rappahannock District. In 1918 Bishop Hendrix appointed him to the Eastern Shore District. It was there the writer learned to know and love him. In 1931 Bishop Mouzon sent him to the hard but important post of the Danville District. As on the Rappahannock and Eastern Shore District, here he had the love and loyalty of preachers and the respect and honor of laymen. Churches prospered, new territory was opened up, successful district-wide evangelistic movements were fostered, salaries and benevolences moved rapidly upward, and the Danville District led the Conference out of the deadening effects of the depression. Serving in the cabinet

with Bishops Denny, Candler, Kilgo, Hendrix, McMurry, and Mouzon, he held the confidence of them all.

At the close of his service on the Danville District his doctors advised lighter labors and a lower climate. He was appointed to Blackstone, then to Chesapeake Avenue, Norfolk. Here he died, June 29, 1937, just past his sixty-first birthday, mourned by a flock that had learned to love and honor him.

As pastor he dealt faithfully with souls for their salvation, preached the truth with courage, strengthened his churches. He led his Districts forward and upward. His ministry was ever honored of God.

Brother Mac loved little children, and they loved him. He loved flowers. His bearers took him on his last short journey through a glory of bloom from his own planting. He loved God's good outdoors. Happy were the hours he spent with his friends afloat or afield. He loved folks, of high and low degree, for themselves. He loved youth, always was there some young man or woman he was helping to a richer, more abundant life. He loved his home. To him a parsonage was not just a stopping place. It was ever his home, a place for love and friendship, for hospitality and the fine art of living, a place where his friends, and especially his younger brethren of the ministry, might come and find free companionship, and in time of need wise counsel, strength of soul and the generous hand.

He loved the truth and spoke it. There was about him a fine scorn for the favor currying arts of the politician and the self-seeker. He loved the Church of God, and he loved the Methodist Church. In church polity he was wisely conservative without being reactionary. He had the courage to face the new or to do the unprecedented if he thought it was right. He could oppose a board of stewards or a bishop to his own hurt with equal steadfastness if he thought he was right. He frequently was.

He had a keen sense of the ethics involved in the relations of Methodist preachers to each other, and he lived by his code. Anything casting reproach upon the Methodist ministry roused in him a righteous indignation. His tactic was to clean up rather than to cover up the offense. Sins against himself he could and did forgive, offenses against the reputation of the ministry he would not condone.

To him the Church's creed was not a series of propositions for academic debate or casual pulpit discussion, but hard-won truth, the fruit of nineteen centuries of Christian experience and as such to be publicly proclaimed and privately lived by. His sermons were scriptural, logical, strong with the conviction of his own faith. He did not waste time arguing for the truth, he declared it.

The discipline of his church was not to him an archaic theory of church government, but seasoned wisdom, the law by which a living church lived, demanding obedience of ministry and membership alike. It might be changed by due process but its authority must not be denied.

In him a great heart, tender sympathy, keen perception of men and affairs, a discriminating sense of justice, contempt for the sordid and the mean, steadfast loyalty to conviction, prudence, courage, devotion to the Christian Ideal combined to make a man honored by all who knew him and loved by those who knew him well with a devotion it is given no small soul to rouse.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer at Chesapeake Avenue Church. Two close friends, Rev. W. S. Deyerle and Dr. P. Manning Hank, read the words of final farewell at the grave, in Oakwood Cemetery in Richmond. Here his body waits the glory of earth's last Easter dawn.

by William Archer Wright

Cyrus Rosser James. In the life and ministry of Cyrus Rosser James, the meaning and purpose of Methodism is epitomized more clearly than in written word of eloquent speech.

Born in York County on November 18, 1855, son of Cyrus Wesley and Ann (James) James, he knew and remembered well his grandfather, Reverend Cyrus Bayse James, who is recorded in the history of this Conference as a "founder of Methodism in eastern Virginia." His mother and father were alike descendants of Thomas Bayse James, long time Colonial clerk of Kingston Parish in Gloucester and Mathews.

When six years of age, he saw McClellan's Army sweep up the Peninsula and across his father's farm, six miles below Yorktown, leaving devastation and poverty in its

wake. Cut off from school, his education devolved on his mother, whose ability as a teacher as well as that of her pupil is attested by the fact that at nineteen he passed the examination for a teacher's license with high honors, notwithstanding that since his twelfth year, when his father died, he alone had worked the farm and supported his mother and sister.

But neither love of family nor success as a teacher swerved him from his great purpose in life, the Methodist ministry. In 1888, he took his first examination for admission to the Virginia Conference, the committee reporting that he displayed "a profound knowledge of Methodist theology and history." Assigned to Buckingham circuit, he began his ministry of half a century in the fall of that year, and served successively charges in Mecklenburg, Northumberland, Lancaster, Northumberland, Northampton, Petersburg, Albemarle, Bedford, Campbell, Appomattox, Mecklenburg and Nottoway.

A vigorous, emotional and eloquent speaker, an energetic and capable builder, a pioneer and ardent advocate in the temperance movement, he represented well throughout his ministry the militancy of the Methodist Church. He was inspired throughout his life to know and love God and to preach the Gospel. He believed in the Apostles Creed as in God, and in his last conscious moments whispered, "There's a Land that is fairer than day."

In 1884, he married Annie Elwood Shield, of York, a pupil of his at the time. To this union were born six daughters and three sons, all of whom, with his wife and seventeen grandchildren, survive. He was happy with and proud of his family. His belief in a college education, which the War denied him, is attested by one Ph.D., two M.A., and five B.A. degrees which he saw his children win. His eldest son, now Professor of History at University of Pittsburgh, was the third Rhodes scholar from Virginia. Of great physical strength, he never lost his love of out-door life; he was an excellent horseman, a skillful sailor and an expert marksman. Though his work was always heavy, he never lost his love of gardening and farming. He surprised even the professors of astronomy with his practical knowledge of the stars, which he constantly studied and followed in their courses.

In his entire ministry he served four years in every appointment except two, and rarely, if ever, reported shortage in any collection and was never in default on any assignment of duty. In his own charges he had added a total of 2,000 to the membership. Notwithstanding his own heavy work, he often engaged in evangelistic services in other pulpits, always with successful meetings followed by large increases in church membership.

Stricken with angina pectoris, Mr. James was superannuated in 1926, retiring from his last pastorate at Burkeville to Richmond with Mrs. James to live with a son, Arthur W. James, now Commissioner of Public Welfare of Virginia. For several years he enjoyed comparatively good health and was very happy. In his eightieth year, he was attacked by a more insidious and fateful disease from which he suffered greatly, but without complaining, until his death on August 23, 1937, at the age of 81 years and nine months.

A link with the early establishment of the Church in Virginia, an example of its resourcefulness in adversity, a fit representative of its present strength and future hopes, Cyrus Rosser James, one of the last of the old order of circuit riders, has joined the hosts of our great past, transmitting his orders and the Bible of his grandfather to his son, Reverend B. Rosser James, of the West Virginia Conference, and the influence of his life and ministry to his family, his Church and his State.

by J. T. Mastin

Walter Addison Jeffreys, son of Robert M. and Lelia Louise Jeffreys, was born September 13, 1873, in Granville County, N.C. His parents were devoted Christians, and it is not strange that he felt very early in life, the call of the ministry. Those who knew him best, speak of him as a young man of sterling character and godly life. When he was about fifteen years of age his parents moved to Skipwith, Va., and later to Chase City.

After finishing in the schools of Mecklenburg County, Brother Jeffreys was graduated from Randolph-Macon College. He was admitted into the Virginia Conference on trial at the session which was held in Richmond, Va., November, 1902. He entered his

work joyfully and for thirty-five years he gave his life in consecrated Christian service to the up-building of the Kingdom of God.

On account of poor health, and the illness of his wife, he requested the superannuate relation at the last session of our conference. He had hoped his rest would be brief. The last conversation the writer had with him, he said: "My health is now much improved, and I want to re-enter the active ranks at this conference." But the Master of all good workmen said, "it is enough."

On Wednesday, August 25, 1927, at 12:30 A.M., his gentle spirit went home to God. Thus passed to his reward a faithful and beloved member of the Virginia Conference. His soul was aflame with the love of God and with a passion for souls. Under his faithful and tender ministry, many were brought to repentance and salvation. His was a love that thinketh no evil and speaketh no evil. Modest, gentle, sympathetic, deeply pious, and a faithful servant of God. His was a life of continual benediction to others, and by his sincere life he won and held the love and esteem of his people wherever he served.

He served the following appointments with success, and to the delight of his people. Albemarle, Powhatan, Chesterfield, South Halifax, Caroline, Fox Hall, Whitestone, Cartersville, Danville Circuit, Maple Grove, Richmond, Crozet, East Nottoway and Charlotte. He had purchased a home at Drakes Branch, where he had served his last appointment for five years, and it was from this home that he was called to cease his earthly toils, and receive his Crown of Life.

He was happily married December 21, 1904, to Miss Carrie Phillips of Richmond, Va. For nearly thirty-three years she was his true helper in the work of the ministry. They were blessed with three children: William P. Jeffreys of Richmond, Mrs. Carter Friend of Alexandria, and Miss Pattie Jeffreys of Drakes Branch. These children, with their mother, mourn the loss of an affectionate, wise and tender husband and father. Also four brothers, William H. Jr., Harvey E., Albert L., and Herndon P. Jeffreys, all of Chase City.

Funeral services were held Thursday, August 26, at 3 o'clock in the Chase City Methodist Church, conducted by his Presiding Elder, Dr. M. S. Colonna, assisted by the writer and Rev. M. H. Barton of Drakes Branch. The sacred remains were placed in the Jeffreys Mausoleum in the Woodlawn Cemetery, Chase City.

We miss his smiling face and hearty handclasp at this session of our conference. We mourn our loss; we rejoice in his gain. Workman of God, well done.

We may well join with Mrs. Charley Kingsley, who thus commemorated her husband:

"To the beloved memory of a righteous man,
Who loved God and truth above all things,
A man of untarnished honor,
Loyal and chivalrous, gentle and strong,
Modest and humble, tender and true;
Pitiful to the weak, yearning after the erring;
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,
Yet most stern to himself,
Who lived in the presence of God here,
And passing through the grave and gate of death
Now liveth unto God forever more."

by H. W. Landrum

Thomas Arthur Smoot was born in Olin, Iredell County, N.C., March 6, 1871, in a Methodist Parsonage, the son of James Franklin and Virginia Brittingham Smoot. He attended school at Oak Institute, Mooseville, N.C., and entered Trinity College in 1891 taking his degree there four years later. He taught two years as Headmaster of Trinity High School, did post-graduate work at Vanderbilt and in 1898 was elected Professor of Science and Philosophy at Greensboro College. Licensed to preach in 1896, he was ordained in 1900 and spent the remaining thirty-seven years of his life in a truly great pastoral and pulpit ministry in Fayetteville, Durham, Wilmington, Norfolk, Richmond, Danville, and again in Norfolk where he closed his growing ministry and laid down his life.

Many were the positions of honor and of trust he held from time to time by the favor and the suffrage of his brethren, a favor unsought and a suffrage unsolicited by

himself. He was a member of the World Missionary Conference in York, England, in 1910. In 1912 Randolph-Macon made him Doctor of Divinity. In 1919 he was delegate to the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Time and again his Virginia brethren sent him to the General Conference. He had been vice-president of the General Hospital Board, a member of the General Commission on Budget, president of an important section of the General Council of Christian Education, a member of the General Board of Education, twice chairman of the Annual Conference Board of Christian Education, and a trustee of Randolph-Macon. Many of his brethren had wanted him in the episcopacy.

These things were not to him the trophies of his popularity or the symbols of power, but privileges, and opportunities to serve the church and the Lord he loved. They do not reveal his greatness. This does, that in the midst of all his honors, his humblest friends might never know his worth and place by any act or word of pride. Truly here was one who could "walk with kings nor lose the common touch."

While Professor in Greensboro College he was married to Miss Leila Gilchrist McGirt, happy companion of all his years thereafter, charming mistress of his parsonage homes, mother of his two fine sons and lovely daughter. His home was a delightful haven for him and for his friends, and his joy in his family and their devotion to him was delightful to behold. Grandchildren visited him during his last pastorate in Norfolk. How his face lit up when he told how tiny wayward feet romped their way about his house and into his heart.

T. A. Smoot might have held high fame in the literary world. The versatility of his mental interests, the quickness and beauty of his imagination, the soundness of his scholarship, his deep understanding of the hidden currents of human life, an apt and sincere style would have brought both fame and fortune perhaps. He did write, over a wide range of subjects from short stories to theology, and from household economics to expositions of scripture. Secular books, "The Standard of Pitch in Religion," "The Start and Finish of a Day," "The Evolution of a Churchman," were widely read. But writing was not his business, the ministry was. He used his talent, he did not let it enslave him. It was tributary to his great calling.

He might have held the highest place as an executive and church statesman. Unhurried calmness in the midst of pressing detail, tenacity of purpose, power to bring men to co-ordination of effort in a common task, steel-like incisiveness in will and word, vision of the larger end, all were his. He laid them under tribute not to serve ambition but to enhance the power of his ministry to the churches he held.

He was by calling and by choice a servant of the Church and a minister of God, preeminently a pastor and preacher, a shepherd of sheep. He never forgot he had a cure of souls, and this was ever first in his thought and ministry. His churches prospered too in all material things. He gave due attention to their finances and equipment, their organization and program. He built them better of bricks and of men. It was so in Durham and in Richmond, at Main street, Danville, and at Epworth, Norfolk, In these places the very brick and mortar make memorial of his building powers. At Epworth, where for eight years, through the bitter depths of the great depression he and his church stood firm, and held the line and kept courage and the forward look, his last year was marked by costly but needful improvement done under his planning wisdom and careful eye.

So, too, he built the church with men. Men honored him for his wisdom, loved him for his patient, kindly strength, and followed him because they loved him. To him was given unusual power of self-abnegation which kept him from succumbing to the temptation to identify his own popularity with the success of the church. Men might, and did in large numbers, gladly join the church under his ministry, but no man ever joined "Tom Smoot's Church." He had no church. The church had him. And when Tom Smoot left a church there was no falling away of his friends.

The years increased upon him, but he was not growing old. There was the simplicity of innocent childhood about his joy in living down to the last of his days. The stark clean shadow of a pine across green fairways, the keen exhilaration of a breeze, the tender green of spring, a splash of color in the early fall, the swift shadow of a startled fish in still water, a robin on a dew-drenched lawn--he drank them in. They ministered to his very soul and kept him alive to light and joy. His joy in these was

no colorless aesthetic pleasure. It was the vigorous enjoyment of one who sensed his kinship with the great world God had made and who reveled in its strength and beauty as something divine and soul-sustaining.

His imagination was wonderful. With all his practical wisdom he could when past sixty still see sprites and fairies, get a sermon from a bird lifting its head from early breakfast to thank the skies for a full larder, or surprise his companions every now and then with a bit of quiet humor which would write a smile in one's very soul.

With his sound scholarship, great faith, undimmed Christian optimism, perfect understanding, broad sympathy, young heart, commanding presence, chaste and expressive English, intuitive reach of reason lit by a consecrated imagination, his essential brotherliness of spirit, it is no wonder churches wanted him and wanted him back. Whole cities were glad when he came to their pulpits.

Forty years ago one of his students wrote of him, "Under his charge we were brought into closer touch with mankind and with Christ than ever before. He taught not by words alone, but by the smile with which he always greeted his pupils and the encouragement he gave when their tasks seemed almost unbearable."

Forty years later, when he lay dead, a Richmond editor wrote in more flowing phrase the same story of a great living: "So faithfully did he discipline himself to service that he had the manner of one who, while walking humbly before his God, nevertheless spoke as one having authority. It was impossible to be with him and not to gain in respect both for him and for his ministry."

The same day the editor of one of the great dailies of his own city, Norfolk, wrote: "He employed his wide and deep knowledge to the warming of the cold of heart, the strengthening of the weak of spirit, the comforting of the ill in body, the breathing of his own lofty courage into the humble and the fearful. Of the salt of the earth, he was a man's man as he was a man of God."

Dr. Smoot died after a courageous fight against disease extending over many months. His last days were filled with pain, but his faith and hope kept high. He died in the early morning of August 29, 1937. On Monday afternoon in Epworth church, where for twelve years Dr. Smoot had ministered to a great congregation, the writer conducted the simple funeral service, assisted by Dr. Sparks W. Melton, pastor of Freemason Street Baptist Church, and Dr. F.L. Wells, pastor of Park Place Methodist Church. The next morning what was mortal of Dr. Smoot was laid down for its last long rest in the soil of his native state at Wilmington. His memory springs eternal in the hearts of those he blessed, and in their children, but Thomas Arthur Smoot himself dwells now with God.

by William Archer Wright

Minutes for 1938. **Major Samuel Colonna.** When M. S. Colonna stood on the floor of the Virginia Annual Conference a year ago in Epworth Church, Norfolk, and expressed his purpose to retire from the active ministry, little did his friends realize the end was so near. He was taken ill late in the conference session and was not able to sit with the Cabinet in its final meetings. He was rushed to a hospital in Newport News where just a few minutes after the reading of the appointments, he passed on into the Father's House. Often he had expressed the desire that he might not outlive his usefulness and certainly his wishes in this regard were fulfilled. On Wednesday, October 20, 1937, the funeral services were conducted in Trinity Methodist Church, Newport News by the pastor and a long-time friend, Dr. J. W. Moore, assisted by Rev. R. O. Bryant and others. The body, followed by many of his brethren in the ministry and a large concourse of sorrowing friends, was taken out to Greenlawn Cemetery where it was laid to rest amid a rich profusion of flowers to await the resurrection of the just.

Major Samuel Colonna was born June 6, 1871, at Hertford, N. C., which was at that time in the bounds of the Virginia Conference. He was the child of a Methodist parsonage, the son of Rev. M. S. and Adona Briggs Colonna. He was also the grandson of William P. Colonna, for many years an honored member of this conference.

During his early childhood and youth he was educated in the private schools of Northampton County, and at the age of fifteen, young Samuel entered Randolph-Macon College, where he took the B. A. degree. He then studied law while teaching school at the Academy in Hertford, N.C. It was during these years that he reached his decision to become a Methodist preacher. He talked with no one on the subject so far as it is

known, but one day on a visit to Southampton County where his father was pastor, he left a note in the study informing his loved ones of his decision. In so doing, he gave full credit to the influence of a beautiful Christian home as well as for the Christian ministry. Forthwith he entered Vanderbilt University where in the course of time he received his B. D. Degree. He entered the Virginia Conference on trial in 1894, and for forty odd years he moved in and out among his brethren, sharing with them the vicissitudes and experiences that usually come to the lot of a Methodist itinerant.

Early he revealed evidences of ability as a preacher and was given from the first responsibilities above the average. He served important churches in Lynchburg, Martinsville, Petersburg, Portsmouth, and Richmond. In addition to his pastoral work, he served for many years as presiding elder. In this position of trust, he revealed qualities of admiration and of leadership that fitted him in a peculiar way for such type of work and during the last twenty-five years of his life he presided over five separate districts in our conference. He served the conference on a number of its most important Boards and Commissions. He was a charter member of the Board of Trustees of Ferrum Training School, and from the first, was active in the development of that project for the education and training of mountain whites. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of Randolph-Macon College, and later he was honored by that institution with the Degree of Doctor of Divinity.

While serving as pastor of Chestnut Avenue Church, Newport News, he was united in marriage to Miss Mattie S. Gayle, a member of his church. From this union were issued four sons, M.S., Jr., who died quite young, Robert M., who resides in Middlesex County, Shepherd W., a lawyer in Newport News, and Edward A., a member of the faculty of the University of Virginia. These sons, together with his wife, today mourn the loss of a devoted father and husband. There were also two sisters in the home--Mrs. Bryant, who died a few years ago in Boykins, Va., and Mrs. Mary C. Walker, of Richmond --and three brothers William D. and Robert P., both of Newport News, and Paul C., a physician in New York City.

As I remember my association with Dr. Colonna through the year, I think of him first of all as a friend, for he was certainly that to me. In the formative period of ministry I first came to know him, and I shall not soon forget the privilege of a great friendship that he then offered to me, nor will I ever escape the potent influence of his life over mine. I came to honor him for his work's sake and increasingly through the years to love him and appreciate him for the true worth of his character. I count it a privilege to thus pay tribute to the fidelity and genuineness of his friendship.

I would also mention his fidelity to duty. Whatever else may be said of him, he was faithful. The work of the Kingdom did not suffer in his hands. He was faithful to a trust and loyal to the program of his church. He was capable, dependable and a wise leader of men. His counsel was particulary appreciated by the young preachers under his care, for he was deeply interested in their future, and equally solicitous was he of the welfare of all the men and their families on his district.

There was little of personal ambition or of the spirit of self-seeking in the man. Never once did I hear him mention the subject of his own appointment. If he was ever anxious about it or deeply concerned over the outcome, he never once revealed it. As a true Methodist preacher he was willing to go where he was sent. The work came first, ahead of anyone else or before any other consideration.

There was also in him an element of the heroic. Some may not have known this, for he was not communicative, particularly concerning his personal affairs and his personal feelings. He continued at his post of duty often in great physical pain. He suffered in silence. During the last year of service as presiding elder he was in almost constant pain or disability, though his closest friends did not know. He was uncomplaining, he never found fault, generous in his estimate of his brethren, and with "charity toward all"--truly he was a "good minister of Jesus Christ."

Last but not least, he was a strong preacher. He loved the pastorate and was cordially welcomed in the homes of his people. No man could have been a more faithful pastor than he, but the pulpit was his throne. Here he brought to the people for their edification the "beaten oil" of the Word. His sermons were thoroughly prepared, revealing ready acquaintance with the classics, and dealing not only with the great funda-

mentals of doctrine, but interpreting as well the implications of the social Gospel. Abreast of the times, he sought to relate his message to the age in which he lived. His spoken word was helpful and inspiring, and calculated to strengthen and to build up, as he preached the "whole counsel of God."

His going was sudden, but how appropriate and fitting the hour. The Bishop had hardly finished reading the appointments to the Conference assembled in Epworth Church, when news was received of the passing of Dr. Colonna. He, too, had received his "appointment"--but this time at the hands of Him whom he had served so faithfully and so gladly through the years.

It is difficult to realize that we shall see his face and form no more moving in and out among us, but we brush aside our tears at the loss of a brother beloved, and at the same time, we rejoice with him in his new found joy in service at the right hand of the Father.

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle found, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

by H. P. Myers

Vincent Walter Bargamin, the son of Anthony Bargamin and Marie Therese Guyot Bargamin, was born in Richmond, on July 11, 1856. He died at his home in the same city on November 25, 1937.

For generations his family had belonged to the Episcopal Church. His father was a vestryman in old Grace Episcopal Church, now a part of Grace and Holy Trinity. Young Vincent was baptized in his infancy into that Communion and attended Sunday school and church as a follower of that faith.

His father was head of a prosperous plumbing business, the leading firm of its kind in Virginia, with an established reputation for thoroughness and integrity, a growing popularity and a glowing future of usefulness and prosperity ahead of it. He expected his son to take his place as head of the firm when he should have retired and prepared him for such a future, sending him first to an excellent academy, then to Richmond College, and then into a business house in Kentucky for training.

While working in Kentucky, Vincent boarded in a Methodist home and during a Methodist revival, which he was attending with this Kentucky family, he professed religion and received a call to preach. He wrote to his father who commanded him to come home at once.

"I'll come if you'll let me join the Methodist Church and become a Methodist preacher," he wrote, and the disappointed father replied, "Come home. Be what you choose. But come home."

The young man returned to Richmond, joined Centenary Methodist Church and entered Randolph-Macon College, where he spent five years. He entered the itinerancy in November, of 1884.

His father, disappointed at first, came to feel that his son had chosen wisely and told him so. When the rich young man heard the Master's answer to his question, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" he turned away sorrowful. Vincent Bargamin accepted joyfully. And he found his reward.

His first appointment was to the pastorate of East King and Queen Circuit in the Randolph-Macon District (now Rappahannock) at a salary of $220 per annum. The largest number of persons on profession of faith by any charge on this district that year was 50. He received 33 on his charge.

He remained at East King and Queen two years and then was sent to Dorset Mission in Dorchester County, Md., clear across the Conference, where his salary was to be $305.00. He took the boat at West Point, proceeded down the river to the bay, across the Chesapeake to Baltimore, and thence by boat to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. He landed at Cambridge and drove to a small town called Milton, in Dorchester County, where he asked directions as to how to reach his new field. The people of whom he made inquiry were members of his new charge and they took him in. He remained with them for two weeks.

At Madison, Md., he met the future Mrs. Bargamin, Miss Daisy M. Tall, whom he married in 1890. In the same year he was appointed to Cape Charles, the first preacher sent there by the Virginia Conference, and thus the happy couple began their long and

useful ministry. At Cape Charles he received his first experience in dealing with a large non-church-going population. It was at this point that the great revival among railroad people was sweeping the country. These people were being moved by the railroads from cities to small towns in Virginia, such as Cape Charles, Crewe, Roanoke, Bluefield, and Radford. The Bargamins did a great work among these people at Cape Charles, before being sent from there to Accomac Circuit thence in succession to Cambridge Circuit, to Fox Hill, to Smithfield, to Capron, to South Norfolk (now Chesapeake Avenue) and to Denny Street.

His appointment to Denny Street in 1908 brought him back home after his wanderings and it was there that he did his greatest work. He made a study of the territory surrounding Denny Street Church, laid his plans and went to work to put the Methodists of Richmond in that field. A large number of the people were very poor and did not go to any church. He had to deal with problems of relief, sickness, unemployment--all the problems we face today in social work. The Board of Public Welfare was established in 1908, and he came frequently to the Secretary--the only preacher who did--to secure all the help the Board could give in his work in suggestions, information and material aids.

It was here that he did some of his greatest personal work--bringing whole families into the church, not to build up the church primarily but to rebuild the lives of the people themselves.

He organized a strong Bible class of 100 men with himself as the teacher. This class was organized for social work. It had its own fund to be used in relief. The roll of the class was called every Sunday morning and each member reported any cases of sickness, need, either spiritual or material, and other information gathered in house to house visitation during the preceding week.

With the help of the Methodist Institute, classes in nursing, homemaking, sewing, et cetera, were organized for the people of the community. The auditorium became too small to accommodate the growing congregation.

He interested the leading men in this and other Methodist churches of Richmond in the erection of a Lekies Memorial, Norfolk. However, the auditorium, exactly as he had planned it, was built during the pastorate of his successor. Before he had been moved to Norfolk, he had interested the leaders of all denominations in the erection of a union chapel in the Fulton Hill section, which was growing rapidly. He dedicated this chapel, where Sunday school was held each week and preachers of all denominations alternated in preaching at 2:30 P.M. each Sunday. All the churches of Fulton Hill are the outgrowth of this union chapel and Sunday school.

From Lekies Memorial he was sent to Wright Memorial and from there to Memorial, Petersburg, then to Fairmount Park, Norfolk. Forced for family reasons to return to Richmond, he was sent to St. Paul's. While pastor of St. Paul's, he tried without success to unite St. Paul's and Branch Memorial. He then went to Sanston and from Sanston to Greenwood, his last charge.

Completing his Greenwood pastorate, he retired. At about that time his sister died and the family estate came to him. The last days of his life fell into easy and pleasant ways. He bought a lovely home in Richmond and was able to do many things for his wife and his five children that he had always wanted to do but never had been able to do because of the financial sacrifices entailed in his career as a Methodist itinerant.

The family joined Centenary. He attended the Methodist Preachers Meeting regularly, preached often and gladly took advantage of the many opportunities for usefulness to be found in the field opened to a retired minister of the Gospel. Thus the years passed peacefully till the end.

The outstanding characteristic of Vincent Walter Bargamin was his clear conception of the value of personality. He saw in everybody he met, however low, the pearl of great price--the ability to become a child of God. He realized that the greatest work any man can do is to take these lost children of God, like the Savior, seek them out and bring them into the fold.

His was such a clear vision of what the kingdom of God could be that there grew in

him a divine discontent which ever drove him by personal work to endeavor to bring the kingdom of God into the lives of the lost.

As a result, he enjoyed some great experiences. These influenced his preaching, which usually involved one of three themes--"The wages of sin is death or the dangers of sin;" "Man's personal responsibility to God for the kind of life one lives" and "The Glory of Life in Christ." Among the texts he loved were "The Wages of Sin is Death;" "By Grace are Ye Saved through Faith, and That Not of Yourselves, It is the Gift of God;" "Everyone of Us Shall Give an Account of Himself to God," and "The Gift of God is Eternal Life."

His life was a verification of the Master's promise that if we seek first the Kingdom of God all things else shall be added unto us. He gave up family, wealth, social position, and a ready-made future to serve the Lord as an obscure Methodist itinerant and the Lord gave all these things back to him and more.

Even when he was a student in college, he brought many into the Church. As an example of his great gift for this type of the Master's work, I cite an incident of his college days. He was walking across the campus one evening wishing he had someone to talk to about His Master. He joined another student and asked him the question, "Are you a Christian?" The boy answered, "I have just been wanting someone who knows something about it to talk to me about that."

They talked until nearly midnight and parted. At daybreak the other lad was back at young Bargamin's room pounding on the door. "I've got it," he exulted. "I just wanted to tell you that I've got it!" That boy is now a prominent judge in Florida and one of the strong church leaders of his State.

Vincent Bargamin never hesitated to talk to men and women and boys and girls about their soul's welfare. He approached them on the street. He entered their homes. And he brought individuals and families by the hundreds to accept the Savior and follow the way He laid down for us. His was a truly Christ-like life--a life that offers an example worthy of study and emulation to all our young preachers today.

From the hour of his conversion, he never had any fear of death. To him it was merely an incident in the life eternal and when it came he welcomed it as the gateway into a fuller life.

He now is realizing what Paul saw when he wrote:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the Faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which Christ the Lord shall give me at that day."

by J. T. Mastin

John Redd Eggleston was born in Henry County, Va., near Axton, April 27, 1873, the son of Gay and Betty Gravely Eggleston. Having the advantage of a Christian home he was converted at an early age and became a member of the Methodist Church. The community was so impressed with his fine Christian character as a young man that he was elected superintendent of the Sunday school. It was while serving in this capacity he heard the call to the Christian ministry. After deciding definitely on his life's work he attended Randolph-Macon Academy and Randolph-Macon College.

In 1904 Brother Eggleston was united in marriage with Miss Henrietta Armistead of Halifax County, whose devotion to him and his work was an abiding inspiration. Three children were born to them, Miss Margaret Armistead Eggleston, Miss Mary Tom Eggleston, and Dr. John Eggleston, Jr., all of whom reside in the city of Norfolk.

His first work was as a supply at Fox Hill while attending Randolph-Macon College. These few months at Fox Hill meant a great deal to him, but probably more to the people to whom he ministered. Impressions for good were made that lasted through the years. He was admitted on trial into the Conference in the fall of 1901 and was appointed Junior Pastor on the Matthews Circuit with Rev. C.D. Crawley. Then followed in order the following pastorates: East Halifax, Dorchester Circuit, York Circuit, West Point, Ashbury, Wesley, Rocky Mount, East York, St. Pauls West End, Exmore, LeKies, Campostella, and Princess Anne Circuit. While serving on the Princess Anne Charge his health failed and he had to retire from the active ministry.

Some notable work was accomplished during his ministry. At East York he built the beautiful Trinity Church at a cost of $40,000. This is still one of the best rural church buildings in our Conference and would do credit to most of our city appoint-

ments. While on this charge he was very active in the life of the community. He was instrumental in placing the High School on the accredited list, and served as its principal for almost a year. Another fine work was the building of the West End Memorial Church in Richmond. After the building was completed an article appeared in the paper which read as follows: "Today the passers-by at the corner of McRae Street and Broad Rock Road hesitate to believe their eyes and think they are dreaming because of the wonderful thing which has taken place there. That unpretentious spot has been transformed into one of the most sacred and prominent street corners in South Richmond since erecting there the new West End Methodist Church. As it stands it represents the faithful and conscientious leadership of the pastor and the willingness of the membership to do. They have toiled, stinted, and denied with a pleasure that would win the admiration of all."

His greatest work cannot be measured in the churches he erected but in the people he led to Christ. He had a correct view of the meaning of the Christian ministry. He was the servant of God, recognizing always his responsibility to the Master of us all; and recognizing that work for Him was big enough to engage to the full all the energy, talent, and devotion of any man. He poured his life into his work. He was a man of deep convictions. The public always knew where he could be found on any question which concerned the welfare of the church and the community. As an itinerant Methodist preacher his voice sounded against the forces of his day which were carrying men to ruin and involving those related by blood and society in the ruin. He cried aloud against these things. His was a ministry of redemption because he believed in and told men of a Redeemer.

He did not serve in our largest appointments. Much of his work was of the most difficult kind. This seemed to make little difference to him except in the weakening of his body. While on the Princess Anne charge his health gave way completely and in the fall of 1933 he took the superannuate relation. On the morning of November 30, 1937, the soul of John Redd Eggleston passed into eternity. The funeral service was conducted by the writer assisted by Dr. William Archer Wright, presiding elder of the Norfolk District. The burial was in the Armistead family cemetery at Lennig, Va. Here in peaceful sleep lie the mortal remains of this servant of God awaiting the resurrection morning.

by Walter C. Gum

William Edward Grant was born at Hertford, N.C., January 19, 1853, and died at his country home near Petersburg, Va., December 15, 1937, being nearly eighty-four years of age. At the time of his birth his father, the late Rev. William Grant, for many years a member of the Virginia Conference, was serving the Hertford Circuit, then a part of the Virginia Conference. His mother was Miss Sarah J. Meadow, of Nansemond County, Va. For several generations his family on both sides were all Methodist. By inheritance, preference and choice he was a Methodist.

He was converted at the age of fifteen under the ministry of Rev. J. E. McSparron, in 1868. Soon after this he was impressed with the thought that he must preach the Gospel. The poverty of the times forced him to continue to work on the farm, his father sending him to school whenever the opportunity offered, until he was fully grown. During these years he was upstanding in his Christian life and character. He was a consistent member of the church and a class-leader upon whom his pastor could depend. While leading a prayer meeting during a great revival in 1877, conducted by Rev. J. Q. Rhodes, he received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This gave him courage and confidence and there grew in his life an increasing determination to be a minister. His timidity, bashfulness and a sense of his limitations held him back from entering at once upon the responsibilities of an itinerant minister.

In the fall of 1877, with the assistance of his father, he entered Randolph-Macon College where he remained for three years. He was an industrious student and a hard worker, possessing intellectual curiosity, and therefore made rapid progress in his education.

He was received on trial into the Virginia Conference in the fall of 1880, and his first appointment was Surry. He gave forty-five years of faithful, helpful, inspiring service to the ministry of his church and a full life of devotion to Christ. The record shows that most of his life was spent on circuits, which was to his liking. He

possessed a warm attachment for country people. The following charges were served by him: Surry, Chesterfield, Montrose, Prince Edward, West End, Manchester, Gordonsville and Orange, Effingham Street, Portsmouth, Wicomico, Bowling Green, Fluvanna, Buckingham, Cumberland, East Dinwiddie, Dinwiddie, Capron, Shacklesford's, East Matthews, Chesterfield, Wesley and Chesterfield.

In all of these charges he was successful in leading souls to Christ and in building up the waste places of Zion. His Gospel was a story of God's redemptive love and the power of Christ to save to the uttermost all who come to Him by faith and he told this story with persuasiveness, understanding and effectiveness. In the meantime his life was an open book and was his greatest sermon, for men took knowledge of him that he walked with God.

On December 11, 1888, he was married to Miss Fannie H. Redd, of Prince Edward County, of a notable Methodist family. This match was made in heaven and they walked together the paths of earth for forty-nine years in the happy and constant bonds of wedlock. This union was blessed of God with a large family, eleven children in all. Besides the widow the following children survive him: Mrs. H. L. Bain of Capron; Mrs. S. T. Geddy and Mrs. J. C. Bland of Plain View; Mrs. J. G. Dinwiddie of Waynesboro; Misses Kate and Emma Grant of Petersburg, and three sons, George Grant of Fayetteville, N. C.; John Grant of Penns Grove, N.J.; and James Grant of Capron. Two sons precede him to the grave. Two sisters and five brothers also survive him, Mrs. Dan Ellis of Ashland; Miss Leon Grant of Chester; G. P. Grant of Lynchburg; L. C. Grant of Jackson, N.C.; Henry and Tom Grant of Ridgeway, N.C.; and M. J. Grant of Greensboro, N.C.

William Edward Grant was a faithful, loyal, consistent, courageous Methodist preacher. The characteristics of his life were the beauty and simplicity of his Christian character. It could be said of him that he was a sacrificing for his cause and in bearing his burdens and sorrows, he was a singing heart because he believed that the right must eventually win. The emphasis of his preaching was evangelism and the record is replete with the numbers of people who were received into the church and who were blessed of God under his gracious ministry. His friendliness, his optimism, his confidence, his cheering faith in man and in God, his gift in comforting the sorrowing and his contagious and triumphant hope were the crowning virtues and excellencies of his joyous and winsome life.

He was the pastor of the writer during two of the critical periods of his life. His bright and victorious spirit, his comforting words, his strong and manly friendships, his constant encouragement, his gift in prayer, his confidence and assurance of God, have been a living example and inspiration through the years.

In 1920 he bought a small farm near Petersburg where he lived during the remaining years of his life. From this beautiful and attractive home he served nearby charges for six years. His devotion and loyalty to his family were beautiful to behold. His home was the center of generous hospitality, good cheer, and radiant faith. He loved the quiet beauty of this country place. He was attached to every tree in the grove. It was his expressed wish that his funeral services might be conducted under those graceful oaks.

Late last summer his strong and steady body began to yield to the pressure and weight of the years. The ripening fields, the coloring of the forest and the soft glow of the fall sunset reminded him that the time of his transition and home-going was near at hand. After several weeks' illness, at the close of a long day when his work was done, after eighty-four years of faithful, joyous, victorious living, his bright, untarnished, redeemed and triumphant spirit went sweeping through the gates into the city.

The funeral services were conducted from the home by Rev. W. B. Jett, Dr. H. C. L. Correll, Dr. P. M. Hank and Rev. R. M. White, assisted by nearby ministers, and the body was laid to rest in Blandford Cemetery.

by Hawes Palmore Clarke

John Luke Bray. From the good County of Gloucester, that has been from early days a favored county for Methodism, came John Luke Bray. The year had just begun when he was born. It was January 1, 1871. His people were strong and earnest folk. They did their best by their children as God sent them. His father's name was John, and his mother's

Sarah Luke and these point to the Book where these names are written large--a Book that had first place in the home.

It has not been far back when Virginians did not have an easy task to get schooling. Sixty years ago that was true in all the counties. Brother Bray attended the community school of his village. His manner and eagerness to learn won favor with his instructors. Good men encouraged him and aided him to reach out for the better things. In time he was able to enter Randolph-Macon College. He did not remain to graduate, but the College did much for him, and set him to become a student which he kept up all his life.

His ministry began with his youth. He entered the Virginia Conference at the surprisingly early age of eighteen. There was lacking but one year of rounding a half century of service when he crossed over to join those in God's home land. A variety of experience crowded these years. He wrought upon circuits, in towns, in cities--from the limit across the Bay, to the hills that mark the Western Boundary. Once he was for a brief time Superintendent of the Masonic Orphanage in Richmond. In 1901 he transferred to the West and was gone six years. Coming back to Virginia, he continued steadily in the active itinerancy until the end.

He did much good. There are strong, manly men who liked to hear him preach. His last charge he had once before filled as pastor. Here they regarded him as the best and most helpful of men. He got things done, because his plans were well laid and it was good to follow him. His preaching was with fervor as one who believed. He carried forward his work in the same fine way. To lag meant things were not at their best and he was uncomfortable. When his body failed him, we took an estimate and found all the church program running to date. The Conference benevolences were in sight for District Conference, to be paid in full, and the year not half spent. He died March 31, 1938.

There was reserve about him. Not every one knew him. But when time ripened friendship he was nobly kind, and would not be outdone in things lovely, and of good report. Among the churches of his pastorate, three times he was stationed in Richmond, once in Danville where he remained five years, once in South Boston, and twice in Crewe. He left neither circuit nor station the poorer. The work was improved where he passed along.

The data is not at hand to give an estimate of his work while a transfer in the West. He returned to us invigorated and strong of faith. It is significant a year after his return Taylor University of Indiana conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. At the very beginning of his ministry he was married to Miss Pauline Clements, of Gloucester. She is living and among us today. Her influence and helpfulness was much of his strength in carrying on through the years. More than once he was at the breaking point from recurrent weakness of the heart. This faithful, devoted woman would direct affairs until the threatened shadow was lifted. There are three children of the family: John Luke, Jr.; Mrs. O. E. Lowry of Richmond; Miss Lynda Bray of Fredericksburg.

We could not think his work was over when he was taken to the hospital. The kindly days of the Spring were coming across the land and the joy of life flooding in. But He who knoweth what hour to call the laborers, brought to a close the strenuous day. He died March 31, and was buried two days later in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. Drs. Frank L. Wells and Joseph N. Latham assisted the writer of this sketch in placing his body in sound of the busy city and by the flow of the inland river.

But our home is not here. However full of music and colour and delight this world may be, God has provided some better thing for us. We desire a better country. We look for "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

by George Wesley Jones

Alfred Alexander Whitmore. When, at the twilight hour of April 4, 1938, God's voice came to Alfred Alexander Whitmore, he was ready. Then a noble, saintly spirit, released from its prison-house of flesh, went home. Thus was closed an earthly life of nearly eighty-four years.

Alfred A. Whitmore was born July 2, 1854, in Chesterfield County, Va.; the son of Isaiah and Susanna Phillips Shackleford Whitmore. His father was a self-respecting and highly esteemed man. He became a Christian, through the influence of his son, Alfred,

late in life. The mother was a woman of high ideals who devoted herself wholly to her husband, and to her children, of whom there were eight. She had the joy of seeing every one of the children converted in early life.

Of his conversion, Alfred, the eldest said, "When I consecrated my life to God I was only ten years and ten months old, but it was such a clear and sweet satisfaction that I had at that time, I can never doubt I was converted."

The youth of Alfred A. Whitmore was spent during the period of social and economic disorganization of our Southland. Hence his opportunities for an education were limited. But with an exceptionally fine mind; with an ambition and a determination to obtain what education he could, he applied himself with such diligence and perseverance that he could presently stand among his fellows unabashed. He called himself a self-made man.

May 4, 1873, Alfred A. Whitmore was married to Emma Jane Robinett. This union continued for sixty-two years, until the wife went home to God. Of this union there were thirteen children, ten of whom remain with us.

Although Brother Whitmore felt the call to preach when he was only thirteen years of age, he was thirty-five when he applied for and received license to preach. He used the opportunities offered to exercise his gift for preaching. God blessed his efforts.

Being convinced that he should devote his whole time to the ministry, he in 1891 applied for work as a supply. He was assigned to Hooper's Island, a mission field in the State of Maryland. To this charge he went with a wife and several children. He labored here for two years under great hardships, but with success. Of these years he wrote in his diary: "For two years I have been tested and tried sufficiently to prove that my convictions that I should preach the Gospel were genuine, and as far as I could understand, were of the Lord."

At the meeting of the Virginia Annual Conference, 1893, Alfred A. Whitmore applied for admission on trial. Although he was thirty-nine years of age, with a wife and ten children to support, he was received.

Brother Whitmore's first charge after uniting with the Conference was Cambridge Circuit, Md. He labored here for four years serving with zeal and fidelity. After serving Belle Haven Circuit for three years, he was returned to Cambridge at the request of that charge. He remained for two years. From Cambridge he went to Chatham Circuit. Here he spent four years. Here his daughter Alice died and was buried. Here also he laid the body of wife to rest, and here, by the side of his wife and daughter, his own body lies buried. Brother Whitmore served several other charges. In his latter years he recorded that he had never left a charge without an increase of membership and other evidences of advancement. His last charge was South Salisbury, Md., where he had one of his most successful revivals. But it was here that his health broke down and he was compelled to give up the work. At the next meeting of the Annual Conference Brother Whitmore was given superannuate relation. He had made full proof of his ministry.

From the first Brother Whitmore took his call to the ministry seriously. He says of it: "I placed myself, my wife and children on the altar of the Lord when I entered the ministry, and have made no provision for the flesh--financially; living simply by faith in the Son of God. And He has provided for me, allowing my children to live and love and take care of me. That is enough for me."

As a preacher Brother Whitmore was careful in the preparation of his sermons, depending largely upon the Scriptures. He was clear in the presentation of his themes. In delivery he was fluent, earnest, direct, forceful. His preaching brought results--souls were saved and edified. As a pastor he was sympathetic, loving. He knew men. He had tact. He carried his spirit-filled life everywhere. People honored, loved and trusted him. He was a benediction. In both his preaching and pastoral work he was true to the injunction of Paul to Timothy. He preached the word. He was instant in season, out of season. He reproved, rebuked, exhorted with all long suffering and doctrine. A true prophet of God, and a true friend to man.

It would be impossible within the limits of a paper like this to even enumerate the "acts" of this apostle of our Lord. But here are a few of the outstanding characteristics of our departed brother:

He was a man. He had strong convictions and the courage of them. He could not be brought to any act or word of unworthy compromise. Yet he was modest, humble, always the Christian gentleman.

He anchored his faith in the Bible as the Word of God. To quote his own words: "I can say that I know what the Bible says is true; not because I understand all it says, but because when I have believed what it says and have done all that was in my power to do, as far as I know, God has heard my prayer, and He has not failed a single time to answer my request." And some of these answers were most remarkable.

He had a passion for souls. He loved his fellowmen. He knew how to sympathize with sinful men and women. God endowed him with remarkable evangelistic gifts. He gave himself, even sacrificially, to the work of saving souls and lifting them to the "higher ground."

He held to a high standard. He was sometimes given to theorizing. Of this he once wrote: "I fear I have been too well satisfied with theorizing about religion until I am more theory than substance." Yet no one will take exception to another statement of our brother: "We know there is no other standard in God's word for which we should strive to attain but 'holiness unto the Lord.'"

Brother Whitmore having what may be called a super-sensitive conscience and being unsparing of himself, and given to retrospection, had many and severe conflicts. To read his own description of these conflicts is to be reminded of the inward struggles so graphically pictured by Paul in the seventh chapter of Romans--The Tempter, like death, loves a shining mark. He seems to have taken great delight in attacking this man of God. But he fought every battle with a faith undaunted, and while there were seasons of self-deprecation and deep depression, he fought on to the finish, and won.

As the shadows of the evening of April the fourth, nineteen hundred and thirty-eight were falling then heaven's gate swing open and this faithful soldier of Christ entered in. We know where to find him. Thitherward we move. **by W. G. Bates, Sr.**

Spottswood Harvey Johnson, the son of a Methodist preacher of honored memory in the Virginia Conference, Blasingame H. Johnson, was born near Hanover Court House, October 8, 1854. His mother, Mary Wingfield Johnson, of Hanover County, Va., died when he was nine days old. A few hours before the death of his mother, she gave him to God, praying that he might be a preacher. When he was two years old he was very sick and the doctors despaired of him. His father retired to his room and prayed that the infant might live, dedicating him to the Lord, as his mother had done. On August 18, 1896, at a meeting conducted by his father, assisted by Rev. Nat Thomas, at Sardis Church in Mecklenburg County, he gave his heart to God, and from the first day of his conversion he felt the call to the ministry. But, to make sure that he was not mistaken, and that God had laid his hands on him for the ministry, he kept this to himself until 1875, four years later. The time from 1871 to 1875 was a time of mental anguish. The impression of his call deepened, until it thundered in his heart and mind," Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel."

He had attended Randolph-Macon College for two sessions, and in the fall of 1875 came back with the conviction that he must get ready for the ministry. On October 8, 1876, on his twenty-second birthday he was licensed to preach, and in November of that year, was admitted to the Virginia Conference on trial. Two years later he was ordained a deacon by Bishop Pierce, and in 1880 an elder by Bishop Keener.

Young men in that day were usually placed as junior preachers, and he had the good fortune to spend the first three years of his ministry under strong men, such as Thomas H. Campbell, on Gates Charge, N.C.; R.N. Crooks on Bertie Charge, N.C., and George E. Booker, Sr., on Gloucester Charge, Va. He was then sent to West Goochland for two years; West Lunenburg two years; transferred to the West Virginia Conference and was sent to Greene Circuit in Pennsylvania for one year. From Greene he went to Phillippi for two years. He then transferred back to the Virginia Conference, and was put in charge of New Kent Circuit, in 1886, where he remained four years; South Chesterfield two years; Charlotte one year; Middle Bedford two years; Appomattox two years; Pittsylvania four years; Orange two years; Charlotte a second term of two years; Buckingham four years; Spottsylvania four years; Halifax four years; Caroline two years; Ashland

Circuit four years; King George two years. Thus for forty-nine years, without a break, he actively labored for his Lord and Master.

At the October Conference held in the City of Richmond, 1925, this faithful servant asked for the superannuate relation. This was a sad day, because his joy had been actively to proclaim the Son of God as the Savior of the world. However, it was not a day of retirement. Through all the previous years, by thrift and strict economy, he had been getting ready to go back to the place of his birth and there spend, in the midst of the people who knew him, his last days. In some ways they were the best, for he did not stop. At once, he took up the work in the church of his childhood, taught the Bible Class, counseled young and old and stood ready to cooperate with his pastor in every good work. For thirteen years all the powers of his heart and mind were used in serving this community. He was their apostle of peace and good will, and when the time of his going came, the whole community mourned. A good friend, a wise counselor, and a man of God had left them.

Brother Johnson died May 27, 1938. The funeral service was conducted from his late home, "Emmafield," by his pastor, Rev. G.D. Coffey, assisted by Dr. J.T. Mastin, Rev. R.A. Craig, and the writer of this memoir, and his body was tenderly laid to rest in the cemetery of his wife's family, "Glenstrup," in Chesterfield County, there to await the resurrection.

On November 9, 1892, Brother Johnson married Miss Lula O. Dahl, of Chesterfield County, the daughter of H.F.J. and Lucy H. Dahl. For forty-six years they worked together and shared fully in the interest and responsibilities of the home and the ministry. The Johnson home was at all times an old-fashioned Christian home, a place where love, sympathy and cooperation were the law. The writer has often been encouraged, after a visit to this home, to believe that there are still many such homes where the law is love. Six children came to bless this marriage: Mrs. Theresa M. Charlton of Buckingham County, Va.; Miss L. Inez Johnson of Ashland, Va.: Willard Dahl Johnson of Charleston, W.Va.; Mrs. Hattie V. Charlton of Buckingham County, Va.; Miss Lurine W. Johnson of South Boston, Va.; Miss Susan Paulette Johnson of Richmond, Va. Every child is a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

Brother Johnson was one of twelve preachers admitted into the Conference on trial in 1876. At the last session of the Conference in Norfolk, only three were left, and his name stood at the top of the roll. At present the only one living is Dr. J.T. Mastin. At the funeral service, he paid a beautiful tribute to his Conference comrade. He said, in part, "Tried by any standard, S. Harvey Johnson was a great man. No man among us was more courageously faithful. He did not serve our great churches nor was he paid large salaries, yet he gave a tenth of his income to the Church, educated his children, and saved a sufficient sum to build a comfortable home when he retired." One of our great men who knew him thoroughly and loved him well declared he was sufficiently well equipped to fill our best appointments, but he was handicapped by extreme diffidence. Another who was equally well acquainted with him, said, "It might be the other way around.... He gave himself, a living sacrifice, to the Lord and prayed for divine guidance."

It has been my happy privilege during these years of his retirement to spend some time with him and I am richer today for the fine social hours we spent together. He knew the Methodist Church and loved it. He was familiar with all of our distinctive doctrines and thoroughly loyal to our polity. While he had convictions as to what ought to be done, I never heard him criticize a brother minister, or find fault with the administration of those in authority. He sincerely believed in his brethren and he credited them with the best. I have been especially impressed, as I have studied his life through the years, with his bravery. He was an ambassador of Jesus Christ, and he never hesitated to condemn wrong doing in high places of in low places. If a thing was wrong, he was against it and no personal considerations could prevent him from giving expression to his convictions. He did not deal in flattery and he was always sincere in his expressions of approval and sympathy. S. Harvey Johnson was a prophet of the Lord. Some might call him an old-time preacher, but he belonged to no time. Like all of the true prophets, he belonged to all ages. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will

give thee a crown of life." We rejoice in the consciousness that he has now received that promise.

by S. C. Hatcher

Edgar A. Potts has gone to his eternal reward--a reward reserved for those who unstintingly and unremittingly devote themselves and their possessions to those institutions, those causes, and those human beings whom they believe and hope will contribute to the effecting on earth of God's will. Weakness of physical contribution precluded that active service in the ministration of the Lord which his spirit was eager to give. But to the limit of and many times beyond, his strength, he dedicated his abilities and means to his church, his friends, and his family. He was born February 2, 1861 to Rev. Joseph E. and Mrs. Mollie A. (nee Harrell) Potts, at Smithfield, Va., whose Methodist communicants at the time were in his father's pastoral care. He was the second of four sons. Much of his youth was spent in Ashland, Va., where he was educated first by his father, who for many years conducted a school preparatory for Randolph-Macon College, and later at the college itself. From Randolph-Macon he was graduated Master of Arts among the first of his class of 1882. Mr. Potts then entered the teaching profession with the personal commendations of his former professors, particular emphasis being placed upon his accuracy, conscientious industry and high moral character. During the period spent in this vocation he instructed in mathematics and in French at Onancock Academy, Onancock, Va., performed the duties of high school principal at Eclectic, Ala., and filled the Chair of Mathematics at St. Charles College, St. Charles, Mo. Under the special influence of his father, Mr. Potts determined to concentrate his abilities to the ministry and pursuant to this purpose entered into preparation in 1888 at Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Conn. He was graduated Bachelor of Divinity by that institution in 1891. Entering into the service of the church he was admitted to the Virginia Conference in the same year and on November 15th was ordained Local Deacon by Bishop John C. Keener. On November 17, 1895, Mr. Potts was ordained elder by Bishop Charles B. Galloway. The first appointment to which he ministered was Matoaca, where he served in 1891 and 1892. He ministered the succeeding years until 1907 at Blandford, Petersburg, one year; Liberty Street, Berkley, two years; Trinity, Norfolk, one year; New Kent, one year; Highland Park, Richmond, four years; Williamsburg, two years, Culpeper, one year; as Sunday School Agent, one year; as Assistant Pastor, First Church, Charlottesville, one year. To recuperate physical resources whose diminution forbad immediate continuance of pastoral care he took the supernumerary relation in 1907. Zealous of ministerial spirit he returned to active connection at Clarksville in 1908. On July 1, 1909, Rev. Mr. Potts married Miss Martha Maud Pettengill of Clarksville. Solicitude for his wife's health impelled his removal to a more southerly climate and in 1909 he requested the supernumerary connection. From 1910 to 1912 he resided in Atlanta, Ga., changing his home to Orlando, Fla., for the years 1914 to 1917. Mr. Potts resumed pastoral service in 1917, ministering at Cape Charles and at Crewe. In January 1920 his return to Florida was compelled by the uncertain health of himself and his wife. Edgar A. Potts with the earnest and prayerful consecration which identified him throughout life devoted himself to the secondary and college education of his son, leaving his home in Gainesville to school the youth in Emory University Academy. Though distance had separated him from his Conference home he was ever there in spirit, and to the limit of his means gave to that religious pale to which he often wished he could again give his physical and mental life. Rev. Mr. Potts, " a workman who needeth not to be ashamed" passed on May 28, 1938 to the abode where all good workmen shall be set to work anew. In the First Methodist church of Gainesville, Fla. in which he had worshipped for fourteen years the funeral service of the faith he loved was conducted on the morrow by Dr. W.A. Myers and Rev. R.J. Broyles. To mourn the removal of his physical being are left his wife, Mrs. Martha Maud Potts, and son, Joseph D. Potts. Though that which was mortal of him is no longer present in the daily life of this world his spirit lives forever both here and in that world beyond.

by Joseph D. Potts

Frank Burruss was born near Penola, Caroline County, Va., January 28, 1870, and died died July 14, 1938, in the 69th year of his life, and the forty-first year of his ministry. His parents, Atwill and Ella Gatewood Burruss, were devout members of the

Methodist Church and from this Christian home two sons entered the Virginia Conference. Granville Burruss, a brother, was a member of this body for several years.

Brother Burruss developed a strong Christian character because he built upon the right foundation from youth. Referring to his childhood days, his mother said he was "always a good boy." When about twelve years of age, he became greatly concerned about the salvation of his soul, although he was a member of the church and striving to lead a Christian life. Peace came to him through the assurance that God wanted him to work in His vineyard and to be concerned for the souls of others also. His mother dedicated him to God the day of his birth and she was not surprised when she learned that he felt called to the ministry. He lived on the farm until after his twenty-first year, when he entered Randolph-Macon College to prepare for his life work. He spent five years at College, form 1891 to 1896. On leaving College he went to Madison Circuit to assist Rev. C. F. Comer, who had become disabled through an accident. This was a happy year for him, and he felt that his life had been greatly enriched by association with this cultured, sweet-spirited Christian gentleman.

In 1897 he was received into the Conference on trial and served one year as junior preacher on the Matthews Circuit under the Rev. H.J.E. DeShazo. During his active ministry of thirty-seven years he also served the following charges: Montrose, Cascade, Essex, King William, Gloucester Point, Prince Edward, Gordonsville, Fluvanna, Madison, North Garden, Sussex and Albemarle. Two years of his ministry, from 1912 to 1914 were spent in the Oklahoma Conference. In 1934 while serving the Albemarle Circuit, his health failed and he was compelled to take the superannuate relation. He purchased a home within the bounds of the Fluvanna Circuit where he had served four years and had a host of friends; and there, with his family, spent the last four years of his life. During his declining days his zeal for the cause of God never lagged and as far as his strength permitted, he was active in Church and Sunday school work to the day of his death.

Brother Burruss was blessed in his home life. In November 1900, he was happily married to Miss Elizabeth Walker of Westmoreland County, a most estimable Christian lady, who survives him. Through all of his ministry she was a true helpmeet and an inspiration. Six children were born to them: William Walker Katherine Gatewood (now Mrs. Holland), Hannah Elizabeth, Francis Atwill, Henry and George Granville. He loved children generally and found great joy in his own children and grandchildren.

He was a man of fine intellect and sound judgment. There was nothing flashy or superficial about his preaching, and those who gave earnest heed to his words regarded him as a strong, thoughtful, helpful preacher. He was a man of positive convictions, courageous, and decidedly outspoken against sham, hypocrisy, and sin that curse men's souls; but he did not fail to emphasize God's redeeming love through Jesus Christ, and many were turned to God and built up in the faith.

Brother Burruss had the happy faculty of making and holding friends. His transparent honesty and sincerity made men trust him and love him, and their confidence was never misplaced. The writer visited brother Burruss' family a few weeks after he passed away, and while looking through his library came across a book, the gift of a friend, with this inscription: "To Rev. Frank Burruss, as a small token of my growing appreciation of the steadfast few." "Steadfastness"--the word was well chosen. Just forty-five years ago this month the writer met brother Burruss for the first time, at Randolph-Macon. After a close friendship of these many years I desire to bear testimony to the steadfastness of his Christian character.

He loved God's great out-of-doors. Born and reared in the country, he spent all his life in the open spaces, and saw the presence of the Father in the birds, and flowers and beautiful mountain scenery. He loved the good earth to the day of his death and it was near the close of a bright mid-summer day, after spending the day about his farm, that he was suddenly called to lay down his earthly tasks and enter his Father's home.

The funeral services at the funeral chapel in Charlottesville were conducted by Rev. C.T Boyd, assisted by Rev B. T. Candler. His body was laid to rest in the family burial ground at his boyhood home in Caroline County. The services at the grave were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. C.T. Boyd.

by H.H. Smith, Sr.

James L. Finch. Early Saturday morning, July 16th, while on his way to the radio station in Richmond to broadcast a devotional message the spirit of James Love Finch slipped out of the body and passed through the portals of the Eternal City to be with his Lord. To those who knew him best, the manner of his going was a commentary upon his entire life. James L. Finch was always about His Master's business, tireless in his ministry of love and unselfishness, never too busy to respond to an opportunity of service, whether it be to minister to the highborn or to the lowly--it was appropriate, therefore, that he should be found active in service up to the very moment of his going.

The subject of this sketch was born in Mecklenburg County just outside the town of Clarksville on August 3, 1880. He was the son of Langston Easley and Tabitha Boyd Finch. As a boy he grew up on the farm receiving his early education in the public schools of his county and in 1896 on the death of his father, he went to Lawrenceville where he began his career in the business world. From the first he revealed promise in the field of commerce, and while still a very young man accepted a position with the American Tobacco Company and was transferred to New York City. Here he remained for a number of years in high favor with his employers who advanced him from year to year.

However, it was not intended that James L. Finch should devote all of his talent and the powers of his personality to the business world. He had been reared in a Christian home, and from early youth he enjoyed a rich Christian experience. While in New York he took the deepest interest in the work of the Water Street Mission, as well as being an active member and a faithful attendant of Madison Avenue Methodist Church. It was during these years that there came to him a definite call to preach. There was no hesitation as to what he would do in response to that call. Turning his back upon the inducements of his firm and the emoluments the world had to offer, he set about at once to prepare himself for the high calling of the Christian ministry. He entered the Academy at Bedford in 1905 and after two years he began his work at Randolph-Macon College. After taking his degree at this institution, he continued his studies for two years longer at Vanderbilt University. In 1914, he returned to his native state and trained in mind and consecrated in heart, he offered himself to his church, and in the fall of that year was received into the Virginia Conference on trial. Earlier in the year he was united in marriage to Miss Annie Bass, of Danville, who for more than seventeen years gave to him the devotion and loyalty of her heart, and greatly assisted him in his work. He was deprived of this help, however, by her sudden death in February 1932. His second marriage was to Miss Bessie Baldwin who previous to their marriage had served the Church for a number of years as a missionary nurse in Mexico. His choice of a helpmeet proved most happy, for his life was gladdened and his burdens made lighter by her radiant personality and unfailing support.

For twenty-four years Brother Finch traveled as an itinerant in the Virginia Conference, during which time he served the following pastoral charges in the order named: Trinity, Lynchburg; Culpeper, Park View, Portsmouth; Fort Hill, Lynchburg; Alta Vista; Byrd Park, Richmond; Highland Springs, and the last three years were spent at Denny Street, Richmond.

As a preacher, Brother Finch was convincing and forceful. He was not an orator in the common acceptance of that term, but his heart was so filled with the love of Christ for sinful men and his life so baptized with the Holy Spirit, that he spoke with spiritual unction and power that moved men when they heard and challenged them when they witnessed the great earnestness of his soul. He never trifled in the pulpit. He was painstaking in his sermon preparation of the heart. He preached for a verdict, and more frequently than not issued a definite challenge to his hearers. I have never known a man who had a greater passion for souls and a more sincere desire to help men to find God. He had but one ambition. With Paul he could truly say, "This one thing I do." In season and out, by use of every known means of evangelism he pursued his goal. And with success. Men came to the altar at his call, they would respond to his touch as he would search them out in factory, mill and home. In the Eternities he will find many "stars" in his crown.

He was a man of deep conviction, and on occasion, unafraid to speak out in defense of the principles he held dear, sometimes even to his own hurt. He was a real man.

Gentle, tactful, always considerate of the feeling and opinions of others, he was fearless in his stand for righteousness and truth. He was a gentleman always. There was in him no guile, no pretense, no unholy ambition, no desire for place, no jealousy of a brother's promotion, never an unkind word. A purer soul, a more devoted spirit, a more fully consecrated life, it has not been my privilege to know.

His home was a place of joy and peace. A most gracious welcome always awaited the visitor, and everything at his command was placed at the disposal of his guest. It was my privilege to be in the home for days at a time. There was never the slightest impatience, but gracious and tender, he was a model husband for the companion at his side. His home was Christ-centered, and therefore, rich in those qualities that issue out of such an intimacy.

Best of all--he was a friend. I count it a privilege to have been numbered as one. Across the years we enjoyed an intimacy not found every day. We entered College the same year and from the first our friendship was genuine. Together we have shared our sorrows and our victories. Finch had many friends. He was greatly beloved by the people he served. While he had no children of his own, he was a great lover of children and they in turn took much delight in his company. The "common people" loved him, too, and for a reason. Like his Lord, he loved them. He was a friend because he was willing to pay the price that all true friendship costs. His was an unselfish spirit and life.

As he lived, so he died. "He was a good man, full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost." The funeral services were held in the church of which he was pastor, and were conducted by his presiding elder, Dr. J. Manning Potts, assisted by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and the writer. It was a simple service, consisting of the ritual of our Church, and some favorite hymns. The altar was banked with a profusion of the loveliest flowers. No words of eulogy were spoken. All was so peaceful and quiet. A great many of his brethren in the ministry as well as friends from the churches he had served were present. All were touched and deeply impressed by the memory of his beautifully, holy life. That seemed to be the only message one could hear in that last hour. "He being dead yet speaketh." After the services in Richmond, the body was taken to Lynchburg, where it was gently laid to rest in the Presbyterian Cemetery by the side of his first wife.

by H.P. Myers

Nathaniel J. Pruden. No adequate record can be made here of the relation of Nathaniel J. Pruden to the tremendous events that transpired in Church and State during the many years he was permitted to dwell in the land of the dying while on his way to the land of the living. The effect of these events on his life and of his life of great influence for good in the midst of and on these events, will never be known until the Recording Angel shall read the annals of history before the assembled multitudes at the day of judgment.

Brother Pruden was born in Smithfield, Va., October 6, 1852. His parents were John T. Pruden and Sarah Ann Denson Pruden, the latter a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

When a boy of eight and a half years old, he watched the famous battle of the Merrimac and Monitor. As a boy he beheld the awful ravages of conflict and struggle during the terrible War between the States.

His social environment was of a high type, and he grew up a good boy and was so recognized by his schoolmates in Smithfield where, in early life, he attended school. School advantages, however, immediately succeeding the civil war were meager and though he succeeded well in the prosecution of his studies, he was hampered by the fact that his father died when he was eighteen years old, leaving two girls and five boys. Nathaniel, being the eldest, had large responsibilities resting upon him as he acted the part of elder brother and assisted his mother in caring for the younger members of the family. He had little time for the usual pleasures of youth, was uncomplaining and loyal to the trust thrust upon him, and as the years went by had the satisfaction of knowing he had performed his duty and esteemed it a privilege to be a blessing in his home.

Brother Pruden, after seven days of penitence and searching for God, during which he had no appetite for food, was at twelve and a half years of age converted, and

entered upon a new life at Chuckatuck Church. He became a man and Christian of the highest ideals and these he put into practice in his home where he was an ideal husband and father. He was no self or place-seeker, never asked to be sent to any particular charge and went wherever appointed in a spirit of goodwill to the appointing power and with love to God and man, intent upon faithful service in the salvation of souls and the extension of the Kingdom of Christ among men.

In February 1873, he went to Randolph-Macon to better prepare himself for the work of the ministry, to which he was assured God had called him. Leaving in June 1876, he was employed by the presiding elder as junior preacher on the Charles City and Henrico Circuit. In November of that year he was received into the traveling connection and sent as junior preacher to Rev. Oscar Littleton on Gloucester Circuit. He thereafter served the following charges: Chatham, Charlotte, Matoaca, Berlin, West Brunswick and Heherrin, Surry, Prince George, Wicomico, Matoaca, second time; Fluvanna, Culpeper Circuit, Mt. Pleasant, West Dinwiddie, West Brunswick, King William, Haygood and Lynnhaven, Brookneal, Brookneal and West Charlotte, Elba, Fox Hill, Clarksville and Ocean View. He loved the country and country work, and the lamented Rev. Joshua Hunter said of him, "He is the best circuit preacher we have, and is a strong, forcible preacher and a good pastor."

At the November 1913 Conference, Brother Pruden, on account of ill health, asked for and was granted the superannuate relation. The last eleven or twelve years of his life were spent at Hopewell, Va. He suffered many bodily ailments and was quite deaf but his mind remained clear and strong and he was interested in and loved to talk of transpiring events in church and state. He preached sometimes at the Methodist Church, and when he wa eighty-two years old he preached on his birthday what Rev. H.W. Landrum his pastor said was a great sermon on the topic "And Now I Am Old."

For the last eleven months of his life he was confined to his bed being nursed and cared for by his untiring and devoted wife. He never complained and his cheerfulness and sense of humor that had grown as he grew older, never deserted him. He often expressed his confidence in God and his assurance of salvation through Christ, and said to the writer "I will show the world that a Christian dies happy." His faithful spirit left its tenement of clay July 25, 1938 in the eighty-sixth year of his life and went to that rest that remaineth for the children of God where "rivers of pleasure unceasingly roll and the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

Funeral services were held from the First Methodist Church in Hopewell, conducted by Rev. H.W. Landrum, assisted by Revs. P.M. Hank, J.T. Mastin and the writer. His body was laid away in Blanford Cemetery, there to await the Resurrection Morn, when soul and body shall be reunited by the Great Fashioner of all men.

On November 10, 1885, Brother Pruden was united in matrimony to Miss Mattie Wheary, of Chesterfield County, Va., who was indeed a never failing help to him through his long life and ministry. This happy marriage event was commemorated November 10, 1935 in the social hall of the First Methodist church at Hopewell, in the presence of loved ones and friends at a splendid dinner provided by the elect ladies of the Church. On this occasion the happy couple, under the ministry of W.B. Jett, replighted their troth either to other.

To Mr. and Mrs. Pruden were born three children. One of these died early in life. The other two, John M. Pruden and Mrs. Gregory Wallace, with his wife, eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild, survive. One of his grandchildren, Alfred Pruden Wallace, is preparing for the ministry, and has already begun preaching the gospel.

Rev. C.O. Pruden, an Episcopal clergyman, and brother to Rev. N.J. Pruden, died some years ago. Another brother, Lieutenant A.A. Pruden, chaplain in the U.S. Army, and yet another brother, Thomas J. Pruden of California, also survive. **by W.B. Jett**

Joseph Medley Rowland. On August 17, 1938 the news of the sudden, tragic death of Dr. Joseph Medley Rowland cast a gloom over Virginia Methodism and the entire church. He was at the peak of usefulness and our church could not afford to lose a man who through tact, experience and sympathetic understanding, was so well fitted to help lead in the organization of our united Methodism. With one voice our people mourned the loss of a true friend, a Christian brother and useful servant of God. He was known in Virginia by more people than perhaps any other man in the ministry. He preached the Gospel

faithfully and fearlessly, and always with delight to his hearers. He lectured in many pulpits, and traveled extensively at home and abroad. He published a number of books on travels and mountain life, which met with favor from the public. He could walk with kings and at the same time his best friends were among the poor. His honors and positions never robbed him of his love for men.

While we would not have had him to go when he did, there is something very beautiful in his going. The summer had come with peace, and for the first time he could take his wife and go back to the mountains of North Carolina and retrace the steps of his childhood. Those who met him in the early days of August at Junaluska tell how happy and buoyant he was, and how he and his wife fell in with the spirit of the place and contributed to the pleasure of all. Each day they tramped the mountains together, and on the last day of their stay at Junaluska they went to Mt. Pisgah, and there took a kodak picture of that high place that he loved. Then on the next day they went to the home where he lived as a child--was a boy again: he borrowed a bucket and went to the old spring as he had been accustomed to do for his mother, then to the church where he had learned to love the Lord. That night was spent in Salisbury, and the next day, with a mind full of childhood recollections and in the happiest mood, he journeyed back toward Richmond. His wife records the plans he was making for their home-returning--and suddenly he passed from these happy scenes of childhood and earlier life up to the mountains of God. It may be that this is the way that he would have chosen to go, and surely it is beautiful to think of one living a busy, useful life in the experience of love and sympathy here and just stepping over on the other side to meet those who have gone and to await those who are to come.

The funeral services were conducted from Centenary Church by Rev. C. Fred Williams, Mrs. Rowland's pastor assisted by Bishop W.W. Peele, Dr. J. Manning Potts, Dr. J.J. Rives and the writer of this memoir, and his body was conveyed by his brother ministers to Woodlawn Cemetery.

Joseph Medley Rowland was born in Robeson County, N.C., January 9, 1880. His parents were John Barnes Rowland and Julia Harlee Rowland. He lived on a farm until he was fifteen years old, then went to Weaver College and worked his way through. On July 12, 1899 he was licensed to preach and was recommended for admission into the Annual Conference at the Asheville District Conference held at Monroe, N.C. On November 14, 1902, he was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference and appointed a student at Randolph-Macon. He was transferred to the Western North Carolina Conference and was stationed on the Sparta Circuit. On November 15, 1903, he was ordained a deacon by Bishop A. Coke Smith, and on November 16, 1905, he was ordained an elder by Bishop E.R. Hendrix, and transferred back to the Virginia Conference. That year he was stationed at Cartersville, Va. where he remained for two years, doing an outstanding work. From this appointment he went to West End, South Richmond, for four years; Laurel Street, Richmond, three years; Park Place, Norfolk, five years; Rivermont Avenue in Lynchburg, three years, doing a phenomenal work as pastor and preacher in every appointment.

In October 1921, 1905 he married Miss Lyde S. Lewis of Ashboro, N.C., the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C.H. Lewis--a woman of fine culture, unusual tact and beautiful loyalty to her family and to her church. To this union were born three children: Claude Rogers Rowland, a teacher in New York University; Mrs. Ida Elizabeth Rowland Little of New York; Joseph Stuart Rowland, a student in the Richmond high school.

It is impossible in a memoir to delineate the life of John Medley Rowland. Although a busy pastor and editor, he found time to cultivate people, and he entered into their joys and sorrows in such a way as to make himself one of them. They brought to him their problems, and he was always kind and sympathetic. As an editor he had to suffer criticisms. If his sensitive nature had dwelt on these they would have embarrassed him, but he with his keen sense of humor, in every hard situation, saw something that brought the smile and lightened the burden. He knew the language of the people, and the great truths that he had to impart were so expressed that they made a direct, forceful appeal to the people. He had the imagination of a genius and could see situations afar off and depict them so clearly that he made others see them also.

He was not a theologian in the broad sense in which we sometimes use that term, but he knew God and he knew Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world, and his life was

consecrated to the task of making others see the Lord in all he said and wrote. He believed that the Methodist Church afforded the finest opportunity for the expressions of vital piety and helpful services to man, and therefore he rejoiced in our distinctive doctrines and always kept them in the forefront. He was a champion of all good causes, putting first the great program of our church at home and in its mission fields. He was behind every movement that made for better living and took an active interest in those causes that helped men into better relations with each other. He was an inveterate fighter of the liquor traffic for he had seen and felt the wrong that is done to any man when strong drink is put to his lips. As pastor and editor he was outspoken in his denunciation of the liquor traffic and in his advocacy of all the agencies that stood for its suppression.

When we appraise the life of John Wesley we recognize him as the champion of personal experience, and the champion of social service. Dr. Rowland was a follower of Mr. Wesley in these things. He now rests from his arduous labors and we rejoice in the thought that his words will go on and he will be made glad by seeing from the skies a better world in which men are to live.

A child who was brought close to Jesus by him, and who is now a mature woman, wrote these lines after his death:

O do not grieve at his passing now,
From the peak of his journeying--
While strength was greatest--fresh from the climb;
Brightest of all passages--no stop;
For the sky is the nearest then of all
When we wing home from the mountain top.

by S.C. Hatcher

Patrick M. Bell. A native of Virginia, born in February 1864, died in Mesa, Arizona Sunday, September 4, 1938. Between these dates was lived a most useful life. "The Virginia Gentlemen" describes the character and the spirit of this most devoted servant of our Lord.

First Methodist Church, Memphis, Tenn., honored itself when on October 3, 1888, it through its Quarterly Conference gave a license to preach to Patrick M. Bell. This was the active beginning of a long and useful evangelistic ministry. The Memphis Annual Conference admitted him into its membership on trial November 3, 1888.

For fifty years he gave effective service to the cause he loved as he loved life. He served as Junior Pastor, City Missionary, Pastor and Supply Pastor in important fields and churches--building, repairing, paying debts and holding revival meetings in which hundreds came to know Christ as a personal Savior, and a large number of ministers in our ranks today came to feel the call, and through his wise counsel, entered the ministry. More than a thousand souls brought into the Christian experience through his preaching and life, will call him blessed.

Serving in Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, Oregon, Montana, California and Arizona, his ministry was marked with signal success.

Brother Bell believed, emphasizing his beliefs and never his doubts. His was an intelligent faith; he was a student of the best literature; kept abreast with the age in which he lived; his preaching carried the note certitude. At times in the evening of his life, he rose to great heights of inspiring preaching. He was a Methodist; he knew her doctrines, believed them and preached them. He was ever just and fair in his judgments of his brethren and loved as only a true and devoted intelligent man can. There was nothing cheap or speculative in his gospel. When he spoke, men listened and hearts were responsive.

To his Virginia Conference Brethren, it gives us pleasure to send to you our appreciation and approval of his life in this far Western field. He was sincere; he was a man of devotion and prayer; he was a man who had experience and a message. He served well in this field, loved and honored by all who knew him. His memory will linger with us as the notes of the sweetest music. He knew the hour was approaching when he was to depart and be with his Lord. He made full arrangements and plans for his family, his funeral, and waited the summons. He was ready and anxious to be absent from the suffering body and be present with his Lord. He selected the songs to be sung

at his funeral, appointed those who were to bear his body to the grave. Everything was carried out as he had planned.

The memorial or funeral service was held in the Methodist Church in Mesa, Arizona where he lived and where he had taught the adult Bible class for years. The service was conducted by this writer at his request, and assisted by other pastors of the Arizona Annual Conference.

He leaves his wife, a son in Los Angeles, and a daughter, a teacher in the public schools of Mesa.

We felt it not a day of loss or sorrow but a day of coronation. The going home after long absence in a warfare for righteousness--a day when a worn and weary son was being admitted to his Father's House.

The Virginia Annual Conference was honored in that one of her ministers living in a State far removed conducted himself as a Christian gentleman, honored his Church, his Conference and his Lord.

by W.J. Sims

Albert Sidney Johnston Rice, the son of Rev. A.F. Rice, a local preacher, and Martha Leonard Rice, was born in Northumberland County, Va., February 9, 1864.

Unlike the great Southern general from whom he derived his name, Albert Sidney Johnston, the babe was destined to fight no battle between man and man in the coming years; but was called and appointed of God to fight as a soldier of the cross in the great battle against sin in the interest of the true liberty wherewith Christ makes free, for the redemption of his fellow man with no carnal weapons, but those that are "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of iniquity. His wrestling was "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And right valiantly did he press this fight.

He grew up in a thoroughly Christian home and atmosphere, and never engaged in sowing "wild oats."

He was born again when thirteen years old and joined the Methodist Church. He said, "I attribute my early conversion to the religious impression made on me in my home."

He attended private schools and Randolph-Macon College, and was a diligent and painstaking student with excellent mental grasp, and was honored by students and professors alike, for his strong Christian character and influence for good in the school. He was received into the Virginia Conference November, 1891.

He was the most modest and unassuming man this writer has ever known and if he had a fault it was his underestimate of himself and his ability. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that of the 276 preachers Dr. Lafferty names in his 1900 book of sketches, Brother Rice is the only one whose sketch is not accompanied by his picture." He once said, "I understand why a pretty girl does not take a good picture." In the Lafferty book of sketches it is said of him "He is in every respect worthy to be a preacher of the gospel of Christ." "Those who knew his quiet service are drawn to him and learn to reverence the spirit that controls his life. Our Methodism is proud to claim as ministers at her altars men like Sidney Rice, who lose themselves in the light they bear." Truly the promise to him belongs, "The meek will he teach his way."

Self-abnegation was the thought of his heart and the practice of his life, and he was all the time trying to do for others. He was an excellent preacher and devoted pastor. God, and his Church always came first in his life.

He was never strong, but his energy carried his often suffering body, in his ministrations to others through heat and cold and into uncomfortable places far beyond what could have been expected of him.

On account of ill health he asked for the superannuate relation at the 1911 Conference and remained in that relation till 1916 when his health having improved, he resumed active work, and so continued till the Conference of 1929, when he again took the superannuate relation. He retired to his little home on the suburbs of Lynchburg where he loved to work in his garden, was pleased to visit the sick in their homes and in the hospitals, informed his pastor he was ready to aid him whenever he could, and though never without pain, was always when possible, in his place at church; saying

that al-though he could not hear much on account of increasing deafness, "Maybe my presence will help some."

He gave liberally of what he had; and one of the stewards once said, "We could not pay the preacher but for his contribution."

He was always delighted when called on to preach, and the people heard him gladly. His last sermon was preached on the fourth Sunday in last August. At this service he sang a solo to the pleasure and edification of those privileged to hear him. He was greatly pleased when Forest Road Chapel was built and here he attended services during his latter years.

During the past summer he suffered increasing feebleness, but though suffering pains in his head and the back of his neck, he went to hear Bishop Peele at Court Street Church. After lunch, which he seemed to enjoy, he returned to the Church, but became so sick he went to a drug store and took some medicine, then went home, sat on the porch a while, and then went to bed. A doctor was sent for and said he had a stroke of paralysis. At one o'clock on the morning of September 1, 1938, his sweet spirit went to hear "The King" say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Carl Haley, assisted by Revs. H.H. Smith and J.W. Marsh, amid a large concourse of friends and many beautiful floral tributes, at Shiloh Church on the Bedford Springs Circuit, where he had once served as pastor, and his body was laid to rest in the beautiful Shiloh Cemetery.

He served the following charges during the thirty-three years of his active ministry: Floyd Street, Danville; West Buckingham, West New Kent, Fluvanna, Patrick, Charlotte, West Bedford, Middle Bedford, Culpeper Circuit, Mt. Pleasant, Appomattox Circuit, Gladys, Halifax, Bedford Springs, and North Pittsylvania. Many of these charges did not pay enough to support his family and he had to use, year after year, funds from a little money inherited from his mother's estate. There were added to the Church on the charges he served during his ministry 559 persons on profession of faith.

Brother Rice was married November 8, 1894 to Miss Florence E. Sipe, of Buckingham, County, Va. She proved a true helpmeet to him and gave charm and radiance to their happy Christian home life. Three boys were born to Mr. and Mrs. Rice, one of whom died when about three years old. Two, Walter L. and Guy E. Rice are true sons to their mother in her great loss, and with a four-year-old grandson, Walter L., Jr., cheer mother and grandmother amid the shadows of life.

Brother Rice was one of nine brothers, two of whom, J.F. Rice, and Howard T. Rice, survive and reside in Northumberland County, Va.

by W.B. Jett

Nurnie Carter Turner was born in Sussex County, Va., October 11, 1887 and died in Lynchburg, Va., October 16, 1938, aged 51 years and 5 days.

His early life was spent in Isle of Wight County, Va., and in Norfolk, where he was engaged in a business until the 35th year of his age. In early life he was conscious of a divine call to the gospel ministry, but conditions made it impossible for him to make the necessary preparation, and the matter was postponed. He was a member of McKendree Methodist Church in Norfolk, found great delight in its service, and became more and more convinced that it was God's will and command that he should preach. Some of the noble laymen in this church gave him support and encouragement in his desire to answer the call of God.

On June 17, 1912, he was happily married to Miss Mary Powell, of Norfolk, who to the day of his death proved to be ideally fitted for a preacher's wife. Her spirit of loyalty, fidelity and devotion to her husband and his work and to her children the writer has never seen surpassed. This union was blessed with the birth of four lovely daughters: Mildred Louise, Loris Virginia, Margaret Elizabeth, and Mary Helen.

Mary Helen, aged 15 months, died in October 1929, and Mildred Louise, 16, died a few weeks later, January 10, 1930. The writer conducted the funeral services of Mildred, who was for a number of years a student in Ferrum Training School, and a beautiful girl of unusual talent, especially in music. Seldom if ever does one hear the piano played so skillfully by one so young as Mildred played it. It was her chief delight to play and sing for her father in his evangelistic and other meetings. I can never forget how Brother Turner said to me at Mildred's funeral coming so soon after

the death of Mary Helen, "Wife and I feel like praising God as we never did before. Heaven is nearer and we just want to love and serve God more faithfully in the future than we have ever done in the past." A more beautiful spirit of submission and faith I have never seen manifested, but it was characteristic of the man.

In 1922, when our brother was 35 years of age, doing well in business, purchasing a home in Norfolk, with a wife and three children, the call of God to his soul to preach became so imperative and powerful that he could no longer refuse to obey. He felt that to do so would be to imperil his own salvation. In September 1822, he moved his family to Ferrum and matriculated as a student in Ferrum Training School, where he remained for four years until he took everything in the way of education the school had to offer. He also took Summer courses at the State Teacher's College at East Radford, and later attended three times on special courses offered by Vanderbilt University. He let no opportunity pass by for making the best possible preparation for his life's work. While a student at Ferrum he served as pastor for several years of the West Franklin Circuit.

He was received on trial into the Virginia Conference at its session in October 1926, and was assigned to Patrick Circuit where he remained two years. From there he was sent to Pittsylvania Circuit in 1928, which he served three years. In 1931 he was assigned to Victoria, which he served three years also, and from there he was assigned to Fairview Heights where he remained four years, passing to his great reward on Sunday, October 16, just three days before the meeting of his Conference at Lynchburg, where he lived.

While he displayed a spirit of unusual devotion, fidelity and zeal in all his pastoral charges, his greatest work was done at his last charge. He found a debt of more than $12,000 on this church, and to all human vision it seemed impossible to pay it. Our brother put himself underneath this burden of debt, labored over it with almost unparalleled zeal and in four years reduced it to $5,000, and put it in such shape that it can be paid. Every department of the Church received his loyal devotion, and was greatly advanced under his ministry.

Almost the last service he rendered the church and the Kingdom was to canvass the merchants of Lynchburg, for advertisements for the Conference number of the Richmond Christian Advocate, and he secured them to the value of $400.00 which made possible that notable special Conference number.

For seven weeks prior to his death he was confined to his bed part of the time in an oxygen tent. Before this time his physical condition was excellent--but the load of responsibility he carried for his church, the many evangelistic meetings he held in and around Lynchburg, and the special effort he made in behalf of the Advocate seemed to be more than his body could bear. A blood clot formed around his heart, which medical science could not remove. His funeral services were conducted from his church October 17, by Dr. H.P. Clarke, his Presiding Elder, assisted by Dr. J.W. Pearson, Rev. John L. Suttenfield of the Disciples Church and the writer. His body was laid to rest in Fort Hill Cemetery, Lynchburg, under a wealth of beautiful floral designs. A great concourse of sorrowing and sympathizing friends from Whitmell, Victoria, Lynchburg and elsewhere attended the services.

by B.M. Beckham

Robert Emory Blackwell was born at Warrenton, Va., November 14, 1854, the eldest son of the Rev. John Davenport Blackwell, D.D., and Julia Ann Butts Blackwell. He entered Randolph-Macon as one of 67 students in the fall of 1868, the year the college was moved to Ashland. At the time he was only thirteen years of age, but his uncle, Richard M. Smith, was a professor in the college and his father was the vice-president of the Board of Trustees, so it is likely that he felt at home from the beginning. In his second year in college the young student witnessed the first great epoch-making change that spread from Randolph-Macon to the other colleges of the land. At the instigation of Professor Thomas R. Price, and with the sympathetic support of President James A. Duncan, a chair of English was established at Randolph-Macon on the same basis as that of Latin or Greek. Young Blackwell graduated with the degree of A.M. in 1874, having taken every subject taught in the college and at the same time distinguishing himself as a pitcher and captain of the baseball team and a winner of the Walton Greek Prize. In addition, he was for a time instructor in French, German and Latin.

The year 1876 was a momentous one for Randolph-Macon. For one thing the Pace Building, the second brick building on the campus, was completed. President Duncan resigned and Dr. John Davenport Blackwell was elected president. He declined the honor and Dr. Duncan was induced to carry on as President. Professor Price resigned as Professor of English to accept a similar chair at the University of Virginia. Robert Emory Blackwell was called from his graduate studies at the University of Leipzig to fill his place, the first of a long list of Professor Price's students to become a professor of English. He held this position until his death. In 1900, Professor Blackwell became Vice-President, and in 1902 president of the college.

In 1877, he married Theela Epia Duncan, the daughter of President James A. Duncan, a lady of rare culture and a gifted musician. To them was born one daughter, Epia Duncan, who married Professor J. Fred Messick, of Emory University.

Dr. Blackwell's Christian influence and worth as an educator was felt not only at Randolph-Macon and in the Methodist Church, but throughout the land. Washington and Lee, Wofford College, Wesleyan University (Conn.) and Duke University conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. While a student at Randolph-Macon he joined the Kappa Alpha (Southern) fraternity and after his graduation he was made an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa and Omicron Delta Kappa societies.

Dr. Blackwell was one of the best known men in educational circles in America and was recognized for his leadership and ability by all the educational groups, boards and associations. He has served as President of the Association of Virginia Colleges; Chairman of the Commission on Secondary Schools, of the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States; a member of the Association of American Colleges to cooperate with the National Advisory Council on Education; a member of the Southern Methodist Board of Education; President of the Virginia Conference Board of Education; President of the Southern Methodist Association of Colleges; and President of the Association of Virginia Colleges. In all these groups he made a large contribution in directing and formulating their policies.

Not only was Dr. Blackwell a great educator, but he was a great man who gave his life in imitation of the Son of man in "going about doing good." Perhaps one of his largest contributions has been on the Interracial Commission. His spirit of broad tolerance and sweet reasonableness made his counsels invaluable in bringing understanding among people of various points of view. As a founder of the Virginia Commission on Interracial Cooperation, and its President since its establishment, he has had more to do with bringing about understanding between races in the South more than any one man. By birth, training and tradition, he could speak with authority on this subject and he unhesitatingly championed the cause of the weaker races and especially the Negro race in our midst. In its beginning there were critics of this movement, but no one ever criticized Dr. Blackwell's mature judgments and his unselfish interest. By his advocacy this movement has gained the approval and cooperation of the better thinking people in the South.

No tribute to Dr. Blackwell could be complete without a picture of his personal life. Throughout the years he demonstrated how a Christian gentleman should live and work. Little children loved him, and whether in the social circle or on the street they greeted and clung to him. Poor people brought their troubles and he shared with them his sympathy and his purse. His students loved him, and he always had the time for fatherly counsel and kindly sympathy for them in their problems. His faculty loved him and respected and honored his every wish.

He was a devout Christian, a real Wesleyan, and did a great deal to reinterpret John Wesley, whom he extravagantly admired, to our Methodist people. His favorite quotation was, "Think and let think." Another, "If thine heart be right with me as my heart is with thee, give me thine hand."

He believed that the work of the Master should be done in the local church as thoroughly as in the great councils. He filled most of the offices of the local church; Chairman of the Board of Stewards, Sunday School Superintendent, teacher and leader of Sunday School classes, in fact, he tried to do any and everything that he was asked to do by his pastor. He was generally a member of the Annual Conference and twice a member of the General Conference. He was a member of the Joint Commission on

Ritual and Catechism; a member of the Joint Commission on Unification; and one of his last official acts was his happy privilege to vote for Unification.

Truly, a prince and a great man has left us. No, he still lives with us and will live for generations unborn in the hearts and lives of the men whom he has touched and taught while he journeyed with us in the flesh. And this great life will be an inspiration to all who worked with him in making Randolph-Macon College an outstanding institution, broad in its intellectual outlook, thorough in the work it does, and rejoicing in the privilege of training the sons of men to become the sons of God.

by Samuel C. Hatcher

Minutes for 1939. **John Marshall** was born August 30, 1873 in Ambler, England, near New Castle-on-the-Tyne. He was the son of John Ralph and Margaret Ann Marshall. He went to work in a blacksmith shop when a young man and after he had learned the trade he was employed much of the time in building gates. He often traveled considerable distances to look at gates. His health failed and he was hardly able to do his work. Being discouraged he took up bad habits and for a time lived a very dissipated life. One night while passing a place where a revival was in progress, he decided to go in and listen to the preacher. He left under conviction, went to his room, and asked the lady with whom he was boarding to lend him her Bible. He spent hours in reading and praying until God heard his cry and saved him. When God saved him, he called him to preach the gospel. No man was ever more sure of his call to preach than was Brother John Marshall, and very few have been more determined to answer the call. He went to work for the Master as an evangelist. His health still bad, he came over to Canada thinking he could regain his health. While there he was at work as an evangelist. His health improved and he went back to England but had to leave again. He came to the United States in 1908 and settled in Virginia, near Danville. He worked as a blacksmith for some time and preached when an opportunity came until he was given work in the Conference.

Brother Marshall was twice married. In June 1896, he was married to Miss Jane Ann Forster, an Elizabeth lady. To this union there were born three children, Martha, Maggie and Jack. Sister Marshall passed away on January 8, 1924 after a long period of suffering. In the fall of 1925 he married Miss Nettie Burton of Maryland, who survives him and is living at Golden Hill, Md.

He was always ready and willing to serve his Master in any field to which he was appointed. To the pulpit he brought messages that were earnestly wrought out in the atmosphere of meditation and prayer. While assisting his brethren in evangelistic services, as he often did, he would often spend a good part of the day in the woods in communion with God. These seasons of prayer were usually followed in the evening by a sermon that stirred the hearts of his hearers. He loved to preach to the sinner and lead him to his Lord. Having known the depths to which a soul can sink through sin and the heights to which it can rise through faith in Jesus Christ, his chief ambition was to lead men to the Savior. He was very successful in this work and several preachers reported additions to the church at the Conference because of the preaching of this good man.

Brother Marshall was a good pastor and served very acceptably the following charges: Franklin, Patrick, Schoolfield (twice), Gloucester Point, Lancaster, Salisbury Circuit, South Dorchester, Madison and Deep Creek.

Brother Marshall was a great lover of flowers and beautiful things of nature. It was a pleasure to ride or walk with him through the woods or in the mountains in the fall of the year and listen as he talked about the beautiful leaves. He always wanted a bunch of them to take home.

Soon after he came to his appointment at Deep Creek he was taken seriously ill and had to go to Baltimore for an operation. As a result of this illness he found it necessary to ask the superannuate relation when Conference met. After a year or two of rest he thought his strength sufficient for the pastorate and wanted to get back into service. Being denied this privilege, he suffered one of the greatest disappointments of his life. He bought a little home at Gloucester Point but did not live there but one or two years before he moved to Frankford, Del., where he lived until death. About the first of October he was seriously ill but began to improve and made plans to go to

Nashville to spend the winter with his daughter Maggie, who is a deaconess in our church. He was supremely happy during the last two weeks of his life and sang and prayed with the neighbors as they came in to see him. On the night of October 28, at about 8:30, he called for a glass of water and before his wife could get to him with it he called for her to help move him. He then realized that he had suffered another stroke. He said to Mrs. Marshall, "We won't get to take our trip, but tell Maggie I will meet her in that better land." Jack and Martha reached his bedside while he was yet conscious. Maggie arrived Sunday morning, and he passed away Sunday night, October 30, 1938 at 11:30. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Nettie Burton Marshall of Golden Hill, Md.; three children, Mrs. Martha Pugh and Mr. Jack Marshall of Frankford, Del.; and Miss Maggie Marshall of Nashville, Tenn..; also a sister, Mrs. H.J. Richardson of Danville, Va., and several grandchildren. **by C.T. Harrell**

John Elliot McCartney. In the final roll call of the men of faith, John Elliot McCartney's name was reached on November 28, 1938. Born in Bellefont, Pa., on January 7, 1870, he died in Pasadena, Calif. on the above mentioned date. In the years that intervened, he grew to be a man, acquired an education, worked as a bookkeeper for a large manufacturing firm, spent some time in the itinerant ministry, and crossing the continent, adjusted himself to the circumstances of impaired health. He died in a faith tried, strong and triumphant, and left a record of fidelity and loyalty that is an inspiration to those who knew him.

Many influences combined to make him the person that he was. His parents, James McCartney and Margaret McLaughlin McCartney, bestowed upon him the rich, sterling qualities of a Scotch-Irish ancestry, and the advantages of a Christian home. In 1884 his family moved to Virginia, settling first in Lynchburg, then in Richmond, to suit the convenience of his father who was a railroad engineer. In the latter city he spent most of his youth, attended the public schools, learned to fit his life into a family of several children and to care for a frail body. Attending Laurel Street Methodist Episcopal Church South, he took a deep interest in all its activities. His conversion occurred in 1887 during the pastorate of Rev W.O. Waggoner. The latter took a deep personal interest in the young men of the congregation and helped young John, troubled over his call, to find his way into the Christian ministry.

He was licensed to preach in November 1889, and later gave up his situation with Savage and Holmes and matriculated as a student in Randolph-Macon College. From this institution he graduated with the Master of Arts degree in 1897. Going from Randolph-Macon to Vanderbilt University, he entered the Theological Department and pursued his studies until June 1900, when he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. In the fall of the same year he joined the Virginia Annual Conference on trial, was ordained a local deacon by Bishop W.W. Duncan and assigned to Williamsburg charge. Bishop Charles B. Galloway ordained him elder at the Conference in Danville, in 1905. In addition to Williamsburg, he served the following charges: West Point, Seven Pines and Highland Springs, Beach Street (Suffolk) and Magnolia, Oxford and Magnolia, Whaleyville and Somerton, and Urbana.

Dr. J.J. Lafferty, writing of him at this time, said: "Mr. McCartney is sparely built, being five feet, ten inches, and weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He is between a blonde and brunette in complexion, with dark grey eyes and a heavy suit of hair. He wears neither beard nor moustache. His quick elastic step has often been commented upon as signifying a similar characteristic of mind. His manner is one of reserve and deference towards those of wider knowledge, and experience ever marks his deportment. In a circle of genial friends, vivacity marks his conversation, while those who know him will have often thanked him for the inspiration they have gathered from one of his heart-to-heart talks."

On December 8, 1903, he was happily married to Miss Blanche E. Barker of Nashville, Tenn., who proved to be a most congenial and devoted wife. She shared with him all his varied experiences, made for him a home of peace and comfort and nursed him tenderly through all his sickness. None could say which loved the other more.

By 1912 it became clear that he would not be able to stand the arduous labors of the itinerancy so he took the supernumerary relation and sought the recovery of his health and strength through rest and a change of climate.

Fortunately Mrs. McCartney's aunt, the widow of Bishop R.K. Hargrave, was then living in Los Angeles, Calif. She invited them to come and make their home with her, which they did, and after her death they moved to Pasadena, and lived there until Mr. McCartney's death. As there was no Southern Methodist church in Pasadena, they attended the Altadena M.E. Church. In this Mr. McCartney took an active part, teaching the Men's Bible Class, serving as assistant superintendent of the Sunday school, secretary of the official board, and helper to the pastor.

Finding outdoor employment beneficial, he secured and held for fifteen years the position of Superintendent of Grounds on one of the largest and most beautiful estates in Pasadena.

A gentle, refined, sympathetic and sunny soul, he had a host of friends. Much time he spent among his books where he kept company with the great thinkers of the ages. From time to time he contributed articles to the church press and cultured persons enjoyed sitting at his fireside to discuss the topics of the day. As a speaker he was clear, logical and convincing. His sweet tenor voice helped to make the Vanderbilt Male Quartet famous in his day and the people of his charges greatly enjoyed the gospel in his songs.

The last four years of his life he spent very quietly at home. While under the care of a physician for many years, the immediate cause of his death was a hemorrhage of the brain. His funeral took place December 1, 1938, conducted by Dr. Alford Inwood with interment in Mountain View Cemetery, Pasadena, Calif. So closed the life of one whose soul outran the limitations of the flesh and far from the scenes of his childhood and the comrades of his younger days. He rests till he with them shall meet at the Master's feet in "that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
That day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last." **by C.O. Tuttle**

R. Clarke English was born at Oldhams, Westmoreland County, Va., July 7, 1907. The benediction of heaven came upon him in the very hour of birth in the gift of God-fearing parents, James Blair English and Beuna Lee English. They brought to him the graces of beautiful Christian lives and the wealth of rich Christian experiences. They live today to rejoice that, while their son so young in life was called upon to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he was truly a hero of the cross of Christ.

"Forgive our grief for one removed,
Thy creature whom we found so fair;
We trust he lies in Thee, and there
We find him worthier to be loved."

He gave his life to Christ at the age of six years. He joined Ebenezer Church on the Westmoreland Charge, which he served faithfully during his youth. While in this service God saw in him a preacher of the gospel of Christ. He called him, and gladly did Clarke English hear the call. His all was given to his Lord and Master in the happy privilege of preaching the gospel of God's redeeming love. The inspiration of the Holy Spirit and the example of the great apostle were his: "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." He did not count his life dear unto himself. His supreme glory was to make full proof of his ministry. The sting of death, to one so young, was not his greatest pain. In the words of his wife: "He did not mind dying, but he hated to give up his work last fall."

This work--the work of the ministry--began in October 1929, for at that time he was admitted into the Virginia Conference. His first pastorate was West End, South Boston, which he served for three years. He was then appointed to the Danville Circuit for one year; Elm Avenue, Portsmouth for four years; and Pace Memorial, Richmond for one year.

While at Pace Memorial his health began to fail, necessitating his superannuation after one year. He retired with the full hope that within a year he would be able to take another charge. However, it was not to be. On the first day of the year, 1939, God saw fit to let the dark-robed angel of death bear his spirit to the eternal above.

The funeral services were held at Ebenezer Church and were conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. Herman Carroll, assisted by Rev. J. Manning Potts, D.D., Rev. Edgar Potts, and the writer.

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies.'"

Clarke English was wonderfully fitted for the ministry. His physique was handsome. In any group of men his presence was commanding. His strength indicated years of splendid service. We did not think that so soon would his memoir appear in the journal of the Virginia Conference.

He believed in a well prepared ministry. To this end he studied at the best schools in our Southland: Randolph-Macon College, Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, and Emory University. While a student he learned well the habits of study and was beginning to show in his ministry the marks of a student. Had Clarke English lived he would have been one of the best preachers in the Conference.

His sermons were giving evidence of not only a thoughtful mind, but also a soul that was ever quickened by the Spirit of God. He presented Jesus Christ and Him crucified as the Savior of men, and he did it with convicting power.

He was possessed with unusual talent in the administration of the work of the church. His was the art of leading men and of creating good will within the congregation. The people followed him because they believed in him. His sincerity and his love for the people made him a leader for Christ.

The little child, the happy youth, the busy man or woman, the one upon whom the weight of years was resting heavily, equally learned to love him.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode.
There they alike in trembling hope repose
The bosom of His Father and His God."

August 12, 1932 was a day of great significance to his ministry. On that day Mary Ellen French of Callao, Va., became his wife. Together they glorified the Lord and served the church. His widow and daughter, Barbara Worth, survive him; also two brothers, W.F. English and E.S. English, and one sister, Miss Lucille English.

Under the trees of old Westmoreland the body of our friend and brother lies. The warm sun of summer and the snows of winter will beautify his grave. Death hath done its worst to him. But his faith in Christ robbed death of its sting and swallowed the grave in victory. His spirit is with Christ where no death shall ever be. There he will forever be a true minister of Jesus Christ.

by C. C. Bell

Eugene Joseph Potts. The subject of this sketch, Rev. Eugene Joseph Potts, was born February 25, 1865 at Rocky Mount, Va., and died January 18, 1939. He was the youngest of four sons of the Rev. Eugene Joseph Potts and Mary Ann Harrell Potts. His brothers, Rev. T.N. Potts, Rev. R.H. Potts and Rev. Edgar A. Potts, were also distinguished and useful ministers in the Virginia conference. His youth was spent in a Methodist parsonage where his three brothers and father made an atmosphere that gave him a rich preparation for the work to which he was called. At Emory and Henry College he prepared himself to a Soldier of the Cross and was admitted to the Virginia Conference in November 1894 at Charlottesville.

He was ordained a Deacon in 1897 by Bishop O.P. Fitzgerald at Danville, Va., and an Elder by Bishop W.W. Duncan in 1901. His first appointment was to Gloucester Circuit as a Junior Preacher to his father where he served for years. It was while serving on this appointment that the writer of this sketch learned to know Eugene Potts intimately and a friendship was formed that lasted through the years. His next appointment was New Kent Circuit where he served two years after which he was assigned to Seven Pines. After two years service here he was sent to Whaleyville and Somerton, from which appointment he took the Supernumerary relation in 1903.

His was a brief, resourceful and successful active ministry. The contribution that he made to the lives of the people whom he served endeared him to them and planted seeds that were but the beginning of such that is still coming into fruition in the

development and enrichment of their lives. It is not always the long ministry that is the "big" ministry, but the ministry that lives on in the lives that it has touched and bears fruit to eternity. I have often thought that, but for the loss of his health, Eugene Potts would have taken high rank in the councils of the church as a magnetic leader and a wise administrator.

Throughout the years intervening between the time of his retirement and his call to the skies, he kept a strong faith. His hope remained sure until the day when he joined that long and distinguished line of friends and ministers, made up in part of his father and three brothers in the Heavenly House of rest and peace.

The funeral services were conducted in Richmond, Va., on January 21, 1939 by the writer of this sketch, assisted by Bishop W.W. Peele and the Rev J.T. Mastin. The body was taken to Hollywood Cemetery where it was laid to rest in the presence of a concourse of friends and relatives.

"Servant of God, well done! Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won, And thou are crowned at last."

by S.C. Hatch

Eugene Hubbard Rawlings was born at Powelton, Brunswick County, Va., on October 23, 1865, and died at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on March 17, 1939. His father was a Brunswick County planter and his mother belonged to the well known Hubbard family. Both were deeply religious and their home was the preacher's stopping place when they preached at the "Old Barn" Church. The determining influence in his life came from his mother. When twelve years old, at a meeting held by Rev. W.H. Atwill at the "Rock" Church he gave his heart to the Lord and joined the "Old Barn" Society where his parents held their membership.

Not far from the Rawlings home stood an old log house on his father's farm in which the community school was held. At this "educational center" young Rawlings was inducted into the noble art of letters. At first he was a none too willing pupil but soon accommodated himself to parental persuasion of a pronounced character becoming the favorite pupil of his teachers. Having learned all that the country school could teach, he was illy prepared to enter Randolph-Macon College. Through the generous help of his uncle, a Petersburg merchant, this opportunity was furnished him. Of this college period a schoolmate, Dr. Bowen, writes most informingly:

"Dr. Eugene H. Rawlings received his A.M. degree from Randolph-Macon College in 1887, during the presidency of Dr. William Waugh Smith. He came from Brunswick County, enrolling as a student in the college when he was about sixteen or seventeen years old. Not well prepared for college, he had to work diligently to maintain the college pace. But he was not content simply to hold his own. He was ambitious to forge ahead and to stand among the foremost of his class and by dint of hard study and untiring application he succeeded. He engaged in a few extra-curricular activities, especially the literary societies, and was an active and outstanding member of Frank Hall. He was a man who knew how to make friends and to hold them, and no student on the campus was more popular. He was of a bright, happy disposition and always had a cheery word for his fellows, and he delighted to help lift up those who were downcast or depressed.

"'Sol' Rawlings, for it was thus that he was known on the campus by all his friends and by others as well, acquired his soubriquet from his love for song. He liked to sing over his tasks and thus to drive away his worries if they depressed him.

"On Saturday night the ministerial students, or 'Bib Lits' as they were called in the vernacular of the campus, would hold devotional services in a room in one of the cottages and they would invite any others so disposed to join with them. On alternate Saturday nights they would hold their services, not in the cottages, but in the rear part of the college chapel. 'Sol' came to be recognized as the leader of these religious exercises. The fact is, he was the leader of the religious life on the campus. These Saturday night meetings were conducted after the manner of the old-fashioned Methodist class meeting. The appointed leader for the meeting would open the service by reading a selection of Scripture, followed by a brief talk and singing of a hymn and prayer, and then he would invite volunteers to tell their individual Christian experience or to speak along any line their judgments dictated. 'Sol' Rawlings was very active in this religious work on the campus; a kind of unofficial Bishop. He

furthermore took an active part in conducting religious services in the nearby country churches where the young clerics would try out their homilies and cut their eye teeth on a long-suffering rural congregation.

"During 'Sol's' college days, the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, whom the college community had an opportunity to hear when he conducted a revival in Richmond, used to hold summer school for Y.M.C.A. workers in his hometown in Northfield; and 'Sol' organized a large delegation of interested workers among the student body to spend some time in the school and avail themselves of the religious training. This was characteristic of Rawlings, who was always interested in any movement to uplift and help his fellows. He was a sincere and active Christian worker all through his college career and his influence was dynamic. Thus even in his college days on the campus he gave promise of the far-reaching and efficient work he lived to accomplish in his subsequent career as a missionary secretary of his great church."

His uncle, having financial reverses, was no longer able to help so that Rawlings wrote Dr. W.W. Smith that it would be impossible for him to return to college because of a lack of money. Dr. Smith wrote to him "to return, that he would lend him the money, and he thought his influence on the campus would be worth the amount he would let him have."

After having finished with distinction his course at Randolph-Macon Dr. Rawlings entered Vanderbilt University as a theological student. He began preaching when he was quite young. His wife remembers hearing him at the "Rock" Church when he was but eighteen. We suspect that she was an unusual listener. He was easily the most influential student in Wesley Hall. He was possessed of a maturity of judgment beyond his years. His consideration of others and his polished manners soon made him a favorite with the student body. He continued amassing college honors. At Randolph-Macon he had won the Greek prize and at Vanderbilt he took two of the Founder's Medals and represented the University at an Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest. Later his Alma Mater conferred on him the doctorate and elected him to the Phi Beta Kappa.

Whilst at Randolph-Macon the course of his subsequent life was determined. Dwight L. Moody's visit to Richmond, of which his former schoolmate has written, was a determining factor in his life. Whilst attending the school at Northfield, Rawlings came under the influence of John R. Mott, who was a young man, like himself. To attend that school was more costly than Rawlings had planned. To borrow he was ashamed so he sold a pair of shoes and got back to Powelton with fifteen cents in his pocket, and a great inspiration in his soul. Ever afterwards missions were his consuming passion.

Through these years of toil and struggle he looked forward to that day when he should claim the woman of his love. On January 21, 1891, Eugene Rawlings and Fannie Powell were happily married. That Dr. Rawlings was able to give himself to his life's task with such concentrated effort arose from the fact that he was relieved from secular worries by his wife, who possessed a genius in the mastery of business details. Through the years of his ministry, she shared his joys and his sorrows, his triumphs and his defeats, and now mourns his loss.

Dr. Rawlings joined the Virginia Conference in 1890, and served with distinction the following charges: 1890--Ashland; 1891-92--Clay Street, Richmond; 1892-96--Centenary, Norfolk; 1896-99--Clay Street, Richmond; 1899-1903--Monumental, Portsmouth; 1903-07--Main Street, Danville; 1907-08--Presiding Elder, Richmond District; 1908-10--Conference Mission Secretary; 1910-17 Educational Secretary of Missions; 1917-26--Foreign Secretary, Board of Missions; 1926-27--Secretary of Education and Promotion, Department of Board of Missions; 1927-31--Secretary of Education, Promotion Department, and Editor of Missionary Voice; 1931--Editor of Missionary Voice; 1932-38--Editor of World Outlook; 1938--Business manager of World Outlook.

At Monumental Church, Portsmouth, he led the enterprise and built a commodious parsonage which still serves the preachers appointed to that charge. In the line of missionary endeavor his work at Main Street, Danville, was phenomenal. Main Street's missionary passion became an inspiration to the whole connection. John R. Mott was still a telling force in Rawlings' career. This phenomenal work was done by dint of hard work over persistent local opposition. This Danville success led, after a year as Presiding Elder, to his appointment as Conference Missionary Secretary and this opened

the door of a larger opportunity as Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

For seven years he was the Educational Secretary of the Board of Missions. It was, perhaps, in this field that he won his largest success. For nine years he was Foreign Secretary and then was appointed again as Educational Secretary and Editor of the "World Outlook." As Editor he was a surprise to his friends and, perhaps a surprise to himself. He made the "Outlook" a leading missionary magazine. He increased the subscription list to that degree that it not only paid its way and the salaries of its editors but amassed a profit of $15,000.00.

As we are assembled together to recall to memory our loved and lost it will not be amiss to name over a few of the outstanding traits that adorned his character. The time alloted is too brief by far.

Rawlings was a born optimist. At college he sung over his tasks. Life to him was set to music. Had he been Elishas's servant at Dothan he would never have seen the beleaguering army but would have seen only heaven's chariots and the angelic hosts. This large hopefulness he was able to communicate to others. He was the rainbow to many men's dripping day. If today be dark the sun will shine on the morrow.

Another trait which adorned his character was his kindliness and self-control. His Secretary, who had worked with him for sixteen years, writes that she never heard him utter an unkind word about anyone nor had she noticed any impatience on his part. Surely a remarkable record.

Another trait was his capacity for friendship. Some people have a capacity for a kind of universal friendship but lack a capacity for those intimate fellowships with a few. There are others who are capable of intimate friendships but lack the capacity for the larger relationship. Rawlings, like his Master, possessed both. Rawlings, Beauchamp and Christian--what a trinity of friends. I often think of them as drawing apart into some nook in the New Jerusalem and there pouring into each other's ears the blessed memories of the past. Comrades of other days how we miss you!

A couple of weeks before the translation of our brother, I was permitted to spend an hour with him in his home. He was the same hopeful, optimistic Rawlings. He had been very sick, but "the doctor assures me that I have turned the corner and will soon be all right again." I knew that he would soon round the corner and would be well again. I wonder if his two friends met him around that corner.

The following expressive poem was read by Dr. Harrell at his funeral. It was taken from the works of Ronelli Montgomery:

On the Death of an Aged Friend

You are not dead--Life has but set you free!
Your years of life were like a lovely song.
The last sweet poignant notes of which held long,
Passed into silence while we listened, we
Who loved you, listened still expectantly!
And we about you whom you moved among
Would feel that grief for you were surely wrong.
You have but passed beyond where we can see.

For us who know you, dread of death is past!
You took life, tiptoe, to the very last;
It never lost for you its lovely look;
You kept your interest in its thrilling book;
To you, death came, no conqueror, in the end--
You merely smiled to greet another Friend!

by J.W. Moore

James D. McAlister. "Life is measured not by length of years but by accomplishments." Through an even three score years and ten James D. McAlister lived among his fellowmen and in those years wrought well, "A laborer that needeth not to be ashamed." His name is written in the character he bore and in labors abundant over a period of more than forty-eight years as a Methodist preacher and crusader for righteousness. He served his generation well and passed on full of faith and good works.

This son of the Old North State was born in Raleigh, May 6, 1869. His parents were John H. and Artelia Smith McAlister whose love and training left their mark on his

life with the result that as a youth he turned his thoughts toward the ministry. Upon the advice of the rector of the parish in which he held membership he began his preparation for the Methodist itinerancy since it was evident that his temperament and natural abilities would find a happier expression in this communion. He was admitted into the Holston Conference meeting in Bristol for the session of 1889. He did a good work from the beginning and after some twenty years of labor in this southwest country he came to the Virginia conference in 1909 as Field Secretary of the Anti-Saloon League. His ceaseless and tireless efforts in this activity are well remembered by those who joined hands with a determined mind that king alcohol should be overthrown in county, state and nation.

He proved to be an unusual man in this particular field with the result that in 1894 he was called to Nashville, Tenn., to be superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of that state, and there he labored with the same energy and success for six years. It was immediately following this service that he was appointed pastor of historic McKendree Church for a brief period. In 1921 he returned to Virginia and for the remaining years served acceptably as pastor and abundantly as one of the truly great in the field of moral reform. Franktown-Johnson's on the Eastern Shore; Lekies; First Church, Hampton; Colonial Avenue and Brambleton on the Norfolk District; Fairmount and Memorial of the Richmond District; and Franklin and Hilton of the Newport News-Portsmouth District were enriched by his ministry. He endeared himself to his people and was generally beloved by both young and old members of his parish who know him more intimately as a preacher of a vital gospel, a pastor whose interest touched the individual and the home and who had an unusual gift in prayer indicating that he was on intimate terms with his Lord and knew how to approach the throne.

Brother McAlister was thrice married. The bride of his early ministry was Miss Beuna Moore of Knoxville, Tenn. Three children blessed their home, two of whom survive: W.H. McAlister of Knoxville and Mrs. W.L. Blanton of Lexington, Ky. His second wife was Miss Sarah Bruce of Wytheville, who lived but a short while. In 1909 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Chafin of Pulaski, who with two sons, Edward Roandathaler, a student in the Medical College of Virginia and Jack McAlister, now studying at the University of Michigan, mourn the loss of one who gave himself to the home as he did to the Church. Two brothers, E.V. McAlister and A.F. McAlister and three sisters, Mrs. Jennie McDowell, Mrs. Ashley Walker and Mrs. W.E. Seeman, also remain.

While we have thought of this brother in terms of a crusader in behalf of temperance and moral reform his memory must be cherished for his faithful service in the pastorate and his fine spirit of tolerance and kindliness. He was a servant of God who served the children of men.

When on the morning of May 10th God's messenger came to set the spirit free from the body our friend and brother slipped out quietly to be at home with his Lord. Funeral services were conducted from the Hilton Church where he last served and in the presence of a large congregation of those who loved him. The writer and Dr. Fred R. Chenault conducted the services after which the body was laid to rest in Riverside Memorial Park, Norfolk. The sun was nearing the western horizon as the last words were said but for him it was the morning of a new day--an endless day of joy and praise and service in the presence of the Lord.

by Bernard S. Via

John William Fizer was born June 14, 1871, on his father's farm, three miles east of Bedford City, Va., on the old Lynchburg Turnpike. He was the son of John Edward and Sarah Jane Fizer. Mrs. Luther Pugh, who died some years ago, and Mrs. J.L. Kinzer were the only other children in this home. Brother Fizer, like most country boys, worked hard on the farm until he was grown. After he was twenty-one years old he went out West and stayed awhile. There he made a profession of religion listening to a man preaching on the streets of Bloomington, Ill. Later he came back to Virginia and settled at Cyfax, a village in Bedford County where he engaged in farming and such other work as he could get to do. Soon after coming to Bedford County he decided he wanted to preach and began preaching wherever there was an opening in school house or church.

In 1900 Rev. John T. Payne was sent to Bedford Springs Circuit, which consisted of eight churches and Nazareth was one of them. He soon got in touch with Brother Fizer, had him licensed as a local preacher and helped him get started to Randolph-Macon

Academy at Bedford. In 1902 he joined the Virginia Conference and was sent as a student to Randolph-Macon College for two years. Then he was sent to Montross Circuit where he stayed until 1906, when he was sent to North Bedford Circuit. Here he stayed for four years and did fine work, holding meetings in all his churches, and securing a tent, went out into the mountain regions and held tent meetings. Rev. J.L. Finch, then a student at college helped him with his regular appointments while Brother Fizer was out with the tent.

In 1910 he was sent to West Patrick on the Danville District, here he spent three years. In 1913, desiring to better equip himself for the work of the Master, he asked the Bishop and the Conference to appoint him a student to Vanderbilt University, and while there, the school of theology for our church was transferred to Emory University. Brother Fizer completed the course in theology there and his sister, Mrs. Kinzer, has his diploma from Emory. He spent the years preaching in and around Atlanta, helping to pay his expenses at Emory. Completing his work in the spring of 1920, he came back to Bedford County, Va., and helped several of us in revivals that summer and among them he helped the writer in a meeting at old Nazareth Church where he first joined the church and from which he went out to preach. This meeting was a great help to the community and gave the writer a start to the building of the present church at Nazareth. In an account of this meeting to the "Advocate" the writer said he was a great teacher, and as was said of our Master, he spake with authority on the great fundamental doctrines of God's Word.

At the 1920 Conference he was sent to Gloucester Circuit on the Rappahannock District. Here he spent four of his happiest and best years, until his health began to fail him.

In 1924 he was sent to the West Amherst charge on Charlottesville District, where he served two years, but in his second year he was forced to go to Memorial Hospital in Richmond. After a critical examination the surgeon assured him his chance to recover was very slim, but so anxious was he to do all the good he could in this world, he told the surgeon to go ahead, "If I live maybe I can do some good, and if I die, I can go on to heaven." The surgeon removed a tumor from his brain and while he lived twelve years, he was never well any more. In that same fall, 1926, he was superannuated and went to the State Hospital at Staunton, where he spent the remaining years of his life, while Dr. DeJarnette did all that a kindly hand and physician could do.

While here he conducted religious services and ran a Sunday school in the hospital. Dr. DeJarnette also made him Superintendent of the grounds where he supervised the laying out of all the flower beds and pruning of the trees. His knowledge of chemistry enabled him to give to each tree and flower just that which it needed.

Brother Fizer was always a hard worker. In the field, in the home, in the school or shop, in the church or out on the various charges he served he was always busy and worked hard. Oftentimes in visiting the sick he would go to the woodpile and cut wood or go out in the field and help save the crop. Just anything to help was his slogan, and help where he thought it was needed worst.

While at Staunton, his trouble with his head grew worse, and on the morning of June 14, he breathed his last. His going was peaceful, as he had hoped it might be. His body was brought to Bedford, and after religious services, conducted by the writer, Rev. W.L. Mays, Rev. H.W. Marsh, Rev. H.P Clarke, and Rev. G.H. Spooner, in the chapel of the M.P. Carder Funeral Home, the body was laid to rest in Longwood Cemetery at Bedford.

by W.L. Mays

Lloyd Tankard Williams was born in the year 1869, in the village of Harborton, on the Eastern Shore; and went home to be with God from his residence on Chamberlayne Avenue, Richmond, Va., July 1, 1939.

His early life was spent in the community where he was born. Among other things he clerked in a country store, and there began his practical education which proved invaluable to him in all his after life.

At an early age, Mr. Williams was converted to God, became a member of the church, and thus began the development of his religious nature in a life of service. His pastor, the Rev. J.R. Sturgis, discerned his dormant worth and encouraged him to offer himself to the church as a minister. Accordingly he accepted the kind offer of assis-

tance from his District, and went to Randolph-Macon College in 1889, where he continued for four years in faithful and diligent study. He had not yet fully discovered himself--if he ever did--but he saw the guiding star, and earnestly followed it till he landed on the other side of the river of death, and entered his eternal mansion, erected out of the materials he had sent up through the years.

Mr. Williams joined the annual Conference in 1893, and was assigned to Trinity, Lynchburg. From there he went to Whealton, Va. for a year, and then he was sent to Trinity, Norfolk; thence to Cabell Street (now Rivermont Avenue), Lynchburg; thence to South Halifax, his only circuit, where he did two years of the best work of his life. He was then sent to Chase City where he spent four very happy and useful years. At the close of this pastorate he went to Martinsville, where for two years he did excellent work, commanding the ardent devotion of his leading people, and those of the entire community. Asbury Place Church, Richmond, was contemplating the erection of a new house of worship in the near future, and Bishop Wilson tore asunder the pastoral ties in Martinsville to give Brother Williams the constructive chance of his entire life--the erection of what is now Monument Church. From thence he went to Park Place, Norfolk, then to Charlottesville, and then to Market Street (now Trinity), Petersburg. From there he went to Highland Park, Richmond, where he did fine work for three years. He did not understand the reason for his removal, and went to Trinity, Newport News, disappointed and discouraged. He highly esteemed Trinity Church, but he did not want to leave Highland Park, Richmond. However, he went and did his usually good work and stayed for four years. He was then sent to Franklin, Va., where he stayed a year and was transferred to Bedford, Va. In his first year he suffered a paralytic stroke. He partially recovered and was assigned to the church for a second year with an assistant, but before the end of the year he had a second stroke and was compelled to superannuate at the coming Conference.

For ten years he was an invalid, though almost to the last he was able to go anywhere he wanted to go.

Few men among us have won a more marked degree of success than did Lloyd Tankard Williams. When we look for the reasons for it, they are many. He was born with good native endowment. He was possessed of tireless energy. From the beginning his ideals were high. His ideal of life was a character of spotless purity. His ideal of a sermon was a profound and thoroughly wrought out thesis on some vital religious theme. He never "threshed old straw," nor trod beaten intellectual paths, nor used threadbare illustrations, nor substituted sound for sense. Intellectually he walked on the high places and blazed his own way through the mystic realm of inspiring ideas, and lofty dreams.

He loved men, and especially little children. He went into the humblest homes and treated the inmates as his equals. He never had to condescend. He lived on the level of the lowliest, though himself "walked with wings."

Another reason for his success was his good fortune in the selection of a life companion. When at Trinity, Lynchburg, he met Miss Urania Moon who later became his bride, and then his companion and fellow worker. She had a good business head and he never had to bother with finance. She was amply capable of looking after his business affairs. And when he became ill she attended his every want, and ministered as gently as if he had been a little child.

Mr. Williams was also blessed with a faithful son, Lloyd H. Williams of Richmond, Va., who has been constant and loyal, especially through the last trying years.

Brother Williams wrote some verse, but he did not make a specialty of it, and so far as we know never had any of it published. Nor did he submit his manuscripts of sermons to the press for publication, though many of them would have graced the pages of our Advocates.

He was a great preacher, a great pastor, but some of us will think of him chiefly as a great friend. He was as gentle as a little child, as lovable as a girl, as trustworthy as a priest (and that is saying a good deal), as companionable as a twin, as true as the north star.

The funeral service was conducted in Ginter Park Church by the pastor, J. Aubrey Hughes, assisted by Drs. J.N. Latham, S.C. Hatcher, and the writer. The floral designs

were numerous and beautiful and the ministers of the city and the friends of other years from Monument, Highland Park, Lynchburg and other places, composed a vast throng.

After the simple funeral service in the church, the remains were taken to lovely Forest Lawn Cemetery where they will sleep the sleep of the just until the glorious resurrection morn. The shadows were lengthening, night was approaching, but we knew that to our friend it was not "good night, but good morning over there."

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forever more.

"There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

"And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life--there is no death."

by W.T.A. Haynes

Minutes for 1940. **John Henry Kuhlmann.** Scarcely a month had passed after the closing of the first session of the new Virginia Conference when the name of John Henry Kuhlmann was transferred to the Book of Life. For fifty-five years he had been an itinerant Methodist preacher and never failed to answer the roll call, but when his brethren were going up to the annual assembly at Richmond last October, he was too ill to accompany them and before they were fully settled in their various charges he had received his new appointment to the City of the King.

He was born May 8, 1856 in Loudoun County, Va., the son of D.W. Justus and Caroline Kuhlmann who had emigrated from Germany to establish a new home in this country. The greater part of his childhood was spent near the place of his birth in Hamilton. His education, begun in such public schools as were accessible, progressed rapidly in a private academy where he was prepared for a year of work at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. But it was in the years of study at Randolph-Macon College that he laid the deeper foundations upon which he built his ministerial career.

Almost coincident with his conversion at the age of fourteen, came the call to preach and four years later he applied for license to preach which was granted by the quarterly conference of Hamilton charge. At the same time and by the same company he was recommended for admission on trial. The very next month he was received by the Baltimore Conference when it convened in the city of Baltimore, March 17, 1884.

Passing through the Course of Study in regular order and without a single failure, he was admitted into full connection in 1886 and ordained Deacon by Bishop H.M. McTyeire. Two years afterward he was ordained Elder by Bishop A.W. Wilson.

The following are the charges he served: 1884, Monterey; 1885, Montgomery Circuit; 1886, Beltville; 1887, Upper Marlboro; 1888, Catawba; 1889, Manassas; 1893, Laurel; 1894, Slanesville; 1896, Elk Garden; 1898, Cumberland; 1902, Middleburg; 1904, Kent; 1908, Reisterstown; 1909, Linganore; 1911, Caenarven; 1912, Sterling.

Brother Kuhlmann was quiet and retiring by nature, always the Christian gentleman, always unassuming but never idle, being constantly about his Master's business. He loved to preach the Gospel and to build up the kingdom of his Lord. To this day churches are still standing in several places, erected under his leadership, bearing witness to his consecrated zeal, while multitudes in the church militant and in the church triumphant call him blessed because he guided their feet into the way of life.

He was happily married October 13, 1899 to Miss Mary Louise Perrie of Prince George County, Md. She was a constant inspiration to him in all his work but her health giving away after a few short years of companionship, she preceded him by twenty-three years into the Father's House.

In 1916 he asked for the superannuate relation and his name was placed upon the Honor Roll of his conference. But this did not mark the end of his labors for he sensed the need for a home for the aged and gave himself to that cause with untiring

enthusiasm. As a result of his efforts, the Baltimore Conference set up an organization and appointed him to present it to the churches. The response was magnificent and the beautiful home at Gaithersburg, Md. stands as his enduring monument.

His declining years were spent partly in Hamilton, where he had lived as a boy, but mostly in the home of his niece, Mrs. Elmer Gray of Washington, who tenderly ministered to him as the end drew near. It was not sudden but gradual through several months. Nothing that medical skill could do availed to stay the ravages of disease. Through it all, with joyful patience, he waited the will of his Lord and with a triumphant faith he fell on sleep November 18, 1939.

The funeral was held in Leesburg, Va., conducted by Rev. H.M. Canter, assisted by Rev. F.L. Morrison and Rev. R.L. Moore. It was a cold and threatening day and the clouds were heavy overhead but as his body was gently laid to rest beside that of his wife in Union Cemetery his immortal spirit had already passed beyond the shadows into the sunshine of the Perfect Day. **by H.M. Canter**

George Kriebel Heydrick. "I never knew him to say or do anything inconsistent with the profession of a Christian gentleman."

This tribute to George K. Heydrick by one who knew him long and well could be confirmed by many others who knew him as pastor or as a brother in the ministry.

If the branches of a tree indicate the root system, we may look into the ancestry of this fine Christian character and expect to find some of the reasons for its sturdy qualities. Brother Heydrick had an ancestry of whom any man might be justly proud.

Born in Montgomery County, Pa., January 28, 1865 of devout pioneer stock, his forbears belonged to that little group of Schwenkfelders who for conscience sake literally forsook all they had, even to leaving the cattle in the fields, and fled from the fierce persecutions of the Roman Catholic Church in Silesia during the reign of the Emperor Charles VI. They found a temporary refuge at Hernhutt in Moravia but after many tribulations they landed at Philadelphia, Pa. in 1733.

The Schwenkfelders were among the most progressive of the Protestant reformers and in many ways antedated the Wesleyan Revival in its doctrines and polity. The continued use of their native language in speech and literature limited their ministry.

The "faith of our fathers" was no idle phrase to George Heydrick. It was his by inheritance and deep personal conviction. He kept faith with the dead and the living.

A cultured Christian gentleman at home and abroad, a faithful pastor, a wide reader, a sound gospel preacher, a kindly soul, but withal a man of unyielding integrity with unbounded scorn for duplicity and moral laxity especially in the ministry. He was the embodiment of truth and honor.

George K. Heydrick was soundly converted and knew it. His call to the ministry was clear. He prepared at Emory, Ga., joined the Florida Conference in 1895 and transferred to the Baltimore Conference in 1900, where for thirty-five years he made full proof of his ministry. He never served so-called important charges, most of his ministry was in hard places, but everywhere he made impressions for good that abide. The writer has followed him and found his memory a benediction and reaped the fruits of his splendid integrity and diligent labors.

He married Miss Adelaide Viola Dawson in 1911. She passed to the Beyond at Covington in 1936. One son, Clayton, survives him.

He took the Superannuate relation in 1935, and settled in Covington, Va. He associated himself with Epworth Church. His last days were busy and happy. He taught the Bible Class at Epworth and was identified with every good work in the community.

A very brief illness preceded his going away on January 15, 1940, at the Clifton Forge Hospital.

Funeral services were conducted at Epworth Church. The pastor was assisted by all the local Methodist ministers including Dr. Woolf from Clifton Forge. His body was laid to rest beside his wife in the Cranford Cemetery, Occoquan, Va.

For all the saints who from their labors rest;
Who thee by faith before the world confessed, Hallelujah.
Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light, Hallelujah. **by W. Lawson**

Charles Herbert Cannon was born in Caroline County, near Easton, Md., May 16, 1873 and died at Warrenton, Va., February 2, 1940.

His appointments follow: Romney Circuit, Va., as junior preacher with Rev. Christopher Sydenstricker, 1896-97; Hardy Circuit, 1897-99; Frostburg, 1899-1902; Trinity, Cumberland, 1902-1906; Grace, Roanoke, 1906-09; Berkeley, 1909-13; Jefferson, 1913-17; Loudoun, 1917-21; Hyattsville, 1921-27; Marvin, Washington, D.C., 1927-29; Falls Church, 1929-33; Beltsville, 1933-37; Warrenton, 1937, where he died February 2, 1940.

On July 9, 1902, he married Miss Laura Grace McLuckie of Frostburg, Md. To them were born three sons, James H., Charles W. and Truston H. They, with their mother, survive him.

He was stricken with a heart attack at the home of one of his stewards, who brought him to the parsonage, where he suddenly passed away.

His funeral was from his church Sunday afternoon. Rev. A.P. Williams, D.D., his District Superintendent, was in charge of the service at which Revs. Geo. G. Oliver and Claude M. Hesser spoke of the life and ministry of Brother Cannon. The presence of his brother ministers, and a large congregation, by their attendance, expressed their appreciation of the life and service of Brother Cannon.

Monday morning his body was taken to Easton, Md. where a service was held in the Methodist church, conducted by his pastor, Rev. Carlton M. Harris. His body rests in the cemetery at Easton, but he rests in his Father's House in Heaven.

Brother Cannon was the son of Charles Davis and Emily Elizabeth Cannon of Caroline County, Md.

When a young man, Brother Cannon was converted in Smithson Chapel, under the ministry of Rev. Edward Dashiel and shortly after his conversion received a definite call to the ministry.

He entered Front Royal Academy in the fall of 1893. Handicapped as he was with a meager primary education and with but $29.00, he proved his call to be genuine. He learned the multiplication table after he entered the Academy, but with that "grit" which was characteristic, he graduated in three years.

His call to preach was both definite and explicit; he heard the voice and heeded the command: "Go ye--and preach my gospel."

Brother Cannon was a strong gospel preacher and his ministry showed the fine effect of his association, in his early ministry, with his senior preacher, Rev. Christopher Sydenstricker.

Brother Cannon was endowed with a commanding presence, pleasing manner and magnetic personality. He loved to preach the old gospel and won many souls for the Lord.

We, his brethren in the ministry, know that his work was well done, but how pleasing it must have been when he stood before the throne to hear his Lord say: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." **by E.V. Regester**

Boyd Valentine Switzer. In the fall of 1886 the Reverend J.L. Kibler held a most successful evangelistic meeting at Fairview and Mt. Crawford on the Bridgewater Circuit. The writer of this memoir was the junior preacher. Over one hundred persons were converted. Out of this number there were seven young men who afterward entered the Christian ministry. One of this number was Boyd Valentine Switzer. After forty-three years given to the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he fell on sleep at his home in Staunton, Va., February 14 1940. The story of his life is a living testimony to the great grace of the God whom he served so faithfully and so well.

The record of his life must start with a most godly home. It was before we lost the grace and power of the family altar that he had graven on his heart and mind the realities of religion in the family circle. There was no omission of the morning and evening prayers in that home--all else had to wait for this and there was never any hurry in the daily performing of this sacred obligation. His father was the priest in the home and assumed all the responsibilities of that high office. His mother, a gentle and gracious lady, gave strength and dignity to the daily devotions with her quiet grace and deep religious devotion. This home had always a welcome for the preacher in those circuit-riding days. But even when the preacher was present the father of the household led the morning and evening devotions--calling upon the

preacher for such exposition of the Scripture and exhortation as he might desire to give.

Next in importance to the home was the school. It was the rare good fortune of this small village to have, at that time, a teacher of the old school; a drill master in the fundamentals of a thorough education. The thoroughness of this old schoolmaster was of the utmost importance to the young men when they came to the crises of their lives to pass on to the college and their life work prepared to take high rank in their chosen careers. The loss of such teachers, at least for those boys and girls who are capable of leadership, is beyond measure in our present system of public education.

Then came the big revival. The Bible was the textbook, faithful preaching the technique and the conscious experience of the forgiveness of sins was the immediate aim. His moment of decision came while he was sitting on a log in the woods with the writer of this memoir. Our pretext was hunting, but our quest was truth and soul and God. He made his surrender at the altar of the church and there received a clear and happy consciousness of his acceptances with God.

He entered Randolph-Macon College in the fall of 1895 and remained three years. During his village school days he developed the art of public speech and was frequently heard on questions of the hour in his home neighborhood. At college he excelled in this high art and received in his first year the Declaimer's Medal of Washington Literary Society; in the second year he received the Debater's Medal and in his third year the Orator's Medal of the same society.

He had the good fortune to marry on March 16, 1904 his hometown sweetheart, Miss Nellie B. Linden and together in the utmost harmony they lived and toiled to the day of his death.

He was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference in March 1899. Before this time he served as a supply on August Circuit. His first appointment was to Bridgewater Circuit. He served with great acceptability and success the following charges: Frederick City, Md., 1900-04; Poolesville, Md., 1904-08; Arlington, Baltimore, Md., 1908-12; Martinsburg, W. Va., 1912-15; Epworth, Washington, D.C., 1915-19; Cumberland, Md., 1919-22; Winchester, Va., 1922-26; Trinity, Roanoke, Va., 1926-29; Staunton, Va., 1929-33; Blacksburg, Va., 1933-35; Lewisburg, W. Va., 1935. During this year his health broke down, and at the conference of 1936 he was granted a superannuate relation.

This list of appointments marks the man of rare ability. He had the native gifts of the orator. There was a passion in his preaching and the art of literary expression far beyond the ordinary, but he was also the constructive builder of the work committed to his care. Everywhere he left behind him the evidence of careful planning of his work that brought about the increase of membership and advance in the physical equipment of his charge. He was always conscious of the dignity and seriousness of the place he occupied as a minister of the gospel of our Lord and sought to deliver his message with the urgency and power that he felt it deserved. His physical being was never robust, but he gave himself without stint or misgiving to the truth of his ministry.

After he retired from active work he made his home among his many friends in Staunton, Va. Here he passed to the great Beyond February 14, 1940, and was buried in the family cemetery at Mt. Crawford, Va.

His wife and son, Boyd Griffith, survive him. Theirs is a rich heritage and his church will long cherish the memory of a ministry so fully and gloriously given.

by F.J. Prettyman

Robert Finley Gayle. Among my first recollections of the Virginia Annual Conference is a tall man in the prime of life, handsome, dignified, courteous, and very kind to young preachers. He greeted me at the Conference of 1893, and with a straightforward statement said, "I am glad you are going into the ministry. You can count on me to help you whenever you need me with any of your problems."

His early education began in the schools of Portsmouth, Va., and continued all through his life. In spite of the lack of a college education, he became well-rounded and equipped for the work of the ministry. His English was strong, clear and forceful; his manner of delivery positive and convincing. It was his delight to "sit in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." His was a strong, logical mind that analyzed both premises before it reached a conclusion. His judgment

of men and measures made him a valuable counselor of Bishops and in the Cabinet, and a real leader of his people in the pastorate. He was without guile. He gave commendation where due, but never complimented a preacher on his message unless he deserved it. His frankness sometimes went to the point of bluntness, but the master motive was always to help his brother to a more efficient life. He had a great heart and would stand up and fight to the end for a brother in trouble.

While not demonstrative, he was a man of deep feeling and his emotions came to high tide when sinners were being brought to Christ. He had no patience with superficial preaching of the truth, but he was never happier than when engaged in revival services or in attendance on the ministry of the man who by the power of the spirit brought men to realize their sins and be saved. His own ministry as an evangelist was very fruitful and in all the points he served, people were added to the church. Many claim him as their spiritual father.

Our work prospered in his hands. He was received on trial in the Virginia Conference in 1879 and began his ministry at East Halifax. From that point on he served the following churches: West Bedford; North Mecklenburg; East Dinwiddie; Crewe; Norfolk Circuit; Onancock; Laurel Street, Richmond; Mt. Vernon Church, Danville; as Presiding Elder of the Eastern Shore District and the Rappahannock District; Cumberland Street (now First Church) Norfolk; Onancock (second time); East Mathews; Salisbury; Lawrenceville; Decatur Street, Richmond, and Victoria. Thus for fifty-two years he had an active, fruitful ministry.

At the Conference held in Lynchburg, Va. in 1931 he made his report and left a record of "well done, thou good and faithful servant." It might have been possible for him to have gone on several years longer, but he was too conscientious to continue as an active minister when he felt that perhaps his force had been spent, so he asked for the superannuate relation. The remaining years of his life were spent in quietness and peace.

Brother Gayle was the son of Robert John Gayle and Sarah Brownley Gayle of Mathews County. He was born in January 1858, in Portsmouth, Va. He married Miss Mary Jeanette Young, an accomplished woman who made a large contribution to the effectiveness of his ministry. They were the parents of two daughters, Mrs. Carroll C. Chowning of Urbanna, and Mrs. Ernest L. Whitehurst of Norfolk; four sons, Dr. F. Finley Gayle and Joseph Young Gayle of Richmond; Young Kenneth Gayle of Hilton Village and William W. Gayle of Long Island, N.Y. He loved children and his later years were made happy by thirteen grandchildren.

On March 4, 1940 the Lord called him to his final reward. The funeral services were conducted on March 6 in Monument Church by Rev. J.N. Latham and Rev. Frank L. Wells. Burial was in Hollywood Cemetery.

A good soldier of Christ had entered into the joy of his Lord and we his brethren in the Conference are thankful for his record.

Hail friend and farewell, oh light be the sod
That hides thee from us on the bosom of God.
Thy spirit awaits, we shall meet thee again
In the world without death or sorrow or pain.

by S.C. Hatcher

Henry T. Todd, son of Captain H.T. and Mary E. Todd, was born in Maryland, near Salisbury, on January 31, 1872. As a boy and young man he sailed the Chesapeake Bay with his father for nearly a score of years, and became thoroughly familiar with the ways and customs and problems of sea-faring men.

It was about 1895, while attending a great camp meeting in Dorchester County, Md., that he and his sister were genuinely converted, and this experience resulted in an immediate and marked change in his life. Not long afterwards he began to evidence a great concern for the work of the Gospel and this interest led him to take up again the studies which had been neglected in his youth, in order that he might prepare himself for the Christian ministry.

In 1904 he became a Methodist exhorter, and in the following year he was granted a license as a local preacher. For one year he served as supply pastor on the St. Martins Circuit in Maryland, and then was assigned to Broadwater Church, later known as Pullens Chapel, on Hog Island, at that time a thickly settled and prosperous community. He is

still remembered by the few remaining people on the Island for his fine work among the men and boys engaged in fishing and other seafood industries.

Following his pastorate at Broadwater, he was admitted in November 1913 to membership in the Virginia Conference, in a class in which the writer of this sketch was also included. As a member of the conference he served on the Henrico Circuit for three years, Isle of Wight four years, East Dinwiddie four years, Fox Hill four years, and Hampton Roads three years. In this field Brother Todd's ministry was characterized by evangelistic fervor, and he conducted many successful revivals, notably in East Dinwiddie, where large numbers of people were brought into church membership on profession of faith. He was a faithful pastor, he had a genius for friendship and was possessed of a lovable disposition. In his effort to prepare his pulpit messages he burned the midnight oil night after night, and his sermons, mainly expository in form, revealed a diligent study of the Word.

In 1931 his health failed and he was granted the superannuate relation. Retiring from the work he had loved so greatly, he took up residence in Fox Hill, Va., where he had formerly spent four happy years. During his first year of retirement he was called back into the ministry following the death of Rev. E.R. Degges, to serve as supply preacher at the Fox Hill Church for six months. Again he returned to the rest and quiet of his own home, and because he was a great sufferer, often under severe nervous strain, he spent the latter years of his life in comparative seclusion.

In 1897 Brother Todd was happily married to Miss Matilda Ellen Fields, who was also a native of Maryland, and throughout his ministry and during his years of suffering she was to him a helpmeet indeed. Their union was blessed with two sons, Carl L. and Clifford Bradford Todd, who, together with their mother, survive the passing of their loved one.

Release from suffering came to our brother on March 8, 1940 at his residence at Fox Hill, when the clock had just struck the midnight hour.

"The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear."

In the words of his son he "slipped away, without a pain or a struggle, to the Heavenly Father who called him home."

The burial services, conducted by Rev. W.I. Colins at Washington Church near Shad Point, Md., were attended by a great host of friends and relatives who had known and loved Harry Todd since his boyhood days in that community.

Except for a few years of his active ministry, Brother Todd had spent his entire life in the Tidewater sections of Virginia and Maryland. He loved the water, he loved the men "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," and he loved with a great love the Pilot under whose flag he sailed. The "Crossing of the Bar" had no terror for him.

Sometimes at eve, when the tide is low,
When the voices call in the water's flow,
And the night stoops down to embrace the day,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.
Thru the purpling shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea,
I shall fare me away with a dip of the sail,
And a ripple of water to tell the tale
Of a longer voyager sailing away
To the mystic isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before
O'er the unknown sea to the unseen shore.
A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft in the busy day,
Some loving souls whom my heart held dear,
Some friendly barques that were anchored near,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear,

But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who have gone before,
O'er the unknown sea, to the unseen shore.

by J.S. Gresham

William Thomas Green. The following sketch was written by Brother Green himself a short time before his death, and we make it a part of this memoir just as he wrote it:

"William Thomas Green, the son of Thomas and Mary Ransone Green, was born on December 13, 1857 in the County of Mathews, Va. At the age of thirteen he was received into the membership of the Methodist church at Old Providence church on Mathews Circuit under the ministry of Rev. Alfred Wiles. In the month of October 1878 he was granted local preacher's license by the Quarterly Conference and was recommended to the Annual Conference for admission on trial. In the following month, November, he was admitted on trial and received an appointment at the hands of Bishop Pierce, who presided over the Conference session held at Washington Street Church, Petersburg, Va. After serving continuously in the traveling connection for fifty-five years, eleven of which were spent on circuit work, thirty-one in station work and twelve in the Eldership, he asked to be retired." He passed to his reward on the 16th of March, 1940, and his body was laid to rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Norfolk, Va.

To know Brother Green well you would have to observe him in his domestic life. As a husband he was kind and considerate. As a father he was both tender and wise. His first marriage was to Mary Seymour Hughes on November 24, 1881 at the Hughes home near Chatham, Va. His second marriage was to Maria Ferebee Old on December 6, 1893 at Churchland, Va. This latter union laster forty-six years. It was not the pleasure of the writer to know the first wife, but he had occasion to observe the loyalty and devotion of his second wife, and the evident happiness of this well-mated couple.

As a pastor, Brother Green was sympathetic, attentive, and devoted to the interest of his people. As a preacher he was sound in the faith, strong in his deliverances, and admired by his congregation. As a Presiding Elder, he commanded the confidence of his preachers, and was loyal to their interests. He was also sympathetic with the churches and regardful of their wishes.

As a friend, he was noted for his frankness in his advice, for a gentleness of heart and for absolute trustworthiness. A short time before his death he penned this poem, which breathes the buoyancy of great faith. Surely we sorrow, but not as those who have no hope:

My Heavenly Home

My days are numbered, this I know,
For God in kindness tells me so,
He also tells me I shall go,
If faithful, to my Heavenly Home.
These numbered days are passing fast,
Yes, many milestones now are passed,
I hope to finish well my task,
Before I reach my Heavenly Home.
The light that shines upon my way,
To guide my footsteps day by day,
Will flood my path, and with me stay,
'Till I have reached my Heavenly Home.
My trials, all I'll gladly bear,
Yet cast on Him my every care,
And make it still my daily prayer,
That I may reach my Heavenly Home.
His word of promise I believe,
All needed strength I'm sure He'll give,
Yet larger gifts I shall receive,
When I have reached my Heavenly Home.
A song of praise I'd learn to sing,
That I may joyful praises bring,
When I shall stand before the King,

Forever in my Heavenly Home. W.T. Green

In the confidence expressed by this beautiful poem he met death and slipped away to join Dr. Whitehead, Dr. Brown and Dr. Garland, and other beloved contemporaries in the Land of Light and Beauty. He leaves to his loyal children the rich inheritance of a spotless character.

by J.W. Moore

Palmer Eubank, next to the youngest child in a family of nine, was the son of William Montgomery and Mollie M. Eubank of Harriston, Va. He began his life here March 27, 1889 and closed it March 29, 1940, very suddenly at Salem, Va. He was converted and united with the Methodist Church when but a lad during an evangelistic meeting at the Harriston Methodist church, Port Republic Charge.

He and Miss Snowbird Elizabeth Wade of Collierstown, Va. were united in marriage February 2, 1918 while supplying Collierstown Charge. His widow and four children born of this union, Palmer Wade, William Stephens, Mary Elizabeth and Elva Virginia survive.

Following the conviction of a call to preach, he was licensed to preach by the Rockingham District Conference in 1914. In 1915 he was appointed supply pastor of Collierstown Charge and there served through the years of 1915-16-17. In 1920 he served as supply pastor of Peterstown Charge, Lewisburg District. He continued to serve as supply pastor during the years 1921-22-23 and part of 24, on the Huntersville Charge, Lewisburg District. At the 1924 session of the Baltimore Conference, held at Greene Memorial Church, Roanoke, Va., Bishop Candler presiding, he was admitted on trial into the traveling connection of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and was reappointed to the Huntersville Charge for that conference year. In 1925, he was appointed to the Callaghans Charge, Lewisburg District, through the years 1925-26-27-28-29. In 1930 he was appointed to the Hot Springs Charge, Lewisburg District, and served until death closed his ministry March, 1940. These records show that with the exception of his first charge, his entire ministry was within the bounds of the Lewisburg District.

At the session of the Baltimore Conference convening in Mt. Vernon Place Church, Washington, D.C., he was ordained Local Deacon by Bishop Candler and at the session of the Conference, Cumberland, Md., he was ordained Elder by Bishop Denny. His educational advantages came through the public schools near his home and at Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Va. As pastor, Brother Eubank was beloved and efficient. Not many among us have enjoyed a like personality, for he was exceedingly popular wherever he served. He loved to visit the homes of his people, and was always a most welcome guest. Adults, young people, and children all respected and loved him. He was, by no means, what we ordinarily call a great preacher, but he was a most helpful preacher. His prayerful insight into the truth, his evaluation of the needs of his people, and his passion to be of service to others, together with his pleasing personality, made him a good steward of the manifold grace of God. Many found Christ, were enriched by Christ, and were led to serve Christ through the inspiration of his ministry. In his home he was a husband true, loyal and considerate; a father kind, patient, thoughtful and sacrificial. As a friend, his friendship was contagious, enduring, constructive, sincere, tested by the light of the sun. As a citizen he was faithful and patriotic. His enlistment and service during the World War evidenced the genuineness and loyalty of his citizenship. His funeral services, in charge of his District Superintendent Dr. G.G. Martin, assisted by Rev. H.L. Coffman, D.N. Weiford, and the writer, were held on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon in Selma Church. The church building could not seat more than a third of the throng of friends who had gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to a pastor and friend so dearly loved. His body was borne to the cemetery yard by the Presbyterian Church, Collierstown, Va. Heavy storm clouds threatened as we slowly climbed the hill where we were to inter his body to await the sound of the trumpet at the last day, but in the midst of this final service the clouds scattered and the sunshine, never more glorious, enveloped us, prophetic of that light that some day shall envelop us all, who like Brother Eubank have been true to our trust.

by E.L. Woolf

John Alexander Anderson was born at Asbury, Greenbrier Co., W.Va., March 8, 1856. He was educated in the schools of Greenbrier and Union Counties and was graduated from Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Va. While at College he met Miss Sallie Courtney Butler and later married her August 3, 1880.

He was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference, M.E. Church South, March 8, 1878 upon the recommendation of Blue Sulphur Quarterly Conference and was appointed to Blue Sulphur Circuit as Junior Preacher with Rev. Vincent W. Wheeler. March 1879, he was sent to Hillsdale, W.Va. March 1880 he was admitted into full connection, ordained a Deacon and returned to Hillsdale. His appointment for March 1881 was to Hinton, W.Va. March 1882 he was ordained Elder by Bishop McTyeire and returned to Hinton. Then succeeded the following appointments: 1883, Berryville, Va., three years; 1886, Reisterstown, Md., four years; 1890, Bladensburg, Md., two years; 1892, Harrisonburg, Va., four years; 1896, Central, Baltimore, Md., three years; 1899, Presiding Elder of the Baltimore District, three years; 1902, Central, Baltimore, Md., three years; 1905, Presiding Elder of the East Baltimore District, four years; 1909, Central, Baltimore, one year; 1910, Presiding Elder of Roanoke District, one year; 1911, Presiding Elder of Lewisburg District, four years; 1915, Presiding Elder of the Winchester District, two years. He was a member of the General Conference in 1902.

At the Conference of 1917 he received a superannuate relation. Upon retirement he returned to his old home at Asbury, W.Va. During the twenty-three years of his retirement he rendered such service as his health and strength allowed.

This list of appointments is the record of thirty-nine years of holy and efficient service given by this man of God to his church. The outstanding feature of this record is that he was appointed five times Presiding Elder. This indicates, among many other things, that he was judged to have marked administrative ability. But perhaps most of all he was a trustful fellow-worker in the ongoing faith of the church. All the preachers recognized in him a sympathetic and faithful friend, into whose hands could be trusted all their most sacred and personal interests. His faithful and laborious efforts to fulfill the duties of this high office no doubt hastened the day of his retirement from active service in the Conference.

The ministry of Bro. Anderson was molded and directed by the essential truths of the Gospel. This Gospel to him was not a mere text book from which to draw useful lessons for life, but was a revelation of a loving and gracious God showing to men the way of life eternal. In his preaching he dealt with men and women who were desperately in need of knowledge of the truth of God. He was never lost in the outcry of passing fads and isms, but held true to the changeless facts of sin and salvation. This attitude brought great passion into his ministry. He believed with all his heart, mind and soul, and preached what he believed. His method was not ornate, but was attended by that eloquence that arises out of clear thinking and a sense of the importance of the message that he had for the church and the world. His preaching would be spoken of as evangelistic in spirit and orthodox in form. This was so because the source of authority was the Word of God, and his intellectual process was guided and inspired by his own religious experience, and that of all the great masters of spiritual truth who have found God by the way of the Cross of Christ. A marked characteristic of his public ministry was his prayer life. Back of his prayers was a great and good God. A God whose greatness made him humble, and whose goodness made him eager to find access into His presence. And this God whom he sought and found gave him a sure and powerful message to the people. His message did more than merely proclaim the truth, it was of that type of Gospel appeal that helped to create the atmosphere of the Old Baltimore Conference.

In his personal life he was a mountaineer, and embodied many of the finer qualities that inhere in those who hold communion with the changeless hills. Though called out into the great metropolitan areas of the Conference, he did not lose that sense sublime that lingers in the mystic depths of the mountains. When his ministry was done he went back to these mountains that he loved so well and waited for the call to the heights beyond.

He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ray M. Parker, July 10, 1940. Funeral services were held in Emmanuel Church, Asbury, W. Va., and he was buried in the cemetery of the church. His beloved wife, and two children, Mrs. Ray M. Parker and John Alexander, Jr., survive him.

Another link of the blessed associations of the Old Baltimore Conference is broken. His memory is precious, his work abides, his home is on the hills of the

Eternal City.

by F.J. Prettyman

Charles H. Fielding, son of Eppa and Melissa Fielding, was born in Albemarle County, Va., in April 1876. He was educated in the public schools of Albemarle County, Randolph-Macon Academy at Front Royal, and the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He was admitted into the Virginia Conference in 1902, when he was twenty-six years of age. He closed his ministry just before the Annual Conference met in 1940, thus giving himself in untiring service to God and his fellowman for thirty-eight years.

He served appointments throughout the Virginia Conference. Among those charges he served were: Chester, Dinwiddie, Capron, Middlesex, Albemarle, Lovingston, Buckingham, Gordonsville and Batesville. He was serving Batesville and was at his height as a Christian minister when the end came.

He was happily married to Miss Mae Rector of Woodville in Rappahannock County, Va., in 1906. She, with two sons, Homer Willis and Robert V., survive.

Rarely does one meet such a lovely spirit as Brother Fielding. He was quiet, unassuming, unsuspecting, faithful and loyal. He was aflame with the love of God for the souls of men. His only concern was the Kingdom of God and its coming. To know him was to love him. To be with him was to understand that he was an ambassador from God with a message of love to all the people.

The writer visited him two days before he went home, and he said: "I am going in a few days to be with my Heavenly Father." I added: "You have wrought well, you have been very faithful, you have earned your rest and reward." Then he said this, which probably expresses superbly his most fundamental efforts: "I've done the best I could."

It was early on the morning of October 11 that he went to sleep, confident that "underneath are the everlasting arms of God," to awake in the more intimate presence of his Heavenly Father, methinks, to hear that plaudit: "Well done thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord." He was, indeed, a faithful stewart of life's energies and opportunities, and of the word of God.

by D.D. Holt

Minutes for 1941. **Raymond Bell Claggett** was born at Gaithersburg, Md., August 13, 1887. He died at Fredericksburg, Va. November 30, 1940. He came from excellent Methodist stock. His father and mother were honored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Gaithersburg.

The subject of this memoir received his early education in the public schools of Gaithersburg. After listening to a sermon by H.P. Hamill, as honored minister of the old Baltimore Conference, Brother Claggett was convinced that God wanted him to proclaim the unsearchable riches of his grace and love. Realizing that such work demanded further preparation he attended Randolph-Macon Academy at Front Royal, Va., and Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Va. for a number of years.

In the year 1918 he was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. In 1920 he was ordained Deacon by Bishop E.R. Hendrix and appointed to Mt. Rainier, Md. He was ordained Elder in Epworth Church, Washington, D.C. in 1922 by Bishop U.V. Darlington.

The following appointments were served by him: Mt. Rainier, Md. 1919-21; Asbury and Pasadena, Md. 1921-22; Moorefield, W.Va. 1922-27; Shepherdstown, W.Va. 1927-31; Waynesboro (Basic), Va. 1931-33; Front Royal, Va. 1933-37; Fredericksburg, Va. 1937-40.

That was a happy day for him when he was appointed to his first field of labor at Mt. Rainier, Md. Having inherited an energetic nature, he threw himself into the work, and soon convinced all that he was a diligent and conscientious laborer in the vineyard of his Master. He was exceedingly careful in all the details of his work. The small things were dealt with in a way that demanded the approval of all. Nothing would cause him to swerve from doing his full duty as he saw it.

The church of his parents was the great object of his love. He believed thoroughly in its doctrines and methods. He cherished its institutions, and was ever anxious about its success. Nothing would stir him so quickly as the discovery of irregularity in its affairs. With prayer and diligence he would seek to adjust all matters so involved. His good judgment served him well on more than one such occasion.

He was studious and his sermons showed great care in their preparation. His sermons were practical and full of helpfulness. Religion to him was a divine reality; not a passing show or a makeshift of a refuge, nor any kind of a superficial affair, easily taken up and more readily laid aside. It was the life of God working in every part of his being. It was the impelling power of a holy affection born of God, pressing him onward and upward.

He was a good man. There was no malice in his heart toward any one. If he differed in opinion with others, he would express his judgment, give his reasons and that was the end of it. He was a genial and courteous Christian gentleman all the time.

He was a man of profound religious convictions. He was not averse to modern methods, but was fully convinced that the new life which the fathers taught and emphasized in their preaching was more than a mental assent to certain fundamentals, or a mere reformation of habits. To him the new life was being born again of the Spirit. To him it was the transplanting of the life of the Son of God in one's heart; and this in so pronounced and unmistakable a way as that the Spirit of God would bear witness with his spirit that he was a son of God.

His ministry was not one of many years. Almost unawares he was cut down; just at that period of life's development when a larger service seemed to be welcoming him. The morning of November 30, 1940, whilst eating his breakfast he complained of a sharp pain around his heart. His physician was called by his devoted wife and he was removed to the hospital. But he did not respond to treatment. The same night at 9:30 he fell asleep with his wife and children by his bedside.

On September 2, 1920 he was married to Miss Lucille Whitesell, the daughter of Rev. W.J. Whitesell of the same Conference. To this union three children were born, a son, Paul, and two daughters, June and Evelyn. These all survive a good father and loving husband.

His funeral was held from the church he was serving in Fredericksburg, Va. December 2, 1940. Many of his brethren of the ministry were present from the Virginia and Baltimore Conferences. A large number of members from his own church and other churches he had served in other years were present to show their love for a true man and useful pastor. The author of this memoir, a long time friend, had charge of the services, assisted by Dr. E.C. Beery, Superintendent of the East Washington District of the Baltimore Conference, and Dr. W.M. McIntyre, Superintendent of the Winchester District of the Virginia Conference.

His body was tenderly laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Front Royal, Va. The Rev. John Owens, pastor of the Front Royal Church, and Rev. W.J. Whitesell, his father-in-law, assisted with the services here.

So has passed another good minister of Jesus Christ. Like his Master whom he served, his friendship was deep, his patience unbounded; his love sincere; his sympathy tender, and his spirit sweet and full of forgiveness.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all;
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore:
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet
Who walk with us no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them is not so hard
Wherever they may fare:
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore,
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God forever more.

by Henry C. Marsh

Alfred Lewis Harnsberger's span of life was seventy-six years, thirty-six of them in the active ministry. He was an acceptable preacher, a faithful pastor, a devoted husband and parent, a true friend, and a good citizen. "Having no part dark," the more you knew him the more sure you were of him. Tinsel may catch the eye for the moment but dull gold is demonstrated by the years. His friendships were loyal and enduring.

Brother Harnsberger believed, practiced and preached the great fundamentals of the Gospel. Conversion to him was something definite and clear. His ministry was fruitful, spiritually and materially.

Readers of the "Baltimore Southern Methodist" will remember his all too infrequent pithy comments on men and things. His private correspondence was even more interesting. This writer treasures one of the last letters he wrote.

He was born at Elkton, Va., April 12, 1864. He married Miss Nell Brown of Lynchburg as his first wife. To them were born two daughters, Mrs. Mary H. Cullen of Vienna, Va. and Mrs. R.N. Woodall of Pittsburgh, Pa. In June 1918 he married Miss Maude Atkins of Luray, who, with his two daughters, survive him.

His superannuate years were spent in Luray, Va. Here he was active in teaching and preaching. Although in indifferent health for some time, only a few days of acute illness preceded his homegoing December 5, 1940.

After brief services at the home his body was taken to Elkton, Va. After services at the church he was laid to rest in the Elk Run Cemetery.

When the works of men are tried by fire there will be found some gold for Alfred Lewis Harnsberger.

by Wilfred Lawson

Richard Ovid Payne, the son of George W. Payne and Mrs. Sarah Stiff Payne, was born near Oak Grove, in Westmoreland County, Va. March 7, 1858 and died December 12, 1940 near Riverton, N.J., being killed instantly by a milk truck on the public highway hear the home of relatives whom he was visiting.

Mr. Payne's father was a farmer and he was brought up on the farm to battle with the various intricacies incident to a farmer's life, and having plenty of outdoor exercise in the good fresh air of the country he developed a good, strong healthy body, which no doubt accounts in large measure for his long vigorous life. In his early boyhood, in his fourteenth year, while living in Richmond County, he came under the influence of the Rev. E.A. Gibbs, and was by him led to Christ, and with his conversion came an unquenchable desire to preach the Gospel of his new found Lord and Master.

As reported in the "Sketches of the Virginia Conference," by J.J. Lafferty, he has this grateful recognition of his sainted mother's influence upon his young life: "My mother was a good woman. She fasted, prayed and read her Bible, teaching her children to fear God and keep His commandments. I cannot remember when I did not pray, having learned it at her knees. I was converted while at home, weeping in her arms; and feeling that I wanted to go and tell sinners of Jesus' dying love, I so expressed myself. I remember, as if it had been yesterday, my mother's reply, 'My son,' said she, 'if God called you to preach, He will open the way for you; and He has done so.' It seems now almost like prophecy, for step by step God has led me. I had no dream of ever entering college, neither do I remember ever having expressed the desire to any one until efforts had been made to place me at Randolph-Macon."

Brother Payne's father died in September 1873, leaving his family dependent and in narrow circumstances, hence Richard's opportunities for obtaining even an elementary education were very limited, so he divided his time between working on the farm and pursuing such studies as he could until the fall of 1876, when by the influence of the Rev. Thomas H. Boggs, he was enabled to enter Randolph-Macon College as a student, where he remained for two years, then he went forth with "his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace" to enlarge the circle or armour bearers in the army of the Lord to extend His kingdom among the children of men.

Brother Payne was licensed to exhort at the Quarterly Conference of Ashland Charge on May 20, 1878. He was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of King George Circuit on November 2 of the same year, and entering the Conference on trial that year, he was appointed to Dare Mission where he remained for three years.

He was ordained Deacon at the November Conference in 1880. During the years 1880-81, he served the Coalfield Circuit; 1882, Matoaca; ordained Elder at the Conference of

November, 1882. At this Conference he was appointed to the Surry Circuit where he served for one year, then he was sent to the West Norfolk Circuit, where he remained for two years and where his labors resulted in much spiritual good, both to himself and the people whom he served.

On June 17, 1885 he married Miss Evalena Beers of Cleveland, Ohio, a woman of rare gifts and graces, who was of inestimable help to him in his work through the long years of his ministry of love as he bravely and courageously sought to enlarge the borders of Zion's heritage.

At the conclusion of his ministry on the West Norfolk Circuit, he was appointed to Fox Hill Station, where he labored for two years, leaving a record that witnessed to the faithfulness of his untiring zeal and fidelity in the zest and acumen of his courageous fearlessness in prosecuting the work committed to him as an ambassador of his Lord and Master. From this charge he was assigned to the Nelson Circuit where he labored successfully for three successive years.

In the fall of 1890, due to failing health of his wife, he located, went to Ohio, where he was appointed to the Westfield Charge as a supply, in the East Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he served for two years, after which he was put in charge of the Wayfield Charge, and from there he went to Irondale Circuit where he served for two years. The years that he spent in Ohio were years of much earnest work and spiritual prosperity. The health of his helpmate again having failed he transferred to the St. John's River Conference in Florida, and was stationed at Daytona from September 1895 to November 1899, when he withdrew from the ministry of the M.E. Church to re-enter the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church South, which convened in Petersburg, Va. on November 15, 1899. Having been received back into his old conference, he was appointed to the Southview and Providence Charge in Lynchburg, Va. From this charge he was appointed in succession to the following charges: Bowling Green, Wheaton, Bloxom, Pungoteague, Princess Anne, South Norfolk, North Mecklenburg, Lunenburg, Cheriton and Fox Hill.

He retired at the Conference of 1920, and after his retirement he spent his time living with his children and relatives in New Jersey up to the time of his tragic death which occurred on the evening of December 12, 1940 while he was on his way to church, he was struck by a milk truck and killed instantly as he walked along the public highway near the home of relatives whom he was visiting in Bremerton, N.J.

The funeral services were held in the Asbury Methodist Church, conducted by the pastor and the Rev. Willard Southwick, a great nephew of Brother Payne. He was laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the church, beside his mother and other members of his family, to await the resurrection of the just "when the dead in Christ shall arise and be caught up in the air to meet the Lord," and thus shall he forever be with the Lord whom he loved and adored while he tabernacled in the flesh.

His widow, Mrs. Evalena Beers Payne, and three children, Miss A. Winifred Payne of Arlington, Va.; Mrs. W.B. Wilkinson, Herndon, Va.; Richard O. Payne, Jr., Craddock-Portsmouth, Va., survive him, faithfully serving his and their Lord until He calls them to meet him "in that land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign."

Brother Payne, as the writer of this sketch says, "was pleasant, courteous and affable, fraternizing with his people, mingling much with them. He was a sociable, impulsive and affectionate, combining with the firmness and decision of an earnest man an almost womanly delicacy and gentleness of thought and feeling. In the fireside company he showed a keen relish of humor, a ready adaptation to the style and manners of others, while at the same time he had an independence of opinion and expression of one who had learned to think for himself. In the pulpit he seemed to lose himself in the wondrous truths he proclaimed. He spoke with earnestness and fearlessness, and he won an abiding hold on the esteem and confidence of his brethren in the Conference." He was a good man, a brother beloved.

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

by R.N. Hartness

Robert Ledbetter Wingfield was a Christian gentleman. He was to the Manor born. Then in life he cultivated the fruits of the Spirit, "Love, peace, longsuffering gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." He was loved, trusted and confided in wherever he served. Lafferty's "Conference Sketches" says of him, "He was of the house of the Albemarle Wingfields, a Methodist clan, noted for their superior citizenship and unswerving loyalty to the church. He honored the name and added to the good reputation of the family."

Brother Wingfield was a native of Albemarle County; his birthday April 3, 1864; his parents R.L. and A.A. Wingfield. He was their oldest son, bearing the exact name of his father. They were Methodists each family. The sense of sin and sorrow for transgressions were early experiences. He, however, was not converted until June 1878, a youth of fourteen years, under the preaching of the Rev. J.W. Howell at Mt. Olivet in Albemarle, joining the church during the revival.

In June 1897, he was happily married to Miss Linda Farley of Amelia, Va., an accomplished woman, who made a large contribution to the effectiveness of his ministry and all through his ministry and during the suffering of his last days she was a faithful and devoted companion. She, with three sons, Dr. Robert Cornelius, Spartansburg, S.C.; Gordon Howell, Charlottesville, Va.; Harold Farley, Burbank, Calif., survive him.

He was educated at Palmyra Academy, Palmyra, Fluvana County, Va., and at the University of Virginia. He became a local preacher, licensed by Rev. Oscar Littleton in the spring of 1891 and served Burkville Circuit two years as a supply. In the fall of 1894 he joined the Virginia Conference and was sent to Henry Circuit, where he spent four years. Then for forty-two years without a break, he went wherever he was sent without a murmur, or rebellious complaint. He was acceptable wherever sent and "wore well" serving only eleven charges in forty-two years. He served Kinbridge eight years continuously. From Kinbridge he was sent to Waverly, where in his second year, he suffered a stroke of paralysis from which he never fully recovered.

At the Conference in 1936, he asked for superannuate relations and moved his family to Ashland, Va., where he lived until the final call came, March 2, 1941. He died as he had lived--in full fellowship with his Lord. His funeral was conducted by Dr. S.C. Hatcher, assisted by Rev. E.B. Jones and by Rev. H.S. Southgate, and his body was laid to rest in Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Albemarle County.

The writer first met him in the summer of 1896 and during his vacation from college in 1897, served under him as junior preacher on the Henry Circuit. A friendship was formed and a memory of that association abides still and his sympathetic council and advice was a great help to the young preacher. His memory and his love is precious.

Hail friend and farewell, O! light be the sod,
That hides thee from us on the bosom of God.
Thy spirit awaits, we shall meet again,
In the world without death or sorrow or pain.

by W.G. Burch

Porter Hardy. The name, Porter Hardy, will bring blessed memories and cheer to many hearts for years to come. The sunset of his life occurred on March 14, 1941, but the afterglow, that wondrous, soft, beautiful light that lingers in the sky after "the sun has gone down to rise upon some other shore," will continue to give a guiding light, a reminder of strong faith, and a hallowed peace to his loved ones and to those who knew him. In his modesty he would disclaim credit for his Christ-like character and good deeds, and rightly so, for they were the result of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ whom he loved so devotedly and served with unswerving loyalty for fifty-three years as a member of the Virginia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, forty-six years of which were spent in the active itinerancy.

Brother Hardy was born November 27, 1861 in Brunswick County, Va. at the home of his uncle, Dr. George Hardy. His father, Mr. Samuel Hardy, a first lieutenant in the Confederate Army during the War Between the States, because of his military duties, was unable to be present at the birth of his son. Nor could he attend the funeral of his beloved wife, the former Miss Betty Porter, who died three days after she brought her only child into the world.

Mr. Samuel Hardy was educated at Randolph-Macon College, graduating with distinction in the year 1864. He attended the University of Virginia for two years and after

completing his studies was offered a professorship at Randolph-Macon, located at Boydton, Va. He refused the professorship because he deemed he could best serve his day and generation by opening a school of his own to educate boys in the counties surrounding Brunswick.

It was in his father's school that Brother Hardy received his education. His father, his only teacher, saw to it that he had the equivalent of a college education, and that he became specially proficient in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Mathematics.

His mother was a graduate of Buckingham Collegiate Institute. Being a very devout person, she had a beautiful prayer life and had prayed earnestly that her child should be a boy, and that he become a preacher.

Without the tender care of a mother in the years of his childhood, the young Porter found comfort and guidance in the sympathetic attention of Miss Alice Hall, a step-aunt, for whom in later years he often expressed deep gratitude. He was converted at the age of seventeen and later felt the call to preach. His grandfather, a man of wealth and influence in Petersburg, Va., tried earnestly to discourage his grandson from becoming a minister. Brother Hardy first entered Y.M.C.A. work, which took him to Florida in 1885. There he met a wealthy lady who wanted to adopt him and promised that if he would manage her estate she would make him her heir. He turned down this very attractive offer because he wanted above everything to be a preacher. He returned to Virginia and in 1888 joined the Virginia Conference under Bishop Granbery, a close friend of his father's.

When Brother Hardy was engaged in Y.M.C.A. work he was sent as a delegate to a convention in Lynchburg and was entertained in the home of Mr. Alexander B. Mahood, a former steward of Washington Street Church in Petersburg, and one of the organizers of Memorial Church in Lynchburg. It was in this home that he met Miss Jane Long Mahood who later became Mrs. Porter Hardy. She seemed so fitted to be a minister's wife that her husband felt she was sent to him as an answer to prayer.

They became the parents of six children: Mahood Porter Hardy, Mrs. J.E. Moreland, Miss Frances Gary Hardy, Mrs. J.M. Battin, Porter Hardy, Jr., and Mrs. C.B. White. Every child was given a college education. The girls are graduates of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, and the boys of Randolph-Macon in Ashland. At the same time that Brother and Mrs. Hardy were educating their own children they also educated five Japanese students through the late Dr. J.C.C. Newton, Missionary to Japan.

This seems almost a miracle since Brother Hardy's salary was a modest one. But the secret is to be found in the fact that he was a strict tither, putting the Lord first and placing his tenth in a separate bank account. He believed literally in God's promises. He practiced the presence of God until God became the very center and inspiration of his life.

Brother Hardy served the following charges: Halifax, Blandford, Ettrick, Madison Heights, King William, West Chesterfield, Lancaster, Capeville, Keller, Bedford Circuit, Boykins, Benns, Churchland, Princess Anne and Lynnhaven. In 1934, because of ill health, he was granted the superannuate relation, though he did not cease to work for Christ. He made his home in Churchland, Va. He was a friend to everyone regardless of creed or color, and labored earnestly for their spiritual and physical well-being.

On March 14, 1941, he entered into rest. Funeral services were conducted by Dr. John Paul Tyler, District Superintendent of the Portsmouth-Newport News District, assisted by the Rev. M.T. Hartsoe, pastor of the churchland Methodist church. All that is mortal of this man of God, one of the last of the circuit riders, lies in old Blandford Cemetery, where he always expressed a desire to rest, near the scene of his first active labors for his Lord. His life and influence will live on in the lives that were blessed by contact with his own so beautifully enriched by his intimate association with the Christ.

by H.S. Southgate

Robert Lee Eutsler was born September 2, 1868, at Weyers Cave, Va., and passed to his eternal home on March 17, 1941 at his home in Edinburg, Va. He was the eleventh child in the family of thirteen children born to George Washington and Sarah Briarly Eutsler, and he was the last surviving member of the family. Graduating from Randolph-Macon College in 1896 he joined the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1897, and was ordained deacon, and ordained elder in 1901.

During his ministry he served the following pastorates: Romney, W.Va. 1897-98; Loudoun Circuit, Va. 1898-1900; Lost City, W. Va. 1900-02; Monterey, Va. 1902-05; McGaheysville, Va. 1905-07; Greeneville, Va. 1907-11; Newmarket, Va. 1911-15; Hamilton, Va. 1915-19; Bridgewater, Va. 1919-23; Manassas, Va. 1923-27; Buchanan, Va. 1927-28; Berryville, Va. 1928-32; Fairview, Roanoke, Va. 1932-34; Burlington, W.Va. 1934-35; Edinburg, Va. 1936-37.

In 1935 he was stricken with angina pectoris, but was able to continue his work until 1937, when he retired to live in Edinburg. His funeral services were held in St. John's Church, Edinburg, Va., conducted by the pastor, Geo. S. Lightner, assisted by the following ministers, W.H. Ballengee, Wilfred Lawson and the writer. He was buried in the family plot in Mt. Horeb Cemetery, near Grottoes, Va.

He was married to Miss Lillian Zepp of Frederick County, Va., October 1, 1902. She with the following named children, survive: Mrs. D.T. Furry, Mrs. J.E. DeCosta, Daniel T. Eutsler, Rev. Fred B. Eutsler, Mark W. Eutsler, Rev. Kern Eutsler and Mrs. James W. Lantrip.

Brother Eutsler was a good man who loved God and his fellow men, and a sound gospel preacher.

by J.B. Hupman

William Patterson Province, the son of James Sampson and Lula Mae Province, was born in Millsboro, Pa. on March 28, 1883. He gave his heart to God early in life, and soon became active in the work of the church both at Millsboro and Pittsburg, where he later lived. In young manhood he felt the call of God to the ministry of the church, and during a visit to his father who had moved to Virginia for the benefit of his health, Bro. Province surrendered himself as an ambassador of God. In 1905 he was admitted on trial into the Virginia Annual Conference.

Brother Province was a graduate of the State Normal School at California, Pa., and also attended a college in Pittsburgh, Pa. After serving in the pastorate for three years on the West Buckingham Charge he decided to prepare himself more thoroughly for the ministry and entered Vanderbilt University, where he pursued his courses in seminary training with diligence and his usual steadfastness of purpose.

In 1911, he resumed active work in the Conference and served in succession the Brightwood, King William, Middlesex, King George and Monroe Charges. During his pastorate at Monroe, Brother Province was sorely stricken with lethargic encephalitis, better known as sleeping sickness, from which he never fully recovered. Though his life was spared for the time, he was made an invalid, and found it necessary to retire from the active ministry in 1919.

Brother Province was wonderfully blessed in his helpmate. On September 3, 1907, he was married to Miss Mary Alice Morgan of Andersonville, Va., who was an efficient helper in his active ministry, and a devoted companion during the years of physical affliction. To this happy and courageous couple was born one daughter, Lucretia Mae, who adorned the home, grew to attractive womanhood, and married Dr. Virgil Stanley Hart of Urbanna, Va. This latter couple are the proud parents of one son, John Stanley Hart.

It was the privilege of Brother Province to continue in the active ministry a limited number of years, as he was sorely stricken when still a young man. And yet these were fruitful years in the Master's service. But his work did not end with his retirement from the active ranks. Though an invalid for twenty-two years he was a constant witness for his Lord. He moved to Farmville during the pastorate of the writer, and proved a blessing to the community by his cheerful spirit and living testimony to a steadfast faith. He was a regular attendant upon the services of the church, even when it became necessary to convey his broken body in a wheel chair. He bore his affliction without murmur or complaint, and gave every evidence of true Christian patience. His personal testimony was like unto that of Job: "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him."

"When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine."

In the constant throes of disease the flesh grew weaker and on April 8, 1941, the mortal body ceased its function, and the soul of Brother Province answered the summons to a higher realm. The funeral services were held in Farmville Methodist Church by Dr. George Wesley Jones, District Superintendent and Rev. E.S. Sheppe, Jr., pastor of the church. The interment was at Bethel Church in Buckingham County. While his physical likeness we no longer see, a life of patient endurance, joyful spirit, and child-like trustfulness lingers in memory to strengthen our faith and confirm our eternal hope.

by R.M. White

Jesse Knobel Holman. The subject of this sketch was born May 6, 1872 in Orangeburg, S.C. and died in Catlett, Va. on April 14, 1941. He was the son of Major Adam O. and Elizabeth W. Holman.

The finest blood of the South ran through the veins of Brother Holman, and the finest traditions of the Southland came to full flower in his personality. While born in another state, he loved Virginia from the first time he ever saw it; and without any fear of contradiction one could always refer to him as a true Virginia gentleman.

On September 20, 1904, Brother Holman was married to Miss Annie C. Bryant of Martinsville, Va. This was a happy marriage. The home was always a home of sun-shine and the center of the finest interests in the communities where he lived. No one within the realm of my acquaintance could regale his listeners with as many stories of Methodism--the Methodism of a generation ago--as could Jesse K. Holman, and he added to the sunshine of the home by the way in which he told these stories.

In addition to his wife, Brother Holman is survived by the following children: Jesse K. Holman, Jr., Patterson, N.J.; Mrs. Wm. H. Koenig, New York City; Mrs. Gorman L. Burnett, Lynchburg, Va.; Miss Laura Darlington Holman, Franklin, Va.; Miss Katherine Wannamaker Holman, Calverton, Va. These loved ones tarry awhile to honor the name of the man who helped to make the Methodism of his day a working force for righteousness.

Brother Holman was proud of the fact that he did not remember when he began to pray, when he was baptized, or when he started to Sunday School. A neighbor once said of him: "Jesse was born good and just remained that way." He was pure in conversation and life and guarded his good name jealously, often saying that a minister's reputation was as delicate as that of a woman. He was a most devoted husband and father. He was kind to the poor and underprivileged people of every community where he lived and served. One of his best ministerial friends said that the burning desire of his heart was to see his people fully saved.

Brother Holman entered the itinerant ministry in 1899, whereupon he was sent to a section of Patrick and Henry Counties where he was told to organize a Circuit. He did so. He was unusually successful at Bassett, where a revival was held in which fourteen people professed conversion. These formed the nucleus of the Methodist Church at Bassett. While there he received the magnificent salary of $211.72, of which amount he gave $200.00 toward the building of the church. During his whole ministry he was most successful in building and repairing churches and church school buildings.

In addition to the Bassett appointment, Brother Holman served the following: Montross, Pittsylvania, Greene, Duncan Church in Spartansburg, S.C., Enoree, S.C., Williamston, S.C., Culpeper Circuit, Batesville, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Rappahannock, Drivers, Newsoms, Toano, Prince George, Gladys and Fauquier.

Brother Holman loved his church with passionate zeal. His desire was to have his children say of him, as they stood by his casket, that he was truly a man of God. He coveted this above all earthly honors.

In the midst of active labors without a single day's illness, Brother Holman fell at his post of duty. The funeral was held in Court Street, Lynchburg, April 16 at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. R.O. Bryant conducted the service. He was assisted in the service by Dr. H.P. Clarke and Rev. John M. Oakey. The body was laid to rest in Spring Hill Cemetery in Lynchburg. An earlier service was held on April 15 in Trinity Church, Catlett. The participating ministers were Joseph S. Johnston, C.C. Bell, E.J.C. Snellings, W.H. Marsh and the writer of this sketch.

A good man has gone to be with God. We shall miss his genial smile and his warm hand-clasp. Earth will be poorer by his going, but heaven will be richer. His influence remains to bless us.

by A.P. Williams

Harvey Quinn Burr was born January 2, 1870, in Greenbrier County, W.Va., son of Julius Austin Burr and Miriam Hanna Burr. He attended public school in his native county, the Hillsboro Academy in Hillsboro, W.Va., and the Allegheny Collegiate Institute at Alderson, W.Va. He was converted when about twenty-one years of age and soon felt his call to the Christian ministry. Being granted local preacher's license, he began his preaching ministry under the pastorate of Rev. W.H. Ballengee, holding services regularly at Highland Park, an outlying appointment of the Ronceverte Charge, where one of the most successful revivals of his ministry crowned his efforts. The following year, 1897, he was appointed as a supply by Dr. J.D. Martin, Presiding Elder, to do Junior Preacher's work in the Greenbank Circuit, Lewisburg District.

He was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at the session held at Mt. Vernon Place Church, Washington, D.C., on April 8, 1899, Bishop J.C. Granbery presiding. On April 9, at this same Conference, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop J.C. Granbery.

He was received into full connection at the Conference held in Greene Memorial Church, Roanoke, Va., on April 6, 1901, by Bishop O.P. Fitzgerald, president. He was ordained Elder by Bishop A. Coke Smith on March 29, 1903 at the Conference in Fredericksburg, Va.

The following are the charges he served to the best of his ability: Belmont (Roanoke), 1898-1901; Bethany Circuit, 1901-05; Greenbank, 1905-09; Durban, 1909-13; Calvary-Fishersville, 1913-17; Manassas, 1917-19; Hamilton-Purcelville, 1919-22; LaPlata, Md., 1922-27; Calvert Circuit, 1927-32; Howard Circuit, 1932-36.

On four charges he built parsonages, three of which were new and the other remodeled. New churches were built on Bethany and Greenbank Charges and two on the Calvert Circuit under his leadership. The other duties of his ministry were not neglected for he was a conscientious pastor and many souls found their Savior under his guidance and preaching.

In 1902 he married Cora Smith of Roanoke, Va., whose companionship strengthened and helped him in all his days.

Rarely does one meet such a lovely spirit as Brother Burr. He was quiet, unassuming, modest, faithful and loyal. He shunned the limelight and sought the quiet shade of duty well done. But such a steady burning light could not be hidden. He was aflame with the love of God for the souls of men. His only concern was the Kingdom of God. To know him was to love him. To be with him was to understand that he was an ambassador from God with a message of love to all the people. By example, precept and preaching, he wooed others to heaven and led the way. We can say with Whittier:

"The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The gospel of a life like his
Is more than books or scrolls."

His preaching was not with the wisdom and eloquence of man's wisdom, but was saturated with that wisdom that cometh from above. Simply and quietly, without ostentation or display, he told the old, old story of Jesus and His love. He was very methodical and business-like in all his administration of the affairs of his charges.

No man appreciated more highly than he the opportunities given to improve his methods and increase his knowledge by attending every year the Conference Training School.

He never missed an Annual Conference in all the years of his ministry, attending every day last year, even though in failing health and with fading vision. Success crowned his labors, the church was strengthened and built up in all departments. He ever lived as one who remembered he was the ambassador of Christ.

At the Conference of 1936, because of failing health, he took the superannuate relation and retired to live in Roanoke, Va. where he and his faithful wife continued to reside until his death. When he retired he received expressions of love and appreciation from all of the charges that he had ever served. This in itself was a

testimony to the true worth of the man. Just across the street from his home was Belmont Church-his first charge and his first love. The members of Belmont received him kindly and lovingly when he came to do his last active work for the Master among them. From 1898 to 1901, he served this church in all the enthusiasm of his first pastorate. From 1937 to May, 1940 it was his happy privilege again to minister to the Belmont congregation, as his handicapped physical condition permitted, as their assistant pastor. We feel certain that souls were strengthened, and God's Kingdom was brought nearer by his consecrated efforts.

For forty-three years he had been an itinerant Methodist preacher and never failed to answer the roll call. On September 24, 1941, Brother Burr answered the heavenly roll call. Funeral services were held in Belmont Methodist Church, conducted by his pastor, Dr. Edward J. Rees and assisted by his District Superintendent and the writer. The burial was in Fairview Cemetery in Roanoke, Va.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Cora Burr; three daughters, Mrs. S.C. Buckler of Calvert County, Md.; Mrs. Beverly H. Barnes of LaPlata, Md.; Miss Alice D. Burr of Baltimore, Md.; two sons, John Marshall Burr of Baltimore, Md., and R.W. Burr of Washington, D.C.

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead--he is just away!
With cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
"And you--O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return--
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead--he is just away!" James Whitcomb Riley **by W.E. Holley**

Minutes for 1942. **Edward Kendrick Denton** was born near Spring Hill in Maury County, Tennessee, in the year 1859. His father, James William Denton, a native of Halifax County, Va., left his home near Halifax Court House when quite a young man, and moved to middle Tennessee where he married a Miss Sophie Shaw and where their son, the subject of this sketch, was born and reared.

Edward Denton was converted and joined the Methodist Church near his home in the fall of 1875. His call to preach seems to have been coincident with his conversion, for he was almost immediately licensed as a Local Preacher and proceeded to prepare for his ministry by studying in preparatory and college courses. He graduated from Vanderbilt University in May, 1879. Shortly before his graduation, having been four years a local preacher, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Keener. The year following his graduation he taught school and preached as a Local Deacon.

When the Tennessee Conference met at Pulaski in the fall of 1880 he presented himself for admission into its ranks, was admitted on trial and that year was appointed to Smithville Station, Tennessee to begin his long and faithful record as an itinerant preacher, during which he followed the call and command of his God and his Church through five Conferences and forty-five years, closing his active service at Nottoway, Va., in 1925.

Shortly after beginning his ministry in Tennessee, he met and married Miss Matta Lee Craig, daughter of a Nashville family, who was his affectionate companion and the faithful follower of his fortunes until her death just one short month before his own.

His appointments in the Tennessee Conference were Smithville Station, Sparta Station, Centerville, Alex Green Station, Bilbo Avenue Station, and Ashland City Circuit. In 1889 Bishop Key called him to the West Texas Conference and stationed him at Conzales Station. In this Conference he rendered faithful service for nine years, returning to the Tennessee Conference in 1898 where he served Cumberland Station, East End Station in Nashville, and Savannah Station. In 1903, at the session of the Tennessee Conference held at Murfreesboro, he was located at his own request that he might take office as assistant to Dr. Folk, then president of the Anti-Saloon League.

A year later he was called to the St. Louis Conference to fill a vacancy at Malden Station. In this Conference he stayed three years and was then transferred, because of his wife's delicate health, to the Florida Conference to take appointment at First Church, West Palm Beach. He remained in the Florida Conference twelve years serving part of the time as Conference Evangelist, and then upon his request in 1919 to be transferred to his father's home state, Virginia, Bishop Hendrix and Bishop Candler, the latter then presiding over the Florida Conference, transferred him to Virginia and he was stationed at Elm Avenue, Portsmouth. Here in Virginia, the state of his fathers, in spite of his failing powers he served faithfully four charges, namely, Elm Avenue, Crittenden, Gloucester Point, and Nottoway, superannuating in 1925.

Dr. Denton and his good wife then moved to Portsmouth and took up residence in a small home they had acquired at 1815 Airline Avenue. Here the aging couple lived for sixteen years, both of them in declining health. Here he was ever ready to assist his brethren, as long as his strength served, and was a faithful worshipper at Monumental Church and member of its Quarterly Conference.

In the spring of 1941, Mrs. Denton suffered a fall and a broken hip and was taken to the Kings Daughters Hospital where she was carefully ministered to. The weight of years and physical weakness increased upon her and she died after months of pain and distress on October 7, 1941. Dr. John Paul Tyler, District Superintendent, conducted funeral services for her in which the other Methodist Ministers of the city participated, and her body was interred in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Nashville, Tennessee.

Less than a month later, Dr. Denton, whose failing health before the ravages of an incurable disease had compelled his entrance into the same hospital, heard the final call of his Lord to take up a new ministry in the Church eternal and answered that call on November 5, 1941. Funeral services were conducted for him in Portsmouth by Dr. Tyler, whose faithful care for the aged couple through their years of distress will find reward in Heaven. Dr. Tyler was assisted in the funeral services by the Methodist preachers in Portsmouth, all of them being present, and the body was shipped to Nashville where it was met by Dr. Coston J. Harrell and Dr. King Vivion, and, according to the rites of the Church he had loved and served for 66 years, interred in Mt. Olivet Cemetery by the side of his wife.

There the worn bodies of these two wait the final trumpet calling them from rest to life anew, while the winds of God whisper about their resting place, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

by Wm. Archer Wright

William Bladen Jett. He was the son of Dr. William Newton Jett and Virginia Mitchell Jett, and was born in King George County, Va., November 27, 1858, at Cameron, ancestral estate of Dr. Fairfax, his uncle by marriage. He died at his home in Petersburg on Sunday, December 7, 1941, aged 83. His funeral services were conducted by the writer assisted by Rev. E.E. Renn, pastor of Highland Church, which he attended.

Besides his wife he is survived by three daughters, Mrs. R.E. Ingram, Mrs. Wade C. Temple, and Mrs. F.L. Mabie, two brothers, Rt. Rev. Robert C. Jett, Bishop of the Episcopal Church, and George Jett, of San Francisco, California, and two sisters, Misses Hallie M. and Ethel N. Jett, both of Washington, D.C.

Soon after the death of his mother, while he was yet a young man, he removed his residence to Baltimore, and later joined the United States Army, continuing in this service for five years, chiefly in Indian campaigns in Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. He resigned from the army and went into business life in Arizona.

When he was about thirty years of age he attended revival services at a Holiness tent meeting, and was genuinely and powerfully converted, and his life from this time on until his death bore convincing testimony to all who knew him to the fact that he had indeed been born again. He was, however, not satisfied with this experience, gracious and blessed though it was, and went back to the place of prayer and sought until he found it the baptism of the Holy Spirit and of power, and bore testimony to the blessing of entire sanctification as the privilege and heritage of the children of God. He never lost this blessing. It was his strength and stay for more than fifty years, until God called him to Himself. It gave him power with God and Man. It made him one of the best beloved pastors and one of the most faithful and effective preachers I have

ever known. It made it possible for him to live a life of singular purity and beauty, and to impress on everyone who knew him the power of an unselfish and consecrated life.

Once he spent days in my home, preaching for me in a revival. My little girl, only a few years old, said "Mr. Jett reminds me of Jesus."

Almost simultaneously with his conversion he was called to preach by the Spirit of God. He came back to his native state, and entered Randolph-Macon College to prepare for the ministry. Here I met him for the first time, and soon learned to love and admire him because of the beauty of his Christian life. From then on I never had a better friend. There was a covenant between us that the one who survived should breathe the last prayer over the dust of the other, and so it was.

He did the preaching in the greatest revival of my ministry, when at its close we received 55 souls into the church of God on profession of faith. Everywhere he went souls were converted, and almost to the day of his death he was called upon and responded to invitations to preach in revival services.

He made no attempt at oratory. His speech and his preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power, that the faith of others might not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God.

He kept the faith. He kept faith with God. God's will was the law of his life. He could say with the Master, "I came not to do mine own will but the will of Him that sent me." Always there was in his breast a sense of the Divine presence and the divine approval. Like Enoch, he walked with God. He kept faith with his conscience. He attended every gathering in the interest of righteousness that he could reach, and on all such occasions spoke his mind freely, though he might know that "the world was against him" and in the opinion of this writer he was usually right. In thought, word and deed he kept a conscience void of offense towards God and man. He followed the guidance of the man within the breast.

He kept faith with his people. We have had no more diligent pastor among us in my day. He ministered not only to the spiritual needs of his people in their homes through the medium of prayer and conversation on the subject of the kingdom, but was always ready to minister to their material necessities as well, rendering any needed service with his own hands as well as out of his private means. If any of his members engaged in business or pleasure that was sinful, he remonstrated with them, but always in the spirit of kindness and Christian Love.

He kept faith with his family. He was married to Miss Viola Bryant, at Calvary Church in Richmond County, March 28, 1895, by Rev. W.B. Beauchamp, who afterwards became a Bishop in the M.E. Church, South. This union was blessed with three daughters, Viola, Mary and Dora. His home was ideally happy. As far as was humanly possible he made it an earthly paradise. The heart of his wife safely trusted in him, and his children rise up and call him blessed. Jesus was the head of his house, the unseen guest at every meal. No day passed that his voice was not heard in his home in prayer and supplication at a throne of grace for God's blessing upon himself and those that God had given him.

No pastor was loved more by his people than was he everywhere he went. He joined the Virginia Conference in 1890, and served charges in the eastern and southern counties of Virginia. Among these were Richmond, Essex, Nottoway and Campbell. He also was pastor of churches in South Boston, Danville, Martinsville, and Petersburg, where he served two churches, Memorial and Wesley. In 1929 he retired from the pastorate and made his home in Colonial Heights, Petersburg, where he died. But he was not idle. He responded to frequent calls to preach as long as life endured, and served otherwise in every way he could. He served almost every charge he had for the full limit of four years, which was all the law at that time allowed, and if he did leave before that period it was entirely at his own request and much against the wishes of his people. Once when he left a charge at his own request after serving it but two years, there was a mild revolution on the part of his people.

In the more than half century of my membership in the Conference, I have not known a member of it who has walked more closely with God or who has lived a purer, braver, nobler or more useful life. Such a life is an inspiration to us all to more fully consecrate all our powers to our Master's service.

by B.M. Beckham

Edson Kenny Odell was born at Kendall, N.Y. May 29, 1891, the son of Samuel K., of Greece, N.Y., and Chloe Anne Elizabeth Wright Odell, formerly of Ontario, Canada. When Edson was nine years old the family moved to Virginia, settling in Princess Anne County near Cape Henry, a section then but sparsely settled and largely undeveloped. His father died when the subject of this memoir was about 14 years of age leaving a widow, six sons--of whom Edson was the youngest--and three daughters. Soon thereafter the family moved to the city of Norfolk and united with old Granby Street, now Epworth Church. Mr. Odell was well born. His parents were of the sturdy, independent strain that conquered the wilderness and gave us the America we know. They were devout Christians of the Methodist persuasion. Religion was of the atmosphere of the home and its expression in church attendance and in the social activities centering around an active church, such as Granby Street, was as natural to him as breathing. He often said that he never knew the time when he did not think of himself as a Christian.

His education, begun in the public schools of Princess Anne and Norfolk, was continued in Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N.Y. which he attended for three years. While doing volunteer religious work with the student body at Genesee he became convinced of the call to preach and turned from a promising business career in Norfolk to prepare for the ministry. He graduated from Randolph-Macon College in 1899 and from Vanderbilt University with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in 1902. During his entire student career he took high rank for character and general ability, giving abundant promise of a most useful career in the Christian ministry.

Upon his graduation at Vanderbilt he returned to Virginia and entered upon the pastorate at Huntersville, recently vacated by the death of Rev. H.C. Cheatham. At the session of the Virginia Conference in November, 1901, Bishop Duncan presiding, he was admitted on trial into the travelling connection and re-appointed to Huntersville. He was admitted into full connection in 1904 and two years later ordained an elder by Bishop Hendrix.

His ministerial service was in the following appointments: Huntersville, Dorchester Circuit, Highland Park, Williamsburg, South Boston, Conference Evangelist, Cottage Place, Pungoteague Circuit, South Norfolk Circuit, Victoria, Cape Charles and Irvington. At the end of a four year pastorate at this latter charge the progress of disease and increasing infirmities of the flesh brought about his superannuation.

In 1910 he was married to Miss Grace Burgess, of Highland Park, Richmond, who died in August 1915, leaving a son, Fred Burgess. He was married a second time in November 1918, to Miss Susie Williams of Mathews County, who shared with him most helpfully the labors of the pastorate and who lightened his burdens and cheered him through the months of a tedious and prostrating invalidism.

Mr. Odell adorned the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He brought a bright and happy disposition, a disciplined mind and a consecrated life to the service of his divine Lord. He gave himself generously and unreservedly to the ministry of the Word and to the shepherding of the flock. He was a good preacher, of distinctly evangelistic temper and talents, giving much of his time to assisting his ministerial brethren in their revivals, and serving for two years as Conference Evangelist during which time more than a thousand persons professed conversion under his preaching. As a pastor he was diligent, understanding, tactful. In every community where he labored he was rewarded with the love of his parishioners and the confidence of the public.

Edson K. Odell was made for friendship. He loved people and met them graciously. His open countenance and genial smile, his warm handclasp and genuine interest in others, were well nigh irresistible. His life was the sort that invited the sacred intimacies of friendship. One who knew him for more than fifty years wrote that he "never knew him to make an unkind remark nor to use an unchaste word." A brother minister who knew him intimately said "we have had few finer characters in the Conference than he, lovable, companionable, and in every sense a Christian gentleman."

Following superannuation in 1934 he moved to Mathews where he waited the call to "Come up higher." This period of his earthly pilgrimage was marked by great physical weakness and dependence though relieved by the loving care and the sympathetic ministry of a devoted wife. He loved the House of God and whenever able was present at the services in the sanctuary. His patience and resignation to the will of God were marked

characteristics of these latter months. He once wrote to this witness that while he "had always hoped to labor on to the end," if it were the will of God that he stand aside and pass the closing years of life in weakness and suffering, he accepted it as the dispensation of an all-loving Father. By every token he gave witness that in all these things, like St. Paul, he was "more than conqueror through Jesus Christ."

His earthly journey came to an end February 6, 1942. Funeral services were conducted by his District Superintendent, Dr. C. Fred Williams, assisted by Rev. S.L. Dumville, Rev. W.S. Grant, Rev. Jack Taylor and Rev. G.W. Watkins. Interment was made in Christ Church Cemetery, at Mathews, Va., February 7, 1942.

In addition to his wife and son, Fred Burgess, he is survived by the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Chloe Kuck of Honolulu, Hawaii; Mrs. Henry Brown of Vanceboro, N.C.; Mrs. Hugh J. Paylor of Richmond, Va.; Arthur J., of Myrtle Beach, N.C. and Burton, of Syracuse, N.Y.

by S.O. Wright

Charles McComas Sarver was born at Newport, Va., April 26, 1863 and died June 1, 1942. He was united in marriage to Miss Ida Hill Bruffey of Hillsboro, W.Va. One son was born to this union, Dr. Landon Arndale Sarver, chemist in the Viscose Corporation, Roanoke, Va. He was educated in the public schools of his county. He studied in Fairview Academy and Normal Schools of Virginia. He taught school for a number of years. It was while he was teaching that he was converted while alone on a mountain top. He received the call to preach soon after his conversion and joined the Old Baltimore Conference of the Southern Methodist Church in 1891. He served the following appointments: Newcastle, Va.; Petersburg, W. Va.: Morgan, W.Va.; Wordensville, W.Va.; Stafford, Va.; LaPlata, Maryland; Callaghan, Va.; Morrisville, Va.; Williamsburg, W. Va.; Roanoke Circuit, Va.; Trappe, Maryland; Church Hill, Maryland; and Springfield, W.Va.

Following his superannuation he and Mrs. Sarver made their home in Gaithersburg, Maryland, for some years. The last years of his life were spent in Roanoke, Va.

He attended Raleigh Court Methodist church until a few weeks before his death. He took an active part in the services of the Church, assisting the pastor with the communion every first Sunday.

The Rev. Charles McComas Sarver was a good minister, a devout student of the Bible. He was sent from one hard circuit to another, always receiving his appointments as coming from the Lord. He was an incessant reader of great books. He believed in the witness of the Spirit and in the power of God to forgive sin. His last days were spent in serving the Lord he loved. He died triumphant in the faith.

He was buried in Sherwood Abbey, Salem, Va., by Dr. Hubert Sydenstricker, District Superintendent of the Roanoke District, assisted by his pastor, Dr. H.S. Coffey, and his brother ministers of the district.

by H.S. Coffey

Hubert Sydenstricker was born April 10, 1877 at Frankfort (Greenbrier County) W.Va., and died at Roanoke, Va., July 30, 1942. He came of a family of ministers. His father, Christopher, was for 41 years a Methodist preacher, and one of five brothers who were ministers, four serving in the Presbyterian Church. One of these, Absalom, the father of Pearl Sydenstricker Buck, was a pioneer missionary of the Presbyterian Church in China.

Reared in a Christian home, Hubert Sydenstricker entered Randolph-Macon College at the age of 15 and received his B.A. degree in 1898. He taught school for several years at Princeton, W.Va., and Randolph-Macon Academy. With a definite call to the ministry, he entered the Divinity School of Vanderbilt University and received his B.D. degree in 1908. Post graduate studies were taken at Chicago Divinity School. In 1929 Washington and Lee University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

With this educational background it is not surprising that he always held a high standard for ministers entering the conference and was a potent factor in promoting the work of education in our great Church. He served efficiently on the Conference Board of Education, Board of Ministerial Training and Board of Trustees of Randolph-Macon College.

He was admitted on trial in the old Baltimore Conference held at Staunton in 1907. Bishop A.W. Wilson ordained him Deacon in 1909 and Bishop E.E. Hoss ordained him Elder in 1911.

He served effectively and faithfully the following charges: Hillsboro, 1908-10; Aberdeen, 1910-14; Fairfax Court House, 1914-15; Leesburg, 1915-19; Blacksburg, 1919-21; Buena Vista, 1921-25; the Rockingham District, 1925-29; Trinity, Roanoke, 1929-33; Braddock Street, Winchester, 1933-37; Roanoke District, 1937-42.

On June 3, 1908 he was married to Kattie Massie Buck, of Front Royal, Va. Of this union were born two children, Kitty and Hubert, Jr. They all survive him.

Dr. Sydenstricker loved life and he did not fear death. He loved life in all of its phases, religious, social, civic. Children and youth were a joy to him and often was he found in their presence. Games, sports, he enjoyed as a normal course of living. Constantly aware of a physical condition that threatened his life, he often remarked that death was a matter over which he had no control and there was no fear of it. He gave of his talents and energies to the Kingdom without regard to physical suffering and danger. He executed well every task assigned to him, as Book Editor of our Church stated in a recent tribute to him in our Conference Organ: "He went to his Master, as I am sure he would have wanted to go, active, joyful, hopeful, in love with his home and brethren, doubting no doubts, but believing tremendously in the goodness and greatness of God."

The contribution of this quiet, efficient statesman-like churchman, pastor, preacher, man of God, husband, father and friend of all to the Kingdom and the Methodist church cannot easily be measured. A delegate to the General conferences in Dallas, Birmingham and Atlantic City, and a member of the Uniting Conference at Kansas City, he left the New Methodist Church enriched by his life, his wise counsel and untiring effort.

At eleven o'clock, August 1, funeral services were held in Trinity Methodist Church, Roanoke, Va., where he was greatly beloved and where four of the happiest years of his ministry were spent. Those taking part in the service were Bishop W.W. Peele, J.T. Allen, J.H. Pearson and J. Manning Potts. His body was laid to rest in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery in Roanoke, Va.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
Thy battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

by John H. Pearson

James Oliver Babcock was born on February 28, 1866. His birthplace was at Concord, Va., a small town located on the line between Appomattox and Campbell Counties. He was a member of a large family, the middle child of seven.

He was the son of Bradley W. and Mary Cardwell Babcock, parents noted for their piety. They were members of the Methodist Church, loved it, faithfully attended upon its services and supported it liberally with their means. What Paul said concerning the unfeigned faith of Timothy, which was first found in his grandmother and also in his mother Lois, doubtless could have been said concerning the subject of this sketch. The son followed in the footsteps of his godly parents and left this beautiful testimony: "I was brought up in the church and as far back as I can remember I attended Sunday School and Church regularly and have kept it up all my life. Religious literature came into our home which I loved to read and was greatly blessed in it. Ours was a home of prayer and the pastor frequently visited there."

Mr. Babcock's conversion took place at the age of fourteen. It was during a revival meeting conducted by the Rev. T.J. Taylor, assisted by the Rev. John W. Carroll, in the month of August, 1880 at Bethlehem Church, Concord, Va., that he experienced the new birth. Two weeks later at Early's Chapel in another meeting while he was engaged in silent prayer, he experienced a definite call to the ministry. He felt wholly unprepared for such an important task, and like a great many others, he had no money with which to prepare himself for his life's work. But being convinced that God wanted him to preach the gospel, he determined to get ready for it.

He began his preparation by attending Union Academy in Appomattox County and studying under his pastors. He taught school for two years and then matriculated in Emory and Henry College, where he remained for two full years. During the summer he studied under his pastors and read a large number of the best books of the day.

Mr. Babcock was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference at its session held at Danville, Va., 1887, with Bishop Key presiding. In 1889 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Granbery at Portsmouth, Va. In 1891 he was ordained elder at Petersburg by Bishop Keener. In the last book of sketches by Dr. Lafferty, he wrote concerning this man of God: "Mr. Babcock is one of the coming men of the Conference. He is a student, possesses an exceptionally fine library, and finds time to use it. He is a prince of pastors, a real housegoing preacher. All the children know him and love him. He is a good preacher. His pulpit manner is easy and unaffected. His sermons are the creation of earnest labor and prayer and therefore complete and compact. He hits the mark. He is magnetic in and out of the pulpit, a tireless worker, a sympathetic pastor, and well tills the field over which he is made overseer." Mr. Babcock rounded out forty-seven faithful years. He had a happy, well-rounded, successful and unbroken ministry in the Conference which he loved.

In 1887 he was united in marriage to Miss Anna J. Huffaker, the daughter of the Rev. J.N.S. Huffaker, of the Holston Conference. She was educated at Martha Washington College and was a gentle, cultivated woman of fine Christian qualities. Of this union came one son, E. Garland Babcock, who survives.

Mr. Babcock served the following charges with marked success: West Goochland, Orange Circuit; Mount Pleasant Circuit, Gordonsville, Wesley and South Dinwiddie; Fairmount Park, Chesapeake Avenue, Norfolk; Fairmount, Decatur Street, Asbury and Laurel Hill, Richmond, Va.; Lancaster and Madison Heights.

While Mr. Babcock looked after every interest of the church committed to his care, he was especially interested in evangelism. My first recollection of him was while he was my pastor on the Mt. Pleasant charge. During one of his meetings I was happily converted. He baptized me and received me into the church. He often spoke of me as being his "son in the gospel." His attention to my mother and father while on the charge greatly endeared him to me. In 1934 at Lynchburg, Va., he asked for the superannuate relation. He spent the remainder of his earthly life in that city. On Thursday night, July 30, 1942, God called him to his eternal reward. His funeral was held at Whitten's Funeral Home in Lynchburg and was conducted by the Revs. T.D. Landis and Forest G. Oglesby. Interment was in the Fort Hill Burial Park.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

by Joseph T. Allen

Minutes for 1943. **Thomas Edward Johnson, Jr.** About the first of September, 1942, there came to the writer a letter from Chaplain Thomas E. Johnson, Jr., U.S. Navy, containing his report for the Conference year. The next day there came the announcement from the Navy Department that he was missing; and a few days later came the official confirmation of his death. In this memoir we call to mind, and record for the sake of interested friends, the principal facts of his life.

Thomas Edward Johnson, Jr., son of one of our faithful ministers, was born at Burkeville, Va., August 17, 1908. A minister's son, however, does not have the privilege of living long in any one locality, and Thomas Johnson moved with his father to several places where he lived the normal life of a child, attending school and growing "in wisdom and in stature." He was converted at six years of age in Shady Grove Church, Goochland Circuit, during a revival conducted by his father; and united with the Boykins Methodist Church. At Alberta, Va., he completed his high school career.

While still a student at Alberta High School Thomas met and married Miss Ernestine Burdon, of McKenney, Va., who faithfully worked with him through high school, college and his ministerial career.

Entering Randolph-Macon College in 1927 Thomas Johnson proved himself to be a good student, finishing his course with an A.B. degree. In 1932 he attended the University of Virginia; and then completed his education at the Union Theological Seminary, from which he received the B.D. degree in 1937.

He was admitted into the Virginia Annual Conference in 1929 while still a student at Randolph-Macon College. His first pastorate was the South Albermarle Circuit, where he served with diligence, while attending the University of Virginia. This charge was

discontinued at the end of the year, and the young minister was given full time work on the Rapidan Circuit for three years. Thereafter he served with distinction on the Chesterfield Circuit, 1934; Burk Park, 1935-36; and Greenwood, 1937.

His work as pastor was characterized by abundant energy and zeal, as well as faithful attention to duty. Great distances did not prevent an intensive cultivation of the work, nor did unfavorable conditions discourage the heart of this young preacher. Intensely evangelistic, he preached the Gospel with fervor and a great passion for souls. His interest in education, always intense, was reflected in his work in the Church School. The financial interests of the churches he served were always cultivated. He was a faithful Christian and a loyal Methodist.

But the interest of Thomas Johnson was centered in the Navy of the United States. While on the Charlottesville District he spoke frequently of it. According to his friends, he would spend much of his spare time in drawing pictures of warships and other vessels. He was looking forward to his graduation from the seminary that he might enter the chaplaincy of the United States Navy. In 1937 upon completion of his training, he was assigned to the U.S. Cruiser Boise, and later to the supply ship, Black Hawk.

Upon the outbreak he at once saw action, as he was stationed at Manila when the Japanese attacked, and was among those who escaped when the city fell. For his service in this area he was awarded the American Defense Service Medal.

Concerning his work as chaplain he wrote his District Superintendent: "Divine services have been conducted each Sunday aboard ship, and as opportunity presents itself, I have held services on other ships and in churches ashore in several civilian communities. Holy Communion has been administered each month, and I have performed several marriages and conducted burial services."

Little is known of the details of his leaving the ship, except that he left by plane. Three planes, it is reported, took off at the same time; two came safely to land, and one is missing.

A cablegram from Chaplain Johnson to his wife sent on August 16, 1942 stated that he expected to be at home in California for his birthday, August 17, and that he had a surprise for her. The family have thought that he was about to announce his transfer to a station ashore in the United States. But instead came the shocking news that Chaplain Johnson was missing near Alaska.

Letters have come to the members of the family from officers of the Navy bearing testimony to the high character, splendid preaching and faithful service of Chaplain Jones. He was greatly loved and admired by those whom he served.

Chaplain Johnson is survived by his parents, Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Johnson; a sister, Mrs. John Johnson; two brothers, Leland S. Johnson and Walter B. Johnson; his wife, Ernestine Burdon Johnson, and a son, Thomas Edward Johnson, III.

In his report to the Annual Conference in 1942, Chaplain Johnson requested that he be "continued in the same relationship." His appointment to the chaplaincy in the Navy cannot be continued under the circumstances; but in our hearts he still occupies a place as our friend and brother, as he did when he lived and labored among us. In this sense he will long continue "in the same relationship." **by Thomas F. Carroll**

Jesse H. Hobbs. "Few were his years upon the earth yet he did the work of many years." Jesse H. Hobbs was born in Prince George County, Va., March 14, 1895. He finished his earthly course on November 8, 1942. He was united in marriage to Elisabeth Browder, November 3, 1920. The following children were born to this union: Mrs. Ernest O. Pearson, Jr., Jesse H. Hobbs, Jr., and Herbert Gray Hobbs. He is survived by his wife and these three children.

He was converted and united with The Methodist Church in his early childhood. He heard the call of Christ to the ministry in his eighteenth year--a call that never lost its romance--a calling that never knew the stain of dishonor nor permitted to become a common place. In the truest sense his habits and ideals, his every motive and practice, "adorned the Ministry." Of him it can be recorded:

"Here was one who never turned back, but marched breastforward:
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held, we fall to rise, are baffled, to fight better."

His soul flamed out against all shams--his spirit was set in spiritual realities like some immovable mountain boulder.

The facts for the records are as follows: He was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference in the fall of 1918, and was received in full connection at the Conference of 1923.

His appointments, covering the all too brief a period for such a great spirit, were as follows: 1920-23, Highland Church, Petersburg, Va.; 1923-26, Smithfield Church, Smithfield, Va.; 1926-28, Zion Church, Norfolk, Va. He was then transferred to the Baltimore Conference. In that Conference he served two pastorates: 1928-32, St. Paul's Church, Christiansburg, Va.; 1932-35, Leesburg Church, Leesburg, Va. He was then transferred back to the Virginia Conference, serving the following stations: 1935-36, Grace Church, Cambridge, Md.; 1939-42, First Church, Hampton, Va.

In preparation for his life work he was educated at Randolph-Macon Academy, Randolph-Macon College, and Emory University.

He was a careful purchaser of great books and a constant reader of the same. On his desk was a great volume left open when his illness came. To the last his mind was feeding upon the great truths and affirmations of the victorious life. The writer was impressed by the markings of this book. Passages that have to do with God's light and leading in times of shadows, the courage of a great faith, the love that will not let men go their way in the madness of sin, the reality of the Divine Presence, and the reproducible Christian experience and witness. These were his food and drink in those days as he came towards the end of the journey.

As a fellow pastor and a personal friend, I shall turn again and again to the record of his loyalty to God and the church, and find fresh outfitting for faith and hope in my own heart's besetments. For me, when discouraged and dejected, I shall call to memory his spirit, for a while fettered by fears, then loosed by the freedom of the spirit, and repeat the lines that tell it better, the lines of the poet,

"Thus tho depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as he lived and died."

His earthly ministry being only a little more than a score of years, one might suppose that his labors were few. Not so, and about him can be said, "Few were his years upon the earth, yet he did the work of many years."

The brevity of his ministerial life and labors is compensated by the breadth and depths of service. He was a faithful and untiring pastor--even in the days of illness he literally went after the lost sheep and attended well the flock until he almost fell in his tracks. He was a careful and attentive overseer of the young. His peculiar ability to deal with those just entering upon the family life was marked and gloriously successful. He was both a personal soul winner and a strong evangelistic preacher and a soulful singer of the great hymns of the church. It was not generally known until after his passing, that for many years he had been the trusted friend of the unfortunates of the State Prison. Many such men had been paroled to him by the Governor of the State and his kindness and practical faith in them worked miracles in many lives. Nothing more beautiful and touching was said or written about him than the words that appeared in the prison magazine. Surely it can be said of him: "I was in prison and he came unto me."

He returned to his station and post of duty at Hampton after Conference, saying to me: "There is hard work there but I had rather be there than any other place in all this world." He loved his people and was loved by them. It was not surprising to hear, "Behold how they loved him," come from the lips of one standing among those of the great company of citizens there under the beautiful trees in the burial park. No greater demonstration and proof of community respect and devotion could be witnessed than that which we saw at Hampton on that glorious afternoon of November 10th. Yes, "Few were his years at Hampton, yet he did the work of many years." Few were his years as a member of the Virginia Conference, yet he calls us all to the labors of the Master with one clear call of dedication of all our ransomed powers.

Surely we may now affirm afresh the truth,
"They have not gone from us, O No!
They are the inmost essence of each thing that is--
Perfect for us they flame in each star:
The trees are emerald with their presences.
They are not gone from us: they do not roam
The flaw and turmoil of the lower deep,
But have now made the whole wide world their home
And in its loveliness themselves they sleep."

The funeral services were conducted from the church he adored by his devoted personal friend, the Rev. J.F. Herbert, of the North Carolina Conference, and his District Superintendent, Dr. W.C. Gum.

His road of life was not long, but in it he walked with God and blessed countless numbers as he passed this way to his eternal home. **by John W. Pearson**

Glenn Gordon Martin, son of David W. and Mary Jane Martin of Giles County, Va., was born August 21, 1888, and died in Staunton, Va., December 21, 1942. His immediate survivors are his widow, Maude Ethel Dickinson, of Roanoke, Va., and his daughter, Mrs. Charles Wesley Bragg, of Halifax, Va.

His conversion came early in life, as did his call to the ministry, being licensed to preach when he was but seventeen years of age. His high evaluation of the ministry moved him to put his best into it by way of preparation. Therefore we find him taking graduate work at Emory and Henry College and postgraduate work at Emory University. He was admitted on trial into the traveling connection of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1912, was received into full connection and ordained deacon in 1914, and ordained elder in 1916.

His pastorates at West End, Roanoke, Va.; Keyser, W.Va.; Lexington, Va.; Trinity, Baltimore, Md.; Raleigh Court, Roanoke, Va.; Harrisonburg, Va.; Central, Staunton, Va.; Epworth, Washington, D.C.; and the Staunton District, were marked by diligence, efficiency and advance. His group of charges at once evidence the value his church put upon him as a pastor, a preacher and an administrator. He was, in truth, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Rightly dividing the word of truth and diligently shepherding the flock, he invariably left behind him a people enriched in personality and enlarged in usefulness.

His worth was readily acknowledged by others than his own. Washington and Lee University, under whose shadows he served as pastor of Trinity Church, Lexington, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, being one of the few men of the Baltimore Conference thus honored.

His pastoral charges were not alone in indexing his worth. His election as President of the Board of Christian Education in the Baltimore Conference, as it launched the new program of Christian Education, his election as a delegate to the last session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and his election as a delegate to the first session of the South Eastern Jurisdictional Conference of The Methodist Church, speak no less eloquently of the appreciation of his brethren who knew him best and loved him most. He so combined the elements of manhood that every community in which he lived and wrought could point to him, saying, "This is a man." The spotless garments in which he wrapped himself were but the outward symbols of the purity of his personality. As a citizen he was far removed from provincialism and narrow eclesiasticism. The welfare of the community, political and social and moral, greatly concerned him. People old and young, found in him a champion of the highest ideals of citizenship and of the finest social environment. The affairs of the nation, of the state and of the community were too closely related to life to be ignored by this prophet of the 20th century. Issues political, economic and social were too vital in his heart not to be vocal on his lips. The records show that he held positions of trust in civic affairs as well as in ecclesiastical. He was a churchman of the first water. His vows to be a faithful administrator of the trust committed to him by his church were kept unsullied. Whether that trust was a President of a Board, the pastor of a charge, or the Superintendent of a District, it was never betrayed.

As a preacher, he spoke to men for God. His sermons bore the imprint of keen insight, incisive utterance and passionate feeling. They were logical, educational, evangelistic, challenging. His love for Christ motivated his love for his flock. No hungry flock ever looked to this shepherd and failed to receive food, thoroughly prepared and appetizingly served. He was no hireling, but a good shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep. The memory of his address at the organizing session of the Virginia Conference, on the preacher as a pastor, lingers with us as a holy inspiration. Surely in that address the speaker was the sermon.

Citizen, churchman, preacher, what a trinity of elements! Each of which concretely and harmoniously finds expression and blending in the person of Glenn Gordon Martin. Like a candle he shone, because like it he burned. His life, though brief, was full. It can be measured not by the tick of a clock, but by the beats of a heart. He made his place among us, a large place, too, and made it not from an ambition over-leaping itself, but out of devotion to his Lord, loyalty to his church, and love for his task. He has exchanged his place once among us, for his place now among the glorified, since the grace of God was not bestowed on him in vain.

The funeral services were conducted in Central Church, Staunton, in charge of the pastor of his family, the Rev. Edgar A. Potts, assisted by his friend, the writer of his memoir, and Professor Huffman of Bridgewater College. Scores of his friends and not a few of his brethren in the ministry were present out of respect to the memory of one so appreciated and so loved.

"It must be very full, that other world,
Into whose calm and sheltered ports
Ships, with freight of various sorts
Sail in, from stormy seas, with sails unfurled.
"And he, my friend, the last to enter in,
With whom I took sweet counsel here,
Tender and true, without a peer,
Wise, fearless, faithful, gone his crown to win.
"Grant him, dear Lord, this added sense of peace,
That life's long loneliness, finds real.
In thought of him among the blest
And hope of meeting him when sorrows cease."

by E.L. Woolf

James Harry Smith was born October 25, 1864 in Petersburg, Va., and died March 31, 1943, at Salem, Va.

He was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South in 1893, and was in the active ministry for 46 years, and during those years he served the following charges: Bridgewater, 1893-95; Marksville, 1895-97; Port Republic, 1897-1900; Waynesboro, 1901-05; Berryville, 1905-09; Gaithersburg, 1909-13; Salem, 1913-17; Front Royal, 1917-21; Blacksburg, 1921-23; West End, 1923-27; Lexington, 1927-31; Lewisburg, 1931-35; Vinton, 1935-38.

At the Conference of 1938 he took the superannuate relation and then served for several years as supply pastor for Locust Grove Church. In 1895 he married Miss Martha Burruss of Baltimore, Md. and she was a faithful companion and helper during the remainder of his life.

A good minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has departed to be with his Lord. He was an example, in faith, in purity, in holiness, and in all the other virtues that go to make a life worthy to be imitated.

Funeral services were conducted in the First Methodist church in Salem by J.B. Hupman, R.P. Riddick, J.B. Douglas, F.M. Richardson, and A.B. Sites. **by J.B. Hupman**

Simpson Veitch Hildebrand. One of the sacred duties of this session of the Virginia Annual Conference is to inscribe upon the roll of our honored dead the name of Simpson Veitch Hildebrand, who was born at Harrisonburg, Va. April 12, 1861, the son of the Rev. Thomas Hildebrand and Jane Stephens Hildebrand.

In the early morning of April 6, 1943, Brother Hildebrand left us for his eternal home in the triumph of an all conquering faith. He was an itinerant preacher for almost a half century in the Baltimore Conference of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and in those years his life and ministry were after the manner of the

fathers of our Methodist faith. He has gone but his works and influence still live, and some day, when the shadows have fled away and when death no longer holds sway over the lives of mortal men, we shall see our brother again, and with him, in the presence of his Saviour, a multitude who in the glory of God's Eternal Day will bear testimony to the fact that the ministry of Simpson Veitch Hildebrand had upon it the seal of God's approval.

Brother Hildebrand was admitted into the Baltimore Conference on trial at the session held in Harrisonburg, Va., 1881. Bishop John C. Keener ordained him deacon in 1883, and Bishop Granbery ordained him elder in 1885.

His itinerant ministry, unbroken for forty-eight years, is here appended: Bridgewater, Junior Preacher 1881-82; Freedom, Junior Preacher 1883; Jefferson, 1884-85; Listonburg, 1886; Hardy, 1887; Easton, 1888-89; Alderson, 1890; Waynesboro, 1891; Wilkens Avenue, Baltimore, 1892; Fairfax, 1893-95; Middleburg, 1896-97; Church Hill, 1898; Occoquan, 1899-1900; Mt. Crawford, 1901-02; Sudley, 1903-06; Hamilton, 1907-10; Front Royal, 1911-12; Loudon, 1913-16; Hyattsville, 1917-20; Falls Church, 1921-23; Marshall, 1924-27; Herndon, 1928.

In 1929 he retired from the itinerancy, making his home in Arlington, Va. and during the fourteen years of superannuate life he was interested and active in the work of the Clarendon Methodist Church.

He was a true brother, friend, and helper of every preacher who served Clarendon.

On February 13, 1890, he was married to Miss Lelia Guy of Washington, D.C., who died October 30, 1890, leaving two children, Anna Lucille and Edgar Allen. He was married a second time on September 24, 1901 to Miss Edith Janney, of Occoquan, Va. Of this union were born two children, Jesse Bartlett and Joseph Janney. The wife and mother of this second marriage died March 3, 1937.

Rev. John C. Hawk, a member of the old Baltimore Conference and now retired, has this to say concerning the outstanding qualities of Brother Hildebrand. "He was loyal to his church and to his brethren. He loved the church above everything else and it was his joyous prayer theme of thought and speech through his long life, and he was happy always to fellowship with his fellow ministers because he loved them. He was a friendly and genial soul, friendly to all whom he chanced to "meet in the narrow lane or crowded street." He was a cheerful man, preferring laughter to tears though he could and did weep with those who wept. In a word, he was a sympathetic soul scattering sunshine all along the way. He was sound in doctrine, and in the faith of our Fathers; his greatest joy was in preaching the Word. Knowledge of and ability to quote Scripture was one of his unusual gifts, and being devout and able in prayer, his public prayers were like a beautiful woven fabric by apt quotations from Holy Writ. Simpson Hildebrand was ready to depart and be with the Lord. In one of his last letters to me, he wrote: "I am still standing on the promises." We rarely met without talking about the future and wondering which would go first to the unseen world, realizing it would not be long for either of us. So often he would say, "I am ready and waiting."

I miss him more than I can tell, and it is not an exaggeration to say, every day I think of him and the happy friendship and fellowship we had together through the years, and I find myself saying, "Well, my old pal, it will not be long until I shall see you again."

The writer of this memoir is deeply grateful for this beautiful tribute from Brother Hildebrand's close and longtime friend, John C. Hawk, and to every thought expressed he can say amen and amen.

"Servant of God well done:
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou are crowned at last."

Farewell, my spiritual father in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and my friend in all the years of my ministry, until that fair morning when in the presence of Him who hath redeemed us, we shall meet to part no more. **by George G. Oliver**

H. Howard Shaw was born at Point Pleasant, W.Va., October 3, 1878, the son of Alfred R. and Lucy Jane Shaw. He was the grandson of the Rev. William H. Shaw, a minister of the West Virginia Conference from 1856 until his death in 1916. He has two uncles in the

Episcopal ministry, the Rev. Charles E. Shaw of Covington, Louisiana, and the Rev. George C. Shaw of Matthews, Va., both retired.

He received his high school education in Columbus, Ohio and was a graduate of West Virginia Wesleyan College at Buckhannon, W.Va. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the American Bible College of Detroit at its commencement in 1942. Converted at Point Pleasant, West Virginia in early boyhood, he did supply work in various Methodist churches in West Virginia before entering college to prepare himself for the full-time ministry to which he had now felt the call. Following his graduation he served several charges in the West Virginia Conference.

In June 1899, he married Miss Della Gertrude Wheeler of Rowlesburg, W.Va. To this union were born two daughters, Frances E. Willard and Ouida Gertrude, who survive him.

After some time spent in the regular pastorate in West Virginia, Mr. Shaw entered evangelistic work in Ohio and West Virginia. During this time, in 1921, he was married to Miss Cora L. Poister of Galion, Ohio who was a great help to him in his work, and who went with him to his death. In later years he served as a supply for the former Methodist Episcopal Church in North Carolina and Virginia, serving in Trap Hill and Ocracoke, N.C., and Portsmouth, Va. He joined the Virginia Conference in 1939 and served Charlotte and Guilford charges.

Mr. Shaw was held in high esteem by the Bishops under whom he served in Ohio and West Virginia. He knew the Discipline and was loyal to and supported the total program of the church. He possessed a splendid library, unusual for a circuit minister, and he appreciated it.

On April 15, 1943, in the midst of his second year at Guilford charge, H. Howard Shaw and his wife were suddenly and tragically killed when his car was struck by the Pennsylvania Railroad train as he attempted to cross the track at Bloxom. He and Mrs. Shaw were returning to their home from the post office when the accident occurred which caused their death. They were killed instantly. Their death was a great shock to the people whom they served and to the parsonage families on the District.

Funeral services for the Rev. and Mrs. Shaw were conducted in the Bloxom Methodist Church by the Rev. A.G. Lynch of Parksley, President of the Eastern Shore Methodist Ministers, assisted by R.M. Robertson, T.J.C. Heath and W.K. Haddock. The bodies were then shipped to West Virginia to his old home for interment. **by Robert E. Forrest**

Robert Hartman Humphrey. Among the many heroes of this war, probably the most unassuming, unheralded and unsung, are those gallant soldiers of God, the chaplains, who are proving by their deeds and their deaths that they can "take it" with the bravest and best of the magnificent men to whom they minister. I speak of one of these.

Robert Hartman Humphrey was born in Garret, Indiana July 11, 1900. His mother, a Presbyterian, died early. His father did not become a Christian until late in life. At sixteen, Robert Humphrey was out in the world "on his own." He was soundly converted in a Methodist Church in Tampa, Florida just before his seventeenth birthday and two months afterward enlisted in the U.S. Army, 31st Division, was sent overseas and served in the 101st Infantry, 26th Division. After his return from France and his honorable discharge from the army April 26, 1919, he visited a sister living in Hampton, Va. and there he became a member of our church and finally a minister in our Conference. Upon completion of three years of study at Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford, Va., he married Miss Maybelle Plunkett of Lynchburg, Va. on September 16, 1922 and came into the Conference on trial at the ensuing sessions. He was sent to South View, Lynchburg and served for two years. There on May 27, 1924, Maybelle Clair Humphrey, his only child, was given. She and her mother survive him. He then served West Campbell Circuit four years, Middle Bedford Circuit four years, and Concord Circuit four years. During these pastorates he had been pursuing his work at Lynchburg College and he took his B.A. in 1936. Then followed three years at Wakefield, one year at Sledd Memorial, Danville, and after five months on Matthews Circuit he was called to the colors for active duty. He had held a commission as First Lieutenant in the Chaplains' Reserve Corps since May 2, 1931. He was at once assigned to the 104th Q.M. Regiment and was attached to the 166th Infantry July 15, 1941. He was promoted to Captain February 1, 1942 and was attached to the 29th Division Headquarters September 7, 1942. The following October he was sent to England. There he was promoted to Major on December 4,

1942. Upon the arrival of Bishop A.W. Leonard in England Major Humphrey was given detached service as the Bishop's aid. He planned the trips and accompanied Bishop Leonard and his distinguished party first to Ireland, then to Scotland, next to Iceland where on May 3, 1943, he was killed in the plane that crashed and took the lives of 14 of the 15 persons on board including Bishop Leonard and Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews.

The funeral service for the group of fourteen was held May 8, 1943 at 9:45 a.m. in the State Cathedral Church at Borg Square in Reykjavik. The committal service was in Fossvogur Cemetery, located near an army camp just outside Reykjavik on a grassy plain sloping toward the bay. The weather was clear and cool with occasional snow flurries. The entire occasion was marked by the dignity of precise military performance and by the unusual beauty of the religious services. The burial was in that portion of the cemetery allotted to the American Army from the early days of the occupation and the graves were in a separate row, the westernmost being that of Gen. Andrews and the easternmost that of Bishop Leonard. Between these two graves, from west to east, the others were arranged in order of military rank, Major Humphrey's grave being sixth in the row.

On May 11, in the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, London at 12 noon, a memorial service of the utmost dignity and beauty was held for the entire group.

Many services were held in memory of Major Humphrey. On May 7 the Jews of his Division held a service in his honor.

On May 11 a special service in his memory was held at Camp Myers.

On May 16 a special memorial service for him was held by his Division in England at which one of our Virginia Conference chaplains had a part. On this same date the people of Wakefield, Va. had a similar service in the Methodist Church.

Brig. Gen. E.W. Opie wrote of him: "He did a wonderful work in the 116th Infantry while I was its commander, and all of us were better men for having known him and for his ministry to us. His consecration, his sincerity, his fine ability for expounding Christian precepts and values, his lovable nature, and his unfailing good humor, and his human qualities endeared him to us and influenced our lives strongly, as they did thousands of others he reached through his ministry....Such men never die--their good works go on for generations."

From England Maj. Gen. L.T. Gerow wrote Mrs. Humphrey: "I knew your husband intimately, and not only admired him but also loved him for his unselfish devotion to duty; his steadfast adherence to the tenets of his faith; his untiring efforts to instill in us a more perfect knowledge and love of God to sustain us in our daily life and during the test of battle yet to come. He has passed on but before his passing he left with the officers and men of this division a heritage that will carry on through eternity. I have not only lost a fine staff officer and a soldier, but a staunch comrade and devoted friend as well.

"I am deeply grieved that he could not continue to carry on in the many fields of service in our army today, where one can find people that so dreadfully need God. His guidance will be sorely missed. I only hope that I can do as well with my job as he did with his."

In the light of these warm praises there is no need of any tribute from me, who was his Presiding Elder for three years and knew him intimately and loved him well. I think it was Macaulay who said it is hard for people to realize that a man was born among them and with whom they touched elbows ever day was made of finer stuff than themselves. The passing of no preacher whom I have known in my lifetime has evoked such universal grief and such unstinted praise, especially from those not normally in close contact with the church. A soldier boy from a camp in Florida wrote: "I know he will be sorely missed by all his friends at a time when they need him most, but I feel he has only been 'transferred' to a place where many of our country's bravest and best have gone and will go before the victory is ours--a place where he can carry on the work he loved so well." Like his Lord, he loved to serve. He inspired, planned and put on the entertainments which our soldiers overseas gave last Christmas to more than 3,500 orphaned English children, victims of the war. He was happiest in making others happy. But enough!

He died in the service of his country, his church and his Christ. The cross was on his collar, his tongue, in his heart, in his life, in his death. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

O Arctic Iceland's rock-ribbed coast!
O lonely land forlorn!
Hold thou in trust his sacred dust
Till God's eternal morn.

by Thomas Rosser Reeves

Bishop Collins Denny came of English ancestry. It was Sunday, the day that he was born, at Winchester, Va., May 28, 1854. He died in Richmond, May 12, 1943. His measure of days exceeded generously the expectation of the Psalmist. By other marks also he was an extraordinary man.

His education was thorough. An A.B. of Princeton; a B.L. degree from the University of Virginia; and again the Masters degree from Princeton. He also had graduate diplomas in Philosophy and English from the University of Virginia. He began the practice of law in the city of Baltimore in 1877. His love for this profession remained with him all his life, and the courts of Richmond, recognizing this, welcomed him to be seated with the talented practitioners of the day. But the evangelistic note was sounded with commanding and persuasive power in Baltimore when Bishop Denny was a young man. It affected him with indefinable yearning. He turned from law to give his voice in an urge that men know and follow the Way, the Truth and the Life. In the year 1880, he was admitted into the membership of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. For eleven years he filled pastoral charges in Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia. Then he was appointed chaplain to the University of Virginia. Following this came an invitation to fill the chair as Professor of Philosophy in Vanderbilt University. He remained at Vanderbilt nineteen years. During this time he was preaching continually in the pulpits of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist Churches of Nashville. He was an eloquent preacher, and some of the churches would secure his services for months at a time.

Bishop Denny was elected to the General Conference in 1894 and at that session was made a member of the Book Committee. He became Chairman of this Committee four years later. By his wise management the publishing interests were established upon a sure and lasting foundation. He was appointed Fraternal Delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1908.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, meeting in Asheville, N.C., in 1910 elected him to the Episcopacy. Great and good men of exceptional stature composed the College of Bishops at that time. Alpheus Wilson, Eugene Hendricks, Charles B. Galloway, Embree Hoss, Warren Candler and others--the excellency of the church. Bishop Denny was elected Secretary to this body almost from the first of his fellowship there and retained this place to the near close of his service. He came to live in Richmond in the spring of 1911. It was good to have him in our midst. In conversation, imparting a spirit that affected us with a pleasure in knowledge, and joy in accomplishment. He gave strength to the churches for every noble purpose. His official administration was most careful and painstaking. Tireless and conscientious, he guarded every interest of the church. The impulse was to go forward with closed ranks, and none straggling. A pungent editor wrote of Bishop Kavenaugh, presiding over an Annual Conference: "He drove with a two-line and a snaffle bit." This was not Bishop Denny.

He was a student to the last. The amount of labor he could bestow in finding a path through the windings and wilderness of ancient manuscripts and books would tire the undisciplined to faintness. His memory was phenomenal, and he seemed not to forgive himself if he failed to remember. A Supreme Court Justice of the Court of Appeals remarked: "He is the most learned man in Virginia." Writers of books sought his criticism in checking events they would narrate. He gave freely from his vast fund of stored knowledge. Letters came almost daily from the Conferences of Southern Methodism seeking interpretations and explanations of church history, discipline, and parliamentary procedure. This correspondence became exceedingly heavy, but he gladly responded, and found pleasure in helping all who asked of him.

His attitude toward Unification is an open book. He served through many years on various Unification Commissions. He would have accepted one Plan of Unification as proposed in 1914, but he did not approve the Plan which was finally adopted. He lived and died a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Denny in his young manhood married Miss Lucy Chase Chapman of Baltimore. He said it was his best day's work. Those who knew Mrs. Denny as she lived with her family about her would acknowledge that she was Heaven's best gift to him. She traveled with him extensively. She helped him with the church activities, teaching Bible classes, joining the discussion of Missionary groups, leading in the work of social betterment. She made a home, one of the happiest we have known. Her family claimed the best she could give. There are not words equal to the kindness, and gladness and buoyancy of spirit that made so much for happiness in that home. There were six children of the family, all living save one little boy, who died when he was but two years of age, William Ritenour. Margaret Collins married Rev. John W. Dixon, and Edith Allen married Rev. Roscoe M. White. They are among those of us who serve in the Virginia Conference. Elizabeth Chapman married E.E. Vann and resides at Leonia, New Jersey. For a number of years Mr. and Mrs. Vann served the church in Brazil. Lucy Chase married P.W. Slossom, Professor of History in the University of Michigan. Collins Denny, Jr. is an attorney in the city of Richmond. These children are strikingly like their father in excellency of scholarship and devotion to the best things.

Bishop Denny's days of lingering were lighted with fine hope. He asked of friends who came to greet him: Is there good news concerning the preached word? Are many being gathered into the churches? He was cheered if there were signs of the Spirit among the churches.

He passed over to the good Land that lies beyond in the evening of May 12, 1943, two weeks before his eighty-ninth birthday. Funeral services were conducted in the home by Bishop W.W. Peele, assisted by the present writer. Many of the ministers and laity were present. His body was laid to rest by the side of his wife in Riverview Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

When great men are going, when those whose genial life-imparting spirit have affected us for good are departing, words fail us to declare our grief and loss. But we are on our way to the great hour our Lord hath declared when we are come "to Mount Zion, unto the City of the Living God, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in Heaven, to God the Judge of all, to the Spirits of just men made perfect."

by George Wesley Jones

Edward Leigh Pell was born in Raleigh, N.C., September 7, 1861, of distinguished ancestry. His father was the Rev. William E. Pell, a distinguished minister and editor and a descendant of Sir John Pell, noted mathematician. His mother was Mrs. Virginia C. Ramsay Pell, a descendant of the Randolph and Mumford families of Virginia. He was a brother of the late Dr. Robert P. Pell, former President of Converse College, Spartanburg, S.C., and of the late Judge George P. Pell, lawyer and author, of Raleigh, N.C. He and his brothers added lustre to the family name.

Edward was a student in the University of North Carolina 1878-1880. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church South in 1881. After serving ten years he retired in 1891 because of ill health. Emory College, Georgia in 1897 conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Pell married Miss Lucy Hardison of Washington, N.C., on December 21, 1887. They are survived by two daughters: Miss Lucy H. Pell and Mrs. Mary Leigh Pell Scales, both of Greensboro, N.C.; and by a son, Allison H. Pell, of Charlotte, N.C. Two sons, Edward Leigh, Jr. and Robert H., are deceased.

Dr. Pell married Miss Florence I. West of London, Canada on September 6, 1928. She survives him, also a sister, Mrs. Carrie Pell Gunter, of Pelham, N.C.

After his retirement from the pastorate in 1891, Dr. Pell devoted himself to literary pursuits. His first book listed in "Who's Who in America" was "The Art of Enjoying the Bible," published in 1898. This was followed in 1900 by his "Life of Dwight L. Moody" and "The Bright Side of Humanity." His famous series, "Pell's Notes," commentaries on the current Sunday School Lessons in vest pocket size for busy readers, was begun in 1890, published monthly during his lifetime, and is now being edited by

his widow. This series was a pioneer in this field. These "Notes," brilliantly written, scholarly and practical, are circulated internationally. Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, distinguished journalist, radio commentator, and historian, wrote in an editorial in the Richmond (Virginia) News-Leader on Dr. Pell's death: "There was a time when Pell's Notes, as they originally were called, had no superior in all the literature of the Sabbath School."

In 1905 Dr. Pell brought out his "Book of Prayer" for the use of Sunday School Superintendents, and another book, "Prayers," in 1911. Four of his books bear the date 1912. There were two in 1917, two in 1918, two in 1920. Besides these were books written between and after these dates, several small volumes, and a series of booklets.

Several of his best known books are: "The Life Worth While," "Our Troublesome Religious Questions," "What Did Jesus Really Teach About War?" "What Did Jesus Really Teach About Prayer?" Dr. Pell at the age of sixty-one told this writer that he had then written a book for each year of his life and had others planned ahead and partly written. He published others after that.

How did this frail man, never well, forced by feeble health to do much of his writing in bed, accomplish so much? His whole life was an illustration of mind triumphant over matter.

When I first knew Dr. Pell in Richmond, Va., he was in his middle thirties. His black hair was wavy. He wore a beard. His complexion was fair, almost pale. His forehead was high, wide and brainy looking. His face had a rare spiritual quality. His black eyes could flash indignantly or glow benignly, as emotion played upon his sensitive face. Often he passed his hand over his brow as though in pain. Notwithstanding his small, frail physique his appearance was distinguished. In the pulpit and on the platform his thought was compelling and original. His presentation of his subject was often eloquent, always impressive.

After many years of semi-invalidism, during which he wrote and published a large number of books in addition to other literary activities, Dr. Pell astonished his friends by announcing that he felt called to carry the Christian message to assemblies and religious encampments in various parts of the country. We wondered how he could ever do it. Many feared that his delicate health could not stand the strain. For a number of years he traveled over large areas of the United States visiting, preaching and lecturing in churches and at assemblies and conventions of various denominations, enduring inconveniences of travel, sudden changes of climate, lodging and food. Strange to relate, he improved on it.

During this period he met engagements with me in two pastorates: Grace Methodist Church in Cambridge, Maryland and First Methodist Church in Culpeper, Va. In both these places he rendered service of the highest order in deepening and enriching the spiritual life of the congregations. Dr. Pell's hair and beard, now gray, added distinction to his personality. In the pulpit and socially he exhibited much charm. Delightful informality characterized his pulpit style. His addresses were thoughtful, scholarly, impressive. At times he soared to flights of real eloquence.

What most of all impressed his listeners was that here was a man who had tested out in his own experience the things that he proclaimed to others; a man who lived so close to God that the divine voice was familiar to him. Sometimes in the midst of his address he would ejaculate, "Oh how I love Him!" as he folded his arms in a gesture of embrace. We felt that he did indeed love the Christ whom he so understandingly preached.

Dr. Pell was an artist. After he came to Richmond he lectured on Saturday afternoons at the Young Men's Christian Association on the Sunday School Lesson. In the Sunday School of Centenary Methodist Church he illustrated the lesson on a blackboard. His drawings were beautiful. This artistic quality marked his pulpit addresses and his writings. There was nothing commonplace about them. Though a trained and scholarly theologian, he preferred illustration to theological statement. His illustrations were not of the ready-made stock variety. They were from real life, illuminated by his brilliant, versatile mind. He thought, spoke, wrote in pictures.

It was interesting to observe Dr. Pell's methods of work. In my visits to him at the hotel where he was entertained during our meetings, he was in bed, with his books,

reference books, writing pad within reach. His notes were made in a very fine, delicate handwriting. By relaxing between services, sleeping when tired, walking several blocks, he was able to maintain his working schedule and produce an amazing output. He possessed unusual powers of concentration by which he could lay aside his writing and resume where he left off. Though scholarly he was no pedant. His writings possess the quality of cool woods or refreshing breezes across lush meadows, always with birds singing. Pick up any one of his books. It sparkles with life and freshness as it did when first written. His spoken words of forty years ago still ring in the memories of those who heard them.

Dr. Pell for several years made his winter home in St. Petersburg, Florida and his summer home at Montreat, N.C. He passed from this life into the Life Eternal on June 11, 1943 in Greensboro, N.C. at the home of a daughter. He was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., the following Sunday afternoon. Methodist ministers were active pallbearers. The Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist denominations were represented in the honorary pallbearers. He rests amid quietness and beauty such as befit his quiet, beautiful soul. The place is hallowed by great associations.

Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, in the editorial mentioned above, also wrote: "Often it was said that the gentle, retiring Dr. Pell was better known at the ends of the earth than he was in his own city."

A remarkable career is ended. Brilliant and wide-ranging was the service rendered. He went the second mile and more. Life was enriched and sweetened through his genius. The Sunday School was his love. Spirituality was the keynote of his life. He could have said with Cyrano de Bergerac, "I have kept my plume white." Now he enjoys high fellowship with the saints of the centuries in the presence of his Master whose he was and whom he so zealously served.

An ancient inscription memorializes Unis, an Egyptian king who lived twenty-seven centuries before Christ, in these words: "Ho, King Unis! Thou didst not depart dead! Thou didst depart living!" Dr. Pell lives forevermore.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ."

by James Riddick Laughton

John Thorndyke Sewell was born in Calvert County, Maryland, June 11, 1870. He was educated at Bryan-Stratton Business College at Baltimore, Dover Academy at Dover, Delaware, and the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N.J. He entered the ministry of the Southern Methodist Church in 1896, and his first appointment was to a pastorate in Petersburg.

Thus began the ministry of Brother Sewell which lasted for thirty-five years in which he never wavered in his loyalty and devotion to the church and Conference of his choice.

Brother Sewell was in every way a strong and vigorous personality. One was impressed almost at once with the fact that "the elements were so mixed in him that all the world could stand up and say this was a man." His earnestness was infectious. You could not feel the throbbings of his heart while in close conversation with him without catching something of the great visions and ideals that swept his soul. I speak with deep feeling and in measured words when I say that I have rarely met a man who was more devoted to his ministry than was the subject of this sketch. "Instant in season and out of season, serving the Lord," was the burning sentence inscribed over the doors of his heart. His was a life of continuous growth and consecration. Was there need for his ministrations of love as a servant of the Lord? He never failed in his duty to be there. He considered it a privilege to go to the call of the humblest of his parishioners, and became at once their counsellor and friend.

To those who were in better position in life, he gave the same tender ministry and thus enchained their love and loyalty.

As a preacher, Brother Sewell was sound and evangelical. He sought to show himself "a workman approved unto God, that needed not to be ashamed." He rarely essayed the role of oratory, but when his soul was fired with the mighty themes of the Gospel, he sometimes rose to the burning heights of eloquence and impressiveness. He was a good man, like Barnabas of old, full of the Holy Ghost and faith. When one carries

such equipment into the pulpit, the ears of the deaf are opened and even hardened hearts will believe. In the last great day, many will rise up and call him blessed.

Brother Sewell was twice married; first to Miss Bessie Lee Pillowe of Petersburg. This union was blessed with four children, two daughters and two sons, who with his second wife survive him. She died in 1936. He was married the second time to the sister of his first wife, Miss Minnie Anne Pillowe. He was a devoted husband and father who gave richly of his love to his family, and by them was richly repaid with a depth of devotion rarely equalled and never excelled.

He retired from the active ministry in 1932 due to failing health and spent the last years of his life in Newport News, Va., where he passed away July 7 at 5:30 a.m. in Riverside Hospital of that city.

During his active ministry Brother Sewell held pastorates in Petersburg, Norfolk County, Cambridge, Maryland, Princess Anne County, Isle of Wight County, Nansemond County, York County, Churchland, Nelson County and Amherst County.

The funeral services were held in Newport News, led by his District Superintendent, Dr. John Paul Tyler, assisted by Dr. John C. Copenhaver, pastor of Grace Methodist Church, Newport News. The honorary pallbearers were the Methodist ministers of Newport News. Interment was in Blanford Cemetery, Petersburg, Va.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

by Starke Jett, Jr.

Benjamin Lee Parrott was born in Greene County, Va., on October 1, 1861, the son of the late William Parrott and his wife, Sarah. He died at his home in Arlington, Va., on July 31, 1943, aged 81.

He was converted in his early teen age and became a devoted Christian, leading eventually to the call to the ministry. He attended the McGayesville Academy at McGayesville, Va., for three years, and following this was a student at Randolph-Macon College for three years. He was licensed to preach on October 10, 1887 by Dr. J.H. Waugh and was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference in March 1893, where he served in the active ministry for thirty-seven years.

During his early ministry, when he was junior preacher on the Drainesville Charge, he met Miss Dora Lanham, who was the daughter of one of his leading laymen. They were united in marriage on February 22, 1899, when Brother Parrott was residing at Mt. Airy, Md., and was pastor of the Linganore Charge.

He was pastor of the following charges: Hillsboro (junior preacher), Drainesville (junior preacher), Hot Springs, Huntersville, Linganore, Marksville, Belmont, Beltsville, Colesville, Hillsboro, Talcott, Forest Grove, Potomac, Linden, Mt. Solon, Cambria, New Hope and Rockbridge Baths. He retired in 1929 at the session of the Baltimore Conference held in Cumberland, Md., and it was with much reluctance and grief that he gave up the active ministry. However, for reasons of health, he knew this was the only answer. Following his superannuation he and Mrs. Parrott made their home in Arlington, Va., where he had been living nearly fourteen years at the time of his death. During twelve of these years he was active in Central Methodist Church, but had to give up attendance about two years before his death on account of failing health.

While he was retired by the Conference in 1929, he never actually retired until the last two years of his life. He was regular in his attendance at Central Methodist Church and was always loyal to his pastor and his Conference. The writer, who was pastor at Central during five years of Brother Parrott's residence in Arlington, knows how true is the tribute that has been paid him by an old classmate at Randolph-Macon College, who was able to observe him during the nearly fifty years he was a member of the Conference: "Never was there a finer, truer Christian character. Simple, unselfish, retiring but ever a faithful shepherd of the sheep. Wherever he was sent he made his ministry count, and in every place there are those upon whom he left the impress of his Godly character. He neglected no interest of the church, giving unstintingly of his substance as well as his service. His works do surely follow him."

His funeral was in the Central Methodist Church and was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. J. Herman Carroll, assisted by the writer. Interment was in the Andrew Chapel

Cemetery in Fairfax County, Va. As he preached and lived, so he died, with his faith firmly fixed upon the "Rock of Ages," and with the confidence "That God is not ashamed to be called his God: for he hath prepared him for a city."

He is survived by his wife who was a devoted and loyal companion and an ever present help and inspiration to him in his ministry. **by P.C. Helmintoller, Jr.**

Joseph Thomas Mastin was born May 2, 1855, at United States Ford in Spotsylvania County, Va. He was the son of James and Catherine Field Mastin. When he was only four years of age his father died and his mother moved her family to her father's plantation in Culpeper County, Va.

Young Joseph Mastin attended a small country school and later, for three years, was sent to a private preparatory school at Brandy Station, 12 miles from his home. At the age of 18 he entered Randolph-Macon College at Ashland. His ambition was to pursue a medical career but at Randolph-Macon he came under the influence of Dr. James A. Duncan, President of the College, who was one of the greatest Methodist preachers of the South. Joseph Mastin was devoutly religious and through the inspiration of President Duncan he turned from his first interest to the ministry of the Methodist Church.

When he left Randolph-Macon young Joseph Mastin was appointed junior preacher on the Culpeper Circuit. He served in this capacity, living at home, for nine months, for which he received a total of $70 for his labors. At the close of the year he was admitted on trial into the Virginia Annual Conference and appointed to the Woodville Circuit, with four churches, widely scattered over Culpeper, Madison and Rappahannock Counties. He lived among the members of his congregations and became familiar with every hill and valley and turn in the road of that interesting country.

In 1877, after one year on the Woodville Circuit, he was assigned to the Orange Circuit where he enjoyed a fine ministry. He served this charge two years during which time he felt a distinct call to the mission field, which in those days meant going west to Missouri. He had some correspondence with Bishop Marvin who agreed to give him an appointment on a frontier circuit in the mid-west. Young Mastin prepared for his journey West, but before he had actually received the appointment, Bishop Marvin died and nothing came of the venture. In later years he often referred to this as "God's testing time for him." While his ambitions and dreams of service in a distant missionary of his Conference in his own State.

His next charge was the Wakefield Circuit in Sussex County, where he served four churches with his salary moved from $200 to $480 a year. With this increase in salary he made the second great venture of his life when he was married in 1879 to Fannie Cowles Nottingham. Mrs. Mastin shared the privations and the joys of Dr. Mastin's ministry for nearly fifty years. No sacrifice was too great for her, and to her mind no undertaking to which her "T" turned his hand could fail.

From the Wakefield Circuit the Mastins moved on to Bowling Green in 1881, where there was a salary of $540 and a parsonage was provided. It was at Bowling Green that little Blanche Mastin joined the family and added to the joy of the new parsonage life. The first opportunity to try his hand in a missionary field came with the move to Bowling Green. A community of Indians that lived nearby were ministered to and Negroes and illiterate white citizens received the same find ministry that the more cultured community of Bowling Green enjoyed during those years. Shiloh Church, in lower Caroline County, was built and dedicated during this pastorate.

In 1885 the Conference sent the Mastins to Bethany in Northumberland County. This was their first station charge but soon after arriving there the Mastins busied themselves and organized a Sunday School in Reedville, which has since developed into a separate charge. After three years they were assigned to the Nottoway Charge but upon investigation it was discovered that the larger community of Crewe was without a Methodist Church, so the Mastins took up their abode there. Within a year they had established a Methodist church, organized the first Y.M.C.A. on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and continued to look after the church at Nottoway, five miles away. Within a short time the salary of the preacher in charge was increased from $650 without a parsonage to $1,900 with a parsonage. Again the missionary was on the job.

In 1892 the Mastins were sent to a new church in Norfolk which had been built at a cost of $25,000 and an indebtedness of $13,000. In three years this indebtedness had

been reduced to $4,000. Work among the poor and unfortunate continued to claim the ministry of the Mastins--the Florence Crittenden Home found its most ardent supporters in these good people.

In 1895 the Mastins made their first appearance in Richmond at Trinity Church, where they served four years. A small mission in the East End known as the Methodist Institute, found a strong supporter in Joseph Thomas Mastin. From that time to the end of his life Dr. Mastin was sent to Berkley, Norfolk.

In 1901 a Committee was appointed by the Virginia Annual Conference to investigate the possibility of establishing a home for orphan children. When the Committee reported in 1902, they requested the Bishop to appoint J.T. Mastin to head up this movement and to raise funds and establish the home. The Committee had collected about $1,500 on the project and when Dr. and Mrs. Mastin came to Richmond it was proposed that they should receive a salary of $2,000 which would equal the salary they were leaving in Norfolk. However, the Mastins felt that this was but another missionary opportunity and refused to accept the salary proposed, and instead rented their own home and set to work to collect funds and create interest in the care of children. When the home was opened on West Broad Street there was a debt of $27,000. The Mastins moved in and for three years accepted their board, expenses for clothing, and Dr. Mastin's expenses for travel. Dr. Mastin traveled to and fro across Virginia making appeals to Methodist congregations, and in 1908 the Orphanage, debt free, was turned over to other hands.

In 1908 the Virginia State Board of Charities and Corrections was formed and Dr. Mastin was chosen as the first Executive Secretary. He served in this capacity from September, 1908, until 1922, when the Board of Charities and Corrections became the State Board of Public Welfare, and Dr. Mastin became the first Commissioner of Public Welfare in Virginia. He filled this office with the great ability and success and in 1923 resigned and was succeeded by Frank Bane, who had trained for the place under Dr. Mastin's direction. After a short time Frank Bane resigned to take a position in a distant state and Dr. Mastin returned to the Board of Public Welfare, resigning finally in May 1926. During the last several years that Dr. Mastin was with the Department of Public Welfare, he also served as Superintendent of the City Mission Board for the Methodist Church in Richmond, with headquarters at the old Methodist Institute at Nineteenth and Grace Streets. Here with a staff of nine workers he did an unusually fine job, turning back each month the salary that he received as the head of this great work.

Through all his years in office, Dr. Mastin traveled constantly across Virginia, visiting institutions including county jails, almshouses, state hospitals, tubercular sanatoria, prisons and industrial schools. He set in motion the first real program of public welfare in the South. Among his friends in the social welfare field he was known as the "father of social work in the South," but in his own mind he was always a minister of Christ interested in those who were in need wherever they were found. He never sought an appointment or a position for himself, but always accepted as the direction of God any opportunity to serve that came his way. During fourteen of the seventeen years of his retirement, he went about preaching wherever the opportunity was given, living on a modest annuity and sharing any surplus from his income with the church that he loved and with those in need.

Dr. Mastin served on civic and church committees in Richmond throughout the years of his retirement and his advice and counsel were sought by leaders in church and state. He gave much time and thought to the work of Randolph-Macon College, of which he was a Trustee; he was one of the founders of the Interdenominational Religious Work Foundation, an organization which undertakes to provide religious work in state institutions; he was a Trustee and one of the most interested members of the Board of the Citizen's Service Exchange in Richmond, an institution which provided training and work relief for the handicapped during the days of the depression, and since. He felt always that the church's job was to help those whom the world passed by.

The last three years of his life were spent at the Virginia Conference Orphanage where he had labored so faithfully many years before. The Superintendent and the staff did everything they could for his comfort and his presence was a benediction to the little children as well as to his host of friends who visited him frequently. He died

on September 2, 1943, at the age of 88 years and four months. He is survived by two grandchildren, Herman Mastin Williams and Margaret Williams Rucker, a great-grandson, Ogden Mastin Williams; also several nephews and nieces in Culpeper and Washington, D.C. His funeral was held, as he had planned it many years before, in Trinity Church, and he was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, who for many years was a close personal fried of Dr. Mastin, has written:

"If Methodism had its sainthood, grateful thousands would begin this day to petition that JOSEPH THOMAS MASTIN be canonized. He breathed his last this morning at the Methodist Orphanage, but the fire of his spirit is inextinguishable. No man of his generation in Virginia, or of any other generation, did so much for those who failed in the battle of life or strayed in ignorance or folly from the way of righteousness.... His life was gentle, and his impulse was to love; but he had absolute dedication of spirit, and when he put his hand to the plow, he never looked back. Some of his goals he reached quickly and with ease. Others were 20, 30 years ahead of the slow-moving throng. This did not discourage him. To the limit of his far vision and of his immense energies, he pressed on. Not once did he abandon a cause to which he had given himself, or say of a goal that it was not worth attaining. Of such as he is the kingdom of heaven."

Some have said that J.T. Mastin was the greatest Virginian of his generation. He was the greatest Christian I ever knew. He was the best friend I ever had.

by Henry Lee Robison, Jr.

Charles Ray Curtis. On Friday, October 22, 1943, as his brethren were gathering together for the morning session of the Conference he loved, from Johns Hopkins Hospital in the city of Baltimore, the spirit of Charles Roy Curtis loosed its moorings and set sail upon the tideless sea.

He was born in that city October 25, 1888, the son of George Curtis and his wife, Sarah. Educated in its schools and enamored of its opportunities he purposed to make it his home for life. To that end, in young manhood, he entered the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. In its general offices he soon became a marked man by reason of his loyalty and his splendid ability. There was another kind of business, however, which also engaged his attention--business for The King! Brought up in Wilkens Avenue Church, Brother Curtis was elected Superintendent of its school at the age of eighteen, probably the youngest man in the Monumental City to occupy such an important position. To the administration of this work he brought the same untiring energy and splendid ability which to the very end characterized his life.

Feeling sure that God wanted him for special service, Brother Curtis early asked for a local preacher's license and soon was in wide demand not only in the city but far beyond its bounds. No doubt even then he was wrestling with a definite call to a full-time ministry. When thirty-six years of age, sleeping sickness fell upon him and God, who has His own way of approach to the spirits of men, drew near and talked with him as he lay unconscious upon his bed. Surviving that dread disease and informed by his physician that he must give up his work in the office or in the church, he did not hesitate. For him the die had already been cast. Encouraged by his devoted wife, Brother Curtis turned his back upon a business career and sought admission into the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Church, South, at its session in 1926, being ordained deacon the same year by Bishop Candler. In regular order the Course of Study was completed and he was ordained elder by Bishop Beauchamp in 1930. He served with distinction at Goldsboro, Annapolis, Jarrettsville, Kezzletown-McGaheysville and Middletown, staying the full allotted time at each charge except the last from which he was translated in the midst of a most remarkable pastorate. Every place he touched blossomed under his ministry. No interest of the church was ever neglected. He preached the gospel of a saving grace with unction and with power. He was a splendid organizer and administrator. One of the most indefatigable of pastors, no road was ever too rough, no night too stormy or dark, no journey too long for him. Multitudes in each appointment rise up to call him blessed and to thank God he passed that way. What jewels for his crown! In 1930 he was made Assistant Secretary of the former Baltimore Conference and served in that capacity until its dissolution. When the new

Virginia Conference was formed in 1939 he was elected Assistant Secretary of that body, which position he occupied at the time of his death.

On October 17, 1911, Brother Curtis was married to Miss Elizabeth Jones of Delta, Pennsylvania. She was his ministering angel, his constant inspiration. Surely God's hand had fashioned that home in which He was always the Honored Guest. To them was born one daughter, Mrs. Richard (Ruth) Popham of Baltimore.

The funeral was held Monday, October 25, in the city where he passed away, conducted by two of his warm friends, Rev. Allan Gillis and Rev. Elmer Benson. Rev. George Lightner, who left the Virginia Conference in session to go as its representative and bear its message of love, also assisted. The interment was in Woodlawn Cemetery, Baltimore, just as his brethren of the ministry were hastening to their homes. The clouds were overhead but not for him. Already he had come into the sunshine of a New Day and entered into his Eternal Home.

We cannot think of him as dead
Who walks with us no more!!

Rather with a triumphant faith we will say:

He is not dead, this Friend, not dead
But in the paths no mortals tread
Gone some few trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end!
So we, too, once past the bend,
Shall find again, at face to face, this Friend
We now call dead.

by H. M. Canter

Minutes for 1944. **John David Hosier** was born in Hampton, Va., June 24, 1864, son of Joshua R. Hosier and Mary Ann Hicks Hosier. He knew the privations incident to the post-war period, but in him were the qualities that make for strong manhood. By diligent application he became a many-sided man--painter, architect, builder and preacher. After attending local schools, he attended Randolph-Macon College. The same determination that characterized him as a skilled mechanic stood him in good stead when he entered college and afterwards the ministry.

In 1892 he was converted in a revival conducted by Dr. William H. Christian. His conversion was a reality in his experience. He became convinced that the Lord wanted him to preach. After making what preparation was possible at the time, he entered the Virginia Conference, November 18, 1900, in Norfolk, under Bishop W. W. Duncan.

His first charge was in Dorchester County, Maryland, where he built and paid for a church and parsonage. Many churches and parsonages in Virginia bear the imprints of his skill and indefatigable labor. His versatility made him acceptable in a variety of charges.

His pleasing manner, sense of humor and genuine piety won for him friends everywhere. He was a diligent pastor, carrying the gospel of comfort and consolation into the homes of sorrow and need.

Brother Hosier's real worth escaped the notice of the appointing powers of our church. He was content to serve wherever sent without complaint, so his years were spent for the most part in the modest appointments. But wherever he served the work of grace that flowed through him moulded many of all ages and stations in life into the likeness of our Lord and strengthened the church for future activities.

His preaching, always scriptural, was expository. Careful preparation enabled him to declare the Word with an emphasis that carried conviction and inspiration to his hearers. Men were converted and edified in their faith. A well-selected library was the source from which he adorned, strengthened and enforced his messages. His prayer life gave spiritual power to his preaching.

Brother Hosier was a fraternal spirit. A member of the Masonic order, he exemplified the principles thereof in his life among men and was held in his esteem by his brethren.

On April 30, 1890, he was happily married to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Holloway of York County. She has been the strength and inspiration of a Christian home. He is survived by his wife; one son, Russell Hosier, an attorney of Hampton; an adopted daughter, Mrs.

F. W. Willey; a brother, Richard Hosier; a sister, Mrs. L. Born, and several nieces and nephews of Hampton.

His last days were accompanied with great suffering which he bore with fortitude and faith.

The funeral services were held in the First Methodist Church in Hampton, Dr. W. C. Gum, his District Superintendent; Rev. H. W. Landrum, his pastor, and Rev. B. E. Hudson, participated in the service.

His body rests in the old St. John's Church yard in Hampton to await the resurrection of the just.

"Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

by B. E. Hudson

Henry James Brown. To Daniel Hobson and Sallie Hatcher Brown of Windsor, Va., a son was born on June 5, 1855, to whom they gave the name Henry James Brown. The father and mother were devout Christians of the old school, and from this boy's earliest days, he was surrounded by an atmosphere of Christian faith and patience. His education began in the public schools of Lynchburg, Va., and continued at Bethel Military Academy and Randolph-Macon College. In the fall of 1884, he joined the Virginia Conference and served the following charges: East Halifax, North Pittsylvania, Chatham, Cascade, Northumberland, Charles City, Sussex, Rappahannock, Scottsville, Fluvanna, Greene, and South Nelson.

On June 12, 1889, he married Miss Mary Rebecca Gunn of Meadville, Va., an accomplished woman of fine intellectual attainments and high Christian ideals. She was indeed to him a partner in the ministry, and people everywhere felt her fine influence which continued until the day of her death, September 7, 1942, at Charlottesville, Va.. To this happy union, seven children were born: Mrs. Ellerson Bruce, Mrs. Cecil Watts, Misses Sallie and Helen Brown, Dr. Edward T. Brown, Henry A. Brown, and James G. Brown. On December 30, 1943, at the ripe age of 88 years, he transferred to his Father's House in Heaven.

Henry Brown was always a bond servant of Jesus Christ. He felt keenly his call to the ministry and conformed his life to the highest ideals of what a true minister ought to be to his people. He never sought earthly honor, he never shirked hard work, he was faithful to his vows. He studied to show himself approved of God, and he knew Methodist doctrine, Methodist polity, and the Bible. He was one of those strong preachers that felt it his duty to preach the truth. Sometimes he did it so forcefully that it caused offense, but afterwards brought repentance, and the people on his charge looked to him as a man of God, who in times of trouble could be very tender and gentle, and who at all times would tell them the truth as he found it recorded in God's Word. This wonderful life of sacrifice and service put into the lives of his children the kind of metal that makes men and women, and the record of his sons and daughters to this day is one of service and achievement.

Browning's lines could not be more applicable if they had been written with him directly in mind.

"One who never turned back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

by S. C. Hatcher

Edgar Allen Swann, son of Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Swann, was born March 30, 1914, in the Georgetown University Hospital, Washington, D. C. He died in a glider accident at Camp Mackall, N. C., February 18, 1944.

The son of a minister, with the influences of a Christian home, in early life Edgar united with the Church. Henceforward he was active in the age groups to which he belonged as he advanced in years. In 1931 he was unanimously chosen by the young people of the Baltimore Conference as their president, which position he held until necessity forced him to relinquish it.

He received his Bachelor's Degree from Emory and Henry College. It was during his college life that he was called to the ministry. The Bachelor of Divinity Degree he received from the Divinity School of Duke University.

It was during his student days at Duke that he became engaged to Miss Helen Elizabeth Surber, Clifton Forge, Va. They were married September 24, 1938. The home established by this couple was one of genuine happiness, and a friendly welcome awaited all who crossed its threshold.

Edgar was admitted into the Virginia Conference of The Methodist Church in October, 1938. His first appointment was the Remington Charge, Alexandria District, where he served successfully until October, 1941. On the first of that month he became a chaplain in the United States Army. His first active duty was at Fort Monmouth, N. J. Three months later, January, 1942, he assumed duties as an army transport chaplain. He was promoted to captain early in the same year. In this capacity he served until June, 1943, journeying to Australia, New Caledonia, Ireland, Scotland, Iran, Iraq, Africa and Egypt. His next assignment was with the 13th Airborne Division. He was on duty with this unit first as regimental chaplain and then as assistant division chaplain. It was while flying on duty with other members of this division that the tragic accident occurred in which he was killed. His papers had already been cleared and had he lived he would have been promoted to the rank of major the day on which he was buried.

The funeral service was conducted February 22, 1944, from the beautiful United States Post Chapel in Arlington, Va. In this same chapel he preached his first sermon as an army chaplain. The service was in charge of Chaplain Claude Ingram, division chaplain of the 13th Airborne Division. He was assisted by Col. Percy M. Rixey, assistant chief of chaplains; Bishop W. W. Peele of the Methodist Church, Staunton, Va. Following the service the flag-draped casket was borne on a caisson, drawn by white horses, through the winding roads of the beautiful Arlington Cemetery to the green and sloping hillside, made sacred by the mortal remains of chaplains of this and other wars, who, like Chaplain Swann, gave to the last full measure of devotion for God and Country. There he was left to sleep among his comrades.

He is survived by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Swann; his wife, Helen Elizabeth Swann, and Elizabeth Allen Swann, post humus daughter; two brothers, T. M., Jr., and Frederick L. Swann and three sisters, Mrs. T. J. Helm, Ida Grace and Marjorie Lee.

The course of life for Edgar had scarcely begun when measured in years. Nevertheless in that brief period of thirty years he lived fully and effectively, endearing himself to all who knew him. He left an indelible mark by his efforts and influence for the cause of truth and right.

As a student he demonstrated the well balanced life, a quality that ever remained one of his strong points. He found time for study, recreation, friendship, meditation, prayer and service. In each of these he recognized valuable resources essential to a successful Christian life. All who shared those days with him were impressed by his broad smile, genuine friendship and radiant disposition. Never was a problem so difficult nor a day so cloudy as to hide his cheerfulness.

Of his record at Duke, Bishop Paul N. Garber, formerly dean of the Divinity School, said: "While with us here at Duke, Edgar won for himself a place in the hearts of the faculty members and students and he will never be forgotten on our campus."

In his work as a minister he displayed an unfailing devotion to duty and unselfishness towards his parishioners. He shared the difficulties and sacrifices of his people as one of them. He was a leader of abundant energy and zeal. Under his leadership the full program of evangelism, education and other keynotes of the Christian Church were stressed with all groups. There was always evidence of the well-rounded life and broad vision.

The transfer from civilian ministry to the chaplaincy was essentially a continuation of his same primary aim of promoting the Christian way of life. In this field he voluntarily faced sacrifices and dangers. Whether on ships at sea, on foreign soil, or in the air he was ready to give to men the comfort and courage they needed. Always there was the inspiration from his own life demonstrating the precepts he taught. When the task was tough he did it. When there was no expressed appreciation and little encouragement he counted his job a privilege.

He was held in high esteem by the officers and men with whom he served. Major General Chapman, Commanding General of the 13th Airborne Division, said of him: "The fact that he volunteered for service indicated that he was willing to endure hardships and make personal sacrifices for his country and his fellowmen. He was an officer of superior attainment who was held in deep affection by the officers and men of this command. He was an outstanding leader in that he sought no duty or standards for others which he himself was not willing to cheerfully practice and carry out. It is in this manner that he accepted the hazards incident to the details which are assigned to individual units of our Airborne Division and in which he rendered the supreme sacrifice for his country."

The senior chaplain of the division, Chaplain Claude Ingram, said: "I have known Edgar well these latter days; in fact he was my assistant in the Division Chaplain's office. In this capacity, he functioned with great ability and helpfulness. He was ever cheerful, full of song and readily disposed to lend assistance in whatever manner possible. He lived not for himself alone but in the abundant interest of others. He was steadfast and true in his preaching and holding forth the truths of God. As a husband, a son or a friend he was faithful."

His life stands as the accomplishment of his last intended sermon theme: "A Faithful Servant." That message although not delivered as planned from the pulpit had already been preached effectively in daily living and with his great spirit will remain with us always.

by Milton Chick Wilkerson

Charles Thomas Collyer. It has been given to comparatively few men to equal the wide extended service of Charles Thomas Collyer in the ministry of the Kingdom. It can be said of him that with apostolic zeal he literally went to the uttermost parts of the earth preaching the gospel. Five times he circled the globe in his journeyings. In England, in Czechoslovakia, in Siberia, in China, in Korea and in these United States he was a good minister of Jesus Christ everywhere manifesting the praise and grace of Him who called him out of darkness into His own marvelous light.

Brother Collyer was born February 23, 1868, at Twickenham-on-Thames, England, the son of Charles Edwards Collyer and his wife, Lydia Ann (Brown). Moving while quite young to Blackheath, a suburb of the city of London, he spent there his early youth and, in the Grade School, began his education. This he continued under private tutors and also in the High School of Halle-an-der-Salle, Germany. In addition, on coming to America for the first time, Brother Collyer entered Vanderbilt University to pursue a special course in further preparation for his life work.

Back of him were godly forbearers. In his home was the incense of daily and family prayer, his parents being devoted Christians, and his maternal great grandfather was the Bishop of London. It is not surprising, therefore, that at the age of thirteen he should unite with the Church of England, receiving confirmation at the hands of the Bishop of Rochester in the church at Blackheath. Five years later his religious convictions were deepened under the preaching of Dwight L. Moody and then it was that he heard and answered the call to definite Christian service. This he began in the slums of London but when twenty-one years of age the British and Foreign Bible Society was so impressed by his ability and his consecration that it employed him for work in China, sending him to the remote interior of that country, and subsequently making him its assistant manager in the city of Shanghai. From this place he sailed for America in 1895 and became the assistant to Walter R. Lambuth (afterward Bishop) who was at that time Junior Secretary of the Board of Missions in Nashville, Tennessee, traveling with him throughout the South and lecturing on China.

It was during his stay in Shanghai that Brother Collyer joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Trinity Church in that city. Later he united with the Moore Memorial Church, also in Shanghai, and at the District Conference held there in 1895 he was given license to preach. In 1898 he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson in the Korean Church of Seoul and the afternoon of the same day, assisted by Bishop Cranston of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Wilson ordained him to Elder's Orders. It was a unique foreshadowing of the unification of Methodism.

The greater part of the ministry of Dr. Collyer, thirty-five years in all, was spent in foreign missionary service in the countries indicated. But in 1923 Bishop

Beauchamp returned him from Czechoslovakia to this country for work in America, transferring him to the Baltimore Conference. In this connection he served Andrew Chapel, Baltimore (1924-28); Edinburg, Va., (1928-32), and Elliston-Shawsville in the Roanoke District (1933-34), where he retired from the active ministry by order of his physician.

It can be truly said of this man that to know him was to love him. Possessed by a magnetic personality he readily won all those coming under its influence. Like his Lord he was gentle and loving and tender and kind. He went about doing good. To help in any possible way was the very passion of his soul and he counted not the cost if he could give a needed ministry to any man. Under all circumstances he was the perfect gentleman and in every company people gathered about him, charmed by the very music of his voice and eager to catch the words which fell from his lips. As a preacher his wide experience enabled him to interpret the Word with power. He was a wise administrator. His pastoral ministrations were a benediction in the homes and hearts of his people. In every gathering his appearance on the program never failed to center the interest of his audience and he was in constant demand for addresses upon his travels and on his missionary observations. "His last year in life," writes his pastor, Rev. J. W. Turner, "was equally as effective as his many years in active service. The courageous faith and youthful spirit which characterized him to the end will long be an inspiration to those who came in touch with him."

Brother Collyer was twice married. The first time on May 15, 1895, to Miss Mary Littleton Smithey who lived near Amelia, Va. She was the sister of the illustrious Dr. R. B. Smithey, so long the head of the department of mathematics in Randolph-Macon College. Miss Smithey was a missionary in China and it was there they first met although the marriage took place in Duncan Memorial Chapel, Ashland, Va. To them was born one son, C. B. D. Collyer, who became an aviator and now sleeps in Arlington Cemetery. Mrs. Collyer died in 1909 and was buried in Pyent-yang, Korea. His second marriage on May 31, 1911, was to Miss Arrena Carroll of Mt. Crawford, Va. She was a missionary in Korea where the wedding took place in the chapel of Holston Institute, Songdo. She survives him as does also his sister, Mrs. Charlotte E. Belle who lives near Hastings, England, and a brother, E. A. Collyer, of Toronto, Canada.

After retiring, Dr. Collyer finally settled in Bridgewater, Va., purchasing there a home which he and Mrs. Collyer turned over to the Virginia Conference to be a place of residence for some retired minister who might come after them. There he spent his declining days surrounded by those who loved him. Slowly the sun began to sink and the shadows grow long. His devoted wife never failed in the tenderest ministries which love could devise. They brought boundless comfort but could not sustain his failing strength. On June 25, 1944, just as the sun was beginning to sink on the western horizon, his tired spirit slipped its earthly moorings and set sail upon the tideless sea.

The funeral was attended by a large company who thus bore mute testimony to the affectionate esteem in which he was held. It was conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. W. Turner, assisted by Rev. H. M. Canter and Rev. Mr. Hesse of the Church of the Brethren. His body sleeps in the Methodist Cemetery, Bridgewater, but his triumphant spirit lives on in the Father's House. There we shall find him.

by H. M. Canter

James Cannon, Jr. On the sixteenth day of September, 1944, in the city of Chicago, Bishop James Cannon, Jr., departed this life to enter on his heavenly reward. His going marked the end of a busy, forceful and unique character. Perhaps no Methodist minister has had a wider influence on the public life of his state and nation. It was a career of fervent and effective activity. A quotation from "Who's Who" will furnish a partial list of his activities. He was President of Blackstone College for Girls from 1894 to 1918; Superintendent of Anti-Saloon League of Virginia 1910 to 1919; was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in May, 1918. From 1911 to 1919 he filled the office of Superintendent of "Southern Assembly;" he was elected five times to membership in the General Conference of the M.E.C.S. From 1914 he was chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Anti-Saloon League and was largely responsible for the passing of the prohibition laws both by Virginia and the national government. Bishop Cannon was a delegate to the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910; was Chairman of the Board of Temperance and Social Service from 1918 to 1934. In 1919

he was made chairman of the Executive Committee of the "World's League Against Alcoholism." He visited Europe ten times from 1918 to 1922 on various committees studying war problems; was a member of the Geneva and Stockholm Conventions on "Faith and Order" and served on their "Continuation Committees;" was a member of the Methodist Ecumenical Conferences that met in London in 1921 and Atlanta in 1931; was chairman of the "Educational Committee" from 1919 to 1922; was chairman of the "Southern Committee for Unification of Methodism" from 1918 to 1926; was a member of "Executive and Administrative Committee of the Federal Council" from 1916 until the meeting of the last General Conference; was on the Commission of "Relation with Religious Bodies in Europe:" of which he was chairman; chairman of the committee of "Southern Anti-Smith Democrats" in 1928; was trustee of the "Church Peace Union;" was chairman of the "Near East Relief Commission;" was delegate to "World Conference on Life and Work" at Oxford and the "World Conference on Faith and Order" at Edinburgh in August of 1937; received the first award for "distinguished religious service," given by the Christian Herald. Time does not allow us to mention more of his activities. He never was triflingly employed, never unemployed.

To those who knew him the chief interest lies in his personal history. He was born of godly parents. He first opened his eyes to the light of day on November 13, 1864, in the town of Salisbury, Md. His father, for whom he was named, was an influential citizen and his mother was a ministering angel to the poor. Bishop Cannon often referred to this impression made on his young mind whilst accompanying his mother to the homes of those impoverished by drink. His mother was the source of his reforming zeal. Converted and joining the church in early life, he was not long in deciding to give himself to the ministry. Entering Randolph-Macon College, he graduated in 1884. Determined to thoroughly prepare himself for the ministry young Cannon matriculated in the theological department of Princeton University from which he was graduated with the B. D. degree in 1888.

Having received his degree he lost but little time in claiming as wife Lura Lee Bennett, daughter of Dr. W. W. Bennett, whom he had met and wooed whilst a student at Ashland. To this happy union there were born nine children, two of whom died in infancy. Lura Lee married Chaplain Bart Stephens; Virginia married N. C. Stockham of Birmingham, Alabama; James Cannon, III, is professor at Duke University; Wallace Bennett Cannon and Paul Cannon have died; Richard Mason, David Primrose, and Edward Lee Cannon survive to mourn the death of the kindliest of fathers.

In Monumental Church, a historic church in Methodism, in Portsmouth, Va., a historic city, James Cannon, Jr., entered the ministry of the Methodist Church in the year 1888. His pastorates extended only eight years but in that time he gave evidence of a great career. He was not enterprising. During his pastorate of two years in Newport News, he not only looked carefully after Trinity Church, scarcely out of its swaddling clothes, but he established two new works that developed into great churches. Whilst at Farmville he joined in the movement to establish at Blackstone an institute that developed eventually into a junior college and he became its first president.

As a preacher Bishop Cannon was logical, factual, scriptural. If you attended on his ministry expecting to witness some flight of fancy, or expect him to lighten his discourse by some humorous touch, or illuminate the truth by a striking illustration you would come away disappointed. If, on the contrary, you wished to be instructed, wished to hear the gospel "as once delivered to the saints," you would come away edified.

His greatest work was as President of Blackstone. He once said to me that "he regretted ever leaving Blackstone for the Episcopacy." His enemies have said that he had no heart. No man could command the devotion that he commands from his old students who was devoid of heart. I have seen him in company with a band of former pupils and he knew their first names and had followed their careers with a fatherly interest. During the Al Smith campaign some old line Democrats who had married Blackstone girls found in their wives such strong defenders of Bishop Cannon that they had to enter into an agreement not to discuss politics. No teacher has ever had more devoted pupils. And his girls remained loyal to the Methodist Church.

By nature Bishop Cannon was a reformer. If he saw anything he thought was wrong he felt it to be his duty to attack it. His blows were devastating. If he thought the Conference was crusted over by the dominance of a few ultra conservative men he did not hesitate to attack and protest that dominance. If he found any extravagance in expenditures his paper, the old Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate, of which he was editor, exposed it. If he found some presiding elders using the trains on Sunday he made them use more primitive methods of travel. Bishops were sent to hold the Virginia Conference who were reputed to have been sent to squelch the youthful disturber, but the younger men of the Conference gathered about his standard and soon Dr. Cannon became the leader of the Conference. They followed him because, for the most part, the things that he advocated were right and made for progress. Dr. W.J. Young once remarked to me, "I have wanted to oppose Dr. Cannon but that which he advocates is usually so right that I find no place to take hold." Dr. Rawlings remarked to me one day that "Bishop Cannon has always supported progress in his paper and in his speeches and in his gifts."

As a Bishop of the church he was perhaps least happy. He had such a world vision that it was difficult for him to confine himself to a small field. The calls on his time were world-wide. It irked him to confine his energies to one or two annual conferences. I can appreciate his saying "that he made a mistake in entering the episcopacy."

The Bishop's greatest civic work and one by which he will be longest remembered is in the field of temperance reform. In this field he became not only a state, but a national and international figure. The sentiment for prohibition, under his wise leadership, became so strong that political leaders were glad to make terms with it. They bowed before the storm and hated the one that made them bend. They treasured this hatred until the time came when it became safe for them to vent it. In the meantime, notwithstanding, the warnings that had been given by the ecclesiastical bodies of the South, the Democratic party nominated Alfred E. Smith for the presidency--a man noted for his advocacy of rum. Bishop Cannon further offended the Virginia press and politicians by leading a movement known as the "Anti-Smith Democrats" the Solid South was shattered. This success deepened the dislike of the press and political leaders.

Bishop Cannon gained the enmity of another influential group by heading a committee of philanthropists who requested the owners of factories in the South to voluntarily do away with child labor and not to wait for legislation. His plea for the children fell on deaf ears, but not on poor memories. Members from this group, as well as the political group, were in the General Conference and made their influence felt against the Bishop. But today we love him for the enemies he has made.

In the discharge of his duties as a Methodist Bishop he made two visits to Africa. On his second trip he contracted the dread African fever and came near dying. This disease affects the patient in many insidious ways. From its effect Bishop Cannon suffered to his dying day. It twisted his body but did not dampen his ardor. Retired by the age limit from the episcopacy he came back to Richmond to begin again a pathetic and heroic fight against the liquor traffic. He made forays into neighboring states, and began again to rally the Virginia forces. Coldness of former friends and denunciation by enemies failed to abash him. He worked on with the persistence of youth. More people heard his plea than heard the plea of any advocate that we could import. Nor had he lost his influence even in the camp of his enemies. His advice was sought by a legislative leader during the meeting of the last General Assembly and was wisely followed.

His death is the kind that he would have chosen. He was in Chicago striving to unite all the temperance forces of the nation in one great battle against the enemy he hated. Already had he launched through Bishop Peele a similar movement in Virginia. At last his tired heart broke. He had carried too long the weight of the world's sorrow. It is a matter of comfort to know that one Virginia preacher Dr. J. Manning Potts, was in Chicago and could minister unto him. Dr. Potts tells me that the chief concern that seemed to weigh on his mind was the welfare of his present wife, the former Helen Myrtle Hawley McCollum, to whom he was married on July 15, 1930. She hastened to his bedside but before she arrived he had passed into the land of wonder.

Faults he may have had. Who has not? The memory of these we bury in his tomb. For years innumerable he will inspire our ministry and laity until at last the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Christ, and the liquor traffic will be no more.

Funeral services were held in Broad Street Church by Bishop Peele, after which his body was borne to Hollywood and buried beside the mother of his children. "Rest in peace, comrade of other years, for thy body knew not rest while thou wast here on earth."

by J. W. Moore

George Thomas Kesler. He was the son of Stephen and Sophia Sink Kesler, and was born near Ferrum, Franklin County, Va., June 21, 1868. He attended public and private schools in his native county, and taught school for several years before entering the ministry. On the third of June, 1908, he was married to Miss Mollie Graves Scales, of Patrick County, Va., who was a descendent of the Clements family, the progenitor of whom settled in Virginia in 1611. She was in every possible sense a loyal, faithful and devoted wife and mother, and was an unspeakable blessing to her husband and children, and sincerely devoted to the work of the church of God, to which she gave the best it was in her power to bestow. She passed to her great reward in the University Hospital at Charlottesville, Va., September 19, 1934.

Four children survive him: Mrs. Edward Chambers Brewster, Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. William Bryant Martin, South Hill, Va.; Lieutenant (j.g.) Benjamin Robert Kesler, U.S. Navy, Overseas, and Second Lieutenant Richard Wallace Kesler, Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky. Three brothers also remain, S. R. Quinter, Kansas; Rev. B. E. Kesler, Goshen, Indiana, and S. L. Kesler, Limon, Colorado.

He was licensed to preach in 1892, and joined the Virginia Conference in 1900. His first appointment was the Blue Ridge Mission, situated largely in the mountains of Patrick and Franklin counties. In his wide-spread and difficult field he did the work of a pioneer, preached the gospel of Methodism in many places where it was never heard before, organized Methodist congregations and built Methodist churches in new territory, made a specialty of selling at cost, and giving away Bibles and other good books and religious tracts and papers, using tents for evangelistic services, and stressing the great need of education for the youth of the mountains.

He was founder of the Methodist Church at Bassett, now a large and important station. He built two churches at this place. The first was carried away by a flood, and he immediately built another, further removed from the danger of high water.

He was not afraid of nor unwilling to endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Only by referring to "the book on which the eyes of God not rarely look" could it be determined how many thousands of miles he traveled on horseback over the steepest and roughest roads in the state; how many swollen streams he crossed; how many mountain homes he visited, many of them built of logs; how many sermons he preached under brush arbors. In private homes, in school houses, in the open air, and wherever and whenever opportunity was given to tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

He saw vividly the need of better educational opportunities for the youth of the mountain country, and appeared before the Virginia Conference and pleaded earnestly for the building of a mountain mission school by the Conference. He was a member of the committee that selected the site for the Ferrum Training School and Junior College, and had a large part in preparing the way for this institution.

The acquaintance of the writer of this memoir with this good man began fifty-two years ago, the year in which he was licensed to preach. For many years we worked together on the Danville District, and were warm friends to the day of his translation to a higher world. I knew him intimately, and I have never known one of whom it could be more truthfully said, "An Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." "The elements were so mixed in him that nature might rise up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'" He was a true man--true to God, and true to the world of humanity about him, no matter what relation they sustained to him, and therefore of necessity true to himself. Though he never received large salaries, he educated all of his children. He served pastorates in Franklin, Patrick, Halifax, Nottoway, Mecklenburg, Amherst, Nelson, Buckingham and Bedford counties.

He was a member of the Virginia Conference forty-four years, and was in active service forty-one years of this time. After his retirement from the pastorate in 1941, he again took up the work of teaching, and was principal of the school at Hardy, Va., until his health failed him in 1943. He entered Catawba Sanatorium in February, 1944, and remained there until God called him up higher, August 8, 1944.

The funeral services were held at the Oakey Funeral Home in Roanoke, on the 10th of August, and were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. G. W. Amos and Rev. John M. Oakey, Jr., who came from his home in Lynchburg to attend the service. The interment was in Evergreen Burial Park in Roanoke.

"Let not that image fade ever, O God, from out the minds of men,
Of him thy messenger and stainless priest,
In a brute, sodden and unfaithful time,
Early and late, o'er land and sea and river;
In youth, in eager manhood, age extreme--
Driven on forever, back and forth the world
By that divine omnipotent desire--
The hunger and the passion for men's souls."

by B. M. Beckham

George Milton Bell. On February 20, 1944, at Cambria, Va., there slipped away from us a true servant of God and a valiant soldier of the Cross, George Milton Bell. He labored among us for only sixteen years. However, during these brief years, so great was the impact of his life for good and for God that it may be said of him as was said of another, "Few were his years upon the earth, yet he did the work of many years."

George Milton Bell was born in the town of Manassas, in Prince William County, Va., at the turn of the century, the exact date being December 28, 1900. His father was John S. Bell of Manassas, Va.; and his mother, Annie A. Hettinger of Pennsylvania. Early in life he was bereft of his parents, losing his mother at the age of four and his father when he was eleven years of age. He was reared largely by a maiden aunt who early instilled thoughts of God in his young life.

His education was begun in the public schools of Prince William County and continued at Moody Bible Institute and Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois, from which college he graduated in 1925. All his life he had a thirst for knowledge. Appropriately it may be said of him the "he died learning."

At the age of twelve he was converted and united with the Methodist Church in his home town of Manassas. Early in his teen age he heard the call of God to the Christian ministry. This call grew stronger and stronger until he asked for and was granted by his church, while yet in school, a local preacher's license. In March, 1926, he was sent by the Baltimore Conference as a supply pastor to the West Fauquier Circuit in Fauquier County, Va. At the 1927 session of the Baltimore Conference he was admitted on trial and appointed by Bishop Collins Denny to the River View Circuit in West Virginia. At Winchester, Va., in 1932, Bishop William F. McMurray ordained him a deacon, and at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1934, Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon ordained him an Elder.

He served the following charges: West Fauquier (Va.); River View (W.Va.); Morgan (W.Va.); Paint Bank (Va.); Alvon (W.Va.); Wardensville (W.Va.); Furnace (Va.); and Cambria (Va.). At the session of our Conference in Roanoke last year, he was granted because of severe illness, the superannuate relation.

On June 4, 1929, he was happily united in marriage to Hazel Louise Wright of Orleans, Va. This union was blessed in the birth of two children, Annell Wright and George Milton, Jr. In addition to his wife and these two children, he is survived by two sisters and one brother: Mrs. E. L. Roberts, Mrs. David McConnell, and Benjamin I. Bell, all of Reading, Pennsylvania.

George, as he was familiarly known by his friends, was "a good man and full of the Holy Spirit." He loved the Church and for her toils and cares were given. He was faithful in every good word and work. Wherever he went the people were edified by his preaching, and the whole program of the Church went forward under his leadership. As a husband he was ever faithful, ever true; as a father he was devoted, kind and gentle, yet always just.

During the last years of his ministry Brother Bell was not well. Often he went about his work suffering intense pain and discomfort; yet never a word of complaint ever fell from his lips. None knew in these days among his people the agonies he bore in silence. Truly he followed the injunction of the hymn writer "to bear patiently the cross of grief and pain."

After a lingering illness of many months Brother Bell died on February 20, 1944, full of faith and good words. The funeral was held from the Cambria Methodist Church and was conducted by Dr. J. Manning Potts, assisted by Rev. J. B. Hupman and Rev. Eugene Sowder. Interment was made in Orleans Cemetery, Orleans, Va., with services conducted by Rev. Eugene Sowder, Rev. W. H. Gray and Rev. E. E. Henley.

We shall miss him. We thank God for his presence with us for these few years. We cannot think of him as dead. In the language of the poet, "He has but gone before. The Father's House is mansioned fair before our vision pass, and all (redeemed) souls whether here or there are living unto Him."

by R. P. Riddick

Clinton Mercer Jenkins was born near Leesburg, Loudoun County, Va., June 27, 1875. His parents, Owen and Elizabeth Jenkins, were respected and successful farmers.

His educational advantages were limited to the one-room rural school. Always possessed of a large and healthy body, he was soon doing a man's work on the farm. He was united in marriage to Miss Eva Mae Mathers of Leesburg, Va. Four children blessed their union--one daughter and three sons.

Although his wife was always deeply religious, he was not interested in personal, or corporate, religion during the early years of his married life. To use his own oft-quoted expression, he was "more interested in the ways of the world than in the ways of God."

In 1910 or 1911, during revival services conducted in Salem Methodist Protestant Church, Forestville, Va., by the Reverend W. C. Mumford, at that time its pastor, Clinton Mercer Jenkins was gripped by a deep sense of conviction that resisted every appeal. Shortly afterward, while driving down the Leesburg Pike toward Washington with a load of charcoal, he experienced a Pauline conversion. There was no question of the reality of it. The whole man was changed. His facial expression changed, becoming habitually radiant. His home life changed, family worship was started and Christ was enthroned as the head of that household. His conversation changed. His habits changed. The Church doors were never opened but he and his family were among the first to arrive. His home became a "House of Hospitality" where everyone, especially Methodist preachers, found a warm welcome. From the very first he seemed to be possessed by a consuming zeal to serve his Lord and Master.

I became his pastor in April, 1913. I was a mere lad of twenty years. At the Quarterly Conference preceding my arrival, he had been granted a local preacher's license. I found him an invaluable help. Although my library was small, I shared it with him and he used it effectively. His sincerity, enthusiasm, vivid experience moved many to decisions for Christ as he assisted me in special meetings.

In 1918 he applied to the Maryland Annual Conference for work as supply pastor. He was assigned to Concord Circuit with the parsonage at Roxbury, Pa. He took the Conference course of study. Although handicapped by lack of formal training, his passion for souls and faithful pastoral work were recognized. He was received on trial by the Maryland Conference in 1920. He was ordained as an Elder in 1921. He served acceptably the following charges in the Maryland Conference: Concord, Pa.; Amelia, Va.; Lawsonia, Md.; Crumpton, Md.; Bedford, Pa.; Grove, Md.; Mt. Nebo, Md.; Cecil, Md.; St. Michaels, Md.; Vivalve, Md.; Dagsboro, Del.; Deer Creek, Md.; Northumberland, Va. He served the Toms Brook and Mt. Solon charges in the Virginia Conference after church union came. He received new members into the church on every charge he served. He always took in more members on profession of faith than by letters of transfer.

He passed on to the Church Triumphant December 15, 1943, from the Mt. Solon parsonage. He came in from doing the morning chores. He sat down in a chair, folded his hands, and died. It was the way his activistic temperament would have chosen to go. Burial services were conducted in Salem Church, Forestville, by his District Superintendent, Dr. R. O. Bryant, assisted by Rev. George S. Lightner. He is survived by his faithful widow, Mrs. Eva Mathers Jenkins, of Herndon, VA.; and his four children--Edgar

R. Jenkins, Millsboro, Del., Mrs. Stacey Thompson, Herndon, Va., Owen E. and Janney M.Jenkins, Washington, D. C.

He never served large churches, nor held important positions, but many rise up and call him blessed because he led them to Jesus Christ and helped them to grow in grace and in the knowledge of their Lord and Master.

by John N. Link

John Wesley Dixon, the son of John Thomas and Mary Ragland Barbour Dixon, was born in Charlotte County, Va., August 26, 1875. His early years were spent on the farm. Throughout his life he loved the soil and manifested a great interest in agricultural pursuits. With peculiar pride, and sacrifice, in later life he came into possession of one of his father's estates, and as opportunity occurred he visited this place as one of fond resort.

John Dixon shared the hardships as well as the joys of the farm life. In his early days toil and sweat were his daily lot. But like Amos of old, God wanted this man of the field for higher duties. At the age of seven years he felt the urge to preach the gospel, and at thirteen years, when he united with the church, this call was renewed with growing emphasis. Economic circumstances required delay in his specific preparation for the ministry, but his mind and heart centered at this point as he thought of his future career. Saving to the last penny and patiently waiting with utmost confidence, on Providence opening the way, he finally entered Hampden-Sidney College with enough funds to carry him through the first year. By extraordinary economy and applying himself with unusual industry to provide the necessary funds he was able to obtain his B. A. degree from Hampden-Sydney College and a B. D. degree from Vanderbilt University without the burden of a heavy debt.

Upon graduation from Vanderbilt University he supplied a small church in the mill section of Sheffield, Alabama, until the session of the Virginia Annual Conference in 1904, when he was admitted on trial. He served the Brookneal Charge for three years, and was then called back to Alabama to serve the Fountain Heights Church. While here a new opportunity came which presented a challenge that his heart craved, and he returned to Virginia to head the work of the Methodist Institute in Richmond. Here he served faithfully and efficiently for thirteen years. Then he was the Virginia Conference Evangelist for four years, after which he served as pastor on the following charges, in each instance for a term of four years: Crewe, Rocky Mount; Chestnut Avenue, Newport News; and Broad Street, Portsmouth. He was appointed as District Superintendent of the Eastern Shore District where he spent happily and effectively the remaining two and one half years of his life.

One of Brother Dixon's most efficient services in the Conference was in the capacity as Secretary of the Board of Church Extension. He was a member of this Board from 1926 to the time of his death. He loved the Methodist Church with a peculiar passion, and his heart of sympathy went out without bound to the many struggling congregations seeking to provide better equipment for the Lord's service. By his wise counsel and conscientious appropriation of funds at the disposal of the Board he was able to help and all but save many churches from apparent defeat. Inspiring the congregations to renewed energy, and holding the confidence of the fellow members of the Board he was able to make a contribution to the building of God's Kingdom that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

While at Vanderbilt University he met Miss Margaret Collins Denny, who became his beloved wife on April 5, 1905, and she was an affectionate and efficient helpmate throughout his useful life in the ministry. To this loving couple were born five children, two girls and three boys. One of the boys died in infancy, while the two girls, Mrs. Elizabeth Dixon Whitfield, of Westminster, Maryland, and Mrs. Mary Barbour Phillips, of Greensboro, N. C., and two boys, Lieut. John W. Dixon, of the U. S. Army and Ensign William D. Dixon, of the U. S. Navy, together with their mother, survive to mourn their great loss, and at the same time rejoice in a cherished memory of love and devotion to home and the Church.

It is not easy to appraise in mere words so abundant a life as the subject of our sketch. John Dixon was humble and modest. He went in and out among us quietly, and there was no blare of trumpets to attend his daily acts. Yet he possessed the qualities of true greatness. His record and achievements attest to a life well spent in the

discharge of duty. He held the highest esteem and unbounded confidence of those who knew him. This fact was confirmed in the number and quality of letters pouring into his family upon the announcement of his death. His friends were legion. We shall miss his genial smile and blessed fellowship, as well as his record of effective service.

Perhaps the dominant passion of Brother Dixon was to save the souls of men. While he was always able to report the financial obligations of his different charges paid in full, he had a greater satisfaction in bringing men, women and children into the Kingdom. His own conversion was a soul stirring experience and awakened a desire to share with others the blessing of redemption. At that time his mother and two older sisters were the only members of his family who had united with the Church, and they belonged to the Baptist Church. Within the next few years he was used of God in bringing about the conversion of his father, two older brothers, and a younger sister, all of whom joined with him at Beulah Methodist Church, on the Prince Edward Charge. And through his ministry the evangelistic zeal was in evidence. With rare exceptions he conducted his own revival meetings, and frequently helped his fellow ministers in evangelistic efforts. On eight different occasions he held a special series of services in Beulah, his home Church. The last several weeks of his life were devoted to this work as he helped his brethren on the district. He could hardly have chosen a happier way to finish his earthly career.

The end came rather suddenly. On Sunday, May 21, 1944, he preached the baccalaureate sermon at Atlantic High School in Accomac County. Soon after dinner in his home at Parksley, and while making preparation for an afternoon appointment, a weakened heart ceased to beat and his soul took its flight to higher and better regions of abode. A short funeral service was held in Parksley Methodist Church under the leadership of Revs. R. E. Forrest, J. A. G. Shipley, A. N. Lewis and J. A. Brittingham. The body was transported to Richmond, Va., and a further service held in the home of the late Bishop Collins Denny, under the leadership of Drs. T. F. Carroll and John Paul Tyler. His body was then laid to rest in Riverview Cemetery, Richmond, to await the final resurrection.

"E'en for the dead I will not bind my soul to grief;
Death cannot long divide,
For is it not as though the rose that climbed my garden wall
Has blossomed on the other side?
Death doth hide
But not divide;
Thou art but on Christ's other side!
Thou art with Christ, and Christ with me;
In Christ united still are we."

by R. M. White

Minutes for 1945. **Wilton Luther Mays.** He was born January 11, 1874, in Roanoke County, Va., and died in Memorial Hospital, Lynchburg, Va., October 20, 1944, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was the son of Lewis F. Mays and Nancy Ann Barker Mays, both of Roanoke County, Va.

When he was but thirteen years of age, he united with the Methodist Church, and at the early age of eighteen responded to the call of God to preach the gospel, and was licensed to preach at Cave Spring Methodist Church, near Roanoke, in 1892. He was ordained a local deacon by Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson on November 20, 1904, and continued in the local ministry of the church for eighteen years before joining the annual conference, but he embraced every opportunity that came to him to preach the Word and to engage in other forms of Christian service in the Church he so much loved, as his business obligations gave him opportunity. He was, however, in the regular pastorate four years immediately preceding his joining the annual conference. Rev. J. W. Shackford, presiding elder of the Lynchburg District, in 1907 put him in charge of the North Pittsylvania circuit, which he served with great acceptability and efficiency for four years. This is evident from the fact that after serving elsewhere three years he was returned to this charge and served it four years more to the delight and edification of his people. He joined the Virginia Conference November 12, 1911.

Besides North Pittsylvania he served the following charges: North Bedford, South View and Providence, Bellevue Circuit, Campbell Circuit, Gladys, Bedford, Moneta,

Middle Bedford, Brookneal and West Buckingham. Most of those he served four years and all of them were in the Lynchburg District except the last. At the Conference of 1940 he asked for and received the superannuated relation, but served as a supply the four years following to the day of his death.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Jennie Smith of Bedford County, and the second was Miss Mae Woods, of Roanoke County. Only one child survived, Mary Lois, the daughter of his first wife. She was married to T. J. Booker of Big Island, Va., and is the mother of three children, Dorothy, Wilton Mays, and Thomas Johnson.

He twice visited the Holy Land--first in 1923 and again in 1929. On these trips he also visited twelve other countries, including Egypt. His primary object on these journeys was to see and study the very spots where the feet of the Master had trod, that he might then better understand and more clearly proclaim the events of the earthly life of our Lord. After both of these trips he came to Ferrum at my request, and delivered thrilling lectures each time to the faculty and students on the subject of his travels and studies of the places made sacred and holy by the presence of Jesus in the days of His flesh. He was much in demand for these lectures, and delivered them a great many times with inspiration and blessing to all who heard him. On one of his visits he took three periods of one hour each to tell us what he had seen and learned in Palestine, and kept his audience deeply interested to the end.

Brother Mays was a very unusual man. He was deeply religious; had an unquestioning faith in God and His Word, and was a genuinely consecrated and devoted disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. His educational opportunities were somewhat limited in his early life, but he did more with what he had than many have done whose advantages were better than his own. He seemed genuinely proud of the fact that I once designated him as a "diamond in the rough," and as the years passed, almost every time I saw him he would have something to say about it. He was indeed a "diamond," and became more and more polished and beautified by his contact and unbroken fellowship with the only perfect Man that ever trod the earth, Jesus of Nazareth. His life showed that God answered the prayer expressed in the following lines:

"Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me,
All His wonderful passion and purity,
Oh, Thou Spirit Divine, all my nature refine,
Till the beauty of Jesus is seen in me."

Brother Mays was an excellent gospel preacher and a most faithful and diligent pastor. I have assisted him in revivals and visited with him in the homes of his people. His visits were a benediction everywhere he went. He never left home without prayer for all its inmates. He talked about the work of the church to his people, and about their relationships to God. He was an evangelistic preacher, and many hundreds of souls were born into the Kingdom of God and added to the church under his ministry.

He was a builder of churches and parsonages and always left a charge with its edifices in better condition than he found them, frequently assisting with the work of building or repairing buildings with his own hands. He was a lover of horses and owned good ones in the horse and buggy days, and always treated them kindly. When a horse he had owned became sick and worthless, he gave the owner ten dollars with the request that he be mercifully put out of his sufferings and put into a grave, which was done.

I shall always be glad that I knew and loved this man of God. His influence on my life was a blessing to me, as it was to many who knew him. He loved his church with a fervent devotion, and was loyal to its every interest and stood faithfully by its programme in every particular.

He was a great believer in the religious press, and sold and gave away hundreds of copies of the Bible and other good books, and secured great numbers of subscriptions to the conference organ.

Earth is poorer but heaven is richer by his going away. He is at rest and at home with God. If all who enter heaven are as good as he, it will be a blessed place.

by B. M. Beckham

Royal Lavern Gange was born July 22, 1920, at Aberdeen, South Dakota. His early childhood was spent on the plains of South Dakota in the vicinity of Mellette and Cresbard. He spoke of riding horses about his farm homes in this region. He completed the eighth

grade in a one-room school house near Mellette, and started the first year of high school in that village. His was a very studious nature, and his scholastic ability was far above the average. He attended church and Sunday School, taking a deep interest in things of a religious nature. Perhaps the fact that he was not very strong physically, and was not able to participate in strenuous games with other children gave him more time for serious thinking.

The spring of 1935 found him in the tubercular sanitarium at Sanator, South Dakota. It was here that the deepest note of his youth was struck. In response to the soul pleas of a visiting minister, Royal gave his life to Christ. He spoke of his experience in this way: "I promised that if God would heal my body, I would give myself to Him in service. Ever since then I have given myself to the service of Christ." How fully Royal gave himself to that service only God can appreciate.

He was graduated from high school at Pequot Lakes, Minnesota, after a course of three years, as Valedictorian of his class. His high school days were busy ones, but he found time to learn a repertoire of cowboy songs, which he sang to the accompaniment of a guitar; thus entertaining many a county fair audience. Here is shown a personality that was deeply conscientious and at the same time a constant pleasure to his friends.

His college days were spent at Hamline University, St. Paul, Minnesota. Always before him was the goal of the ministry of Christ, and to this cause he gave his all, graduating Cum Laude in the class of 1943. Many were the occupations which financially saw him through the University. Especially beloved as an occupation was hospital work, at which he was efficient.

Boston University, School of Theology, drew Royal Gange for his seminary study. Here he was a leader in scholarship and friendship, and in the words of his dean: "Royal was the man of his class." His was the hand never faltering as he went about his work at school, at employment, and at his church at North Saugus, Massachusetts, where he was the beloved pastor, especially of the youth. He was received on trial at the Virginia Conference in Lynchburg, October, 1944.

His parents had moved to Arlington, Va., and it was here that Royal Lavern Gange passed away on January 4, 1945. The land of Virginia had won his heart, and here it was that this young Christian soldier was laid to rest.

God's Holy Word describes Royal's life: "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant; even as the Son of man came not be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

by Murray Hyde

William James Watt was born March 4, 1862, in Dungannon, County Tyrone, Ireland. He was educated in Ireland and taught agriculture there, his certificate being signed by good Queen Victoria. Some of his most pleasant memories of that time were centered around Irish Hunters that he rode, and coaching the sons of the gentry in that sport.

In his early twenties he came to Montreal, Canada. There he attended the Theological School and was graduated and ordained a Congregational minister. His first pastorate was in Nova Scotia. Later he preached at Franklin Center, Quebec. It was at that time he returned to Ireland and married an accomplished woman, Isabella Caroline McConnell, of Armagh. She shared with him the blessings and disappointments that come into the life of a clergyman. She was a talented musician, both vocal and instrumental, and made a large contribution to the effectiveness of his ministry by the consecration of her ability to the service. Wherever she found herself, accompanying her husband in his various engagements, there she used her talents to inspire others.

After his wedding in Ireland, he came again to America, this time with his bride, then moved to Vermont where he lived in Sheldon and Richmond for several years until the severe winters caused in him a rheumatic condition. In 1900 he was able to take a charge with a Congregational Church in Vienna, Illinois. Malaria was quite prevalent at that time, so he moved to Doon, Iowa, in a very pretty section of the State. He remained at Doon for three years, then moved to nearby Alcester, South Dakota.

In 1907 he moved to Virginia and joined the Virginia Conference of the M. E. Church, South. He found delight in Virginia because of its climate, its people and its historical interests. Here he bought a farm at Matoaca, Chesterfield County, and improved it for a home. His good wife named it "The Pines," from a pretty grove of

loblolly pines on the hill. He often remarked to us, that we were born Americans but he was an American through choice.

His appointments in the Conference, where he found the work pleasant and where he enjoyed the pastorates, were: Mecklenburg (1907-10); Sussex (1911-12); Matoaca (1913-14); South Chesterfield (1915-16); Blandford, Petersburg (1917); granted Supernumerary Relation (1918); Supernumerary, no charge (1919-20); South Sussex (1921-24); Concord, Lynchburg District (1925-27); Supernumerary, no charge (1928-29); granted Superannuate Relation (1930); retired thereafter.

During the years mentioned as "no charge" in the appointments, he was blessed by the companionship of his wife amidst the flowers, the garden, the hedges, the orchard, the birds and the farm animals, until she passed on to her blessed reward, November 11, 1934. After her passing, he continued to reside there amidst the scenes and in the memories of her devoted life, and to show what an expert husbandman could get from the soil. He showed the same skillful ability and diligence to the cultivation of his orchard and vineyard; to his asparagus beds; to his flowers; to the raising of chickens; as he did to the ministry of the Word. During his retirement he was called on often for counsel, sermons, special addresses, funerals, weddings, and various activities. He was good fireside company, but at the same time he had an independence of opinion and expression of one able to think for himself.

As a preacher he was spiritual, scriptural, logical and forceful. He never compromised with sinful actions. He felt it his duty to attack anything that he thought was wrong. His blows were like the blows of the hammer mentioned in Jeremiah: "Is not my word like as a fire? said the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock to pieces?"

His countenance was pleasing. When he uttered a prayer, his words convinced his auditors of his faith and sincerity. He spent much time in reading and rereading his favorite volumes to refresh the active mind of a scholar.

Nearly four-score years and three, he walked among men, and on January 21, 1945, he passed away while visiting his sons in Lynchburg, Va. From there a cortege bore his remains to Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, there to rest beside the remains of his wife until the time to come forth, unto the resurrection of life.

Surviving him are three sons: William F. and Dwight N., of Lynchburg, Va., and H. Howard Watt, of Petersburg, Va. Also two grandchildren: Minor F. Watt and Mrs. Dorothy Watt Spencer, both of Lynchburg, Va.

What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?
The Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

by Horace Mann, Sr.

Adrian Lambeth Carson was one of God's noblemen. He kept always a pure heart and a right spirit. His loyalty to his friends and his devotion to his task as a minister of Christ won for him the highest esteem of his brethren and the love of people wherever he served. He could trust himself to be good and true; so God used him and those who had needs turned to him for help.

The son of Thomas Franklin and Mary Moore Carson, he was born in Appomattox County, Va., October 24, 1868. It was March 22, 1945, when his task on earth was done and he went out through the door that opens upon life eternal. The intervening years were spent in fellowship with God and in the work of a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

Brother Carson was the child of a devout Methodist home. It was natural for him at the age of thirteen to commit his young life to Christ and to unite with Salem Methodist Church in his native county. While still a youth in the public schools he felt a call to the Christian ministry and yielded himself to that high vocation. His advanced training was done at Emory and Henry College. He entered the itinerancy in the Virginia Conference in the autumn of 1892 and had to his credit forty-eight full

years of service at the time of his retirement in 1940. On June 15, 1893, he was married to Miss Mattie Hodges, of Sutherlin, Va. It was a sweet and happy union. Their home was a haven of love and peace. The wife of more than a half century survives him and there are three children who have grown up to useful places in the world, Adrian L. Carson, Jr., M. D., of Richmond; Mrs. Clyde L. White, of Lynchburg, and Roland H. Carson, of Raleigh, N. C. One grandchild there is also--Ann Thornton Carson, of Raleigh, N. C.

The itinerant services of this good minister of Jesus Christ took him to many parts of the Conference. He served in the order named: Bedford Circuit, North Pittsylvania, South Halifax, Onley, Pocomoke, Prospect, South Hill, Belle Haven, Newsoms, Memorial, Richmond, Highland Springs Trinity, Lynchburg, Urbanna, Oakland, Richmond, Denny Street, Richmond, Sledd Memorial, Danville, First Church, Hopewell, Madison Heights and Stanleytown. In all these places he made a host of friends, many of whom live and keep for him a warm place in their hearts.

Adrian Carson was finely suited to the task to which his life was given. In his own character he exemplified the ideals he preached. He was a Christian gentleman, a husband from whose married life romance never faded, and a father who knew the power of patience and love in dealing with his children. His radiant spirit shone in a cheerful disposition. His unfailing sense of humor made him a gracious companion. Indeed till the last there was something akin to boyish mischief in those fine, penetrating eyes of his.

As a preacher Brother Carson was sound in doctrine, richly Biblical in his material, and practical in his presentation. The passion of a true evangelist burned in his soul. No other delight of his life was comparable to that he felt, when under his preaching persons yielded themselves to his Christ, and multitudes came into the church through his efforts. He was a real builder. Wherever he went parsonages and churches were either built or else improved under his labors.

When he retired in 1940 he and his wife went to the home he had provided for them in Lynchburg. There was light at evening. The two spent their days in peace while ever and anon came the vision of an eternal home. He was not idle. His brethren used him in their churches, and one year he served as assistant pastor on the Monroe Circuit. But the body had become infirm. In the winter of 1944 he was not well. When the warm spring days came, he improved and made a visit to his son in Richmond. It was while on this visit that he was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage which took him quickly out of the years. At his side as he made the exit was the faithful wife with whom he had shared all the varying experiences of fifty-two years. His funeral was held from Centenary Church, Lynchburg, and was conducted by four of his brethren beloved, E. A. Potts, C. C. Bell, F. L. Wells, and J. N. Latham, who was a classmate and a lifelong friend. Well might he have said,

"Unto my friends I give my thoughts,
Unto my God my soul,
Unto my foe I leave my love--
These are of life the whole.
Nay, there is something--a trifle left;
Who shall receive this dower?
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust--
Turn it into a flower."

by J. Callaway Robertson

Richard Heber Bennett. The gentle breezes over Lake Junaluska on May 12th must have whispered "A mighty man has fallen today!" for at that time the spirit of Richard H. Bennett loosed himself from mortal infirmities and entered the Father's home for heavenly service. Peacefully in the home near the lake the earthly pilgrimage of this noble son of Methodism ended after forty-seven years of active service in the pastorate, in the field of education and moral reform and as lecturer and writer on religious topics.

He was born March 16, 1866, in the parsonage at Blackstone, being the son of Rev. William Wallace Bennett, a sainted member of the Virginia Conference, one time editor of the Conference organ, and president of Randolph-Macon College. His mother was Virginia Lee Sangster, of Alexandria and Fairfax County. The boy profited from

parentage and training, as evidenced in "Lafferty's Sketches" during the first year of young Bennett's ministry, stating, "May the mantle of the ascended father fall upon the son--there are comparatively few young men in the Conference who give promise of as much usefulness to the Church." This may well have been prophecy which was abundantly fulfilled during the years of his ministry. It is of interest to note that Dr. Bennett was the last surviving member of the Conference included in "Sketches of the Virginia Conference."

His education was begun in private schools in Richmond and Ashland. The youth had a thirst for knowledge so he drank from the class-room fountains of Randolph-Macon first in the preparatory department, then won his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1883. For two years he served as assistant professor in the college at the end of which time he received his Master's degree and then pursued post-graduate work in Hebrew. It is not surprising that it was said of him, "His mental endowments are of a very high order, and solid rather than superficial. He is a student." One would expect to hear further that, "He delivers his sermons, which are clear, with earnestness, making them pointed and spiritual."

Dr. Bennett served as principal of Woodbourne Academy, Louisa, for the years 1885-1888, and as principal of Spring City, Tennessee High School in 1889. However, the school room was not to become his parish, so in this year he was licensed to preach upon the recommendation of the Louisa Quarterly Conference, under the eldership of Rev. James O. Moss. In November, 1889, he joined the Virginia Conference and was given for his first assignment, Washington Street, Richmond, now Monument, as its first pastor. This was a "church without a member" for the new building had been erected by the Methodists of the city before a nucleus membership had been gathered. During the three years of his pastorate a good congregation and membership accrued.

The following year, 1892-1893, Dr. Bennett attended Princeton Theological Seminary for special work. Following this he began summer work with the pastor of West Mathews Circuit, but the death of Dr. Peterson, pastor of Trinity Church, Richmond, led to his appointment there to finish the year. Though his return was requested Bishop Granbery felt his services were more urgently needed to fill the vacancy at Calvary Church, Baltimore, which necessitated his transfer to the Baltimore Conference. However, in March of 1894, feeling his mission had been filled, he requested to be returned to his home Conference and for a while was assistant pastor of Centenary, Richmond. His next move came quickly and unexpectedly, for the Rev. James Cannon, Jr., pastor at Farmville, was elected principal of Blackstone Female Institute, now Blackstone College, and Dr. Bennett was sent to finish the year at Farmville. Though his return was requested when the Conference convened, it was not the custom to allow a single preacher to hold an appointment with a parsonage so he was sent as assistant pastor to Dr. A. Coke Smith at Granby Street, Norfolk, now Epworth.

It was during this year that he had the good fortune to meet Miss Mamie Bruce, who on October 22, 1895, became his bride. Five children blessed the home, four of whom remain to mourn the loss of beloved parents. Near the close of his life, Dr. Bennett wrote of his wife: "She has been my greatest earthly blessing!" She survived her sainted husband by only a few weeks. After marriage the next four years were spent in the pastorate of McKendree Church, Norfolk, and the next two years at St. James, Richmond, during which time he made his first European tour. In 1901 he returned to Norfolk as associate pastor to Dr. A. Coke Smith, at Epworth, and when Dr. Smith was elevated to the Bishopric the subject of this sketch became the pastor, closing the year with a good report. At the Conference of 1902 Bishop Duncan appointed him Presiding Elder of the Richmond District, which place he filled until the fall of 1903 when he went to Randolph-Macon College as professor of Moral Philosophy. He spent four years at the college, during which time he broadened his activities to include the State Superintendency of the Anti-Saloon League of Virginia, to which arduous task he gave strenuous labor.

In November, 1907, having resigned his college position and desiring to return to the pastorate, upon request of Court Street Church, Lynchburg, he was assigned there as pastor and entered upon duties which led to one of the high peaks of his career. The four years spent there were marked by large ingatherings and strong advance. During

one year there were one hundred and forty additions mostly on professions of faith. It was at this time that the local church raised $20,000 as a foreign missionary offering with which to build the D.L. Anderson Memorial at Soochow (China's Boston) University. During his fourth year in this remarkable pastorate the officials of the church voted him sufficient vacation for him to make his third European tour, during which he tracked the historic places of King Alfred the Great, and localized the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table and also attended the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in Cardiff, Wales. Since four years marked the limit of a pastorate the happy relations of pastor and people were broken and the affection of the congregation was shown in the presentation of several hundreds of dollars. However, he continued to make his headquarters in Lynchburg for his next assignment was that of Conference Missionary Secretary for three years.

In 1914 the General Board of Education of the M. E. Church, South, elected him Secretary of Ministerial Supply and Training, in which connectional office he rendered a service in recruiting and training ministers which was outstanding and abundantly fruitful. He also had the oversight of the Correspondence School with headquarters at Emory University, Georgia. There were more than one thousand students enrolled in the school of correspondence. Dr. Bennett served on the staffs of both the Centenary Missionary Movement and The Christian Education Movement as writer and lecturer. From his pen came some of the most striking articles and leaflets used in these two movements. During this part of his ministry he secured thousands of volunteers for Christian Life Service through meetings and private consultations. He usually averaged fifty thousand miles travel each year, carried a heavy correspondence, while his addresses, sermons, and interviews ran into the thousands. The years 1914-1926 Dr. Bennett considered the most useful and fruitful years of his entire ministry and his judgment seemed to have the approval of the Board of Education. In 1925, accompanied by Mrs. Bennett, he at-tended the Life and Work World Conference at Stockholm, as delegate from the M. E. Church, South. During this year Hampden-Sydney College honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, a recognition of merit richly deserved.

In 1926 Dr. Bennett was elected Field Agent for the Southern States of the Anti-Saloon League of America. In this work also he was successful, and reached large numbers of people with the message of the League. Following this service in 1927 he was elected president of Lander College, Greenwood, S. C., where he spent five years busy and happy in raising a half-million dollars, increasing the enrollment and securing legacies for the institution, in addition to his administrative leadership.

He returned to the Virginia Conference for active pastoral duties in 1932 and during the summer was pastor of Central Church, Portsmouth. The Conference that fall sent him to Larchmont Church, Norfolk, where he served one year before being assigned to Lawrenceville for a delightful three-year pastorate. At the Conference of 1936, having reached the age of three-score years and ten, he asked for, and was granted, retirement. He and Mrs. Bennett moved to their home at Lake Junaluska, where they enjoyed the fellowship of those who visited this Methodist center, until the glad summons came to enter upon eternal rest. The surviving children are: Richard Heber, Jr., of Eau Claire, Wis.; Sara Elizabeth, of Chapel Hill, N. C.; Mrs. Harold P. Quinn, of Washington, D. C.; and Ruth Bruce, of Hartford, Conn.; who, in the words of their father are "beloved and affectionate children, not one of whom has ever given us a moment of pain or anxiety."

Funeral services were held in Monument Church, Richmond, on the morning of May 14th, with the Revs. R. M. White, D.D., J. Callaway Robertson, D.D., and C. E. Blankenship participating. His body was laid to rest in beautiful Hollywood Cemetery.

Through the years of his ministry this Churchman's heart and mind and sinews seemed to say:

"Be strong.
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift." **by Bernard S. Via**

Henry William Dunkley was born August 17, 1873, in Halifax County, Va. His father was a minister and his mother a devoted Christian. He was the son of the Rev. Richard

Russell Dunkley and Sarah Amanda Dunkley. With such parentage, we are not surprised to learn that in early childhood his gave his heart to God and in his early manhood felt the call of God to the ministry. He completed his education at Randolph-Macon College in the year 1900.

In the year 1898 he joined the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church and labored for forty-one years as an itinerant preacher. On April 17, 1901, Brother Dunkley was happily married to Pauline Lloyd Pace, daughter of George Southerland and Alice Blane Pace, of Halifax County, Va. The marriage took place in the Cedar Grove Methodist Church, and in the same church the funeral services, commemorating a most useful preacher's life, were held. Four children were born to this union, only one of whom now survives--Pauline Hamner, wife of John William Bundick, of Onancock.

The following charges were amongst those blessed by the ministry of our dear brother: Appomattox, 1901 to 1905; Blandford, 1905-1906; Grace, Newport News, 1906-1910; Rocky Mount, 1910-1912; Moseley Memorial, 1912-1913; Conference Evangelist, 1913-1915; Grace Church, Cambridge, 1915-1919; Union Station, 1919-1921; Onancock, 1921-1925; Martinsville, 1925-1927; Portsmouth--Broad Street, 1927-1931; Park View, Portsmouth, 1931-1932; Newport News--Grace, 1932-1936; First Church, South Boston, 1936-1939.

In the autumn of 1939 Brother Dunkley completed forty-one years of most useful service. His devoted wife had been in declining health for several years. To her ancestral home she had clung through the years, and so back to Oak Hill Farm, from which Mrs. Dunkley had smilingly gone to the Cedar Grove Church to become the bride of a devoted Methodist preacher, they returned. On the sixth day of June, 1941, Mrs. Dunkley as borne from this home of her love to the family burying ground, where her body now rests beside that of her husband. A more devoted couple would be hard to find. His tenderness was matched by her loyalty. After Mrs. Dunkley passed away the health of Brother Dunkley rapidly declined. On the twenty-fifth of June, 1945, whilst upon his knees in prayer, suddenly and quietly he passed into the land of light and beauty. There were many at the beautiful gate, waiting and watching for him. Under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit he had led a multitude of souls to Jesus Christ.

Our brother had two passions in his life, one to save souls, and the other to destroy the liquor traffic. The demand for his help in revival services was so great that he was made Conference Evangelist and for years he served on the Board of Temperance of the Annual Conference, and represented it as a delegate at Toronto, when the "League against Alcoholism" met there.

The writer was thrown intimately with Brother Dunkley, at Newport News, and found him a true man, a warm and sympathetic friend, a preacher with gifts that won souls to Christ. Newport News appreciated him. He was three times pastor of Grace Church, first, as a supply and twice after that for a full four-year term--a record truly remarkable.

On the twenty-seventh of June, 1945, funeral services were held in the old church around which clustered so many holy memories. The services were under the direction of Rev. H. S. Coffey, D.D., assisted by the pastor, Rev. M. W. Anderson. Rev. T. Roy Jarrett, Rev. C. E. Johnson, Rev. H. A. Harrell, Rev. O. C. Driscoll, Rev. A. P. Roach, Rev. Henry Gregory and Rev. Henley Roane, spoke tenderly of their departed comrade, after which, the body was borne from the church of hallowed memories to the family cemetery--a holy spot--and gently laid to rest.

Servant of God, well done!

by James W. Moore

James Thomas Moore was born on Severn River, Gloucester County, Va., April 30, 1878. His parents were Charles W. Moore and Anne Fleming Moore. He attended Randolph-Macon College 1902-03 to 1904-05. He entered the itinerancy in 1906, in the Virginia Conference. On December 17, 1906, he was united in marriage to Miss Therma Tyler Davis.

Brother Moore gave thirty-two years of active service to the Conference, one year to his country as a Chaplain in World War I (1918-19), and four years at Fort Thomas, Kentucky (1919-23). Three years he took the supernumerary relation on account of ill health (1923-26). In 1925-26 he was a special student at the University of Virginia. In 1926-27 he served as Secretary-Treasurer of the Virginia Conference Christian Education Movement. He retired in 1941. In 1943 he was appointed Secretary-Treasurer and

Field Representative of the Home Corporation of the Virginia Conference. On July 27, 1945, in the midst of activity, occurred the accident that took his valuable life. Following funeral services in Richmond, his body was carried to Hampton and interred with military honors in the National Cemetery there.

Surviving Brother Moore are his wife; a daughter, Mrs. Louis H. Burruss, of Richmond; a son, James T. Moore, Jr., United States Navy; a sister, Mrs. E. K. Hogg, of Gloucester; a brother, Martin L. Moore, of Morrison, and seven grandchildren.

Charges served by Brother Moore in the Conference were: East Halifax, Pittsylvania, South Princess Anne, Denby and Fairmount, Atlantic, Greenwood; Central, Hampton; Trinity, Lynchburg; City Point, Bassett, Franktown-Johnson. At Franktown-Johnson, his last charge, an educational building was started and completed during his four-year pastorate, in the face of financial difficulties.

Mere dates and facts cannot encompass the life of J. T. Moore. He was a man of restless energy, happy only when doing things. With him to think was to act. Whether it was rendering some personal service, conducting the work of his charge, giving himself to his country in war and peace, or building homes for his retired comrades of the Conference, action was his watchword.

Jim Moore was one of the finest men in our Conference. Physically he was one of the tallest, standing over six feet. With his high forehead, clear-cut features, long, slender face radiating good cheer and goodwill, his appearance was striking. I never saw him out of humor. Even when indignant at wrong, he laughed his way through. He was popular with men--a delightful companion. Those who knew him best, loved him dearly. He was a man of great heart, kind and generous; of pure life and noble ideals.

Brother Moore preached well. His pulpit presence was commanding, his voice strong and pleasing, his purpose always practical--to forward the Kingdom of God in some definite way. He did not cultivate the graces of oratory. His gospel was the gospel of the warm heart and helping hand. His ministry was love in action.

Brother Moore was well qualified for the work which engaged him from 1943 to his tragic end--providing homes for retired ministers. This was to him a labor of love in which he had been interested for years. In pursuing this work he was welcomed cordially in churches and homes. His radiant personality, business ability, tact and friendliness achieved results that were remarkable. He laid strong foundations for future building. Many retired ministers will thank God for Jim Moore's life and work. One intimately associated with him in this work describes it as "phenomenal" and "wonderful success."

The last act of J. T. Moore's life was a kindness rendered a stranger. He left his home in the afternoon of July 27th to go down town for a conference. Near his home a lady was having car trouble. Brother Moore came to her assistance. Absorbed in what he was doing he stepped in front of a moving street car and was fatally injured. Greater love has no man than to lay down his life serving.

Brother Moore's work as Port Chaplain at Newport News in World War I and after, was so outstanding as to deserve special mention here. The number of men going into and returning from the American Expeditionary Forces at Newport News was second only to the Port of New York. Chaplain Moore at first was assigned to duty there temporarily. His work so impressed the Commanding Officer of the Port that he procured his transfer from an artillery regiment which he was serving and had him assigned to permanent duty at the Port. So satisfactory was his work there that when the Port was closed he was given his choice of any post open in the entire country. He was assigned to Fort Thomas, Kentucky, where he served four years.

While at Newport News, Chaplain Moore was deeply interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of the soldiers passing through the Port. He sought to clean up plague spots in the area. His tactful dealing with civilian and military personnel and wise use of authority made these efforts successful.

Rev. S. O. Wright, of this Conference, who, as Chaplain, served with Chaplain Moore at Newport News, and who furnished me information on his work there, wrote me: "I never knew him to act in a hasty or ill-considered manner. ... He was ever the Christian gentleman, just to all, and used authority sparingly and modestly. ... Of course, I loved him."

Dr. S. C. Hatcher, of this Conference, who knew Jim Moore for nearly thirty-nine years with increasing intimacy, wrote me: "In the stretch of the years I never knew him to do an unkind act or to fail to have sympathy for those who were underprivileged. His ministry was crowned with acts of kindness to poor people and needy people. ... I loved him for his work's sake and for his personal worth."

I felt very close to Moore. We were born on the same day, only a few hours apart. We were given the same first name. We attended Randolph-Macon College together. We joined this Conference in the same class. We served as Chaplains in World War I. We retired a year apart. By the grace of God we shall be reunited in the same Heaven. His friendship honored and elevated me.

"Taps" were sounded for him at Hampton. Over the hills of God echoed the reveille of eternal day.

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare done;
Thou eternal peace hast won."

by James Riddick Laughton

Anthony Ousley Lyons. At the close of the Sabbath Day, August 19, 1945, the spirit of Anthony Ousley Lyons, faithful servant of God, left its clay tenement for that home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

He was born in Huntington, Calvert County, Maryland, February 4, 1883, a son of Anthony and Elizabeth Leitch Lyons. His boyhood days were spent on the farm, where he was privileged to live close to the heart of nature, from which he learned many valuable lessons and drew many effective illustrations during his ministry.

His education was begun in the public schools of Calvert County and continued in Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va. Measured by academic and theological standards for the ministry today, Brother Lyons was not well prepared. However, what he lacked in these fields, he more than atoned for in his devotion and loyalty to God and his fellow-men. His was a fruitful ministry in terms of twice-born men and women. Never a year passed that he did not win individuals to Christ and His Church by personal evangelism. He asked no favors for himself and always went willingly to whatever appointment he was sent.

He served the following charges in the old Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South: Prince Frederick, Md., as Junior Preacher under W. B. Dorsey; Epworth, Covington, Va.; Bethesda, Md., Laurel, Md., Howard Circuit, Md., Wesley Grove, Md., and Prince Frederick, Med., as Preacher-in-charge. After Unification, he served Strasburg, Berryville and Marquis Memorial, Staunton, Va., all in the Virginia Conference. In 1920 he married Miss Anna Louise Linthicum, of Washington, D. C., who survives him. To this happy union three sons were born, all of whom survive--as follows: Rev. William A. Lyons, of the Virginia Conference; Sergeant Gerald O. Lyons, United States Army, who fought in the European Theatre, and who was a prisoner in Germany for several months, and Charles R. Lyons, at home with his mother.

His last illness extended over a period of approximately six months. Early in the year in which he died, his physician discovered cataracts on both eyes, which developed so rapidly that in the space of three or four months he had practically lost his sight. This caused him constant worry, because he was unable to visit his people, and without doubt was a contributing factor which produced the paralytic stroke from which he failed to recover. Of his outstanding characteristics, a few will have to suffice. To begin with, he was a true friend. His friendship was so transparent, that one could see all the way through it, and it was without a flaw. To know him was to love him. He was devoted to his Lord. Early in his life he found the Saviour satisfyingly, and throughout life he devoted everything he had in body, mind and soul in serving Him. He was courageous. When he was convinced that a thing was wrong, no amount of persuasion or opposition moved him to compromise.

His funeral service was held at the Marquis Memorial Church, of which he was pastor at the time of his death, August 21, 1945. It was conducted by his District Superintendent and life-long friend, T. M. Swann, assisted by Rev. Kenneth Cunningham, Woodstock, Va., and Rev. J. A. Johnson, Clifton Forge, Va. The large congregation, together with the minister of the Staunton District, bore splendid testimony to the high esteem in which he was held.

His body was taken to Fort Lincoln Cemetery, Prince George County, Md., and laid to rest in the soil of his native State. In the language of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, "So we bid him farewell with endless gratitude for the long day we have had with him, and with faith too that sunset is a true figure of his going. For the sunset is only our limited way of seeing things. Nothing has happened to the sun. All is well there --and after sunset--sunrise."

by T. M. Swann

Lula Vanderslice Britt belonged to a most interesting family. She was the daughter of Dr. George C. Vanderslice, who for many years was a prominent member of the Virginia Conference, and filled some of our best appointments. So she was a child of the parsonage, and from infancy was familiar with Methodism. She joined the church at an early age, and throughout her long life adorned and beautified her Christian profession. She was born in Henrico County, Va., on August 24, 1863.

Mrs. Britt received her education in the public schools of our State, and in the Farmville College. This was supplemented by correspondence schools with some of our leading institutions. After completing her college course she taught several years in the famous Finney College in Suffolk and in South Carolina.

She was married twice. Her first husband was R. V. Ivey. To them a son was born, Ellis V. Ivey. He was educated in the University of Virginia, where he received the degree of Master of Arts. A great tragedy came into Mrs. Britt's life when this promising young son was killed in a railway accident soon after he began to practice medicine. This sorrow was borne with Christian fortitude and resignation, but the scars remained throughout her life. Her second husband was Lee Britt, who for many years was a prominent member of the Main Street Church in Suffolk, and was well known as an outstanding layman of our Conference.

From childhood she was active in church work. One of her earliest recollections was when her father took her to a meeting of a children's missionary society, thus starting her in the work where she was to achieve so much prominence in after years. She was greatly interested in Christian education. For many years she taught a very large adult woman's class in her Sunday School. She was a member of the Board of Stewards, and always took a keen interest in the proceedings of that organization.

Mrs. Britt filled almost every office open to women in the Methodist Church. She was a member of the Board of Trustees in Ferrum Junior College and of the Scarritt College in Nashville, Tennessee. If possible she always attended their meetings, and by her wise counsel greatly aided in their effectiveness. She was also very active in civic affairs, and was one of the charter members of the Woman's Club of Suffolk.

While she was interested in every phase of church work, she will be best remembered for her achievements in the field of missions. She believed that we have a Gospel that is needed by all the world, and did all within her power to send it to the ends of the earth. Her missionary work beyond the borders of her local church began in 1897 when she was elected secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society in the Portsmouth District. From that time her activities broadened. For almost three decades she was president of the organization now known as the Woman's Society for Christian Service, and during that time her energy and enthusiasm and distinguished ability as a leader resulted in a brilliant record of progress. When ill health forced her retirement from this office she had the satisfaction of knowing that the work of the Lord had prospered under her leadership.

She was well known beyond the borders of her own Conference. Several times she was member of the General Conference, and served on some of its most important committees. She was a member of the Special Conference called to consider Unification in 1924, and was a delegate to the Uniting Conference held in Kansas City in 1939. She was also a delegate to the first General Conference after Unification held in Atlantic City in 1940, and of the first Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference held in Asheville, N.C., in 1940. These are only a few of the many honors bestowed upon her by her Church.

She is survived by five of the family of Dr. George C. Vanderslice: Granbery Vanderslice, of Richmond, Mrs. W. S. Beamon and Mrs. W. S. Cross, of Suffolk, and Mrs. Anna V. Deaton and Mrs. Maurice Langhorne, of Smithfield.

Methodism and the Kingdom of God never had a more loyal supporter than Lula

Lula Vanderslice Britt. Her Church always had the first place in her heart. In its service she went far beyond the mere call of duty. For about fifty years she was a devoted member of the Main Street Church in Suffolk, and every pastor during that time saw ample evidence of her consecration to her Church and to her Lord. I can be truly said of her, "She hath done what she could."

by A. L. Franklin

Minutes for 1946. **James Riddick Laughton.** When the hour came on Decemer 4, 1945, for James Riddick Laughton to pass through the portal that we miscall "Death," he was ready to go. Ready because through the years that were gone he had lived as close to his Master, that there was nothing to fear. Rather was this new experience but to open to him new vistas of meaning and beauty which even his poetic soul had not fully envisioned while here on earth. And he understood this fact quite fully and was ready and waiting when the summons came.

Born April 30, 1878, in Richmond, Va., he was the youngest child of James Crain and Sarah Jane Woodcock Laughton. His early education was received in the public schools of Richmond and from high school entered business where he worked from 1891 to 1900 and again from 1902 to 1903. After the day's work was done, he gave many happy hours to the study of art. Being both by nature and training a highly religious person, it was not surprising that he joined church at ten years of age under the pastorate of Dr. William Ellis Edwards who was then stationed at Richmond's Centenary Church. Here he experienced a deeper work of grace which resulted in a decision for the ministry on November 29, 1899.

To prepare himself for his ministerial duties, he entered Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, 1900. Here he continued for two years and, after an absence of one year, returned in 1903 and continued for another two years. Due to a lack of preparatory training, he did not graduate but he did achieve distinction in certain courses. His literary talents also found expression in the college publications and oratorical contests, in all of which he exhibited unusual skill.

For one year after leaving college he was a high school principal at Onancock, Va. From there he went in May, 1906, to Whitestone, where he supplied the Whitestone Circuit until Conference met in November. He joined the Virginia Conference in 1906 and two years later was ordained deacon and received into full connection by Bishop Hendrix. In 1910 Bishop A. W. Wilson ordained him to elder's orders.

Mr. Laughton married Marion White Dutton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Blake Dutton of Middlesex County, November 17, 1909. There were no children.

During the thirty-four years of his active ministry, he served the following charges, including a period as chaplain in the United States Army from February 2, 1918 to August 20, 1919: East Middlesex, East Mathews, West End (Lynchburg), Providence and Cape Henry, Cheriton, Altavista, Martinsville and Williamsburg. Also Laurel Street (Richmond), Grace, Cambridge (Maryland), Culpeper, Ashland, Capeville, West Point, Stuart, Laurel Hill, Irvington Oceana, Virginia Beach and Wachapreague.

As chaplain with the rank of 1st Lieutenant, he served with the 80th Division, including a period overseas in the Ameican Expeditionary Forces. At various times he was stationed at Camp Lee, Va.; the Arras Sector in the Argonne, and was Junior Chaplain at the Forwarding Camp, American Embarkation Center, France. He was officially commended for overseas service and awarded medals of honor.

A gifted writer, he was the author of several hundred poems and prose articles which were published mostly in religious periodicals. He was a frequent contributor to the secular press. For four months in 1921 he acted as supply editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate.

In 1931 a careful examination in McGuire's clinic, Richmond, revealed pernicious anemia, yet he kept on in his chosen labors of the ministry until 1940 when his physician advised retirement. He was superannuated at the session of the Annual Conference held in Roanoke, October, 1940. He then made his home in Richmond until his death. Besides his widow, he is survived by a sister, Florence Laughton, and a brother, Frank Woodcock Laughton, both of Richmond.

Characteristic of the beauty of his life is a statement of his faith which he left behind and called "My Creed." It reads as follows:

"I believe profoundly in the Christian Faith as interpreted by Methodism.

"Personally, I trust the Lord Jesus Christ, and Him only, for salvation. My faith in Him has never faltered since I knew Him as Savior and Lord. He has been to me strength in weakness; comfort in sorrow; guide in uncertainty; my sun; my song. 'The fairest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely.'

"Socially, my belief is in the Golden Rule and the principle of the Second Mile."

The night before he passed away he said to his wife: "Oh, I have tried so hard to serve." The truth of this simple statement was more than evident to all who knew him, for through the years of his ministry his deep personal consecration and his untiring energy proclaimed in language unmistakable that here was truly a servant of God!

He breathed his last at St. Luke's Hospital in Richmond on December 4, 1945. The funeral was conducted from Centenary Methodist Chruch by the writer and Dr. A. P. Williams on December 6. His body was laid to rest in the Chaplains section of the National Cemetery in Arlington, Arlington, Va.

by George S. Reamey

Andrew Numa Lewis. No one can tell what a day will bring forth. The morning sun may rise in accustomed beauty and the early hours pass in usual tasks. Then suddenly the unexpected happens and a major crisis in life is reached.

Such was true on January 24, 1946, with Andrew Numa Lewis. Breakfast over and family prayers said, the forenoon was spent about the parsonage at Onley, Va. After lunch he set out on several errands, among these a visit to a sick member of the Onley Methodist Church of which he was pastor. On his return he passed where neighbors were gathered at an auction sale. He had gotten in his car to leave when a strange feeling came over him. God's chariot passed by, he entered and went home to heaven.

He had not planned it just that way but God had, and that was enough. His work was done, his record completed and his ministry of thirty-eight years finished. There must have been a welcome blast of God's trumpeters when he arrived at the Gates of Glory. The weary itinerant had reached his journey's end and the influecne of his spirit and character are left to brighten and bless the earth.

We jot down here a few items connected with his life and ministry. Brother Lewis was born December 21, 1879, on a farm in Alamance County, N.C. His parents were Andrew Morris Lewis and Sarah Brand Lewis. There were eight children, four boys and four girls in the family. His was a Christian home of plain living and high thinking. The spirit and practice of the family were nurtured in the local Methodist Church which was reularly attended and actively supported. His father was superintendent of the Sunday school and one grandfather was a Methodist preacher. It was a natural step for a youth reared under such conditions to give his heart to Christ at an early age and then to heed the call of God to the Christian ministry.

In preparation for his work he attended Trinity High School and then Trinity College, later a part of Duke University. After two years in college he joined the Western North Carolina Conference in 1907, and a year later transferred to the Virginia Conference where he spent the rest of his ministry. The following charges profited by his pastoral care: Essex, West Lancaster, Victoria, Windsor, Waverly, Wesley (Petersburg), South Norfolk, Oxford (Suffolk), Cheriton, Pungoteague, Stuart, South Sussex and Onley.

Everywhere he went he attracted attention by his commanding presence, his open, candid countenance, his sincere and earnest speech and his friendly manner. He was a thoughtful preacher and prepared his sermons with care. The program of the church received his careful attention. However, it was as a pastor that he excelled, entering into the experiences of his people with deep sympathy and giving them counsel, comfort and encouragement. He lived with and for his people. Children loved him and the choir at his funeral was composed of a score of high school boys and girls. They had found in him a friend.

The effectiveness of Brother Lewis' ministry was augmented by his happy marriage on January 28, 1908, to Mary Helen Rice of Macon County, N.C. They were congenial spirits and dedicated to the same high ideals. Life in their home was shared and enjoyed together and they worked in the church side by side. They bore a common witness to their Savior's love and shed an unflickering light upon all who passed their way. To them one son was born, Andrew Morris Lewis, who with his wife and two children live at Cheriton, Va.

Brother Lewis' funeral was held on Sunday, January 27th, in the Onley Methodist Church. He was in his fifth year there as pastor. An impressive service was conducted by his District Superintendent, Rev. J. A. Chapman, D. D., assisted by the writer. The auditorium of the church was filled with sorrowing friends and the ministers of the Eastern Shore District served as honorary pall bearers. The active pall bearers were stewards of the church. From Onley the body was taken to the cemetery at Cape Charles, Va. There it was laid to rest under a blanket of flowers. A good man has passed to his reward and the fragrance of his life will linger for years to come.

Could he have spoken to us just before he left, he might have used the words of Victor Hugo, "When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life!' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, opens on the dawn."

This is the affirmation of faith and we hail our brother in Christ in the words of Roselle M. Montgomery:

"For us who knew you, dread of age is past;
You took life tiptoe, to the very last;
It never lost for you its lovely look;
You kept your interest in its thrilling look;
To you, Death came no conqueror, in the end--
You merely smiled to greet a friend!"

by C. O. Tuttle

Ernest Leslie Peerman. It was through Dr. Ernest Leslie Peerman that "God's hand was guiding well-nigh to revolutionize the missionary activity of a great Annual Conference," said the outstanding missionary leader, Dr. E. H. Rawlings. Dr. Peerman entered Korea in 1907. In the Richmond Christian Advocate of December 17, 1908, appeared a short letter from Dr. C. O. Tuttle, which enclosed a personal one from Brother Peerman. "Brother Peerman needs $2,000 for his middle school," he says. "Here is a fine opportunity for the churches and Sunday schools of some district of the Virginia Conference." One year on the mission field and Dr. Peerman had entered so completely "the fellowship of St. Paul," that his heart of compassion sees human need on every hand, he wants to build a church, a day school and a middle school. He said, "The opportunity lies before the church to help in this work, and we cannot afford to let the opportunity pass by unimproved. I do wish the church at home could see the need and opportunity as I do." He organized the Japan Mission at Wonsan, founded the Boys' School and Church at Noongpi, and did splendid work as an evangelist. Dr. Rawlings said, "But no part of his service meant quite so much to the Kingdom as the thing he probably thought of as an aside." The letters which he wrote as mentioned above reached Virginia when our Conference had only one missionary in the field. A few men were greatly disturbed over this. "They read these letters and began to go around and talk Korea in the churches. In the year 1908 probably the story was told in seventy-five churches, and there were not a half dozen that refused responding to the call by doing something over and above as a Special for Korea. Largely as a result of this movement, the Virginia Conference at the end of the second year, 1910, was doubling its offering for foreign missions." Dr. Peerman's heart was made glad by this response for his was the shepherd's heart. In his book, "Living Messages from Patmos," he said the early Christians were impelled by two motives--"a passionate love of Christ and a consuming desire to see their fellowmen saved." These were his motives.

Dr. Peerman was born in Rustburg, Va., February 7, 1874. He was the son of James C. and Mary Jane Elam Peerman. At the age of five years he knew he was going to consecrate himself to God for the ministry and began to prepare himself for that holy calling. He joined the Virginia Conference at the age of nineteen. His career was marked as a devoted student. He received the A.B. degree from Randolph-Macon College in 1900, B. D. degree from Vanderbilt Univeristy in 1903, M.R.E. from Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy in 1922, M.A. from Emory University and Th.D. from Drew University. He was author of the book on Revelation entitled, "Living Messages from Patmos," and a book, "Behold He Prayeth," in manuscript form was left at the time of his death. Before Dr. Peerman went to Korea as a missionary under the Methodist Board he organized Branch Memorial Church in Richmond. While in Korea he taught in and was superintendent

of a school for boys, organized and preached in the first Christian Church in Korea for Japanese, organized and built a new church for Koreans, and one new day school. The second year he was made superintendent of a District containing forty-eight groups broadly scattered. Among these he itinerated through the Diamond Mountains on foot and pack pony. Some of the outstanding native ministers of today were trained under him.

On June 10, 1910, he was married to Martha Ivey Batey who was a student volunteer from her church in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. She was an ideal mate for him and he said of her, "From that date she shared my labors in journeys over the mountains and valleys seeking whom we might help for the Master's sake." She survives him.

It was a real sacrifice to him to have to return to this country but for reasons of health it was an impossiblity for Dr. and Mrs. Peerman to return to Korea. While in this county he served effectively many of our Virginia Conference appointments. He was a good soldier of the Cross, cheerfully receiving and going bravely to each ap-point-ment. He entered the superannuate relationship in 1941 and he and Mrs. Peerman retired to their home in Lynchburg. He did not know how to be idle and was a valuable aid to the pastors of Centenary Methodist Church in preaching, visiting and teaching. This loyal, consecrated, humble, unassuming and devoted child of God was always an inspiration and help to those he met in his church, in the stores, homes and on the street.

On February 7, 1946, at the Virginia Baptist Hospital his tired heart stopped beating and our Lord who said, "and if I go I will come again and take you unto myself," came according to promise, they joined their hands and he entered the glory prepared for him.

I heard Him call,
"Come and follow." That was all,
My gold grew dim
My soul went after Him.
I rose and followed, that was all,
Who would not follow,
If he heard Him call?

by Edgar A. Potts

Robert Lee Fultz. On February 19, 1946, it might have been said of Dr. Robert Lee Fultz, even as David said of Abner, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" He wrote his name in kindness and good deeds on the hearts of hosts of people with whom he was associated during his long ministry in the Church of Jesus Christ. His influence "will be as legible on the hearts he left behind as the stars on the brow of the evening." To recount his achievements, his deeds of goodness, and his generosity would require a volume, and so only the outstanding events of his life can be related here.

Dr. Fultz was a member of the original Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and an active minister in the service of his Master for forty-six years prior to his retirement in 1937. Born July 18, 1866, on a farm in Rockbridge County, Va., midway between Staunton and Lexington, he was next to the youngest of thirteen children. He began school in a one-room country school house, and continued at Fairfield his preparation for college, for he had in these years decided to dedicate his life to the ministry. His strong desire to become a farmer was abandoned because of an irresistible call to "preach the Gospel." He entered Randolph-Macon College at Ashland in 1886 and graduated in 1891, doing his major work under Dr. John Kern, whose teaching had a lasting influence on his life.

In 1891 Dr. Fultz became a probationer and was assigned as junior preacher on the Loudon Circuit, Va., under Rev. David Bush, where he served on horseback for two years. He joined the Conference in 1893 under Bishop Key. From 1893 to 1895 he served as junior preacher on Freedom Circuit, Howard County, Maryland, and as pastor of Marvin Church in Southwest Washington.

In the spring of 1895 he was married to Miss Bessie Watkins of Howard County, and took her as a bride to his new charge on the Staunton Circuit. The next spring he moved to Keezletown, where his son, Paul, was born and his wife died. During his three years there he built a new parsonage, largely by personal donations of materials in a time of depression.

In 1899 he was appointed to Mt. Crawford, Va., and in June married Miss Mary Frances Stratton of Staunton. Two years later they left the Valley for Lewisburg, where their two daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret, were born, and where he could again realize the joy of building and superivising the erection of a new church during four years of ministry. After one year at Blacksburg, Va., he went in 1905 to St. Paul's, Baltimore, for four of his busiest and most satisfying years of service, which included summers of Methodist fellowship at old Wesley Grove Camp. A year at Woodstock, Va., was followed by four years at Epworth in Washington, consummated with the satisfaction of clearing the church mortgage and installing a new organ.

In 1915 he returned to West Virginia as presiding elder of the Lewisburg District, which he traveled for three years. A second term as presiding elder followed on the Rockingham District. He particularly enjoyed the close associations with the younger ministers under his direction in these assignments.

From 1921 to 1925 he served at Clifton Forge, Va., and the next three years at Mt. Pleasant in Washington, which was enlarged and remodeled under the name of Frances Asbury during his ministry. Five years followed at Front Royal, Va., and four at Basic Church, Waynesboro, Va., before his retirement at the age of seventy-one.

In selecting a home, his church was still foremost in his plans. With his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Cannon, he built a house in Falls Church, Va., adjoining the property of Dulin Chapel, where the family became associated with all the affairs of the church. Here, also, he found an outlet for his long-cherished hobbies of gardening and carpentry. In addition to participating with the local congregation, he remained actively interested in the general program of Methodism, and was frequently invited to preach throughout the Washington area.

His Conference honored him by placing him in the positions of responsibility and importance. Some of these duties were: President of Church Extension, Board of Education, Committee on Examinations, Committee on Conference Relations, Committee on Memorials, Commission on Budget. He served as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Randolph-Macon system from 1909 to 1943. In 1917, Randolph-Macon College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He had a keen sense of humor and a gift for saying the right thing. Fellowship with Christian people always gave him keen enjoyment. Little children found in him an understanding and patient friend to whom they were naturally attracted. His six grandchildren were the crowning pride of his life. Hospitality was with him a spontaneous expression of a generous impulse. The high principles that actuated him, the splendid achievements of his ministry, the Christ-like personality and faith which were his bespeak the companionship of the Savior whom now he sees face to face.

The following statement is submitted as a tribute from Rev. J. W. Leggett, who had been a close friend of Dr. Fultz's for thirty years:

"It is my privilege to bear testimony to the sterling character and fruitful life of a beloved comrade in the ministry. Lee Fultz was my friend. What a gift to a man! Our lives have been like two trees side by side; they were not quite the same species, their foliage differed, but somehow we sprang immediately into a rich, mutual understanding, and our roots became inseparably intertwined.

"In my friend's rich personality there were many strands. The master passion was loyalty; it was the key note of his character--loyalty to family, friends, church, and country. He was always steadfast and fixed in the midst of the inconstant. His word was his bond. His life was marked with a contagious simplicity. He was always natural; we loved him for that. He loved the countryside--the trees, the rivers, the green fields, and the vegetable gardens. His strength of character was closely akin with a loving tenderness.

"He was diligent and conscientious in all his works. As a student, preparation for the pulpit was a necessity, and those who heard him were deeply moved, conscious that they were in the hands of one whom God chose to use and honor. His pastoral duties were never taken lightly. He knew how to visit the sick and the afflicted and to minister to those in the throes of bitter disappointment and despair. And he could pray! His prayers fairly opened the heavens, and men and women were brought face to face with their precious Savior.

"He was a level-headed business man and an executive of unusual ability. It was his real forte; he left behind him through the years churches repaired, new churches built, parsonages built, parsonages erected or remodeled. It was thrilling to be in his manual workshop in his home. He was a workman that need not to be ashamed.

"Ah! we miss him. We thank God for him. The end came with stunning suddenness. He used to tell me how short was life at longest to do the things needed to be done. With an enthusiasm, an abandon, a devotion he lived his life. He poured out his strength like a spendthrift. In his heart there was a vision of the Cross, and the living presence of his radiant Lord. He would have been ashamed to be too comfortable with such a Captain."

"Let us not mourn his going;
Let us rejoice to know
That earthly labors finished
He was prepared to go.
"Let us emulate his virtues,
That men of us may say:
The world is brighter, better,
Because he passed this way."

by Herbert S. Southgate

John A. Gere Shipley was born December 10, 1870, in Easton, Maryland, son of the Reverend James Lester Shipley, a member of the Baltimore Conference, and Mrs. Elizabeth A. Gere Shipley. His maternal grandfather, the Reverend John A. Gere, was a member of the Pennsylvania Conference.

Dr. Shipley, parsonage-born and nurtured in Christian ideals, became convinced at the early age of eleven years that his life must be given to the services of the Lord, and told his parents that he would be a "missionary to China." He received the Bachelor of Arts degree from Randolph-Macon College in 1896 and the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from Vanderbilt University the following year. He then gave twenty-seven of the choice years of his life to the work in China.

Reaching Shanghai in 1898, a transfer from the Pacific Conference, this young, energetic, and winsome servant of God began an effective ministry, during which he served as pastor and presiding elder.

He was married July 31, 1900, to Miss Mary Eleanor Wood, daughter of James Wood of Botetourt County, Va. His second wife was the former Miss Leetrice M.. Strother.

In 1904, Dr. Shipley was transferred to the Baltimore Conference. In 1908, he returned to China, as a transfer from the Baltimore Conference, and was appointed Presiding Elder of Shanghai District. In 1911, he again retired from teh field. He returned again to China, as a transfer from the Virginia Conference, in1921. His apopintment that year was as Missionary Pastor of Allen Memorial Church and Co-manager of the Methodist Publishing House. In 1922, his appointment was Presiding Elder of Shanghai District, Treasurer and Executive Secretary of the Centenary.

In 1925, Dr. Shipley was transferred to the Virginia Conference and this marked his permanent retirement from China. That same year, he became Superintendent of Schools of Bedford County. Later he served these pastoral appointments in the Virginia Conference: Brookneal, Rockbridge Baths, Sterling, Nokesville and Guilford. He was the popular pastor at Guilford when he suffered a heart attack and fell asleep on April 18, 1946.

To his native state he was at last returned to be laid to rest. Funeral services were conducted by the Reverend Richard L. Shipley, a cousin, and he was interred in Loudon Cemetery in Baltimore.

To Dr. Shipley's first wife were born these children, who survive him: James Lester Shipley, of Korea; Jerome Wilson Shipley, of Alaska; and Mrs. Alice Cushman Shipley King, of Baltimore. He is survived also by his widow, Mrs. Leetrice Strother Shipley.

A fellow missionary has said of him: "Dr. Shipley was one of the most notably generous of men. His life was selfless. It was a part of his nature to be wholly devoted to others. The skill with which he concealed his generous services is a legend. He was a friend with the instinct for making everyone feel his friendliness."

The refined and cultured character of Dr. Shipley and his winsome, friendly personality blessed the church and the world. Our hearts are glad that we had the privilege to know and love him. His simple modesty was never more clear than in his request, "I want them to say of me only that, 'I lived for Christ.'" And so he did!

by W. K. Haddock

Virginius Rudder Turner has completed his earthly task and gone home to God. He served the church faithfully, giving the full measure of his powers to his duties as a minister of Jesus Christ till the strain of it broke his health. Then with never a word of complaint he tarried for years in a body that was almost helpless till the Master of all good workmen released him to set him to work anew.

The son of William Benjamin and Missouri Johnson Turner, Virginius was born in Lunenburg County, Va., August 30, 1878. He grew up in a devout home. At the age of twelve he was happily converted and united with Williams Methodist Church in his native county. His call to the Christian ministry came when he was eighteen and the answer he gave to it was complete dedication of his fine young life to the work of the church.

In the spring of 1899 the Farmville District Conference gave him a license to preach. In 1902 at the session of the Virginia Conference held in Richmond, Bishop Duncan admitted him into the Conference on trial. His first assignment as an itinerant preacher was to the Charles City circuit. Then in succession he served West Lunenburg, Branch Memorial, Clarksville, and Hyco charges. While at Clarksville he met and wooed Miss Annie Lelia Ligon. They were married December 9, 1908. The union was a happy one. For nearly four decades these two servants of the Lord trod the path of duty together, living for each other, for their children, and for the people of Korea.

At Randolph-Macon College, "Virgil," as he was affectionately known to his fellow students, became deeply interested in Christian missions. He was persuaded to offer himself to the Board of Foreign Missions for service. The demand for missionaries then was relatively small. The call for Brother Turner did not come until he was completing his fourth year on the Hyco Circuit. It was a high moment in the young preacher's life when he knew his dream to serve as a missionary was about the be realized.

Two children had come to bless the home of the Turners, Annie and Virginia. The family situation presented some difficulties, but they were surmounted and the four crossed the continent, arriving at San Francisco September 13, 1912. The next day they sailed for Korea and reached Wonsan exactly thirty days later.

During his more than twenty years in Korea he served as an evangelist in the Wonsan district, as Superintendent of the Songdo East district, as presiding elder of the Wonsan district, and also of Songdo North district. Much of this time he filled the office of treasurer of the Korea Conference with great credit to his business ability.

Like Paul this tireless itinerant was on many journeys. The distances were long and the paths poor. To the outposts in those early days there were no roads nor were there automobiles. Through hazardous mountain passes and over rough trails he made his exacting trips on the pack ponies. It is small wonder that under the stress of such labors his body was taxed beyond the power of endurance.

In 1931 Brother Turner's health failed and he had to get away for rest. He recovered sufficiently to resume his activities for a time but in 1933 a stroke came that completely incapacitated him for further service. He was compelled to accept the inevitable and with his family came back to the States and set up a home in Lynchburg, Va. The intervening years had added two boys and a girl to the happy family. Martha was born in Korea; Archie Rudder and Thomas Lambuth were born in Virginia while the Turners were on furlough.

The home in Lynchburg, where the long evening of our Brother's life was spent, was a place of sunshine and peace. The man of the house was almost entirely dependent upon other members of the household. But always there were loving hearts and ready hands at his command. His devoted wife and children found joy in the errands of love they could do for him. His sense of humor was his salvation. He learned how to laugh at himself. He drew upon a treasury of memories to turn drab days to joy and blessedness. The loyal wife and mother did more than give her husband gentle care; she found a way to provide a good education for all the children. After twelve years the end came to Brother Turner rather suddenly. On May 6, 1946, he went quietly out to the reward of a good

and faithful servant of the lord. The circumstances of his passing pointed up for his friends the lines of his favorite poem:

And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For through from out the bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bear.

The funeral service was conducted by Dr. J. J. Rives, assisted by Dr. C. C. Bell. The mortal remains were laid tenderly away in Spring Hill Cemetery.

Thou layest Thy hand on the fluttering heart
And sayest, "Be still."
The shadow and silence are only a part
Of thy sweet will.
Thy presence is with me, and where Thou art
I fear no ill.

by J. Callaway Robertson

Benjamin Meade Persinger. We seem to be living in the constant presence of death. On Saturday afternoon, the 29th of June, the sad news came to us that our District Superintendent, Dr. B. M. Persinger, had lost his life in an automobile accident. It was hard for us to believe the message that came to us over the phone. It is still hard for us to realize that he has been taken from our midst.

There are few of us that travel very far down the road of life before some great sorrow overtakes us. Whenever it comes we hear someone say, "I can never march forward with the crowd again." While another says, "Life will never be the same for me any more." As we watch the twinkle fade from the eye and the steps become slow, we are certain that something has gone out never to come back. At such a time not many of us would be hasty in criticizing James Russell Lowell. He had been left a widower at thirty-four with only one child where there had been a large family. On his return from the funeral he found many messages of sympathy. Immediately he sat down and wrote these words:

"Console if you will, I can bear it,
'Tis a well meant alms of breath,
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death."

Death cuts deep wounds. It dislocates homes and leaves vacant places in our churches that are hard to fill. That is what death has done for us in the goind of Dr. Persinger.

Benjamin Meade Persinger was born July 22, 1902, on Potts Creek near Covington, Va. How often as a child he must have lifted his eyes to the mountains that surrounded his home, and as he gazed upon them he was reminded of the omnipotence of God. He was one of six children who were born to Allen Ryder and Sara Elizabeth Persinger. On December 23, 1930, he married Miss Margaret Spann. To them were born two children, Margaret Anne and Frances Cornwell. He attended Randolph-Macon Academy then Randolph-Macon College where he received his A.B. degree in 1928. From there he went to Union Theological Seminary in Richmond where he received his B.D. degree in 1931. Randolph-Macon College conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1937.

He served the following appointments: Bishop Memorial, 1928-31; Bowling Green, 1931-33; Broad Street, Richmond, 1933-37; Epworth, Norfolk, 1937-44, and Superintendent of the Richmond District, 1944 until his death, June 29, 1946.

In the few short years of his ministry he had reached the top. Our Conference gladly gave him its best, and no one ever said the appointment was out of line. He did his work well and deserved the best the church had to offer. He had been called to serve the church in a much wider field than the charges to which he had been appointed by the bishop. From 1938 to 1944 he served as Conference Missionary Secretary. During that period there was a renewal of interest in the missionary program of the church, which was in a large measure the result of his interest in and passion for missions. He was a delegate to the General and Jurisdictional Conferences in 1944; a member of the General Conference Committee on Study of the Local Church, 1944-48; a member of the

Committee of Two Hundred set up by the General Conference to direct the Crusade Program; a Trustee of Randolph-Macon College, Ferrum Junior College and the Methodist Orphanage. He was a member of the Executive Committee of Board of Trustees for Randolph-Macon College and Randolph-Macon Academy. He was chairman of the Committee on Building Program and Policy at Randolph-Macon College. He was a member of the state-wide committee appointed to raise additional funds for the college. He was a member of the General Board of Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Church. As a member of that Board he had been appointed to several of the most important committees, as follows: The Executive Committee, Committee on Salaries, and a member of the Appropriations Committee of the Church Extension Division. These were only a few of his honors. Almost daily calls came to him for speaking engagements, not only in the Virginia Conference where he was known so well, but throughout the Jurisdiction, and many of them from other jurisdictions. The church had heard his message and was calling him to a place of leadership. Some of Methodism's greatest churches had sought him as their pastor. No doors seemed to be closed to him.

To say that he was unusual as a minister is putting it mildly. He had committed his life to Christ and the Church. He was interested in every part of the Church's program. No good cause ever went lacking where he served. For four years I was his District Superintendent and for nearly one he was mine. During that time I do not know of a single cause that was neglected as a pastor or District Superintendent. I have heard him say so many times, "I am not responsible for what my church does for this or that cause, but I am responsible for giving them the facts." This he did in season and out of season. As a District Superintendent he showed his ability as a leader not by driving men but by leading them. He was always solicitous of the welfare of every preacher and his family on his district and kept constantly in touch with them.

It would be hard to say in which field he excelled as a minister. God had endowed him with unusual gifts and graces. I know few men that have as many natural gifts as he had. These gifts had been cultivated in a very fine way. In the pulpit he was outstanding. His sermons were always well prepared. It was not unusual to see the light burning in his study late in the night as he prepared his messages. I heard a prominent laymen of another denomination say, "Ben never gets up to preach until he has thought out the last word of his sermon." His message was always presented in his own characteristic way. The style of his preaching was forceful and attractive and always with power. He had a profound conviction of the power of the Gospel to change human life and a great love for the people he had been called to minister to.

Out of the pulpit he was just as attractive. People loved him and enjoyed being in his presence. In fact it was hard for him to be alone. He brought a feeling of warmth and comradeship into every group that he entered. His friends were many. It is doubtful whether any man in the Conference could claim as many friends. But this was not an accident. He made friends because he was friendly. He always had a keen interest in the success and happiness of others. He talked much about the successes of others but seldom mentioned his own.

The funeral services were conducted at Monument Methodist Church by Bishop W. W. Peele assisted by Dr. A. P. Williams and the writer. The church was crowded to the doors with people standing in every available place, with many not able to get on the inside. They came from every section of the state. Literally hundreds of floral designs covered the casket and the entire front of the church. As we carried his body from the church a great throng of people stood with tear-stained faces giving evidence of the love and esteem in which he was held.

After the service in Richmond was concluded, the body was taken back to the parental home to rest for the last hour with his mother and brothers. Services were conducted there at five o'clock, at which time another large crowd gatehred to pay their last respects of tribute and love to one they called their own. After the funeral services were over we carried his body to the top of a beautiful hill, and there surrounded by God's great eternal mountains, we laid him to rest. It was a sad moment for all of us, and yet in the midst of our sorrow there was something that dried our tears and gave us the courage to carry on. It was the fact that we would see him again.

We miss him today and his place in our Conference will be hard to fill. His voice is being missed in the higher counsels of our church, but he has left us an example which will be an inspiration to us for years to come. **by Walter C. Gum**

Clarence Jay Clark was born in Monticello, New York, on April 17, 1881, and was translated to his Heavenly Home from Mount Jackson, Va., sometime during the afternoon of July 5, 1946.

Between these two dates was comprised a life of consecrated activity for his Lord. Beginning as a very young man he took a class in the church school and then, branching out, undertook missionary work, even conducting a night school for boys in Norwich, a mill suburb of Roanoke, Va. Very probably it was while thus engaged that he felt the compulsion of the Divine Spirit to preach the Gospel and in compliance with it sought admission to the Baltimore Conference, M. E. Church, South, at its session of 1915 in the city of Washington. Passing through the classes in regular order, he was ordained deacon in 1917 and two years later was ordained elder.

He served the following charges: New Hope, Rockingham, Richlands, Mt. Solon, Cambria, Brucetown, Grace (Roanoke), Ridgeley and Mount Jackson.

Brother Clark was possessed of a most attractive personality which enabled him to make friends easily wherever he went. Particularly was he successful with young people and was in constant demand to serve as counsellor and leader in their camps and assemblies. Yet he was not neglectful of the older members of his churches, ministering to them as an indefatigable pastor and preacher. A veritable multitude hold him in affectionate remembrance.

He was twice married. The first time to Miss Lulu Dudley of New Hope, Va. She preceded him in death from the Lewis-Gale Hospital of Roanoke, January 9, 1923. His second marriage was to Miss Moodie Williams, of Christiansburg, Va., in October 1930. Over their happiness soon came the shadow of death for she passed away at Brucetown, Va., February 12, 1931.

Because of failing health, Brother Clark retired from the active ministry in 1943 at the conclusion of his pastorate in Mount Jackson. Here he made his home, and here it was that friends found him asleep in his apartment, having quietly entered through the Gates of Light into the City of the King. Like Enoch he walked with God and was not for God took him.

His funeral was held in the church of Mount Jackson where he so recently had been pastor, and was conducted by his District Superintendent, Dr. R. Orman Bryant, assisted by several of his brothers in the ministry. The interment was in Roanoke, Va.

by H. M. Canter

Minutes for 1947. **William Albert Wright** was born January 4, 1880, in Sterling, Ontario, Canada, where his great grandfather, Alexander Wright had been sent from the Tennessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to a charge when Canada was a part of the territory served by that Church. There his grandfather, Peter Wright, and his father Daniel Albert Wright had served in the Methodist Itinerancy with honor and distinction. He was the fourth generation of the same line who had served in the ministry of American Methodism.

His educational preparation was provided by the public schools of Canada, and he won his Bachelor of Arts from the Royal Irish College of Belfast, Ireland, and was honored in June 1927, when Randolph-Macon conferred upon him the Degree of Doctor of Divinity.

While attending the Royal Irish College, his Spiritual life was deepened by a vital experience of religion, which ultimately culminated in a call to the ministry of the Church of his fathers. From 1901-1906 he did missionary work in the Irish Methodist Church; 1906-1908, he served the Manchester Mission of the Wesleyan Reform Church of England; from 1908-1912 he was pastor of the Attercliffe Methodist Church in Sheffield, England.

In 1912, he returned to his native America and united with the Northern New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church when he answered the call of his country and entered the chaplaincy of the United States Army.

He was assigned Transport Duty, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighteen times,

with troops on their way to the battle fields of Europe, and returning with the wounded and dying on their way back for hospitalization and to their homes.

In 1919, at the close of World War I, he was appointed as Chaplain to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C. Later that same year he was appointed as Chaplain to the Naval Dismantling base at Clermont, where he served until 1921.

At the 1921 session of the Virginia Annual Conference of the Methodist Church, South, he united with that Conference, and was assigned to Woodland Heights Church, Richmond; 1922-1926, he was assigned to Ashland and the Chaplaincy of Randolph-Macon College. Here scholarship, oratorical powers, and talents for teaching were quickly recognized, and he became an influence for great good on the College Campus. 1926-1928, he served Trinity, Smithfield; 1928-1930, Centenary, Lynchburg. During his pastorate and under his leadership, this Charge merged with Rivermont, and is now located on Rivermont Avenue, as Centenary. In 1930 he was appointed to Crenshaw, Blackstone where he served five years, the happiest of his ministry; 1935-1937, Larchmont, Norfolk; 1937-1939 Trinity, Salisbury, Maryland; 1939-1943, Lexington, Lexington, and closed his ministry, 1943-46, at Granbery Memorial Covington, at the conclusion of a faithful and loyal ministry of forty-five years in the Methodist Church.

While traveling in Europe where he had gone to study Art, he did several oil paintings which were sold at quite flattering prices for so youthful an artist. Painting, poetry, hunting and fishing were his hobbies and he was good at them all.

While in Europe, he married Miss Annie Orr, of Ballymoney County, Antrim, Ireland. She and four children survive him; Mrs. Edna Rose Kennedy, Carlos Albert, Mrs. Gertrude Wright Maben, and John Dean.

Into all the charges he served, he carried the best heritage of a Methodist Parsonage with him. His work was eminently successful. Congregations increased under the appealing and persuasive power of his scholarly sermons. The membership quickly outgrew the buildings as a result of the fervour of his evangelistic preaching. In many of the charges he served, new and larger Church auditoriums, and Church School Buildings were erected. The charge he was serving when called from his labours, was under his leadership, in the midst of an ambitious building project. Among the last expressed regrets, was that he was not spared to complete that work.

As Chaplain and Instructor at Randolph-Macon College, he inspired and helped train some of the men of which the Virginia Conference may rightfully boast, as the leaders among its leadership.

His versatility was demonstrated in many of the arts; for he was artist, linguist and a frequent contributor to various Newspapers and Church periodicals. During his membership of the Virginia Conference he wrote a series of articles which appeared in the Virginia Advocate, and received widespread and favorable comment.

His conference honored him with assignments on many of its more important boards, commissions and committees of the Church, and his faithfulness extended to the most detailed study and care of all the duties assigned to him. When the Virginia Conference reorganized, he was assigned to membership on the Board of Ministerial Training. He was elected its Chairman, a position he held and filled with meticulous care and painstaking patience until his death.

In early spring of 1946, he was stricken by a severe attack of uremia from the effects of which he never recovered, though all that could be done by the best physicians, was done for him.

He retired from the active ranks of the Conference, at the session held in Lynchburg, October 16-21, 1946. In less than one month from the adjournment of the Conference, he quietly fell asleep in McGuire Hospital, Richmond, Va., during the early hours of the morning of November 18, 1946. His remains were brought back to his home in Blackstone, where they were viewed by hundreds of his friends, whom he had grappled with hoops of steel, during his long and faithful ministry in that community.

Two days later, his body was borne to Crenshaw Methodist Church, and after simple funeral rites conducted by the writer of this memoir, P. Manning Hank, J. W. Leggett and T. G. Faulconer, it was taken to Lake View Cemetery, and there interred.

It seems to me, that the best summary of his life might be written in his own words: "When writing my memoir, just say, he tried to think clearly, worked for facility in utterance, dared to be honest and courageous in judgment, and gave his best endeavour to kindliness." Dr. William Albert Wright, sought the respect of those who appreciated rugged honesty, and practiced refined sincerity.

Like the Marks of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle's found, the victory is won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

by William R. Reed

Thomas Henry Haden on November 3, 1946, passed to his eternal reward. That of all times was an occasion for the saints to sing that grand hymn of Christian triumph:

"For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
.....Alleluia! Alleluia!

He spent his life as a missionary in Japan. When the final story is known, it will be found that few men, if any, have excelled his part in laying the foundation stones of Christian character, faith and scholarship for the new Japan. For forty years he had helped to shape and mold the thinking and faith of his students since the beginning of our Kwansei Gakuin (University) in Kobe, Japan. When our missionaries were ordered back to the United States in 1941, it was one of his oldest students, the Rev. Kinji Nakamura, who was chosen to hold in trust the Methodist missionary property. It was this distinguished leader of our Japanese Methodism who quaintly wrote at Dr. Haden's going, "He gave me lessons very strictly and loved me as well. The way of his thinking became my way of thinking. If I have done something, it is due to his influence."

Dr. Haden was born February 14, 1863, in Palmyra, Va., where he spent his boyhood. Graduating from the University of Virginia and Vanderbilt University in 1895 he was appointed a missionary to Japan under the Methodist Episcopal Church South from our Virginia Conference. In that same year he was married to Miss Jennie Conwell and they sailed together to Kobe, Japan, where they labored together in the work until her death in 1917.

For three years he engaged in evangelistic work, and then for 37 years he was a professor in the theological department of Kwansei Gakuin, and dean for 21 years. During that time, he helped that school grow from 50 students to a university of 3,200. His great service was the training of preachers. As an educator he was recognized by the Imperial Japanese government with special honors.

Dean Haden was again married in 1930 to Miss Annette Gist, who had done yeoman service in Japan since 1915 as a missionary of the Women's section of our Mission Board. This second marriage brought five more active years of happy and valuable service to this devoted couple, in whose home both Japanese and missionary friends alike continually visited with great joy.

Dr. S. H. Wainwright, a life long co-worker and friend, the founder and builder of the Christian Literature Society in Japan, and one of our most profound and influential missionaries in the last half century, gives this worthy estimate of Dr. Haden and his work: "Dr. Haden was peculiarly gifted as a teacher. Like the New Testament Church, our Mission in Japan was endowed by the Spirit with diversities of gifts and ministrations. I always felt that to him, as his peculiar gift, was the word of wisdom and the word of knowledge. He taught theology and taught it well, thinking through the problems as they arose and making the Bible an 'armor of light, putting off the words of darkness.' His faithfulness and devotion, his singleness of purpose and firm adherence to the faith, were evidence of the inspiration by the Spirit, giving to his theology a wholesome vitality. He was one of that noteworthy band of consecrated men and women who laid the foundations around the Inland Sea of the Christian Church in Japan."

Miss Nannie Gaines, pioneer missionary who established our great Hiroshima Girls School and College, said of Dr. Haden some years ago, "He has the best mind in our Mission. And those of us who were privileged to work with him in our Mission meetings and on many committees will ever remember his crystal clear thinking and how so often

he would unravel our forensic scrambles by stating what he sensed to be 'the mind of the mission.'"

Upon retirement Dr. and Mrs. Haden returned to McIntosh, Florida, where they endeared themselves to that community. Those who knew him through the years would re-echo the eulogy paid by the McIntosh Civic League at his home-going: "The sterling qualities of his character will leave an indelible impression on those with whom he was associated, and the benedictions of his brotherly heart will bless all who knew him, for to know him was to be filled with inspiration to do a nobler part."

With the shackles of militarism upon the freedom of thought and assembly now completely broken in Japan, there are a host of Dr. Haden's disciples who are rising up to call him blessed with a new confidence, and to preach the Gospel he planted in their souls and minds with greater power than ever before.

In the passing of Thomas Henry Haden, one of God's own noblemen, a lovable Christian and scholar, and a missionary statesman of the highest rank has joined that countless number of whom the prophetic poet sings: "From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host, singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Alleluia! Alleluia!"

by F. Lee Palmore

William Harrison Ballengee. Henry Thoreau wrote: "If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. Men will believe what they see. Let them see." A life of deep consecration is always convincing and inspiring. Without this words are but an echo. To have known well William Harrison Ballengee was to have moved in the atmosphere of God. The writer of this memoir is grateful that his early ministry was placed under the supervision of this saintly man. A rich deposit has been left in my soul. I shall greatly miss his presence here on earth.

Mr. Ballengee was born in Monroe county, Va. (now W.Va.), October 6, 1858. He was licensed to preach at Coulters Chapel, Monroe county, in July, 1882, under the ministry of Rev. R. M. Wheeler, pastor in charge, and of Rev. J. C. Dice, presiding elder. He joined the Baltimore Conference of the former M. E. Church, South at the session held in Staunton, Va., in March, 1886.

As an evidence of his sincere piety and revealing where he placed the emphasis in the early years of his ministry there was found recently in his Bible a notation in his own handwriting. This Bible was presented to Mr. Ballengee by the West End Methodist Church of Nashville, Tenn. while he was a student at Vanderbilt University and was given for "diligence and success" in recruiting young men for the Sunday School. This early emphasis continued throughout the years of his ministry.

1. Pray that I may understand the Scriptures aright.
2. Pray that I may preach the same boldly and fearlessly.
3. Pray that I may preach them in the power of the Holy Ghost.
4. That I may understand properly the needs of my people.
5. That I may preach with the proper spirit of humility and earnestness, not glorying in anything save Jesus and Him crucified.

Pray for me daily that I may open my mouth boldly and preach the truth as it is in Jesus. Prayer for Moody helped him to pray more and preach better. Prayer for a minister made him successful and the failure to pray for him made his ministry barren of acceptability and success. Like people like priest is as true as like priest like people.

During his ministry Mr. Ballengee served the following charges: Frankford as junior supply for three months and Edray mission for six months; Healing Springs for one year under the Presiding Elder. At the end of this time under the Presiding Elder he joined the Conference as noted above. Then Hillsdale Mission, Union Circuit, Green Bank, Capon Bridge, Piedmont, Warrenton, Calvary (Washington, D.C.), Wilkins Avenue (Baltimore, Md.), Luray, Alderson (W.Va.), Berryville, Strasburg, Shenandoah, Goldsboro. At the session of the Virginia Conference held in Lynchburg in October, 1946, he answered to his name for the sixty-first consecutive time.

He retired from the active itinerancy at the session of the Annual Conference held at Mt. Vernon Place Church in Washington, D.C., in September, 1930. On November 25, 1946, Mr. Ballengee went to the Memorial hospital in Winchester for the removal of a cataract on his left eye. This operation was successful but the shock to his nervous

system was greater than he had anticipated. Other conditions developed, which resulted in uremic poisoning. While in a semi-conscious condition he sang the old hymn, "Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine." How often have I heard him sing that old hymn! His whole life, conscious and sub-conscious, was filled with this assurance. He was taken home in an ambulance on Sunday, December 1, 1946, about noon and at eight-thirty that evening he breathed his last. He had frequently expressed a hope that he might go that way and his desire was granted. He had lived a long and useful and happy life of eighty-eight years and slipped away quietly and peacefully to be at home in the love and mercy of God whom he loved and served devotedly. Funeral services were held in the Methodist church in Strasburg, Tuesday, December 3, 1946, at two o'clock in the afternoon. It was a beautiful service in which many of his brethren of the ministry had part. Burial was in Cedarwood cemetery in Edinburg, Va. Mr. Ballengee was twice married; first to Miss Burdette Moore. She died April 9, 1909. His second marriage was to Miss Margery Moore, June 24, 1913, who survives him.

The characteristic mark of this servant of Christ was his constant desire to know and to do the will of God. This was evident in his every activity and all of us knew his devotion to that supreme Will. "In His Will is our peace" can be said of this man as truly as of any other. To think of him is to think of God, to have been associated with him is to have been divinely inspired, to have known him is a holy memory. My mind naturally tries to picture him in that heavenly Home. But it is too much for human vision. One thing I know, he is at home! It is not an entirely strange experience for him. He had heaven in his life here and dispensed heaven to others on his journey to that fair land. Greetings, my dear friend! Think of me as I still walk the way and say a word to God in my behalf.

by J. J. Rives

Thomas Page Duke, son of Frederick H. and Sarah Page Duke, was born in Hanover County, Va., June 8, 1852, and died in Harrisonburg, Va., December 26, 1946.

Brother Duke received his later education at Randolph-Macon College and at the time of his death was the oldest living alumnus of the college. He was reared in a home of religious culture. Spiritual influences were thrown around him from the early days of childhood. It is likely that he grew up with the conviction that he should preach the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Brother Duke joined the Virginia Conference in November 1877, when the Conference met in Lynchburg with Bishop Doggett presiding. In 1907 he became conscious of some impairment in his voice and felt that he should retire from the active pastorate.

On December 23, 1880, he was united in marriage to Miss Jennie Gray Ward of Ferrum, Va. To this union were born seven children: Edward Duncan Duke, who died in 1912; Dr. S. P. Duke, now the President of Madison College; William L. Duke of Richmond; Mrs. C. H. Garvin, Richmond; Mrs. T. B. Henderson, Williamsburg; Mrs. C. B. Gill, Tampa, Fla., and Mrs. W. S. Moseley, Lawrenceville, Va.

Brother Duke was greatly interested in education and helped in the founding of Ferrum Training School, now Ferrum Junior College, which is located on the site of Mrs. Duke's birthplace, the old Ward homestead at Ferrum, Va. Upon his retirement, Brother Duke and his family made their home in Ferrum until 1914 when they moved to Richmond. After Mrs. Duke's death in January, 1941, Brother Duke made his home with his several children and in the latter years of his life with his son, Dr. S. P. Duke, in Harrisonburg, Va.

In the course of his ministry he served charges in Franklin, Pittsylvania, Halifax, Patrick, and Matthews counties. Those who remember Brother Duke speak of him as being a good preacher. He read widely. Communion with his Master evidenced itself in the selection and arrangement of his sermonic materials. He preached with great earnestness and his Godly life was a benediction to the communities where he served. One of his sons, in talking with the writer about his father, said he had few faults, if any. Robert Burns, in writing of the shortcomings of his father, said: "They were failings which leaned to virtue's side." This could certainly be said of any of the shortcomings of Brother Duke. He worked hard to carry out the full program of the Church. He visited with plan and perseverance and wherever he visited he imparted hope, cheer and comfort. A very definite characteristics of Brother Duke in his personal life was his good-will for all people. There was no bitterness in his nature.

Narrowness in his regard was not in his life. Travel was hard in those days and the distances were great but Brother Duke always made his way to the homes of the bereaved and distressed and God greatly blessed him in his pastoral ministry.

In Lafferty's "Sketches And Portraits Of The Virginia Conference," published in 1890, a writer says of Brother Duke:

"His mind is as sound as his body. All his intellectual faculties are in a high state of culture. His memory is strong and accurate, his perception quick, his imagination is bold and under control. He is determined and aggressive. He has common and practical sense. He does not yield to seeming insurmountable barriers. His steadiness of purpose overcomes them. In manners, he is refined, courteous to superiors, kind to all. In habits he is methodical and industrious. He is firm and upright. He is frank, kind, generous, tender-hearted. He shuns evil and hates sin. He is sincere in devotion, fervent in spirit, meditative and prudent. In dress, he is plain and neat, not showy.

"Take him as a whole, and we have a man, bold in projecting, adroit in policy, kind in disposition, true in principle, generous, frank, brave in danger, firm in character, gifted in conception, resolute in purpose, tender in affection, patient in trouble, vigilant in temptation, true and religious in life.

"As a preacher, he is lucid, forceful. His voice is at times sonorous and sweet. His gestures are easy and natural. Large congregations are often melted under his pulpit ministrations."

The funeral service was held in the A. W. Bennett Funeral Home in Richmond with the Rev. H. Conrad Blackwell of Harrisonburg, officiating. His remains were tenderly laid to rest in the family plot in Riverview Cemetery, which overlooks the beautiful James.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

by H. Conrad Blackwell

Alfred Bean Sites was born January 29, 1864, in Blacksburg, Va., and died January 18, 1947, in Salem, Va. He entered the Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church, South, in 1889, and during his active ministry, he served the following charges, Union, W. Va., Bridgewater, Va., Suddlersville, Md., St. Mary's, Md., Jarrettsville, Md., Waldorf, Md., Listenburg, Pa., Laurel and Savage, Md., Prince Frederick, Md., Buchanan, Va., Greenville, Va., Mt. Crawford, Va., Fairfield, Va., Gaithersburg, Md., and Fincastle, Va. He built two churches, one at Laurel, and the other at Jarrettsville, Md.

On May first 1895 he married Miss Sallie J. Puckett who with one daughter survive him.

The writer of this memoir served as Junior Preacher with A.B. Sites during the summer of 1898, and for these 49 years I have known him as a good minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and he loved to preach this gospel.

As he desired, his funeral was held at the Locust Grove Church which he had served as a supply, and services were conducted by the writer of this memoir assisted by Dr. R. P. Riddick and Rev. L. B. Good. Burial in Salem, Va.

by J. B. Hupman

George Edward Pope was born near Ft. Seybert, W. Va., the son of George S. And Susan Cowger Pope on Nov. 8, 1881. He was reared on a farm where he was privileged to live close to nature, and from which he drew many valuable lessons. He was educated in the public schools of W. Va., and studied music at Bridgewater College one term.

He was converted under the ministry of Rev. W. M. Waters and joined the M. E. Church, South, at the age of 14 or 15. He was granted Exhorter's License in 1905 and was licensed to preach in 1907. He served Hardy Charge in the Moorefield District of the old Baltimore Conference as supply pastor in 1908-09. Supplied Listenburg charge two months in 1909. Was sent to Bath Charge in the spring of 1914 as supply pastor. He joined the Baltimore Conference in the spring of 1915 and served the following charges:

Hardy one year 1908-09; Listenburg two months in 1909, Bath, four years, 1914-1918, Rockbridge Baths, five years 1918-23. New Hope, two years, 1923-25, Fincastle, two and one-half years, 1925-27, Green Bank, four years, 1927-31, Peterstown, three years, 1931-34, White Post, three years, 1934-37, Warren-Riverton, one year, 1937-38, Hampshire, one year, 1938-39, Highland, one year, 1939-40, Brookneal, one year, 1940-

41, Orange Circuit, three years, 1941-44, Mt. Crawford, one year, 1044-45. These fifteen charges had 81 churches. Following is a summary of his work:

He preached 3.947 times to time of retirement.
Received into the church 342 persons on profession of faith.
Baptized 86 infants and 190 adults.
Conducted 157 funerals and assisted in many others.
Married 113 couples. Received fee for all but one.
Traveled about 235,000 miles attending to the work of the church.

On Sept. 27, 1905, he was united in marriage with Miss Ida Eye, daughter of David and Sarah Eye of near Sugar Grove, W. Va., who died July 2, 1935. To this union were born four sons, Virgil E., Washington, D.C.; Dillon W. and Leland D. of Waynesboro, Va.; Capt. Kermit R. of Long Island, N.Y.; and two daughters, Mrs. Sylvia Pope Brown, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, South America; the other daughter dying in infancy. Three of these sons served as Lieutenants in the U. S. Air Forces in World War II, and the son-in-law in the Signal Corps.

On April 12, 1937, he was married to Mrs. Lillian Felton of Zanesville, Ohio, who survives him. Due to ill health he retired from active service in October, 1945, at Richmond, Va. They moved to Bridgewater, Va., in the fall of 1946. He was admitted to the Rockingham Memorial Hospital, Harrisonburg, Va., on Oct. 19, 1946 and was a patient there until Dec. 18, when he was removed to his home. He was a constant, but patient sufferer until God called him to higher and better things on Jan. 18, 1947. Funeral services were conducted from the Lindsey Funeral Home, Harrisonburg, Va., on Jan. 20 by Rev. J. W. Turner, Bridgewater, Va., assisted by Rev. A. Vandevender, Harrisonburg, Va. Burial in New Hope Cemetery, August, Ga.

"There is no death! What seems so in transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call Death." **(written by himself)**

George W. Staples. Death the conquering hero of the human family, with impartial step, knocks at the cottage of the peasant and the palace of the king, at the hovels of the poor and at the mansions of the rich. People of every age and station "await alike the inevitable hour" for the insatiate enemy to strike the fatal blow. Mrs. Hermans in words of exquisite beauty has truly sung--

"Leaves have their times to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set, but all--
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

The subject of this sketch passed away after an obstinate illness which shattered his nervous system and rendered him unable to perform further the duties of his active ministry. He was therefore compelled to retire and lead a quiet life. On March 1, 1947 his tired body relinquished its hold on his immortal spirit which winged its mystic flight to fairer worlds on high. His funeral service was held in Richmond, Va., and was conducted by the Rev. H.W. Backhus, III, Pastor of Broad Street Methodist Church, who was assisted by the Rev. Dr. J.A. Engle, Superintendent of the Richmond District. The burial service was conducted by the Rev. W.D. King of Middleburg, Va. He was buried by the side of his beloved wife in the family plot in the cemetery in Middleburg, Va., where the rustling zephyrs chant his requiem and the silent stars keep vigil over his grave.

George W. Staples was born in Martinsburg, W.Va., July 29, 1877. His parents were Howard and Elizabeth Staples. He was only twelve years of age when death deprived him of both parents and the training which they would have given him was left to relatives and friends. He was reared in Winchester, Va., in full view of the beautiful mountains as the lifted their lofty peaks into the cerulean sky and spoke to him in inaudible but impressive language of the majesty and glory of their Divine Creator. Under this enchanting and inspiring environment God frequently communed with him and reminded him of the true meaning of life with its solemn responsibilities and opportunities. At an early age he heard the voice of the Holy Spirit calling him to the ministry and opening the way for him to prepare himself for this holy service.

He was educated at Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford City, Va., and Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va. In this latter institution he was a classmate of former Governor James H. Price of whom he was very fond.

In 1907 he was united in marriage with Miss Maude Nelson Gibson, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Howard G. Gibson of Middleburg, Va. Their union was blessed with two daughters who survive them--Mrs. R.F. Bell of Dillon, Montana, and Mrs. Clarence L. Zirkle of Richmond, Va. Mrs. Staples was a woman of charming personality and unwavering consecration, and sought in every possible way to contribute to the success of her husband's ministry. In 1937 she preceded him to the grave and left behind her a devoted family and a host of friends to lament her departure.

In 1902 Mr. Staples joined the Baltimore Conference of the M.E. Church, South. He served the following appointments in that conference--The Plains, Cool Springs, Goshen, Marshall, Collierstown, Craigsville, Fairfield, Marquis Memorial in Staunton, Va., Monterey, Remington and Mount Crawford, all in Virginia; Centersville and Millington in Maryland. In 1924 he united with the Virginia Conference and was assigned to these charges--King William, Laurel Hill and Goochland.

No one could be in the presence of George W. Staples without realizing that he was a gentleman of the first magnitude. The qualities which make a man affable, deferential and cordial were inherent in his nature. Courteous, considerate and kindly, he won the admiration and esteem of all who knew him.

In paying this tribute of appreciation and affection to my lamented friend I do not mean to intimate that he had no faults. No human being however noble or exemplary is impeccable. But I can say of him what Robert Burns said of his father--"His faults were failings which leaned to virtue's side."

As a preacher Mr. Staples was forceful, spiritual and practical. He did not possess the gifts and graces of the orator, but expressed his thoughts in simple and engaging language which held the attention of all who heard him. He appealed to the hearts and consciences of his hearers and won many souls to the banner of Christ. As a pastor he was diligent, sympathetic and systematic.

For four years as Presiding Elder of the Richmond District I was closely associated with him and had the opportunity to analyze his character and to observe his life and labors. First of all I was impressed with his deep and genuine humility. Self-conceit and egotism found no place in his humble heart. He did not allow ambition to "mock his useful toil," and did not seek preferment or distinction among his fellow ministers. He could say with Christina Rosetti--

"Give me the lowest place
Not that I dare ask for that lowest place.
But Thou hast died that I might live
And share Thy glory by Thy side.
Give me the lowest place
And if for me that lowest place too high,
Make one more low
Where I may sit and see my God and love Thee so."

Another quality in the character of this noble man which challenged my admiration was his sincerity. Affectation and pretense were strangers to his true and trustful nature. He adopted as a principle of his life the immortal words of the Bard of Avon

"To thine own self be true
And it must follow as the night, the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

But the crowning element in his character was his simple, but sublime faith in God and in the promises of His word. No attempt of the destructive critics to discredit the Scriptures, no effort of the infidels and skeptics to cast doubt upon the deity of Christ and no endeavor of the scoffer and the cynic to minimize the influence of Christianity in the world could shake his strong and abiding faith in the eternal verities of Divine revelation.

"He knew Him in whom he believed and was persuaded that
He was able to keep that which he had committed unto Him against that day."

It was this sublime and glorious faith which animated and inspired him while he lived and which sustained and comforted him when he met the final summons.

by George E. Booker

Thomas Gordon Betschler. The sun rests its warm tender rays upon the finished task of another faithful servant of Christ, Thomas Gordon Betschler, son of Mr. John H. and Mrs. Ida Betschler, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, May 11, 1899, and on Wednesday, March 5, 1947 he embarked for a brighter country, there to await the coming of his comrades in the Gospel.

His boyhood years were spent in and around Baltimore. It was here he received his early education and answered the call to the Gospel ministry. He then took special work at Western Maryland College, Westminster, Maryland after which he entered the Westminster Theological Seminary and was graduated from this institution in the spring of 1922. Following his graduation he was ordained in Chestertown, Md., and became an honored member of the Maryland Annual Conference of the former Methodist Protestant Church.

In 1922 while serving as a student pastor at Texas, Md., he was united in marriage to Miss Ruth Jefferson of Baltimore who stood faithfully by his side down through the winding years of his ministry. Here he continued to serve during the following year of 1923. His next appointment was Kent Island, Maryland, 1924 to 1927. In 1928 he was appointed by the Board of Missions to the Sea View Church, Seattle, Washington, where he remained throughout 1933, when he returned and became the pastor of Calvary Church, Arlington, Va.

Brother Betschler was a cultured, well read and exceedingly successful minister of Christ. His sympathetic understanding and gracious manner rendered him a most effective counsellor for all who came to him, and many came.

In addition to being a most inspiring and efficient counsellor, he possessed unusual pastoral abilities which greatly endeared him to his people. With a deep spirit of humility and an abiding sense of the presence of Christ, both in his own home and the homes of his parishioners, he was truly known as a man of God.

During the thirteen years of his ministry at Calvary, the church has grown from a struggling organization to the lofty position it now occupies. A new educational building was erected, improvements added to both church and parsonage, while the increase in membership and attendance has been remarkable.

Brother Betschler passed away in Doctor's Hospital on March 5th, after an illness of eight months.

The funeral services were conducted by Dr. J. Callaway Robertson, Superintendent of the Alexandria District, assisted by Dr. H.P. Myers, retired, who officiated at the church during the illness of the pastor, and Dr. E. A. Sexmith, pastor of Rhode Island Avenue Church, Washington, D.C.

Interment was in The National Memorial Park, where his body was laid to rest. "I will not say he is dead, he is just away."

by George W. Ports, Sr.

Robert Lee Fruit was born July 22, 1872 on a farm in Randolph County, North Carolina. His parents were William Posy Fruit and Angeline Coble Fruit. He was next to the youngest child of a family of eight children. He gave his heart to God in early life and soon thereafter felt the call to preach.

In preparation for this he attended high school at Liberty, N.C. and then Trinity College which is now a part of Duke University. After two years in college he taught in Guilford County, N.C. He joined the Western North Carolina Conference in the fall of 1902. He served two years teaching and as supply pastor after which he served the following charges: Mt. Airy Charge, one year; Thermal City, one year; North Catawba, two years; Coleridge Charge, two years; Creston Charge, one year.

In the fall of 1911 he transferred to the Virginia Conference and was assigned to the Patrick Charge, which he served three years, also teaching in the public school there; West Buckingham Charge, four years; West Mathews Charge, one year; Montross, two years; North Bedford, two years; Beaverdam, two years; Gordonsville, three years; Batesville, four years; Madison, two years; Gladys, four years; Waverly, one year, from which he retired in 1939. After that time he made his home near Vienna, Va., where he died March 5, 1947.

When Brother Fruit was assigned to the Mount Airy Circuit of the Western North Carolina Conference he met Miss Alice A. Gwynn who was the organist at the Salem Church on the charge. Following a proper and beautiful romance and courtship they were married in the year 1905. To this union the following children were born, all being married at the time of their father's death: Mrs. Marietta Fruit Arnold, McLean, Va., who is a housekeeper; Mrs. Annie Fruit Mann, Bon Air, Va., housekeeper and pastor's wife; Robert Conrad Fruit, West Englewood, New Jersey, who is a chemical engineer for the Lever Brothers; Mrs. Virginia Fruit Norford, Vienna, who is a housewife.

He was a good husband and thoughtful father, being always tender and considerate of the needs of his family. He made and kept friends readily on all of the charges he served. Among his brethren of the ministry were many deep and staunch friends. It was the writer's privilege to visit in his home and be associated with him in several revivals. He always found Brother Fruit to be hospitable in his home, easy to work with and delightfully thoughtful in extending courtesies. The writer, too, will ever remember the joy Brother Fruit found in the singing of the hymns of the Church both at revivals and the regular Worship services. While he loved all of the hymns, there were two, "Amazing Grace" and "O Think of the Home Over There," that seemed to be especially close to his great heart. He was particularly fond of all nature, and all growing things delighted him. He liked to work in his vegetable garden and was accepted by his neighbors as an expert and proficient gardener. As to flowers, he had no favorites, but loved them all, sensing in their fragrance and beauty his Heavenly Father.

As a Pastor and Minister--he was constantly visiting in the homes of his people, comforting the sick and giving spiritual advice to the well; he prepared well his sermons and delivered them earnestly.

Brother Fruit was buried on March 7, 1947 with services conducted at the Langley Methodist Church, McLean, Va.; the interment was in the Lewinsville Cemetery, Lewinsville. Dr. J.C. Robertson conducted the funeral. He was assisted by the Rev. Esdras Gruver and the Rev. Cecil Gunn. The hymns used for the service were "Lead Kindly Light" and "Abide With Me."

In the passing of Robert Fruit the world is poorer and heaven is richer. There is no doubt but that he was ready to meet his Pilot face to face, when he had crossed the bar; and, as was said of the good Kings of the Old Testament and the Saints of the New Testament, "He fell on sleep" to the things of this world, but ever remains alive to the heavenly.

by F.O. Briggs

John Morgan Moser died in Richmond on March 7, 1947. Brother Moser, the son of Elizabeth Jane Brakeville and Daniel Miller Moser, was born July 31, 1862 in Monroe County, near Madisonville, Tennessee. He graduated from Hiwasee College.

In 1887 he married Miss Harriett Jane Hafley in Centenary Methodist Church, Chattanooga, Tennessee. God blessed him in his selection of a bride who possessed rare musical ability, and who with her wonderful gift cooperated in every way to make the work of her beloved husband a success.

He joined St. Paul's Lutheran Church near Madisonville, Tenn., in 1876 where he preached his first sermon on the second Sunday in October, 1886. He served as pastor in the Lutheran Church until 1898, when he withdrew from the Lutheran Church. In 1902 he was received into the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His first charge in the Methodist Church was Spring City where he remained three years. At Philadelphia in his native county, he was pastor four years. He served also at Jasper, Riceville, Decatur and Sevierville. At Sevierville, his ministry was blessed with a notable revival which swept the entire community.

Brother Moser was transferred from the Holston Conference to the Virginia Conference during the session of the Virginia Annual Conference held in Norfolk, November 1915 and served the following appointments in the Virginia Conference: Schoolfield, Grace Church, Danville; Prospect, Brightwood, Beaver Dam and Madison.

He was known in both Holston and Virginia Conferences as one of the last "horseback circuit riders" living. During his years as a circuit rider he had two faithful horses, "Old Ruth," which carried him to his work from 1903 to 1930, and "Kentucky Lady" from 1930 to 1941.

After he retired, he moved to a home in Syria, Va., which his neighbors called "The House by the Side of the Road." In 1936 he moved to Beaver Dam, Va., where he served as pastor in 1927.

His wife died October 2, 1939 and was buried in Richmond. He continued to live at Beaver Dam after the death of his wife, and the affection of his neighbors and the love of his children comforted his heart by day and by night. Sometimes in the lone stillness of the night he wrote lovingly to his children of the joy and consolation which he found as he neared the end. He was preaching and teaching a Sunday School Class to the last, and when the end came, his Bible Class arranged for the funeral service to be held at the hour on Sunday when they had been wont to hear him teach the word of God.

He is survived by two sons: Dan M. Moser, Knoxville, Tenn., and Frank L. Moser, Richmond, Va., and by four daughters: Mrs. C.B. Dycke, Sweetwater, Tenn., and Mrs. H. Frazier Rice, Detroit, Mich.

The funeral service was conducted at Beaver Dam Methodist Church on Sunday, March 10 by his District Superintendent, Rev. B.S. Via, and his pastor, Rev. J.T. Cassell. His remains were laid to rest by the side of his beloved wife in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

"Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high."

by G.I. McAllen

Julius Davis Russell. A sad day dawned on the Virginia Conference generally and on Gloucester County particularly April 1, 1947 when Julius Davis Russell gave up his earthly body. But a new song rang out in heaven as this noble soldier of the Word put on immortality and joined the other saints around the throne of the Living God, whose messenger he had been--a messenger who had delivered the glad tidings of his King and had returned to make a report of commissions performed and blessings granted through the Savior's mercy.

J.D. Russell was born in Clarke County, Va., in 1891, the son of Jefferson Davis Russell and Sarah Jane Reid Russell. He died April 1, 1947. His formal education began in the schools of his native county. His full and true education began at his mother's knee and ended in Gloucester County, for he was a student of God's Word all his life.

The influence of his godly rearing was strong. When the Holy Spirit called him to preach, he recognized the voice and the call. After a period of supply work and theological study begun in 1912, at the age of twenty-one, he was received into the traveling ministry of the former Baltimore Conference, where he served faithfully and well until unification, at which time he was included in the Virginia Conference. He has served the Methodist church a total of twenty-five years on the following charges: Glenside, Brucetown, Shenandoah Junction, Frederick Circuit, Williamsburg (W.Va.), Warren-Riverton, Remington, and Gloucester.

Brother Russell always humbly classified himself as just a rural preacher who desired to serve the Lord through the country and its people. And they loved him. The unusual number of funeral services he was called on to hold, many for persons never members of his congregations, give mute but conclusive evidence as to the esteem in which he was generally held. The people classified him as a man of God who possessed something of His Spirit and His Power.

His Christian ministry was distinguished by his own self-denying spirit. For example, many a Sunday while on his first charge, Glenside, he walked a total of nineteen miles to keep his preaching appointments for the day. This ministry was further distinguished by a passion for souls. Strong revivals were characteristic of his pastorates everywhere. He loved to preach God's Word. The family physician told him more than once during the last two years of his life that he ought to retire for his health's sake. But no, he wanted to get in five or ten more years of preaching. Shortly after the appearance of the first of the series of attacks that cost him his life he told the writer of the doctor's words and added in all seriousness, but with a characteristic smile, "I'd rather preach another year and go on than to retire now and

live several years longer." So he died just as he would have wished it--on the job, in the Lord's service.

Final rites were performed in lovely Bethany Church of Gloucester Point. The order of service and all arrangements were simple and dignified, as he would have wished them. His District Superintendent, who was his good friend, led the service. The neighboring Episcopal rector, whom he loved, and the writer, who loved him, assisted. Many more friends than the church could accommodate mourned. Afterwards his mortal remains were carried to Berryville and tenderly interred there.

Thus did J.D. Russell become the subject for one of this year's memoirs. No words, however, can pay the tribute to him, no matter how well chosen, that the acts of his neighbors and parishioners paid. Their care and concern, their constant visits and kindnesses, their gifts and eagerness to help--all honored him beyond words, and it ought to be added, did credit to the people themselves.

J.D. Russell lived and died a blessed man, for he had two constant sources of refuge and strength--his God and his home. Early in his ministry--on May 5, 1914, to be exact--he was married to Miss Fannie Slusher, of Millwood, Va.--a lovely lady who became a constant source of inspiration and joy to him throughout his ministry. To this union were born four daughters now left to mourn his passing: Vivian (Mrs. Renold Armer, of Winchester), Lillian (Mrs. Roger Williams of Hagerstown), Margaret (Mrs. LeRoy Thrasher of Williamsburg, W.Va.), and Helen (Mrs. Everett West, of Hampton).

For all the blessings that God gave him J.D. Russell was grateful. He always felt that the Lord was good to him. Each charge that he served seemed better and richer in opportunities than the preceding one. He is now enjoying the best of all appointments, for he is a servant in the Father's house.

"Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last....

by Ray Cardwell

William Evan Thomas. Born in Spotsylvania County, Va., November 15, 1895, William Evan Thomas came to the climax of life in Winchester, Va., on May 1, 1947.

He was my friend. I never had a brother. If I could have chosen a brother I would have chosen him. But "a friend sticketh closer than a brother." He was the friend of all who needed him. Those fortunate enough to come in contact with his great spirit were always helped.

God gave him a discerning mind, sound judgment and a winsome friendliness which made him a blessing and a benediction to all who knew him. He loved people, not for what he could get out of them, but for their sake, their worth, and sometimes a hidden worth not seen by others. Especially did he love little children. With an understanding patience he won their hearts and confidence. Like Jesus he loved children and they loved him back with all their little hearts. Therefore it was with confidence that we placed in his arms our two baby girls to be baptized and dedicated to God.

William Evan Thomas was a church statesman. He stood high in her councils. His judgment and advice were sought and respected. As a pastor he was unexcelled. Churches prospered under his ministry and those to whom he ministered loved and trusted him. He knew God and constantly revealed him to those who came under his ministry.

His earthly ministry was one continuous climb from success to success, and now the climax. This is not death. It is but an open door, his hour, his victory, his triumph. Now having reached that day for which he was born, he has but slipped his hand in the hand of Jesus and been led by him "through the valley and the shadow of death" out on the other side into the very presence of God to dwell in those mansions which Jesus had prepared for him.

Therefore, what a wonderful place heaven is for us. One by one our loved ones slip into its mansions. Life takes new meaning and death instead of a thing to fear becomes an expectant joy.

Born November 15, 1895, died May 1, 1947, William Evan Thomas served Stuart, Pittsylvania Circuit 1924-26; West End, South Boston 1926-28; Bedford 1928-32, Memorial, Petersburg 1932-36; Blackstone 1936-42; Raleigh Court, Roanoke 1942-46; Winchester District as Superintendent 1946.

by J.A. Engle

William West Norris. There are many paradoxes in life and I am confronted with one today. To write "In Memoriam" of my friend and brother, William West Norris, brings to me a mixture of the bitter and the sweet. It is the last assignment I should have ever chosen. Brother Norris, "Bill," as he was most affectionately known to his friends, was more than a friend to me--he was more like a son; and his death was a shock, such as one feels when a member of the family passes to the great beyond.

But the sweet is here because of the lovely memories. The fragrance of a life, though brief, but so well lived--its influence can never die. One of the great blessings of life lies in the fact that God has endowed us with the capacity to remember; and from the memory chambers of our hearts we can constantly bring forth that which keeps fresh in our lives the goodness and love of those who were with us for a while, and who pass on to God's great Spiritual World--that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

William West Norris was born August 14, 1911 in South Mills, North Carolina. His parents were Nathaniel West Norris and Martha Sawyer Norris. He was one of nine children. Graduating from South Mills High School in June 1930, he entered Atlantic University, Virginia Beach. I was then pastor of the Virginia Beach Methodist Church; and the first thing he did upon entering the University was to engage actively in the work of the Methodist Church. He and I were strongly drawn together, and an affection for each other was born within our hearts that will never die. Our home became his--he was always a member of the family.

He participated in the Youth Activities of the Virginia Beach Methodist Church, and it was here he met the young woman who later became his wife. Atlantic University was not able to continue beyond the school year of 1930-31 and in the Summer of 1931 I took Brother Norris to Ashland, Va., where he later enrolled in Randolph-Macon College. He graduated in June 1934, and was admitted on trial October 20, 1934 at the session of Annual Conference meeting in Lynchburg, Va. He was assigned to the Isle of Wight Charge by Bishop E.D. Mouzon, which was his first appointment.

On October 30 of that year, in the Virginia Beach Methodist Church, I had the happy privilege of uniting him in marriage to Miss Nancy Olivia Eaton of Virginia Beach, Va. No minister of the Gospel had a more faithful and loyal wife. Mrs. Norris was always at his side, and her natural talents and lovely Christian character became a great blessing to him as they labored together as servants of the Church. To this union two children were born--Linwood Flournoy and Richard Eaton.

Brother Norris was ordained Deacon by Bishop E.D. Mouzon October 18, 1936 in Richmond, Va.; and ordained Elder, October 23, 1938 by Bishop W.W. Peele in Lynchburg, Va. He served the following charges: Isle of Wight, 1934-37; Toano, 1937-39; St. Paul's, Richmond, 1939-40; Laurel Hill, Richmond, 1940-45; Community, Arlington, 1945--until his death.

His mother said of him, "He was born to be a preacher. As a little boy he loved to play church and always took the part of the preacher." He was converted at Trinity Methodist Church, South Mills, North Carolina when he was twelve years old, under the ministry of The Reverend Mr. Walters; and from that hour he began to work, before and after school, in order to prepare himself for the ministry. His natural gifts for that calling were unusual to a marked degree. He had a wonderful personality, an infectious smile, a happy nature; and these, with the serious application to his calling, made him a successful minister from the beginning. In my experience, no young man has ever given more of his body, mind and spirit than did "Bill." No program of the church was ever neglected by him. His ministry was characterized by energy, zeal and a purpose to leave no stone unturned, no assignment unfilled, no opportunity neglected, that would in any way contribute to bringing the Kingdom of his Lord and Christ to fruition.

Only those who knew him intimately were aware of the physical handicap he had to cope with from day to day. An illness as a child left his heart badly impaired. Many were the anxious hours that came to those of us who knew him so well, as we saw his flaming soul and restless zeal being prodigally expended in his work as a minister. We were always cautioning him to spare himself, being afraid of the very thing that happened when on May 2, 1947 at Albemarle Hospital, Elizabeth City, North Carolina, the flame of his life flickered out and his soul went home to be with God.

Souls like Bill Norris' could not rest--he could not take life easy. If he had a task to do, it had to be done at any cost. In fact, the shining light of the goal set before him seemed to blind him to any personal danger. Knowing "Bill" as I did, I am confident that he would rather die on the firing line than to have chosen to live a life of ease and inactivity; and I am confident, also, that "Bill" lost his life for Christ's sake; and here again enters the sweetness of my paradox; the sweetness that comes in knowing the gracious words of Jesus, "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." They have now come true for him. His life shall be found again and again in the hearts of countless ones to whom he ministered in the name of Christ. His life is a living reality in the hearts of those who knew him best and loved him most. How beautifully it is epitomized in the following poem:

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Out beyond the borders of this world--beyond the horizon of sight and sense, in that great Spiritual World of "just men made perfect," "Bill" now lives unimpaired and unfettered, loosed from that earthly tabernacle which so often encumbered him.

On Sunday, May 4 at 2 p.m. his funeral was held at Holloman Brown's Funeral Home in Norfolk, Va., with Dr. J. Callaway Robertson, his District Superintendent, in charge; assisting were Dr. T.F. Carroll, pastor of Epworth Methodist Church, Norfolk, Va., and the choir from Community Church, Arlington, Va. It was impossible for me to be in Norfolk for the service; however, a few hours later, in the quietness of Forest Lawn Cemetery, I stood at the grave so recently closed, of my friend and brother. A beautiful bank of flowers testified to the love and esteem in which he was held by so many. With me were Mrs. Norris, relatives, and a few intimate friends. Our arms around each other, we bowed our heads and prayed a prayer of thanksgiving that we had been privileged to know and love William West Norris. We became conscious of the fact we were not alone in the silence of that hour--we were sure there were two others with us--God and "Bill."

by Forest B. Oglesby

John Garland Unruh was born at Cole's Point, Westmoreland County, Va., June 29, 1887. He was a son of Francis Hughes Unruh and Mrs. Nina Branson Unruh. It was his good lot to have God's most precious gift to a growing boy--a godly mother. Under her tutelage and tender care his heart inclined to holy things from early childhood. The grace of God was upon him and he grew almost naturally into the consciousness of his call to the ministry. He attended the public schools and the Academy of the Northern Neck, did his college work at William and Mary, and had his theological training at Vanderbilt University.

He joined the conference in 1910 but he was not married until November 25, 1920 when Miss Elsie Murry, of Portsmouth, threw in her lot with his and smilingly and faithfully went with him through the remainder of his itinerancy--a journey of more than twenty-six years.

During these years he served Trinity, Lynchburg; Grace Church, Danville; Cottage Place, Portsmouth; Grace Church, which he left to enter the chaplaincy in World War I. After his return form the army, he served HIghland, Colonial Heights; Martinsville; Main Street, South Boston; Byrd Park, Richmond; Fort Hill, Lynchburg; McKendree, Norfolk; Culpeper; High Street, Petersburg; Memorial, Richmond; and was serving Laurel Hill, Richmond District, where on May 14, 1947, the heavenly courier called to tell him that his task here was done and the Father was calling him home. So he went away leav-

ing his beloved wife and the three boys, John Garland, Jr., James Walker, and Oliver Murry, to follow on, as did the mother and sons of another pilgrim in the days of the long ago.

As a man we might justly describe Brother Unruh as a family man. Being the godly son of a godly mother, he did not hide from his children what he received from her. Upon his family he bestowed kindliness, tender goodness, and unlimited love. And he was patient withal. The peace of Christ was in the home. And now that he is gone, these are not merely sweet memories in their hearts. They are impelling principles of Christian living and have become a spiritual heritage.

As a minister, Brother Unruh was sound in his faith, well instructed in the doctrines of his church, and loyal to her every interest. He served well in all his pastorates and left behind him results that will abide the fires of the judgement. He was a lover of people, a shepherd of souls, and gave his heart with his service. I sincerely doubt if he ever left any one with a memory that burns. He preached with sincerity, with warmth, and with appealing tenderness. There was something of the mind of Christ in him.

When I heard the sad news of his passing, I sent this little message to his family: "I loved, honored, and respected Brother Unruh. I feel that I can pay him no finer compliment. There was nothing small, contemptible, or unbrotherly about him. He was cheerful, warm-hearted, friendly, helpful, unselfish and good. There was something in the very tone of his voice that was friendly. His manner was always genial and pleasant. He was not jealous or ambitious. The conference can ill-afford to lose such a man."

by Thomas Rosser Reeves

John Bonaugh Henry was born at Warrenton, Va., December 16, 1870, and died June 2, 1947 at his home in East Falls Church, Va., at the age of 76. He was educated in the Warrenton schools, at Randolph-Macon College and at Vanderbilt University. He was the son of Rev. Edward Hugh Henry of the old Baltimore Conference. His family was closely connected with many of the most distinguished families of Maryland and Virginia.

He was married September 9, 1896, to Ann Conway McCormick in the Episcopal Church, Berryville, Va. His wife was the daughter of Province McCormick, and the niece of the well-known Virginia lawyer, Marshall McCormick.

Brother Henry and the writer were students at both R.M.C. and at Vanderbilt. At the latter school we saw much of one another and became close friends. He was a roommate of Dr. Frank Day, who for years taught at R.M.C. I can still hear Henry saying with a smile of his roommate, "I always get up before day." Brother Henry and myself were taken into the old Baltimore Conference, that is, admitted into full connection in 1897. The Conference that year met at Staunton, Va., March 24-30, with Bishop Charles Galloway presiding. It was a large class, consisting of 13. Some of the other members who entered the Conference at that time were Homer H. Sherman, Charles D. Bulla, Josiah J. Ringer, James M. Anderson, and Daniel M. Brown. How few are now living!

That year Brother Henry was sent to Charles Circuit, where he remained for three years. His father and his brother W. E. Henry were on the Calvert circuit, both circuits being in the East Baltimore District. In 1900 he was sent to Taylor's and Andrew Chapel-Baltimore-Gordonsville, Md., where he remained 4 years. When the writer became the pastor of Andrew Chapel he found a beautiful stone chapel which Brother Henry had erected. He was at Buena Vista, Va., 1904-08, Vinton, Va., 1908-12, Moorefield, W. Va., 1912-14, Falls Church, Va., 1914-18, when he retired on account of his health. Here he lived and reared his family. Brother Henry was my successor at Dulin Chapel. Our Brother's active pastorate was just 21 years, but they were years of faithful and devoted service to the church. He was a conscientious student at school and in his study, and made careful preparation for his classes and his pulpit. And he was fond of using his pen, and wrote often for the Conference paper and the Nashville Christian Advocate.

He was a genial soul and a vein of humor appeared again and again in his writings and conversations. He was not a pessimist, notwithstanding his defective hearing and his impaired health, and the disappointment of a shortened ministry, after making the most careful preparation for his life's work. He was happily married, and found added happiness in the rearing of a large family.

The funeral services were held at Dulin Chapel, Falls Church, Thursday, June 5 at 11 A.M. Rev. Herbert Southgate, pastor of the church, officiated, assisted by the District Supt. Rev. J. Calloway Robertson and Rev. W. D. Keene. The interment as in Warrenton, Va.

Besides his widow other survivors are his children: Mrs. Margaretta Holmes Soyez, New York City,; Edward Hugh Henry and John Conway Henry, Falls Church; Mrs. Anna Gray Stallknect and Province McCormick Henry, Brunswick, Maine and Mrs. Elizabeth McCormick Sullivan, Arlington, Va., and a sister Mrs. H. T. Waesche, Washington, D.C.

"They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts our loss and every hurtful thing.
With angels bright and loved ones gone before;
And God Himself their Lord and Judge and King."

by W. D. Keene

Daniel Webster Anstine, the oldest member of the former Maryland Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, has surrendered this distinctive honor to another by passing on to the "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." He was born at Stewartstorm, Pennsylvania, August 2, 1858, and died at his home in Halethorpe, near Baltimore, Maryland, June 16, 1947.

For over a half century this was one of the most beloved ministers in his Conference. Though always frail in body and four times compelled to retire from the active service because of ill health,, he nevertheless completed fifty-six years in the active ministry until his final retirement in the year of Methodist unification, 1939, at the age of eighty-one years.

Brother Anstine served twelve pastorates in the Maryland Conference located in Maryland, Delaware and Virginia. Two of these charges he served three times. There was no charge he ever served but whose people with unanimity regretted his going, and none to which he could not have returned to a happy people.

Brother Anstine never served large Churches, and yet some of the leading laymen and pastors of his Conference were converted and brought into the Church by his consecrated pastoral labors and earnest evangelistic preaching. He just loved people into the Kingdom. His pastoral work was untiring, and his preaching was always with tenderness and fervor. The unconverted could not resist his earnest solicitations to "Come to Jesus." The writer in his early adolescence spent three years in the conviction of sin, following a simple question asked him by this good man,--"Len, do you love Jesus?" To him the Bible was God's holy Word, and he used it effectively in his preaching, teaching and private conversations.

In his early ministry on October 28, 1884, Brother Anstine married Miss Lida Hubbard of East New Market, Maryland. She died June 1, 1927. Seven children were born to them, two sons dying in infancy and two sons, Quitman and Hammond, having preceded him in death a few years. Three daughters survive him--Mrs. Bessie Higgins, Vienna, Md.; Mrs. Catherine Harris, E. Falls Church, Va.; and Mrs. Clementine Taylor, Hallwood, Va.

On December 31, 1931, Brother Anstine married Mrs. Mattie Wimbrow, the widowed mother of a large family, one of whom is Reverend Lawrence E. Wimbrow of the Peninsula Conference. This saintly woman shared with our brother the tender joys of parsonage life in their quiet home at Friendship Church, near Princess Anne, Maryland, until her death June 7, 1938.

In 1940 following his retirement at eighty-one years of age, Brother Anstine married Mrs. Ida Wright, a former organist of Payson Street Church when he was the pastor there. They enjoyed together over six years of devoted companionship, she surviving him for only two months.

The funeral of Brother Anstine was held in Chateau Church near Cambridge, Maryland, in charge of the writer, who was assisted by Dr. J. R. Bunting, Reverend Lawrence Wimbrow, Reverend F. A. Holland, Reverend J. P. George, Reverend L. C. Randall and Reverend Mr. Johnson, the Pastor of Chateau. Interment was in East Market Cemetery.

by Leonard B. Smith

Homer Welch was a man of quiet devotion and a Christian minister without guile. An essential simplicity and unassuming piety characterized him, and among his brethren he was always counted as one who followed unquestioningly the work of The Lord.

Homer Welch was born in Bay City, Michigan, on December 24, 1878, the son of Smith Welch and Martha Matthews Welch. His parents lived upon a farm, and in his Michigan homestead he received his education, and there also he received his call to preach, and decided to enter the ministry. At nineteen, he was preaching acceptably in the local churches. Sometime after that, he and his parents moved to Virginia and there, after a time, he married Miss Emma Goldman of Fredericksburg. He entered the ministry of the Old Baltimore Conference in 1903, and was sent to Del Ray in the Alexandria District for his first appointment. After that, he served Morrisville and Sudley charges in Virginia; Potomac in Maryland; and Ingleside on the Eastern shore of Maryland. At Ingleside, Mrs. Emma Goldman Welch died on December 17, 1916. Brother Welch was then sent to the Stafford charge in Virginia and there he subsequently married Miss Emma Garrison of Garrisonville, Va.

Appointment succeeded appointment until forty-one years of service in the ministry had been spent by this faithful minister. When serving in Arnold, Maryland, he was sent for a second time, he had the satisfaction of having to rebuild the church at that point. At Falls Church, Va., he sponsored the building of an addition to the Dulin Chapel. Other appointments included Church Hill, Md.; Laurel, Md.; Fairfax, Va.; Summit Point, W. Va.; Stephens City, Va.; Montague Avenue, at Winchester, Va.' and Sterling, Va. At the end of a year at Sterling, as his health was impaired, Brother Welch was advised by a physician to give up his work. At the Conference of 1943, held in this city, he was granted the superannuate relation.

The war years, however, called for the service of many men who had been retired, and Brother Welch was happy to be summoned into service again, this time at Dumfries, Va. He frequently expressed his happiness in being able to come back into active work, for he had felt his retirement rather keenly, as it had left a void in his life. However, at Dumfries he was compelled to struggle again against failing health, and was after a brief time forced to give up all active work.

He died on July 10, 1947, at Fredericksburg, Va., following a rather long illness. Funeral services were held at Fredericksburg Methodist Church on Sunday, July 13, 1947, in the afternoon. They were conducted by Dr. J. Callaway Robertson, his Presiding Elder, and Rev. J. Aubrey Hughes. Interment was at Oak Hill Cemetery in Fredericksburg. Thus came to an end a life lived sincerely and devotedly, and one which meant much to those who knew Brother Welch in his faithful service. He was not a color-ful or flamboyant character, but in simple integrity and with quiet painstaking zeal he did his work. Where he lived, the Gospel was sincerely preached and the church edified and strengthened. He goes to his reward as a servant of God, who wrought well the task given to him. He used to the utmost all the talents he possessed. A faithful brother and devoted friend has left us to claim his reward among all those who in sincerity and truth have preached and lived the Gospel of the Grace of God. **by Nolan B. Harmon**

John Sanders Schwartz was the product of a Christian home and country life. He was born December 17, 1897, the son of Samuel and Alice Emagean Schwartz. Their farm was near Urbana, in Frederick County, Maryland. He knew and loved the life that kept him in touch with nature.

While communing with nature there was growing up within him a longing for an education. We follow this quiet unassuming boy as he enters the High School in Frederick, Maryland. Then on to Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Va., where he received his A.B. degree and later his M.A. These attainments did not satisfy him. He longed to better prepare himself for the ministry. He entered the Theological Department of Emory University and won his degree. This was accomplished by hard work and self-denial.

The writer knew John intimately. Sports, entertainment, social life had little attraction for him. He constantly sought the library. Ancient and sacred history were his delight. He loved the best that was in books. Naturally of a modest and retiring nature, he was more at home in the study than in the crowd.

John S. Schwartz's call to the ministry was definite. The way was not easy. His preparation was thorough. He was admitted on trial in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South at the Session held in this City in 1923. His appointments were Springfield-Augusta, W.Va., Trappe, Md., Sudley and Gainesville, Va.

It was while attending summer school at Vanderbilt University that he met Francis Elizabeth Martin. They were married in Roanoke, Va., by the writer on January 22, 1934.

Brother Schwartz seemed to have found his real field of service as a chaplain. He made thirty-two trips across the Atlantic and the Pacific. He was promoted to the rank of major in recognition of his service. Perhaps it will help us to better appreciate his worth if I quote from a letter I received from the Chief of Chaplain Major General Luther D. Miller, U.S.A.:

> "In his capacity as a Reserve Officer on active duty since May of 1941, Chaplain Schwartz performed his duties in a superior manner which reflected credit upon the Methodist Church and the Chaplain Corps. The military personnel to which he ministered at Fort Meade, at Indiantowne Gap, at the New York Port of Embarkation, on transport duty and at the Walter Reed Hospital held him in the highest esteem and affection. His loyal devotion to God and country will long be remembered by all who knew him."

His death came suddenly and was a shock to all. He was stricken while on duty and died in the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C., August 13, 1947. Reverend Franklin J. Haas, pastor of Calvary Methodist Church, Frederick, Md., had charge of his funeral. He was assisted by Reverend William Royal, of the first Baptist Church. His Body rests in Mount Olive Cemetery in that City.

John Sanders Schwartz is survived by his wife and two children, a little son and daughter.

> "Servant of God, well done,
> Rest from thy loved employ.
> The battle fought, the victory won,
> Enter thy Master's joy."

by Claude M. Hesser

Minutes for 1948. **James Herndon Billingsley.** The writer of this memoir and Brother Herndon Billingsley met as young men in Washington, D.C., and as a result there has been an intimate friendship for more than forty years. As in all true friendships, there was a self-revealing and, in spite of differences in viewpoint upon some things and in temperament, there was an exchange of help and of understanding and of sympathy.

Brother Billingsley was born in Washington, D. C., on December 9, 1881, the son of Leslie O. and Emma McFee Billingsley and in the capital city he was licensed to preach. He was ordained a deacon in Roanoke, Va., on March 31, 1912, and was ordained an elder in Baltimore, Md., on March 29, 1914. He died in Durham, N. C., on October 25, 1947, having become ill in that city while hew as on his way to the session of our Conference.

Out of an abundant and warm fellowship through the years four facts stand out in the character of this man:

1. The certainty of his genuine and revolutionary conversion. This he never doubted. It was the starting point and the fountains of all his Christian conviction and activity. He was saved from a sinful life and his soul was aflame with gratitude to God and love for his fellowman. Immediately upon his conversion he felt and yielded to the call to preach the Gospel. His call was as emphatic a conviction as was his conversion. His conversion and his commission were two sides of one great experience. Like Paul he arose from a stricken man to a triumphant soul and with the question upon his lips, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Nothing could have prevented his preaching. While applying for the right to preach in our Church I heard him say, "They can keep me out of the Methodist Church but they cannot keep me from preaching. I will preach up and down the streets and on street corners and in the alleys." Preach he must and he did!

2. His never-ending passion for the unsaved. He desired nothing so much as to be used of God in the salvation of sinners. In speaking with him on many occasions of the different phases of the church's program he would say, "These are all well and I believe in them and try to do my best with them but what I want is sinners." He sought out the unsaved in their homes, in stores, upon the streets, in the office an in all places where they could be found. Probably no man within the range of Brother Billingsley's responsibility as a minister ever escaped being approached as to his soul's salvation and having the Savior presented to him.

3. His fervent and continuous prayer life. Few men, if any, ever spent more time in prayer. He always had a prayer room in the parsonage and a special time for this privilege though his communication with God through prayer was never confined to a special place or time. Often did he say, "I get my victory on my knees." God was real to him and to God all matters were taken and from God all orders received.

4. His study and knowledge of the Bible. In the true meaning of that term Brother Billingsley was not a scholar. He read few, if any, books that did not relate definitely to the Christian life. But he had an alert and an inquisitive mind and he knew and he believed his Bible. It was heavily marked from end to end. The morning before his death he asked his wife to read to him the Scriptures of Mark 11:22 and 24-36, and Psalm 121. One of his choice expressions was "Let go and let God."

A final testimony that is unusual: In all the years of acquaintanceship he was never heard to criticize unduly any appointment he received. He received everything as from God and did his best. Then, through more than forty years of close observation he was never known to lose his temper or to become mad. A great record indeed.

Brother Billingsley was twice married. Four children of the first marriage survive and his second wife and a son, James, Jr., survive. He was buried in Arnold, Md., his first appointment.

by J. J. Rives

James William Marsh, son of John C. and Esther Virginia Hillsman Marsh, was born in Campbell County, Va., on December 7, 1875. He was reared in a Christian home and from his youth was a sincere Christian and worker in the Methodist Church.

He served his church thirty-six years as a pastor. His charges were: South View and Providence, two years; West Bedford, two years; Brookneal, four years; Capron, three years; Concord, three years; Bedford Circuit, five years; Montvale, four years; Campbell, five years; Bedford Springs, four years; and Pamplin, four years.

His motto was, "To be loyal to his Lord and to the work to which he was sent. To be sincere, whole-hearted and humble and a brother to his fellow man."

October 20, 1943, in Roanoke, Va., he retired from active relation with the Conference at his request, because of failing health. He died at his home in Bedford, Va., December 6, 1947, after a long illness. His funeral was conducted from the Main Street Church at Bedford by Dr. John C. Copenhaver and Dr. C. C. Bell. The burial was in Oakwood Cemetery with Masonic rites.

The following survive him: his wife, Mrs. Mina Johnson Marsh; two sons, Malcolm R. Marsh and Marvin A. Marsh of Bedford, Va.; and two daughters, Mrs. A. B. White, Montvale, Va., and Mrs. W. C. Jones, Brookneal, Va.

As preacher and pastor he made many friends and was blessed with seeing many souls born into the Kingdom of God.

He leaves with his friends and his brethren in the ministry this testimony, "With the help of my faithful companion, the mother of my children, who has been with me through my career as a minister and by the grace of God, I have made a measure of success in the Methodist ministry. I am grateful for this and give God the glory. Truly by the amazing grace of God, I am what I am and have peace of soul and assurance of Eternal Glory. The way is clear and all is well. I shall live and die happy."

"His works do follow him."

by James William Marsh

Harry Lee Weston was born in Mathews County, Va., August 7, 1877, and was the son of Thomas Rufus and Sarah Guion Weston. Reared in a Christian home, he became a member of the Church at the age of thirteen. As a child, he showed marked interest in religion, being called on to pray at the camp meetings while still a small boy. Later in life he felt called to the Christian ministry and never doubted that call to the day of his death. He received his education in the public schools of the county, Woodstock Academy, and Randolph-Macon College. While at college he was active in religious work, especially in the Y.M.C.A. and the Epworth League. He possessed an unusually good speaking voice, and while at college the Washington Literary Society awarded him a medal for declamation.

Brother Weston joined the Virginia Conference in 1900. During the earlier part of his ministry he was junior preacher of the Gloucester Circuit under Rev. D.G.C. Butts, and later under Rev. S. H. Johnson on the Pittsylvania Circuit. On September 4, 1907, in the Grove Avenue Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., Brother Weston was happily married

to Miss Virginia Talbott, of that City, an estimable Christian lady who survives him. She shared with him the varied experience of the itinerancy and was a source of strength and inspiration to his ministry. Two children were born to them: Virginia Talbott, who died at the age of nineteen, and Orvetta Talbott, now Mrs. William H. Masterson.

Brother Weston was brought up in the country, loved the people of the country, and preferred to serve the rural charges. During a ministry of forty-three years, he served the following charges: South Pittsylvania, Danville Circuit, West Hanover, Epworth, in Richmond (now Byrd Park), Stuart, Pocomoke, Hanover, Chatham, Amelai, North Mecklenburg, East York, Courtland, Buckingham, Burkeville, North Garden, Wachapreague, Fieldale and East Halifax.

On account of impaired health Brother Weston was compelled to retire from the ministry in 1943, and settled at Ashland, occupying one of the homes for superannuates. Though his health was rapidly failing, he insisted on helping his brethren in revivals and holding services whenever an opportunity presented itself. In the summer of 1947 he moved to Chattanooga, Tenn., where he lived with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Masterson. Here, on December 22, 1947, in the seventy-first year of his age, he suddenly departed this life. His body was brought to Richmond and laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery. He had served as Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Virginia for nine years, and according to his wishes, Dr. Walter C. Gum, who succeeded him as Grand Chaplain, conducted the funeral service, which was participated in by members of the local Masonic Lodge.

Harry Weston was a good man and a good preacher. From his youth he built his life upon the true foundation, and as the years passed he grew stronger in those qualities of mind and heart that make for righteousness. His brethren in the ministry and the people he served as pastor were convinced that he was a man of the most substantial Christian character. His life was a living sermon and during his ministry he led many souls to Christ and strengthened them in true godliness. He was a faithful pastor, winning friends easily and holding them to the last. A devoted husband and father, he found great happiness in his home life. During the last year of his life a severe heart trouble made him realize that it was but a step between him and death. During these months, while expecting the final summons at any moment, his heart was calm and serene; "he knew Him whom he believed and was persuaded that he was able to keep that which he had committed unto Him against that day." Suddenly, on the eve of the Christmas season, the Master called, and he went home to be with God. **by H. H. Smith, Sr.**

John Silas Wallace. 1854--October 21, John Silas Wallace was born in Gloucester County, Va., the son of Joseph and Elizabeth Wallace.

1860 (about)--He was left an orphan. His father was lost at sea, and his mother died soon thereafter.

1870--He was born again under the ministry of Rev. J. C. Martin, and united with Bethany Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of his native county.

1877--He entered Randolph-Macon College to prepare for the ministry.

1879--He united with the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Norfolk, Va., Bishop Wightman presiding.

1883--November 7, he married Miss Eva A. West, of Berlin, Md.

1928--April 13, he married Miss Gertrude Haynie of Reedville, Va.

1933--After fifty-four years of service in the ministry, he retired and made his home at Reedville, Va., where he once was pastor.

1948--January 5, he entered into his eternal rest, when he was a little over ninety-three years of age.

Truly, it may be said, Brother Wallace "was a good man and full of days." He was considered by his playmates and others a "model boy." This estimate of him in his early days characterized him throughout his long and useful life.

The writer of this sketch of John Silas Wallace, although acquainted with him for seventy years, was never intimately associated with him except for a small portion of his life. The estimate here given, therefore, may be called "a complete picture"--a blending of the writer's own impressions and those of others who knew him more intimately.

As man, brother, friend, preacher, pastor, Brother Wallace stands out, in the estimation of those who knew him, as of the highest type.

The most impressionable period of his life was spent under circumstances and conditions that tended to give Brother Wallace a serious cast of mind. When he was about six years of age his father, a seafaring man, set out on a voyage from which he never returned, and even the fate of him and his vessel was never learned. His mother died soon thereafter. Providentially he found a home and the loving care of an older brother. But those were days of political and social unrest, the days just before, during and just after the War Between the States. But young Wallace passed through those "days that tried men's souls" without damage to his character, as evidenced by the facts that he was converted at the age of sixteen, and entered the Christian ministry at the age of twenty-five. God gave him a long life in which to glorify the name of his Lord and Master, and to serve his fellowmen.

A serious cast of mind was that of Brother Wallace; it was his throughout his whole life. But this did not prevent his entering into life with a wholesome sense of humor. But even so, only those who were closest to him could fully appreciate the sterling qualities of his character. None-the-less, all who were brought in touch with him could not fail to be impressed, and to recognize in large measure his worth. He was a friend indeed to everyone. "He would never let you down;" such a friend one could confide in, and trust. As a pastor, Brother Wallace was fully aware of his obligations to "his people." He knew them. He entered in their joys, their sorrows, their complexities, with intelligence, and a truly Christ-like sympathy. He was their friend and counsellor.

As a preacher, being a man of strong convictions, Brother Wallace was uncompromising in his preaching; never afraid to speak the truth as he saw it. But he spoke the truth in love. He preached Jesus and His way of life. His aim was ever to help his hearers to a higher, and a better life. One who knew him well said, "He rarely, if ever, missed his aim." The people heard him gladly and they profited by his simple, earnest, direct, convincing messages.

Brother Wallace was proud of this record; during the whole of his fifty-four years of active service in the ministry, he never but six times missed a preaching appointment, and never missed attending a Quarterly, District or Annual Conference.

One who was Brother Wallace's pastor during his retirement say, "Brother Wallace was an attentive hearer whose presence was always an inspiration to his pastor. When called upon to pray at the close of the sermon, he made even the dullest sermon take on new life, and sent the people away with a new sense of spiritual values." Another, a younger preacher, also a pastor of Brother Wallace during his retirement, wrote me, "He was a grand old soldier of the Cross, and you have a good subject to write about." I fully agree with this, and if space permitted I would gladly "set down" in this sketch many things that must be left unsaid.

John Silas Wallace, during more than ninety-three years of life, sixty-eight of which he was a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, has made the imprint of that life and ministry upon three generations, the influence of which yet abides. Although no longer with us in the flesh, he still lives, and still speaks.

"When all is done, say not my day is o'er,
And that through night I seek a dimmer shore;
Say rather that my morn has just begun,
I greet the dawn and not the setting sun--
When all is done." --Dunbar

by W. G. Bates

Herman Lee Hastings was born in Salisbury, Md., September 30, 1889. His parents were Levi and Martha Taylor Hastings. He died in the parsonage of the Oak Grove Church, Norfolk, District, February 11, 1948, a few moments after he was stricken with a severe attack of angina pectoris. The funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Dr. H. Bernard Lipscomb, District Superintendent of the Portsmouth-Newport News District. The burial was in Parsons Cemetery, Salisbury.

December 10, 1908, he was married to Cecilia Sturgis of Salisbury, who survives him. Other surviving members of his family are a daughter, Mrs. Madeline Bradshaw, and two grandchildren, Patricia Ann and Grayson Vaden Bradshaw of Norfolk, Va.; his mother,

Mrs. Martha Taylor Hastings; and two brothers and two sisters, Clarence and Vaughan Hastings and Mrs. Granville Bozman and Mrs. W. L. Byrd of Salisbury, Md.

Herman Hastings was educated in the public schools of his native city. During a revival at St. Andrews Church he professed conversion and coincidentally felt that he was called to preach the Gospel of Christ. At the District Conference held soon after his conversion he was licensed a Local Preacher and served three charges as a Supply--St. Martins, Broadwater Mission and South Dorchester. His entire ministry was spent on the Eastern Shore and in Tidewater Virginia. In 1919 he was received on trial into the Virginia Conference and thereafter received appointments in the following order: Pocomoke, four years; Painter, five years; East York, four years; Fairmont, Norfolk, three years; Zion, four years; McKendree, four years; Cottage Place, Portsmouth, four years; Oak Grove, Norfolk, three and one-half months.

Herman Hastings' pure character was a constant testimony. His preaching was distinctly evangelistic. His labors were fruitful. Many were added to the church under his ministry. He was a good minister of Jesus Christ, who spoke not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the spirit and of power, that the faith of those to whom he preached might not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God.

He was a diligent pastor who won the love of his people by his ministries to them in their homes. There was something in his gracious manner, his gentle smile, his warm handclasp that won their confidence. One who knew him intimately throughout his career in the Virginia Conference said of him: "I never knew him to speak an unkind word. He was always humble in his approach to his tasks. He received his appointments without complaint and performed the work of his ministry with devoted faithfulness."

On the day of his death, Mrs. Edwin S. Bowden, a member of Cottage Place Church, Portsmouth, said of him in an "In Memoriam" poem:

"The Pearly Gates were opened,
A gentle voice said 'Come,'
And with farewells unspoken
He calmly entered home."

by Frank L. Wells

Wallace Osborne Talbert was born January 4, 1867, and died February 26, 1948, at the age of eighty-one years, one month and twenty-two days. He was born on a farm in Monroe County, W.Va., next to the youngest of nine children.

His mother was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and took him on foot in the summer months, three miles to Sunday School and preaching services. He later attended a Methodist Church near his father;s home, and there united with the Church at the age of thirteen.

His early education was very limited, but by diligent effort, and close economy, and persistent application, he was able to get enough schooling to secure a certificate to teach in the public schools of West Virginia. From his savings he attended a session of the Shenandoah Normal College at Middletown, Va., then a short session of a private school, then one year at Randolph-Macon.

Soon after this he was licensed to preach, and in March, 1896, was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference of the M.E. Church, South, at its session in Roanoke, Va. His appointments were, Rockbridge Circuit, Eagle Rock, Grace Roanoke, Va., Roncevert, Clifton Forge, Assistant Principal of Allegheny Institute, located at Alderson, W. Va., Braddock Street, Winchester, Salem, Arlington, Baltimore, Presiding Elder of the Lewisburg District. As supply pastor, Brucetown, Edgemouth, South Covington, New Market and White Post.

He was married December 26, 1889, to Mary Sue Kershner. To them were born five children, two sons, who have been dead for several years, and three daughters. His wife and three daughters, five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren survive him. The daughters are Ruth Hutchinson, widow, living with her mother; Lois Eskew, Fayettesville, W. Va., and Joyce Hamel, Fresno, Calif.

Funeral services were held at the home, 699 National Avenue, Winchester, Va., February 28, by Rev. T. J. Hawkins, pastor of Braddock Street Methodist Church, and Rev. F. B. Oglesby, District Superintendent. His body was laid to rest in Mt. Hebron Cemetery.

Brother Talbert was first of all a devoted Christian, who loved his Lord, and the Church, and gave himself wholly to the Lord's work. A lover of the people, who loved him in return. He was unusually successful as an evangelistic preacher, and through his preaching many souls were led to Christ, and professed Christians were constrained to follow their Lord more closely.

One of his favorite verses expresses the sentiment of the soul's anticipation--

"What glories await the spirit set free
From fetters of earth, untrammeled to be!
The work begun here is continued above,
And all that blest life is service and love."

by D. A. Beery

James Herbert Moss. When day was dying in the west, loved ones and friends gathered beside the grave of Dr. James Herbert Moss. Once more Heaven had touched earth with rest and had set another evening lamp alight in the sky.

The shadows of the two institutions that represented the love and life-work of our friend, fell across our paths--the college and the church. It was fitting that he should be brought to Williamsburg for his final resting place, for four of the happiest years of his life were spent here--preaching and teaching. At the session of the Virginia Annual Conference, held in Portsmouth, Va., November, 1888, James Herbert Moss was received into the Conference on trial and appointed to our church at Williamsburg. While serving as the pastor of this church he accepted the assistant professorship of ancient and modern languages at William and Mary College.

A large part of Dr. Moss' life was given to instructing young men for the ministry of the Church and sending others into various vocations with the Christian faith and principles. In addition to the three years of service in the College of William and Mary, he was professor of Greek and Latin at Emory and Henry College for the year 1896-98. He was well furnished for this important work and up to within a short time of his death, Dr. Moss continued to instruct the youth of his community. As a student at Randolph-Macon College he stood among the first in all of his classes and won the highest honors in mathematics. From the University of Virginia, where he was a student for a number of years, he received the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy-the former in the year 1887 and the latter in 1900. For one session he was a student in the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University.

Dr. Moss had unusual gifts as a scholar and as an educator, but his gifts as a minister of the Church and shepherd of his people were no less. His identity with the Methodist Church dates back to the time of his birth in a Methodist parsonage in Green County, Va., May 28, 1865. His father was the Rev. James O. Moss of the Virginia Conference. To his mother, Jennie P. Moss, it was evident that at an early age her son, James, showed signs of deep interest in religion and in the church. The remainder of his life was an unfolding of these childhood inclinations.

On October 12, 1893, Dr. Moss was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Iona Creasy of Newport News, Va., and his ministry was greatly enriched and strengthened by this union. The churches that Dr. and Mrs. Moss served in our Conference, including pastorates in Richmond, Ashland, Williamsburg, Norfolk and Danville, have not forgotten the graciousness of their spirit and their devotion to the work of their Lord and Master. Many of our lay members of the churches of the Virginia Conference recall the beginning in the church of the youth movement known as the Epworth League. In this work of the young people, Dr. Moss was a leading spirit. He was the president of the Epworth League Board and retained that place of leadership for a period of twenty years. His love for his wife and his three children--Alice, Jane and Herbert, Jr., overflowed in love and service for all others, especially young people.

On Thursday morning, March 25, 1948, in the home of his daughter in Richmond, God brought to a close the earthly life of his servant. When our thoughts recall the triumphant life of our brother and friend, the words of a hymn express for us our undying faith:

"God of the living in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies,
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away,

From this our world of flesh set free;
We know them living unto Thee.
"Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
"Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee."

by H. Bernard Lipscomb, Jr.

Francis Marion Richardson. Dr. Henry van Dyke tells us that new friends are silver and old friends are gold. Of golden value became the friendship of Frank Marion Richardson to the writer. Through many years of close fellowship in the ministry and in the relaxed periods of comradeship we enjoyed with increasing admiration this fine person. He had no obtrusive, untoward qualities that jarred friendship, and now sweet memory eliminates his human limitations and refreshes us with the daily companionship of a radiant and charming person.

He was finely endowed. His family heritage came through parents who were genuinely Christian. They gave to him the protection and happiness of a wholesome home. His father was Charles Richardson, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and his mother was Maria W. Helmintoller. He was born in Bath County, Va., on July 28, 1875, and he died at his home in Salem, Va., on April 13, 1948.

He received his preparatory education in the public schools of Bath County and then attended Roanoke College and graduated in the class of 1901. In 1933 his Alma Mater conferred on him the honor of Doctor of Divinity.

He received his Local Preacher's license in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on July 28, 1899, and was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1906. He served the following charges: Hot Springs, Va.; North Point, Md.; St. John's of Hamilton, Baltimore, Md.; Rockville, Md.; Emory, Washington, D.C.; Winchester, Va.; Salem, Va. Due to illness he was superannuated from 1925 to 1927. He then renewed his active ministry and he served Huntington Court, Roanoke, Va.; Blacksburg, Va.; Editor of The Baltimore Southern Methodist for six years; spent a year in evangelistic work; and then became the pastor of Fairview Church, Roanoke, where he ministered for six years and retired in 1946. During the succeeding eighteen months he was busy writing and filling many pulpits until the call came to enter the heavenly life for which he had been preparing.

Like a finely cut diamond he had many facets to express his varied talents. As a preacher he gave the great truths of his holy faith to the worshippers with simple attractiveness and with courage and power. As an evangelist he appealed to the heart with passion and winsomeness. As a writer he expressed his thoughts with incisive clearness and revealed an aesthetic nature, a joy in the great out-of-doors and in the pure zest of living and expressed it all in lilting words and musical phrases.

In the resolution offered by the Fairview Quarterly Conference, we get a glimpse of the appraisal of him by the people whom he served during the last six years of his active ministry. We quote one paragraph: "We loved him as a friend. He inspired confidence wherever he went. He always had time for the lowly as well as for those of high worldly rank. He had no time for pretense or falseness, whatever the source; but he dealt in straight-forward sincerity with all. He had time for laughter and light sport. He ever radiated the spirit of good cheer. Both young and old could feel at home with him. He loved children and they were naturally attracted to him. He longed to impart the best things to boys and girls and all young people. The mountains, the trees, a stream, a deer, a rabbit, or a sheep were a source of pleasure to him."

Churches prospered under him and with the spirit of the pioneer he discovered new areas of need and laid the foundations on which stalwart churches grew in later years.

He was greatly blessed in his marriage to Lucile Dowell Welsh of Rockville, Md., and in his children: Dr. Lucile Welsh Richardson, Frances Marian Richardson, Charles Wellington Richardson, and Richard Thomas Richardson.

The impressive service held at the First Methodist Church, Salem, was a fitting tribute to the man. A great company of fellow ministers and a large gathering of devoted friends who had been enriched by his ministry were there to express by their presence their rich estimate of his worth. And then the burial in beautiful Sherwood under beautiful skies.

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory--
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
"Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed.
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on." -- Shelley

by John C. Copenhaver

Samuel Edward Lucas was born near Plymouth, N.C., on December 15, 1866, in an atmosphere that was still electric with the Civil War memories, and when Reconstruction was just beginning to lay its heavy hand on the prostrate South. His father was named Joshua and his mother Mary Eliza. On December 21, 1887, he was married to Ellen C. Knowles, also from near Plymouth. The young couple moved to Gilmerton, near Norfolk, Va., where at a revival under the leadership of the late W. B. Jett and the preaching of B. M. Beacham, he was converted at the age of twenty-nine. He immediately felt that God called him to preach, and spent two years at Bedford Academy, then taking a course at Yadkin College, N.C.

In 1898 he united with the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church. His first assignment was Catawba Circuit, next Randleman, thence to Forsyth Circuit and from there to Halifax. The latter being his last appointment in the M.P. Church. He had been ordained an elder in 1902.

In 1908 he was transferred to the Virginia Conference of the M.E. Church, South, meeting at Portsmouth, Va., with Bishop John C. Kilgo presiding. His first appointment was to the Wicomico Circuit on the Eastern Shore District where the writer was the Sunday School Superintendent. In the early of 1909 he led the largest church on the circuit in very extensive property improvements.

From the Eastern Shore he went to West Brunswick on the Petersburg District, where he was instrumental in building the very fine parsonage still in use. From there to Shacklefords where he served three years. His next assignment was to the Henderson Charge, where after three years he was transferred to Capron in 1918. On account of a very severe attack of the flu, he was not able to move to Capron until February, 1919. Asking for a lighter work, his next Charge was Cashville, three years, thence to Cambridge Circuit for two years, both of these being on the Eastern Shore where his first appointment had been.

In 1923 he was at McKenny, and in 1925 he was sent to West Dinwiddie, where after spending three fine years he was obliged to ask for the superannuate relation, he having suffered a second attack of flu. The family moved to Petersburg and lived on Lee Street in Colonial Heights. In 1931, J. Sydney Peters was assigned to the pastorate of High Street, Petersburg. After preaching one time he was seized with what proved to be a fatal illness. Brother Lucas having recovered his strength was asked to complete the year. This was a very happy experience for him and when at last he was obliged to ask for final retirement, he remained till his death a member of the High Street Q.C.

From High Street he was sent in 1932 to the South Sussex work, and in 1935 to Deep Creek, where after serving for two years he was obliged to request the retired relationship for the last time. He returned to Colonial Heights, where he and Mrs. Lucas lived until his death.

In August of the present year this fine couple were on a visit to their old neighborhood in North Carolina. Though weak, he did not seem particularly sick, but requested that they return to Virginia Beach for a visit with Mrs. and Mrs. J. P.

Flemming. Three days later, on August 28, he quietly fell asleep. His funeral services were conducted at Trinity Church, Petersburg. The family preferred his last rites to be at High Street, but the sanctuary there was in process of being painted. Roscoe Jones, district superintendent, J. Aubrey Hughes, pastor of Trinity, and J. W. Smith, Jr., pastor of High Street, conducted the services. His remains now sleep in Blandford Cemetery, among so many of Southside Virginia's honored dead. This was his request. His wife and four children survive: Raymond E. Lucas, the only son; Mrs. W.P. Gardiner, Mrs. Raymond Creger, and Mrs. J. P. Flemming, the daughters. The family was overwhelmed with grief at the passing in 1932 of the oldest son, W. T. Lucas.

Mr. Lucas was an able preacher, at times superbly eloquent. His convictions were unshakable. At the funeral services the remark was made that, "He never sold the truth to serve the hour." His judgment was sound in administration and his faith in God a thing of beauty. The world is poorer because he has gone. **by Roscoe Jones**

John Paul Tyler. We cannot think of John Paul Tyler as dead. His vital, hopeful spirit will in a very real way always abide with those of us who served with him, even as he abides with the God he served. He was a rare genius who combined energy, vision, and consecration in a loveable and unforgettable way. He brought a definite radiance into every Christian company, and put vigor and energy into every Christian undertaking. There is no man of our Conference who was ever associated with Dr. Tyler who did not feel in a peculiar way the impact of his life and zeal. In personality and character, John Paul Tyler defied all classification, but he remains precious in our memory as counsellor, friend, comrade, brother, minister, superb pastor and unselfish spiritual guide. We shall think of him, hereafter, as one who has gone before to help open the way for us, as he has so often opened the way for each of us here below.

He was born in Rockville, Md., on December 5, 1879, the son of George Thomas Tyler, a member of the Baltimore Conference for fifty years. His mother was Mary Fackler, and on both sides there was distinguished Christian ancestry. He passed through the usual episodes of early parsonage life, diphtheria in Winchester, schooling in Arlington, and further schooling in Romney, W.Va., where his father was presiding elder. At Romney, as a boy, he began to travel with his father to various preaching appointments, and so gained a fondness for the old hymns and Methodist customs which remained with him to the end of his life.

He attended Randolph-Macon College, but a spell of typhoid cut short his academic career, and he taught for a time in Linden, Va. Then, feeling called to preach, he went to Vanderbilt for training in theological work and in the course of his training, took a trip through the continent of Europe with his brother and one of the Vanderbilt professors. Later in life he completed his work in Randolph-Macon.

He joined the old Baltimore Conference and was assigned to Fredericksburg, Md., his mother's home, as his first assignment. It was at Fredericksburg he first began to manifest his peculiar genius for energetic church promotion and organizational activity. Under his leadership, a parsonage at Fredericksburg was purchased, furnished, and paid for. He then went to Trinity, Baltimore, an old church which was for many years the nucleus and repository of Southern Methodism in that great metropolis. Then Dr. Tyler's appointment was Clifton Forge, Va., where he paid off a $50,000 debt, organized the young people into a junior league, and made his impact felt on the entire community.

Meanwhile he had been happily married to Miss Maud Saunders, then of Nashville, who survives him and who, throughout his various pastorates and his overseas service, was his life's companion. Theirs was a beautiful relationship reflected in a happy Christian home. Miss Maud Tyler, a daughter, blesses the home with her presence, and with her and Mrs. Tyler, Dr. Tyler spent happy hours in the midst of his energetic life.

The first World War broke out while he was at Clifton Forge, and he went into the Army as a Chaplain of the 82nd Division. As a Chaplain he had a distinguished career, serving at Abbeville, St. Michael, and was thirty days in the Argonne. Since his death, a letter has come in from one of the men who served with Chaplain Tyler during those dark days, who recalls, especially, a Communion service over which Dr. Tyler presided early one morning in the woods, just before the regiment made an attack.

As a Chaplain, Dr. Tyler became known far and wide through Army circles and was offered a distinguished position of leadership in the Chaplaincy when the war ended. He, however, chose to go back to his old Conference, and was appointed to Epworth Church, Washington, while still serving overseas with the Army. He was destined to lead Epworth during an interesting crucial period, and to build it into a church known over our whole connection. Fire destroyed the old edifice at Seventh and "A" Streets, N.E., Washington, D.C., and a new Epworth Church was built on Lincoln Park, Washington, D.C., under the leadership and personal direction of Dr. Tyler. The membership grew enormously, the people had a mind to work, and the energy of the pastor was infused into everyone. While the new Epworth Church was being built, Dr. Tyler had prayers each morning with the workmen as they began their day's labor of digging, or bricklaying, or carpentering, and he made these otherwise callous artisans feel that they had a mission to perform and were engaged in a holy work by the very way he led them daily in prayer.

After the Epworth experience, he went back to Clifton Forge for a time and then served as presiding elder over the Baltimore District. He was pastor during the sesquicentennial anniversary and gave excellent leadership to our branch of Methodism during that entire time. From Baltimore he went to Alexandria and then, following the reorganization of the Conference at Unification and his membership in the Virginia Conference, was assigned as District Superintendent to the Portsmouth-Newport News District. The members of our Conference who served under him in that district love to talk of his unique leadership and how he inspired them during that period. At the close of his term on the district, he was assigned to the old historic Washington Street Church in Petersburg, where he was destined to serve until his untimely death during these past days. Going to the cottage near Bluemont, which he had bought some years before for a summer haven for himself, his wife and his daughter, he was stricken with a heart attack and subsequently passed away in Winchester on September 21, 1948. He was laid to rest in the family plot in Winchester, next to his mother and father, whose funerals he and his ministerial brothers had conducted in unforgettable ceremonies years before.

At Petersburg, Epworth and Clifton Forge, and wherever he served, John Paul Tyler was a superb pastor. He liked people unaffectedly, and was unsparing in his efforts to serve and help them. He had an uncanny ability to sense what people liked, and what they needed in the way of little personal touches, and where he did not himself perform one of these, he prompted someone else to do so. He had the ability to find opportunities for great service where others of us passed by and saw them not. Time after time, we have heard him point out some needed duty, some splendid opportunity, which we, with our blinded eyes, had overlooked, and while we hesitate to engage in the task, oftimes he would go ahead and accomplish it.

He could see an able Sunday School teacher in an ordinary church member; a philanthropist in the ordinary steward; a successful minister in every young preacher who knocked at the door of the Conference, and he had the strange power to make these persons feel that they were all that he believed of them.

His thoughtful and sympathetic nature was usually manifested at Conference by his unfailing motion that the Conference should send telegrams to its superannuates, to its sick, to its distant missionaries, and to its absent chaplains. It was for the chaplains, especially during this last war, that he assumed a church-wide leadership which earned the grateful thanks of the bishops of our own Church and the leaders of other Christian groups. He was appointed by the Church upon the Commission on Chaplains and took his duty on this Commission as a great pleasure as well as a tremendous opportunity. He knew by name scores of chaplains, and knowing their needs he was in position to help them and to encourage them in all that they did.

These brief paragraphs are entirely inadequate to even delineate in a brief way the dynamic figure and inspiring life of this brother of ours who shall work with us here no more. Upon his dear wife and daughter we pray God's richest blessing and leave our brother's record and work to the God whom he loved and whom he served.

The official board of Epworth Church, whose members will remember Dr. Tyler as long as they live, met upon the news of his death and passed a series of resolutions

which they forwarded at once to Mrs. Tyler. I do not know any better way to close this record than to use the exultant words that the official board of Epworth used to close its tribute: "Thank God for John Paul Tyler."

by Nolan B. Harmon, Jr.

Joseph Herbert Bean. Born at Mill Hill near Millstone Landing of St. Mary's County, Md., March 4, 1871, son of Captain William Bennett Bean, commanding the Baltimore Light Artillery at the close of the War Between the States, and Willie Ariana Carper Bean.

He attended schools in Hinton, W. Va., Ashland, Va., and the Virginia Polytechnic-Institute at Blacksburg, Va. On November 17, 1897, he was married to Miss Emma Adeline (Addie) Peters in the Southern Methodist Church of Eagle Rock, Va. To this union came five daughters and three sons, all of whom with Mrs. Bean, survive.

After having engaged in business for several years he was ordained into the ministry of the Southern Methodist Church in 1902. His first pastorate was in Oriskany, Va., where he remained for four years; this was followed by appointments at Elliston, Va.; Belmont Church in Roanoke, Va.; Marlington, W.Va.; Berryville, Va.; Hinton, W.Va.; Covington, Va.; Harrisonburg, Va.; Vinton, Va.; Cumberland, Md.; Leesburg, Va.; Westernport, Md.; Stuarts Draft, Va.; Edinburg, Va. He served for forty-one years, being retired on the 20th of October, 1943. After retirement he continued to serve as a superannuate at Edinburg for one year. It was near the end of this year that he suffered a series of severe heart attacks, the first on September 23, 1944, which kept him confined to the hospital for five months. Numerous physicians have been unable to understand and explain his survival of these attacks--so severe was the heart damage.

During the summer of 1944, Mr. and Mrs. Bean bought a home of their own--"Meadow Manse"--in Berryville, Va., anticipating his retirement. His family feels it was Mr. Bean's interest in, and desire for, his own home that enabled him to recover sufficiently to live a fairly normal life in this home for another four years.

In 1923, Mr. Bean published his first volume of poems, "A Pilgrim Harp." Since that time, he has had numerous poems published in anthologies and periodicals. "Verse Venture" was published in 1940. In addition to these, at the time of his death, he had ready for publication another book of poems entitled, "Green Hills of Faith and Beauty." He was also preparing a book of prose, "One Preacher's Crazy Quilt."

For several months before he died on October 11, 1948, Mr. Bean was desperately ill. He was seventy-seven years, seven months and seven days of age. He is survived by Mrs. Bean and the following children: Mrs. Raymond W. Martin of Miami, Florida; William J. Bean of Charleston, W.Va.; J. Hunter Bean of Covington, Va.; Mrs. J. Pinckney Arthur of Winchester, Va.; Melton R. Bean, Berryville, Va.; Mrs. Randolph Tucker, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Otis Sargent, Winchester, Va.; and Mrs. Paul Tressel, Waynesboro, Va.

His beautiful devotion to his church, and his family was an inspiration to all those who knew him. His deep Christian convictions were reflected in his every act in his daily contacts with mankind. Few men have given their wives the loving devotion and protection Mr. Bean gave Mrs. Bean. For nearly fifty-one years their life together was joyfully harmonious.

As the soft breeze of autumn touched the leaves in the Shenandoah Valley bringing forth the richness and beauty of the summer's sun, so the Spirit of God touched with gentle fingers the earthly life of His servant, leaving to loved ones the influence of a life well spent and sweet memories of radiant hues to refresh and strengthen those who follow him into the saffron glow of life's setting sun.

"His children have arisen up, and called him blessed; his wife, also, and she praiseth him."

by J. A. Craig

Minutes for 1949. **Harry C. Febrey** completed his earthly task on November 5, 1948, and went home to be with God and to receive the reward God gives to his faithful servants. During the period of his itinerant ministry in the Baltimore Conference of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he served the church faithfully, giving the full measure of his powers of service as a minister of Jesus Christ. Harry Febrey was a man of sterling character and spotless life, and when the summons came he was ready, for his faith in Christ and loyalty to Him, above all others, had kept him ready through all the years.

He served Jarrettsville, Md., four years--1906-1909, and when the writer of this memoir was appointed to that charge in 1913, he found the names of Mr. and Mrs. Febrey to be household words, not only in the homes of those who were Methodists, but in the homes of those who were members of other denominations, and with some who had no church affiliation. Some of the older people of that community continue to talk about them after the passing of two score years. This is lasting testimony to the love that people had for Harry Febrey, and the esteem in which he was held.

The son of Henry W. and Margaret A. Febrey, Harry was born February 9, 1865. On October 9, 1895, he was married to Nettie Schaaf. He lived his childhood and youth in the atmosphere of a Christian home, professing faith in Christ as his personal Savior at an early age. The call to the ministry came shortly after his marriage. He and his wife were driving in a buggy to a place where he was to begin work in a position he had secured, when suddenly he brought the buggy to a stop in the road, and said: "Nettie, we're going back; I must enter the ministry." To the end of his earthly life, he was true to that call of God to his heart.

He received his education in the public schools of Virginia, and at Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va. He was admitted to the Baltimore Conference in 1899, and during his ministry in the itinerant ranks he served the following charges, in addition to Jarrettsville, Md.: Blue Sulphur and Piedmont, W.Va.; Buchanan, Basic and Marshall, Va. At the Annual Conference held in Alexandria, Va., March, 1916, he was granted location at his own request. In his later years, he took the superannuate relationship.

Everywhere he went he attracted attention by his own, candid countenance, his spirit of sincerity, his princely manner, and his earnest speech. When he prayed, all who heard him were conscious of the fact the he knew God through the power of prayer, as he prayed, "Heaven came down our souls to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat." And this was true of him not only during those years when he was in the pastorate, but in the following years when he was in the local ranks and in the superannuate relationship.

Surviving him are his wife, one sister, Mrs. Walters, and a great nephew, Henry Joynt, who was reared in the Febrey home. His funeral service was conducted by Dr. J. Calloway Robertson, Superintendent of the Alexandria District, assisted by the Rev. H.S. Southgate and the writer. His body was laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery, Falls Church, Va.

Though the familiar verse of one of our hymns has been frequently used in connection with the memoirs of many preachers and faithful laymen, its application to the life and ministry of Harry Febrey is so evident that we do not hesitate to quote it here:

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

by George G. Oliver

Homer Henkle Sherman graduated from Randolph-Macon College in 1892, and then became professor of French and Mathematics at Randolph-Macon Academy in Front Royal, Va., (1893-1897). Ordained as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1895, he served as pastor of Shenandoah, Luray, Baltimore, Trinity, Roanoke, Harrisonburg and Staunton in the Baltimore Conference during the subsequent years. He was field secretary of Randolph-Macon Academy from 1916-18; conference secretary of the Centenary Movement, 1918-20; Secretary of the Christian Educational Movement, 1920-23; member of the General Conference Board of Education of the M.E. Church, South, 1914-30; Associate Secretary of that General Board, 1923-28; General Secretary, 1928-30. He was president of the Baltimore Conference Board of Education for twenty years (1903-23) ; he was the Secretary of the Commission on Unification of the M.E. Church, South, 1922-26. He was a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, eight times and a member of the United Conference in Kansas City in 1939. In his own Conference he as executive secretary of the Board of Christian Education for nine years (1930-39), the director of the Virginia Conference ministerial training board (1939-43). Also he was a member of the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches (1932-34) and president-elect of Kentucky Wesleyan College in 1928 when he was elected General Secretary of the Board of Education. He was a trustee of Randolph-Macon College

from 1914 until the time of his death and was given its honorary degree as Doctor of Divinity in 1914. He was the secretary of the joint commission on Methodist Union, which finally brought out the plan that resulted in The Methodist Church.

These annals are brief but indicate something of the unusual and able career of this leader of our church who departed from us during this past year. But annals say nothing of the way in which we like to remember Dr. Sherman, as a friend, a brother, a pastor, and a Christian gentleman who gave every ounce of strength he possessed to doing what he believed to be his duty both to God and man.

He was born at Mt. Crawford, Va., in a house which is still standing there near the banks of the Shenandoah. His father and mother were John Wise and Nancy Henkle Sherman, people of sobriety and prestige in that community. Family prayers were a part of the home life and a Christian atmosphere was pervasively prevalent. During his early years, a local school teacher of more than usual ability taught the boys of the community including Homer Sherman, and several men of success in both the church and the state look back with thanks to the lessons of this able teacher. At an early age, Homer Sherman was converted, and though he had planned to teach, gave that plan up after a time and entered the ministry. The successful career has ben set down above.

He had an unusually logical mind coupled with deep strength of conviction. He would always see a thing through, once he had begun it. He was utterly fearless in maintaining his views, and no element of personal danger or of personal unpopularity ever influenced him in the least toward the doing of what he thought was right. Remarkable physical health and strength also were his and he could keep himself unflinchingly at tasks which would tire those associated with him. I have sat by his side in General Conference sessions hour after hour and marveled at the way he could keep up with every minute's proceedings, and at the same time look ahead into the printed material yet to be acted upon, and point out some flaw in the proposed legislation or called attention to some point which ought to be raised for the good of all. He was indefatigable in work and resourceful in debate.

As a preacher, he was strong and compelling. He always prepared carefully, and his logical and incisive reasoning was much in evidence as he explained Biblical truth. These same qualities marked his forensic efforts in Conference. Whenever he took the Conference floor to speak upon a subject, his words were followed with the deepest attention, and his vote was always influential among his brethren.

He married, first, Laura Catherine Bowman who died in 1904, leaving two daughters who now survive: Florence Lucille, now Mrs. William H. Sewell of Annapolis, and Elizabeth Bowman Sherman, M.D., of Front Royal, Va. Dr. Sherman was married to Mrs. Ellen Harper Holmes in 1907, a lady whose character and influence has been appreciated by all who have ever had the privilege of knowing her. Any one honored by admission to Dr. Sherman's family circle found there a rich, warm atmosphere of a Christian home of culture and refinement.

Perhaps the greatest contribution he made was in his lifelong devotion, to, and overall leadership in, the cause of Christian education. He took seriously John Wesley's injunction to "unite the two so long divided--knowledge and vital piety." In lifting the standards of the ministry, in calling the church to support its schools and colleges, in giving himself in a hundred ways to furthering Christian learning, he has left his impress upon Christian enlightenment in his home state and indeed over the whole South.

He died on December 3, 1948, of this past year, and was buried in Fort Royal, Va., in which lovely little city he had made his home for many years. Few men of our Conference deserve the appellation, "soldier of Christ," more definitely than Homer H. Sherman. He wrought well while he lived, and enjoys the heritage laid up for those who have turned many to righteousness.

by Nolan B. Harmon

William Roland Reed. A marvelous triumph it must be to meet Christ in Heaven on Sunday morning. This was the day He conquered death and gave to the world the assurance of a reality of Heaven.

William R. Reed was greeted by Him on Sunday morning, December 12, 1948, in Paradise. Truly, the Redeemer was able to say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of Thy Lord." He merited this in a high way, for his life had been

devoted to the doing of his Father's will. Precious in the sight of God was his death, only an exodus from this world to the Father's home.

He was born January 6, 1886, in King William County, Va., the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Reed. He received his education at Cownes private school in King William County, William and Mary College, the University of Virginia and Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va., where he received the B.D. degree.

For ten years before entering the ministry he was a High School Principal in Mecklenburg and Charlotte Counties. While thus engaged he met and married Miss Edith Willis of LaCrosse, Va., who survives him.

The Virginia Conference was enriched by his ministry for twenty-seven years. Thousands of people were blessed by this ministry. Without fear or favor he represented the Christ. He preached and lived Him to the world. This is a better world because of his ministry and multitudes remember his name with gratitude. He was beginning his fourth year of a most successful ministry at Luray, Va., when he was called upon to cross the bar and to meet his Pilot face to face.

The work of religious education in the Conference received the very best of his life. For years he was an officer of the Conference Board of Education. His word and life there meant much. He will truly be missed by the members of the Board and of the whole Conference. His ministry included appointments in Bowling Green, Irvington, Emporia, Stuart, Appomattox and Luray.

He was a member of the Masonic Order, Rotary, Sons of the American Revolution and of the Phi Gamma Mu honorary fraternity. He was a direct descendant of Patrick Henry.

No greater tribute could have been paid his memory than the attendance of over thirty ministers of Northern Virginia at the funeral service in the Luray Methodist Church on Monday, December 13, 1948. There they lifted their voices in holy song: "He Leadeth Me." Rev. F. B. Oglesby and Dr. Harry Canter officiated. Twelve ministers accompanied the body to LaCrosse, where Bishop W. W. Peele, Rev. F. B. Oglesby and the writer officiated.

His body sleeps in LaCrosse. His grave will be warmed by the summer sun and covered by the winter snow, but William R. Reed conquered death and lives with the Redeemer, where throughout the eternity he will preach and live the glories of Christ, the Son of God. The sun did not go down for him on December 12 at Luray. The night did not fall at LaCrosse. He greeted the dawn, not the setting sun. There will be no night for William Roland Reed.

by C. C. Bell

James Wood Bouldin. The Record of the Hampden-Sidney Alumni Association has this to say of the Rev. James Wood Bouldin: "Members of the Bouldin Family have been prominent in Southside Virginia for many years as lawyers and soldiers. The Alumni Catalogue of Hampden-Sidney College lists as follows: Thomas R. Bouldin, Class of 1814, Lawyer, member of U. S. House of Representatives, Judge of the General Court; Hon. Wood Bouldin, Class of 1841, Lawyer, member of the Secession Convention, Court of Appeals of Virginia; R. C. Bouldin, Class of 1851, Lawyer, Judge, D.S.A.; Berry W. Bouldin, Class of 1865, killed at Hatcher's Run; Robert V. Bouldin, Lawyer, Class of 1880, died in California. To this group belonged Rev. James Wood Bouldin, Class of 1898, but he was of the Church Militant, a soldier of the cross, a consecrated minister of the Methodist Church."

Rev. James Wood Bouldin was born in Danville, Va., his parents were Hon. Edwin Edmunds Bouldin and Lucy E. Bouldin; he was educated at Eastman Business College, Hampden-Sydney College and at the Louisville Seminary. For a time during the Boxer Rebellion, he was a missionary to China. For nearly fifty years he served as pastor in the Virginia Conference in a most acceptable way. The end of this life of usefulness cam eon March 2, 1949, at the parsonage of the Prince Edward Charge, Abilene, Va., where Mr. Bouldin had been appointed at the last Annual Conference. The body was laid to rest in the Bouldin plot in Greenhill Cemetery in Danville, Va., the spirit as returned to God who gave it.

Mr. Bouldin is survived by his widow, before her marriage, Miss Jane Howard; by two daughters, Mrs. James R. Fain of Winston-Salem, N.C., and Mrs. James A. Leitch of Charlottesville, Va.; by three sons, Edwin Edmunds, James W., Jr., and Allen Howard.

Our friend was one who went about doing good. On his pastoral visits a service of scripture reading and prayer was conducted, the conversation had a spiritual turn, and when he left, there was a feeling that a man of God had passed by. His sermons were edifying and scriptural. He practiced in daily life what he preached in the pulpit. He let his light shine before men, and the world is much better because of his life and example.

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

by Starke Jett, Jr.

German Horton Hunt Tyler was the eighth child of Rev. and Mrs. George T. Tyler, born on April 9, 1889. Seven of these children were sons and one a daughter. Five of the boys became ministers, but because of a physical affliction from childhood, German did not get the college and seminary training his four brothers did. He was licensed to preach in 1910. He greatly assisted his father in his declining years and served as a supply for a number of years before he was received on trial into the old Baltimore Conference in 1921. During his period of supply and in the membership of the conference, he served the following charges: Brucetown, Toms Brook, Shannondale, Wardensville, Pagew and Stanley.

But after six years in the regular ministry, his physical handicap caused him to ask for superannuation, which relation he held to the conference until the time of his death on March 12, 1949. On November 21, 1927, he was married to Miss Sally Cave of the Stanley neighborhood, who survives him. After his superannuation he bought a very comfortable house in Stanley and accepted the local agency of a Home Supply House.

Brother Tyler was a good preacher. He loved to preach and sing and pray. As he went from house to house in his agency, he prayed in many homes where the voice of prayer was seldom heard. He lived his religion. He died on March 12, 1949, at the Charlottesville hospital after a week's illness of the affliction he had suffered from all his life. His funeral, attended by many of his ministerial brethren, was held in the Stanley Church, conducted by his pastor, Rev. William De Ruiter, assisted by Rev. F. B. Oglesby, D.S., and W. J. Whitesell. His four living brothers were pall bearers. He was buried in the lot he had selected in the well-kept cemetery at Graves Chapel. Of him it can be said as he loved to say over the grave of one whose funeral he conducted, when he felt the character justified it: "Servant of God, well done. Rest from thy loved employ."

by W. J. Whitesell

Walter Smith was born in Meanwood, near Leeds, England, November 22, 1878. He was the son of Charles and Ami Smith. He was reared in a Christian home and showed interest in religion early in life. At the age of seventeen he began to preach as a local preacher. His brother George, preceded him to America and settled in Michigan. In 1914 Walter came to this country to join his brother and received an appointment in the Detroit Conference. His wife and children joined him in Michigan in 1918.

Because of the health of one of his children, he left the Detroit Conference and moved to Newport News, Va., where he was employed in the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.

Brother Smith preached in a tent in Hilton Village under the direction of the Rev. G. T. Forrester, then pastor of Chestnut Avenue Church, Newport News. The Ship Yard donated four lots on which to build a church. Brother Smith dug the basement of what was to be Hilton Village Methodist Church, and organized this church.

Walter Smith united with the Virginia Conference in 1922. After serving Hilton Village, he was appointed to Elm Avenue, Portsmouth, where he served four successful years. In October, 1925, Bishop W. A. Candler needed a man in the Baltimore Conference and asked Brother Smith to transfer. He served in Roanoke County, Fauquier County, Stafford, Waldorf, Hillsboro, Stephens City and Boyce. When Unification took place in 1939, he again became a member of the Virginia Conference.

At the session of the Conference held in Lynchburg, in 1946, Brother Smith retired because of his health. He and his wife moved to Stafford Court House to live with his daughter, Mrs. S. K. Young.

His health permitted him to serve in a limited manner. He assisted his pastor with the Communion and preached whenever possible. The week before his last illness he was

preaching in Revival Services in Stafford County, assisting Brother W. H. Gray. In April he was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage and was taken to the Mary Washington Hospital in Fredericksburg, Va. He lived a little longer than a week and went home to be with God on April 18, 1949. His funeral was conducted in Oak Hill Cemetery, Fredericksburg. The service was conducted by his District Superintendent, Rev. J. Calloway Robertson, D.D., assisted by the Brothers Hugh Burleigh and W. H. Gray.

Brother Smith loved to sing and frequently led the singing in the churches he served. He also would sing a hymn as a part of his devotions each evening before retiring. His last solo, "Living for Jesus," was used in the funeral service.

He is survived by his beloved wife, his companion through the years; two sons, and two daughters--William A. Smith of Seattle, Washington; Sergeant Walter M. Smith, Fort Belvoir, Va.; Mrs. J. R. Sandridge, Vinton, Va.; and Mrs. S. K. Young, Stafford, Va.; and ten grandchildren.

Walter Smith was a true servant of God. While in England he was a Local Preacher, engaged in the making of shoes to furnish a livelihood and preaching without pay. He was a warm-hearted soul with a passionate desire to help others, and to bring people closer to God. He preached, gave of himself and traveled in the interest of others when he was physically unable to do so. Even at the time of his death he was talking about supplying a church for the next year.

He was a preacher of power and people were converted under his ministry. After his death his wife gave some of his sermons to an Army Chaplain, who was amazed when upon the reading of them to his soldiers, several men were converted.

Walter Smith never forgot a friend, but was quick to erase an unkind act. He lived close to his God and tried to led others to do the same. His life will live on in the lives of others whom he touched, as he lives on with God. **by J. Aubrey Hughes**

Thomas E. Johnson. A fearless prophet was Thomas E. Johnson. He gave to the Virginia Conference fifty-three years of an apostolic ministry. With the spirit of a John the Baptist and, yet, with the love of a Saint John he preached with power against sin and offered to the world forgiveness and salvation through Jesus Christ. He was truly a preacher of the Word. No one could ever say that Thomas E. Johnson compromised the Gospel. All join in one accord that he was a preacher upon whom God could depend. He fought evil with the power of the Holy Spirit and over this long ministry multitudes heard him to the edification of their souls.

Thomas E. Johnson was born in Portsmouth, Va., June 30, 1871. His parents were John Johnson and Sara Johnson. He joined the Virginia Conference at Charlottesville, Va., November, 1894. Miss Ida Small of Richmond, Va., became his bride on January 2, 1895. God blessed them with a happy family. His widow, Mrs. Ida Johnson of Richmond, Va.; two sons, Walter B. Johnson, St. Petersburg, Florida; Leland S. Johnson, Miles Store, Va., and a sister, Mrs. Henry Neville of Portsmouth, Va., survive him. Another son, the Rev. Thomas E. Johnson, Jr., a Chaplain in the United States Navy, died in the service, August 1943.

This happy family walked together in the service of the Master. He served Port Royal, Middle Bedford, Goochland, Henrico, Fox Hill, Scottsville, Burkeville, Temperanceville, Colonial Beach, Boykins, St. Paul, Richmond, Byrd Park, Richmond, Virginia Beach, West Brunswick, South Brunswick, West Mathews, Pamplin, Appomattox and Gladys. What a ministry! Think of the thousands over fifty-three years in so many churches who were blessed by the Gospel he preached and the life he led. Today many, many saints are in heaven because of Thomas E. Johnson. They greeted him with a welcome of which this world knows nothing. Now he is beyond death and even old age cannot falter his step as he moves with the celestial band throughout the boundless reaches of eternity.

Quietly and in peace he met his Lord as he crossed the river of death on June 1, 1949. His body was laid to rest in the church cemetery at Short Pump, Va. He had lived with the dear people there since his retirement and he chose to rest his body among them in the sleep of death. The funeral service was conducted by his pastor, the Rev. Harry Eaton, assisted by Dr. J. A. Engle.

Thomas E. Johnson lived and died in the faith of Christ's love and care.

I have not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;

Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies,
And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

by C. C. Bell

Emory Wilson Somerville. In face, in speech and in deed Emory Wilson Somerville gave evidence that God was in his heart. His life was not an easy one but the presence of God within brought him ready triumph over every difficulty. In truth, it can be said of him:

He sang of joy; whate'er he knew of sadness
He kept for his own heart's peculiar share;
So well he sang, the world imagined gladness
To be the sole tenant there.

Brother Somerville was born December 13, 1862, at Everett (Bedford County), Penn., the son of Abner and Lucinda Somerville. Shortly before his birth, his father joined the army. Soon after this enlistment he was captured, imprisoned, and later died as a prisoner of war. Though Brother Somerville never saw his father, though the trying Reconstruction years reached him and his, these and other experiences but turned his thoughts toward God and accented the cheerfulness of his spirit. There grew in him the consciousness that

God watches, and thou wilt have seen
When clouds their perfect work have done.

At the age of eighteen, in Flintstone, Md., he gave his heart to God and God filled him with a new joy. At once he became an active Christian. He sought every means available to serve and be useful. He was active in camp meetings, taught in and superintended Sunday School, led prayer services, entered heartily into evangelistic work. God led him into preaching and later into the travelling ministry.

During his pastorate in the Virginia Conference he served successfully at Allen, Md.; Gum Springs, Va., Brightwood, Moneta, Crittenden, Isle of Wight (the last for seven years, where his health gave way). He was licensed to preach in 1905; he retired in 1933. However, he did not cease doing what he could. Though his heart was impaired and his deafness such that he could not hear the preacher, he faithfully attended church. His devoted wife would sit with him, write down notes on the sermons and later at home discuss the message of the day.

He was happily married to Miss Cora Jane Kight. Five children came to bless their home. Francis Osborn, Morris Austin, William Byron, Sibyl and Edgar Earl. Francis resides in Berlin, Md.; Morris at Sparrows Point, Md.; and William, a Technical Sergeant, at Ft. Macon, California. Mrs. Somerville resides in part in Berlin, Md.

Stricken with his last illness, Brother Somerville spent Sunday with his wife ministering kindly to his needs, her presence a blessing and comfort. On Saturday, June 4, 1949, God called him home. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. E. Mitchell and Masonic rites were led by members of Mt. Carbon Lodge of Piedmont, W.Va., He had been an active Mason, having attained the 32nd degree in Masonry in Roanoke, Va. He was interred at Westernport, Md., where his son, Edgar, and daughter, Sibyl, had been buried. A brother, Henry Somerville, of Rock Falls, Illinois, still survives.

Brother Somerville's favorite text was: "Prove me now herewith if I will not pour you out a blessing." Always he "put a cheerful courage on" because he was conscious of many and great blessings. Always he was friendly, warm-hearted, jovial, but unfailingly religious. His life was a life of devotion to his family, his church, his Lord.

by E. E. Henley

Wilfred Lawson was born October 6, 1880, In Gisburn Parish, Sawley Township, Yorkshire County, England, and died June 16, 1949, in Lewis-Gale Hospital, Roanoke, Va. Funeral services were conducted in the Methodist Church in New Castle, Va., June 19, 1949, and burial was in West View Cemetery at New Castle.

Brother Lawson was licensed as a local preacher in the Wesleyan Church in England and came to the United States in 1907. In England he taught in Sunday Schools and was Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Under his influence young men went to the various mission

fields, two in Africa, two in India, three in Australia, one in South America and two in Canada.

Brother Lawson's fellowmen knew him as a Christian gentleman. His conversion and his call to preach the gospel were definite and vital experiences. His preparation for the ministry began with his studies in preparation for local preacher's license. He continued his theological education at Cliff College, England, and throughout his life he continued his interest in all the things that make for a useful and well-rounded Christian life.

After coming to America, Brother Lawson joined the Baltimore Conference of the M.E. Church, South, and served for 40 years in the following charges: Frankfort, Springfield, Caponbridge, Durbin and Hillsboro in W.Va.; White Post, Brucetown, New Castle, Fairview, Roanoke, Bethany, Calaghan and Rockbridge in Virginia; and then retired in 1947.

Brother Lawson was married in 1910 to Miss Lavonia M. Graybeal who, with three sons--Philip S., Eric W., and Olin G.--survive him.

The writer of this memoir and Brother Lawson were friends for many years. We did not always see things from the same point of view; but that did not mar our friendship. He was well versed in things Methodistic, and grounded in a religious experience that knew no deviation from what he believed Christ taught.

A good man has gone from us, and he had no fear in death. **by J. B. Hupman**

Edward Amiss Roades, son of Edward Almond and Arbelia Amiss Roades, was born in Amissville, Va. (Rappahannock County), November 2, 1863.

December 12, 1891, he was married to Sallie J. Anderson, daughter of Milton Bates and Fannie M. Anderson. To this union three children were born--Edward Anderson Roades, Jr., Milton P. Roades and Mildred Arbelia Roades, deceased.

Brother Roades received his training for the ministry from the following institutions: the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va.; Eastern College, Manassas, Va.; and Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia.

Following graduation from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, he opened a private school at Amissville, Va., which he conducted for a number of years. From 1902-1907 he was Commandant of the Meridian College, Meridian, Mississippi. From 1907-1909 he was professor of Military Science in the Bingham School, Mebane, N.C.

His call to the ministry was so clear and unmistakable, he was unhappy as an educator, resulting in his being admitted into the old Baltimore Conference of the former M. E. Church, South, at its Annual Conference, March 3, 1909. His appointments subsequently were as follows: Remington, Manassas, Stuart's Draft and Christiansburg in Va., and Charles Town and Alderson in West Virginia. The poor health of his wife forced him to retire from the active ministry, September, 1932. June 23, 1949, the summons came to him to join the company of the faithful on the other side.

Brother Roades did not serve the large appointments of his Conference, but those he served were enriched by his preaching and sterling character. Whether with the high or the low, the educated or the unlearned, he possessed those rare qualities of life, which drew them to him like a magnet attracts steel. He was especially a man's man--and wherever he was sent, it was not long before he gathered the men of the Church about him in some constructive enterprise. This writer knew him rather intimately for a number of years, and he is unable to recall any occasion on which Brother Roades ever spoke an unkind word about any person. He thought evil of no man

He was buried from the John M. Oakey and Son Funeral Parlor, Salem, Va. The Rev. E.N. Tarpley conducted the service, and he was buried in the Sherwood Burial Park, Salem, Va. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." **by T. M. Swann**

Edwin Lyell Bain was born October 29, 1869, at Lancaster Court House, Va., and was the son of Rev. William F. and Lucie E. Bain who were distinguished for their exemplary and godly lives. He was the grandson of the Rev. George A. Bain who was also a member of the Virginia Conference.

Rev. William F. Bain was wonderfully gifted in prayer, with eloquent voice and fervent spirit he seemed to besiege the throne of grace until

Heaven came down our souls to greet
While glory crowned the mercy seat.

The Bishops all knew of his radiant personality and superlative gift of prayer, so they would ask him to sit in the pulpit and lead in prayer before the appointments were announced. In his earnest supplication he not infrequently carried the Conference to the very precincts of heaven where all were baptized with Divine power and glory.

Dr. E. L. Bain inherited his father's spiritual nature and manifested many of the same gifts in his useful and successful ministry. At the first session of the Richmond District Conference over which I presided he delivered an impromptu address, which was punctuated with applause and which thrilled and inspired all who were present.

Dr. Bain received his early education in the different schools where his father happened to be located. When he was prepared for college, he was sent to Emory and Henry College from which he was graduated with the degrees of A.B. and A.M. In 1913 Emory and Henry conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Before entering the Western North Carolina Conference he was united in marriage to Miss Enola Hackler, the daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. J. W. Hackler of Independence, Grayson County, Va. She was a woman of charming personality and liberal culture and was not only a devoted wife and mother but a wise and faithful counsellor in all her husband's work. This delightful companionship was interrupted by her death in 1929. Their union was blessed with four children--James W. Bain, who is on the staff of The World-Telegram in New York City; Esther Lyell, now Mrs. James F. White of Mebane, N.C.; Mary R., now Mrs. T. Whitfield Harrison of Richmond, Va.; and Edwin Lyell Bain, a lawyer in Warrenton, Va.

At the time of his graduation, Dr. Bain received flattering offers to enter the editorial field as well as the teaching and legal professions, but he declined them all as he had a profound conviction that he should preach the gospel. After consulting with his father, he decided to join the Western North Carolina Conference, as the need for young ministers in that Conference was generally recognized.

In the twenty-seven years of membership in that conference he served the following charges: Haywood, Asheville, Franklin, Main Street, Gastonia; Trinity and Tryon Street, Charlotte; Centenary, Winston-Salem; Statesville District; and West Market Street, Greensboro. He was president of the Conference Board of Education for eight years and chairman of the committee on the budget. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of The Children's Home of Winston-Salem, the Board of Trustees of the Greensboro College for Women, and also of the Davenport College.

Dr. Bain was endowed with the ability to solve difficult problems and to meet peculiar situations without friction or trouble. Bishop Hendrix was aware of this and arranged for his transfer with his consent to the Virginia Conference where he was assigned to Cumberland Street Church, Norfolk, Va., the mother of Norfolk Methodism. The membership and constituency of that church had moved in large numbers to other sections of the city and their place had been taken by people of other creeds and nationalities. He soon realized that a change in the location of the church was a necessity. So with unanimity of sentiment the old church, a handsome stone structure, was sold and the organization moved to a new and growing section of the City of Norfolk. The name of the church was changed to the First Methodist Church which is today a strong and flourishing congregation.

In the Virginia as well as in the Western North Carolina Conference Dr. Bain received some of the most important appointments. In regular succession he was appointed to Court Street, Lynchburg; Monument, Richmond; Danville District; Broad Street, Portsmouth; and last but not least, to the town of Orange from which in the course of time he applied for and received the supernumerary relation. Though he lived for a number of years after his retirement, he never asked for the superannuated relation as he did not need the pecuniary aid which he would have received from that source.

As a preacher, Dr. Bain was logical and forceful. There were times when he reached superb heights of eloquence in describing the love and mercy of God. As a pastor he was diligent, systematic and faithful. His heart was large enough to embrace all classes and conditions of mankind. With Henry Nehemiah Dodge, the poet of the Universalist Church, he could say:

What man so ere I chance to see

Amazing thought is kin to me
And if a man, my brother.

A ministry of service extending to every phase and sphere of life was his all-absorbing purpose and desire. He could say with Maude Louise Ray:

To love someone more dearly every day
To help a wandering child to find his way
To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray
And smile when evening falls
This is my task.

Dr. Bain was a delegate from the Western North Carolina Conference to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, which convened in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1918. It was there that I had the pleasure of meeting him; and, after he transferred to the Virginia Conference in 1920, our acquaintance ripened into friendship which was a beautiful bond between us as long as he lived. To possess his friendship was to possess his heart with all that it signified. His friendship revealed the same fidelity that Damon had for Pythias and the same devotion that Jonathan had for David. Such friendship is exceedingly rare and when found is simply invaluable. Shakespeare, with this type of friendship in mind, declares:

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Reared in a Christian home and in an atmosphere of Methodist culture, he was thoroughly familiar with the doctrinal standards of our church and believed with all his heart in the doctrine of progressive salvation. In the beautiful and inspiring words of Holmes he could exclaim:

Build thee more stately mansion, O my soul,
As the swift season roll!
Leave thy low-valued past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Til thou at length are free
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Dr. Bain spent the last years of his life in the homes of his daughters, Mrs. James F. White of Mebane, N.C., and Mrs. T. Whitfield Harrison of Richmond, Va. It was in the home of the former on the evening of July 1, 1949, at 10:20 that he breathed his last in peaceful serenity and in the hope of a blissful immortality. So fades a summer's cloud away

So sinks the gale when storms are o'er.
So gentle shuts the eye of day
So dies a wave along the shore.

His body was brought to Richmond and interred in Riverview Cemetery by the side of his beloved wife. His burial service was conducted by Drs. Walter C. Gum and Daniel T. Merritt of Richmond, Va., in the presence of a number of sympathizing friends who assembled to show their love and appreciation of a loyal friend and a noble man.

by George E. Booker

Cameron Eugene Pleasants was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., February 22, 1876. When he was a small boy he moved to Richmond, Va., with his parents, and at the age of twelve joined Pace Memorial Methodist Church. For five years he was employed with a law firm in Richmond, but law was not to be his life's work, for there came to him a still small voice, calling him to become a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, his Lord. His real first public service of religious work was that of becoming assistant secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, Va. Soon thereafter he was transferred to Petersburg, Va., where he became the general secretary of the Petersburg Young Men's Christian Association.

Mr. Pleasants received his education at the University of Richmond, Randolph-Macon, and with graduate work at Vanderbilt University.

In the year 1900 he joined the Virginia Methodist Conference, and spent forty-one years of active service. His first charge was Mt. Vernon Circuit, Norfolk County. He was pastor of Hinton Avenue, Charlottesville, Va., for four years, where he built a new

church. He served First Church, Culpeper, three years; Oxford, Suffolk, Va., four years; Oaklett, two years; Hilton Village, four years; and Bassett, three years, where he built the present church and educational building.

Mr. Pleasants' most outstanding work in our Conference was, perhaps, that of being the Financial Secretary of the Children's Home Society of Virginia, where he was appointed by the Bishop for fourteen years. During that time he provided homes for hundreds of children and raised more than three-quarters of a million dollars.

On February 24, 1904, Mr. Pleasants was married to Miss Daisy Eileen Harrell of Norfolk County, Va., a very attractive and cultured woman, who lived only three years after their marriage.

On November 3, 1909, Mr. Pleasants was again married. This time he married the accomplished and charming daughter of Dr. J. T. Whitely, Miss Annie Whitley, who survives him, with a daughter, Mrs. Dorothea Pleasants Heltzel.

During the Conference of 1941, Mr. Pleasants requested the Superannuated Relation and thereafter he and Mrs. Pleasants made their home in Coral Gables, Florida.

While in Florida, the first year he taught the Wesley Fellowship Bible Class of the Coral Gables Methodist Church, and then Bishop Arthur Moore sent him to Seller's Memorial Church, Miami, where he served two years as supply pastor. Thereafter, so long as his strength would permit, he was in demand in supplying the pulpits of various pastors in the Miami area.

For two years, Mr. Pleasants was afflicted with rheumatoid arthritis. In February, 1949, a serious heart condition developed. On July 14, 1949, at 4:00 a.m., his gentle spirit took flight to be with the Lord whom he had so faithfully served.

A short time before his passing he had written his testimony in a poem entitled, "Triumphant," which is as follows:

There will be no dark when the day is done.
The light that has lighted my way,
Will continue to shine when the Crown is won,
With no fade of a single ray.

The lights of this life are fading,
The stars in the distance grow dim,
His promise my soul is still aiding
My all I have given to Him.

The promise of God is still glorious,,
His word will the ages withstand,
The life lived with God is victorious,
I know that He holdest my hand.

The funeral services were held July 16, 1949, and were conducted by Dr. H. W. Blackburn, District Superintendent of the Miami District, Dr. J. H. Daniel, pastor of the Coral Gables First Methodist Church, and Dr. L. G. Sturdivant, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Miami, Florida. His body was laid to rest in the peaceful dignity of the Mausoleum in Graceland Memorial Park, Miami, Florida.

I am quoting from a letter from his beloved companion, after I had written to her my message of condolence: "Every night we sat on the side of his bed (could not kneel on account of arthritis) with our hands clasped, and he poured out his heart to our heavenly Father. He thanked God for about everything, and for our lovely neighbors and friends; for the amount of health granted us, for the Virginia Conference where we had spent our lives in labor for God. He asked God's blessings on the Bishop and his cabinet, and all the work of the Conference which meant so much to us. Always ended with a very special prayer for his beloved companion. He told God so many things about me that I was almost embarrassed by my unworthiness. In the latter weeks he added, 'Father, if you must lay a cross on her, please get under it with her, and do not make it heavier than she can bear. Give her strength, faith, courage and wisdom and may she come under thy wings to trust. God, thou knowest thy servant would be lost and undone without her."

Mr. Pleasants was one of the best friends I have ever known. I loved him devotedly. My visits to his beautiful, attractive home in Coral Gables were always a source

of pleasure and delight. I think that he was the most hospitable person I have ever known.

During January of this year, Mrs. Murphy and I were to see him and Mrs. Pleasants several times. He was always so happy to see us, and tried every way to make our visits delightful and pleasant. His hobby was collecting shells from various sections of the country. He has a small museum of them which are attractively arranged in a cabinet, which are worth several hundred dollars.

Every one loved Cameron Pleasants. He loved every one himself, and especially little children. His capable service for fourteen years in looking after and caring for unfortunate children proved his love for those whom Jesus loved so well himself.

"Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

by W. L. Murphy

Ernest William Aaron. The gift of memory is one of the supreme gifts vouchsafed to us by our gracious God. Through it those who are precious to us are ours forever, even after they have passed through the mystic vale of physical death. They abide with us through memory day by day, comforting, guiding and inspiring us. Happy is the memory of our dear friend and brother minister, Ernest William Aaron, who honored and enriched us with his friendship.

He was born in Roanoke, Va., on November 24, 1890, and finished his earthly work on July 18, 1949, in Richmond, Va. He received his educational training in the public schools of Roanoke, Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va., and at Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va. He joined the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1914.

When unification of Methodism was consummated he became a member of the Virginia Conference. He served the following charges: Shenandoah Junction and Ridgely, W.Va.; Poolesville, Md.; Alderson, W.Va.; Blacksburg, Fredericksburg; Washington Street, Alexandria; Lexington; Park View, Portsmouth; First Church, Norfolk; Franklin; Pace Memorial, Richmond.

On June 25, 1918, in Charles Town, W.Va., he was married to Myra Adele O'Bryan of Charles Town, who survives him with their daughters, Myra Ernestine, now of Santa Ana, California, and Dorothy Jane of Portsmouth, Va.

His ministry was highly successful and the work prospered in his hands wherever he went. He was an excellent preacher, an able administrator and a beloved pastor. The two outstanding features of his ministry were: His love for the youth of his flock. He especially enjoyed the three college town churches where they were filled with young people--Blacksburg, Fredericksburg and Lexington. Because he loved them and because he was winsome they naturally loved him. Human personality is the most contagious thing in the world, and when this personality entered into the life of the youth he was perpetuated into the generations to come. And second, he was a constructive genius, not only building and developing the human organization of his churches, but he had a penchant for building the houses in which he labored and worshipped. On his first charge, Shenandoah Junction, he built a church; at Ridgely he built another one; at Alderson still another; and at Park View he completed the education building begun by a preceding pastor.

The achievements of his ministry are important and worthy of enumeration, but they fade into second place as memory brings to us the quality of his person. He was sweet and lovely within, a joy to his loved ones and friends, an honor to the ministry of his church, and a good soldier of Jesus Christ. And as we think about him the words of the Apostle Paul crowd into our mind.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."(II Timothy 4:7-8) **by John C. Copenhaver**

Duncan Wheeler Jackson. One of the sacred duties at this session of the Virginia Annual Conference is to inscribe upon the roll of our honored dead the name of Duncan Wheeler Jackson, who was born in Rockingham, Richmond County, N.C., on May 23, 1873, the son of Joseph and Nancy Jackson.

On the evening of August 19, 1949, the subject of this memoir left us for his eternal home in the triumph of an all-conquering faith. He had labored for twenty-seven years as an itinerant preacher in the Virginia Conference and those years of his life and ministry were after the manner of the fathers of our Methodist faith. Brother Jackson has gone to his heavenly home but his works and influence still live, and some day, when the shadows have fled away and when death no longer holds sway over the lives of mortal men, we shall see our brother again, and with him, in the presence of his Savior, a multitude who in the glory of God's eternal day will bear testimony to the fact that the ministry of Duncan W. Jackson had upon it the seal of God's approval.

His was a long and trying illness which shattered his nervous system, making it necessary for him to retire from the active ministry when his desire was strong and his enthusiasm unabated in the service of his Lord. He would have gone on but another voice said, "No," and in humility and with patience he gave obedience to that voice, but during these years since 1937, the year of his retirement, he continued to preach the everlasting gospel of the saving Christ through the spirit of his consecrated life. As visitors to the home came and went they were always impressed with the fact that here is indeed a man of God, one who knows god, one who yields obedience to His will, and one who could say with Paul under any circumstances:

> Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The real manhood and the sterling qualities of his Christian character were revealed in the midst of his suffering, for in his last years of forced inactivity, and at times too feeble to walk alone, there was a smile on his countenance which seemed to say:

> I have a faith that will not shrink,
> Tho' pressed by every foe,
> That will not tremble on the brink,
> Of any earthly woe.

Yes, "Jackie," as he was affectionately called by his wife whose loving care added joy and comfort to his days, in the last years of his life, possessed a trembling physical body but in his soul there was a faith that trembled never. He was ever mindful of the world in which he lived, but he knew full well that he was not of it. With the eye of faith he had seen that "city, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." There are four words we must always think of when we think of Duncan W. Jackson. They are: sincerity, humility, faithfulness and faith.

The writer of this memoir during the six years he was superintendent of the Rappahannock District made many visits and spent a number of nights in the Jackson home, always leaving in the consciousness of the fact that he had been in fellowship with those in whose home there was the presence of the unseen Guest--Jesus Christ their Savior and friend. In one of the first visits to the home, Brother Jackson said to the writer, "Brother Oliver, never compromise the Gospel--it pays in the long run not to do that." My association and fellowship with him over this period of six years strengthened my determination never to compromise that Gospel which was to him "the power of God unto Salvation to everyone that believeth."

He united with the Virginia Conference in 1910, serving the following appointments during his active ministry: Charles City, Goochland, Epworth, Richmond, York Circuit, West Mathews, North Mathews, Gloucester Point, Gordonsville, Monroe, Cambridge, Md.; Melfa, Va.; and Fishing Creek, Md. He was twice married--first to Miss Marie B. Gillison. Five children of this marriage survive him. They are: Robert Jackson, Mrs. W. H. Satterwhite, Mrs. Perkins Gary, Mrs. Nora Brown, all of Richmond, Va., and Mrs. K. T. Smith of York County. In addition to his children, he is survived by his second wife, the former Miss Clemma Lewis of Mathews County, to whom he was married April 6, 1928, and two sisters, Mrs. Diza Zimmer and Mrs. Annie Robinson, of Richmond; three half-brothers: Percy Jackson, Ellerson, Va.; Joseph Jackson, Afton, Va.; and George Jackson, Markersburg, Penn.

His funeral was conducted at Mathews Chapel by the Rev. John F. Owens,

superintendent of the Rappahannock District, assisted by Rev. Boyd E. Hudson, and the Rev. O. L. Gochenour, and his body was laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

by George G. Oliver

Minutes for 1950. **George Hansford Spooner.** Charlottesville, like Mount Zion, as described by the Psalmist, is beautiful for situation. Located among the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, with their lovely and enchanting scenery, it is one of the most beautiful cities in the Old Dominion. Nor far distant is Monticello, the stately home of Thomas Jefferson, and within the city limits is the University of Virginia, both the products of Mr. Jefferson's brilliant and versatile genius. In this environment, fraught with historic interest and association, George Hansford Spooner was born February 12, 1864. Born and reared in this atmosphere, it was natural that he should cherish lofty aspirations and exalted ideals which were subsequently reflected in his life and character. He was the son of Gustavious Wallace and Dorothea Durrette Spooner, who threw around him the safe-guards and inspiration of a Christian home.

His education began at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute where he took a special course in Engineering, looking to that as his profession. Upon his return home, however, his views upon that subject underwent a decided change, and he had a profound conviction that he should preach the gospel. He advised with his uncle, the Reverend Jacob Manning, a veritable saint of blessed memory, who confirmed the conviction that it was his duty to preach. In order that he might be prepared for this important work, he attended the University of Virginia, and shaped his course with reference to this sacred calling. Upon completion of his work at the University, he was licensed to preach, and in 1891 he joined the Virginia Conference and was assigned to the Rappahannock Circuit. At the expiration of his term there he served the following appointments in regular succession: Amherst, Princess Anne, Lambert's Point, Trinity and Broad Street, Richmond, Monumental, Portsmouth, Market Street, now Trinity, Petersburg, Mount Vernon, Danville, Farmville, Bedford, Franklin and Chester. While he was at Chester, ill health forced him to retire from the active ministry. With his wife and daughter, Prudence, he made his home for one year with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Garber, in Harrison, Va. While there, plans were completed for him to reside in Bedford, Va., where he was asked to live by many members of the Methodist Church.

In 1893, he married Miss Prudence E. Allen, of Culpeper, Va., a woman of winsome personality and many admirable qualities. Her gracious, cordial spirit won her a host of friends. Their union was blessed with four children: Morris Allan, Area Supervisor with the U.S. Army, with headquarters at Jacksonville, Florida; George Hansford, Jr., Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, with offices at Wilmington, N.C.; Prudence Hains, now head of the English Department and Librarian in Reedville High School, and Dorothy, now Mrs. Harry E. Garber, Dean of Freshmen at Madison College, Harrisonburg, Va.

Randolph-Macon College conferred on George H. Spooner the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, a distinction to which he was eminently entitled.

As a preacher, Dr, Spooner was forceful, dramatic and eloquent. I remember very distinctly the first time I ever heard him preach. As I listened to him there was something about his voice and manner, in fact his entire personality, which made me think of the illustrious orators whom I had heard, one of whom I had read. His oratorical powers were universally recognized and admired. He was frequently asked to speak at High School and College commencements. His abilities and gifts were very pronounced, but he had no vestige of egotism or self conceit.

As a pastor, he carried the master key which unlocked every human heart. He was an engaging conversationalist and his parishioners looked forward to his pastoral visits that might hear him relate the experiences and incidents of his useful life then carry them to the throne of grace, where he invoked for them the guidance and blessing of God.

In facing the trials and responsibilities of life, its victories and defeats, he did so with the courage and fidelity of a loyal and valiant soldier of Christ. He was one-

"Who never turned his back but marched forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Dr. Spooner manifested a special interest in the young people of his congregation. He persuaded many of them to enter the various fields of Christian service, and led some of them into the Christian ministry. He educated two young men for the ministry at his own expense, and today they are preaching the gospel in Japan.

As a husband, he was considerate and devoted; as a father, he was kind and indulgent, and as a friend, he was loyal and sincere. Once admitted to the inner sanctum of his heart, he gave you his confidence and esteem in the fullest measure. If I were called upon to describe the character of George H. Spooner in a few words, I would say he was true without pretense, generous without ostentation, and consecrated without hypocrisy.

Dr. Spooner was fond of reciting poetry in his sermons and addresses. One of his favorite poems was "Thanatopsis," by William Cullent Bryant. By a sort of mental television, I can see him now as with impressive voice he quoted the beautiful words:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan,
Which moves to that mysterious realm
Where each shall take his chamber
In the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon,
But sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust,
Approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

The last years of his life were spent in the home of his daughter, Mrs. H.E. Garber, and it was there that he died on December 9, 1949. His funeral service was held there also, and was conducted by the Reverend H. Conrad Blackwell and Dr. Harry M. Canter. His body was interred in Woodbine Cemetery, Harrison, Va. His glorified spirit dwells with his Saviour-

"In a land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain,
Where those that meet, shall part no more,
And those long parted, meet again."

by George E. Booker

Alexander Lansan Franklin was born at Matoaca, Va. December 16, 1872 and was the son of Benjamin and Martha Ann Roberts Franklin. He was educated at Randolph-Macon Academy, Bedford, Va., when that noted educator, E. Sumter Smith, was the distinguished Principal. Circumstances beyond his control prevented him from attending college, so he resolved to make the most of opportunities for self improvement and culture. Possessed of a strong mind, a retentive memory and an insatiate desire to learn, he acquired a vast store of information and knowledge which served him well in his subsequent life.

Mr. Franklin was endowed with fine physique. Indeed he was considered a very handsome man. He had a face and form that an artist or sculptor might have chosen for a model. In any crowd his commanding presence would have challenged attention and admiration.

On January 6, 1903 he was united in marriage with Miss Margaret Elizabeth Spencer, a woman of charming personality and deep consecration, which conduced to make her an ideal minister's wife. Four children were born to this happy couple: Maurice G., Arthur L., B. Spencer and Kenneth C. C. Franklin.

Randolph-Macon College conferred on Mr. Franklin the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, an honor which he appreciated and wore with dignity and humility.

In 1897, he went to Europe and while there visited France, England, Austria, Italy and Germany. In 1895, he joined the Virginia Conference and was put in charge of the West Lunenburg Circuit. After this he served the following appointments: Prince Edward Circuit, Rocky Mount, Crewe, Wright Memorial, Portsmouth, Brambleton Avenue and Colonial Avenue, Norfolk, Boulevard, Richmond, Trinity, Newport News, Memorial, Lynchburg, Trinity, Salisbury, Md., and Main Street, Suffolk, Va. He served Main Street for eight consecutive years, and was immensely popular with the people of the City as well with his own members. This was Doctor Franklin's longest pastorate and the longest time that any minister had served that church.

Doctor Franklin was and able and effective preacher. His sermons were replete with the choicest illustrations culled from Biblical and Classic Literature, and various other sources. He was one of the most fluent speakers that I ever heard. The Virginia Conference, with its thrilling and inspiring history, has numbered among its members men of brilliant and varied gifts. Three of the most fluent men that it ever produced were John E. Edwards, W.H. Atwill and A.L. Franklin. There were times when the most accomplished stenographer would have found it difficult to follow any one of them.

Dr. Franklin was very fond of holding revivals for which he was peculiarly fitted, and in which he was eminently successful. The Virginia Conference offered him the position of Conference Evangelist but he declined to accept it as he preferred the pastorate. His pastoral visits were a means of grace to all who came under his consecrated ministry.

The highest tribute that can be paid to any man is to say of him that he is a consistent Christian gentleman. This was emphatically true of A.L. Franklin. His life was developed and inspired by the word of God, which was " a lamp under his feet and a light under his path." His love of God was deep and absorbing. He was a great-hearted man and loved everybody irrespective of class, condition or race. Jealousy, prejudice and selfishness found no place in his magnanimous heart. It was as true of him as of the one of whom it was originally spoken, that--

"Love took up the harp of Life,
And smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self,
That, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

On January 2, 1950 he was transferred from the Virginia Conference to the Conference to the Conference of "just men made perfect." His funeral service was conducted from the Boulevard Methodist Church of which he was formerly pastor. The ministers who officiated at this service were the present pastor, Dr. H.W. Landrum, Rev. L.R. Black and Rev. F.L. Baker, Jr. The body was interred in the cemetery of Matoaca Church, where he was converted at the age of 13, and which he loved with an ardent and intense devotion.

The day I read in the paper that A.L. Franklin was dead, there was something in me that revolted at the thought, for I knew that he had only passed through "the valley of the shadow of death," and not through death itself. To such a man as he was--

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

by George E. Booker

Jacob Joshua Clarke. Words are such weak vehicles for conveying the real worth of one, who in humble spirit and in lowly places, has served his Lord and his fellow men for more than a third of a century! But in the lives and memories of a host of those who honored Jacob Joshua Clarke as pastor and friend the tender ministries which he gave, the sympathetic understanding and love which he had for all those whom he served will prove a blessing not to be measured by recording less than those written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

When on March 26, 1876, Richard Henry and Susan Jane Clarke looked upon the face of their new-born son they gave him the names of two mighty men of old, one a wrestler

with God and the other one of the great military geniuses of all time and a spiritual leader who for himself and family chose God. So Jacob Joshua Clarke has in his name a challenge which led him to enter the Methodist itinerary in 1914 after having been in business for ten years preceding.

He never sought notoriety nor preference in appointment. He went willingly to his work and soon gained the confidence and devotion of his people for they were not slow to realize that he was a man who visited from house to house to carry the message of a saving Christ to sinners, the comfort of the Lord to the bereaved, admonition to the indifferent and instruction to children.

He was a servant of God in the following pastorates: South Dorchester, King William, Patrick, Cascade, East Nottoway, Appomattox, Bellevue, Mt. Pleasant, Culpeper Circuit and South Amherst. The writer was his District Superintendent for five years during his last pastorate from which he asked for the superannuate relationship due to having reached the age limit for active service. Though hindered by increasing years and a serious illness he was faithful to his duties, met his appointments, held many of his own revivals and gave a full ministry.

After retirement he and his faithful wife made their home in Amherst with a daughter, Mary Clarke Coffey, where they were visited frequently by a second daughter, Margaret Clarke Mawyer. A third child, Elizabeth, died some years ago. The living daughters reflect the character and worth of their parents both in their devotion to the Church and in ordering their own homes. With their mother they cherish precious memories of one who was devoted as husband and father. Also surviving him are two sisters, Miss Sadie Clarke of Washington and Mrs. George Hepburn of Alexandria, three nieces and one grandchild, who mourn his passing but with steadfast faith await the dawn of the eternal morning.

Following several months of ill health, Brother Clarke suffered a heart ailment in March and a few days later a second attack. He was taken to the Virginia Baptist Hospital, Lynchburg, where every ministry was given him but in vain and on March 23rd his spirit returned to God. Funeral services were held in Emmanuel Church, Amherst, conducted by the following ministers, W.E. Cooley, pastor, T.E. Landis, District Superintendent, T.G. Laughon and Edgar A. Potts. Interment was in Bethel Cemetery, Albemarle, where the Rev. Fred R. Chenault officiated.

There is no doubt that he "stepped on shore and found it--Heaven;
Took hold of a hand and found it--God's hand;
Breathed a new air and found it--Celestial air;
Felt invigorated and found it--Immortality;
Rose from the care and turmoil of earth
Into one unbroken calm;
Woke up and found it--Glory!"

by Bernard S. Via

Henry Ambrose Wilson. Born at Boonesville, Missouri on March 31, 1856, Henry Ambrose Wilson moved to Strasburg, Va., with his mother and two brothers at the age of two. His early life was spent in Strasburg until he enrolled at Roanoke College from which institution he was graduated in the class of 1874.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Annie R. Anderson of Front Royal to which union three children were born: James Wellington, who died in 1880 at the age of one; Mary Lola, born in 1884 and passed away at the age of sixteen; and Oscar Lee, the only surviving son now residing at Fort Worth, Texas. His second marriage was to Miss Henrietta Dameron of Allegheny Station, who survives him and now resides in Roanoke. Their Golden Wedding Anniversary was observed two years ago on a train trip from Strasburg to Fort Worth to visit their son.

Brother Wilson was first licensed to preach as an Exhorter in 1874. He was received into the Baltimore Conference on trial in March, 1893, ordained deacon in 1895, and elder in 1898. Among the charges he served in the Old Baltimore Conference were Linden, Roanoke Circuit, Page-Stanley, West View (now Churchville), McDowell, Sterling, Gainesville, and Selma in Virginia; Talcott-Bell Point and Franklin in West Virginia; and Church Hill-Millington in Maryland. He was superannuated in Strasburg where he made his home until his death.

Brother Wilson's call to the ministry was definite, and his favorite sermon was "Holiness Unto the Lord." He was endowed with a strong voice, and he used it unsparingly for the glory of God. He openly attacked worldly vices and deplored the trend of commercialism in sports and social events and especially the use of alcohol both private and social. After his retirement, he was in constant demand by his brother ministers to supply their pulpits. When he was not preaching in some nearby church, he was a regular attendant at his home church until his final illness shortly before his death at Cora-Miller Memorial Hospital in Woodstock on March 30, 1950, at the age of 93 years, 11 months and 29 days. His funeral was conducted by his pastor and the Rev. E.C. Day at the Strasburg Methodist Church on April 1, and he was laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery in Roanoke.

by J.C. Murphy

John Nelson Ragsdale, son of John Nelson and Sarah Watts Ragsdale, was born October 13, 1872 in Pittsylvania County, a few miles west of Danville, Va. His grandparents came to this country from England when his father was only a small boy, and settled in the place of their grandson's birth. They united with the Methodist Church and reared their children in the atmosphere of the Christian religion through the influence of the church and the Christian home. His father was for many years a licensed local preacher in his home church and throughout that section was known as a man of great faith and Christian perseverance. His mother was a devout member of the church and a much loved Christian woman who believed in the Bible doctrine: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Prov. 22:6)

In the early years of the twentieth century when the late Revs. Sam P. Jones,D.D., and George R. Stuart, D.D., were reaching so many souls for the Kingdom of God with their passionate, evangelistic preaching of the Word of God in numberless cities across the length and breadth of these United States, John N. Ragsdale availed himself of the opportunity of hearing them and enjoying the blessings of their preaching in what was then Ridge Street Tabernacle, Danville, Va. It was in this meeting that the faith which he had known through his parents and grandparents experienced a rather striking and sudden awakening, causing it to grow with a noticeable effect upon his life that lasted the remainder of his days. From the date of that meeting he was uncompromising in his religious convictions and unrelenting in his Christian courage. As a business man, as a layman and as a minister he lived the faith he professed in childhood, and in his last days in the midst of his bodily affliction, from which he endured great pain in the last months of his life, he could say:

"Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death."

With only a common school education Brother Ragsdale entered the printing business when a young man, after having learned typesetting while being employed in a printing firm. In this type of work he availed himself of the opportunity it afforded him to acquire a larger vocabulary and learn better how to use the English language more correctly and effectively. Also his years as a business man in the city of Danville enabled him to better understand people and know how to deal with them kindly and helpfully, all of which proved advantageous to him when he entered the ministry.

The demand and responsibilities of business did not rob him of the love he had from a child for the Word of God. He bought and studied good books and Bible commentaries. What he lacked in scholastic training he had gained by habitual study and reading of the Bible and other good books.

When he first became conscious of a clear call from God to preach, he was married and rearing his family. Not until his children were grown and self-supporting did he finally surrender to the heart-throbs that were crying out of his very soul, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

In the summer of 1925, after conferring with his pastor and District Superintendent, he liquidated a successful business and asked his Church and District Conference to license him to preach and recommend him to the Virginia Annual Conference for admission on trial. After having passed the required examination, his request was fulfilled and he was received on trial that fall in the Conference and assigned to Greene Circuit, where he labored acceptably for four years. Other appointments were: South Amherst, Andrews Chapel and North Pittsylvania.

Due to failing health, Brother Ragsdale was compelled to ask for the superannuate relationship at the 1938 session of the Conference, which relationship was granted him by the Conference and he returned, after thirteen years of faithful and loyal service in his appointments, to the community of his earlier years and almost to the community of his birth, to spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of Christian fellowship with those he had known on the farms, in business and in the churches.

On the 28th day of November, 1894, he was happily united in marriage to Miss Polly Ann Gammon, of his home community. Six children were born to this union, all of whom survive: Mrs. K.N. Baroody, Mrs. James B. Farley, John N., Jr., and Mrs. C.T. Gourley, of Danville; Mrs. Howard Shockley, Winchester and Prince Ragsdale, New York, N.Y. His devoted wife, apparently in better health of the two at the time of his superannuation, proved to be physically weaker and preceded him in death by about ten years.

Although Brother Ragsdale's affliction steadily grew worse until he was completely helpless during the last two years of his life, he bore his suffering in patience. Through faith he waited the call of his Heavenly Father which he answered on April 13, 1950, when his sainted spirit was released from the deceased body and was ushered into that "house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Funeral services were held in the Townes Funeral Home, Danville, conducted by Dr. H.P. Clarke, District Superintendent, assisted by Rev. Walter Lockett, pastor of Main Street Methodist Church, of that city.

"He was a good man" were the words of Dr. Clarke in his tribute to our deceased brother, which truly described him in the life he lived. As a further lasting and just tribute to Brother Ragsdale, we would like to add the words of Philip Doddridge:

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

"O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

"High heaven, that heard that solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

by Ralph J. Yow

Walter Scott Deyerle. Recently in California I was talking with a friend who was in Randolph-Macon College with Walter Deyerle and me. We talked together about Walter for some time. Our friend began his reference to him by saying "Walter Deyerle was a great soul." He was. I went to Randolph-Macon College as a freshman when Walter was a senior. He had come to college somewhat late and was older than his class. I remember him well. He was studying for the ministry. Physically he was one of the largest men on the campus, an athlete, played on the football team, was respected and honored by all. Serious of purpose, he was known for his Christian character and forthright manliness. He was popular among the students. Our friend was right: he was a great soul.

Walter Scott Deyerle was born May 23, 1887 at Bell Springs, Va. He was the son of Charles Abram and Florence Johnson Deyerle. He was educated at Randolph-Macon Academy and Randolph-Macon College, the latter conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1938. He was married December 2, 1914 to Miss Katherine E. Jennings of Lynchburg, Va. He joined the Virginia Conference in 1914. His first appointment was the Hanover Circuit and he served Painter, Grace, Newport News; Calvary, Highland Park and Barton Heights in Richmond; Memorial, Lynchburg; Trinity, Petersburg and First Church, Covington. He was twice superintendent of the Rappahannock District.

As years went on, after leaving college, I came to know Walter Deyerle more intimately. We served two of the same churches. I know how he was respected. But it was as a district superintendent that I knew him best. Because Rappahannock and Richmond come next to each other alphabetically, I sat next to him in the Cabinet meetings and in the Conference sessions. His was no little personality. His, in truth, was a big

soul. Among the men I have known in the Conference he stood out because of his extraordinary capacity to consider the Conference and to "see the thing whole." The district he served has no city appointments but because of his Conference-wide knowledge and his ability to see how appointments could be made, he had frequent part in making appointments all over the Conference. This was simply because he could foresee and work out solutions. He was one of the best superintendents that I have ever seen. He was a most loyal churchman, a Christian statesman, and he always said that his churches and his district carried the full program of the Church. He showed an especial interest in youth and their activities.

Dr. Deyerle was a man's man. He loved the great outdoors. He loved the water. He worked in his garden and enjoyed other outdoor recreation. He was one of the best fishermen I have known, whether he was fishing for food and sport, or more seriously, fishing for men. Here he excelled. And there will be many who will rise up and call him blessed, who were born into the Kingdom because of his influence. But he was also a crusader for righteousness and often he was the leader of church delegations appearing before the General Assembly of the State to oppose bills to legalize gambling or to legalize the liquor traffic. He was no mean fighter and his leadership was frequently felt in the so-called halls of the mighty.

Unfortunately, disease attacked him early in life. After seventeen years of carrying this burden he had to give up in 1945 and superannuate. It seemed all too early. During the years when he had to fight disease, none knew except his wife what the long battle for health meant. With a remarkable fortitude he fought and, like Paul of old, he could say, "I have fought a good fight," and in truth he had.

While preparing for church services on Sunday morning, April 30, 1950, he fell in his bedroom, breaking several bones. He was taken to the Medical College of Virginia Hospital where he died the following Saturday night at 10:40. His funeral was held from Centenary Methodist Church in Richmond on Tuesday, May 9th at 3:00 p.m., with Dr. J.A. Engle, Dr. C.C. Bell, and Dr. N.H. Davis in charge of the service. His favorite songs, "Goin' Home," "Fairest Lord Jesus," and "Be Still My Soul" were sung. He was buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Richmond, Va.

He is survived by his wife, three daughters, Mrs. Arthur Albert White, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Edward William Marek, Baldwin, Long Island, New York; Mrs. Wallace Hardgrove, Jr., Freeport, Long Island, New York; one son, Walter Scott Deyerle, Jr., New York City; a sister, Miss Caroline Deyerle, of Roanoke, Va.; a brother, Roy J. Deyerle, Norton, Va., and five grandchildren.

by J.M. Potts

Thomas Burk Davis, Jr. Tommy was born to Thomas B. and Ida Guilck Davis on March 22, 1917 in Richmond, Va. At the age of ten he gave his heart to God and united with the Church of his parents, Pace Memorial. He attended the public schools of Richmond and graduated from John Marshall High School in 1934.

Tommy loved God. He loved the life his Creator gave him and he loved those who crossed his path and filled his days. He had every quality of leadership. His optimism and enthusiasm were contagious. When I first met him, I had been appointed as his pastor at Pace Memorial Church in October, 1934. He had graduated from John Marshall High School in June and was employed by a large grocery firm. His sister, Elizabeth (Libby) was still a student in High School. These two young people were concerned about the fact that there was no youth work in their church. They came to their pastor with definite suggestions to meet the need. What a pair of perfectly adjusted young people! They had a wholesome religion which they took into every part of their lives. They were popular with young and old. They knew young people in every section of the city. They had initiative and imagination. They had the ability to keep working when things were not so bright. To illustrate Tommy's consecration and resourcefulness, when a sum of money was raised to send him as a delegate to Memphis to the Young People's Conference, he rode the cheapest means of transportation, sat up all night, ate little, and saved every penny he could. On his return he asked permission to use the balance in promoting the work of the youth of his church. With the backing of his pastor and the people of the church Tommy and Libby formed a youth organization and it prospered. The youth of the city loved these two leaders. Never were young people more active; they were filled with energy, but more than that they had a purpose in their lives; they were

working toward high goals. Tommy served his own young people, the District and the Conference. He gained the confidence of everyone everywhere.

Libby met a young ministerial student, who was serving as a supply in her church, and married him upon his graduation, and become the lovely lady at the Methodist parsonage and the helpmate of the Rev. Oscar Woodridge. Her life was short and she answered God's eternal call on August 15, 1943.

A few weeks after being moved by the Bishop from Pace Memorial, Tommy had a conference with me and told me of his "call to preach." God had touched his life in a real way and wanted him in the ministry; and Tommy answered the call. Working his way through Randolph-Macon College, he received his A.B. degree in June 1942. At this stage of the development of the war, the government made no provision for the deferment of a ministerial student unless he was enrolled and studying, at the time, in the Theological Seminary; so in three weeks after his graduation from college, Tommy was inducted into the Army of the United States. In January, 1943, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Air Corps and stationed at Brookley Field, Alabama. In June 1943 he was promoted to rank of first Lieutenant.

In September 1943 his health failed him and in November he was given a medical discharge from the Army. After seven months in the Veteran's Hospital in Roanoke, Va., he regained his health and in July 1944 he enrolled in the Candler School of Theology, Emory University, Georgia, to further prepare for the ministry. While a student, he served as pastor of the White Plains Charge of the North Georgia Annual Conference of the Methodist Church.

On September 15, 1944, he married Miss Lois O. Dreisbach, of Mobile, Alabama. Their life together was a very happy one. In time a little daughter, Sandy, came to bring joy to their home. Tommy was a family man, and his qualities came to flower with these loved ones. Lois, Sandy, and Tommy had so much happiness to share with the world around them. In 1946, in his home church, Pace Memorial, the Richmond District Conference recommended him for admission on Trial in the Virginia Annual Conference. He was received and ordained a Deacon at the following session of the Virginia Conference, at Lynchburg.

Graduating from Emory with a B.D. degree in June, 1947, he was appointed to the Culpeper Charge, where he served until his health failed him in March 1949. After treatment in the McGuire Veteran's Hospital, Richmond, he served as pastor of the West Chesterfield Charge from July 1949 until the Conference met. When the Virginia Conference met in October in Richmond, he returned to McGuire's Hospital for treatment. On June 12, 1950, he passed from this life to meet his Heavenly Father.

His funeral service was conducted at Pace Memorial Church, Richmond, by his District Superintendent, Dr. J.A. Engle, his pastor, the Rev. Joseph L. White, and the writer. He was laid to rest in the Riverside Cemetery in Richmond, by the side of his beloved sister, Libby. As the writer stood there by these graves, he could but think, God is good, He gave these two each other and they found joy in each other, and in unselfish service in God's name they gave to all they touched. Now that life on this earth is over, these two graves symbolize their reuniting in God's own life.

Tommy is survived by his wife, Lois D. Davis, his three year old daughter, Mary Sands Davis, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Davis, and his sister, Louise Davis.

Wherever Tommy went, he made friends and held them with bands stringer than steel. He always impressed people with the deep undercurrent of his religion, that moved his life.

I preached in a Revival for him at Richardsville Church while he was the pastor of the Culpeper Charge. His work was well planned; he moved from one task to another with poise and ease; his people followed his leadership with joy. They were happy because of Tommy's joy in the religion of his Master. That summer he conducted five vacation schools and six revivals in the eight churches under his care. He visited the homes of his people constantly. He knew his people, and entered into their lives in such a way as to lead them to meet their problems in the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. At the time of his death, the Culpeper paper said, "Through his faithful consecrated service, he made many endearing contributions toward the betterment of the communities in which he served and where he won many friends who mourn his loss."

Tommy made a deep and abiding contribution to my own life, as he did to others who came his way. I saw in him the light of the Light Eternal. He entered my room and the day was brighter. All problems could be solved, not by him, but by his god, whom he loved and served. He had made his contributions to life and only in the eternity will we be able to see how many and how great his contributions were. He will live on, not only in the hereafter, but in the hearts and lives of those whom he loved and served.

by J. Aubrey Hughes

William J. Whitesell was born September 5, 1867, near Mt. Crawford, Va., the son of James David Whitesell and Frances Huffman, his wife. Both parents were devoted Christians and their home resounded to the voice of prayer as morning and evening the family gathered together and were led by their father or mother to the throne of Grace. In such an atmosphere this son was nourished and unconsciously prepared for his life work as a minister of the gospel.

He was educated in the schools of his native state until ready for college, then in 1889 he entered Randolph-Macon and came at once under the influence of that prince of teachers, Dr. John A. Kern. Being diligent in all his work he became one of the outstanding students of that institution and, notwithstanding the handicap of part time service to supplement his meager funds, in four years he was graduated as a Master of Arts.

His conversation was not instantaneous but gradual and his call to preach was mediated through the influence of Dr. Forrest J. Prettyman, supplemented by that of Rev. J. L. Kibler and his godly class leader, William E. Skelton. The Fourth Quarterly Conference of Bridgewater with Rev. J. A. Waugh as Presiding Elder licensed him to preach in the spring of 1888. Finishing his college career he was admitted on trial into the Baltimore Conference at Front Royal, Va., in 1893 and ordained Deacon at the same time by Bishop J. S. Key. In regular order he completed the course of study, being received into full connection in 1895 and two years later ordained Elder at the hands of Bishop Charles B. Galloway.

The following charges came under his administration as pastor: Marksville, Augusta, Levelton, Freedom, Brunswick, Buchanan, Fairfax, Rockingham, Chesapeake, Hamilton-Purcelville, Berryville, Roncevert, Eagle Rock and Page-Stanley. It was at this last appointment that he took the superannuate relation in 1938. In all these places he was a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, expounding the Word with power and pleading with the people to give their hearts to Him. Because he was a good shepherd he watched over his people in every way, encouraging and comforting them while at the same time without fear or favour he proclaimed the whole Will of God in its opposition to every form of sin and in its yearning desire to save. His hearers were always edified by his preaching and a multitude will ever hold his name in grateful remembrance.

Brother Whitesell was married March 24, 1896, to Miss Cora Estelle Brubaker. To them were born five children, two of whom died in infancy. He is survived by his widow, one daughter, Mrs. R. B. Claggett and two sons: Dr. Willard A. and Dr. James Edwin, both of whom are members of the faculty of the University of South Carolina.

Suddenly the Messenger of the Divine Presence called for him but it found him ready and waiting. Quickly and peacefully he passed away at his home near Stanley, Va., on August 7, 1950. The funeral was held at Graves Chapel conducted by Rev. Kern Eutsler, and his body was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery nearby. The world is poorer since he left it but Heaven is richer by his presence.

by H. M. Canter

Samuel L. Dumville. It was an event of rich significance when the Lord of the Church made entrance into the life of an alert and athletic Virginia boy, almost half a century ago, and called Samuel L. Dumville to the Christian ministry.

The first intimation he had the Holy Spirit was taking a special interest in him came when he was about seventeen years old, and like many another lad he dismissed the suggestion as something quite impossible. But the holy thing within him would not die, and the conviction grew until, in 1905, he appeared among the people of a two point charge as their junior pastor.

From that first assignment to Denby and Bethel, until he was called by his Heavenly Father to more service among the hosts of the triumphant, "Sam" Dumville spent

his entire life and all his energies inside the bounds of the Virginia Conference of The Methodist Church, serving in all twenty-one churches, always acceptably and always to the great advantage of the Kingdom of God.

When in the midst of a gratifying pastorate at Westmoreland God relieved him of his responsibilities on this earth, he went on to take his place among the redeemed leaving behind him literally hundreds upon hundreds of those who had entered into a larger life because he had led him into "the way."

There was something so delicate and sensitive about him. Had he turned himself seriously to music he might have become a great artist. Had he taken up painting of poetry he would have achieved fame, for the love of beauty lay deep within his soul. Had he ever turned to teaching he would have been one of those kindling personalities who could not be forgotten. And there was something of each of these within him, but when he dedicated his life to the ministry of the Church of Jesus Christ he dedicated all of it. He never allowed anything to tempt him away from that major purpose.

by Roy L. Smith

Clay Williams Hillman. How often in the past few years we have been reminded of that statement in our burial service "in the midst of life we are in death." It was so vividly brought to our attention on September 13 when the doctor at the hospital called to say that Clay Hillman had passed on. It was hard to believe it then, it is hard to believe it now.

Clay Williams Hillman was born in Neshoba County, Mississippi, March 12, 1895, the son of Mrs. Percy Henry Hillman and the late George Judson Hillman. There were nine children in the family, two of them entering the Methodist ministry. The brother entering the ministry is Dr. Edgar L. Hillman, Superintendent of the Durham District of the North Carolina conference.

Clay heard the call to preach when a young man receiving his local license in 1915. Shortly thereafter he joined the United States Marines and fought in the First World War. During his service in France he became assistant to the chaplain.

At the close of the war he entered Randolph-Macon College where he received his training for the ministry. In 1921 he joined the Virginia Conference where he served for twenty-nine years. Just before joining the conference on October 1, 1921 he was united in marriage to Miss Minnie Fraher of Brunswick County. This happy companionship was blessed with two children, Mary Elizabeth Hillman who is now the Minister of Music of Berryman Methodist Church and Clay W. Hillman Jr. who is in the insurance business.

He served the following charges: Lunenburg, Mecklenburg, Pungoteague and Atlantic Circuits; Henderson, Fairmount and Norview, Chesapeake Avenue and Memorial. He was active in evangelistic work both as minister and song leader. For the past seven years he has occupied a place of leadership in the temperance movement.

It had been my privilege to be closely associated with him for about twelve years. In that time we developed a very warm friendship. Outside the members of his family I probably knew him better than any other person. As we worked and played together, I came to know and appreciate the fine things of his spirit. I do not desire in this memorial to deal in extravagant compliments or fulsome adulation, but to remind us of the noble qualities of his life.

He was one of the most unselfish ministers I have ever known. I never knew him to be jealous of any minister's appointment. Many times I wondered how he would feel when an appointment he might have expected for himself was given to another. His only rely was that it was a good appointment. He rejoiced in every man's success. To me one of the highest states of spiritual perfection is to die to self. He came as near to that as any minister I have known.

He was blessed with a wonderful disposition. Certainly in the midst of his devotion to the ministry he must have had heavy burdens. He certainly carried his share in sympathy with all that came under shepherding care, but others never knew of his burdens. There was a cheerfulness about him that lifted you up whenever you came into his presence. To me he was a wonderful tonic. When my burden was heavy just to have him sit in my office and talk for a while or go out to the golf course for a round of golf meant much to me.

He made friends. The secret of making friends is to be a friend. Whenever he passed along there were those to testify of their love for him. The interesting thing was his friends did not belong to any particular group. They were found in the high places and among those who walked in lowly paths. If he had an enemy I do not know who he was.

In his home he was not only husband and daddy but a pal to the members of his family. There was a beautiful devotion that brought them together. The good cheer he brought to others was carried into his home. He was happy in the things his children were doing and often spoke of them.

The funeral service was held September 15, 1950, from Memorial Church in Richmond where he had served for the past two years. The service was in charge of the writer, assisted by Doctors J.A. Engle and T.J. Hawkins. The body was taken to Blackstone for interment.

We cannot and would not think of him as dead. He is more alive now than ever. Longfellow has expressed it this way:

"The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness."

Goethe wrote that he had a conviction "that the soul is of an indestructible nature whose working is from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun which seems to set but really never sets, shining on in unchangeable splendor." So we shall think of him through the years to come.

"Love will dream and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just).
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Now looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
This trust to flesh and sense unknown
That life is ever Lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."

by Walter C. Gum

Patrick Henry Clements was born in Amherst County, Va., October 9, 1861. He was the son of James and Eliza Allen Clements of Amherst County, Va.

Mr. Clements' grandfather, John Clements, came over to this country from Scotland about the year 1776. His son, John Clements, Jr. was father to the noted author Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clements). Therefore, Mark Twain and Rev. Patrick Henry Clements were first cousins.

He was one of ten children and was an infant at the time of the outbreak of the War Between the States. His educational advantages were limited to study, since he attended public school in short periods of time in Amherst County and then attended a private county school at Buffalo Springs, Va. Upon the advice of Dr. Paul Whitehead, his Presiding Elder, he entered the Bedford Academy at Bedford, Va., for two years. Later he attended the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. Then he attended Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., for a period of three years.

Like Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, young Patrick, amid the din and dust of the everyday toil, heard the Master's voice calling him to a higher service; and without hesitation or delay, at the age of eighteen, he gave himself to the ministry of the gospel under the inspiration of the hymn, "Yield Not to Temptation."

He was licensed to preach in the fall of November 1895 and was one of a large class received on trial in the Virginia Conference.

The first work assigned him was on the Lynchburg District, where he had two churches, South View and Providence. During the remainder of his pastorate in the Virginia Conference, he served the following charges: Lunenburg, East Amherst, Cascade, Goochland, Henrico, Dorchester, Md., Middle Bedford, North Pittsylvania, Moneta, Rapidan, Sussex, Prince George, King William and East Halifax.

In the second year of his work at Lynchburg, he was united in marriage to Miss Cora Lee Coffey, daughter of Daniel R. and Mildred Lawman Coffey of Amherst County, Va., on April 19, 1899 by the Rev. Thomas Early in Lynchburg. This union God blessed with three children, Mrs. John H. Cole of Stony Creek, Va.; Mrs. A.T. Savoy of Hampton, Va.; and one son, Lyle B. Clements who died on September 2, 1930. There are five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Mrs. Clements' helpful companionship and sympathetic understanding made the fifty-one and a half years of his service in the ministry happy and profitable. No sacrifice was too great for her and no appointment was too difficult for her to share with Mr. Clements.

Brother Clements loved the country and his work was confined mostly to circuits. The harder the field, the greater was the joy of building God's kingdom. In a defeated Southland he accepted the fortunes of war as a courageous Soldier of the Cross. These were difficult years of reconstruction and he received a small salary for his labors as a circuit rider.

Patrick Henry Clements was a man of quiet devotions and a thorough Christian minister. His life was gentle and his every impulse was to love. An air of simplicity and an unassuming piety was a part of his personality. He was a genial soul with a vein of humor appearing again and again in his conversations. His pastoral work was untiring, and his preaching was always with fervor, love and tenderness which won people in large numbers for God's Kingdom. To him the Bible was God's Holy Word which he used effectively in his ministry.

Brother Clements believed, without question, the great verities and rested absolutely on the Word and the sacrifice of a crucified Redeemer. He was conscientious and dutiful, not counting the cost.

In the latter years of his life he taught and preached Christ to those whom he met along the dusty roads and in the market places in the town of Wakefield which he loved so much.

Rev. and Mrs. P.H. Clements were married on April 19, 1899. Only last year they celebrated their golden Wedding Anniversary.

For the past year he was confined to his home. On the evening of September 29, 1950 he passed quietly to his reward at the age of eighty-eight years and eleven months. His body was laid to rest on Monday, October 2, 1950 in the family lot at Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, Va. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J.L. Blankenship, Jr. with Dr. Roscoe Jones, Rev. E.C. DeJarnette and Dr.John E. White assisting. Brother Clements was a member of the Stoney Creek Masonic Lodge. Members of Stony Creek and Wakefield Lodges held the masonic rites. **by James L. Blankenship, Jr.**

Millard Preston Weikel was born December 14, 1864 at Monroe, W.Va., and departed this life at a Christiansburg hospital October 5, 1950.

In 1892 he was married to Miss Ollie McCormick. To this union four sons and three daughters were born. He is survived by three sons, A.M., M. Conway and R.W.; two daughters, Mrs. J.W. Merchant and Mrs. T.A. Graves; two brothers, E.B. and Edward Weikel. Also a sister, Mrs. Joseph Hunter. His wife, oldest son and youngest daughter preceded him in death.

Early in life Brother Weikel professed faith in Christ and united with the Methodist Church South. When quite a young man he felt the call and accepted God's challenge to enter the ministry. In 1893 he joined the Baltimore Conference. In 1897 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Charles B. Gelloway, and in 1899 he was ordained Elder by Bishop Warren A. Candler.

He served the following charges, Doe Hill, Parnassus, Morrisville, Flintstone, Md.; Catlett, McDowell, Cambria, Marquis, Memorial, Fairview, Elliston-Shawsville, Franklin, W.Va., and Shenandoah.

Since his retirement in 1932, he made his home with a daughter, Mrs. T.A. Graves for one year and the remaining seventeen years with a son, A.M. of Shawsville, Va. He has been very active in church and civic life, having been teacher of the Men's Bible Class at the Shawsville Methodist Church for several years and a member of the Craighill Lodge No. 160, A.F. & A.M., Elliston, and an honorary member of the Shawsville

Ruritan Club. He was always ready and willing to help his pastor and district superintendent whenever called upon.

He missed one Annual Conference in all his ministry and that was due to illness. In my humble opinion this man was truly one of earth's noblemen. His early life was broken by the untimely death of his wife in 1911 while the children were all quite young. Serving as an itinerant Methodist preacher at a very meager salary, Mr. Weikel reared and educated this large family of children single-handedly. A son died in 1927 and a daughter passed away in 1926. Shortly after these sad experiences Mr. Weikel was able to write and sing a song entitled "I Am Living in the Sunshine," which is as follows:

I am living in the sunshine,
In the world my Father made,
And I'm happy in His service,
Toiling in the light or shade.
My Father made the buds to bloom,
Bees to hum and birds of song,
Made the winds to waft their music,
All to cheer the passing throng.
Yes, I'm living in the sunshine,
In my Father's world, I know
That He made it for His children
As they journey here below;
Jesus came and walking with us
Pointed out the happy way
That will lead us onward, upward,
'Till we reach the perfect day.
So I'm happy in His sunshine--
Why should I be lone and sad,
While around me birds are singing,
Just, it seems, to make me glad?
Yes, my Father gave them music--
Day by day I hear their song--
Warbling mid the trees and flowers,
Thus to cheer my way along.
Let's be happy in His sunshine,
Even though dark clouds arise,
Winds and storms may beat around us,
Silver lining's in the skies,
And no cloud can overshadow
If we trust our Father's love,
He will light our earthly pathway
Leading to our home above.

Funeral services were held in the White Memorial Methodist Church of Shawsville, Rev. G.C. Smith, pastor and Rev. H.H. Hughes, district superintendent assisted by Rev. L.W. Darst, Rev. D.N. Calvert and Rev. A.S. Rachel. On this Saturday afternoon just as the sun was setting behind the distant Allegheny Mountains there was laid to rest in beautiful Thornrose Cemetery, with very impressive Masonic rites the mortal remains of the Rev. M.P. Weikel.

The large attendance and beautiful flowers bore testimony to the esteem in which he was held by a host of friends and relatives. And as we think about him the words of the Apostle Paul crowd into our minds: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day" (Timothy 4:7-8).

We commend the bereaved ones to the care of Him who loves and cares for all.

by G.C. Smith

Minutes for 1951. **L. Hunter Early** was born at Arnold's Valley, Rockbridge County, Va., November 9, 1866, the son of John William and Sarah Agnes Owen Early. It was a Presbyterian home. His father was an Elder in that Church for 56 years. However, the son

decided to become a Methodist preacher. This decision was influenced to some extent by the fact that Bishop John Early, of the Methodists, was his great uncle.

He was educated at Eubanks Sunnyside Academy in Bedford City and at Randolph-Macon College at Ashland. He entered the Virginia Conference at its session held at Portsmouth, Va., in the fall of 1898, and he was appointed to the following charges in succession: Rockfish Circuit, in Nelson County; Stevensburg, Culpeper County; Mt. Pleasant, Amherst County; Nelson Circuit; Amherst Circuit; Batesville; Louisa Circuit; Charlotte Circuit; Clarksville-Boydton and Madison Heights.

June 16, 1904, he was united in marriage to Louise Wheeler, of Elmington, Nelson County, Va. Their happy union was blessed by the birth of three children: William Ashby Early, now Superintendent of Schools of Arlington County, Va.; Mrs. Claude Thompson, Peakland Drive, Lynchburg, Va.; and Mrs. Neville K. Adkinson, Rivermont Avenue, Lynchburg.

He was an active member of the Masonic Fraternity. He was an Anti-saloon League worker, of strong convictions, and was often engaged to write and speak for the Temperance cause. In 1933 he was granted superannuate relation and went to Amherst County to enjoy his retirement after 45 years of serving large and important circuits.

He died of pneumonia at his home on Amherst Road, near Lynchburg, November 8, 1950. His funeral service was conducted by Hugh M. Burleigh, Pastor of Court Street Church, Lynchburg, assisted by Thomas F. Carroll, Superintendent of the Lynchburg District and H. Conrad Blackwell, Pastor of Centenary Church, Lynchburg.

Throughout his long and busy ministry he was an earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel. He was esteemed in the charges he served as a diligent pastor. He practiced daily what he preached in the pulpit. He was friendly and warm-hearted His life was spent in devotion to this family, his Church and his Lord.

His many friends throughout the Conference can paraphrase the words of Paul and say of this man of God: he fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith, and he has received the crown of rejoicing.

"Servant of God, well done!"

by Frank L. Wells

James Arthur Brittingham was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 8, 1872. When he was twelve years of age his family moved to Portsmouth, Va., where he attended local schools and later studied at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.

Returning to Portsmouth after his studies at William and Mary College, Arthur Brittingham served his apprenticeship as a typesetter on the old Norfolk Landmark. Later he entered, and for a number of years, conducted a successful clothing business in Portsmouth. During this time he was an active member of the Board of Stewards of Monumental Methodist Church. He also served for many years as the teacher of the Toomer Bible Class and as assistant teacher of the West Bible Class. Later he became a Lay Leader, preaching in many Methodist pulpits in the Tidewater area.

In 1924 he entered the employ of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, incident to closing up the collection of pledges to the Centenary Movement.

At the age of 54, he was admitted on trial in the Virginia Annual Conference at the 1925 session. During his 22 years he served the following charges: Monroe Circuit, 3 years; Melfa and Locustville, 4 years; Spottsylvania Court House, 3 years; Colonial Beach, 2 years; Middle Bedford, 2 years; Greenbackville, 4 years; Pungoteague, 4 years.

In 1944 he accepted the superannuate relationship. There followed six years of service as a retired supply. After one year of residence in "Pinewell," Norfolk, Va., he passed to a better and richer life on November 17, 1950.

Funeral services were held at Snellings Funeral Home, Portsmouth, Va. The writer had the privilege of conducting this service. Burial was in Oak Grove Cemetery, Portsmouth.

Arthur Brittingham's survivors were his wife, the former Vera Edwards of Portsmouth, two sons, Wallace and James, and two brothers, O. J. Brittingham of Newport News and T. A. Brittingham of Portsmouth. Mrs. Brittingham now makes her home with her son Wallace at Virginia Beach, Va.

As was said of the Master whom James Arthur Brittingham served with such devotion, "he went about doing good."

by A. E. Acey

Archie Booth Sapp, son of Walter D. and Sarah A. Sapp, was born in Caroline County, Md., March 21, 1883. From DePaul Hospital, Norfolk, Va., he went to be with his God Nov. 20, 1950.

He was married to Mary Margaret Mohler of Caroline County, Md., June 15th, 1910. To this union two children were born: Archie M. and Emeleen, both of whom, with his widow, survive him.

After receiving his preparation for the ministry, Brother Sapp united with the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Mary, 1915. He served the following appointments in Maryland, La Plata, Flint Stone, Forest Grove, Trappe, Laurel and Colesville. In Virginia he served Goshen, Remington, Gainesville, Linden, New Castle, and Montvale. In West Virginia he served Hamshire Circuit and Hedgesville.

Archie Booth Sapp was a Christian gentleman; kind, gentle and faithful in his home and among those whom he served in the Gospel. His appointments were far from being among the best from the standpoint of financial remuneration. Frequently the major portion of his salary must be spent to serve his people. Yet, he served each and all in the spirit of his Lord, counting it a joy to sacrifice for Him who made the supreme sacrifice for us all on the cross. His devotion to his wife and children was genuine and deep. His was a happy home, and his children will remember him as a patient, understanding and loving father.

His funeral was conducted from the Miles Memorial Church, Norfolk, Va., November 22nd, by his lifelong friend, T. M. Swann, assisted by Dr. Edgar A. Potts and Dr. R. Orman Bryant. His body was laid to rest in the Prospect Hill Cemetery, Front Royal, Va.--the committal service being conducted by the Rev. Roscoe C. Johnson. We shall remember him as a man of God who passed our way in his pilgrimage toward the Eternal City, and be thankful.

by T. M. Swann

David Gilliam Trent October 12, 1878, was a day upon which a supreme blessing came to the world. On that day David Gilliam Trent was born in Campbell County, Va. His parents, Gilliam Hardwick Trent and Laura Smith Trent, were Christians of the highest order. With this blessing he began life. Truly, behind him there stood one of the finest families of Campbell County. This background disclosed itself in every phase of his life, until his passing to the Heavenly Home on Feb. 24, 1951, at Appomattox, Va.

No man ever graced the Virginia Conference with a finer character. The principles of the Christian faith were the foundation of his life. Ever was he characterized by a sense of the highest loyalty to these principles, without ever a compromise in that which he knew to be the truth. This loyalty reached its height in his devotion to Christ and His Church. Truly, his affections were upon Christ at the right hand of the Heavenly Father. This gave to him supreme power, as he preached the gospel to the churches and to the world. When David Gilliam Trent preached, the words that came from his lips were with unction from on high, but the sermon behind it all was the life of devotion and consecration that he lived. Into thousands of homes he went with a ministry of comfort, hope, and truly of sustaining grace.

In such a ministry, his hands were ever upheld by his faithful wife and devoted family. His family was ideal. May God multiply such in our midst. He married Edna Elizabeth Maddox, December 14, 1897. She still lives and through her and the children he still speaks the Christian message to the world.

To them were born: L. A. Trent, Lynchburg, Va., a faithful minister of the Methodist Church; L. G. Trent, Lynchburg, Va.; E. E. Trent, Charlottesville, Va.; T. M. Trent, Appomattox, Va.; D. M. Trent, Roanoke, Va.; Mrs. John M. Tabb, Matthews, Va., and Mrs. James E. Marshall, Buchanan, Va.; and nine grandchildren.

Brother Trent became a member of the Virginia Conference in 1921 and served the following pastorates: West Campbell, 1918-1919; Bedford Springs, 1920-1924; Appomattox, 1924-1928; North Garden, 1928-1932; Gloucester, 1932-1936; Matthews, 1936-1940; Monterey, 1940-1942; Buchanan, 1942-1946; Clover, 1946-1950.

October, 1950, marked the date that his name was removed from the active roll of the Virginia Conference and placed upon that of the sainted retired ministers of our Conference. Truly, the Conference can rejoice in such a ministry. Thousands throughout Virginia call him "blessed." He did bless them. He ever kept alive that which had

been committed to his trust. He was ready to receive the crown of life which had been prepared for him.

The summer suns will warm his grave. The winters will lay white blankets of snow upon it. Friends will drop their tears there, but his soul is not in that grave. Redeemed, glorified, David Gilliam Trent is forever with the Lord. **by C. C. Bell**

Charles Elam Blankenship. As I write, from the somewhat yellowed page of a book before me, a face looks out. It is the face of one in the first flush of vigorous young manhood. The high and thoughtful forehead, the face serious, not solemn, the calm, smooth brow, bespeak the dignity of self-respecting, confident, courageous manhood, and command without seeming to demand, respect.

The head is flung up a little as if to face a sudden glory, or a dare. The eyes intrigue me, clear, direct, they look past me, toward a far horizon from which there comes a call, a challenge, opportunity, opposition. These eyes accept, they dare; they say, "Come on, I'm ready." It is not the look of one content to stand and wait. The generous mouth is too firm for that. The line of the jaw is too strong. There is aggression there. The chin has a forward thrust. It is the face of one who hears a trumpet call, who sees an ensign lifted in the face of danger. It is the face of one whose soul responds, "Lead on, I follow."

It is Charles Elam Blankenship as he was fifty years ago and more, when he went to his first rugged appointment amid a rugged people in the rugged hills of Franklin County where he laid spiritual foundations for the later structure of Ferrum College by building St. James Church at Ferrum, Va., in the face of conditions that "would have daunted" (and had) "men of greater age" and experience.

It is Charles Elam Blankenship as I knew his best, in his retirement at Highland Park Church, in Richmond, mellowed by the years, but with his eye undimmed and his spiritual force unabated, a brother beloved, staunch friend, wise counselor, sympathetic, confident, courageous and vigorous advocate of the right, a man not lightly to be dealt with because he himself was no light man.

He was a man who until the day of his death with unwavering purpose, unfaltering courage and unfailing kindness followed still, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, the forward sloping banner of the Captain of his soul. His strong soul was no "diamond in the rough." His nature was adorned with gentleness, and kindliness shone in all his attitudes. He loved a good story, and could tell them to the delight of his friends.

Never a candidate for the honors, if there be such, of back-slapping popularity, he won the respect of all men and the sincere affection of those who knew him. Witness the grief upon the faces of the host of members of the Boggs Wesley Bible Class of Highland Park, who formed a guard of honor for their beloved teacher and friend at his funeral.

His appointments, beginning in 1895, were as follows: West Franklin, 4 years; Washington Street, Danville, 2 years; Barton Heights, Richmond, 1 year; Scottsville, 4 years; retired 1 year due to ill health; Amherst Circuit, 1 year; High St., Franklin, 3 years; Bedford, 3 years; Crew, 1 year; Farmville District, Presiding Elder, 4 years; Grace (now Boulevard) Richmond, 1 year; Field Agent in the Centenarian Education movement, 3 years; Orange, 4 years; McKendree, Norfolk, 1 year; South Boston, 2 years; Reedville, 4 years; Laurel Hill, 4 years. Retiring in 1940 before his time because of the failing health of his wife, he came to live in Richmond at 2606 Fourth Avenue, in Highland Park, as a member of the Quarterly Conference of the Highland Park Church. There he ministered to his wife with unfailing tenderness and love until her death in 1944, and continued his service to his God and His Church until the day of his death, February 28, 1951.

If his appointments indicate at times rapid movement, it was the movement of a soul so zealous it could find no peace in the midst of those who were at ease in Zion, and whose insistent voice disturbed the slumber of the saints. He seems to have labored longer in the harder places.

With somewhat limited formal education--he was breadwinner for a widowed mother and a family of brothers and sisters in his very early youth--he was none the less of an educated, widely read, studious, cultured gentleman. His speech was keenly inci-

sive, clear, logical, forceful, upon occasion fervent and moving. Revivals attended upon his ministry.

There was real statesmanship in his thinking about the larger affairs of the Church revealed in his public and private speech thereon. He believed that history was prophecy, and, without being bound by tradition, he had reverence for it and respect for the past as indicating the trend of God's purpose for the Methodism of the future.

He was an invaluable member of the Conference Historical Society, and valuable records and dates were accumulated by him, bearing on the history of the Conference.

No fitting memoir could omit mention of his relation to Ferrum College. Nor could a brief memoir include all that should be said. That institution grew from soil into which he had ploughed the very stuff of his soul. The Church at Ferrum was of his building. The School held his devotion throughout its history, and, as a member of the Board of Trustees, he served, faithfully, wisely, tenderly until the day of his death. His vacant chair at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees held a sad significance for the Board and the College.

Born in Morristown, September 8, 1872, he was the son of Marcellus J. and Sarah Granger Blankenship, Virginians from Chesterfield County. The family returned to Virginia, locating in Lynchburg when Charles was about 12 years of age. Converted at eighteen years of age, under the ministry of Sam Jones, he joined Daniels Hill Methodist Church, later Rivermont, now Centenary, Lynchburg. Following the death of the father in 1888, the family moved to Richmond in 1891, and Charles became a member of Trinity Church, later transferring to St. James. He was active in Sunday School, Epworth League and Christian Endeavor. Licensed to preach in 1894 by his Quarterly Conference, in the following year his District Conference at Bellamy's Church in Gloucester County recommended him for admission, and he was received on trial November 16, 1895, by the Annual Conference in session at Centenary Church, Richmond. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Fitzgerald in Main Street Church, Danville, November 16, 1897, and Elder by Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson in High Street Church, Petersburg, November 19, 1898. On July 8, 1896, he was married to Mary A. Walford, of Richmond, Va., who journeyed at his side, a faithful, happy companion, until her death.

He died at 78, in his home in Richmond, Wednesday morning, February 28, 1951. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. R. T. Waterfield, Dr. Walter C. Gum and Dr. J. L. Robertson from Highland Park Methodist Church on Friday, March 2, 1951.

Birth, conversion, call and license to preach, admission to the Itinerary, marriage, appointments, retirement, widowed, death--the epochal events in a Methodist preacher's life are quickly told, and dated, but the story lives between. It is this... He "walked with God and was not for God took him"...and the end is not yet for still he walks with God.

by Wm. Archer Wright

George Edward Booker, Jr. Whenever anyone met George E. Booker, Jr., he was at once impressed with his gracious demeanor and his courtly manner. In his presence one felt as if he were at home with an old friend. His geniality reflected a sincere interest and a golden heart of friendship. He never carried in his bosom any resentment, but with sensitive appreciation was grateful for every token of love and kindness.

It is to be doubted if the Virginia Conference ever had a more beloved and accomplished member than George Booker, whose winsome personality, gracious bearing and magnanimity of spirit no less than his beauty of diction and eloquence of delivery will not soon be forgotten. In his lamented death a void has been made in our ranks which will be difficult to fill. On his passing I sustained a personal loss. The day I heard of it a surge of memories came flooding over me and I recalled those halcyon days we spent together and where genuine fellowship prevailed.

George E. Booker, Jr., was born in Petersburg, Va., on March 22, 1872, and died at his home, 1723 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va., on April 1, 1951, at the age of 79. His funeral was conducted by Dr. Bernard Lipscomb, Dr. Callaway Robertson, Dr. G.T. Merritt and Dr. George Wesley Jones, from Centenary Church of which he was formerly pastor. He was buried by the side of his beloved wife in the family plot in historic Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg. He was the eldest son of Major George E. Booker, C.S.A. of "Woodside," Cumberland County, and Frances Eubank Booker of "Oak Hill," Albemarle County. He was representative of a distinguished Virginia family who settled in York

County in 1648. There was an unmistakable air of breeding and nobility about him. Although heir to high tradition of a prominent family, he did not live upon them but rather sought to live up to them. I dare say, that no one whom I have ever known has more fully and abundantly expressed the high qualities of noblesse oblige.

As a lad, he was educated privately by his father who was a classical scholar and himself a prominent member of the Virginia Conference. He was fortunate in having such a preceptor and the plastic mind of his boyhood received many lasting impressions which were to be of inestimable value to him in the future. After this valuable instruction, he entered the College of William and Mary to study for the law but was soon wooed by a compelling Voice that set him apart for the ministry. I venture to say that had he chosen law as a profession he would have distinguished himself there no less than he did in the ministry. While at the College of William and Mary he was a charter member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity and was later elected to membership in the Alpha Charter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of which an ancestor, Richard Booker, was one of the founders in 1776. He later attended Randolph-Macon College, which later conferred upon him the honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity. For over fifty years he was a member of the Board of Trustees of that Institution. Dr. Booker also attended the University of Virginia. His education was further enriched by extensive travel in this country and Europe. His erudition is shown in the book he wrote called "Dreams and Visions."

On April 29, 1896 he married the former Anne Parham Howle, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Howle of "Elm Shade," Sussex County, Va. She was a woman of culture and of charming personality and was not only a devoted wife and mother but a wise counsellor in all of her husband's work. This delightful companionship was interrupted by her death in 1933. From this union were born and still survive two daughters: the Misses Emma Parham Booker and Nancy Howle Booker; one son, George E. Booker, III of the Richmond Bar, and a granddaughter, Anne Harrison Booker, all of whom reside in Richmond, Va.

Dr. Booker was ordained a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South in 1895 by Bishop Charles Galloway and elder in 1897 by Bishop Oscar Penn Fitzgerald. After leaving he served successively the following churches, Trinity, Orange; Fairmount Avenue, Richmond; Wright Memorial, Portsmouth; High Street, Petersburg; First Church, Charlottesville; Epworth, Norfolk; Washington Street, Petersburg; Mount Vernon, Danville; Court Street, Lynchburg; Park Place, Norfolk; Monument and Centenary, Richmond. He also served as Presiding Elder of the Richmond District. He was offered several times by the Presiding Bishop important parishes outside of the Virginia Conference but he declined to leave his native State. After leaving Centenary Church he was assigned again, after an interval of almost thirty years to First Church, Charlottesville, where after serving a few years he was forced to retire because of ill health. His remaining days were spent with his daughters in Richmond.

Many honors, besides those already mentioned, came to him during his long career. Few members in the history of the Church have been elected as delegate to seven successive quadrennial general conferences. This fact alone would attest to the high esteem in which he was held by his ministerial friends. He was elected a delegate to the Conference on Faith in Lausanne, Switzerland in 1927. In 1931 he represented his denomination at the Religious Service at the Yorktown Sesquicentennial. In 1932 he was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference held in Atlanta, Georgia. In 1933 he was a delegate to the Sesquicentennial Celebration held in Baltimore. During World War I he was a member of the Commission of his Church to select chaplains for the Service.

As a preacher and speaker he was preeminently successful in getting a hearing from the pulpit and platform. He was endowed with the gifts and graces of the orator, with a resonant voice and fine intonation. He had established a record of beauty of diction and eloquence of delivery that was not excelled among his brethren. As early as 1897 when serving Saint Peters Church, Hanover County while a student at Randolph-Macon College, he gave unmistakable evidence that he was destined to "win the wreath of fame." Within the space of ten short years after leaving college he found himself pastor of Epworth Church, Norfolk, at that time the leading church in the Virginia Conference, where his efforts were crowned with phenomenal achievements. Mind you, it was considered a signal honor in those days for a young man to attain such distinction.

It is different nowadays. "Incomparable" and "inimitable" were the adjectives not infrequently on the lips of those who heard him as a preacher to various congregations and as a college preacher at such institutions as Washington and Lee, University of Virginia, Sweet Briar, Hampton-Sydney, Randolph-Macon, College of William and Mary, and Randolph-Macon Woman's College, to mention only a few.

As a pastor it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that he had few equals and no superiors. He was tireless in his visits to his parishioners and often I have heard it said by ministers who followed him: "If I could only equal George Booker's record for pastoral calls, it would be no mean achievement." He was happy in gifts at fireside and gave an attentive ear to "the short and simple annals of the poor." Not the least of Dr. Booker's outstanding characteristics was his keen interest in people. He loved people, not just a select few, but he loved everybody. His memory not only for faces but names was extraordinary. When any misfortune or sorrow befell one or when honor or recognition was accorded any friend, Dr. Booker was one of the first, with gracious solicitude or cordial congratulations, to let such person know that he shared his sorrow or joy.

by Fred R. Chenault

Robert Tankard Waterfield, the son of William Thomas and Margaret Ward Waterfield, was born near Onancock, Accomack County, Va., August 6th, 1869. He was one of nine children. While attending a protracted meeting at Evergreen Church on the Pungoteague circuit, conducted by the Rev. Leonidas Rosser, a very successful evangelist, he was deeply convicted and soundly converted, and this ever increasing assurance was manifested in abundant labors. After receiving his license to preach he assisted the Rev. O.L. Martin on the Berlin circuit. This clear and unmistakable call to preach the Gospel, along with the full surrender of life to the Lord Jesus Christ, gave him remarkable power to declare the eternal verities to a sinful world.

Early in his college life at Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., he showed discriminating literary taste in the selection of classical and poetical literature, and it was evident in the preparation and delivery of his sermons. In September 1892, he became principal of Sanford High School in Accomack County, but later resigned to take charge of Liberty Street (now Chesapeake Avenue) church, South Norfolk, Rev. J.H. Amiss, presiding elder. Under his wise leadership and popular preaching a new church was soon established by an enthusiastic and energetic congregation.

He was admitted into the Virginia annual Conference, held in Danville, November 22-30, 1893, Bishop John C. Granbery presiding. The members of this fine class have made a wonderful record in conference. He served with distinction and success the following appointments: Liberty Street, South Norfolk; Bowling Green, Owens Memorial, Portsmouth; Cambridge, Md.; Zion, Norfolk; Smithfield; Clay Street, Richmond; Charlottesville district; High Street Petersburg; Chestnut Avenue, Newport News; Union Station, Richmond; Danville district; Farmville district; Central, Hampton; Culpeper; Wachapreague.

On October 17th, 1894, he was united in marriage to Miss Fannie Wilson Hanford, a young lady of refinement and Christian culture. There were two sons, Robert Hanford Waterfield and Harry Wilson Waterfield, both deceased, and one daughter, Frances Lawson Waterfield who married F.H. Baldy, surviving.

He was richly endowed by nature with a graceful form and genial countenance but his handsome physique did not produce any vanity or self-conceit because these attractive physical qualities were completely consecrated to the service of his Master. Little children and youth were drawn to him by his sincere and approachable manner and patient disposition. Along with clear and cogent reasoning, he possessed a well modulated voice that could ring the changes from sadness to joy, from seriousness to good humor which made his public delivery pleasant, effective, and forceful.

He not only made friends but kept them because of the beauty of his unselfish character. The buoyancy of his spirit and his sublime confidence in God's Kingdom made him an industrious and painstaking servant of the church. His wholesale good humor was evident in the social group among his parishioners bringing good cheer and good will in many difficult situations in the local church and enabling his brethren to solve many perplexing problems in the uplifting atmosphere of brotherly love.

He possessed a rare combination in his magnetic personality, namely, strong positive convictions based upon high ideals and lofty principles along with a beautiful tenderness and genuine tolerance and respect for the opinions of others.

His real power was seen in the use of his evangelistic gifts. The Scriptural doctrines were proclaimed with such earnestness, with such directness and with such warmth that sinners repented of their sins and found abiding peace through faith in their Redeemer.

Let us mention two outstanding ecclesiastical honors that came to Brother Waterfield because of the high esteem and confidence in which he was held by the bishops and their cabinets; and also the affection and appreciation demonstrated by the members of the Annual Conference. First, his administrative ability was recognized by his appointment as presiding elder to the Charlottesville district, and the Farmville district where his work was of a very high order and many young men were licensed to preach. Second, the members of the Annual Conference elected him a delegate to the General Conference four times because he displayed unusual knowledge in legislative matters concerning the growth of the entire Methodist Church.

He was an important member of that group under whose vision and energy there arose such a missionary awakening in our conference and such a wise, zealous temperance leadership.

On December 10, 1942 he married Mrs. Urania Moon Williams, the widow of Rev. Lloyd Tankard Williams, an honored member of the Virginia Conference, his beloved friend. From the same charge they went to college and during their lifetime each bestowed upon the other his enriching and comforting ministry. She has been, indeed, a real Christian helpmeet, a leader in church activities full of good faith and good works.

This faithful minister retired in 1943 at the conference held in Roanoke but these eight years of retirement did not mean idleness because he and his devoted wife made generous contributions of their substance, time, and nobility of spirit to the work of the Ginter Methodist church.

After a brief illness he passed away April 25, 1951 in the St. Luke hospital, Richmond. The funeral services were conducted at 2 P.M., April 27th in the Ginter Park Methodist church, the following ministers taking part, Rev. C. Ambrose Turner, Jr., pastor, Rev. George Wesley Jones, Rev. Daniel Tatum Merritt, and Rev. Walter C. Gum, district superintendent, paying a beautiful tribute to his full and fruitful ministry. Interment was in Forest Lawn cemetery.

This is an appropriate occasion to re-affirm our belief in the Biblical fact of the physical resurrection and the immortality of the soul. "Because I live ye shall live also" is the triumphant note. "This mortal body must be invested with immortality. Death is swallowed up in victory. The victory is ours, thank God! He makes it ours by our Lord Jesus Christ." (Moffatt's translation) **by Daniel Tatum Merritt**

Thomas Rosser Reeves was born September 21, 1876 at Front Royal, Va., the son of James Thomas Zacharias and Charlotte Anne Bathis Reeves. Of his three brothers five sisters only one survives him, Susie Margaret Reeves, now Mrs. Leo A. Beitz, of Twin Lakes, Kent, Ohio.

He was educated at Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, from which he was graduated in 1897. He then entered Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., from which he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1901. He was a member of the faculty of Central Female College at Lexington, Missouri from 1901 to 1902. In 1902 he returned to Virginia and became a member of the faculty of Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford. He knew that teaching was not to be his life-work, although he was well fitted for that profession.

In the sure conviction that he was called of God to preach the Gospel, he joined the Virginia Conference in 1903, and his appointments were in the following succession: Clarksville; Franklin; Mt. Vernon, Danville; Washington Street, Petersburg; President of Blackstone College for Girls; McKendree, Norfolk; Trinity, Salisbury, Md.; Monumental, Portsmouth; Union Station, Richmond; Central, South Richmond; Boulevard, Richmond; District Superintendent of the Lynchburg District; and Martinsville. After a pastorate of nine years in Martinsville he retired and moved to Lynchburg. After his retirement, when churches needed ministers to fill unexpired terms, he was called upon

to render extended service. He supplied Fort Hill, Lynchburg for four months; Clermont, Florida, for three months; First Church, Hampton for four months. At other times he was much in demand to fill pulpits on the Lynchburg District when the pastors were absent.

On June 6, 1906 he was married to Mary Scott Watkins of Clarksville. Their happy companionship was interrupted by her death in 1912. Their union was later blessed by the birth of three children who survive him: Rosalie, now Mrs. W.H. Fore, of Lynchburg; Thomas Rosser, Jr. whose home is at Cedar Island, Larchmont, New York; and Mary Watkins, now Mrs. Jesse W. Mahoney, of Sayville, Long Island. He is survived by seven grandchildren.

October 27, 1914 he was married to Annie Mabel Kennedy of Blackstone, Va., who survives him. Her strength of character and beauty of influence were much appreciated in the places where they served together.

In 1920 Randolph-Macon College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. At the time he was President of the Blackstone College for Girls his name was listed in "Who's Who in America." He was cited scholarship, especially in his studies in Greek, Latin and French, and for his ability as a speaker and writer on religious, educational and social welfare subjects. He was a member of the American Historical Association.

Dr. Reeves was an eloquent and forceful preacher. His sermons were illuminated with many apt quotations from the classics. Most of his preaching was expository. The writer of this memoir has heard him say more than once, in the confidence of an intimate friendship: "When I was ordained to this ministry, a Bishop placed before me an open Bible, and as I placed my hands upon it, said 'Take thou authority to preach the Word' which I have tried to do." He did not preach anything else. He turned away from any suggestion of topical preaching, sermons on current events, or about books and other themes. He tried to explain to men the Word of Life.

He was a man of strong conviction. He took his stand on the basic questions related to truth and righteousness, always without regard to popularity or personal advancement.

He is remembered in the churches he served as a diligent, systematic and faithful pastor. Many persons will acknowledge gratefully that they were stronger in their faith and more established in their hopes because, in their times of frustration, sorrow and bereavement he led them to Him who gives balm to the brokenhearted and to the weary rest.

He was gifted in prayer. It was a gift from the Heavenly Father with whom he walked and talked daily. His pulpit prayers gave evidence of much communion of spirit in his private devotions. Those who were privileged to be guests in his home will remember his prayers in the family circle. He believed that God had appointed him "priest of his own household," and the counsel and example to his family were of such spiritual quality that we have no wonder that his children "rise up to call him blessed."

After a brief illness he died in Lynchburg on April 29, 1951. Funeral services were held in that city in Centenary Church in charge of Frank L. Wells, assisted by Thomas F. Carroll, H. Conrad Blackwell and Hugh M. Burleigh. His body was laid to rest in Fort Hill Burial Park, Lynchburg. His glorified spirit dwells with His Saviour...

"In a land upon whose blissful shore
There rest no shadow, falls no stain;
Where those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted, meet again."

by Daniel Tatum Merritt

William Thomas Adam Haynes. The pathway to human achievement seems often to be filled with almost insuperable obstacles. This may be God's way of sifting the wheat from the chaff, the weak from the strong, the cowardly from the men and women of courage and determination.

When one reviews the early years of William Thomas Adam Haynes, he witnesses an excellent example of dauntless courage and of the spirit that triumphs despite adversity.

Born October 14, 1870, to Azariah Francis Harvin Haynes and Harriett Jane Cocke of Pittsylvania County, he was privileged to live with them for but nine years when, within three months of each other, both parents were taken away in death.

Young Will went to live with his mother's brother, W.H.H. Cocke of Whittles. He attended the ungraded school and spent the long vacation periods working on his uncle's tobacco farm.

One season he raised for himself a crop of onions which netted him the sum of $2.50. While this seemed to him at the time like a small fortune, he invested the entire amount in a Foster's "Story of the Bible" which he eagerly read on Sunday afternoons, the only time available.

At the age of 16, while ploughing in the field, he felt a definite call to the Christian ministry. Though his educational opportunities to that date had been quite limited, he got together the few hundred dollars he had inherited and in the fall left for Randolph-Macon College in Ashland.

On the campus he was known as "Smiler" and "Parson." Coming from an ungraded school he deserves credit for completing the college course in five years. Working in the summer he was able to complete his college training by borrowing only $200 which his sister loaned him.

Although an excellent student, young Haynes did not confine his energies to the classroom. He served as president of the college Y.M.C.A. and was active in the Washington Literary Society. His keen interest in public speech enabled him (in 1894) to win the "Wash Hall" debater's medal.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Nettie B. Barksdale whom he married at Vinton, Va., on June 2, 1897. By this union two sons were born: W.T.A. Haynes, Jr. who now resides in Norfolk, and Frank Barksdale Haynes of Charlottesville. Mrs. Haynes died at Ettrick, Va., on October 22, 1909. In 1920 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Dickerson who survives him.

He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Randolph-Macon College in 1927. Dr. Haynes served the following pastorates, all in the Virginia Conference: Halifax, Henry, Ettrick, Wesley, Petersburg; Park View, Portsmouth; St. James, Richmond; Barton Heights, Richmond; Centenary, Lynchburg; Broad Street, Portsmouth; Boulevard, Richmond; Central, Portsmouth; Onancock, Shackelsford, and for five years he was pastor at Heathsville from which charge he retired at the Annual Conference in 1942. Since retirement he served Elmont Church near Richmond for two and one-half years.

Dr. Haynes loved to teach. He pioneered in the instruction of children before receiving them into church membership. He did this many years before the practice became general in the Conference. He was loved by young and old. Little children awaited his smiling greeting and young people came to him with their problems for counsel. He loved people and often went beyond his strength to minister to them.

A brother minister said shortly after hearing of the passing of Dr. Haynes that there were two things he would like to say about him. Dr. Haynes stood out, said this brother minister, for his integrity of character and for his exactness of speech.

Worthy of special note in his long ministry is the fact that he was instrumental in closing the bar-rooms at Clover, Va., and led in organizing the Methodist Church there. With the assistance of a visiting evangelist he held a revival at Clover in an old warehouse. More than 300 conversions resulted. As more than 100 of them preferred the Methodist Church he kept them together and preached to them until they could build a sanctuary in which to worship.

On June 22, 1951, his spirit departed this life. He left to mourn his passing not only his immediate relatives but a veritable host of men and women, boys and girls, whom at some time or other he had helped along the Christian way. **by George S. Reamey**

Joseph Norman Latham was born at Plymouth, N.C., May 15, 1868, the son of Joseph Addison and Martha Norman Latham. On his mother's side he came of ministerial stock. Rev. W. C. Norman and Rev. Alfred Norman of the North Carolina Conference were his kinsmen.

He was educated at Onancock Academy, Onancock, Va., the University of North Carolina, and Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va. At Randolph-Macon he was a Phi Beta Kappa student; he was awarded the Pace medal for an English essay, having chosen as his subject: "Tennyson and His Masters;" and he won the medal for oratory from the Washing-

ton Literary Society. The college elected him to membership on its Board of Trustees, and conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He became a member of the Virginia Conference at its session in Norfolk in 1892. He held pastorates in nine churches in five Virginia cities during a half century of ministry, in the following successions: Highland Park, Richmond; Williamsburg; Park View, Portsmouth; Monumental, Portsmouth; Centenary, Richmond; Court Street, Lynchburg; Main Street, Danville; Centenary, Richmond (a second pastorate); Court Street, Lynchburg (a second pastorate); Monument, Richmond and Central, South Richmond. The Golden Anniversary of his ministry was celebrated at Central Church, South Richmond, in 1942 in connection with the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of that church. At the Conference session of 1942 he retired from active duties to the superannuate relation.

On June 29, 1893, he was united in marriage with Amanda F. Crosso of Ashland, Va., who after fifty-one years of happy companionship died in October 1944. Their union was blessed with six children, four of whom survive them: Martha Norman Latham, now Mrs. Richard Adams Harris, of Lynchburg; Robert Edward Latham, member of the faculty of the Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va.; Arthur Stanley Latham, member of the faculty of Woodberry Forest School, Woodberry Forest, Va.; and Mary Addison Latham, now Mrs. Douglas Brown Fugate, of Norfolk, Va. His devotion as husband and father became an example wherever members of churches he served had an opportunity to know his home-life. He is survived by six grandchildren, and by one sister, Mrs. Richard A. Knight, of Durham, N.C.

He died on Sunday, July 22, 1951, at Lynchburg. Funeral services were conducted at the home of daughter in Lynchburg and at the place of interment in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, by Rev. Hugh M. Burleigh, pastor of Court Street Church.

We cannot better pay tribute to his long and useful ministry than quote from the editorial columns of four newspapers in cities where he served important churches:

From the Danville Register: "There was something about his kindly escetic face that suggested goodness. He devoted himself to his calling fulfilling the fundamental precepts of being slow to anger and of great goodness."

From the Lynchburg News: "It was Marcus Aurelius who spoke of proper proportions of dignity and kindness. These words come to mind in contemplating the long life of service of Dr. Joseph Norman Latham, a consecrated minister of God. In the pulpit, his well regulated voice and his restrained gestures commanded attention and respect and made him a preacher to whom it was a delight to listen, and an influence that could not be escaped. Dr. Latham's dignity was within him born of the belief that man is made in the image of God. His kindness was inherent and expressed itself simply because it had the simplicity and the honesty of genuine love for his fellows. His kindness was obvious when tenderness lighted up his face."

From the Portsmouth Star: "His knowledge of and interpretation of the Scriptures brought attraction to the pulpit wherever he served. His humble attitude in life as an under-shepherd in the church brought to him the admiration and affection of all who had the good fortune to serve with him in Christian endeavors for mankind."

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch: "Dr. Joseph N. Latham was one of those comparatively rare men who was outstanding in the two major phases of a clergyman's work, as a preacher and as a pastor. He was effective as a Christian leader whether preaching the Gospel from the pulpit, or in comforting and guiding a family in a time of sorrow. He did not seek outstanding positions in the church at large. He was so devoted to his own flock that denomination-wide activities did not seem to arouse his interest."

These tributes give evidence of the profound influence of his Christian character in the cities where he served, and of a wider ministry than to his own flock, and that there are many who loved him as a minister and cherished him as a friend who now say:

"More home-like is the vast unknown,
Since he has entered there."

by Frank L. Wells

Murray Drayton Mitchell was born in Scott County, Va., August 10, 1870, a son of Sara Roller and Patton Thomas Mitchell. He attended Emory and Henry College and then entered the Holston Conference at Wytheville in 1892. He served several pastorates in that Conference and for part of his ministry in Abingdon he served as President of Martha Washington College.

At the request of his bishop he transferred to the Baltimore Conference in the spring of 1907 and was stationed as pastor of St. John's Church in Baltimore. During part of his time in the city of Baltimore he acted as Editor of The Baltimore Southern Methodist. Later he was made Presiding Elder of the Baltimore District and gave distinguished and effective service in that field.

Randolph-Macon College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In Virginia he served churches in Lexington, Staunton, Roanoke, Winchester, Covington, Salem and Christiansburg. His pastorate in Staunton from 1916 till 1923, seven years, is the longest in the history of Central Church.

On April 12, 1896, Dr. Mitchell was married to Belle Benham, of Benham, Va., who preceded him in death in 1940. By this union there were three daughters who are now Mrs. T. H. Roane and Mrs. Frank S. Black of Staunton and Mrs. William B. Allison of Pulaski. He is survived by eight grandchildren, one sister and one brother also. He superannuated in 1941 after 49 years in the ministry but continued supply work and at one time served on the faculty of Ferrum College. His second marriage was to Mrs. Eva Allen of Goshen who preceded him in death in 1950.

Dr. Mitchell died in the King's Daughters' Hospital of Staunton on Tuesday, July 31, 1951. His funeral was held the next day in Central Methodist Church of that city and was conducted by Rev. J. Joseph Rives, pastor, Rev. J. H. Davidson, District Superintendent, Rev. W. S. Thomas of Greenville and Rev. Herbert S. Turner. His body was laid at rest in the beautiful Thornrose Cemetery of Staunton.

The writer of this memoir was pastor in the city of Baltimore during Dr. Mitchell's residence there and served under him when he was Presiding Elder of the Baltimore District and has thus known him intimately for nearly forty years. He was a man whose friendships were deep and warm. He was quiet in speech and manner and possessed a lively sense of humor. Two other qualities are outstanding in his character. The first, the depth and extent of his study and scholarship. He was a constant student of the deep things of life and of eternity. Second, his excellent preaching. He delivered no superficial sermon. Into each sermon went profound thought, sympathy and prayer. He was true always to the high demands made upon him by the Christian ministry. His superior sermons remain in written form to bless all who read them. Largely unknown to the public he was author of some of the finest poems and of brief meditations.

We bid adieu to another pilgrim along the King's Highway and while we continue this journey the Celestial City is made more bright and alluring because he is there.

by J. J. Rives

William Asa Orser was the son of Godly parents who lived in Port Perry, Canada, where this prophet of God was born. He saw the light of day August 13, 1883. He died at his home in Amherst, to which he had retired when failing health forced his superannuation. On August 1, 1951, just a few days before he would have reached his 68th birthday, he passed to his eternal reward. The funeral was conducted in Emmanuel Methodist Church, Amherst, Va.; and the body of this faithful Methodist preacher was laid to rest in beautiful Riverview Cemetery, Charlottesville, Va.

Besides his wife, Brother Orser is survived by four children, James W., a teacher in New York: George H., an honored member of the Virginia Conference; Mary Elizabeth Orser King, home-maker; and David A., Journalist-Scholar.

The subject of this sketch attended the public schools in Canada; and then came to the United States where he studied at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. I have never heard any minister use better English in the pulpit, or out of it, than did the Rev. Mr. Orser. He seemed to be able to choose perfect words with which to clothe the spiritual ideas and ideals that he so splendidly presented to waiting congregations in the Churches to which he ministered. His diligent study made him a master of speech. Though he did not serve the so-called great churches of the Conference, he might have done so as far as his learning and abilities were concerned. A student of the lore of the ages, he brought to his private and pulpit work a richness of thought seldom excelled anywhere in this ministry of ours. From every Annual Conference he attended while he was in active work, he always carried home an armful of books--the kind of books calculated to make any man a master in his chosen profession.

As vigorous and refreshing as a breeze from the hills, Mr. Orser joined the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church in the Fall of 1912; and as a member of this Conference served Churches and Charges in the Charlottesville, Eastern Shore, and Petersburg Districts. Retirement came in the Fall of 1945, when a weakened body made it impossible for him to carry forward with full vigor the exacting duties of the Methodist ministry. Living frugally, it was possible for him to spend the intervening years between then and the time of his death meditating upon the glories of the life hid with Christ in God, while he looked toward the hills which were a part of the matchless Blue Ridge Range of Mountain-hills he always loved from the days of his young manhood. Enveloped in the love and kindness of his wife, his family, and his friends, and surrounded by such undying beauty, he must figuratively have dwelt daily on the mountain top. Mrs. Orser, who is a sister of the Rev. Barnard S. Via of the Virginia Conference, is a woman of rare culture and splendid refinement. She loved the work of the Methodist ministry as much as did her husband. No Pastor's wife ever endeared herself more completely to the people served by her husband than did Mrs. Orser. She and her husband were a splendid team; and in that great and eternal day many will rise up to call them blessed.

Brother Orser found his chief joy in preaching and in ministering to his people. Never did he neglect any phase of his work. That which was committed to his trust he kept faithfully to the end of his life. Imbued with the spirit which dominates every true minister of the gospel, he delighted in holding revivals for his brethren whenever opportunity presented itself. How well do I recall the great outpouring of God's Holy Spirit upon such efforts when he came to assist me in revival services. When we served Charges somewhat near each other it was our custom to assist one another in these rewarding efforts which were made in our separate Charges. I cannot forget the sermons he preached as people were moved of God to seek redemption. At times he was truly a preacher of power.

What another minister of this Conference said of a departed friend can truly be said of William A. Orser. "He kept the faith. He kept faith with his family. He kept faith with God." He was not afraid to live nobly and gloriously. He was not afraid to die. I am certain that when his eyes were closed in death his spirit went immediately to be with God. In the presence of his Lord, where he shall live eternally, he awaits the coming of his loved ones.

From the time we joined the Conference Brother Orser and I were warm personal friends. When we were on adjoining Charges we exchanged visits. While I was Pastor of the Rappahannock Circuit in the gorgeous hills of Northern Virginia the news came across the mountains that in Greene County was a young preacher who was bringing great things to pass. This preacher was William A. Orser. Later he came to serve the people of the Madison Charge--the Charge which bordered mine on one side. We became fast friends. We walked together across verdant plains; we drank from rippling springs; we breathed in the ozone from pine-clad hills. At night we walked under the stars, and thought we saw "the bright and morning star." Through all the years we kept in close touch with one another. During those last days when Brother Orser knew the end was near, he made the request that I write his memoir. In this tender hour I wish to pay him tribute, and say that he was one of the Godliest men I ever knew. Caring little for the spot-light, he sought only God. He found God in ever increasing fullness and sweetness. And now as he lives among the immortals, he bids us to follow on.

by A. P. Williams

George Wesley Jones died at Richmond Hospital on August 27, 1951. He lived among us as one of God's anointed and after eighty years, fifty-eight of them in the ministry.

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

The funeral services were conducted by his close friends, Rev. J. S. Burleigh and Rev. W. R. Evans, from Centenary Church (Richmond) of which he son-in-law, Dr. H. Bernard Lipscomb, Jr., is the Pastor. He was laid to rest in Riverview Cemetery in Richmond beside a daughter, Alice, who preceded him in death.

Dr. Jones was born in Petersburg, Va., on May 2, 1871, the son of a Virginia Conference Minister Rev. Albert A. Jones and Mary Alice Jones. He was reared in the par-

sonage where he came to know the love of God and the work of the ministry. He was "to the manner born."

He was educated in the schools of the Church at Randolph-Macon Academy, Bedford, and the College at Ashland. He studied further at Princeton, where he came under the influence of Woodrow Wilson whom he ardently admired.

Dr. Lafferty in his "Sketches" of 1901, wrote of Dr. Jones, the young minister: He was "bright" and "clever" with "gifts," "a student, but not a slave to books", with a "practical common sense purpose to 'walk as He walked'." Through the years he kept faith with his purpose. Randolph-Macon College recognized the student, his gifts, and his success in the ministry and conferred on him in 1917 the degree of Doctor of Divinity, a well-deserved honor.

All who knew Dr. Jones know that he was a great preacher of the Word of God. His ability to unfold and interpret the Gospel was a studied art. He was insistent upon the study of the Word and of having his hours when he was alone with God in meditation and prayer. He was a mystic. He brought from these "times with God" the Word of Life that refreshed and stimulated those who waited upon his ministry. Brother H. H. Smith, a contemporary of Dr. Jones who knew him as a young man and served with him in the Conference, wrote of him... "When affliction and sorrow entered our home he proved himself a most sympathetic and helpful friend. His conduct always exhibited the highest and noblest things of life." We can say truly as it has been said of another.

"He made goodness beautiful to our eyes and desirable to our hearts; and, beyond this, made it easier for us to be good."

It was somewhat of a prophesy that Dr. Lafferty made when he said, "The Church can count on this genial, genuine, gracious gentleman as true to its interest, always, everywhere." He fulfilled this prophecy and as the Church entrusted important responsibility to him he was found faithful. He served the Church as pastor and Presiding Elder and District Superintendent. The program of the Church was administered well in his skillful way. He served on important Boards of the Conference and rendered signal service to the Randolph-Macon system of Schools as a Trustee. He was for some time on the Executive Committee of the Woman's College at Lynchburg.

Dr. Jones was admitted to the Conference in 1894. He served successively as Pastor of the Woodville Circuit, Accomac Court House, Culpeper, Cape Charles, Trinity (Norfolk), Park Place (Norfolk), Clay Street (Richmond), McKendree (Norfolk), Presiding Elder of the Norfolk District, Memorial (Lynchburg) and Monument (Richmond). He was made Presiding Elder of the Richmond District from which he went again to the Norfolk District. He returned to the Richmond District. In the pastorate again he served Mt. Vernon (Danville) and Main St. (Suffolk). His last appointment as an active member of the Conference was as District Superintendent of the member of the Farmville District. Dr. Jones, though the calendar and the law of the Church retired him, could not give up the ministry to which God called him. As a Retired Supply he served the Burkeville Circuit and then went to the Ashland Circuit until his health forced him to give up the work in the spring of 1950. It was one of the genuine pleasures of his ministry to serve the gracious people of the Ashland Circuit,

Dr. J. A. Engle, his District Superintendent, wrote of his ministry as a Retired Supply and called attention to the fine way he took these smaller charges. "He met the test of true greatness in the lovely way in which he ministered--The example he set, the inspiration which he gave in these last years will never be forgotten."

Dr. Jones married Miss Nola N. Grant, daughter of the Clerk of the Accomac Circuit Court, John D. Grant. She assisted him through their long ministry and graced the parsonages. She was a true helpmate. She survives him along with his daughters, Mrs. Lucille (R. H.) Pierce, Mrs. Virginia (H. B.) Lipscomb, Jr., both of Richmond and Mrs. Ruth (Clyde) Duval of Norfolk and his sons, A. Drummond of Washington and George Wesley, Jr., of Richmond, and eleven grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

It was my high privilege to be received into the Church at Monument by Dr. Jones. As one of the young members of the congregation I came to love him. Later when entering the ministry it was Dr. Jones who gave me my first appointment. His kindly guidance assured me and gave me confidence. He invited me to be the speaker for him at a special service on the Ashland Circuit. I inquired concerning the theme of the service. Dr.

Jones said, "Just preach on the marvelous grace of God." That Grace Dr. Jones had experienced. He lived by the Grace of God and proclaimed it. Our lives are the richer for it.

As Bishop Quayle said of Tennyson's King Arthur, we say of Dr. Jones, "And such a man--has passed into the enduring substance of the world's best thought and purpose. We see him--not saw him. He is never past, but ever present." We who loved him say. "Thy name and glory cling to all high places, like a golden cloud, Forever!"

by Alpheus W. Potts

Minutes for 1952. **George Thomas Forrester.** Before we had settled down following our last Annual Conference, the message came that one of our beloved brethren, George Thomas Forrester, had folded his tent and taken his departure. His going was not a great surprise due to his failing health over a period of several months. The angel came and gave release to a tired body.

George Thomas Forrester was born February 19, 1873, in Northumberland County, Va. He was the son of Colonel Richard Padgett Forrester and Sallie Hynson Forrester. He was educated at the Old Chesapeake Academy, Irvington, Va., and Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.

In 1902 he was received into the Virginia Conference and entered upon a very happy and successful ministry. He served the following appointments: Gwynn Island, Caroline Circuit, Fox Hill, Decatur Street, Central-Portsmouth, Zion-Norfolk, High Street, Chestnut Avenue, St. James, Boulevard, Trinity-Petersburg, First Church, Norfolk and Chesapeake Avenue. In addition to these appointments he served as Camp Pastor for two years during the First World War.

In 1904 he was married to Mamie Wheeler of Nelson County. To this union were born four children--Richard Hynson, William Walton, George Thomas, Jr., and Mary Yancey. The beauty of his home life has been attested by those who had the privilege of its warmth and hospitality. He was deeply devoted to the members of his family. Among the bereaved was his faithful wife, one who during his life-time shared his sorrows as well as his joys. Throughout his ministry she was constantly by his side in whatever undertaking he was engaged.

His record as a minister in the Methodist Church is an enviable one. Each new appointment was accepted gladly. He went as though there were new fields to conquer, and almost immediately he would possess the land. People came to love him from the beginning and his place in their hearts was permanent. During the last years of his life I had the privilege of serving as his District Superintendent. He was universally loved by his congregations. No one ever came to me saying we want a change of preacher. Many came asking that he be sent back.

He had unusual business ability and could always direct his Board in a sane and sensible way. They respected his judgment and gladly followed his leadership.

He was quick to make friends. His gracious smile and warm handclasp endeared him to his people. There was always that easy and friendly feeling in his church caused by his own spirit. His philosophy of life might be characterized in the following words:

"Life is so sweet because of the friends we have made
And the things which in common we share;
We want to live on, not because of ourselves
But because of the people who care.
Its the giving and doing for somebody else
On that, all life's splendour depends,
And the joy of this world when you've summed it all up,
Is found in the making of friends."

Upon retirement he moved to Virginia Beach, a place that was very dear to him. Here he remained until the message came to move into a better home. On October 21, as the family and friends stood around, he quietly slipped away.

His funeral services were conducted by Dr. Edgar Potts, Rev. Millard F. Draper and Rev. Graham Carlton and his body was laid to rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Norfolk, Va. "Servant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won; enter thy master's joy." **by Walter C. Gum**

John Charles Spindler was born March 19, 1894 at Oakland, Md. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Spindler. There remain of this family a sister, Mrs. Dessie Wright of Cleveland, Ohio, another sister and two brothers living out West with whom there has been no connection since childhood.

Brother Spindler was married March 23, 1904 to Miss Susie Heavener. To this marriage were born the following children--Sfc. Mary E. Dewitt, stationed in Heidelberg, Germany, and Mrs. Helen King, at home.

Brother Spindler entered the ministry of the former M.E. Church, South, March 1914. He served the following pastorates--Greenville, W.Va., Durbin, W.Va., Ridgeley, W.Va., Frostburg, Md. Due to a heart condition after his Frostburg appointment he did not take an appointment for three years. His next appointments were as follows-Capon Bridge, W.Va., Rockbridge Baths, Va., Fairfield, Va. Due to ill health he retired from the active ministry, October, 1941.

His education consisted of schools attended in Oakland, Md. and some correspondence courses.

After four years confinement to his bed, "Death hung his sickle on his garden gate" at his home, Frostburg, Md. December 31, 1951. Funeral Services were held at the Durst Funeral Home, Frostburg, Md. Officiating ministers were Rev. John Bayley Jones, Pastor of the First Methodist Church, Frostburg, Md. and Rev. Clarence L. Beard, Pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Cumberland, Md. Burial was in the Frostburg Memorial Park Cemetery.

Brother Spindler was a faithful minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. His preaching was plain, penetrating and winning. His unassuming, friendly personality and earnestness made him welcome in the homes of his people as he visited from home to home. The tired and sickness-worn body is now no more and he is rejoicing in the new-found strength and glorious body of the redeemed.

I go to life and not to death;
From darkness to life's native sky;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.
Let our farewell, then, be tearless,
Since I bid farewell to tears;
Write this day of my departure
Festive in your coming years. Horatius Bonar

Wilkinson Linwood Ware was born in Amherst County, Va., April 5, 1871. His parents, **by J. W. Rosenberg** Paulus M. and Ellen E. Ware, were devout Christians and the influence of that Christian home was reflected in the life of their son. Brother Ware was converted at the age of seventeen, and at once began to work for his Master. It is stated that "even as a boy, his prayers were so earnest and powerful that his associates were amazed and thought surely his mouth was filled with utterances from on high." Shortly after his conversion he felt that God was calling him to the Christian ministry. In preparation for his life work he attended Randolph-Macon Academy and Randolph-Macon College. In 1895 he was admitted into the Virginia Conference, on trial, and was appointed to the Batesville Circuit.

Brother Ware was blessed in his home life. On October 19, 1898 he was happily married to Miss Daisy Augustine Marshall of Westmoreland County, Va. who survives him. Their home was blessed with five children: three daughters: Mrs. J.A. Berry of Roanoke, Va., and Mrs. Herman A. Schmidt and Mrs. T.F. Crittenden, of Richmond; two sons: Col. Robert Ware of the U.S.Army and Marshall L. Ware, both residing at Arlington, Va.

Brother Ware was a man of faith, consecration, zeal and possessed the essential qualifications for the Christian ministry, as stated by Bishop Hendrix in his message to ministers. Bishop Hendrix said: "Christ's greatest work was His character, and so is the preacher's. The best commentary on the Bible the world has ever seen is a holy life; it even illuminates and beautifies the sacred text."

If those who have had the privilege of knowing W.L. Ware as their pastor were asked to state what about the man impressed them most, doubtless the almost unanimous response would be: his holy life.

He was a man of attractive personality: full of good cheer, warmhearted, sympathetic, ever seeking to be helpful to others; he drew people to him and held them as his friends. A hard worker, a good preacher, an excellent pastor, a gifted revivalist--no wonder he was known as a four--year man, and served for four years each the following charges: West Mathews, East Mathews, South Hill, Wakefield, Crewe, St. James and Laurel Street, Richmond, Orange, and he had concluded three fine and successful years at Trinity, Lynchburg, when he superannuated.

The honorary degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon Brother Ware by the Eastern College, Philadelphia in 1935. In 1938, on account of failing health, he retired from the active work of the ministry and made his home in Richmond. A few months after his retirement, the Editor of the Virginia Methodist Advocate published an account of an interview he had with Brother Ware, from which we quote a few paragraphs, as they reveal the character of the man and his ideals:

"The Advocate does not know of a more beloved man or minister, active or retired, than Dr. W.L. Ware, recently superannuated," says the Editor. "All over the Conference he is affectionately known as 'Brother Ware.' In a recent interview we asked him what he would do if he were starting over again in the ministry. We felt the fruits of his ripe experience would reveal many points of worth to his brethren still active in the work. Here is his story:

The two major points that I would stress, were I starting over again in the ministry, would be faith in God and hard work."..."I sought the victorious life in my early ministry. I was not satisfied in preaching from a sense of duty, but entered into this great work as an experience of love. I have preached because I love to preach."

Brother Ware regularly sounded the evangelistic note in his sermons and was a profound believer in the value of evangelistic services in the local church.

"Quietly musing," says the Editor, Brother Ware continued: "This is a busy age; an age of rush and hurry. The work of the ministry is becoming increasingly complicated and nothing is easier than to neglect this quiet hour. If I were beginning over again, I should try, even in this busy age, to let nothing keep me from my early morning period when I should get alone with God in prayer and meditation." The interviewer adds: "From the light in his eye and the radiance of his expression, it was not difficult to see that he has not neglected this 'means of grace,' through the busy years of his life."

Brother Ware excelled as a pastor, and in the interview the Editor asked him to tell the Advocate family why he visited so much. "I have always loved my people," he replied, "and tried to be a shepherd in feeding the flock." The Editor says: "Then reminiscing, with a far-away look in his eye, as though he were actually seeing some of the homes and persons he used to visit, he told of the opportunity for constructive work when a pastor listens to the sorrows of his people; comforts them in their troubles; prays with them, knows them by name and tries to help them carry their load of responsibility or sorrow, or perchance speak a word of encouragement to someone who is trying to follow some beckoning ideal. If he had it all to go over again, whatever else he might emphasize, he would not neglect these pastoral contacts with his people."

The interview concludes: "A beautiful note of Christian hope and faith was sounded when Brother Ware confided that really he did not wish, if he could, to turn back the pages of time and begin over. He believes that in the divine plan there is something better 'further on' in the direction in which he now travels. In the confidence of this faith he is continuing his journey."

During the years of retirement Brother Ware kept busy in his Master's work, as far as his health would permit, and was often called upon to supply the pulpit for his brethren. Nearing his 81st birthday, on February 5, 1952 our friend and brother quietly, almost suddenly, slipped away from us and went to his eternal Home.

The funeral services were in charge of Rev. C.A. Turner, Jr., of Ginter Park Church, assisted by Dr. Walter C. Gum. The burial was in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Richmond.

by H. H. Smith, Sr.

Denny Lewis Fringer. August 9, 1894 was a day upon which a supreme blessing came to the world. On that day Denny Lewis Fringer was born at Lithia in Botetourt Co., Va. His parents, the Rev. George Robert Fringer and Joanna Berger Fringer were Christians

of the highest order. His father was a distinguished minister of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. With such a blessing Denny Lewis began life. Behind him was one of the finest families of this state. This background disclosed itself throughout his entire life, until his passing to the Heavenly Home on February 9, 1952 in Roanoke, Va.

He graced the Methodist ministry with the highest character. The principles of the Christian faith were the foundation of his life. Throughout his whole ministry he was ever loyal to these great principles. He lived them and preached them to the people wherever he served. This loyalty reached its height in his devotion to Christ and His Church. His ministry was characterized by power. Whenever Denny Lewis Fringer preached, the words that came from his lips were with unction from on high. The great sermon that he preached was his life. Thousands of people were blessed by his life of comfort, hope, and truly of sustaining grace. Throughout this ministry he was ever upheld by a glorious devoted Christian family.

He married Mary Lewis Silvey of Amissville, Va., on June 14, 1922. To them were born three children, Denny Lewis Fringer, Jr., Robert Jackson Fringer, and Mary Lee Fringer. His faithful wife died July 25, 1940 at Luray, Va.

He married Thelma Odeal Painter, who now lives in Roanoke, Va., April 14, 1942.

Brother Fringer was educated at Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., and the Candler School of Theology, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia. He received his Local Preachers license on July 27, 1916 at Buchanan, Va. He was admitted on trial in the Baltimore Conference, March 1919 at Staunton, Va. He was ordained Deacon in 1922, and Elder 1924. He served the following pastorates: Epworth, Baltimore, Md.; Jarrettsville, Md.; Annapolis, Md.; Gaithersburg, Md.; Fairview and Huntington Court, Roanoke, Va.; Luray, Va.; Henderson, Callao, Va.; Fairview, Lynchburg, Va.; and Victoria, Va.

The Methodist Church is richer because he lived and served. Thousands will remember him and call him "blessed." He truly helped them. His great passion in life was not for the honors of the world but to serve his Lord and the generation in which he lived. "Well done," from the lips of His blessed Lord was his reward. He died rather a young man. The funeral, February 12, 1952, was held at Huntington Court Methodist Church, Roanoke, Va., conducted by Dr. Harold H. Hughes; assisted by Dr. W. Kenneth Haddock, Dr. K.K. Haddaway, Rev. John H. Blakemore, and the writer. The interment was in beautiful Evergreen Cemetery, Roanoke. There his body rests but Denny Lewis Fringer is not there. Redeemed, glorified, he is forever with his Lord.

by C.C. Bell

Frederick Graham Davis was every inch a man, six feet tall and rugged in frame with a strong kindly face. By grace he was a man of God, useful and honored.

He was born in Cambridge, Md., on Jan. 18, 1871, and died in Newport News, Va., March 18, 1952. His life of 81 years covered the last quarter of the 19th century and the first half of the 20th. It was a time to test and to grow great souls.

From his parents, John E. and Ariann Beckwith Davis, he inherited his fine physique, strong mind and Christian outlook on life. He joined the local Methodist church in which he took a deep interest. At a Sunday night service he felt the call to preach. Turning to his sweetheart, Alice Carmine, he asked her if she would join him in the methodist itinerancy. Although an Episcopalian she consented and later they were married and in the fall of 1894 he as admitted to the Virginia Annual Conference, and sent to Berlin, Md. The parsonage was poor and the pay small, but nothing daunted this brave young couple. If the snow drifted in during the winter when the clouds lifted they could look up at the stars and feel that God was calling for their best.

For forty-five years Brother Davis travelled in the regular itinerant ministry serving many important charges. Among them were Chestnut Ave., Newport News; Colonial Ave., Norfolk; Brambleton Ave., Norfolk; Lekies Memorial, Norfolk; Union Station, Richmond; High St., Petersburg; Emporia; Crewe; and West Point. Everywhere he did good work. His people loved him and he left with their blessing.

He went to every charge with the purpose of leaving it better than he found it and the record shows that he did just that. Parsonages and church building received his attention and the whole program of the church was cared for. He was a strong, moving, convincing preacher and sinners were converted and saints edified. Churches grew under his ministry and his influence abides.

When il health caused his retirement in 1939 he and his wife spent some time with their children. Then largely through his efforts a superannuate home was built at Cheriton, Va., on the Eastern Shore. There they went to live.

Churches for miles, Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian, called on Brother Davis for supply service. They were surrounded by friends who dropped in their home with tokens of love and carried away new courage and faith for living.

Then Mrs. Davis' health began to fail rapidly. Their comradeship in suffering was even more beautiful than before. She still smiled at his interesting stories of other days and he took up her burdens, stood by her and cared for his to the end. It came after they had been married 56 years. We laid the beloved wife to rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Norfolk, on June 15th, 1951. On March 18th following, her husband was placed by her side.

In a letter to a friend written June 27th, 1941 he enclosed a poem which interpreted life as he saw it.

HANDIWORK

We live in the work we do,
Not in the years;
Years may be very few,
Laughter and tears;
These soon will pass away,
Bodies will sleep
Under the silent clay,
Spirit will keep
Vigil through all of time;
Work we have done
Echoes down corridors
Of eternal sun.

We live in the songs we sing,
Acres we plow;
Bridges we build may bring
Weariness now,
But after our mortal span
Ends on the earth,
Life goes on, every man's
Measure of worth
Lives in his simple song,
Lives in his land,
Lives in his bridges,
The task of his hand.

by Billie B. Cooper

Those of us who knew him feel that Fred Davis still lives in what he did.

After their mother's death, Brother Davis called the children together and divided their little keepsakes among them. Their most precious inheritance however, is a good name and an example of Christian living and faithful service in the church. The children surviving are John B. Davis, Lynnhaven, Va., W.D. Davis, Newport News, Va., Fred G. Davis, Jr., Norfolk, Va., W.T. Davis, Ridgewood, N.J., Mrs. Carter D. Parrish, Fredericksburg, Va., Mrs. William M. Burnett, Norfolk Va., Mrs. C.R. Bull, Townsend, Va., and Mrs. O.B. Wolf, Newport News, Va.

There are also 19 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

When we think of the wide influence of a good life through a long ministry and the thousands who were turned toward God thereby we catch something of the glory of living. St. Paul revealed its secret; "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain."

And as we bid farewell to our friend and brother these lines come to mind:

"Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare past,
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

by C.O. Tuttle

Samuel Claiborne Hatcher, son of John Henry and Lucy Claiborne Gregory Hatcher, was born in Springfield, Cumberland County, Va., on May 24, 1869. He was married to Miss Mary Louise Kern on December 5, 1895. She died in 1927. He was married the second time on December 17, 1945, to Miss Inez Johnson. She survives him.

"Sam Hatcher," by which name he was affectionately known all his life, became a student at Randolph-Macon College in 1891, remaining at the college three years. He entered the Virginia Conference in 1893. While he was a student preacher he organized Barton Heights Church in Richmond in 1892. He was ordained an elder in 1897. He served the following charges in the Virginia Conference: Barton Heights Church in Richmond; Denny Street (now Calvary), Richmond; Queen Street, Norfolk; Market Street, Petersburg (now Trinity); Farmville; and Broad Street Church, Richmond. He was pastor of Broad Street Church in Richmond when he was elected vice-president, secretary, and treasurer of Randolph-Macon College in June 1911. The college had awarded Dr. Hatcher the D.D.

degree in 1909. After the death of Dr. R.E. Blackwell, president of Randolph-Macon College Macon College, Dr. Hatcher was acting president of the college for the session, 1938-39. He was active as vice-president, secretary and treasurer for thirty-six years, retiring in June 1947. He resigned as secretary-treasurer of the Board of Trustees in 1949. He died April 14, 1952. His funeral was conducted in Ashland and he was buried in Blanford Cemetery, Petersburg, on April 17, 1952. His cousin, the Rev. Henry C. Gregory, conducted the funeral services and was assisted by Dr. Hatcher's pastor, the Rev. R. Parker, and his long time friend, the Rev. W.R. Evans.

Upon his retirement, President J. Earl Moreland said of him, "Dr. Hatcher has served Randolph-Macon College with singular devotion and ability during the past 36 years. His knowledge of finance, his wide acquaintance in Richmond and in all Virginia, and his genuine interest in young men have been placed at the service of the college. His assistance to deserving students will be gratefully remembered by two generations of Randolph-Macon men." At the same time Mr. James Mullen, chairman of the executive committee of the Board of Trustees, said, "As chairman of the executive committee of Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, it has been my privilege and pleasure to work closely with Dr. Hatcher for some 17 years and I have nothing but admiration for the ability, energy and devotion he brought to his work as secretary, treasurer, and vice-president of the college. His long service gave him an understanding of the college's problems that no one else has, and his experienced counsel has been indispensable to the conduct of its affairs. Above all the college is greatly indebted to him for his handling of its finances during the depression years and particularly for bringing its endowment fund through those years practically unimpaired. His record in this respect will compare favorably with that of any college treasurer."

Dr. Hatcher and Dr. J.T. Mastin, another devoted and beloved trustee of the college of sainted memory, organized the first Virginia State Board of Public Welfare in 1908. It was then called the Board of Charities and Corrections. Dr. Hatcher served as chairman of this board for 15 years.

He served his church in a distinguished way and gave of his abilities to Ashland, Hanover County, and the state of Virginia. His most significant contributions, of course, were to the college, for it was here that he gave most of his life. His first love was Randolph-Macon. It was a consuming desire of his life to work for its ongoing and improvement.

There is a vast host of students who will remember him with devotion. It was difficult for him to turn anyone down who came with an appeal for help. He seemed to have an almost endless sympathy and interest in getting boys educated. Often his heart was greater than the student's capacity to pay. Had it not been, however, for Sam Hatcher's interest many of the young men would have gone uneducated. He sought the boys out. He found them. He brought them to the college and he saw them through.

Dr. Hatcher was my very dear friend. He was my life-long friend. He was my father's friend before me. When my father died the friendship of Dr. Hatcher became greater than ever. He was a true friend. I remember him when I was a boy before I went to Randolph-Macon College. I remember him at the college. I never knew a man who would go further for a friend than Dr. Hatcher. I never knew a man would go further to help some brother who was in distress than Dr. Hatcher. I have never known a man in the Virginia Conference who would go as far to help a brother who had lost his way or who had gone astray as Dr. Hatcher. Few know, if anyone does, of the lengths to which he has gone to save some preacher's ministerial orders.

He had a strong active mind and he used it to fight for the thing he thought right. This was true whether the issue was one connected with the college, the community, the local public school system, politics or the church. He was a true soul. When it came to putting his religion into practice he demonstrated it without pious cant.

Some will never forget the personal testimony. I asked him about it shortly before he died. I think it was on his 75th anniversary that he was addressing the Conference. He held his little black book in his hand and he told how for some years he used to put in the little black book the names of the persons he wished to kill (how often the best of us feel like we want to kill somebody). He said that after he put

the names in the book he would pray for these people. And he said sometimes he had quite a few names. But then he held up the little book and turned it around and said, "You can see the pages are clean. I have no names left." He had prayed them all away. I asked him about this shortly before he died. He told me the pages were still clean. He had no more names.

He was a man who was strong in his likes and dislikes. And yet this last witness that I heard him utter was one of love for the brethren. Throughout the years he was a stalwart personality in the Virginia Conference. He was a unique character. We shall not see his like again. He was a victorious soul. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

by J. Manning Potts

William Kenneth Cunningham was born January 6, 1888, in Berkley County, W.Va. His father was the Rev. R.S. Cunningham of the Baltimore Conference and his mother Martha May Cunningham of Berkley County, W.Va. He was five years of age when his father died while serving a charge in Highland County, Va. His mother with three children, Ruth 9, Kenneth 5, and Sydney 7 moved back to the old home place in Berkley County, but finally settled at Summit Point, W.Va. It was here that he joined the church at the age of eight and took active part in the work of the Junior Epworth League and the Sunday School.

He received his elementary education in the public schools of Summit Point, and at seventeen entered Randolph-Macon Academy at Front Royal, Va., in preparation for college. Upon leaving the Academy he entered the field of Public instruction for a period of years as follows: School teacher 1907-8 Mineral County, W.Va., 1908-09 Principal High School, Shipman, Va., 1909-10 Principal High School, Keeselton, Va. Desiring additional education he took a business course in 1910 at Smithdeal Business College. Under the conviction to enter the active ministry of the Methodist Church for some years, William Kenneth Cunningham definitely decided to add to his interesting and varied years of experience and preparation additional formal education on the college level. To that end he entered Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., in 1916 and graduated with a B.A. degree in June 1919. He was most successful as a student at Randolph-Macon College, acquiring with a high academic standing the following honors: Washington Literary Society--Debater's Medal 1918, Sutherlin Oratorical Medal 1919 and The Bennett Historical Medal 1919. He was a member of Tau Kappa Alpha (Forensic Fraternity) and Sigma Upsilon (Literary Fraternity).

On October 17, 1913 he married Josephine Wyatt of Richmond, Va., who survives him. This happy and Godly union made an outstanding team of the Cunninghams and wherever they were called to serve both rendered devoted and untiring service in building the Kingdom.

He was granted Local Preacher's License in 1912 and admitted to the Virginia Conference in 1916. During the three years he attended Randolph-Macon College he served Fulton Hill Church. His great passion to preach and love for mankind fitted him for the Call of God to be a Missionary. He served in the Cuban Mission Field until 1932 with outstanding success. During part of his stay in Cuba he headed the work of a District as Presiding Elder. Returning to this country his appointments were in the following succession: Appomattox, Emporia, Denny Street, Richmond, Va., Woodstock, Capeville, and Swain Memorial on Tangier Island, Va.

Plagued by a stubborn and slowly worsening physical ailment for many years, of such a nature that would have caused lesser men to quit, W.K. Cunningham held on with grim tenacity until the end. His achievements and richly fruitful ministry under the circumstances was a great source of inspiration to all who knew him. Sensing rapidly failing energies he felt the Island on May 4, 1952 to receive treatment in Richmond and returned for what was hoped to be continued work on June 19th, but found it necessary to return to Richmond for further treatment on July 3, 1952. The everlasting Peace of Heaven enveloped him at The Medical College of Virginia Hospital on July 15, 1952. Knowing that the time of his departure was at hand he made the final request that instead of flowers at his death gifts be made to missions in Cuba where he labored for thirteen years or to the American Bible Society. His age was 64. Funeral services were conducted from Calvary Methodist Church, Richmond, Va., July 17, 1952. The following ministers had a part in the burial service: Bishop Paul Neff Barger, Resident

Bishop of The Richmond Area, Rev. Ralph L. Haga, District Superintendent, Eastern Shore District, Rev. John W. Newman, Minister, Calvary Methodist Church, and the Rev. W.C. Freeman, minister of Boulevard Methodist Church.

Surviving children are three sons, W. Kenneth Cunningham, Jr., of Capron, Va., Sydney Cunningham of Richmond, Va., Lt. David P. Cunningham, United States Air Force, Shreveport, La., and two grandchildren, Marye Stuart and Norman Ann Cunningham, children of F. Sydney Cunningham, and one brother, S. Stuart Cunningham, of Elmont, Va.

He was a member of Widow's Son Lodge No. 150 Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Emporia, Va., and of the Eastern Shore R.A. Chapter No. 12 at Cape Charles, Va.

The ending of his ministry can best be likened unto the close of some harmonious and beautifully polished symphony. Always a consistently successful pastor his best ministry came at the close of his career on Tangier Island where his missionary heart and rich background of experience enabled him in an amazingly short period of time to transform the religious culture of a community. This was done through his preaching, teaching and living the Word. The results of a heavy week-day Bible Class teaching program became the crowning glory of his life.

Browning's immortal lines so thoroughly apply to W.K. Cunningham. They must have been written with people like him in mind:

"One who never turned back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

by Ralph L. Haga

James Weaver Moore, December 2, 1868 - September 30, 1952. Born in a Methodist Parsonage in the Holston Conference at Franklin, NC, to the Rev. Enoch W. and Laura M. Moore. Educated at Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Va.; Emory and Henry College, Va., and Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Vanderbilt University.

He united with the Holston Conference, at 19 years of age, October 1888, in Asheville, NC, and was appointed to Rogersville, Tenn. The next year he served Reynolds Memorial Church, Bristol, Tenn., where he was received into full connection, by Bishop Keener. That summer, 1889, he was married to Charlotte Rogan, and four children, all deceased, issued from that union.

Ill with typhoid fever in 1889 and expected to die, he was given a nominal appointment as his Father's Junior Preacher on the Leadmine Circuit, Va., in the Holston Conference. When he recovered from his illness, in 1891, he was appointed to the Amherst Circuit, in the Virginia Conference, and he served for two years. He then moved to Saint James Church, Richmond, Va., for a three year pastorate, and moved to Queen Street Church, Norfolk, Va., where he spent the next three years.

Bishop Granbery appointed him to Fourth Avenue Church, Louisville, Kentucky, in 1898, where he served for four years. While here his first wife and his two baby girls died. From Louisville he went to Travis Park Church, San Antonio, Texas, for two years, and while here, in 1903, he married Mrs. Linnie Glover Tucker of Louisville, Kentucky. He then moved to First Methodist Church, Houston, Texas, for four years. He then went to Beaumont, Texas, for a three year pastorate. In 1911, Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon appointed him to First Methodist Church, New Orleans, Louisiana, where he served for four years. Centenary Methodist Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., was his next appointment for four years.

In 1918, at the request of Monumental Methodist Church, Portsmouth, Va., he returned to the Virginia Conference, in which Conference he lived and served the remainder of his days. After four years in Portsmouth, he crossed the Elizabeth River for a four year pastorate at Epworth Methodist Church, Norfolk, Va. Next, he served for three years at Washington St. Methodist Church, Petersburg, Va., from which place he moved to First Methodist Church, Charlottesville, Va., for two years. Dr. Moore was appointed Presiding Elder of the Petersburg District, and after three years moved to the Richmond District, at the death of Dr. Henry Pheiffer, where he served three years, completing his term of six years as Presiding Elder.

Under his leadership, the Richmond District achieved the payment of 100% of Benevolences, for the first time in history, and inspired the other Districts in the conference to follow, and in a short span of time the Virginia Conference became a 100% Conference, which position she has never lost.

During his last year on the Richmond District, April 17, 1935, his beloved wife, Linnie Glover Moore, passed away.

When Dr. Moore reached the retirement age, in 1941, he chose to continue preaching and was appointed as "Retired Supply" to the Mt. Pleasant-Bent Mountain Charge, on the Roanoke District, where he served for five years, closing his fifty-eight years of active ministry, because of his health. During this last pastorate, under his leadership, Mount Pleasant Church was set apart as a Station appointment. Bent Mountain Church built a new sanctuary and changed its name to Lawrence Memorial; Cave Spring was detached from Second Church, Salem, and put with Lawrence Memorial. Since then, these two Churches have become Stations.

He has a long string of men in the ministry, who were led to the path through his influence or greatly strengthened in their decision. W. L. Ware; Edgar Potts, Joe Johnston; Jim Dailey, of the Baptist Church; Herbert Southgate; the writer of this memoir; and a whole host of others who, led by Dr. Moore, have become prophets, teachers and shepherds. Yes! Much has rubbed off on other people.

He was a great leader and a great religious statesman. Several times he was a member of the General Conference, and he helped make the laws of the Methodist Church. He took an active leadership in the movement for the unification of the three Methodist Churches in America. He led in legislation looking toward that union. He rejoiced in the fact that he could attend the Unifying Conference in Kansas City, in 1939; and the First General Conference of the new Methodist Church, the next year, at Atlantic City. He was on the Commission, which established the Korean Methodist Church, 1930, and spent about four months completing the task.

With such men as Bishop E. E. Hoss, Bishop James Cannon, Bishop Wm. B. Beauchamp, Dr. E. H. Rawlings, Dr. Reginald Potts, Dr. Stuart French, Dr. Tom Potts, Dr. George R. Stuart, and others, he led his Church and his Conference to a missionary passion. He served for many years on the Conference and General Board of Missions, and was the secretary of the Conference Board for two periods. When Roy Price electrified the Virginia Conference at its session at Broad Street Methodist Church, Richmond, in 1925, by making an impassioned plea not to retreat but to advance in missionary giving, and presented his own life for service in the foreign field, Dr. Moore took Roy into his own home and made it possible for him to go throughout the Virginia Conference telling his story.

Dr. J. W. Moore was God-Called, and this made him a man of great conviction and gave him a great passion. He could be counted on to be in the thick of a moral fight. He was fearless. Once a man of great influence told him to stop his fight against the liquor interest or he would lose his Church and maybe his life. Dr. Moore replied: "I have but one life to live. I must live that life as God wants me. If I lose everything, I will lose nothing, for God will be with me; and I must be faithful to Him." Then with a stern look, he set his face to the accomplishment of a very unpopular task. When the smoke of the battle cleared away, J. W. Moore was the hero.

James Weaver Moore had a great sense of responsibility to his family; those of his brother's family; his friends; his Church; and his God. He never turned a deaf ear to a plea for help. How well this writer knows. He was a man upon whom men leaned. Never to be forgotten is the time when he assumed the financial obligation of a beloved one, and through tremendous sacrifice, paid the debt of the dead person, to keep clear the name of one for whom he felt responsible. His life was held in trust for God's use in helping his fellow men.

As a preacher, Dr. Moore was one of the giants. He knew the Scripture, he knew men and he knew God. As a lad he was appointed to a rather large Church and he served some of the great pulpits of the Southland. His Churches would be filled at the Morning Preaching Service, but to get in at night, one had to arrive early. In his morning sermons he stayed on the beaten track. At night, he usually preached on some current problem: courtship and marriage was his theme once every year. One Saturday's paper

carried the Sunday Evening topic: "How many policemen can sleep on one beat?". To the consternation of the city fathers, he exposed indolence, dishonesty and graft in the Police Department. His humor was spontaneous. Whenever he preached on "Sela," "Don't Rob God," or "When Reuben Comes to Town," people would laugh and cry, but, always they were led into the presence of "The Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." He had the faculty of making the listener feel as if he and God were alone together.

His next appointment was Trinity Methodist Church, Newport News, where he served seven very happy years. During this time he was married to Linnie Tucker Hikes, of Louisville, Ky., and Denver, Colo. From 1946 until his death, he and his wife resided at 9530 Selby Place, Norfolk, Va. He continued his active interest in his Church and his friends until the last. "He was so weak and so tired," wrote his wife, "and just slipped away as I held his hand. He went away just at the hour (7 A.M.) that he usually wakened here at home, and I knew that he must have awakened to a beautiful and happy morning in his Heavenly Home, to greet the loved ones who had gone on before."

by J. Aubrey Hughes

William C. Page. As I prepare to write the memoirs of William C. Pace there lies before me a paper written in clear Spencerian script by his own hand sometime in the years of his retirement and found among his papers by his widow.

It says: "Rev. W.C. Pace was born at Carter's Bridge, Albemarle County, Va., April 26th, 1867. His parents were W.W. and Jennie E. Pace. His parents moved to Chesterfield County, about ten miles from Richmond where he spent his boyhood days. He attended the public schools and went to Randolph-Macon College.

He was licensed to preach by Dr. H.G. Brown at a Quarterly Conference held on the West Chesterfield Circuit. He was admitted on trial at the Annual Conference held in Charlottesville in November 1894. He served the following charges: junior preacher on the Batesville Circuit, then Whealton Station, Surry Circuit, West Franklin, Ridgeway, Goochland, Spotsylvania, King and Queen, Southampton, West Hanover, Bowling Green, Greensville, West Campbell, Ettrick, King George Circuit and Essex Circuit.

He had some success on all the charges. He retired from active service on account of physical infirmities some years ago, and spent the last years of his life in Richmond."

W.C. Pace lived to the ripe old age of 85 years, passing on to his reward September 23, 1952. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. O.J. Rishel, pastor of the Bon Air Methodist Church and Steve Cowan, who entered the ministry from the Bon Air Church. His body was laid to rest in Maury Cemetery, Richmond.

He was thrice blessed in matrimony. His first marriage was to Miss Rebecca Duncan Emory of Surry County. His second wife was Miss Jennie Wright of Fluvanna County. In 1937 he was married to Mrs. Evelyn H. Mitchell, a widow, who survives him in death. He also leaves one sister, Mrs. Ida Pace Pleasants, who lives at Bon Air, Va.

Brother Pace continued an active interest in the work of the Conference to the very end of his life, attending annual conference every year until last year. He was keenly interested in the building of the new church at Bon Air and contributed liberally to its building fund. This church was completed just a year and a half ago.

His fellow patients in the hospital testify to his Christian devotion and faith to the very end, saying that he would sing hymns for an hour at a time even after becoming semi-conscious.

"My Faith Looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine."

"O for a thousand tongues to
Sing my great Redeemer's praise."

Gloriously he went to meet the Master for whom he had labored and who he had loved for more than three score and ten years.

by Raleigh H. Mann

Minutes for 1953. **Walter Yancey Scales**, the son of Nathaniel H. and Elizabeth M. Scales, was born September 29, 1868, in Patrick County, Va. Having the advantage of a Christian home, he was converted at an early age and became a member of the Methodist Church. Peace came to him through the assurance that God wanted him to work in his vineyard and to be concerned for the souls of others. After deciding on his life's work, he entered Randolph-Macon and there prepared himself. On leaving college, he

entered the ministry in 1893 and joined the Western North Carolina Conference. His appointments were Cooleemee Advance, Main Street Salisbury, Winston Salem and Canton. In 1911 he transferred to the Virginia Conference and served the following appointments: Brookneal, Toana, Clarksville, Irvington and Kilmarnock. He gave 34 years of faithful, helpful and inspiring service to the ministry of his church and a full life of devotion to Christ. In all of these appointments he was successful in leading souls to Christ and building up the waste places of Zion. His Gospel was a story of God's redemptive love and the power of Christ to save to the uttermost all who come to him faith. "The common people heard him gladly" and for a good reason. Like his Lord, he loved them. He saw in every person he met, however humble, the pearl of great price; the ability to become a child of God. His greatest work cannot be measured in the churches he erected, but in the people he led to Christ. He was the servant of God recognizing always his responsibility to the Master of us all. He loved his fellow men and was greatly loved by the people he served. He loved children and they in turn took much delight in his company. One year while in North Carolina, he baptized fifty-two children.

In 1893 he married Mary Roberta Sale of Ashland, Va. This union was blessed with four daughters. Besides his widow the following daughters survive him: Mrs. James W. Sneed of California, Miss Lillie Scales--Richmond, Va., Mrs. E.H. White--Alexandria, Va., and Mrs. H. M. Waldron--Fork Union, Va.

It would be impossible within the limits of this paper to enumerate the acts of this Apostle of our Lord. Walter Yancey Scales was a faithful, loyal, consistent, courageous Methodist minister. The characteristics of his life were the beauty and simplicity of his Christian character. His life was an open book and was his greatest sermon for men took knowledge of him that he walked with God. It was a great cross when he had to retire, but he felt that it was God's will. He retired in 1927 and made his home in Richmond, Va. He attended Byrd Park Methodist Church. He went to the preachers' meetings, preached and gladly took advantage of the many opportunities for usefulness to be found in the field opened to a retired minister of the gospel.

He died at the age of 84 in a Richmond Hospital, October 25, 1952. His funeral service was conducted in Byrd Park Church by the writer of this paper assisted by Rev. R. N. Hartness. Burial was in Hollywood Cemetery--Richmond, Va.

But our home is not here. However full of music and color and delight this world may be, God has provided some better thing for us. We desire a better country. We look for a "city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou are crowned at last."

by James S. Burleigh

Roscoe Jones. May 23, 1877, was a day upon which a supreme blessing came to the world. On that day, Roscoe Jones was born at Allen, Md. His parents, John W. Jones and Williammana Phoebus Jones, were devout Christians with most commanding personalities.

His ancestry was truly noble. He was a descendant of Dr. William Phoebus, a member of the Christian Conference, 1784, in Baltimore, which really established the Methodist Church in America. His grandfather, father, and he served as superintendent of the Allen Sunday School. This background disclosed itself throughout his entire life until his passing to the Heavenly Home, November 8, 1952.

He was truly a leader in his home church, serving as both Sunday School Superintendent and Chairman of the Board of Stewards. Whenever he spoke in the church, it was always filled to capacity. As went Roscoe Jones, so went the congregation.

The people of Maryland were served well by him. As a member of the Maryland Legislature in 1908 and 1914, he was a crusader for prohibition and better salaries for teachers. Wherever there was a human need you would find the loving heart and generous hand of Roscoe Jones.

God gave him a wonderful wife in Kate Jones. She was the daughter of Levin B. and Mary Turner Price. No people ever walked the road of life more beautifully than they. Their home was a bit of heaven on earth. To them were born two children: a daughter,

Mrs. W. Elliott Wilkins, now Dean of Women, Madison College, Harrisonburg, Va.; and a son Roscoe Phoebus Jones, Franklin, Va.

He was educated in the public schools of Maryland and Baltimore City Law College. Randolph-Macon College awarded him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1941.

Dr. Jones entered the Virginia Conference in 1921. He served Cape Charles, Onancock, Williamsburg, Franklin, Broad St., Portsmouth, Va., Berryman, Richmond, and the Petersburg District--1943-49. At the close of this last appointment, he superannuated and as a retired supply became the pastor of Stoney Creek, Petersburg District, and served there until his death.

Roscoe Jones graced the Methodist Ministry with the highest character. The principles of the Christian faith were the foundation of his life. His character was without blemish--truly a diamond among the choice jewels of God. His life was a benediction to the church. He preached the Word of God with power and many were added unto the Lord. This is a better world because he was a minister; it is a stronger Methodist Church; and all eternity will ever be enriched by the services of this Minister of Christ. He truly stood in Apostolic succession of those worthy of the crown of righteousness.

To know him was to respect, honor, and love him. His heart was ever overflowing with compassion. His life was one great, good deed in a world of sin and woe. "Well done," from the lips of His blessed Lord was his reward. He died in the fullness of years, but he is not dead. He liveth with Him forever more.

The funeral Sunday, November 9, 1952, was held at Washington St., Petersburg, Va., conducted by Dr. L. O. Wilbourn, Rev. H. H. Fink, Rev. Courtney Sheffield, and the writer. He sleeps in the church yard of the Allen, Md. Methodist Church, which he loved so dearly. Near him rests his wife, and mother and father.

The summer suns will warm his grave. The winter snows will lay their blankets of white about it. Time will eat away the stone that bears his name. But weep not, Roscoe Jones, whom we knew and loved, is not here. He is with the Lord forever more.

by C. C. Bell

Thomas James Chandler Heath. Some time during the year 1878 near the town of Onancock, Va., Thomas James Chandler Heath was born to James and Lena Chandler Heath. His parents took much interest in his spiritual training and began at an early age to take him to Sunday School. In those days children usually remained at church with their parents. Thus the right principles were instilled in childhood. He attended the public schools of his county and the Margaret Academy at Onancock, and later entered Randolph-Macon College to prepare himself for the ministry. He was a swift runner and while at college won a track medal which he treasured very highly because, he said, it showed he had a strong body to dedicate to his Lord. He did use that body in serving God and his fellowmen. He was a good student and was well read, especially in the realm of history, in which he had an unusual capacity for remembering dates.

In the year 1900 he united with the Virginia Conference, and during his active ministry served the following charges: Hoopers Island, Md.; Taylorsville, Md.; Cape Charles, Dendron, Wesley-Petersburg, Oceana, Prospect; Guilford, Pungoteague, and Melfa on the Eastern Shore. After he retired from the active ministry he supplied several pulpits, including one Baptist pulpit.

In 1909 he married Miss Winnie Parsons of Atlantic. She died in 1919 while he was serving as pastor of Wesley, Petersburg.

He was a member of the Ocean Lodge, No. 116 and received a fifty-year-membership award.

While the writer was just a boy the Heaths lived next door to his parsonage home. Tom, serving a pastorate elsewhere, spent much time with his parents and would frequently come to that home. Later, while the writer was working during the summer months in Cape Charles, Tom was pastor of Lutheran Church in that town; therefore he was privileged to know the subject of this sketch very well.

He was cheerful, a good worker, a splendid preacher. One of his close friends said of him, "He was a man of high ideals and character above question." Another intimate friend said, "I never heard him speak an unkind word of anyone. His love for his mother was very touching. He spent many of his last years ministering to her."

On November 14, 1952, at the age of seventy-four at his home in Onancock, Va., he passed to his Heavenly reward. Funeral services were conducted by the Reverends Ralph Haga, Lyle Youell, and Melvin Trower.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

by W. G. Bates, Jr.

Charles Clinton Bush, the son of George Washington and Fanny Rowland Bush, was born in Clarke County, Va., May 28, 1883.

He attended the elementary schools in the vicinity of his home, and later he went to a private Academy near Berryville. He then assumed the duties of farm life for several years. Already the call to preach began to weigh heavily upon his conscience. His reticent nature caused him to recoil at first, but he finally surrendered and turned his attention to make preparation for a ministerial career. His finances were quite limited, and in order to enter Randolph-Macon Academy he sold his horse and saddle--his prize possessions. He later attended Randolph-Macon College from which he received his A.B. degree in 1908, and Vanderbilt University with a B.D. degree in 1913.

As a student Brother Bush was somewhat reserved in nature, which was prompted by a true spirit of humility. He applied himself conscientiously to his work, and because of his circumspect life he commanded the respect and confidence of his fellow students. He achieved also an athletic prowess to an unusual degree as a member of the football teams of both college and university.

During his period of preparation Brother Bush felt the call to the mission field. He was assigned to Korea and soon after completion of his seminary work all arrangements were made for him to go to this field of service. But just at this time Bishop W.R. Lambuth was opening a new missionary enterprise in the Belgian Congo, Africa, and he prevailed on Brother Bush to take up work there. And so after five or six months of intensive preparation for the specific task at hand Brother Bush and his bride sailed from Philadelphia July 23, 1913 for Africa. This was no easy journey at that time. It was necessary to go via Belgium to become better acquainted with the official language. And then via ocean steamer, narrow gauge railroad, river boat, and overland trail in hammocks, with a caravan of natives he reached his destination at Wambo Nyama on January 31, 1914.

Seldom does anyone face so great a task under so many difficulties as did Brother Bush at this time. He was stationed in a new enterprise and was thus a pioneer. He encountered the dangers of an African jungle, the difficulty of association with a very primitive people who knew only their native tongue, and the hindrance of a tropical climate without the aid of proper medical care. But with undaunted courage he applied himself to the task at hand. He had to master the new language in order to engage in his educational and evangelistic program. He later translated portions of scripture and hymns into the native language. His daily life was a living example of true Christian character and he soon gained the confidence of the natives. His work bore abundant fruitage in conversions to the Christian faith and the mission became firmly established. On three different sessions he went to Africa as a true Christian missionary and in each instance was forced to return to this country on account of the illness of himself or his wife. Finally in 1928 it was necessary for him to remain here and he took up work in the old Baltimore Conference and later the Virginia Conference where he labored faithfully as a Pastor till 1948 when he retired. Even then he endeavored to do supply work but the frailties of the body were too great, and on December 20, 1952 he went home to his eternal reward.

Brother Bush was ordained a Deacon by Bishop W.B. Murray at the Baltimore Conference of 1912 and ordained Elder by Bishop W.R. Lambuth in the Belgian Congo, 1913.

On January 10, 1913 Charles Clinton Bush was married to Miss Daisy Wheatley Engle, daughter of Capt. George Washington and Martha Montgomery Engle, at Charlestown, W. Va. Mrs. Bush had been a school teacher for a number of years and this experience, together with her devotion to the Church and its program, prepared her in an extraordinary manner to be a true helpmate to this young pastor and missionary. Her loyalty to her

husband and his work was an inspiration and comfort to him in all the vicissitudes of his checkered career.

Brother Bush was a true sower of the seed of truth. With peculiar devotion the natives of the Congo ascribed him as their father in the Gospel and they continued to clamor for his return to Africa even when physical limitations made it impossible for him to do so. Some of our young ministers acknowledge his life and work as a leading influence in shaping their careers. Some of our churches point to him as the great torch bearer of missionary truth and endeavor. Many in the last day will arise and call him blessed.

by R.M. White

Samuel Coiner Stickley was born November 23, 1884 at Mill Creek, Va. His parents, Phineas and Mary Bowman Stickley, were devoted members of the Church of the Brethren and he was brought up in the faith of that church. A first cousin, his mother's nephew, is Dr. Warren D. Bowman, who is crowning a distinguished career in the ministry of that church with a term as President of Bridgewater College.

When he was 12 years old, as a result of a revival in his home church, he professed his faith in Christ and united with the Mill Creek Church of the Brethren. On March 5, 1907 he was united in marriage with Miss Lottie Blakemore of Bridgewater, Va., and transferred his membership to be with that of his wife in the Methodist church near his home. He was working at this time as a miller in Staunton, Va. About the year 1914, he had an experience at his work in which it seemed as though someone stood by him, and told him to enter the ministry. When he went home and told Mrs. Stickley, she said, "We will have to pray over it," and pray they did. Shortly afterward he told her again, "I just can't get away from it. I just have to be a preacher." Facing privation and struggle, the couple worked together to further his education. Indeed, feeling that they were in God's hands and that He would take care of them, they began to tithe, a practice which ended only with Mr. Stickley's death.

Mr. Stickley entered Bridgewater College in the preparatory course in 1914. Before leaving in 1917, he had been able to complete his preparatory work and one year of college. That year he was licensed to preach by the Rockingham District Conference and served the Blue Ridge Mission as a supply. He entered the Baltimore Conference on trial in 1919 and was received into full connection in 1921, being ordained deacon in 1920 and elder in 1924. As a Conference member on trial, he served Toms Brook. After coming into full connection, he served Toms Brook, Va.: Flint Stone, Md.; Gainsboro, Va.; Linden, Va.; Shenandale, W. Va.; New Market, Va.; Warren Circuit, Va.; Remington, Va.; Asbury, W.Va.; Warren Circuit for the second time; Levels, W. Va.; Milboro Springs, Va.; and Paint Bank, Va. For many years, Mrs. Stickley was in poor health and the strain finally told on him to the extent that his own health gave way in 1945 and he was retired. The couple went to Washington, D.C. where he obtained employment with the Veteran's Bureau. In 1949, on account of a weak heart, he was compelled to give up this, and he and Mrs. Stickley came to Front Royal to spend their last days. Mr. Stickley identified himself closely with the work of the Front Royal Methodist Church but was found wherever there was a place for his work in the churches of Warren and Rappahannock Counties. During this period he seriously considered asking to be restored to the active relationship. His heart was in the work of the Methodist ministry.

On March 4, 1951, the day before their wedding anniversary, Mrs. Stickley preceded him in death and on February 5, 1953, Mr. Stickley quietly slipped away in the Warren Memorial Hospital, Front Royal, Va. His constant good cheer, his happy faculty for making friends and his love of life made it hard for his friends to believe he had really gone. He never complained and so great was his determination not to give way to illness that he drove his own car to the hospital when he entered the last time.

His funeral service was similar to that of Mrs. Stickley. Both were conducted by the writer, assisted by the Rev. Forrest B. Oglesby, in the Front Royal Methodist Church and at both their favorite hymn, "Amazing Grace" was sung by a friend, Mrs. R.K. Butler. They rest side by side in Prospect Hill Cemetery, Front Royal.

Brother Stickley leaves behind to mourn his passing, but to rejoice that such has been, a daughter, Mrs. Vernon Baumgardner of Front Royal, three grandchildren, and two sisters, Mrs. Frances Nicholson of Harrisonburg and Mrs. Claude Walters of Cross Keys,

Va. Another sister, Mrs. Virginia Lanneau, survived him but passed away a few months later.

Quiet and unassuming, patient in adversity, having a winsome humility, possessing a real love for people, Brother Stickley had an aggressive and triumphant faith in the Christ whom he served faithfully from the day His voice called him in the mill in Staunton, to go forth and labor, until the day His voice again called him in the hospital at Front Royal, this time saying, "Come home and rest." **by Roscoe C. Johnson**

Jacob Neuhauser Mast. On Sunday, April 14, 1912, the writer of this memoir preached the first sermon in his new appointment: St. John's of Hamilton, Baltimore. Three days later, April 17, 1912, the organist of this church, Miss Antoinette Barbara Frank, became the bride of Reverend Jacob Neuhauser Mast. Mr. Mast had been a pastor of this church and Miss Frank was from one of the stalwart families of the church. No couple could have been better qualified for each other in the sacred privilege of marriage than these two, each of high Christian character, even temper, devoted loyalty and efficient service. This superior couple lived in marital happiness until the death of Mrs. Mast on May 23, 1947, a period of 35 years. Three children survive these parents: Rev. Jacob W. Mast, a member of this Virginia Annual Conference and now pastor of Crenshaw Methodist Church in Blackstone; Miss Ethel F. Mast and Robert F. Mast.

Jacob Neuhauser Mast was born January 7, 1874 in Fork, Md., the son of Jacob K. Mast and Frances Neuhauser Mast. He attended the public schools of Fork and of Easton, Maryland, and at Penn State College also. He received his A.B. degree at Randolph-Macon College in June 1906. He had been received on trial in the Old Baltimore Annual Conference of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was ordained Deacon on March 31, 1907 by Bishop E.E. Hoss and was ordained Elder by Bishop Hoss on April 2, 1911, the writer of this memoir being in this class with him. Brother Mast served the following appointments: St. John's of Hamilton, Baltimore; Warrington, West End in Roanoke; Leesburg, Poolesville, Md.; Central in Hampton; Wright Memorial in Portsmouth; and on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, Henderson, Epworth, Exmore, Oak Hall, Belle Haven. He retired from the active ministry at the session of our Conference in 1946 and was appointed as a supply to the Philadelphia Charge, Petersburg District. He remained here until his death on February 10, 1953. He loved the garden at his home in this Charge and, as opportunity afforded, he could be found working there. Thus engaged, he was stricken with coronary occlusion and the end came. Funeral services were conducted in the Methodist Church of Lawrenceville by Dr. L. Oakey Wilburg, Superintendent of the Petersburg District. Interment was in Loudon Park Cemetery, Baltimore, Md., the final rites being conducted by his son, Rev. J.W. Mast.

To have known "Jake" Mast, as we called him affectionately, was to have known a choice spirit. He was a faithful pastor, an earnest preacher, a devoted servant, an exemplary Christian. He was quiet and unassuming and entirely free from all self-seeking. He exhibited in all his living the spirit of Jesus Christ, his Master. He was always an inspiration to me though I seldom told him so. His wife's family were true friends of mine and substantial supporters of the church. In my own life there will ever be a rich memory of an early appointment, St. John's of Hamilton, of the Frank family and of Jake Mast. This blessed memory has stood by me in all these years and has been invaluable. This memory, too, will blossom into a glorious renewal when all of us are in the Father's Home and we shall go in heavenly fellowship through God's eternity. The children of this family have a holy heritage and we pray upon each of them the blessings of God as they face the future in the spirit of their sainted parents.

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

"Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love." **by J.J. Rives**

Harry Paul Baker. One of the sacred duties at this session of the Virginia Annual Conference is to inscribe on the roll of our honored dead the name of Harry Paul Baker, who was born in Shenandoah County, Va., November 25, 1878, the son of Nicholas W. and Virginia Kibler Baker.

Brother Baker was an itinerant minister in the Methodist Church for almost a half century, having entered the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, March 27, 1903. On the afternoon of Monday, March 16, 1953, he left us in the triumph of an all-conquering faith.

He was ordained deacon in 1905 and elder in 1907. When the unification of Methodism was consummated he became a member of the Virginia Conference, but prior to this his ministry was in the former Baltimore Conference.

In his ministry, unbroken for forty-two years, he served the following charges: Basic, Va.; Caernarvon, Baltimore; Reisterstown and Jarrettsville, Md.; Wilkins Avenue, Baltimore; Lewisburg, W.Va.; Belmont, Roanoke; Calvary, Washington, D.C.; Mt. Rainier, Md.; Trinity, Cumberland, Md.; Manassas; Strasburg; Falls Church and Arlington Forest, Va. He was appointed to Arlington Forest, his last charge, in 1942, and during his three years ministry there the new congregation was organized and the first unit of the new church erected. He accepted this appointment with an option on a lot and with one member of the church, his wife. From this church he retired, because of ill health, in October 1945.

On April 6, 1910 he was united in marriage to May Newcomb of Basic, Va., who died August 30, 1930. To this union were born two children--a son, who died in infancy, and a daughter, Mrs. Hayward R. Baker, who lives in Hyattsville, Md. While serving the church at Mt. Rainier, Md., his second marriage took place. On October 13, 1931 he was married to Bertha May Henley, who survives him and whose loving care added joy and comfort to his days in the last years of his life on earth.

On April 2, 1947 he suffered a complete paralysis of his right side, and following this was hospitalized seven times, undergoing four operations. During those years he had been a semi-invalid, until the last cerebral attack in 1951 which left him a helpless invalid--unable to talk except to say words occasionally. Concerning this long period of his illness his faithful and loving wife said this: "He loved company and was always happy to see his comrades and friends of the ministry. The going was hard at times, financially, but the dear Lord never failed to see that our needs were supplied. Through Dr. John Paul Tyler, now deceased, the good brethren of our churches came to our aid in a magnificent way and on through the years, since Dr. Tyler entered his eternal Home--others have taken his place and abundantly served in our hour of need. All during his illness he had been so grateful for all kindnesses shown him--and patient to the end. He had grown so weak and tired that he slipped away with Jesus, to his Eternal Reward--his Heavenly Home. I was by his side to the end."

The life and ministry of Harry Paul Baker were after the manner of the fathers of our Methodist faith. He has gone but his work and influence still live, and some day, when the shadows have fled away and when death no longer holds sway over the lives of mortal men, we shall see our friend and brother again, and with him, in the presence of his Savior and Lord, a multitude who in the glory of God's Eternal Day will bear testimony to the fact that his ministry had upon it the seal of God's approval. In that multitude will be many who gave their lives to Christ through his preaching and personal council, and many more who entered the Christian ministry or gave their lives to Christ for the mission field. In the language of his wife, who knew him as he was, "He worked hard and always put the Lord first in all of his ministry." Well, that was Harry Baker as the writer of this memoir knew him. Many, many times he said to me, "George, my chief business in life is that of pleasing Christ and leading people to know Him and love Him." Of a truth he could say with Charles Wesley:

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb."

The real manhood and the sterling qualities of his Christian character were revealed in the midst of his suffering, for in his last years of forced inactivity--

when too feeble to walk, and having lost the ability to use his voice, there was something in his countenance that seemed to say:

"I have a faith that will not shrink,
Tho' pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe."

Funeral services were conducted in the Strasburg Methodist Church, Strasburg, Va., by the Rev. Millard Rewis, Jr., pastor of the church, Dr. F.B. Oglesby, superintendent of the Winchester District, the Rev. Robert K. Nevitt, associate pastor, McKendree Methodist Church, Washington, D.C., and the writer. The interment was in River View Cemetery, Mt. Jackson, Va.

"Jesus, thou prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
They reign with thee on high!"

by Geo. G. Oliver

Ernest Lee Woolf. March 10, 1871 was a never to be forgotten day on Cloverland Farm near Rectortown, Va., for on that day a son, Ernest Lee, was born to Henry Michael Woolf and his wife Catharine Elizabeth. Coming events do not always cast their shadows before them and certainly there was nothing to indicate what this child was to do and to become in the church which his parents loved. His was a godly heritage. His father was a veritable pillar in the church and his mother a devoted member of it. The family altar was there and the sound of his father's voice at the Throne of Grace he could never forget nor the gentle pressure of his mother's hand upon his head as he kneeled beside her. No doubt in those sacred moments, though unrealized at the time, was born in his heart what was to become the controlling purpose of his life: to become a good minister of Jesus Christ. This purpose gradually developed through his tutelage and service in the home church and began to take its final form on September 23, 1983 under the eldership of Dr. Rumsey Smithson of the former Baltimore Conference, he was licensed to preach.

In preparation for the ministry his education was very thorough. After the usual schooling at home he entered Randolph-Macon College and graduated with distinction as a Bachelor of Arts in 1895. During his college career he placed special emphasis upon his work in Biblical Literature under that prince of teachers, Dr. John A. Kern, and so impressed was Dr. Kern with the character and ability of this young man that he wished him to become his successor. But Ernest Woolf wanted to preach and, after teaching for three years in Randolph-Macon Academy at Front Royal he entered the Theological Department at Vanderbilt University, at that time the only Seminary in the Church, South, where he received his B.D. degree in 1901. Subsequently his Alma Mater conferred upon him the D.D. degree and elected him as one of the charter members of the Phi Beta Kappa when that chapter was established in the College.

Dr. Woolf joined the Baltimore Conference in 1897 at its session held in Staunton, Va., was ordained Deacon by Bishop A.W. Wilson at Hinton in 1898 and by him also ordained Elder at Alexandria in 1904. He became a leading member of the conference and served many of its larger charges. The roster of his appointments begins with Sudbrook, Baltimore in 1901 and continues with Frederick, Rockville, Greene Memorial, Trinity (Roanoke), Emory (Washington), Lexington, Central (Staunton), Harrisonburg, Clifton Force and, after his retirement, Bonsack. Four times he was made Presiding Elder and District Superintendent directing the affairs of the Baltimore, Roanoke, Winchester and Staunton Districts with marked ability and was elected by his brethren to the General Conferences of 1922, 1926, 1934 and 1938; this last one being the Uniting Conference at Kansas City. He was also a member of the General Board of Education and a trustee of Blackstone College and of Lake Junaluska.

Such a catalog only dimly indicates his outstanding ability and the high place he held in the affections of his brother ministers. But far away beyond his administrative ability was his pastoral and pulpit work. Above everything else he was a preacher. The pulpit was his throne. He loved God's Word and studied it constantly. With scholarly precision he interpreted its message for the people and proclaimed it with convincing and convicting power.

Dr. Woolf was thrice married. In 1904 to Miss Anna Laura Bond. It was a happy companionship. To them was born one son who is now Dr. Bosley Woolf of Louisiana State University. In 1923 he married Mrs. Linn Bridges. Being of kindred minds, they labored together in an outstanding way in the work of the church and pre-eminently in its teaching ministry. Then in 1951 he and Mrs. Lucia B. Harvey were united. His health had broken and the shadows were beginning to grow long but her presence held those shadows back and filled his last days with joy and peace.

The end came without warning. This truly great leader in the church, always ready, would not have wished it otherwise. It was on March 30, 1953 at the regular Preachers Meeting of the Roanoke District in Trinity Church, Roanoke, just as he was concluding an address. Suddenly, while still talking, the call came and he stepped over the line to meet the Master face to face. It was a veritable translation.

The funeral was held in Trinity, conducted by his close friend, Rev. Claude M. Hesser, assisted by Dr. B.M. Beckham, Rev. J.B. Hupman and Rev. Claude Moseley. The interment was in Evergreen Cemetery, Roanoke.

He is not dead, this friend, not dead
But, in the paths no mortals tread,
Gone some few trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end.
So, we too, once past the bend
Shall find again, as face to face, this friend
We now call dead.

by H.M. Canter

James Upshur Edwards, son of Charles O. and anna Pierce Edwards, was born in Richmond, Va., July 13, 1891, and died at Matoaca, Va., May 9, 1953.

Funeral services were held in Petersburg at the Morriss Funeral Home, conducted by Rev. C.A. Tucker, a lifelong friend assisted by Dr. C.O. Tuttle of Matoaca and Dr. L.O. Wilburn, Superintendent of the Petersburg District, with music by Holland Wilkinson.

He is survived by his wife, Ward Butler Edwards, and two children, James U. Edwards, Jr., of Manchester, N.H. and Mrs. Edward Wollenburg, of Matoaca; also by his mother and one sister, Mrs. Raymond Whitlock, of Colonial Heights; and by two grandsons and one granddaughter.

He was educated in the public schools of Petersburg, Va., Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford, and Randolph-Macon College, Ashland.

While a student at Randolph-Macon, he served as supply pastor at Matoaca for two years, where he met and married the wife who survives him.

He was admitted into the Virginia Conference on trial in 1916, and was appointed to the Brunswick Circuit, where he remained four years. He was then appointed to Chester and Ivey Memorial Charge, serving there two years. His next appointment was Irvington, on the Rappahannock District, where he was stricken with arthritis in its most severe form and in 1926, after only ten years in the active ministry, he was compelled to retire. For over a quarter of a century thereafter he was an invalid, most of the time unable to leave his bed.

If ever one faced life courageously, James Upshur Edwards did. Faced by what proved to be a hopeless physical affliction, his spirit knew no such thing as defeat. When no longer able to walk, he took up painting as a hobby, and did some creditable work. Soon, however, his hands were also incapacitated, and he turned to the composition of poetry, which he dictated to his wife or children. He soon accumulated a sufficient number of poems to be published in a book called "The Candlelight," which was sold throughout the Conference. These poems may not show all the literary polish that might characterize those written by one more highly trained for this specific task, yet they do have the imagination necessary to all true poetry, and more important they show better than any other thing the philosophy and the faith of the author.

Jimmy Edwards smiled "when skies were gray" and what a victory he won! Men and women came into his room to comfort and cheer; they went away comforted and cheered themselves, for his was a faith and courage that inspired all who came into his presence.

He loved his fellowmen, and there was in his heart an unquenchable desire to help

in some way every person with whom he came in contact. The introduction to his book was not a mere formality with him. He wrote:

"This little book of poems was written for you, with the hope that it might be useful. It comes with a prayer that it may help give you courage and strength to fight each day with a song in your heart, and be a messenger of sunshine and cheer. As a minister, I would like to visit you and talk with you and kneel with you in prayer to Him who is the source of all strength and comfort, but I cannot do this, for I am a shut-in. So when this little book of mine comes to you, let it be as a visit from me, and as you read the poems each day, may you feel that I am there talking with you and doing my best to help you be happy."

Add to these words those of another poem and you have the picture of a courageous spirit, holding his banner high in the face of an ever-encroaching enemy, and still seeking to carry on his ministry to souls in need.

"If I can know a brother's need,
By word or act can sow a seed
Of kindness in some troubled heart,
Can of some burden share a part,
Today, Lord, may I see and feel
And act, and all Thy love reveal.
If I can teach someone to smile
Again, forgetting pain the while,
If I can put a song within
Some heart, and see new hope begin,
Make someone's path a brighter way,
I shall be happy, Lord, today."

And somehow those of us who knew him well felt he was happy in spite of an affliction that would have crushed a lesser spirit--happy with an inner happiness that surmounted outer circumstances because it was built on an indestructible foundation.

He seemed to anticipate his homegoing as the culmination of a great adventure, the climax of a life of faith and obedience that would reach its fulfillment only when he stood in the Father's presence. Hear him again:

"Some day I shall stand in my Father's house,
And my course on earth will be run,
But it will be by His wonderful grace
That the victory will be won.
But I must be faithful in all I do,
With no base or selfish design,
For I am His friend if I do His will,
And He is eternally mine.
I'll trust His grace, His wonderful grace,
I'll trust Him whatever betide,
I'll work for Him till the day's far spent,
And then in His house I'll abide."

And now his day on earth is done, and he is at rest in his Father's house, and we are left to contemplate a life that was no long in time, but that was very wide in its influence. And as we think on it somehow the words of the seer of Patmos seem most appropriate: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

by C.A. Tucker

Okey D. Lambert. The first time I saw him, the subject of this memoir, the Rev. Okey D. Lambert, was in January 1906. Two days earlier I had left the old farm house in southern Maryland to begin my preparation for the ministry to which I was certain I had been divinely called. Brother Lambert was among the first to greet me on my arrival at the Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va. I just stood and looked at him, for I thought that I had never seen such a physical giant. Broad-shouldered, full-chested and well over six feet in height. One did not have to know him long before realizing that his heart was bigger than the physical man by a long way. He seemed to find peculiar joy in helping others carry their burdens. He had a word of encouragement for

everyone; never a note of discouragement escaped his lips. This due to the fact that he cherished a deep Christian experience, which he practiced in all his dealings with people, both in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, regardless of their rank or station in life or the color of their skin.

January 18, 1912 he married Miss Rhoda Shultz of Mill Gap, Va. To this union four children were born, all of whom survived him: Miss Lillian, Miss Margaret Lucile, Delbert and Okey Dowell.

He attended the Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va., and the Shenandoah College, Dayton, Va. He was a lover of good books throughout his life and often denied himself other necessities in order that he might surround himself with them. He served the following appointment in his native state, W.Va., where he was born February 20, 1879; Frankfort, Sweet Springs and Highland Park, Richlands and Jefferson Circuit. Other appointments served by him were Selma, Epworth, Covington, Brucetown, Mt. Jackson, Stephen's City, Bridgewater, Stafford, Walker's Chapel, Arlington and Keezeltown-McGaheysville, all in Virginia. He was a lifelong member of the old Baltimore Conference of the M.E. Church, South.

His chief interests were his family to whom he was devoted and his Father's business. Deep reverence and earnestness marked his preaching, which was usually evangelistic in tone. Those who sat under his ministry were sure of one thing, namely, that he believed with all his heart what he preached of which his personal life was a living illustration--the redeeming, saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Death came to him May 22, 1953 at his home, 625 N. Emerson St., Arlington, Va. The Rev. E.A. Wilcher conducted the funeral service, assisted by Rev. J.L. Kibler and Rev. J.W. Hough. His body was laid to rest in the beautiful Mt. Hebron Cemetery, Winchester, Va. He sleeps well. The writer will always be grateful for having known this humble, noble soul. He has known many others with a superior intellectual background and training, but he cannot recall having known one superior in spirit and who walked closer to God and whose fixed purpose was to serve his day and generation according to the will of God.

by T.M. Swann

William Lovick Burks. On Sunday, July 5, 1953, near the dawning of a peaceful day, the spirit of Rev. William Lovick Burks moved out of the tabernacle of clay and entered the house "whose builder and maker is God."

Brother Burks was born in Georgia on December 28, 1873, the son of John B. and Sallie Stewart Burks. For many years he was a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and when the summons came to rest from his labors and receive his well earned crown, he was in his 80th year.

He was the product of a Christian home and received training in the public schools of Alabama and Blount College in Blountville, Alabama. However, he continued his studies at home and was a student of the Scriptures. Early he heard and answered his Lord's commission and served as one who "knew whom he believed."

On October 24, 1895, he was married to Miss Annie Lex Yielding of Birmingham, Alabama. Three lovely daughters graced their home and for 54 years these pilgrims of The Way lived together in happiness, love and rich service. In 1945 they celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary with their three daughters and a host of friends.

Brother Burks served as Evangelist and pastor in the Alabama Conference and in 1912 he transferred to the Virginia Conference. For 32 years he served faithfully and well. His appointments included the Danville Circuit, Courtland, Trinity-Lynchburg, McKenney, York, Princess Anne, Oaklette-Campostella, Boydton, Burkville and Heathville.

Brother Burks was vitally interested in every area of the Kingdom's work. He loved people and was a good and faithful pastor. He was a good preacher of the Word and his people were built up in the most Holy Faith. He was a builder and led in church building, additions and improvements in almost every charge he served. The Asbury Church at McKenney is a monument to his wisdom, faith and devotion. Above all he was an Evangelistic singer and preacher. He never lost the urgency of the call of Christ to every person who did not own Him Lord of all.

At the Conference of 1945, Brother Burks retired from the active ministry, but he never lost interest in the work always so near to his heart. He and his wife returned

to McKenney to spend their remaining years with their daughter in the midst of a host of friends who loved him much.

His devoted wife preceded him on July 7, 1949, and he followed on July 5, 1953. Services were conducted from Asbury Church, McKenney, by Rev. Norman G. Preston, his pastor; Dr. L. O. Wilburn, his District Superintendent and Rev. M. McAlister of Dinwiddie. His body was tenderly placed near by while loved ones and a host of friends stood in silent respect for one who had lived so long and so well. He leaves to mourn his going, three daughters: Mrs. Eleanor B. Shaw of Charlottesville, Mrs. Ina B. Ridley of Courtland and Mrs. Aileen B. Zehmer of McKenney, six grandchildren, four great-grandchildren and a host of friends.

"Tis splendid to live so grandly
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun.
To live so nobly and purely
That someone will pause some day
And sum up a few of your worthwhile deeds,
While traveling along life's way."

by H. W. Landrum

Frank L. Wells. With the passing of Dr. Frank L. Wells on Thursday, August 13, 1953, a veteran of 49 years in the Methodist ministry and one of the great leaders of the church went to his reward.

Dr. Wells was born in the home of his grandparents in Raleigh, N. C., on December 18, 1877. His parents were residents of Petersburg, Va. When he was eight years of age the family moved to Richmond. Both his father and mother taught in the Sunday School and the Christian influence of that home made an indelible impression upon the growing son. At the age of 13 young Frank joined Park Place Methodist Church, Richmond (now Pace Memorial), under the ministry of Dr. W. J. Young.

His studious mind was clearly revealed by the fact that, at the age of 15, he was graduated from the Richmond High School at the head of his class. From high school he entered a law office to study law. Later he became a stenographer and bookkeeper for a commercial house in Richmond.

The influence of his youthful training led him to decide for the ministry, so he studied at Randolph-Macon College and Vanderbilt University where he acquitted himself with distinction.

Having been granted his local preacher's license in Richmond in 1899, the fledgling minister was received on trial in the Virginia Conference in 1904, in Lynchburg. At the same time Bishop A. W. Wilson ordained him local deacon. The same bishop ordained him elder four years later at the Conference in Norfolk.

Some of the young minister's early preaching experience was gained at Market Street Church, Petersburg, where he supplied the pulpit from June 1, 1900, until Annual Conference in the fall. The year following he supplied Barton Heights, Richmond, from May until Conference. In both of these appointments he attended college, coming to the churches on Sundays for the services. During the summer vacations, however, full time was given the churches.

On November 7, 1906, he was married to Miss Addie M. Willeroy, daughter of William A. and Georgia Willeroy, of King William County and Richmond. The ceremony was performed in Richmond by the Reverends W. A. Cooper and Fred W. Moore.

The first regular appointment Dr. Wells had in the Virginia conference was at Wesley Church, Petersburg, where he served for one year. Other charges included: Culpeper, three years; Duncan Memorial, Ashland, three and one-half years; Broad Street, Richmond, three and one-half years; Memorial, Lynchburg, four years; Ghent, Norfolk, five years.

Also, Washington Street, Petersburg, one year; presiding elder St. Louis District, St. Louis, Mo., four years; pastor First Methodist Church, Baton Rouge, La., four years; First Church, New Orleans, two years; Park Place Church, Norfolk, four years; Monument Church, Richmond, four years; Court Street, Lynchburg, four years; superintendent Norfolk District, five years until his retirement. After retirement he served

until his death as retired supply pastor of Norfolk's Riverfront Methodist Church. He was in his third year there when death overtook him.

While Dr. Wells was a man of many marked talents, he was perhaps better known throughout the church for his business ability than for any other single talent. His early business training together with a natural aptitude for seeing into the heart of a business transaction made him an invaluable servant of the church. This gift of his served in an especially helpful way while he was district superintendent. He turned his executive abilities also toward improving the lot of his retired brethren of the Methodist ministry. He spent countless hours working with various boards and commissions looking toward increasing the allotments of retired ministers. Largely due to his zeal in this regard, the retired ministers of the Virginia Conference now receive approximately five times as much per service year as when Dr. Wells began his activities in this direction. Also, it was largely under his guiding hand that a number of homes for retired ministers were built at Pinewell, Norfolk, mainly through the liberality of Norfolk laymen. Dr. Wells for about 12 years was president of the Advocate Board of Trustees and rendered valuable aid as a counsellor to the editor and the Board.

Dr. Wells was a strong preacher! He did not allow his business activities for the church to keep him from patient hours in his study. His sermons were well-prepared and delivered with telling effect. He always believed in having a message for those who came to hear him and his passing brought sorrow to a multitude who through the years of his ministry has been helped.

A friend to young and old, Dr. Wells left an indelible impress on his generation. The church and the nation are poorer for his passing. **by George S. Reamey**

Roy Moore was born in Marion Junction, Alabama, December 8, 1882. He was the son of Eugene L. and Hessie Brice Moore. He spent his boyhood at his home. He was educated at Southern University, Greensboro, Alabama, from which he received his A.B. degree. He graduated with high honors. He went to Columbia University where he received the Master of Arts degree. From Vanderbilt University he received his B.D. degree in 1911. He graduated from Vanderbilt University with high honors, receiving from the University The Founder's Medal, one of the highest honors the University bestows. Roy Moore had an unusual mind and was an unusual student -- one of the brightest men who ever graduated from Vanderbilt. If there were a difficult passage in Greek the Professor usually called on Roy Moore and he never failed his Professor. He married Nellie Pleasants of Lynchburg, Va., who came from a strong Methodist family, devoted to their church. She made him an excellent helpmeet and was faithful and loyal through all their married life. She and two brothers survive him.

After graduating from Vanderbilt University in 1911 he taught for a year. He joined the Virginia Conference and served West End Methodist Church, the Morattico charge, Virgilina and Union Hall. He then accepted the opportunity to teach in Centenary College, Shreveport, Louisiana, from 1917 to 1921, where he taught Latin and Greek. It was while he was at Centenary that he also served Oil City, Louisiana, for four years. In 1921 he returned to Virginia and filled out the unexpired term at Charlottesville. He then went to Allen, Md., for four years and then to Onancock, Va., for four years and in 1931 he retired from active service because of ill health.

For thirty years Roy Moore was a great sufferer, physically and mentally. During these years he made his home with his wife at 911 Floyd Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Roy Moore was an unusual preacher. He was able to analyze a text of scripture and present its beauties in an unusual fashion. Many of his expositions were thrilling and inspiring.

His superannuation at such an early age was a great shock and disappointment to him and his friends, but during the early years of his sickness he lost none of his eager interest and unusually penetrating mind. The last years of his life were filled with disappointment and great suffering. He was finally taken to the Guggenheimer Memorial Hospital. After a long illness he died September 1, 1953. The body was taken to Memorial Church, Lynchburg, where for many years he was a regular attendant. Rev. W. A. Blankenbaker, the pastor and Rev. Jas. B. Douglas and Dr. Thos. F. Carroll, officiated at the funeral services and his body was laid to rest at the Presbyterian

Cemetery at Lynchburg.

Roy Moore was a faithful minister of the gospel. He was loyal to his church and his program. He was one of the most interested and observant members of Memorial Church. He responded to every opportunity for service that was given him.

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last." **by H. P. Clarke**

Laurence Amiss Smith--the youngest of six sons of Richard and Elizabeth Mowbray Smith, was born in Dorchester County, Md., May 3, 1873. He was converted at the age of seventeen and joined Friendship Methodist Church near Cambridge, Md.

Soon after receiving his call to the ministry, he entered Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford and began his long preparation for his sacred calling. He spent three years at Randolph-Macon College and then entered Vanderbilt University from which he received his B.D. degree in 1925 and M.A. degree in 1926. He also earned a B.S. degree from at Randolph-Macon College and then entered Vanderbilt University from which he received his B.D. degree in 1925 and M.A. degree in 1926. He also earned a B.S. degree from George Peabody College.

On February 7, 1920, he married Miss Lillie M. Reed of San Antonio, Texas, who survives him.

He was admitted on trial into the Travelling Connection of the Virginia Conference in 1907 and received ordination at the hands of Bishop Walter R. Lambuth in 1911. Brother Smith served the following charges in the Virginia Conference: Allen, Md.,; Grace, Danville; Trinity, Lynchburg; East Hampton; Ocean View; and Sledd Memorial, Danville. In 1921 he transferred to the Little Rock Conference in Arkansas where he spent nine years. While a member of that conference he taught two years in Weatherford College, Texas. In 1930 he transferred back into the Virginia Conference where he served Deep Creek; Central, Fox Hill; Hosier; Fishing Creek, Md.; Allen, Md.; Hyco; and Henry Circuits.

In October 1939, he was granted the superannuate relationship and resided in Cambridge, Md. In 1948 he moved into one of the superannuate homes at Pinewell, Norfolk. This was like coming back home because he had spent five happy years as pastor of the Ocean View Church and had seen the church grow rapidly under his leadership. More than once he said to me, "Isn't it beautiful here. I love this place more than any place on earth."

"Father Abraham" as he was affectionately known by many of his brethren of the ministry, was a genial personality. He loved people, he made friends easily and kept them. I never heard him speak disparagingly of any one. He could not have asked any of his parishioners to be more loyal to him than he was to the pastor of the church he attended after his retirement.

He never missed the Men's Bible Class and attended morning and evening regularly. In the bulletin of Miles Memorial, Dr. T. M. Swann had this to say, "We appreciate his friendship and loyalty and shall miss him from the congregation." He was a jovial soul. Often have I heard his laughter ringing out in the early morning air as he chatted cheerily with his neighbors or greeted some passer-by. He loved flowers, cared for them tenderly, and enjoyed sharing them with neighbors.

Brother Smith had not enjoyed good health for several months, but he rarely ever complained. He loved life, boasted over having passed his 80th birthday and frequently said he wanted to live to be 100, but while suffering intense pain a few hours before his passing he lifted his hands in prayer and said, "I want to die." He was taken to De Paul Hospital about 1:30 o'clock Wednesday morning, September 30, and passed to his heavenly home at 7:45 A.M. Funeral services were conducted by Dr. T. M. Swann and Dr. W. K. Haddock. His body was laid to rest at Cambridge, Md. **by B. T. Candler**

Minutes for 1954. **Harry Marvin Canter.** Early Thursday morning, December 17, 1953, Dr. Harry Marvin Canter entered into his Heavenly reward. Funeral services were held in the Asbury Memorial Church, Harrisonburg, on Saturday following, conducted by Bishop Paul N. Garber, Rev. Walter M. Lockett, Jr., and Rev. John A. McKenry, Jr., his bishop, his pastor, and his district superintendent. Following cremation, his remains were

placed in a mausoleum in Woodbine Cemetery, Harrisonburg, in a service conducted by Rev. Mr. Lockett and the writer.

He was born at the home of his maternal grandfather near Annapolis, Md., on February 3, 1875, the son of Dr. Isaac W. and Jennie Hall Canter. As a Baltimore Conference minister's son, he received his early education in several Virginia schools and in Baltimore. In 1894, he graduated from Randolph-Macon College and completed his theological work at Vanderbilt in 1897. In 1892, while his father was serving as Presiding Elder of the district, he was licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of Trinity Church, Baltimore. Admitted on trial in 1897, he served successively: White Sulphur, 1897; North Baltimore, 1898; Central, Baltimore, 1899; Trinity, Roanoke, 1902; Woodstock, 1906; Alexandria, 1910; Harrisonburg, 1913; Washington District, 1925; Rockingham District, 1929; Epworth, Washington, 1933-37.

He was a member of six General Conferences and of the Special General Conference of 1924. He was a member of the General Sunday School Board for twelve years and in General Conferences served as Revision Secretary in 1930, Journal Secretary in 1934, and Assistant Secretary in 1938. He was a member of Sigma Chi and Phi Beta Kappa fraternities and also was a member of the Blue Lodge, Chapter, and Commandery, of the Masons. In 1912 Randolph-Macon College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Just a few days before the organization of our new Virginia Conference in 1939, Bishop Peele asked Dr. Canter to pronounce the benediction on the final session of the Baltimore Conference, closing a priceless record of one hundred fifty-five years. The Baltimore Conference was dear to his heart; he and his father before him had served it with distinction. For twenty-five years, from 1915 until the closing session, he had been its secretary. He was entitled to live with his memories. Also unification and our new Virginia Conference came late in his life. But which one of us acquired friends faster or contributed more to strengthening our union?

In 1937 when he retired, he was elected to the forthcoming General Conference and subsequently to the Uniting Conference and--on the first ballot--to the first General and Jurisdictional conferences of The Methodist Church. In 1943 he was appointed Director of Ministerial Supply and Training, giving excellent leadership to that work for twelve years.

Nothing he accomplished elsewhere ever outshone his pastoral ministry. He won the love and affection of his congregations. He was a faithful pastor and one can hardly imagine a more congenial soul. He was a splendid preacher. There was a sheen in his public address for he had mastered the English language and could use it as few men are able.

Before retirement he had bought a home in Harrisonburg. Loved ones were near, his father had been pastor there when he was born, and he had served two happy pastorates in the town. He served as Pastor Emeritus of Asbury Memorial Church and as a senior shepherd of the town for fifteen years. A comment in the local paper at the time of his passing expressed his influence: "His life was a benediction in the community and we are a better people for having had in our midst this man of God."

On June 1, 1899, he married Miss Margaret Jones. Two daughters blessed their union. The older, Margaret Elizabeth, slipped away in infancy. The other is Dorothy (Mrs. Charles Hemans). Dr. Canter wrote of her: "She has been a never failing source of sunshine and joy and with her two sons, William Bocock and Harry Canter, now fill the whole horizon of our lives."

Dr. Canter left complete and careful notes for this record which ended, "I mention last that which by preeminence and importance belongs FIRST: It was my transcendent privilege to marry Miss Margaret Jones of Cincinnati. Accustomed to every comfort, as she was, she yet has fitted perfectly into the privations of a Methodist Itinerant's parsonage and without murmur, aided and cheered me in every hardship. If I have succeeded in anywise in this ministry, it is because of her cooperation and inspiration. I know that when I shall cross over to the other side Heaven will not be complete until she comes."

by John Blakemore

Noah Adolphas Conner, a retired member of the Virginia Conference, was born January 11, 1877. He entered into his eternal rest from the Jefferson Hospital, Roanoke, Va.,

December 9, 1953. He was married twice. The first time to Miss Lillie Willard, of Floyd, Va., in the year 1899. To this union was born one son. His wife departed this life in 1904. He was married the second time to Miss Abbie E. Vest in the year 1908. This union was blessed with nine children, two of which preceded him to the land beyond the grave. His second wife also passed away September 22, 1944, at their home at Riner, Va., where he was serving as pastor.

He was converted in early manhood and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after he felt that God was calling him to the ministry. He was admitted on trial in the Holston Conference in 1918, was ordained in 1923. He served the following charges as pastor:Oakdale, W.Va.; Honaker, Va.; Christiansburg, Va.; Radford, Va.; St. Charles, Va.; Floyd, Va.; Montgomery Parish, Va. He organized and built the Villa Heights Church in Roanoke. He was also a pastor Evangelist and many people in South West Virginia can point back to one of his revivals as the beginning of their Christian life.

Brother Conner's work on earth is done, and he has gone out to receive the fruits of his labors. Many will hold his memory sacred and call him blessed. Funeral services were conducted by Dr. Herbert S. Southgate and the writer in the little church at Christiansburg where he was pastor for a number of years. His body was laid to rest in Sherwood Cemetery at Salem, Va., to await the resurrection morning. We commend the bereaved ones to the care of Him who loves and cares for us all. **by E. N. Tarpley**

Charles Wesley Mark. A marvelous triumph it must be to meet Christ in Heaven on Sunday. Charles Wesley Mark was greeted by Him on January 31, 1954. Truly the Redeemer was able to say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of Thy Lord."

He merited this in a high way, for his life had been devoted to the doing of His Father's will. Precious in the sight of God was his death, only an exodus from this world to the Father's house.

Charles Wesley Mark was born December 20, 1857, at Catlett, Va., and went to his heavenly home at the advanced age of 97 years.

Graduating from Catlett public school, he attended Randolph-Macon College and began his ministry as second man on the Stafford Circuit with P. H. Henry in 1882. Later he served two years in Laurel, Md., and three years in Charles and St. Mary's where in 1886 he married Elizabeth Allen Rowe.

Other appointments included Crabbottom, Linden and Markham, Trappe on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, West River Circuit, Forrest Grove, Gainsborough, Old Furnace, Warren Circuit, Nokesville and Hillsboro, where he retired in 1925. The Baltimore Conference was enriched by his ministry for forty-three years. After retirement he was returned to Nokesville where he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. W. R. Free. He was a good entertainer, a great hunter and fisherman.

Funeral services were held in Nokesville, February 2, by District Superintendent Dr. John H. Pearson, assisted by the Rev. L. C. Shearer, president of the Alexandria District Ministerial Association, and the pastor, Rev. Emerald B. Dixon.

His body sleeps in the Manassas Cemetery. His grave will be warmed by the summer sun and covered by the winter snow, but Charles Wesley Mark conquered death and lives with the Redeemer, where throughout the eternity he will preach and live the glories of Christ, the son of God. The sun did not go down for him on January 31, 1954, in Warrenton. The night did not fall at Manassas. He greeted the dawn, not the setting sun. There will be no night for Charles Wesley Mark. **by William H. Gray and Emerald B. Dixon**

John Roy Browne. Our beloved Reverend John Roy Browne, the son of John Roy Browne and Ida Browne, nee Taylor, was born April 23, 1892 at Boston, Massachusetts. His ancestry dates back to a family in Swan Hall, Suffolk County, England, which came to the Colonies in Governor Winthrop's fleet in 1630, settling in Watertown, Massachusetts.

He was ordained as a deacon April 14, 1916 at New Bedford, Massachusetts by Bishop Samuel B. Spreng in the New England Conference of the Evangelical Association, which credentials were accredited by the Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, April 16, 1821. Orders were conferred by Bishop Francis John McConnell at Auburn, Maine, April 23, 1922 by the Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was transferred from the Maine Conference to that of Virginia by Bishop John Wesley Lord, June 1, 1950. After this transfer he served the Fauquier Charge and Bruen Chapel

Methodist Church at Merrifield until his death, Palm Sunday, April 11, 1954. He is survived by his devoted wife, Bertha Dickinson Browne.

Mr. Browne's elementary education was in the Boston Public Schools, followed by graduation from the Gordon Theological School. He won an International Scholarship and went to France and received his Bachelor of Letters degree from Academie Francaise L'universite de Lille, June 23, 1913. He enrolled at Oxford, and this was terminated by World War I. After the Armistice, while recovering from war wounds, he won another scholarship and studied chemistry at the Universities of Buffalo and Rochester respectively. When granted a degree, he was employed for several years in the chemistry department at the Harrison branch of General Motors at Lockport, New York, and for reasons of health, transferred to the Trans Sylvania at Fredericksburg, Va. Having sufficiently regained his health from combat wounds, he returned to the ministry which was his life devotion.

While in France, Mr. Browne served one year as Captain in the French Foreign Legion and after returning to the United States was inducted into the Armed Service. He returned to France and in combat was twice wounded. Today he rests with his comrades in Arlington National Cemetery.

"And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."-- Edwin Markham

by Mrs. V. A. Paine

Turney Ashby Jordan. As we think of Turner Ashby Jordan we see him in his pew at Huntington Court Church, Roanoke, sitting with his wife each Sunday morning, even when it was an effort for him to come to the house of the Lord. Loyal to the church whose beginning he saw in a small Sunday School on Williamson Road, in a new residential area, he was always present until illness and infirmity kept him away.

Turner Ashby Jordan was born in Pulaski County, Va., June 6, 1862, the son of Crockett and Eleanor Colingsworth Miller Jordan. He received his A.B. degree from Emory and Henry College. Following this he went to the University of Virginia, but finding he was not getting what he wanted to prepare for the ministry, he entered Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, where he received a B.D. in 1891. This same year he joined the Baltimore Conference of the M.E. CHurch, South. He was transferred to the Florida Conference, and was appointed to a Mission on the Indian River. The Florida Conference College at Leesburg, Florida had him as a teacher before he returned to the Baltimore Conference.

Being transferred to his former conference, he was appointed to the Montgomery Charge on the Roanoke District. His next transfer was to the West Virginia Conference, where he served appointments at Parkersburg and Phillipi.

His love for his "home" conference is shown in the fact that he returned to the Baltimore Conference, where he served the following appointments: Wardensville, W.Va.; Rockbridge; Mount Olivet (Fairview); Catawba, and Roanoke Circuit.

Brother Jordan was an humble spirit. He served his Lord as he was given opportunity. Some felt he might have served better or more remunerative appointments and told him so. His wife quoted his remarks to such a thought, "I do not think it right to ask for a better appointment; others have families and they need them more than I do."

While on the Montgomery Charge he met and married Virginia Agnes Roop, April 24, 1901. For fifty-three years this devoted couple travelled the road of life together. It was in 1918 that he had to undergo two major operations; this and the sickness of his wife forced him to take the supernumerary relationship, and in 1924 he retired.

1926 found him assuming responsibility of a Sunday School for a new church in the making on the Williamson Road north of Roanoke. This later became Huntington Court Methodist Church. It was the pastor of this church, Rev. Alpheus W. Potts, and the associate pastor, the writer, DeWitt A. Beery, who had charge of the funeral services when he passed away May 18, 1954. He was laid to rest in Fairview Cemetery in Roanoke, Va. He passed to his eternal home just a little more than two weeks before his 92nd birthday. His last sickness was long, and he was bedfast for many months. His wife, who survives him, was in constant attendance, devoted, loyal, and doing everything for

his comfort. She was alone at his side holding his hand when he passed away. An adopted son, Mansfield Jordan, Wardensville, W.Va,. also survives.

"When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;
There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long."

by DeWitt A. Beery

Joseph Minton Batten. Though Joseph Minton Batten died in Nashville, Tenn., June 10, 1954, he was a native Virginian and had been in the Virginia Conference since 1918 when he was admitted on trial. When Dr. Batten passed away after an illness of several months, one of God's elect went home. It was the privilege of this writer to visit him a few hours before he passed away, to talk with him and to pray with him. Here was one of God's servants who knew his Lord and served faithfully until the last day of his life.

Joe Batten, as he was familiarly called by those who knew him best, was born in Smithfield, Va., May 25, 1893, the son of Ernest Lee and Sallie Jane Minton Batten. He attended Randolph-Macon College where he received his B.A. degree in 1912. He taught English and Latin at Randolph-Macon Academy at Front Royal from 1912 to 1914. He went to Princeton Theological Seminary for his theological training and received his B.D. degree in 1917, winning the Gelston Winthrop Fellowship in church history. He remained at Princeton another year and earned his M.A. degree from Princeton University in 1918. He was married to Lina Cofer of Smithfield in 1918. She has been his beloved and devoted companion through the years. In 1930 he received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Chicago.

Joseph Batten was admitted into the Virginia Annual Conference in the fall of 1918. He came into full connection in 1920 and was ordained a deacon. In 1922 he was ordained an elder. He served two appointments in the Virginia Conference, the first, South Princess Anne, 1918-19 and Denby, 1919-20. He left the pastorate to become an instructor in history at Ferrum College and was there from 1920 to 1923. From Ferrum he went to Scarritt Bible and Training School at Kansas City, Missouri to teach Bible and church history and remained there at Scarritt until it was moved to Nashville whence he went and became professor of church history in Scarritt College. He was registrar of Scarritt College from 1923-1945 and served as dean from 1943-1945. Dr. Batten left Scarritt in 1945 to become professor of church history in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. He remained at Garrett only one year being called back to Nashville in 1946 to become professor of church history in the Vanderbilt School of Religion where he remained until his death.

Joseph Minton Batten was a teacher, scholar, author and counselor. Accuracy was a rule of his life. Whatever he did was done well. Not all teachers are good teachers. Not all teachers are scholars. Dr. Batten was a teacher, he was a good teacher, and he was a scholar. He was as accurate in his research as a scientist. He marshalled the facts and could discern with an eagle eye the truths and untruths of church history. It has been the fortunate privilege of the writer to have some association with him in the church history field. We have seen him edit manuscripts and watch with admiration how painstakingly he went over them. When Dr. Batten finished with a manuscript, the copy was well-nigh perfect. Such was his life. His students today rise up and call him blessed. He gave his life to teaching and as one thinks back over the span of it, the breadth of it, the persons who have been influenced by him, they are aware that Joseph Minton Batten lived a rich and full life. He gave a good account of his stewardship. God has called him home rather early we think, but God knows best and we bow in humble submission to his will. It is said that a man's reach should exceed his grasp. Joe Batten has reached out today and now his grasp catches up with his reach in the Father's house.

Dr. Batten is survived by his wife, Mrs. Lina Cofer Batten, his mother, Mrs. E.L. Batten, and a brother, Eugene Batten.

His funeral services were conducted Saturday, June 12, 1954, in Wightman Chapel, Scarritt College, by Dr. John Keith Benton, dean of the School of Religion of Vanderbilt University, Dr. John W. Rustin, pastor of Belmont Methodist Church, and Dr. Erwin P. Anderson, associate pastor of Belmont Methodist Church. His body was laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery, Nashville.

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies!
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free;
We know them living unto thee.

by J. Manning Potts

Minutes of 1955. **Alexander Benners Berry, Jr.** The untimely death of Alex Berry on August 1, 1954 took from our midst one of our most beloved brothers. While his loss was and is yet so keenly felt by those of us who yet work on in this great calling that is ours, we feel assured that The Master had an even greater work for Alex.

Born in Swanquarter, N.C., November 4, 1912, Alex Berry in later life moved to Norfolk, Va. It was here as a member of Colonial Avenue Methodist Church and following a career as a promising engineer, he became active in the work of our great Church. In 1944 while sitting in a class of a Conference School, he heard and felt the challenge of the ministry. After talking with his Pastor and Family, he offered himself with all the simplicity that marked his life to the ministry of the Methodist Church.

In November 1944, Alex was assigned to the Charles City Charge of the Richmond District. His life and work on this old Charge have become the pattern for many and the example of what man can do if he will but let God do with Him. In less than four years, the Charles City Charge had established a station church, Willis Methodist with a new and complete church building and had brought about the relocation and merger of the four remaining churches with the formation of Memorial Methodist Church at Charles City. It was at Memorial that Alex served until June 1954 when he accepted the appointment to the position of Executive Secretary of the Conference Town and Country commission. His work was never confined to any Conference or area nor to any one group or race of people. Alex's abiding faith in God, his supreme loyalty to his calling and his deep seated love for his fellow man is vividly attested to in the great work that he did throughout our land. His friends and brothers are beyond a count. His handiwork is apparent wherever he went and his love for all is reflected in the hearts and memories of those who knew him.

The greatest of all memorials to Alex is to be found in the lives of Hazel, his wife and helpmate, and their four children, Elva, Sandy, Wynn, and Tim who today live on the small farm in Charles City that Alex loved so well. Day by day they in their own way try to carry on the ideals, the love, the devotion and the loyalty that Alex felt for this his only place of residence as a minister of the Methodist Church.

On August 3, 1954, while hundreds listened in sadness at Memorial Methodist Church in Charles City County, Bishop Paul N. Garber, Dr. W.C. Gum, Dr. J.A. Engle, Rev. Ralph Arthur and Rev. Thomas Lovern, all expressed the same theme that while his life and work time was short among us, how thankful we were to God for men like Alex Berry. He was buried this date at Washington Memorial Park, not far from the countryside to which he gave the greatest part of his life.

by Thomas Y. Lovern, Jr.

William Aubrey Lynch, son of Dr. and Mrs. William M. Lynch, was born near Savannah, Tenn., on July 9, 1876, and died at Bridgewater, Va., October 2, 1954. He was seventy-eight years old. When a small child the family moved to Williamstown, Tenn., near Memphis. Here, with his brothers and sisters, he attended public school and the one church the community supported. The old-fashioned revivals held in this church made a deep impression upon him, and here was sown the seed that was to blossom into a spiritual harvest in his life. A few years later, still in his teens, he was converted during a revival meeting held in a one-room Methodist church near Pulaski, Tenn. Shortly after his conversion, the family moved to Virginia and settled on a farm near Alexandria. When nineteen years of age Aubrey, as young Lynch as called by his friends, secured a position in Washington, D.C. and united with Marvin M.E. Church, South and soon became active in all phases of the work of the church, serving as usher,

Sunday School teacher, and President of the Epworth League. He enrolled in evening classes at the Y.M.C.A. to further his education.

Apparently it was at this time that Aubrey began thinking seriously of entering the Christian ministry. Through the influence and help of a lecturer at the Y.M.C.A. from the Bible School established by D.L. Moody, Aubrey secured a part-time scholarship and entered the Moody Bible School for the summer term of 1904. That fall he entered Randolph-Macon Academy at Front Royal as a ministerial student, serving in the dining room to help pay expenses. While there he was appointed to the White Post Circuit, serving that charge as Junior Preacher for three years. During the three years at the Academy he was an honor pupil and won the medal for oratory. After leaving Randolph-Macon Academy he attended Southern College, Front Royal, Va.

In 1910 Brother Lynch was admitted into the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was appointed to Shenandoah Junction where he served for four years. While there he attended Shepherd College at Shepherdstown, W.Va. Later he attended George Washington University for three years, majoring in English.

During the thirty-two years of his active ministry he served the following appointments: Shenandoah Junction (1910-14); Ridgely, W. Va. (1914-15); Greenville-Mint Springs (1915-18); Waynesboro (1918-22); Calvary, Washington, D.C. (1922-26); Calvary, Rockingham District (now Staunton District) (1926-27); Luray (1927-29); Port Republic (1929-34); New Market (1934-38) and Elkton 1938 until the condition of his health forced him to retire in April, 1941. Upon his retirement he moved to Bridgewater, Va. where he had a home, to live and serve as his health and strength permitted.

Brother Lynch's ministry was a fruitful one. In deep humility he accepted the call and challenge to the Christian ministry, acknowledging the heritage bestowed by the great spiritual leaders of the Methodist church who had blazed the pathway by courage, sacrifice and devotion. To their spiritual ideals he dedicated his ministry, ever seeking Divine guidance and strength to follow faithfully in their footsteps in carrying the truth of the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ to all men, and always putting service above self. A long-time friend and comrade in arms, the Rev. W.D. Eye, has this testimony to offer:

"Brother Lynch was an earnest and faithful preacher of the Word. He would not compromise the truth, or surrender a Christian conviction. A consecrated man with deep religious convictions, he spoke with certainty and authority. Deeply pious and a diligent student, his pulpit messages were well-prepared and arranged. He never entered the pulpit with 'unbeaten oil.' He never spoke hastily or rendered premature judgment on any matter. As a pastor he was faithful, always tactful in his ministerial duties and pastoral relations. Of him it may be said, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.'"

From a record Brother Lynch compiled after his retirement, the following statistics are taken: Preached 3500 sermons; led 600 prayer-meetings; taught 750 Sunday School lessons; taught the Bible in Public Schools, taught in Youth Assemblies, and during his retirement at Bridgewater was for eight years teacher of the Ladies' Bible Class in the Methodist Church. He preached and spoke in 175 churches, served as pastor in three states and the District of Columbia, and witnessed for Christ in one way or another in eleven different states. These efforts resulted in over 500 conversions. He served for years on the Conference Epworth League Board and helped organize the Epworth League Institute that later became the Conference Epworth League Assembly. He was on the Policy Committee when the young people decided to build Epworth Hall at Gaithersburg, Md., and was a leading spirit in this noble project.

William Aubrey Lynch was twice married. His first wife was Ethel M. Williams, of Shenandoah Junction, W. Va. To this union was born a daughter, Ruth Granbery Lynch, who married Dr. Wayne Kernodle. His second marriage was to Virgie M. Spitler, Greenville, Va., who survives him.

Although the last twelve or fifteen years of his life were years of intense suffering, he was never heard to complain, bearing his afflictions with patience and courage as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. His interest in the work of the Church was keen until the last. His thoughts were for others. During his last weeks his only regret seemed to be that he was such a source of trouble and anxiety to the wife who, with loving heart and tender hands, cared for his every need. On October 2, 1954, he quietly fell asleep in the arms of this loyal wife, to awaken in the arms of his Saviour.

by Charles A. York

William Jennings Groah, son of William Michael Groah and Lucy Cornell Groah, was born in Port Republic, Va., September 20, 1897; and passed suddenly to his heavenly reward in Danville, Va., January 21, 1955.

Brother Groah attended the public schools of his community, and then enrolled in Randolph-Macon College where he graduated with his A.B. degree. After his graduation, he taught for two years in Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va. He then enrolled in Princeton Theological Seminary where he studied on a fellowship in the Languages of the Bible and received his Th.M. Degree. He was a member of the Sigma Upsilon Fraternity at Randolph-Macon College, and the Washington Club in Princeton Theological Seminary. He was also a member of the Masonic Lodge and the Kiwanis Club.

He was admitted into the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the spring of 1926, and served faithfully the following charges of the Conference: Churchville, three years; Franklin, W.Va., six years; Upperville, three years; St. John's Buena Vista, three years. During this pastorate unification of the three branches of Methodism dissolved the Baltimore Conference and his charge became a part of the present Virginia Conference. He then served the following charges in the Virginia Conference: Thrasher Memorial, Vinton, three years; Lane Memorial, Altavista, two years; Crossman, Falls Church, five years; and Calvary, Danville, for nearly three years until the time of his death.

On June 24, 1930, he was happily married to Miss Jennie Stuart Nichols, of Port Republic. To this union two children were born: William Jennings Groah, Jr., a graduate student in the School of Forestry, in North Caroline State College, Raleigh, N.C.; and Betty Jeannine Groah, a graduate student in the School of Speech and Dramatic Art, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio. He is also survived by his wife, and two sisters, Mrs. Anne Groah Pearl, and Mrs. Harry Bowman, both of Port Republic.

Brother Groah was a diligent student and had made it his practice to read his Greek New Testament in its entirety on an average of once each year of his entire ministry. He was a scholarly preacher, a faithful pastor, and a wise counsellor; and won the love and affection of his people every where he served.

On April 16, 1954 he was stricken with a heart attack which kept him from his pulpit for three months. This was the first time in his entire ministry he had ever missed a single appointment because of illness. Upon the advice of his physician he had decided that it would be necessary for him to secure lighter work for the coming year; and on the morning of January 21st, went to confer with his District Superintendent concerning his decision. A few minutes after arriving at the District Parsonage he was seized with another attack and passed swiftly, but peacefully, to his heavenly reward; thus ended his faithful ministry of nearly twenty-nine years.

His funeral was conducted Sunday morning, January 23rd in Calvary Methodist Church, where he had so faithfully served, by his District Superintendent Dr. A.E. Acey assisted by Rev. J.A. Johnson of South Boston. His body was tenderly laid to rest in the family plot in Port Republic that afternoon where graveside service was conducted by Dr. Acey, assisted by Rev. L.B. Stables, pastor of Port Republic Methodist Church.

One cannot tell what a day will bring forth. The morning sunrise may be beautiful, but before the day is done the unexpected may happen and the end of a successful career may be cut short. Such was true with Brother Groah; but when the call came he was ready. Ready because he had lived in closest touch with his Master, and had been obedient to his call to service and there was nothing to fear. The end came suddenly and without warning, but the years of diligent and consecrated service had prepared him and he was able to slip away into a never ending bliss. If he had had the privilege of

expression on this day when night was falling, and the door of a heavenly mansion was opening to him, he surely would have said with H.E. Henley:

So be my passing!
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west
The sunset splendid and serene,
Death.

by C.W. Fink

John Howard Abernethy. We are told that no two persons are exactly alike. Differences sometimes produce a character of unique traits. While the Christian ministry falls into patterns of similarity, there is room for the expression of unusual qualities. This was true of J.H. Abernethy. There was no other one just like him. His genial nature, his keen insight into the heart of things, his buoyant wit and humor and the kindliness of his entire life gave him a place of high regard and affection in the hearts of all who knew him. He was everywhere known as "Pat" Abernethy.

Mr. Abernethy was born in Stanley, North Carolina on May 19, 1886. His family is one of distinction in this state, many of them being noted for intellectual achievements. There are several Abernethy Memorial Churches in North Carolina. His parents were Robert Hill and Zoe Jenkins Abernethy. He attended the public schools of his state and also Rutherford College, North Carolina State and Emory University. He was married on July 9, 1913 to Emma Ruth Winn who survives him and who, since his death, has carried on with high success his work as a minister minus the preaching of sermons, though she could do this too. Of this union there was born John Howard, Jr., a graduate of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, who lost his life in a fire in Boston where he had been assigned on duty by the United States Army; Mrs. Ruth Winn Abernethy Payne, Wilson Hill Abernethy and Catherine Post Abernethy.

For thirteen years, Mr. Abernethy was a newspaper man affiliated with the Associated Press. He felt and answered the call to the Christian ministry and was admitted on trial into the Virginia Annual Conference in October 1925.

He was ordained elder on October 20, 1929. He served the following charges in the Virginia Conference: Riverfront, Norfolk, 1925; Caroline Circuit, 1926; Rappahannock, 1928; Nelson, 1933; Brunswick, 1937; Danville, 1940; Denny Street, Richmond, 1943; Decatur Street, Richmond, 1944; and Marquis Memorial, Staunton, 1949-1955.

Because of his rare gifts of humor, his general ability and his eagerness to serve his fellowman he was in constant demand. He did not spare himself. On the night of his death he had spent a long time in the Broadcasting Station of Staunton in a special program for the "March of Dimes." This, together with years of service, was too much for his overtaxed energies. He spoke of not feeling well at the conclusion of his program. Upon reaching home a doctor was called who came at once. Mr. Abernethy suffered a heart attack and died in his home on January 22, 1955.

The funeral service was held in his devoted Marquis Memorial Church on January 25, 1955. The officiating ministers were Reverend John Wynn Myers, his District Superintendent; Dr. Thomas F. Carroll, Dr. John H. Davidson and Reverend John R. Sawyer. He was buried in the lovely Thornrose Cemetery of Staunton, Va.

Mr. Abernethy had an interesting hobby, that of violin-making. He was one of the best violin makers of his time. Also, he could produce moving music upon his violin. Using a violin as a symbol, he made numerous addresses upon the spiritual life. He was a devoted husband and father and was loved by everyone. A faithful minister of the Gospel has gone to his heavenly reward. We shall always miss him and hold his memory as an inspiration to integrity and to true service in the Kingdom of God. **by J.J. Rives**

Luke Granbery Beauchamp. A man's life cannot be measured by its length. Nor can his ministry be judged by years. Each must be measured by it influence and its contribution. Luke Granbery Beauchamp lived the short span of only 48 years. Yet the influence of the man will outlive many whose lives have been longer. His ministry covered a period of only 18 years because he entered the ministry late. Few men, however have crowded as much into so brief a period. During this time he made a contribution that will affect his church for a long time to come.

Luke Granbery Beauchamp was born on November 4, 1907 in Newport News, Va., the son of Bishop and Mrs. William B. Beauchamp. He grew up in the Methodist Parsonage and in the residence of the Bishop. He attended Emory University where he prepared for a career in law. After working for some years in law offices in Richmond, Va., he entered the ministry from Boulevard Church in 1937. He was one of the six who dedicated life to full time Christian service under the ministry of A.E. Acey at Boulevard Church. He immediately entered Union Theological Seminary in Richmond from which he was later graduated.

Mr. Beauchamp married the charming Marjorie Clifton of Atlanta, Georgia whom he met while studying at Emory. This devoted couple had four sons: Luke G. Beauchamp, Jr., twins Richard Arthur and Wallace Edward, and William Stephen.

Luke Beauchamp joined the Conference in 1939 and was appointed to the Goochland Charge. He later served the Hanover Charge before he was appointed to the Conference Board of Education as Director of Rural and Adult Work. He concurrently served as Executive Secretary of the Conference Commission on Town and Country Work. After three successful years in this work he was called in 1948 as rural church specialist in the Division of the Local Church of the General Board of Education of the Methodist Church. He labored in this capacity until his final appointment which was made by God on February 3, 1955. The body was interred in a Nashville cemetery. Dr. J. Manning Potts, editor of the Upper Room and a devoted friend, conducted the funeral service. He was assisted by Dr. John Rustin, pastor of Belmont Avenue Methodist Church in Nashville, and Dr. Walter Towner of the Board of Education.

One cannot think of the life of Luke G. Beauchamp apart from the rural church which he loved and served throughout his ministry. He was a pioneer in the rural church movement in the Virginia Conference and in the Methodist Church. He was one of the early prophets who saw what would happen if rural churches were not kept strong and vital. He was one of those crusaders who began to warn the church of the trend which threatened the vitality of the churches in the towns and open countryside. To join the movement which was dedicated to saving the rural church became an obsession to Luke Beauchamp. He was one of the organizers of the Virginia Conference Unit of the Methodist Rural Fellowship and served as its first president. In 1947 he was elected a National officer of the MRF and became a member of its council. Mr. Beauchamp played a large part in shaping the destiny of the rural church movement in Methodism because of his influence in this council.

Luke Beauchamp's interest in the rural church led to his appointment as Director of Rural Work in 1945. He set up a program so broad and effective that the Virginia Conference voted in 1948 that the Commission on Town and Country Work should be a separate agency of the Conference and have a full time officer in charge. The Conference showed its appreciation of this service when Luke Beauchamp was elected to the 1948 General Conference.

The Church at large recognized his leadership and he was chosen to be the rural church specialist of the General Board of Education. Here he continued to pioneer. He had a part in the development of a new church school literature for small churches, in the creation of new church school literature for small churches, in the creation of standards for rural church buildings, and in more effective plans of organization for small Sunday schools. Mr. Beauchamp represented his boa rd on the planning committees which made arrangements for the National Methodist Town and Country Conferences of 1951 and 1955.

Luke G. Beauchamp was a man of deep conviction and rare courage. He was committed to an ideal which he served with every ounce of his strength. Never did he waver from those ideals in which he believed. He was an undaunted advocate of his convictions and boldly upheld them in Conference debate. Almost singlehandedly he championed the cause of the rural church when the movement was in infancy and won for it recognition in the Conference. I stood with him in that early struggle and know how much we owe to his courageous stand for his convictions. Methodism in Virginia will be stronger in the years to come because he would not let us desert the source of our greatest supply.

The last years of Luke Beauchamp's life were full of tragedy. Yet he turned that tragedy to triumph by his victorious faith. Tragedy came first in the accidental death

of his oldest son and namesake who was affectionately known as "Gary." Shortly after this staggering blow Luke Beauchamp learned that he had leukemia, the disease which had taken his father at an early age. These events tested and proved the mettle of the man and the strength of his deep faith. Out of them came a stronger and even more dedicated life. He worked until the final hospitalization with a new vigor and determination. All of his colleagues acknowledged that he rendered a more significant service during the closing months than before his illness. His great courage and shining faith in the face of death inspired all with whom he came in contact. No one can know how much he suffered or how difficult it was to hide it. His suffering became "victorious Christian suffering" and was a testimony which touched the lives of many. Those who went to the hospital in the last days to offer sympathy and perhaps a word of cheer came away so moved by his faith that life can never be the same for them again.

The ministry of Luke Granbery Beauchamp was brief indeed. Still he lives on and serves on in the impact of his life on others and in the influence of his work. Billie B. Cooper has summed up in the poem entitled "Handiwork" the true measure of our friend.

We live in the work we do,
Not in the years;
Years may be very few,
laughter and tears;
These soon will pass away,
Bodies will sleep
Under the silent clay,
Spirit will keep
Vigil through all of time;
Work we have done
Echoes down corridors
Of eternal sun.

We live in the songs we sing,
Acres we plow;
Bridges we build may bring
Weariness now,
But after our mortal span
Ends on the earth,
Life goes on, every man's
Measure of worth
Lives in his simple song,
Lives in his land,
Lives in his bridges,
The task of his hand.

by C. Ralph Arthur

Joseph Tinsley Allen was born in Amherst County, Va., April 20, 1879, and died in Roanoke, Va., March 28, 1955. His parents, Devereux F. and Delilah Layne Allen, were devoted members of the Methodist Church, and both by precept and example furnished the foundation for the true Christian character exemplified in the life of their son. God called Brother Allen when he was just a little barefoot lad back on his father's farm in Amherst County. This call he joyously obeyed, and influenced many of the youth in his locality while in these tender years. As he grew older he was active in his Sunday School, and often in his youth conducted Meetings in his Home-Church.

Brother Allen began his education in the public and private schools of his native County, and later attended Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford, Va., and Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Va. While attending Randolph-Macon Academy, he was called to the bedside of a brother to nurse him through typhoid fever; this retarded his school-life one semester. While attending Randolph-Macon College, he was stricken with typhoid fever at Christmas, and missed another semester; thus his education was delayed one whole academic or college year. He taught school in his native county one and a half sessions. He had a natural thirst for knowledge. He won two Debaters Medals at Randolph-Macon Academy. To advance his preparation for his life's work he took his Conference Course of Study by correspondence with Vanderbilt University, and was later awarded a gold seal diploma by our Board of Education in recognition of courses taken under the direction of that Board. He was a frequent attendant upon our Pastor's School, and seemed ever alert to obtain information and inspiration for his pastoral duties.

Brother Allen was first married in 1909 to Miss Annie Mae Payne, the daughter of Rev. William E. Payne, a prominent member of this Conference. Growing up in a Methodist parsonage and with native ability she proved to be an efficient helpmate. She died in August 1944 to the great sorrow of husband and many friends. To add to the good fortune of Brother Allen in his home life he was married again in 1946 to Miss Sarah Ann Lyon, an ardent Methodist, an accomplished musician, and an outstanding music teacher in Roanoke, Va. This was a happy union. She was his constant companion and beloved wife for just a little more than nine short happy years. Their devotion to

each other was inspiring and admired by all. She was ever by his side in all of his activities. She still lives to mourn the passing of a devoted husband.

Brother Allen was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference at its annual session in 1905; he was ordained a Deacon by Bishop Eugene Russell Hendrix, November 18, 1906, at Portsmouth, Va., and ordained Elder by Bishop H. C. Morrison, November 14, 1909, at Newport News, Va.; and served the following appointments: Rockfish, Crozet, Orange, Rocky Mount, South Boston, Calvary Danville, Larchmont Norfolk, Main Street Suffolk, First Church Norfolk, Trinity Roanoke, Del Ray Alexandria, and Park View Portsmouth. He was also Presiding Elder of the Eastern Shore District, and later District Superintendent of the Danville District. He served as secretary of the Bishop's Cabinet for a number of years.

In 1949 he requested and was granted the superannuate relationship. However, he continued to serve the Church as assistant pastor at Raleigh Court, Roanoke, and later as pastor at Bonsack, where he completed a long, active and fruitful ministry. Brother Allen never missed an Annual Conference Roll-Call until his last Conference, June 1954.

Brother Allen was a modest Christian gentleman. He did not seek the limelight, but earnestly sought to meet the responsibilities imposed upon him. Dedicated to his ministerial duties he was ever ready to hear and heed the call of the Church and promote the interest of the Kingdom of God. Brother Allen was a strong, moving and convincing preacher, a loving and sympathetic pastor, and a kind friend to young and old alike. He had a winsome humility and a real love for people; this has been well attested to by the inscription on a lovely silver pitcher presented to him from the Danville District, 1935-1944, which reads:

"He won our hearts with his
Love, Humility, Sincerity,
And Christ-like Spirit."

His sermons were well prepared and delivered with telling effect; he was a great believer in having a spiritual message for all who came to hear him; as he served various Pastorates up and down the Old Dominion, and from the Mountains to the Sea-Coast, as well as the two Districts, many lives came under his Spiritual influence, and were won for the Saviour; there are many who rise up to call him blessed. A very influential layman who sat under his ministry for four years and worked with him in an official capacity writes as follows:

"The Rev. J. T. Allen has served us quite acceptably. He has given splendid leadership, being an able and devoted pastor and an uplifting preacher of the gospel. He delivers clear and thoughtful messages. His sermons challenge his hearers and inspire them to better living. His administrative guidance has been conscientious and constructive. His Christian leadership is effective because of his genuineness of purpose and character."

This is a glowing tribute by a competent judge to Brother Allen, who ever strode to face duty manfully, and to do his part toward the salvation of mankind. And now that he has left us to take his abode in the eternal mansions we are sure there await him a still higher tribute--yea the plaudit of the Master--"Well done good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Brother Allen slipped away quietly to his bright and glorious Eternal-Home, which our Saviour went to prepare for His own, a few minutes past twelve o'clock on the morning of March 28th, from the Jefferson Hospital at Roanoke, Va. The sun did not go down for him; he greeted the dawn--not the setting sun. He portrayed this thought recently in a sermon delivered at Trinity Methodist Church, Roanoke, in the absence of their pastor. Recognizing that God, our Heavenly Father, who watches over all, is the Just, Great and Accurate Time-Keeper, one of his favorite hymns was:

"My times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there:
My life, my friends, my soul,
I leave Entirely in Thy care.

My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
My times are in Thy Hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in Thy Hand:
I'll always trust in Thee:

Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall forever be."

Funeral services were conducted at Trinity Methodist Church on March 29th, at 3 P.M., by Rev. R. Irwin Williams, Pastor, and Dr. H. Bernard Lipscomb, Jr., of Raleigh Court Methodist Church. His body was laid to rest in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery, Roanoke, Va.; but he is not there; he is redeemed and glorified, and ever-more to be with our Lord in the Bright and Happy Land of Eternity--where parting is no more.

"God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free;
We know them living unto Thee."

by R. M. White

William Luther King. How wonderful to be so blest of God to enter into the real joy of Eternal Life during Holy Week. So it was with Luther King, whom God called from his earthly ministry to his Heavenly Reward on the night of Good Friday, April 8, 1955. He had enjoyed good health and was quite active for a man of eighty-four years of age, until about three months just prior to his death. In his final illness he was doubly blest with the tender and affectionate care of his wife and daughter, the latter a trained nurse, remained at home to be with her father in his last illness and death.

William Luther King, the son of Wiley Woodford and Justina Norman King, was born in Patrick County, Va., at Ararat, known then as "The Hollow." He was a great grand-nephew of Henry Clay and a great-grandson of the Rev. Wright Johnson, an early circuit rider of Virginia Methodism. After graduating from the Friends Mission School in his home community, he continued his education at the Nyack Missionary Institute in Nyack, N.Y. He entered the ministry in New Jersey, where he was ordained and served for several years prior to returning to his native state and joining the Virginia Annual Conference, in the year 1918. While in New Jersey he met and married Miss Mary Ann Waddington, of Salem, New Jersey, who through the years of his ministerial life proved herself a devoted companion and helpmate, a loving mother and wife, and a beautiful Christian character, preceding him in death in 1948. Besides his second wife, Mrs. Clara Smith Edwards King, who cared for him in a most tender and affectionate manner during the last years of his life; he is survived by two sons and a daughter: The Rev. Luther Waddington King, of New York City, and Norman Granville King of Chancellors-ville, Va., and Miss Esther Virginia King, of Baltimore, Md., a half sister, Mrs. Ella Cranford Smith, of Norfolk, Va. His deceased brother, Rev. Granville Booker King, was an effective and honored member of the Virginia Methodist Conference for a number of years prior to his death in 1936. Also a half-brother, Rev. William Benjamin Cranford, evangelist, preceded him in death in 1954.

Luther King was a believer in "Scriptural Holiness" and a profound Bible preacher of the expository type. He loved people with the love of Christ and labored tirelessly and earnestly to promote the cause of missions, evangelism, Christian Education and gave himself fully to the pastoral care of his people. For a number of years he was a leader in the Spottsylvania Camp Meeting and at the time of his death was president emeritus of that organization.

During his membership in the Virginia Annual Conference he gave himself to the work as an itinerant minister of his assigned pastorate in the spirit and faith of a true servant of God. His appointments were: Lynnhaven, Mount Pleasant, Prospect, Danville, Spottsylvania, Caroline, West Matthews, and Northumberland. While serving the latter charge he reached retirement age and was given the superannuate relation in 1943. However, his work in the pastorate did not end that year. He had rendered such an effective service in leading his people to the successful liquidation of an embar-rassing and cumbersome church debt of long standing and the general improvement and growth of the charge, that they requested and the Conference returned him to them annually for another six years of extended service as a supply pastor.

Funeral services for Brother King were held in the Afton Church on the North-umberland Charge at 10:00 A.M. Easter Monday, conducted by the writer, the Rev. Albert Pittman, pastor, and Luther W. King, son of the deceased. His body was laid to rest

beside that of his wife in the Confederate Cemetery at Spottsylvania Court House with the Rev. Burgess Selby assisting the above named ministers in the grave service.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!
But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!
From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's fartherest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! --W.W. How

by Ralph J. Yow

William Harvey Gray. Following a long illness, death came to William Harvey Gray, June 3, 1955. This was the passing of one of the most consecrated, energetic and inspirational preachers of the Virginia Conference. His funeral was held at Grace Methodist Church, Manassas, Va., by his District Superintendent, Dr. J. H. Pearson, assisted by Rev. F. M. Lucas. His burial was at the Warrenton Cemetery, Warrenton, Va.

Brother Gray was born at Warrenton, Va., September 15, 1874. His parents were James William and Catherine Riley Gray. He attended school in Warrenton, and took the ministerial course from Emory University.

He was united in marriage December 26, 1895, to Miss Lena O'Brien, who preceded him in death May 23, 1946. On April 12, 1948, he was united in marriage to Mrs. Vera Bell, who survives him, and whose loving care was a source of joy and comfort in his ministry, and during the period of his illness.

He was a minister in the Methodist Church for thirty-eight years, the first seven of which he served as a local preacher. He began in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. When the unification of Methodism was consummated, he became a member of the Virginia Conference. He served the following charges: West Fauquier, Remington, East Fairfax, Springfield, and Augusta; Sterling, Catlett, Nokesville, and Stafford.

Brother Gray was a natural born evangelist. He was one of the most successful winners of souls. For many years he spent most of his time conducting revivals. It was nothing unusual for him to spend practically the whole year in this particular emphasis. It was in this type of work that he found his greatest joy. He was a master at both mass and personal evangelism. He could adjust his appeal to the most hardened sinner or to the tender heart of a little child. In his later years he called upon some of his fellow preachers to preach for him in revival meetings. It was the high privilege of the writer of this paper to preach for him in many of these. This experience is cherished as one of the greatest joys that could come to a minister. It was indeed an inspiration to be associated with him in this work, and to share the hospitality of his lovely home.

When we think of the love he had for God and mankind, the sincerity of his efforts in behalf of the spiritual life of everyone, we feel that he had caught the spirit like unto that of Charles Wesley who expressed his heart and prayer as he sang:

"Come sinner to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

This is the time; no more delay!
This is the Lord's accepted day:
Come, this moment, at His Call
And live for Him who died for all."

by F. M. Lucas

John Bunyan Winn. Those who came to know John B. Winn personally--or watched him at work from a distance--soon realized that here was no ordinary man. On each and every occasion the greatness of his heart, the towering aspect of his mind, and the broadness of his spirit made him one of those unusual men whom God chooses "to hold against the

world." From that day at the Virginia Annual Conference of 1891, when the usual question was asked: "Who are admitted on Trial?" and the name of 'John B. Winn, a local preacher of Clarksville Circuit" was among those admitted--from that day to the reading of his Memoir at the Annual Conference of 1955 Dr. Winn lived a life of great devotion to Christ, great loyalty to his Church, and great usefulness to God and man in the building of the Kingdom of God.

Dr. Winn, the child of William Edward Winn and Frances Emily Estes Winn, was born in Lunenburg County, Va., on June 14, 1869. In this community he spent his childhood and attended school. He entered Randolph-Macon College in 1887 in preparation for the ministry of the Methodist Church. This same College honored him with the Doctor of Divinity degree in 1908. He left College in 1890 to take a supply pastorate at Clarksville, Va. While serving this Charge, where he was stationed for four years, he met Miss Annie Stuart Dabbs, and was married to her on May 3, 1893. Across the years of his rich ministry this dear wife shared his life and work, and survives him here, now that he has gone to greater service for God.

With great diligence in his work, and with a deep sense of the high calling of God to the gospel ministry, Dr. Winn pursued the path which he found before him in the Methodist Church in Virginia. After Clarksville, pastorates in Chatham, Boydton, Norfolk, Farmville, Petersburg, Lynchburg, Roanoke, and Danville all were blessed by outstanding preaching and rich harvests of souls won to Jesus Christ. His Roanoke pastorate (which was in the Baltimore Conference at that time) was at Greene Memorial Church, and was his only assignment to a Conference other than Virginia. His was the rather unusual experience of serving two Churches in the Virginia Conference on three different occasions--Washington Street Church in Petersburg, where he served for a total of 16 1/2 years, and Mount Vernon Church in Danville, where he served for a total of 13 years.

It early became apparent that the ministry of Dr. Winn was of a most superior nature. Although troubled all his life with poor eyesight, he became an indefatigable reader and student, and in this he was greatly aided by the loving help of his wife. His pulpit work became renowned so that he was known far and wide as one of the truly great preachers of the Virginia Conference. For several summers he was guest minister at Grace Methodist in New York City. On other occasions he served on the Chatauqua Speaking Circuit with such notable men as Dr. Robert E. Speer and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

The Methodist Church in Virginia selected him as one of its leaders. He was a delegate to several of the General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and he was also a delegate from Virginia to the Uniting Conference in Kansas City in 1939 when three great branches of the Methodist Church were brought together.

Even after his retirement from the active ministry in 1942 Dr. Winn continued to take active interest in the Church and community affairs. He made his home in Danville. The Winn Bible Class at Mount Vernon Church, which he organized and taught, remains one of the vital groups in the life of that Church.

He took an enthusiastic role in promoting the program of religious education in the public schools, and he was the leading spirit in the organization of a city-wide project to encourage the interests of youth and to combat the development of juvenile delinquency. Just a few months before his death a grateful city honored him with its "First Citizen" Award.

Dr. Winn's death came after an extended illness. He passed from this life on June 8, 1955, at about 11 o'clock in the evening. Funeral services were conducted at Mount Vernon Church by the writer of this Memoir, pastor of the Church. His body was interred in Green Hill Cemetery of that city.

The familiar words of the poet Edwin Markham, which were used at the funeral, serve well to mark the passing of this beloved man of God:

"And when he fell... he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

by Harold H. Hughes

Minutes for 1956. **George Henry Ivanhoe Mayo** was born in Goochland County, Va., on December 22, 1870, and lived for forty-two years of his life on the family farm home

near Gum Spring. He was the eldest son of John Wesley and Judith Alvis Mayo. There were seven children in the family and they felt the pinch of poverty which followed the Civil War and the Reconstruction days. In his early teens he suffered severe attacks of rheumatism and was invalided about a year thereby. He was never entirely free of this malady thereafter.

His formal education was meager, amounting to less than two full sessions in the public schools and a summer session at the long since defunct Shenandoah Normal College at Basic, Va.,--a total of about thirteen months. He was of a studious nature and supplemented his schooling with a considerable amount of private study, part of it under a soundly educated man. He had grown to young manhood in his home county before he became a professing Christian. One day while harvesting corn on the family farm he responded to the call of Christ with a commitment which was definite and complete. He immediately became a member of the Methodist Church. Thereafter, though engaged in a variety of secular activities, he was always and everywhere a Christian, living up to his profession boldly and heartily.

In the days of his youth and earlier manhood the business of making a living in Goochland County was not an easy task. He farmed. He ran a market wagon, buying produce in the county and hauling it to market in Richmond. He engaged in the tie and timber business. He was agent for a commercial fertilizer company. For eleven years he taught school. As he matured he took active part in the fraternal and political affairs of the County, once running for Supervisor, losing the election by only a very small margin. Meantime he was also devoted to the welfare of his Church and Sunday School and took active and responsible part in their operations.

He was thrice married. On March 15, 1896, he married a young lady from his home neighborhood, Miss Isolina Waller Isbell, and of this union one son was born, John Hancock Mayo. His first wife died on December 8, 1909.

In 1913 he married Miss Mary Eliza Merryman of Hanover County whose death after 26 years left him again a widower. During much of the time of this second marriage his wife was under the necessity of spending many weeks and months caring for her aging mother and a semi-invalid sister in their home near Richmond, leaving him alone on his circuits and in his parsonage home. Loving companionship as he did this must have been a hardship, but he never complained and even when living alone the casual visitor found him always the cheerful and ready host.

His third wife, Miss Nancy Genevieve Hicks of Monroe in Amherst County, whom he married in 1939, was stricken with paralysis on March 12, 1948, and remained bed-ridden till her death in September, 1955, less than two months after her husband's decease.

Brother Mayo began his ministry in 1912 as a supply preacher appointed to the South Nelson Circuit. In 1915 he was received on trial in to the Virginia Conference. He was admitted into full connection and ordained Deacon in 1918, and two years later was ordained Elder. He retired in 1944 and spent most of his remaining years on the small farm near Richmond which had been the home of his second wife. On June 10, 1955, he fell in his bedroom and broke his left hip. A pin was inserted and for a while he seemed to be on the way to recovery, but the weight of his eighty-four years was too great a handicap for him. The end came peacefully, on August 1, 1955, at the home of Mrs. Harriette Thompson, in Arlington, Va., where he and his wife were being cared for. He is survived by his son, John Hancock Mayo, of Arlington, Va.

He was laid to rest with Masonic rites in the cemetery of his home church at Gum Spring, Va., the pastor, Rev. C. P. Minnick, officiating.

G. H. I. Mayo spent thirty-two years in the "traveling connection." For him, and to his satisfaction, it was a traveling ministry indeed. He served circuits, hard circuits, many of them large circuits, never with less than three churches, more frequently with six, the average for all his appointments being five. These appointments were: South Nelson, West Amherst, West Hanover, Monroe, North Garden, Concord, South Brunswick, Danville Circuit, Charles City, Middle Bedford, Bellevue, Powhatan, East Franklin, East Halifax. He ministered to 71 different organized congregations during these years. For only seven of the thirty-two years of his ministry was he serving less than five hundred members. Three of his charges had over 800 members,

another 1100 spread over half a large county. Under his ministry these charges grew, churches were built (at West Amherst and Monroe), parsonages bought and paid for, properties repaired. They grew in membership too, and they grew the hard way, by winning sinners to salvation rather than by the transfer of saints from charge to charge. His reports to the Annual Conference show approximately a thousand accessions on profession of faith besides an unusually large number of accessions by certificate. This, in counties whose populations were stagnant or decreasing, was no small work of grace and divinely inspired energy. Like a good shepherd he found the lost and straying sheep, he folded and he fed them, and he led them in paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

How shall our Methodism ever give their full meed of praise to men such as he-men who traveled incessantly the hills and valleys of far-flung circuits, preaching three and four times Sunday after Sunday, holding revivals week after week, visiting the homes of the people, reproving sin, bringing sinners to repentance, strengthening the saints, teaching and counseling the youth, asking for no reward at the close of the hardest of the most successful pastorate except another appointment in which to do it all over again!

G. H. I. Mayo had no complaint to make of the size of his circuits or of the incessant activity they demanded. He was never heard to long for the city pastorate. He liked and he needed the spaciousness of the countryside. Big of frame, vigorous, active, overflowing with life and energy, brick walls and crowded streets would have been all but fatal to the man and his ministry. His physique gave one an instant and abiding impression of great strength, perfect health, abounding vigor and great good cheer. Sound convictions firmly held, vigorously proclaimed and lived, combined with a tolerant and kindly spirit and a cheerful optimism born of faith in God and good to make a whole wholesome man (Is this not to be truly a holy man?), spirit like body and body a fit vehicle for the soul.

Those who knew Brother Mayo best have said of him:

"He was a man of high ideals, of quick sympathies and of a jolly disposition. In his ministry he was an unusually faithful pastor.

"He was possessed of extraordinary physical strength and in his lumbering days disdained help in handling cross-ties of whatever size. He once cut thirty-nine ties in a day. But this strength and hardihood were coupled with an amazing capacity for tenderness in dealing with the weak, the sick or the afflicted. During the seven years of his last wife's invalidism he was indefatigable in his ministrations to her needs.

"He lived a strenuously active life, the kind he wanted to live."

Now, blessed be the God of the Resurrection, "beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars" there in rest and room--room abounding and life more abundant--for such a soul as his.

by Wm. Archer Wright

Horwood Prettyman Myers was born in Bridgewater, Va., October 25, 1887, the son of William R. and Cora Jacobs Myers. In a Christian home and in this community dominated by a Christian college he spent the first fourteen years of his life. They were decisive years. When the family moved to Manassas in his fifteenth year he had already found the answer to the two most vital questions youth can face--"What shall I be?"--"What shall I do?" He had been converted and joined the Methodist Church in Bridgewater. His call to preach seems to have been almost coincident with this conversion. Though not licensed to preach till his sophomore year in college, it was apparent to those who noted his purposeful way through preparatory schools in Bridgewater, Manassas, and at Randolph-Macon Academy (Front Royal) that here was a youth whose vocation was clear.

He entered Randolph-Macon College as a student for the ministry in 1907. A year later (September 2, 1908) on recommendation of the Quarterly Conference of the Manassas church, he was licensed to preach by the Washington District Conference of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He graduated from college in June 1911 with a good scholastic standing, a Master of Arts degree, and a fine record for leadership in the affairs of his Literary Society (Washington Hall) and in the student body.

Immediately upon graduation he entered upon his ministerial career as supply pastor of the Southampton Circuit, succeeding the Rev. C.D. Crawley who had died during the year. In the fall of that same year Myers was admitted on trial into the Virginia Annual Conference and returned to Southampton. In this his first pastorate, indeed in the very first months of it, he gave evidence of superior ability as an evangelist, a work which to him was ever the supreme test and proof of a true ministry. During his less than four years on the Southampton Circuit he received 159 persons on Profession of Faith, and throughout his ministry he maintained the like average of forty conversions under his ministry as revival preacher for his brethren.

On July 16, 1913 he was married to Miss Matilda Janson Wynn of Brunswick County. Of this union four sons were born: Rev. John Wynn Myers, D.D., now pastor of Greene Memorial Church, Roanoke; Rev. Horwood Prettyman Myers, Jr., pastor of Central Methodist Church, Mooresville, N.C.; William Thomas Myers, M.D., of Fort Worth Texas; and Robert Manson Myers, Ph.D., of New York City.

His appointments were successively: Onancock; Emporia; First Church, Charlottesville; President of Blackstone College; Highland Park, Richmond; Park Place, Norfolk; Centenary, Lynchburg; Secretary of Education and Promotion, General Board of Missions, Nashville, Tenn.: Main Street Danville; Clarendon. He was a member of the General Conferences of 1934 and 1938, of the Uniting Conference in 1939 and the General Conference of 1940. His Alma Mater awarded him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in June, 1930.

For twenty-four years he was a member of the Conference Board of Missions and served as its Secretary, Vice President, and for eleven years as its President. He represented the Board of Missions for several years as Trustee of Ferrum College. The work we now know as the "Wesley Foundation" began in Virginia under his direction as pastor of First Church, Charlottesville, being carried on on the premises of the church and on the University campus by his assistant or "Junior Preacher," whose appointment was, significantly enough, sponsored financially not by the Board of Education but by the Board of Missions.

In practically every area of ministerial responsibility H.P. Myers demonstrated superior ability.

He was a builder. At Emporia, at First Church, Charlottesville, and at Highland Park in Richmond are the splendid proofs.

He was a financier. At Centenary, Lynchburg, at Park Place, Norfolk, and at Clarendon he inherited comparatively new buildings and the financial problems inevitably attending upon them. He was adequate to the need. This financial acumen stood the Conference in good stead, especially at the time of Union, when the Conference Board of Missions found that under his guidance as president it had pulled through the hard decade of the "thirties" with sufficient reserves in hand to meet the drastically increased requirements of a suddenly enlarged Virginia Conference.

He was a good executive, clear-headed, decisive, a good organizer with a flair for promotions, and his skill as administrator distinguished his work in his pastorates, as in his Presidency of the Conference Board of Missions and the Secretaryship of the General Board.

To H.P. Myers Missions and Evangelism were not two, but one-one in purpose, one in aim and end--the sine qua non of the life of the Church. In his thinking the Great Commission had a personal meaning for every Christian. Its "Go" was impetuous, immediate. Its "To All" was universal. Its Imperative admitted no exceptions. Its objective permitted no exclusions. From Centenary to Crusade, in the parish pulpit, in the chair of the Board of Missions, behind the executive desk in Nashville, he was obedient to the imperative, reaching in thought and purpose to all the ends of the earth. Clarendon, his last pastorate, met the challenge of the Crusade for Christ with a gift unequalled by any other charge in its District.

There was about him a basic characteristic, an intentness, affecting all he did and the manner of his doing it. Never "absent-minded," never lounging in body or in mind, always keenly aware of the immediate scene and circumstance, the immediate never completely absorbed his attention. Beyond it, perhaps by way of it, was the greater end to which his purpose reached, on which he was intent. He was indeed as one who

runs with patience (and persistent effort too) the race that is set before him. The tenseness one might occasionally observe about him was not the tension of conflict, but the tautness of a spirit and a purpose reaching ever onward.

At work or play--golf and baseball were his chief recreational interests--he strove for excellence. He knew that excellent achievement depended on excellence of method. In any discussion of the work of the Kingdom with him an emphasis on method was sure to appear. He studied the methods of other men that he might find and use the best for his own work. For him "what to do" might be self evident, but "how to do it" required careful consideration. A good way was not always good enough. He sought the best way.

Effective as he was as pastor and counsellor and in all other areas of ministerial activity, his chief business was to preach. His pulpit was the main channel, the chief means by which he was to build the kingdom of God. There was no greater responsibility. No other opportunity could compare with it. Superiority in no other field, nor indeed in all other fields, could atone for mediocrity there. The pulpit was not a means to win the admiration of the great congregations to which he preached. He found little satisfaction in any merely academic display of scholarship, depth of thought, emotional appeal, or oratorical skill, though he could and did use all these as vehicles for his exhortations and appeals. In the pulpit he was the messenger with a Message. The Message was urgent. Most important was its impact on the minds and hearts and lives of those who heard. His thinking was clear, his theology consistent, his speech incisive, his manner vigorous and fervent, his argument logical and convincing, his illustrations pertinent and appealing. As a preacher he was always superior, often truly great. To him a sermon was not an end in itself. It was a means under God of working some work of grace and godliness in the everyday thinking and living of those who heard to the end that they might be better Christians, the Church be strengthened, and God's Kingdom be growing ever.

If real prayer be the onward reach of a man's soul, his seemed to be:

"To serve the present age, my Calling to fulfill, O may it
all my powers engaged to do my Master's will!"

In April 1944, midway of his pastorate at Clarendon, he suffered an attack of coronary thrombosis, the consequences of which compelled him to retire two years later at the Annual Conference of 1946. He spent the remaining years of his life at his home in Arlington. They were not inactive years. He taught Bible classes at Arlington and Clarendon and preached for his brother pastors as he had opportunity and his strength permitted. On September 5, 1955 he was again stricken with a severe heart attack and was taken to the Arlington Hospital for treatment. But his earthly race was run and on September 17 his spirit passed on to God.

The funeral services were held in the Clarendon Church on September 20, conducted by Dr. J.L. Robertson, the pastor of the church, assisted by Dr. John H. Pearson, his District superintendent, and Dr. Walter C. Gum of Richmond. His body finds its last resting place in the family lot at Manassas.

He is survived by his wife, his mother, his four sons and eight grandchildren.

by Wm. Archer Wright

William Gerard Burch was born in Henry County, Va., September 8, 1872. His parents were John W. and Sarah F. Burch. Though the influences of a Christian home he was led to give his heart to God in his youth. During his late teens he felt that God was calling him into the Christian ministry but he hesitated, and sought a deeper conviction. After prolonged heart-searching and prayer--which laster many months--he was fully convinced that God had called him to preach the gospel of His Son.

He received his education in the public schools of the county, Roanoke College and Randolph-Macon College. After spending two years at Roanoke College he entered Randolph-Macon College in 1895, and in 1898 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from that institution. In November of that year (1898) he was admitted on trial into the Virginia Conference. During a ministry of 46 years brother Burch served the following charges: Richmond Circuit, West Hanover, Danville Circuit, Asbury-Richmond, Central Hampton, Pungoteague, East Mathews, Westmoreland, Boykins, McKenney, East Dinwiddie, Heathsville, Middlesex, Batesville, West Hanover (for the second time).

Brother Burch was blessed in his home life. On November 17, 1904 he was happily married to Miss Nannie Towsey who survives him. Sharing with him the joys and sorrows of the itinerancy, she brought comfort and strength to his ministry and happiness to their home. On November 21, 1954 they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Their home was blessed with eight children, four sons and four daughters: William G. Jr.; Joy, who became the wife of Dr. Charles P.M. Sheffey and his faithful companion and efficient co-worker, as they labored for many years as our missionaries in the Belgian Congo until Dr. Sheffey was compelled to retire on account of failing health. Their second son, John W. Burch, after graduating from Randolph-Macon College and looking forward to attending Duke University, in preparation for the ministry, was almost suddenly stricken with a fatal illness and called to his eternal home. The other children are: Mrs. J.N. Barker, Mrs. C.S. Birdsall, Mrs. R.W. Briggs, Grayson V. and Wilbur A. Burch.

William G. Burch was a good man, a good preacher and a faithful pastor. Those who heard him preach from Sunday to Sunday felt that the message he brought them was from the heavenly source, that it was indeed the Word of God to their hearts. When God called him home, many letters came to the family from those who bore testimony to the helpfulness of his ministry. He brought others closer to God, because he himself lived close to his Lord. Many souls were converted and brought into the Church through his ministry.

The writer of this memoir enjoyed the high privilege of having brother Burch as one of his closest ministerial friends for more than half a century. Sixty years ago we were classmates at Randolph-Macon College, entered the Virginia Conference at almost the same time, began our ministry on adjoining charges, worked together in revival services, and sometimes were roommates at Conference. Always and everywhere I found him the same quiet, steadfast, devoted follower of his Lord. And now that he has been called home the heart speaks out: "Good night, comrade in the best of bonds, I shall greet you in the morning!"

Brother Burch retired in 1944 and spent his remaining years at his home at Pendleton, in Louisa County. But superannuation did not mean cessation from work; as far as his health would permit, he continued his labors for the Kingdom, preaching and conducting Sunday School work. During the latter part of his life he suffered some trying bodily afflictions, which were borne with patience and resignation.

As the time of his departure drew near, with confidence and joy he looked forward to that life which is life indeed. On October 24, 1955, he was called home.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. G.E. Powell, Rev. T.L. Simpson and Rev. Joe Mitchell. His body was laid to rest in the Woodlawn cemetery at Ashland, by the side of that of his son who preceded him several years ago. **by H.H. Smith, Sr.**

Victor Leo Marsh was born in Randolph County, N.C., October 11, 1870 and died at his home, 108 Orchard Street, Mount Airy, N.C., at 11 P.M. November 12, 1955.

He was the son of Isaac and Isabel Coltrane Marsh. Surviving his departure are one brother, C.V. Marsh of Sophia, N.C., and one sister, Mrs. L.M. Cooper of High Point, N.C.

Brother Marsh was educated in Trinity College, now Duke University. His life's calling was that of a Methodist minister. As a young preacher, he was early appointed to Mount Airy Circuit, Western North Carolina Conference. While serving this charge he was happily married in 1902 to Miss Mary Katherine Short, daughter of Newton Price and Ann Eliza Hines Short, who died August 17, 1953. She was a capable co-worker with her husband, sometimes conducting services in the absence of her husband.

For reasons of health, Brother Marsh transferred to the Virginia Annual Conference in 1910. He found the climate of Eastern Virginia a great relief from his catarrhal malady. In his prime, Brother Marsh was an able and popular pastor, serving lengthy pastorates.

For reasons of health, Brother Marsh and wife took the retired relation in 1938 and took up their residence in the Short home in Mount Airy, the house in which they were married and in which they both died many years later.

After retirement, Brother Marsh was able to spend some time in caring for his aged mother in Randolph County.

Brother Marsh's funeral was conducted in Mount Airy Central Methodist Church November 14, 1955 at 2 P.M. by Reverend Walter Lee Lanier, and Rev. J.W. Frank. Burial was in Oakdale Cemetery, Masons having charge of the burial service.

Brother Marsh was a faithful and consistent Mason. He served for years as Chaplain of Granite Lodge No. 322, A.F. & A.M., in Mount Airy. He was also a Companion of Royal Arch Masons and a Sir Knight of the Order of Knights Templar.

by J.W. Frank

Avery Walter Roten, son of Alexander Roten and Rausey Robinson Roten, was born in Ashe County, N.C., on May 8th, 1876. He received his education in the schools of his native state. Every opportunity for good and for Christian influence was used in his preministerial days. As a young man he first served as a colporteur working under the direction of the American Bible Society in the city of Norfolk, Va. It was in this service that he definitely felt the call to preach and asked for work in the Virginia Conference. For four years 1910-1914, Brother Roten served as a supply pastor for the East Hampton Charge.

At the session of the Virginia Annual Conference held in the fall of 1914 in Portsmouth, Va., he was received into the Conference as a member On Trial and was assigned to the Pastorate at Altavista. Here began an itinerant ministry that was to last for thirty years and was to include the following pastorates in addition to Altavista; Gladys; Crittenden; Cottage Place, Portsmouth; East York; Prince George; West Brunswick; Courtland; King George and South View and Providence in Lynchburg.

Brother Roten's life and ministry were given largely to the rural pastorate. He had a genuine concern for the spiritual welfare of his people and throughout his ministry manifested a strong interest in evangelism and all evangelistic endeavors. The testimony of his own soul might well be framed in the words of Fanny J. Crosby's great hymn:

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in His blood."

On February 6, 1919 Brother Roten was happily married to Miss Ethel Hughes of Gladys, Va., where he had previously served as a pastor. As a helpmate Mrs. Roten served most efficiently, always interested in the work of her pastor-husband, always helping when a service might be rendered, always mindful of her husband and his needs, and ministering to him in a spirit of tenderness and affection.

In the fall of 1944, after a ministry of 34 years, with strength and health beginning to feel the strain of nearly 70 years, Brother Roten asked for the superannuate relationship which was granted. He settled in the Fort Hill Community of Lynchburg and affiliated with Fort Hill Methodist Church where he and his wife served the church and the Lord until health would not permit him to leave his home. During these latter years there were many friends and neighbors who delighted to visit a while with him. They always found his faith strong, his interest in the church keen, and his concern for people always abounding.

Early on the morning of January 18th, 1956, the end came just a few hours after a decided change in his physical condition was evidenced. In his 79th year after a life of proclaiming the gospel and making known God's word, the Lord spoke to him saying, "Come home, Come home, Ye who are weary, Come home."

The funeral was held in Fort Hill Methodist Church at 11 o'clock on January 20th, 1956. Dr. L. Oakey Wilburn, pastor of the church, conducted the service. The body was laid to rest on a beautiful knoll in Spring Hill Cemetery, Lynchburg, Va.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Ethel Hughes Roten; three sisters, Mrs. Ralph Triplett, Clifton, N.C.; Mrs. Lee Beshears, Parsonville, N.C. and Mrs. J.L. Jenkins of Fig, N.C. One brother also survives, the Rev. Thomas S. Roten of Waynesville, N.C.

When the call of God takes away those whom we love, how appropriate are the words of George Matheson when he wrote:

"O Love that will not let me go
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow

May richer, fuller be." **by L. Oakey Wilburn.**

James Archer Chapman, the son of James Jackson and Rosa Archer Blount Chapman, was born January 8, 1885 at Omega, Halifax County, Va. He attended Randolph-Macon College from which he received his A.B. degree in 1912. He then entered Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, from which he received the Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1914. He took post-graduate work in Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1931-32.

He was admitted on trial into the Virginia Annual Conference in 1914 and was ordained a deacon in 1915. He was ordained an elder and admitted into full connection in 1917.

His first appointment was Henry Circuit, which he served from 1914-1916. At the Conference in 1916, at the insistence of Dr. B.M. Beckham, the minister whom he frequently referred to as his spiritual father, he went to Ferrum Training School as teacher and field agent. Although highly successful in this field, he knew that teaching was not to be his lifework, and with the conviction that God had called him to preach the Gospel, he asked for a pastorate at the next session of the Annual Conference and was assigned to Park View, Portsmouth. After one year at Park View, his appointments were in the following succession: High Street, Franklin, 1918-1922; Grace, Cambridge, Md., 1922-27; Colonial Avenue, Norfolk, 1927-30; First Church, Hampton, 1930-1935; President of Ferrum Training School and Junior College 1935-43; Larchmont, Norfolk, 1943-44; Superintendent of Eastern Shore District, 1944-50; Trinity, Petersburg, 1950-52; Trinity, Smithfield, 1952-55. At the beginning of the fourth year of a highly successful pastorate at Smithfield, ill health forced him to retire from the active ministry.

On December 25, 1912 he was married to Gertrude Leigh Sams of Danville, Va. This happy companionship was ended by her death on May 2, 1929. This union was blessed by the birth of three sons who survive him; James Archer, III, William Francis, and Guy Littleton.

On July 1, 1930 he was united in marriage to Mary Margaret Willis of Norfolk, Va., who survives him. She was a devoted wife who enriched his life, graced his home, and cared lovingly for his children. Her strength of character and beauty of influence were much appreciated in the places where they served. To this union there was born a son, Henry Willis, who now lives in Norfolk, Va.

Many honors came to this good minister of Jesus Christ, but perhaps none was more appreciated than the Doctor of Divinity degree which came to him in 1935 from Randolph-Macon, his alma mater. This was a distinction to which he was eminently entitled.

In every pastorate he won the love and affection of his people. As a preacher he was strong and forceful. He knew human nature and adapted his appeals to the needs of the people. Christ was at the center of all his preaching and in his sermons, he magnified the Master. As a pastor, he had no superior. He visited from home to home and carried an atmosphere of peace and blessing. The poor and the needy claimed his attention. What the Apostle said about the Savior may truly be said of him, "He went about doing good." Young people counseled with him freely and older people sought his advice. It is not surprising that under his ministry churches were led to a richer experience and people were brought to Christ.

Dr. Chapman gave eight of the best years of his life to Ferrum Training School and Junior College. It was here that he guided many young people into the ministry and full time service of the Church. There are many students who will remember him with devotion and appreciation. His service to the Church as superintendent of the Eastern Shore District was outstanding. Under his leadership this district was the first of the fourteen districts in the Virginia Conference to raise its quota in the Crusade for Christ program. Dr. Chapman was the author of four books, Launching Out Into the Deep, The Royal Road to Friendship, Neglected Service, and First Families of the New Testament.

He died on March 1st of this year. The funeral service was conducted at Trinity Church, Smithfield, of which he had been the faithful pastor for three years, by Rev. G.W.M. Taylor, pastor of the church and the writer, who had been a close and intimate friend for many years. Interment was in beautiful Forest Lawn Cemetery, Norfolk, Va.

We shall miss him, but we cannot think of him as dead; for the spirit of James Archer Chapman goes marching on: "He that believeth in me shall never die."

Spiritually he has entered into a larger and more complete life. For a little while we bid him "Adieu," with the confident hope of greeting him with a happy "Good Morning" later on amidst the glories of the Father's house of many mansions.

"For Those we love within the veil
Who once were comrades of our way.
We thank Thee, Lord for they have won
To cloudless day.
Free from the fret of mortal years,
And knowing now Thy perfect will,
With quickened sense and heightened joy
They serve Thee still."

by R. Orman Bryant

Charles Hamblin Ely. Another of God's noblemen has gone home, quietly and peacefully, as one would expect of him--Charles Hamblin Ely, a minister of our Lord Jesus Christ with thirty-three years of service as pastor.

The son of the late Nimrod and Lavinia Myers Ely, he was born on 29 December 1878 in Pennington Gap, Va.; attended the public schools in Lee County, Va.; settled down as a farmer; heard God's call to the Christian ministry; sold his home and his farm in order to be able to pursue his education; attended Tennessee Wesleyan College for four years; spent three of these as supply pastor of the East Athens charge; was admitted on trial in the 1919 session of the Holston Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and served faithfully the following pastorates: Tennessee-Elkmont (five years), Knoxville Circuit (two years), Tremont (five years), Lenoir City (four years), Va.,--Second, Salem (six years), Villa Heights, Roanoke (four years), and Mt. Crawford (four years).

Stationed at Salem, Va., when Unification came, he was included on the rolls of the new Virginia Conference, and so served his last ten years within its bounds. He retired in 1949 and moved back to his old home in Pennington Gap, where he died on 23 March 1956 at the age of 77.

Brother Ely was twice married: the first time was on 22 January 1907 to Sarah Elizabeth Day; the second time on 30 March 1950 to Maude Cooper Wilkinson, who survives him. He had no children.

The bare outline of Charles Ely's life for publication is brief, like the Apostles' Creed; but also like the Apostles' Creed, it leaves much unsaid but understood by those who knew him. Never sensational, he was always humble, solid, kind and godly. His pastorates were marked by practical biblical sermons preached in an easy-to-grasp, everyday style with down-to-earth illustrations; and by a pastoral care and love outstanding for friendliness, goodwill and urgency to be of service in Christ's way. His ministry was especially fruitful among men and older youth whom he sought out diligently, whether in logging camp, on the farm or at other work. All those he served, of whom this writer is one, can rise up and call him blessed. He was the kind of preacher that was the strength of pioneering Methodism. The life of Charles Hamblin Ely will ever remain a benediction to those who knew him.

"Servant of God, well done!"

by Raymond E. Cardwell

Robert Nelson Hartness. On Tuesday, April 24, 1956 the spirit of Rev. R.N. Hartness moved out of the temple of clay and entered the "house not made with hands whose builder and maker is God." Mr. Hartness was born on a farm in Sharpsburg Township in Iredell County, N.C., on May 4, 1870, the son of Noel Franklin and Louisa Jane Sommers Hartness. For sixty years he was a faithful minister of Jesus Christ and when the summons came to rest from his earthly labors and receive his well-earned crown of life, he was in his 86th year.

He was converted at an early age in old Mt. Pisgah Methodist Church on the Iredell Circuit. He attended Brotherton Public School and Locust Grove Academy and later entered the Medical Corps of the United States Army, where he served for three years at Fort Monroe, Va. While at Fort Monroe he united with the Chesapeake Avenue Methodist Church in Phoebus, Va. While here he felt the urge to enter the ministry and was licensed as a local preacher. After his discharge from the Army he attended Garrett Biblical Institute at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois.

In 1896 he joined the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church where he served for several years. In 1901 he became a member of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, where he served faithfully and well until his retirement in 1942. He spent his remaining years in Richmond.

He was happily married on June 30, 1897 to Miss Sarah Mitchell of Elizabeth City County, Va. For almost fifty-nine years they shared together in the service of our Lord. They were blessed with two devoted children who brought them much joy and great comfort in life. He is survived by his devoted wife, a daughter, Mrs. E.V. Russell, Jr. of Blacksburg, Va., and a son, Major General Harlan N. Hartness, of Valley Forge, Penn.

His appointments included: Appomattox Circuit; Drummondtown; Trinity, Norfolk; Fairmount Avenue, Richmond; Grace, Newport News; East York; Liberty Street, South Norfolk; Denny Street, Richmond; Ocean View, West Point; Byrd Park, Richmond; Oakland; Assistant Superintendent of the Orphanage; Crozet; Ettrick; Cradock; Highland Springs; Wakefield and Whitestone.

On April 26th services were conducted in Richmond, Va., by the writer and Rev. J.S. Burleigh. His body was tenderly placed in the Riverview Cemetery in the presence of loved ones and a host of friends who stood in silent respect for one who had lived so long and so well.

We miss his smiling face and hearty handclasp at this session of our conference. We mourn our loss; we rejoice in his gain. Workman of God, well done!

We may well join with Mrs. Charles Kingsley who thus commemorated her husband:

"To the beloved memory of a righteous man,
Who loved God and truth above all things,
A man of untarnished honor,
Loyal and chivalrous, gentle and strong,
Pitiful to the weak, yearning after the erring;
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,
Yet most stern to himself,
Who lived in the Presence of God here,
And passing through the grave and gate of death
Now liveth unto God forever more."

by H.W. Landrum

James Edgar Oyler was born in Franklin County on December 3, 1870 and died in Norfolk, May 7, 1956 at the age of 85. His early education was gained in the public schools of Franklin County and later he attended Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford, Va. He was ordained at the age of 21 and served the Virginia Conference with faithfulness for a number of years. Among the charges that Brother Oyler served were: Boulevard and Denny Street, Richmond, Painter on the Eastern Shore, Clarkesville and Burkeville on the Farmville District.

Brother Oyler took the retired relationship of a Supernumerary a quarter of a century ago and since that time has done supply work in a very effective manner whenever called upon to do so.

He was preceded in death by his wife, the former Julia Emory Miller of Mathews County, in 1948. To this marriage three daughters and one son were born.

Brother Oyler preached his first sermon in Oyler's Chapel at Hardy, Va., which church was built and given to the community by his own father.

J.E. Oyler's enthusiasm was probably best manifested through his interest in the Children's Home in Richmond and in the building of new churches. His beard served as a distinctive characteristic throughout most of his life and many will remember him now as the tall, neat, friendly minister with the beard and cane.

Right up until his death he kept active in such groups as the Three Score Ten Clubs in Richmond and Norfolk. He associated himself with Ghent Methodist Church at the most recent Quarterly Conference and offered the closing prayer at the Mother's Day Service.

Funeral services were conducted from Ghent Methodist Church by the writer, assisted by Dr. Thomas Wesley, Pastor of Hope Chapel.

by John A. McKenry, Jr.

Minutes for 1957. **William Alexander Clark,** son and youngest child of the late John and Mary Anne Archibald Clark was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, March 14, 1878. He

attended the Public Schools ten and a half months a year for a number of years. He was compelled to go to work at an early age and did not have the opportunity to attend college; however, he managed to attend evening classes and pursued his education through correspondence courses in the city of Aberdeen.

He was reared in the atmosphere of a Christian home and was converted at the age of sixteen and joined the Methodist Church. He was made a Local Preacher, and while still a young man he came to Canada and for a year engaged in business. At the end of this period he was accepted as a Probationer in the Canadian Methodist Church and was appointed a home Missionary to a large and difficult field in one of the Provinces of Western Canada. There were two school house appointments and he was asked to find others. To serve this difficult field he must travel on horseback. The homesteads were far apart and great distances must be traveled in contacting people. For most of the year the climate was severe. During the second year of this frontier he suffered a serious physical breakdown and was compelled to give up the work and seek a more favorable climate. He came to the United States, remaining for a brief time in Denver. Then going to Texas he engaged in Y.M.C.A. work and during World War I rendered service to our soldiers in the army training camps. After World War I he came to Roanoke and while there he was asked to supply as Pastor of Rockbridge Charge in the former Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and later was admitted as an honored member of that body. While engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in Texas he was ordained a Deacon by Bishop McCoy, and two years later was ordained Elder by Bishop W. A. Candler. He served the following charges: Rockbridge--twice, Fincastle, Port Republic, Middletown, Gladys, Appomattox Circuit, Moneta, Franklin, W. Va., Freedom, Church Hill, Millington and Chesapeake, Md.

He married Miss Margaret Thompson of Chicago in 1911. She was his faithful companion and shared his responsibilities in his ministry till her homegoing in 1940 while serving the Rockbridge Charge for a second time. On December 4, 1943, he married Mrs. Madge Organ Dudley of Lynchburg, Va., who, with two step-sons, Edward Estes and Franklin Berry Dudley, survive him.

In 1948 Brother Clark asked for and was granted a Superannuate relation and came to Bridgewater, Va., where he and his family continued to reside until his passing, March 7, 1957.

Brother Clark was a man of deep religious convictions and was uncompromising in his attitude to all sin and evil. He accepted and earnestly preached the Wesleyan doctrines of salvation. His was a deep and clear spiritual experience. As a pastor he was faithful in all his duties and responsibilities, giving counsel to his flock and executing wisely the affairs of his Charge. He was abundant in labor, and his ministry was crowned with success.

After coming to Bridgewater, Brother Clark identified himself with the Methodist Church and took an active part, teaching a Sunday School class for several years, till forced by ill health to give it up.

For about two years he was practically an invalid, and was tenderly cared for, and received the affectionate ministries of his faithful and devoted wife who never wearied in her constant effort to relieve his suffering, and minister comfort. His death was a triumph in the faith he lived and preached. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful, but whose delight is in the law of the Lord and in whose law he doth meditate day and night. He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water which bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

Funeral services were conducted in Bridgewater Methodist Church, Friday, March 8, 1957, by his Pastor, Reverend Chauncy W. Ellison, assisted by Reverend W. D. Eye. The body was then taken to Wesley Chapel, near Buena Vista, Va., where services were conducted by his Pastor, assisted by Reverend Lewis Minter, after which the body was laid to rest in Green Hill Cemetery, Buena Vista, Va.

by W. D. Eye

Hawes Palmore Clarke. He was tall and erect, graceful and winsome when first I knew him. That was at an Annual Conference in the early twenties. He was greeting friends and sharing his gracious, attractive personality. And so he was through all his years.

Always high above the common crowd in daily walk and conversation; straight in his thinking; bright and cheerful in his manner; marching ever forward. He was a leader, a friend, a stalwart Methodist, a true disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. His kind is seldom found--for he was a rare and choice spirit.

This man--Hawes Palmore Clarke--was born January 27, 1885 at Sunny Side, Va., the son of James Edwin and Lucy McGehee Clarke. The godly influences of this home were to him a means of grace in all his after years.

In 1904, after attending the public schools of his home community, he entered Randolph-Macon Academy where he distinguished himself both in the classroom and on the gridiron. A year later he became a student at Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va. At the institution he gave evidences of ability in many areas of life--abilities which he was later to use so effectively as a wise "Master Builder" in The Kingdom of God.

His Theological studies were pursued at Vanderbilt University from which school he received in 1911 the Bachelor of Divinity degree. In 1918 he received his Master of Arts degree at Tulsa University in Oklahoma. Thus was this servant of the church well prepared in formal training for his high calling. In 1930 his alma mater, Randolph-Macon College recognized his gift and graces, as well as his great contributions to the Church by conferring upon him the Doctor of Divinity degree.

Fortunate in his education, he was even more fortunate in his marriage to Miss Jessie Lee Ham, on October 14, 1913. She was ever his loving companion, and his faithful helpmeet--a true gift of the Lord to him. Mrs. Clarke survives him. To this happy union four children were born; James Thomas and Hawes Palmore--both deceased; Virginia (now Mrs. Nelson Gray of Alexandria) and Lambuth (of the Randolph-Macon College faculty) both of whom have arisen to call him blessed. Three grandchildren also survive him.

The first part of his ministry was spent in Oklahoma where he served three appointments from 1911 to 1918, namely--Heavener, Stigler and Tigert Memorial in Tulsa.

During World War I he felt the call of his nation as well as of his God and served as a Chaplain in the United States Army. In this relationship he held the rank of First Lieutenant.

At the close of the war he transferred to the Virginia Conference where for thirty-five years he served eminently and successfully both pastorates and district. His appointments successively were: West Point, Main Street (Suffolk), Presiding Elder Eastern Shore District, Washington Street (Petersburg), Park Place (Norfolk), Monumental (Portsmouth), Memorial (Lynchburg), Superintendent of the Lynchburg District, Washington Street (Alexandria), Superintendent of the Danville District and Calvary (Arlington).

At the Annual Conference session in June 1954 he took the retired relation. For two years, until his death in July 1956, he and Mrs. Clarke lived in Alexandria, Va., where he followed with keen interest and enthusiasm the labors of his brethren and the work of his beloved Methodism. To the end of his earthly life he was ardent in his support of every good cause and active in every effort to advance the Cause of Christ. In characteristic fashion he attended the 1956 General Conference meeting in Minneapolis, Minnesota, as a member of the Judicial Council.

Hawes Palmore Clarke not only loved the Church and served it with a dedicated life--the Church likewise appreciated and honored him. As has been indicated, he was assigned to many of its leading churches. More than that, he was again and again elected to its highest councils, representing Virginia Methodism at the General and Jurisdictional Conferences several times, as well as being a delegate to the Uniting Confer-ence of American Methodism in 1939. Perhaps the greatest honor the church conferred upon him was in making him a member of the Judicial Council--The Supreme Court of Methodism. From 1953 to 1956 he served in this high position with great distinction and usefulness. In addition he served for many years as President of the Board of Trustees of Ferrum Junior College; as President of the Virginia Conference Board of Missions Junior College; as President of the Virginia Conference Board of Missions and Church Extension and as Chairman of the Virginia Conference Committee on Admissions. He is the author of a fine book entitled "The Life of The Spirit."

Dr. Clarke was a man's man as evidenced by his membership in the Masons, Rotary

and Kiwanis at various times in his life. He loved the great out of doors and was interested in games, sports and gardening.

Dr. Clarke was a devoted, loyal and loving husband; a wise, sympathetic and tender parent; an able and consecrated administrator of the affairs of the Kingdom of God; a true friend and a brother beloved. It was always a joy and a delight to be in his company. He kept abreast of the times and was constantly aware of changing moods and methods. It was in the pulpit, however, that many will remember him longest. He was truly a preacher of righteousness--always well prepared. His congregations knew that his messages would be fresh and vital--well thought out and gracefully delivered. He had great power in prayer. His choice of expressions and his zeal and ardor brought strength and courage and comfort to many fainting souls. People were edified and churches enlarged through the consecrated efforts of this noble soul. Best of all he was a Christian Gentleman.

He died on July 7, 1956. The Funeral service was conducted at Washington Street Church, Alexandria, Va., of which he had been the faithful pastor, by Dr. T.E. Landis, pastor of the church, the Rev. Henry A. Harrell and the writer. Interment was in the Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

We shall miss him--but not forever--for "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

by Roland P. Riddick

James Augustus Johnson. The Rev. James Augustus Johnson, son of John H. Johnson and Elizabeth Witt Johnson, was born in Saltville, Va., in 1889, and died at Mt. Crawford, Va., January 16, 1957.

He was graduated from Emory and Henry College with the degree of A.B. and B.S. Later he attended Southern Methodist University where he received the M.A. and B.D. degrees. Not satisfied with these unusual achievements he did graduate work on the Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago. There was in his life at all times a passion for learning. This was evinced in a most scholarly, yet practical type of preaching.

Early in his life he was moved to consider the ministry as his life work. How fortunate the world, and the Methodist Church in particular, have been that he made that decision. Thousands of people over this land were drawn into the Kingdom of Christ because of this servant of God.

He became a local preacher at the age of seventeen. He began his pastoral work in New Mexico. However, it was in the Baltimore Conference where he became distinguished as a minister of rare ability, particularly in the field of Evangelism. He entered that Conference in 1914. For forty-two years he served his Lord in the ministry of the Methodist Church. He served the pastorates of Warrenton Circuit, Middleburg, Va., Glenelgy, Md.; Stephens City, Va.; Keyser, W. Va.; and Lexington, Blacksburg; Moseley Memorial, Danville; Clifton Forge; Fort Hill, Lynchburg; South Boston and Warrenton, all in Virginia.

Brother Johnson was a friend of young people. He believed in them and was given great experiences in guiding their lives. He served as chaplain for the students of Virginia Military Institute, Washington and Lee University and Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Few of our preachers have enjoyed so rich an experience. Thousands of young men were touched by this man of God. Whosoever influences one able student for Christ through him will touch the lives of how many, no one knows. His influence will be great upon the nation because our students of this day will lead our nation tomorrow.

Brother Johnson was chaplain in the U.S. Army Reserve for twenty years, retiring with the rank of Major. He was cited for his work with the Red Cross during World War II.

He was a man of great public spirit. His interests were universal in the service of man. He was active in Shriners, Lions, Kiwanis, Rotary and other civic organizations, frequently serving in an official capacity.

Brother Johnson held many offices in the Methodist Church and served as reviewer for the Methodist Publishing House.

While at the University of Chicago he became closely associated with that noted scholar, Dr. Richardson. In cooperation with him Brother Johnson was the author of a book on worship and ritual.

The Columbia Broadcasting System recognized him as a preacher of unusual ability. They selected him for a coast-to-coast broadcast, March 23rd, 1948 on "We the People." I am happy to quote from the company, "It was indeed a pleasure having you on our 'We the People' broadcast, March 23rd. Yours was a real Easter story and the 'spot' one of the high points of our program."

God truly used him in a large way. He was, indeed, good to him, and in no way more than the family He gave him. A wonderful wife was his, Elizabeth Kelly Johnson. Through all the years of their married life she was ever at his side, a benediction. He is survived by not only her, but a son, James H. Johnson of West Point, and two daughters, Mrs. Joel Kidd of Mt. Crawford and Mrs. Hugh Garnett of Harrisonburg. He also is survived by five grandchildren, four brothers and one sister.

The funeral was conducted January 20, 1957 in Mt. Crawford Methodist Church by the pastor, Rev. E.H. Kyle, the District Superintendent, Rev. J. Calvin Dugger, and the writer.

It was a beautiful winter afternoon in a glorious land, the Valley of Virginia. That day there was laid to rest a noble minister of God. No one knows how long the snows of winter will cover his grave and the suns of summer warm it, yet in God's own good way, when time shall be no more, no land on this earth will produce a more noble host to meet his glorified Lord than the Valley of Virginia. Not one will be more ready than this saint, James Augustus Johnson.

by C.C. Bell

Zebulon V. Johnston was born June 5, 1885 at Littleton, N.C. He was the son of Robert Anthony and Pattie Belle Johnston.

On July 16, 1913 he was happily married to Miss Emma Reimster who survives him. Six children followed this union, four of which are now living. They are Herbert D. Johnston and Emma T. Johnston of South Boston, Va.; Carroll Bobbitt Johnston of San Fernando, California; and Melvyn F. Johnston of Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Johnston attended Trinity College in Durham (now Duke University) and received his first appointment in 1911 as a supply pastor on the Jonesville Charge. In 1912 he was admitted as a pastor on trial in the Western North Carolina Conference. In 1915 he transferred to the Virginia Conference, being assigned to the Elba Charge at Gretna, Va., where he served for three years. Following this appointment he served the following charges: Forrest, Pamplin, Heathsville, East Matthews, Guilford, Schoolfield, Spotsylvania, Greenville, Mint Springs, South Brunswick, East Dinwiddie, Remington and Hyco.

It was my privilege to know Brother Johnston and his family rather intimately. Many years ago I assisted him in a revival meeting and spent the week in his home. Later two of his sons and their wives became members of Centenary Church in Richmond while I was the pastor. He had a lovely family and the beauty of his home life was attested by those who shared its warmth and hospitality. Among the bereaved is his faithful wife, who during his lifetime shared his joys and his sorrows and who was constantly by his side throughout the journey.

His life was devoted to the church for which he held an affection akin to that of his own family. He did not serve our largest appointments. He counted his congregations in scores rather than hundreds and his salary in hundreds rather than thousands. But, wherever he went, he served the Church well. He was a hard worker and always left the charge improved spiritually and financially. The record of a good and gracious life runs like an endless vine around the memory of our departed brother. We will miss his kindly and affectionate handshake and smile, but our sorrow will be tempered by the thought that, as a loyal minister, he has gone to his reward abundantly worthy of his hire.

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.
My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten.

The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.
Not myself, but the truth in life I have spoken.
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to the ages--all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken and the things I have done.
So let my living be, so be my dying,
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown,
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered,
Yes, but only remembered by what I have done."

by Walter C. Gum

Philip Manning Hank was born in Blackstone, Va., July 21, 1881, the son of the Reverend Josiah Dickenson and Laura E. Wailes Hank. His grandfather, the Reverend Jehu Hank, served in the Baltimore Conference and these three generations of Methodist ministers gave almost one hundred and thirty years of service to the church.

Dr. Hank entered Randolph-Macon College at Ashland in 1900 and was graduated from there in 1904. He attended the University of Virginia in Charlottesville and Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee. His Alma Mater, Randolph-Macon, conferred on him the Doctor of Divinity Degree.

On June 5, 1907 he was united in marriage to Roberta Webb Beazley of Green County, Va. She enriched his life, graced his home and helped him in his work as far as her health permitted her to do. God blessed this union with three splendid children. Miss Edwina Wailes Hank, Mrs. Mary Steele Hank Walker (Mrs. Joseph R.) and Philip M. Hank, Junior, and two granddaughters, Mrs. A.L. Jeffreys and Mrs. Joseph V. Ciucci.

His first pastorate was the Berlin Circuit in Maryland and then he served Onley; Oxford, Suffolk; Capeville; Trinity, Newport News; Highland Park, Richmond; Berryman, Richmond; Bassett Memorial, Bassett, Va. from which he retired from the active ministry in 1950. He was superintendent of the Petersburg District. He supplied Mt. Pisgah Church. Midlothian for five years after superannuation and he preached there on the morning of December 23, 1956 and attended the special Christmas service that evening. About ten minutes after returning to his home he was stricken as he sat in the living room with his wife.

His sudden going was a shock to his family but we believe it is the way he wanted to go. It was the end of the Lord's Day and he had been active to the very end.

Dr. Hank was held in high esteem by those who knew him. He was an excellent preacher and scholar and ministered to his people as a faithful pastor.

Through his interest in and his work for the Hermitage Home for the Aged he made a great contribution to the church. He had strong convictions as to what the church should do for its constituents when they come to the evening time of life. He served as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hermitage Home for the Aged from its beginning until his death.

Funeral services were held in the Ginter Park Methodist Church, Richmond by the Reverend Bernard S. Via, D.D., Superintendent of the Hermitage Home and the Reverend Harold H. Fink, pastor of the church, with the interment in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Richmond.

The words of H.A. Cesar Malan gives expression to our hope as Christians:

It is not death to die--
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.
It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.
Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

by T. Roy Jarrett

James Burnette Hupman was the son of William Lewis and Mary Elizabeth Crosby Hupman. He was born in Augusta County, Va., October 22, 1874. The beginning of his education was in the public schools of the County. In September 1895 he entered Randolph-Macon at Front Royal, Va., as a student for the ministry. He finished his work there in two years and went as junior preacher to Taylor's Circuit near Baltimore, Md. Feeling the need of better preparation for the important work he was called to do, he went to Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Va., for the years 1898-99. He was the junior preacher on Calvert Circuit, Md., 1900-1901 and then at Tilghman, Md., 1902. He returned to Randolph-Macon College in 1903 for his senior year. During the year he suffered a serious spell of typhoid fever and was forced to leave college. He spent 1904 on Halltown Circuit, W.Va.

He was married June 1905 to Ruth E. Torreyson of Arlington County, Va., and they went to their first appointment at Frostburg, Md., then to the following charges: Freedom and Patuxent, Md.; Sterling, Va.; Queen Anne and Colesville, Md.; Frederick Circuit, New Market, Middletown, Fincastle, Pembroke and Eagle Rock in Virginia.

Because of ill health he was forced to retire from the active ministry. This did not mean that he ceased to work. He, with his family, came to Roanoke to live. They selected West End Church as their church home. Here they worshipped and served faithfully, attending all the services of the church, gladly doing all the things they were asked to do. He was frequently called by the District Superintendents to act as supply where charges were without a pastor. He did not know how to say "no." I never knew a man who more gladly helped his brethren. He never refused to go anywhere or do anything asked of him. He found his greatest joy in going far and near to minister to the people who were in the greatest need of his help, the ones most likely to be neglected or forgotten. His greatest interest was in people.

Brother Hupman was a man of deep conviction and was unmoved by what others thought. He cared little whether one agreed with him or not, always saying "You may not agree with me, this is what I think."

On Saturday morning, August 25, 1956, he called the writer and said "I have an engagement for Sunday. I have just had the worst heart attack of my life and will not be able to fill this engagement. I want you to take my place." During the day he grew worse, and at 4:30 in the afternoon the time for his homegoing came. Unafraid and in great peace he left us to be with God.

The services were held in West End Church Monday afternoon. His District Superintendent, Dr. H.S. Southgate, and his pastor, Rev. Frank H. Van Dyck, Jr. had charge. He sleeps in Evergreen Cemetery in Roanoke, Va. His wife and daughter, Mrs. Virginia H. Herman, live here in Roanoke. He is survived also by three sisters, two brothers and two grandchildren.

by Claude M. Hesser

George Washington Watkins. It has been said that a man writes his own life story. Brother Watkins literally did this. I have the copy before me as I write. On the back of it are these words and, like the whole memoir, in his own handwriting.

"Memoir" of George W. Watkins written by himself May 5, 1947.

The pastor of Bethel Church in Mathews will please add the facts of death and burial and present it to the Virginia Conference. Thank you.

The information that follows is substantially as Mr. Watkins wrote it and wanted it told.

George Washington was the son of George Leonard and Hetty Ryder Watkins. York County was his native place. Born September 21, 1873 he was left an orphan when four years old. Soon afterwards he was received, as one of their own children, in the home of Hazad and Virginia Hudgins of Mathews County. There he grew to manhood.

He received some training at an academic school in Baltimore, after which he studied four years at William & Mary and Randolph-Macon Colleges.

He had a distinct call to the ministry when fourteen years old, but shrank from it because of its weighty obligations. He tried to forget it; but in the various avocations, there was unrest. Finally he yielded to the call and entered upon this important work. The result was continued peace.

He joined the Virginia Conference in November 1900. (He was sent to the Meadows of Dan appointment.) Less than a year later, on July 24, 1901 he was united in

marriage with Miss Ruth C. Strange of Cumberland County. Together they labored with enthusiasm and success. During the last several years their work was interrupted by his poor health. (After one year on the Meadows of Dan Circuit in the course of twenty-nine years of active work, he served the following appointments: Franklin Circuit, South Chesterfield, Gloucester, Middlesex, Gordonsville, West Chesterfield, Ettrick, Grace--Newport News, St. Paul's--Richmond, Bloxom, Exmore, South Hill, West Brunswick, Atlantic, and after seven years of retirement, Painter.)

In 1939 he was forced to permanently retire. After that they went to Norfolk, and there, in their own home, the evening of life was spent in peace, while ever and anon, came the vision of an eternal home. (Some time before settling in Norfolk they lived for several years at Onemo in Mathews County.)

About a month after the passing of Mrs. Watkins, Mr. Watkins followed her in death, February 24, 1957 at the Norfolk Municipal Hospital. The funerals of both Mr. and Mrs. Watkins were conducted at Bethel Church in Mathews County, Va., by the writer and the Rev. Wilbur C. Diggs, pastor of the Peniel Friends Church in Mathews County with burial in the Pear Tree Cemetery nearby.

Brother Watkins concluded his memoir with the following words: Through the years of his life his body, mind and sinews seemed to say

"Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.
Be strong, be strong!"

by Otis L. Gilliam

Minutes for 1958. **Walter G. Bates.** How long the strong reed has stood alone! Now the conference roll must be headed by a new name. The span of a full century has been worthily closed by one life. We honor not the length of years, but gratefully recall a radiant face, an eager mind, a rich soul, an abundant harvest. From Lafferty's "Sketches of the Virginia Conference" bearing date of 1890 we copy:

"Mr. Bates was born of Quaker parentage, in the city of Richmond, Va., October 2, 1858. His father, Micajah Bates, was one of the best-known and most highly-esteemed citizens of the place. His pious mother died when he was very young; but such was the result of the religious training he received at her hands that at nine years of age he gave his heart to God and was received into the fellowship of the Society of Friends. A few years later he attended Broad Street Methodist Sunday School, and in 1876, when sixteen years old, he joined that church, and at once became one of its most zealous and efficient members. Two years later he felt called to preach the Gospel of Christ, but for awhile resisted the call principally because he felt himself unqualified on account of the limited educational advantages he had enjoyed. On a Sunday morning Albert L. West, a devout consecrated Sunday School teacher, serving as President of the Sunday School Union of Richmond, made a visit to Broad Street Church in which Bates was now teaching. In addressing the class on 'Jonah Fleeing From The Lord,' he said 'There may be a lad or a young man here today whom God has called to preach. If there is, I want to tell him that he cannot flee from God, refuse to answer this call, and be happy.' That settled it. Feeling he was that young man, Bates called on his pastor, Rev. S.A. Steele, that very afternoon and opened his heart to him. Broad Street licensed him to exhort and then to preach. Educated at Randolph-Macon; there he met the daughter of Rev. A.P. Woodfin, Annie C. Woodfin, whom he married on May 27, 1885 (they lived to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary). He entered the Conference in the fall of 1880."

For thirty-five years he faithfully served in the active ministry. Severe failure of hearing compelled him to retire in 1915 from the pulpit ministry. For an added forty-three years he served with no fading of his sense of mission and no weakening of his spiritual leadership. Perhaps the most enduring joy of achievement came to him in the founding of Elm Avenue Methodist Church. The paternal relationship continued through all the years.

Many others bear witness, as does the writer, to the genuineness of this "servant of God" who lived so much of his life through others. For two years each 'first Sunday' he came from Portsmouth to Williamsburg to aid a young pastor not yet qualified to administer communion. Some years later I found the same clear heart at Monumental

still helping in a communion, and in the city, and in the congregation. He cared little for my praise and my thanks, and answering said, "You see, I live and serve through you and so many others."

He was a consistent student until his very latest days, a clear thinker, a worthful writer, a glad servant. The Lord used him, walked with him, and welcomed him home. He is survived by three daughters: Mrs. John H. Pharis of Martinsville, and Mrs. X.D. Murden and Mrs. Calder H. Herbert of Portsmouth; a son, the Rev. W.G. Bates, Jr., pastor of Beverly Street Methodist Church, Staunton.

by Horace E. Cromer

Benjamin Moore Beckham. Rev. Benjamin Moore Beckham, A.M., D.D., was born in Nottaway County, Va., August 17, 1868. His parents, the late Rev. Thomas Moore Beckham and Mrs. Lucy Royal Beckham, have long since gone to their heavenly home.

Dr. Beckham attended the New London Academy and from there to Randolph-Macon College, where he graduated with B.A. Degree 1891. In November 1891, he was admitted to Virginia Annual Conference and was appointed to the Henry Circuit. Great revivals of religion attended his ministry. Nearly one hundred were added to the Church in his first year's ministry. In 1892 he was sent to the Middlesex Circuit. Here more than two hundred were converted to Christ and most of them united with the Methodist Church. The next two years were spent on the West Hanover Charge, during which time he attended Randolph-Macon College and attained the Master of Arts Degree in 1895. He then went to Vanderbilt University where he won distinction as an outstanding student in the Theological Department. Here he was awarded the Owen Medal for special work in the field of Practical Theology. At the close of the school year in Vanderbilt, Dr. Beckham was sent to Trinity Church, Norfolk; 1897-8-9 Danville; 1903, South Halifax; 1904-5-6, South Boston; 1907-8-9, Memorial, Lynchburg; 1910-11-12-13, Presiding Elder, Danville District; fall of 1913 through 1934, Ferrum Junior College; 1942, South Covington; 1943, Clifton Forge; 1944-45, Bethany Circuit (Roanoke District); 1946 Villa Heights; 1947-48, West Franklin; 1950, Bonsack. For fifty years he was an itinerant minister, eight years after retirement age, making a total of fifty-eight years in the Methodist ministry. He served thirty-six years on the Board of Finance. He served thirty-one years on the Danville District, much of the time among the mountainous sections of Franklin, Henry and Patrick Counties. It was here where he caught a vision of the needs of thousands of underprivileged and backward children and youth. Here he organized the Ferrum Training School System where literally thousands of lives were transformed from "Useless" to "Useful" citizens. During his ministry at Ferrum, Randolph-Macon College conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. No one was too illiterate nor too backward but that Dr. Beckham could see possibilities for development and achievement. He gave himself to this work. He toiled, counselled, prayed, travelled day and night, winter and summer, with but one consuming desire, that of helping others to a better life.

A minister's life is divided into three categories: Prophetic, priestly and administrative. As a prophet, Dr. Beckham "Shunned not to declare the whole council of God." As a priest, he was faithful in all his appointments, ministering to the people in the Name of our Lord and Master. In the administrative field, he was considerate, wise and punctual in all his duties.

Dr. Beckham had a wonderful physique. He could not go unnoticed even in a large crowd. His head, face, every line in his countenance, every movement he made were but the expressions of a character and willpower that stood only for things high and noble. He had a soft and pleasant but deep and powerful voice. He sang well. He spoke easily and was easily understood. He had strong convictions. It grieved his soul to hear a brother minister raise a question or doubt as to the Divine Son-ship of Jesus Christ or the genuineness and authenticity of the Holy Scriptures; or in any way fail to present a Saviour who is "Able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

He "never grew weary in well doing," whether soliciting funds for Ferrum School System, shepherding the "Flock of God" in large or small groups, serving as pastor, Presiding Elder or administering the affairs of the school--so near to his heart.

Dr. Beckham's name and accounts of his work appeared in nearly every newspaper in Virginia from the mountains to the sea. He was loved by both young and old for what he was and what he did. He could "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" and

not complain of the difficulties involved. He had a wonderful mind. He kept abreast of the times, read current literature nor lost the majestic splendor of a truly cultured soul. He loved people. He lived for what he could do for others. He loved God Supremely. He held a large place in the thinking of all who knew him. He had a keen sense of appreciation for friends. He wrote just a short while before his "Home Going," "The most valuable asset I have in this world is the fidelity, loyalty and love of my friends."

Dr. Beckham's life was like a spectrum. Expose it to the light from any angle and you get the seven primary colors of the rainbow. No one could be long in his presence without knowing that God was with him and in him. It could be said of him as Peter said of Jesus Christ, that he was "Filled with the Holy Ghost and went about doing good."

Dr. J.M. Battin, Professor of Church History, Vanderbilt University, said this about Dr. Beckham:

"It was the privilege of the writer of these lines to work for three years with Dr. Beckham at Ferrum. Never have I known a man more completely dedicated to a great cause. His high ideals have always remained as a source of lasting inspiration to me. His evangelistic passion, so like that of the early disciples of our Lord, made an abiding impression upon the members of the school's staff and student body. His leadership talent and his genius for the tasks of school administration made Ferrum the model institution of its kind. His unusual business ability and his remarkable energy enabled him to meet the seemingly insuperable handicaps involved in founding the school and qualified him for the work of directing its ever-widening spheres of activity and enlarging the scope of its services and influence with each passing year.

"Throughout my stay at Ferrum Dr. Beckham's life was a benediction in the school, the church, the community, and to me. I count it one of the richest privileges of my life that I could be associated with him in Christian service. He made his school an ideal unit in the kingdom of God. I learned to honor him more and more as I watched his sacrificial service through the years as he put his very life into the building of the school. To me his constant exemplification of the noblest aspects of Christian living was even more significant than his work in securing lands for the school, establishing the branch schools, erecting buildings for the school, planning its curriculum, and financing its program. The influence of the example of Christian living which he has manifested through the years has left its impress upon the thousands who have walked through Ferrum's halls and student or taught within its classrooms. By word and by deed he lifted the Ferrum family to higher planes of Christian living. The school as it now stands and the lives of its former students as they have witnessed and do now witness for Christ in our own nation and in many lands furnish the most impressive evidence of the lasting impression Dr. Beckham made upon the lives that have come under the influence of his kindly, Christian inspiration."

Dr. Beckham was twice married. First to Miss Nannie Sue Barrow, Danville, Va., on June 19, 1901. To them were born three children: Thomas, who died at age ten; Benjamin, Lieutenant of Artillery, now in private life; and Dora, who is married to Lt. Col. R.B. Wilson of the U.S. Army. They lived happily together for nearly forty-seven years. She was called to her heavenly home on March 7, 1948.

His second marriage was with Miss Emma Kate Snider, Roanoke, Va., December 29, 1948, who survives him.

It is impossible to adequately evaluate Dr. Beckham's life in so limited a space. For the total picture we shall have to wait till the resurrection morning when the Judge of all the earth shall open the Book of Life and reward the faithful for all their labors done in His Name.

Dr. Beckham fell asleep Sept. 30, 1957, 10:25 P.M. Funeral service held at West End Methodist Church, Roanoke, Va., October 3, 10:00 A.M., conducted by the Revs. H.S. Southgate, F.H. VanDyck, Jr., and C.M. Hesser. He is survived by a son, Lt. B.M. Beckham, Jr., a daughter, Mrs. R.B. Wilson, a brother, Dr. Paul W. Beckham, Farmville, and his widow, Mrs. Kate Snider Beckham.

Interment, Greenhill Cemetery, Danville, Va., October 3, 2:30 P.M.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;

The battle's fought, the race is won
And thou art crowned at last.

by O.B. Newton

John Franklin Carey, son of Josiah J. and Susan M. Carey, was born in Worcester County, Md., February 12, 1873.

He was converted in 1888 under the ministry of the Rev E.A. Gibbs and united with the church at Bishopville, on the Berlin Circuit. In 1895 he graduated from Washington College, Chestertown, Md., and received the degree of Master of Arts from the same college in 1898. For three years thereafter he served as principal of the Grammar School at Bishopville, in his native county.

At the District Conference, held at Onancock, Va., he was licensed to preach and served that summer as supply on the Wicomico Circuit during the temporary illness of the Rev. C.H. Galloway. He was admitted to the Virginia Annual Conference which was held in 1898 at Portsmouth, Va., on trial, and was appointed to Port Norfolk Station, Portsmouth District, where he served two years.

In his early ministry Mr. Carey gave promise of success in the ministry. "His poise in the pulpit and his scholarly sermons," wrote Dr. Lafferty in "The Sketches," attracted the attention of the leadership of the church he served. His genial and pleasant manner brought him many friends in the congregation and in the Conference."

A true scholar cannot be satisfied with less than the best preparation, and Franklin Carey soon left the pastorate to enter Vanderbilt University, where he pursued his studies for three years, completing his course in 1903.

In 1903 Mr. Carey was appointed pastor of Sledd Memorial Church in Danville. While there he met and on October 24, 1906, married Miss Haseltine Fuller, the attractive and cultured daughter of a Baptist minister, of Martinsville, Va., who was a leader in the Woman's Work in the churches and districts which her husband served. Mrs. Carey died while Dr. Carey was in his last pastorate at Lawrenceville. There were no children born to this couple.

After one year at Sledd Memorial, Mr. Carey was appointed to Cottage Place, Portsmouth, which he served only one year. His other pastorates were Port Norfolk and Pinner, (1905-08); Salisbury, Md., (1909-12); Grace, Richmond (1918-20); Bedford (1931-35); Lawrenceville (1935-39). In these charges, he rendered distinguished service as a builder and as a worker with youth and young adults. He was instrumental in building Boulevard Church in Richmond, and, even after his retirement, showed his ability by planning the remodeling of Highland Springs Church, Richmond, and by promoting the making of Westhampton Church into a full time pastorate.

Dr. Carey was appointed Conference Missionary Secretary in 1921 and served in this capacity for two years. His was the task of supervising the collection of the unpaid pledges of the Centenary Campaign and raising other funds for the cause of missions, in which undertaking he was remarkably successful.

It was perhaps as Presiding Elder that Dr. Carey rendered his most distinguished service. He was appointed to the Farmville District in 1913, but served there only one year before being changed to the Eastern Shore District. His record there was notable in that the district paid all of its obligations in full for the first time in many years, and, in addition, made every charge independent of support from the Mission Board. His achievements were recognized in 1913 by his Alma Mater which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Carey served two additional terms as Presiding Elder, one on the Rappahannock District (1924-28) and the other on the Lynchburg District (1928-32). In the Lynchburg District he lent his personal funds for the purchase of the new District Parsonage on Rivermont Avenue.

On account of ill health, Dr. Carey requested to be given lighter work, and was sent to Bedford in 1932, and after four years there was moved to Lawrenceville for a four year term. He retired from that appointment in 1940. During his last pastorate Dr. Carey lost his devoted wife, who had been his helped through the years.

Following his retirement, Dr. Carey made his home for a while in Martinsville, Va., and spent his summers at Smyrna Lodge in the hills near Montvale, Va. His winters in his later years were spent in Lakeland, Florida, where he was Chaplain in John's Tourist Camp. He delighted in the service which he was able to render there, and especially in the music. He had a portable organ which he liked to play, and he was

often the song leader, as well as the preacher. Life in a trailer was one of Dr. Carey's great pleasures.

In 1939, Dr. Carey married Miss Clara Usselton, whom he had known since his college days in Chestertown. She was a talented, cultured woman, who shared all his devotion to the cause of Christ and His church. She died in Cambridge, Md., June 19, 1955, following a long illness which resulted from an automobile accident.

Dr. Carey spent much time in the last two years of his life in an apartment in Salisbury, Md., or in a trailer at Ocean City. He was stricken with paralysis in the summer of 1957 and died August 31 of that year. He was buried in Bishopville, Md., his funeral being conducted by the Rev. R. Jarvis Cook, pastor of Trinity Church, Salisbury and Dr. John E. French, District Superintendent.

Dr. Carey was a friend of young ministers and of other young people. There are many today in places of leadership in the church who received much of their early training and inspiration from Dr. Carey. There are several charges and districts which look back to the time of the ministry of Dr. Carey as the dawn of a new day for them.

The writer is happy to join in honoring today the memory of John Franklin Carey, Christian gentleman, personal friend, capable leader and statesman of the church.

by Thomas F. Carroll

Frederick Raymond Chenault. The words of the poet, Sidney Lanier--

"As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God."

are an appropriate insight into the purpose that inspired a boy, born March 10, 1887 in King William County; a purpose that held him for the remainder of his life.

Frederick Raymond Chenault was the youngest of four children born to Brooking and Emily Eubank Chenault. By the time he had reached the age of twelve years he had lost both of his parents, but before the death of his mother he had promised her that he would serve in her church denomination as minister.

Preparation for the ministry of the Methodist Church included attendance at Randolph-Macon College, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1910; graduate work at Vanderbilt University, 1910-12; the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Randolph-Macon College in 1922; the degree of Doctor of Literature from the Florida Southern College in 1939.

In 1915 Dr. Chenault was transferred by Bishop R.W. Lambuth from the Woodland South Methodist Church in California to Broad Street Methodist Church, Richmond, Va. Soon after his return to his native state Dr. Chenault married Miss Mary Simpson, the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Thomas MacNider Simpson. Through this union three daughters were born, Emily Gray, now Mrs. John William Garber; Mary Simpson, now Mrs. Donald Ray Taylor; and Jocasta Eubank, now Mrs. Chester L. Sailor. There are eleven grandchildren; Mr. and Mrs. Garber having a son and three daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor having a son and three daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. Sailor having a son and two daughters.

The ministry of Dr. Frederick R. Chenault was exceptional in Christian attainment as he served Broad Street, Richmond; Main Street, Danville, Park Place,, Norfolk; First Church, Birmingham, Alabama; Druid Hills, Atlanta, Georgia; Washington Street, Alexandria, Va.; Blackstone, Stuart; Shenandoah, and Hinton Avenue in Charlottesville. The longest in years of service and recognizably the most fruitful was his ministry at Broad Street Methodist church in Richmond, Va. It was at this church that he inspired and gave financial assistance to more than a dozen young men to dedicate their lives to the Christian ministry. Within the first eight years of his pastorate at Broad Street God wrought through the dedication of this gifted young minister results that impressed, even amazed, the people of Methodism across the whole Church. The membership grew rapidly. The physical facilities of the church were improved and increased until Broad Street became known as having one of the best equipped churches in the Methodist denomination. The whole city of Richmond felt the power of this dynamic, handsome, young preacher and was lifted spiritually. He received a brief letter one day from his presiding elder, which said:

"My Dear Doctor:

It is a pleasure to me to pass your church some evenings and

see the galleries packed. I know you are pulling hard, and the light of many homes is caught from your ministry there.

If the Broad Street dream is established firmly in the old-fashioned sunlight, it will give impulse to big things everywhere."

It was not long after the death of his beloved wife, whom the heavenly Father called home on May 21, 1949, that Dr. Chenault's health became impaired. The absence of one who had so enriched his life and supported him in his ministry was deeply felt. He had the loving concern of his children, friends, and members of the churches he served in his last years, but strength of mind and body ebbed fast, like the outgoing tide of the sea. He had given his life in complete abandon to the single purpose of doing the will of God as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. Those of us who knew him and loved him know that Dr. Chenault built his life on the "Greatness of God." He died on July 3, 1957 in Richmond, and his body was brought back to Broad Street Church for the service in his memory. The interment was in Hollywood Cemetery.

"When I shall come to the end of my way,
When I shall rest at the close of life's day,
When 'Welcome Home' I shall hear Jesus say,
O that will be sunrise for me."

by H. Bernard Lipscomb, Jr.

William Edgar Davis was born October 12, 1889 at Farnham, Richmond County, Va. He was the son of James L. and Eleanor Frances Davis.

Through the influence of a Christian home he was led to give his heart to God in his youth and united with Calvary Methodist Church at Emmerton, Va.

He received his education in the public schools of Richmond County after which he was graduated from Randolph-Macon Academy at Bedford, Va. and Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Va. Later he attended Vanderbilt University. He was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference in 1912. He served Powhatan charge; Nottoway charge; and Broad Street Church, Altavista. In 1917 he entered the Chaplaincy of the United States Navy and served faithfully until he retired in 1947 as a Captain.

In 1920 Chaplain Davis was happily married to Miss Zada Virginia Lane of Altavista who shared with him the joys and sorrows of life, and gave strength and comfort to his ministry as he travelled throughout the world.

Their home was blessed with two children, Mrs. Jean Davis Walker of Atlanta, Georgia and Edgar William Davis, Jr., Aruba, Netherlands, West Indies.

Chaplain Davis was a great churchman, a good neighbor and outstanding citizen. He has left behind many good and noble examples, but none greater than that of being able to meet every man on his own level, yet never lowering himself in the sight of God. His Christian character and unfailing sense of humor was an inspiration to all who knew him. Through the years he brightened the lives of untold numbers because he had an understanding heart and a mind of love. He met every Christian call with joy and gladness as if to say, "Here am I, send me." He passed from his early existence Nov. 12, 1957 while speaking to a Civic Club concerning God and Our Country, at which time our Father must have written across the pages of this beloved Chaplain, "Well done thou good and faithful servant." Heaven is richer but this world is a great deal poorer because of his passing. May his soul rest in peace.

His funeral was conducted from Lane Memorial Methodist Church in Altavista by his pastor, Joseph M. Dameron, on November 15, 1957 with interment in Green Hill Cemetery, Altavista. "Servant of God, well done!"

by J.M. Dameron

Charles Edward Derby, son of Junius Paul and Nannie Miles Derby, was born in Southampton County, Va., November 21, 1900. He was one of seven children, two of which heard the call to the ministry in the Methodist Church. His brother minister, Luther Derby, is now pastor of Lakeside Methodist Church in Richmond. He attended the public schools of Southampton County, Ferrum Junior College, Randolph-Macon College, and the Union Theological Seminary.

In 1936 he married Miss Obera Davis Coffey. This proved to be a very happy union. Mrs. Derby being a gentle, cultivated woman of fine Christian character, helped to build a lovely home. I have never known anyone to be more thoughtful or considerate of another than she was of him. Regardless of where she was or what she was doing, her

thoughts were always with him. They were thoroughly devoted to each other and enjoyed a very happy home life.

He served the following appointments: New Kent, Matoaca, Surry, Bellevue, Montvale, Phoebus, and Kenbridge. At Kenbridge, while in the midst of a very happy appointment, he had a heart attack from which he actually never recovered.

Edward Derby was a good man. His goodness expressed itself in service. He was sympathetic to those in need, bringing sunshine where the shadows of sorrow hung heavily. He was gentle in spirit with those with whom he worked and played. I have never heard him speak evil of anyone. A keen and wholesome humor was a part of his life. He had the ability to ease a tense situation with a good story and a hearty laugh. The result was his people loved him and turned to him in time of trouble.

After the heart attack, he and Mrs. Derby moved to Richmond, hoping that he would regain his health and strength. Instead of that, his physical condition continued to grow worse. The heart condition did not improve, and, to add to this burden, his eyesight became affected so that it was practically impossible for him to read or even watch television. It seemed as if the world was gradually closing in on him, that he was becoming a burden to those near and dear to him. I visited him a number of times during my stay in Richmond. We talked together, and I knew how, in his dreams, he was weaving pictures of those distant lands where peace holds her unchallenged sway, where every haunt delights the eye, and where our dreams come true.

On March 12, he went away dreaming of those isles beyond the sea where he could be healed of his grievous wounds.

Dr. Carl Sanders, Reverend Jack Taylor, and the writer conducted the funeral in Richmond. The body was taken to Bedford for burial the next day. **by Walter C. Gum**

Fleming White England was born April 28, 1883, at Ashland, Va., the son of Joseph Fleming England and Ethel Wood England. His mother died when he was six weeks old. He lived with his grandmother, Mrs. Sue Wood, until he was five years old, then with his father and aunt and stepmother.

He attended public school until he was twelve years of age, and then studied at night under a lawyer neighbor. At nineteen he decided to enter William and Mary College with the idea of studying medicine, a love he had inherited from his mother's people. At William and Mary he took two years of work in one year. In addition to his studies he was active in the Y.M.C.A. and served as its Secretary. His lifelong interest in missions manifested itself here when he organized a Rosebud Missionary Society in the local church.

While at William and Mary he decided to enter the ministry, and the next year he entered Randolph-Macon College where he continued for two years. At the beginning of his third year he was asked to go to South Albemarle and supply there for a year. Finances being short, he accepted. Desiring to continue his education, he matriculated at the University of Virginia, but did very little studying there due to the demands of his work.

The following year he supplied a charge in Brunswick County, and in the fall of 1908 he was transferred to Powhatan Circuit, where he served for two years. While at Powhatan, he met and married Robbie Estelle Maxey on September 14, 1910, who survives him. Thus was consummated a union that was to continue through nearly half a century, and leave in its wake an example of marital happiness and a partnership in service that served as an inspiration to those who had the privilege of their friendship. One half brother, Rev. Clarence England, a member of this conference, also survives him.

Brother England joined the Virginia Conference at its session held in Richmond in November 1910. He retired in 1955 and moved to Powhatan where he lived until October 3, 1957 when he passed away suddenly. During the last years of his life he underwent operations that removed both of his legs. Notwithstanding this severe physical handicap he remained the same cheerful person whom to be with was a joy to those who knew him.

His appointments were as follows: Victoria, 1910-13; Caroline, 1913-17; Richmond Circuit, 1917-19; Shackelfords, 1919-23; Albemarle Circuit, 1923-25; Shackelfords, 1925-30; Montross, 1930-35; Accomac, 1935-37; Beulah and St. Paul's 1937-1941; West Chesterfield, 1941-45; Boydton, 1945-49; Amelia, 1949-53; Painter, 1953-55.

After his retirement, he was appointed Associate Pastor of Powhatan Charge, and as such from his wheel chair he preached many times on and off that charge, held two revivals, taught a Sunday School class, and assisted in pastoral visiting.

Brother England was interested in the whole program of the church, but he had a particular interest in the cause of Christian Education, and it was here that the writer first came to know him well. As District Director of Christian Education on districts on which he served, and in the Conference School held each summer at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, his services were invaluable. He could always be counted on to be enrolled in any training course available, and the Sunday preceding his death he was in a class being taught by Dr. Moreland in the Powhatan Training School.

He loved the rural ministry and asked that he be allowed to spend his ministry in the country, which he did. He was recognized by his brethren as a leader in the developing interest in the rural church, and in 1933 he was elected a delegate to the General Conference largely because of his leadership in that field. Had there been any such award, he would undoubtedly have been declared by his brethren the "Rural Minister of the Year."

As Secretary of the old Sunday School Board for sixteen years, and on many Conference boards and committees, he served the Conference well. He was the last President of the Conference Rosebud Missionary Society Board.

He never failed to answer roll call at the Annual Conference except on two occasions, once he was sick, and then at Harrisonburg there were "too many steps." And he seldom left the conference room during a session. He attended every session of the 1957 Conference.

He was always interested in the civic life going on around him and took an active part in it. He was a Mason--Past Master, a Ruritan, Past State President of Fraternal Americans, and a Woodman of the World.

On October 5, 1957, his funeral was held in the Powhatan Methodist Church, with burial in the Church cemetery. Rev. Arlie Knipmeyer, Pastor and next door neighbor, was in charge, assisted by Dr. H. Conrad Blackwell, District Superintendent. Farmville District ministers and his Sunday School class served as honorary pallbearers, and his eight nephews as active pallbearers. Masonic rites were conducted by the Amelia Lodge. A host of friends from many of the churches he had served came to bear testimony to their love for the one who had always loved "his people." And as they stood by the open grave, they could say with Walt Whitman:

"This is thy hour, O Soul, thy flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done.
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death, the stars."

by C.A. Tucker

Claybourne Phillips was one of six children born to John Owens and Laura Champion Phillips at their home in Chester, Kent Island, Md. Clay, as he was affectionately called, was born November 15, 1877. Early in life he felt the call to the Christian Ministry and sought to prepare himself adequately for his calling by attending Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md., from which he graduated in 1901, and Westminster Theological Seminary (now known as Wesley) in 1903. Upon his graduation from the Seminary he presented himself for reception into the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church and was assigned to a new work in southeast Baltimore known as Calvary. It was there he met Miss Oriole Keyser, who was active in the new church. It was while he was serving Christ Church, Baltimore, March 7, 1906 that he was married to this charming lady who served faithfully with him during the years of his ministry. Of this union were born three sons, Edward LeRoy of Williamsburg, Va.; John Randolph of Idaho Falls, Idaho; and Clayborne Homer of Burgess, Va. These sons and five grand-children and his wife remain to cherish his memory.

Brother Phillips served the following charges most faithfully; Calvary and Christ Church, Baltimore; Federalsburg, Md.; Dover, Del., Dorchester and Marley Circuits in Maryland and Northumberland Circuit, Va. At the Conference of 1930 he was left without appointment at his own request and located at Burgess, Va.

Clay was never robust of body, yet he was seldom sick, and his fatal illness was of only one day; having suffered a stroke on the first of July and died the next day.

While pastor of Northumberland Circuit, he led his people of Fairfield Church in building the present commodious and beautiful brick church. In his retirement from the ministry he found great joy in worshipping and working in this lovely church.

On the occasion of their Golden Wedding, March 7, 1956, his host of friends gathered about them and made them feel their ministry was indeed used of God.

His funeral was conducted in the Fairfield Church on the Fourth of July with Rev. Charles Butler, Jr. in charge, assisted by Dr. Thomas J. Hawkins, District Superintendent, and Reverends Leslie E. Grace and Albert F. Pittman. Interment was in Roseland Cemetery, Reedville, Va.

The writer of this obituary was influenced to the Christian Ministry by this humble yet faithful servant of the Lord. We recall his assignment to Christ Church, Baltimore, his faithful labors among the people, his marriage to Miss Oriole Keyser, and the pleasure it gave the young church to have its first married minister. Years later when they celebrated their Golden Wedding we again rejoiced with them on that happy occasion. Though his active ministry was terminated in 1930, yet he remained loyal to the Methodist Church and worshipped regularly in Fairfield Church which he had built. May Heaven's blessings be upon his companion of more than fifty years and his children and grandchildren.

by James A. Dudley

Roy Price, son of Joseph Pleasants Price and Nannie Nash Price, was born in Calloway, Franklin County, Va., April 1, 1896.

He attended the Elementary School in Calloway and did his High School work in Ferrum Training School (now Ferrum Junior College) Ferrum, Va. For several years, he had been conscious of the call to the mission field, which call became clearer and more definite during his first year at Ferrum. He joined the Life Service Band and planned his education around a missionary career. After graduating at Ferrum in 1918, he enrolled in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., but after one year transferred to Randolph-Macon College where he received his A.B. degree. He then enrolled in Candler School of Theology, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, where he received his B.D. degree. To further his preparation for the mission field, he returned to Vanderbilt University, completing the required work for the M.A. degree with the exception of his thesis. He worked his way through all these schools.

While a student at Randolph-Macon College, he served Powhatan and Amelia charges, greatly endearing himself to the people of these charges.

He joined the Virginia Conference, October 1923. The older men and women in the conference will remember the notable session at Broad Street Church October 16, 1925, with Bishop Warren A. Candler presiding. The special order of the day was missions. Dr. E.H. Rawlings read the report of the Board of Missions and Dr. R.L. Russell and Bishop Candler spoke to the report. The Board of Missions, in the face of defeatism and retrenchment, was proposing an increase in gifts to missions. The moment was tense. The Richmond Times-Dispatch of October 17, 1925 reported the session under the caption, "PLEA OF YOUNG MINISTER FOR AID TO REACH FOREIGN MISSION FIELD STIRS CONFERENCE. 'Bishop,' began the young man in the Methodist Conference yesterday morning...'I have volunteered for work in the foreign field, and at any point the church may send me. When I received a letter from the Mission Board, saying I must not set my heart on going for the reason that there are no funds, it almost broke my heart, and I wept.' The speaker was Rev. Roy Price who had just completed his education and prepared himself for work in the foreign field at the behest of the church. He spoke with fire, and as he went on his voice began to shake with emotion, and tears streamed down his face. It was a tense moment...ministers and laymen were moved by the speaker as he put forth his effort to increase the work and the interest in missions. 'I am ready and willing to go and do what the Lord would have me do,' the young man went on. 'But for the lack of funds I am here waiting till such time as the people of my denomination shall carry out the command: Go into every land and preach the gospel. Brethren, help me to spread the gospel.'

"Then came one of the most dramatic incidents that has even taken place in a conference. The Rev. J.C.C. Newton, a former Missionary to Japan, said he was without a

church, that he was willing to do his part in the work. Then he pulled from his pocket a gold watch and handed it to the Bishop. 'Take this, Bishop, and let it be sold to raise funds with which to help carry on the work.' A young lady from Norfolk pulled a diamond ring from her finger and passed it to Mrs. Lee Britt. Mrs. Britt, advancing to the chancel, said 'I have here a handsome diamond ring, a gift to a young lady when she graduated from college, and she has asked me to give this for foreign missions. She gives it freely and willingly as an indication of her zeal for mission.' Rev. E.H. Rawlings, of the Board of Missions, walked to the rostrum, saying 'The spirit of Rev. John Hannon, formerly of this conference, who has gone to his eternal home, is here. I have here the gold watch that belonged to Dr. Hannon to be given to this work by Mrs. Hannon.' Right then and there the audience caught the spirit of sacrificial giving and for half an hour the money kept flowing in, and when it was counted nearly $9,000 had been raised...Rev. Fred R. Chenault of Broad Street Church, said, 'There is a debt of $100,000 on the property of this church, but the congregation is earnest and loyal. I am here to state that Broad Street will send Brother Price to the mission field, and assume every cent of the cost of his support.' 'I thank you, Brethren, and may God bless you,' said Mr. Price." It was Roy Price who rekindled the fires of missionary zeal and brought a rebirth of the missionary spirit to the Virginia Conference. The fires he kindled are still burning.

Brother Price's highest aspiration was realized when the Board of Missions assigned him to Soochow, China,in 1926. There he labored faithfully and effectively for one year. Then because of the grave political situation in China he was transferred to Choonchun, Korea,where he spent one year doing a magnificent work.

August 27, 1928, he was happily married to Miss Bertha Stem, the daughter of a minister, a registered nurse and an experience missionary. After their marriage they worked together as a missionary team in Chulwon, Korea. To this union was born one daughter, Lenora, now Mrs. James Ritchie.

In 1931, the Prices returned to the United States, and he returned to the ministry in his beloved conference, serving the following churches: Chatham; Brambleton Avenue, Norfolk; and Fort Hill, Lynchburg. When his country entered World War II, he felt the call to serve his country and the young men and women in the Armed Forces, so he enlisted in the Chaplains Corps of the United States Army. He served for nearly four years, the greater part of the time in Overseas Transport Service. He was awarded a citation for Superior Services.

After his discharge from the United States Army Chaplains Corps, he returned to the pastorate, serving the following churches: Onley; Laurel Hill, Richmond; Fairview; Danville, and Phoebus.

He was a devoted and loyal husband; a wise, sympathetic and devoted father; a true friend and brother beloved; a deeply consecrated and faithful minister of the gospel; a diligent and devoted pastor; a wise administrator; and a community servant. He was a hard worker and always left the church stronger financially, numerically and spiritually.

In April 1957, while pastor of Phoebus, his health failed and he was forced to give up his work. At the last session of our conference, he asked for retirement after thirty-four years of service. His was a wide and varied service; in the pastorate, on the mission field, and in the Army, but wherever and in whatever capacity he served, he was God's man engaged in God's work with all that he was and had.

He was hospitalized from early in April 1957 until God called him home, February 26, 1958. His funeral was held February 29 in Laurel Hill Church, where he had been a faithful and beloved pastor from 1948 to 1952. The service was conducted by the writer and the Rev. George W. Ports, Sr., and his body was laid to rest in Southlawn Cemetery, Petersburg. He is survived by his wife, who resides at 712 Hamilton Avenue, Colonial Heights, his daughter, Mrs. Lenora Price Ritchie, and a grandson, James Ritchie, Jr., Dinwiddie, one brother and three sisters.

We miss his contagious smile, friendly handshake, and affectionate brotherliness. He will forever live in our memories.

by Ben B. Bland

Hiram Featherstone Turner was born in Brunswick County, Va., on November 1, 1881. He was one of seven children of William Benjamin and Ann Johnson Turner.

His public schooling began in a one room rural schoolhouse and was continued at Randolph-Macon Academy. From there he went to Randolph-Macon College and for diligent work was awarded in 1908 both an A.B. and an A.M. degree. On January 1, 1910, Hiram and Nellie Mae Ford began a new year and a lifetime together as man and wife. God blessed their marriage with six sons, Charlie Vernon, Benjamin Hiram, David Ford, Ariel Conrad, George Arthur and Robert Wilson.

Brother Turner was ordained a deacon of the Methodist Church in 1909 and entering the Virginia Methodist Conference on Trial in 1911, he was sent as pastor to Sledd Memorial Church. In 1912 he went to the Hyco Circuit and the following year came into full connection with the Virginia Conference. In 1914 he went to Gloucester Point and in 1915 was ordained an elder and sent to the Rapidan Circuit. From 1916-19 he served the Bethany Circuit of the Baltimore Conference. In October 1919 he was superannuated because of impaired health and at the doctor's suggestion worked in the open air as a mail carrier in Oxford, N.C. As soon as his health was improved he returned to the Virginia Conference and in 1921 began four years of service on the East Halifax Charge. When he went to the Richmond Circuit in 1925, he became a member of the Virginia Conference Hospital Board. In 1928 he went as pastor to North Mathews and in 1930 became a member of the Committee on Conference Relations and was sent to Courtland. In 1934 he went to West Brunswick and in 1939 he went to Boykins and Louisa. In 1944 he moved to the Tappahannock Charge, the community in which two of his sons were to make their homes and to which he was to return for the last three years of his earthly life. In 1947 he went to the King William Circuit and in 1950 he began at South Princess Anne the last two of thirty-nine years of active service in the ministry of the Methodist Church. In 1952 Hiram and Nellie Mae Turner retired and in the quietness of an Ashland, Va., home on September 3, 1954, Nellie Mae Turner slipped into the presence of her Lord.

After his wife's death, Brother Turner returned to Tappahannock to live with two of his sons and their families. Here I came to know him as the beloved retired minister in my congregation. I was just beginning my ministry; he was nearing the finish of the race. Together we administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; together we administered the Sacrament of Baptism; together we received young people into our church; together we knelt in prayer beside the bed of the aged sick; together we worked in the vineyard of our Lord and Master. On Christmas Eve, 1957, after a lingering illness, Hiram F. Turner at 76 years of age died in a Richmond nursing home. As the Reverend George Orser, Dr. Thomas J. Hawkins and I administered the ritual for the burial of the dead, I thought of those words,

The righteous live forever,
and the care of them is with the Most High.

I thought of the many couples who had begun their marriage on Christian foundations because of his ministry; I thought of the tiny infants he had taken in his arms and blessed in the name of the Church; I thought of those who were sick, alone, bereaved and troubled who were made to rejoice in his coming; I thought of those who had come into a redemptive relationship with Christ because of his witness; I thought of those whom he had laid to rest in the bosom of the earth; I thought of these things that crowded the life of one who had served fifteen charges and I knew that these things cannot be counted by numbers or minutes but these are surely the things that are written in the Lamb's book of Life. May God bless the ministry he performed while he was with us; may God bless Hiram F. Turner where he is now--alive forevermore.

by Walter R. Earl

Clayton Orlando Tuttle was born in Brookfield, N.Y., April 29, 1879. His parents, George Byman and May Woodard Tuttle, moved to Hanover County, Va., when Clayton was seven years of age, and here he spent his boyhood and young manhood. He attended private schools in Hanover, and entered Randolph-Macon College in 1897. From this institution he received his A.B. and A.M. degrees in 1902. Since he had decided to devote his life to the ministry and general work of the Church he desired to make his preparation as complete as possible and he enrolled in the Seminary of Vanderbilt University. From this institution he received the B.D. degree in 1905.

Dr. Tuttle was admitted on trial in the Virginia Conference at its annual session of 1905. In regular succession he was ordained Deacon in 1905 and Elder in 1909. Among the charges served so faithfully by him were: Montross; Bowling Green; Ghent, Norfolk; Highland Park, Richmond; Blackstone; Boulevard, Richmond; Monumental, Portsmouth; Ginter Park, Richmond; Rocky Mount; South Boston; and Cape Charles. Having reached the age for retirement in 1951, he agreed to continue as a supply and served in this capacity at Matoaca till 1955. He thus completed 50 years to the Church and his Lord. Dr. Tuttle was a marked man very early in his ministry. I heard of him in his first appointment where his more cultured members praised him for the depth of thought and excellent diction of his sermons. In recognition of his ability he rose rapidly in his grade of appointments, and served successfully many of our larger stations. Modest and reserved to no ordinary degree he moved quietly among us as a man of dignity and stateliness of character which awakened respect and confidence on the part of those who knew him, and those of us who had frequent and intimate association with him could but note a warmth of heart, a purity of life and a loveliness of spirit that caused us to cherish his friendship. Recognition of Dr. Tuttle's ability was given in other services of the Church. In 1924 Randolph-Macon College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1930 he was elected a delegate to the General Conference, and in several instances he was a reserve delegate. Twice he became a member of the bishop's cabinet, first a term of years on the Farmville District and later a term on the Portsmouth-Newport News District. He served on several of our Conference Boards. In every case his fidelity to duty and the exercise of sound judgment were in striking evidence.

While a student at Vanderbilt University he met Miss Daisy May Hemphill, whom he married on November 7, 1907, and she was a loving wife and efficient helpmate throughout his ministerial career. In addition to his widow two children survive him: May Frances, the wife of Judge Lawrence W. 1'Anson of Portsmouth, Va., and Raymond Kern, of Richmond, Va., with whom Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle lived in the closing years of his life; and also two grandchildren.

Dr. Tuttle's last illness covered a period of several weeks, when at 8:20 p.m. on March 27, 1958, he fell asleep to awake no more in the flesh. The funeral services were held in Monumental Methodist Church, Portsmouth, Va., and interment in Woodland Cemetery, Ashland, Va.

On so fruitful a life we could reflect on the great loss to his family, his brethren and the Church, but rather we would contemplate his gain. As he awakes amid the saints of glory we may with confidence anticipate the greeting of the Master, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou in the joy of thy Lord." **by R. M. White**

Thomas Paige Williamson. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" In these words of our Lord, one finds the purpose and goal of the life of Thomas Paige Williamson. On September 11, 1957, this noble servant of God laid down him implements of labor and quietly slipped away to that city that hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God. Thus was brought to a close a fruitful and gracious ministry of one who loved his fellow man dearly, and left no stone unturned to be about his Father's business.

Thomas Paige Williamson was born in Danville, Va., May 3, 1904, the son of James A. and Rosina C. Williamson. After attending public and private schools in Portsmouth, Va., Mr. Williamson served on the Pacific coast area in the U. S. Army for four years. Following his tour of duty in the Army, he was employed in various business activities.

On August 31, 1929, he was happily married to Helen T. Clayton. One daughter came to bless their home. She is now the wife of the Rev. Mark F. Wimmer, a student at Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia.

While employed as a foreman for the Virginia Smelting Company and teaching a large class of men at the Broad Street Methodist Church, Portsmouth, Mr. Williamson answered the call to the full-time ministry. As an approved supply, he served Melfa-Kellar-Locustville (five years), Dinwiddie (four years), West Dinwiddie (four years) and Wachapreague (one year).

For thirteen years Paige Williamson served the Virginia Conference as an approved supply pastor. He was always a keen and eager student and took advantage of every

opportunity to further his education. He had training at Ferrum Junior College, earned a diploma at the La Salle Extension University, and took Summer courses at Duke and Emory Universities. During his last year at West Dinwiddie, he commuted to Farmville where at great sacrifice he earned thirty hours credit at Longwood College, and the ambition of his life was realized when at the 1956 session of the Virginia Conference, he was admitted into the Conference on Trial. He was working on the two year course of study to be received into full connection, when he answered the call to a "higher assignment."

Paige Williamson's life was full and well rounded. His talents were many, for God endowed him with a winsome and attractive personality. He possessed a rare blending of the noble qualities of life, and people were always drawn to him. He loved to preach and was most persuasive in his presentation of Gospel truth. His messages were full of wisdom and warmth. People were always made stronger. He was a greatly loved pastor. It was his special joy in visiting and he was most faithful in caring for the sick and lonely. He was an able builder materially and every Church he served was better for the service he rendered and every parsonage better because he lived within it.

Paige Williamson had an understanding heart and was every faithful in every duty entrusted to his care. I am glad that I knew him and that it was my high privilege to count him a friend and brother beloved.

Funeral services were held on September 12, 1957, at Ocean View Methodist Church in Wachapreague, Va., and on September 13, 1957, at Broad Street Methodist in Portsmouth, Va. Burial was in Olive Branch Cemetery, Portsmouth, Va.

In the words of the Rev. Arthur Brooks:

"From God he came; with God he walked; God's world he loved; God's children he helped; God's Church he served; God's blessed Son he followed; God's nearness he enjoyed; With God he dwells."

Minutes for 1959. **James Ellison Daniel.** A sense of gratitude wells up with us as we think of James Ellison Daniel. We would say to God,

To Thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!
Who from of old to our own days,
Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,
Hast sent Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

This man of God was born August 9, 1876, at Jamaica, Middlesex County, the son of Silas and Lavinia Seward Daniel. He was the oldest in a family of nine children--six boys and three girls. Under the influence of this Christian home, at the age of 14 years, he decided to enter the Ministry.

He received his education at Chesapeake Academy, Irvington, Va., and at Randolph-Macon College. After serving as a supply pastor for two years, he was admitted on trial into the Virginia Annual Conference in 1907. He served the following charges: Ashland Circuit, South Chesterfield, Amelia, Buckingham, and Scottsville.

During his pastorate at Scottsville, he was stricken with an illness which returned periodically to plague him, and caused him to retire in 1924. Here, in a little house given by Captain John Pitts, he lived out his days.

Though retired from the active ministry, he was not idle. He made his daily round of visits preaching as he went by his good life. Here he would stop to pass a friendly word, seldom moving on without a hearty laugh that did for many what medicine could not do. Again he would stand and listen as one shared his trouble or in a quiet compassionate way, give a word of counsel or sympathy where needed.

He was the Pastor's friend. Always ready to fill an appointment to preach, or to offer a fervent prayer, or to accompany him on a visit to the home of the sick or the bereaved. You knew he would teach his Bible Class and be at worship with sympathetic attention. He was known for miles around, and held in high regard. It would be difficult to number the funerals he conducted, or in which he assisted ministers of all faiths. His friendly and fatherly way drew many to his Parsonage for marriage. People loved to have him around, and many were the invitations to special occasions. And he loved people, and O, how he loved those all day services with "dinner on the grounds."

He was a Mason, Chaplain of his Lodge from the time he joined until his death.

After a stroke of paralysis, and a lingering illness for two months in the University of Virginia Hospital, he passed to his heavenly reward January 12, 1959.

Two days later his funeral was conducted in the Scottsville Methodist Church by the Pastor, the Rev. E.B. Dean, assisted by the Rev. Owen T. Kelly, District Superintendent, Jack B. Taylor and E.J. Nottingham, III, former pastors, and the Rev. John Elliott, pastor of the local Baptist church. His immediate neighbors acted as pallbearers. The Masonic rites were conducted by the Scottsville Lodge, as he was laid to rest in the local cemetery. A host of friends from many churches and the surrounding countryside gathered to pay their respect and tribute.

The witness of his gracious life lingers on. It might be summed up in the words of John Greenleaf Whittier:

...In the maddening maze of things
And tossed by storm and flood
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is Good.

by Jack B. Taylor

Earl E. Henley was born at Wytheville, Va., July 22, 1892. His parents were George Wythe and Elizabeth Yonce Henley. There were three brothers and three sisters in this family.

After attending the public schools of Wytheville, Mr. Henley went to King College at Bristol, Tenn. in 1912 and was graduated from there in 1916 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree. That same year he entered the Candler School of Theology and was graduated from there in 1919 with a Bachelor of Divinity Degree.

After graduating from Emory University, he immediately applied for admission to the Virginia Conference and was admitted on trial at the Conference in 1919 and assigned to the West Chesterfield Charge. He was ordained Deacon in 1922 and Elder in 1924.

On June 15, 1920 Mr. Henley married Miss Elizabeth Riddick Haddon of Dinwiddie Courthouse, Va. From this union, there were five children: Earl, Jr. (a member of this Conference); George (a member of this Conference); Elizabeth (Mrs. Elizabeth Y. English of Pittsburgh, Pa.); Lucy (Mrs. C.G. Drury of Seattle, Wash.) and Robert (a student at Randolph-Macon College).

Brother Henley served the following charges: West Chesterfield (Bon Air), Denbigh, Stony Creek (S. Sussex), Scottsville, Lancaster, E. Mathews; Clarksville, Keysville, Smithfield, Marshall, Fairfield, Flint Hill, King George, Madison and W. Campbell.

As I read the list of above charges which my friend served, many happy memories come back to me. We worked together in nine Evangelistic meetings. To be in the Henley home was a privilege. Life here was quiet, ordered and well-disciplined. From this humble home have come two very effective ministers of our Conference. We believe that the third son will soon take his place as a minister in the Conference. Not many homes have made such a contribution to our Church. Such a home has left a lasting influence for good in every community where the Henleys have served. To have been the head of such a house was a great honor under God.

Brother Henley served as assistant Statistical Secretary of the Conference for fourteen years where he worked behind the scenes all the time. This experience is characteristic of his entire life and ministry. He was not spectacular and never sought publicity. His work was done in a quiet and constructive way. His sermons were well prepared and in a dignified manner. The people whom he served respected him both as a man and as a minister. The influence of this godly life will live on in Virginia and beyond for years to come.

Earl E. Henley gave up this earthly life Saturday, May 16, 1959. The funeral service was held in the Methodist Church at Lynch Station Tuesday, May 19th, 11:00 A.M. and was conducted by Dr. John F. Owens, District Superintendent, assisted by Rev. Howard Hamilton, Pastor of Lynch Station Baptist Church, and the Rev. Lee Olin Boye, a nephew, of Knoxville, Tenn. The body was taken to Old Blandford Cemetery in Petersburg, Va. for interment. The writer conducted the service there.

"And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

by Luther J. Derby

William Henry Marsh, son of Alexander and Rachel Marsh, was born Nov. 1, 1862, in Baltimore County, Md. He departed this life Oct. 16, 1958, just before his ninety-sixth birthday.

He was twice married. His first wife was Lucy Louthan of Berryville, Va., to whom he was married March 15, 1891. To this union two children, were born--Paul R. and Harry C. The latter was an active minister in the Baltimore Conference, M. E. Church, South, until Unification. His subsequent appointments were in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Church. His last appointment was Superintendent of the Hagerstown District from which he retired June, 1957, due to poor health.

Brother Marsh married his second wife, Mary Ruby Thompson of Remington, Va., in 1901. Six sons and six daughters were born to this union, two of whom are deceased. Bro. Marsh was converted at Elk Garden, W. Va., at the age of twenty-one. Later he came to Middletown, Va., and entered the Shenandoah Normal College in preparation for his work as a school teacher. He joined the Annual Conference of the Baltimore Conference of the M.E. Church, South, in 1890--and served the following appointments: Linden, Wardensville, Bells Valley, Fairfield, Remington, McDowell, Parnassus, Morefield, Hillsboro, Fauquier, Prince William Ococoquan and Stafford. Some of these appointments he served twice. His two brothers, Thomas R. and John T. and one uncle, J. H., served in the Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church.

Because of his educational limitations, Bro. Marsh, were he living today, would not be accepted into full membership of the Annual Conference. Those yesterdays were limited in educational advantages. However, what he lacked in this particular was more than compensated by his zeal and loyalty to his God and his church, as he endeavored to proclaim the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ. His appointments were small and the monetary compensation even smaller, but he never complained. Going to a new appointment he soon found his way into the hearts of the people, because of his honesty in dealing with all as he broke to them the Bread of Life. God gave him souls for his hire, which, after all is the minister's chief compensation.

He passed away in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Leo Wiley, Vienna, Va., Oct. 16, 1958, and was buried from the Catlett Church, October 19, 1958, on Sunday by his Pastor, assisted by the writer of this memoir.

Surely it may be said of him:

"Servant of God, well done;
Thy glorious warfare past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

by T. M. Swann

Daniel Tatum Merritt was born in the town of Smithfield, Va., July 13, 1874. His father, the Rev. Joseph B. Merritt, was a member of the Virginia Conference, and his mother, Mrs. Ella Lyon Merritt, was the daughter of Major Daniel Lyon, of Petersburg, Va. Thus blessed with a noble heritage, and with the association and influence of the Methodist parsonage, his young life gave promise of usefulness to an extraordinary degree.

Dr. Merritt was likewise fortunate in his educational training. He received his early instruction from a prominent educator of Norfolk, Va., the Rev. Robert Gatewood, under whose influence he acquired habits of study that gave him a scholarly bent. After completing his courses in Norfolk, he entered Randolph-Macon College, from which institution he received the Bachelor of Arts degree. He pursued his studies further at Vanderbilt University where he received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

The religious influence of his home and Sunday School bore fruit early in life. He became a member of the Church when a mere lad of thirteen years, and was soon thereafter active in its program. He was licensed to preach September 9, 1892. During the vacation period of 1897 he was asked to take charge of the Port Norfolk work and in a short time laid the foundation for a permanent organization which has became our Broad Street Church, Portsmouth. In the summer of 1898 he was appointed by the Board of Missions to a special missionary enterprise among the Epworth Leagues of the Conference.

Dr. Merritt joined the Virginia Conference in November of 1898. He served quite acceptably Churches in Portsmouth, Norfolk, Williamsburg, Richmond, Smithfield, Ash-

land, Petersburg, Newport News, Blacksburg, Roanoke, and Reedville. He served as Superintendent of the Rappahannock and Charlottesville Districts. He was Chaplain at three Virginia Colleges--William and Mary, Randolph-Macon, and Virginia Polytechnic Institute. During the First World War he volunteered and was appointed by the Bishop to special religious services among the soldiers, sailors, and Marines stationed in and around Norfolk.

Dr. Merritt was especially adept at starting new congregations and enlarging the capacities of established Churches. His first appointment was to Huntersville Church, Norfolk. This field had not proved remunerative before, and its abandonment had even been advised. But this young energetic pastor applied himself to the task and in two years doubled the membership and brought up all financial obligations of the Church in full. He was the first pastor or had a part in establishing Park Place, Norfolk, Broad Street, Portsmouth; and Chamberlayne Heights, Richmond. He was involved in Church building at Ashland, Trinity, Petersburg, and Blacksburg.

The social qualities of Dr. Merritt's nature were quite marked. He made new acquaintances with perfect ease and was always ready to lend a sympathetic ear and share in either the joys or sorrows of his fellowman. These qualities of his character were in evidence as a young man at College. Especially interested as he was in baseball, he played on the varsity team and became captain of the team both at Randolph-Macon College and Vanderbilt University. These same qualities, enriched by his religious experience, enhanced his effectiveness as a Pastor and kept him in close association with his people.

Dr. J. J. Lafferty, in his Virginia Conference sketches, describes Dr. Merritt at the beginning of his ministry in these words: "In person, engaging; in manner, graceful, in heart, sympathetic; in habits, studious; in life, exemplary; being fully in touch with the vital movements of the times; in the pulpit, simple yet impressive. Possessing these qualities, all his acquaintances predict for him a successful career as a minister of Jesus Christ."

Judging from the fruits of his ministry this prophesy concerning Dr. Merritt would not seem amiss. And due recognition of his effectiveness was given repeatedly. Emory and Henry College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity; he was appointed twice as a member of the Bishop's Cabinet; and he held pastorates in several of our more influential charges.

Having reached the age limit of effective relationship to the Conference he retired in 1946. But he continued to serve the Conference for several years as assistant to the Pastor at Monument Church and later was appointed to organize and establish the Chamberlayne Heights Church, Richmond.

Dr. Merritt married Miss Marian Starke of Highland Park, Richmond, Va., on January 22, 1913, and this union established a truly happy home with Christian principles dominant and pervasive. In addition to the widow three daughters and one son survive: Mrs. R. H. Cooper, of Montreal, Canada; Mrs. L. C. Eberhard, Jr., of Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. J. P. Johann of Richmond, and Daniel T. Merritt, Jr., of Baltimore, Md. There are also ten grandchildren.

After lunch on October 2, 1958, Dr. Meritt had gone to the living room of his home to await the time to see on the television a baseball game of the World Series. Resting comfortably in his favorite chair he fell asleep, and his mortal body never awoke. The funeral services were held at Woody's Funeral Home by Bishop Paul N. Garber, Dr. Joseph S. Johnston, and the writer, and the body was laid to rest in Forest Law Cemetery, Richmond, Va.

by R. M. White

Walter Bolar Reynolds. If we were hunting for a title for this Memoir, we could do not better than choose the title of one of the novels of Harold Bell Wright--"The Shepherd of the Hills." Born amidst the mountain ranges, Walter Bolar Reynolds spent the years of his life in the hills, being a shepherd of God to the wonderful people of the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia.

In the little town of Paint Bank, Va., nestled on Potts Creek, that winds its way between the towering ridges of Potts and Peters Mountains, Walter Reynolds was born January 27, 1882 (the child of John Duffey Reynolds and Frances Elizabeth Jarvis

Reynolds). In these mountains he spent his childhood and youth, and it was among these natural temples of God that he was to live and serve his Lord.

He spent the first part of his life at Paint Bank and attended the Public Schools of Craig County. On September 21, 1908, when he was 26 years old, he married Nellie Virginia Caldwell at New Castle, Va. This was a most happy union. From this union there was born one daughter who is now Mrs. Mary Frances Surbaugh. Just two months before his death, Brother Reynolds and his wife celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

At the age of 30 Brother Reynolds came under the influence of the Gospel and was converted to Jesus Christ. Although the next year he became assistant postmaster at Paint Bank (a position which he filled for 5 years) the hand of God already was being laid upon him for the ministry. Shortly after his conversion he began conducting prayer meetings and holding services for pastors. In 1918 he received his first appointment when the Presiding Elder selected him as pastor of the Charge at Alvon, W.Va.

For the next 23 years he served pastorates at Selma, Va., Blue Sulphur, W.Va., Peterstown, W.Va., Durbin, W.Va., Huntersville, W.Va., Hillsboro, W.Va., Frankford, W.Va., Petersburg, W.Va., and Fairfield, Va.

He took the superannuate relationship in 1940 at the Annual Conference meeting in Roanoke. Ill health overtook him shortly thereafter and beset his path for several years. By 1944 he was able to resume certain pastoral functions, and in 1946 Dr. Roland P. Riddick, Superintendent of the Roanoke District, appointed him to the Catawba Charge on that District where he served as a Retired Supply. Here he served 5 years, and this was followed by a three-year ministry at River Parish. This was to be his last appointment. In 1954 he was once again overtaken by illness and the next four years found him in constantly failing health.

Brother Reynolds had made his home in New Castle, and in that mountain village he left this world for the eternal home, on November 2, 1958. Services were conducted there at his home by Rev. Albert E. Gingrich, Rev. William P. Berry, and Rev. William Sleasman, and his body was laid to rest in the Huffman Memorial Park in Craig County, Va.

"In the hills of life there are two trails,
One leads to the higher sunlit fields,
Where those who travel see afar, and
The light lingers even where the day is done..."

Along this higher trail Brother Reynolds traveled. His life blessed the lives of many others and in them his "light lingers" even though his day here is done. A paragraph from the pen of one of his parishioners might well sum up his ministry:

"He was a man who loved his Church to the extent that he often went beyond the call of duty to serve the Church and his God."

by Harold H. Hughes

Charles Lester Salmon. The record of the life and ministry of Charles Lester Salmon cannot be adequately inscribed upon the printed page. His true and enduring memoir is written in the life of his church, his family and his friends.

Charles Lester Salmon, son of Charles Napoleon Salmon and Mrs. Margaret Rutherford Salmon was born at Elk Hill in Goochland County, March 25, 1888. He received his education in the public schools of Goochland County and at Randolph-Macon College.

Mr. Salmon was twice married. His first wife was the late Hazel Mae Cooke Salmon of New Jersey whom he married in December of 1915. Surviving this union are seven children, one son and six daughters, namely: Dr. Charles Lester Salmon, Jr., Bremerton, Washington; Mrs. William J. Hooper, Chicago; Mrs. W. L. White, San Diego, California; Mrs. Jack Stingley, Center Junction, Iowa; Mrs. Singleton Moss, Mrs. H. Foster Davis, and Mrs. William J. Morris, all of Richmond.

On January 16, 1954, Mr. Salmon was married to Mrs. Ann Childress who survives him. Surviving also is a stepson, Joseph Childress of the U. S. Navy, and a stepdaughter, Mrs. Hidmore Parrish, Louisa, Va.

Mr. Salmon's first appointment was in Amherst County. Through the years to follow many churches were served by this gracious and Godly man. Included in his appointments were Madison, Brunswick, Nottoway, Rappahannock, Northumberland, and North Matthews.

A severe illness was suffered by Brother Salmon while he was serving North Matthews resulting in his retirement. After two years he was able to take active work

again. During the years that followed he served Colonial Beach, Chesterfield, Essex, Rockingham, Buckingham and Rockbridge and from there had to retire again because of ill health.

C. L. Salmon was a quiet, unassuming man, never sounding a trumpet to call attention to himself and his work. He was friendly and made many friends everywhere he went. He was not a seeker after position or place.

Brother Salmon was a good pastor. He was busy from house to house. On the streets and out in the rural homes he had a cheerful greeting for all, offering encouragement and comforting words to his people.

Although ill health plagued him and suffering was constant, Brother Salmon loved the work of the ministry so much that he could not rest. Out of his second period of retirement he came to serve Claremont in Surry County. After only one year he had to give up because his strength as not sufficient for him to continue.

He was making his home in Chesterfield County when death came on December 28, 1958. Funeral services were held from Corinth Methodist Church, Goochland County, where he grew up as a boy. Officiating at these services were the pastor, the Rev. R.E. Murphy, and the Rev. J. Courtney Sheffield, pastor of Beulah Methodist Church, Chesterfield County, Dr. Russell Snead, a personal friend of many years, played the organ.

Servant of God well done! Now transferred to the Church triumphant.

by Carl J. Sanders

Julian Eugene White was born August 1, 1909, at Laurel, Maryland. He was one of two sons born to Julian C. and May Scott White. He attended the public schools of Laurel.

Upon graduation from High School, he matriculated in Randolph-Macon College at Ashland in the Fall of 1928. Four years later he graduated with a degree of Bachelor of Arts. While at Randolph-Macon Bob made a splendid scholastic record. He made Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated second in his class. His graduate work was done in Duke University.

While attending Randolph-Macon College he met Miss Mary Lowry, whom he married in 1931. To this happy and congenial union were born one son, Julian Eugene, Jr., and two daughters, Mrs. Mary Lee Cardwell and Barbara Ann White. This marriage proved to be one where each shared the joys and sorrows of the parsonage life, strengthening and comforting each other as they shared their faith and hope with those whom they served. I have never known a marriage where there was more mutual understanding and consideration each for the other.

Bob, as he became known to his friends, in college days, joined the Baltimore Annual Conference in 1932. His first appointment was to the New Hope Charge of that Conference. He served this Charge for two years.

In the succeeding years he served the following churches in the Baltimore Conference: The Fairfield Charge, two years; Shenandoah, five years. At the time of Unification he came into the Virginia Conference and served the following churches: Laurel Street, Richmond, four years; Crewe, four years; Trinity, Newport News, five years; Highland Park, Richmond, two years.

He was serving his third year at Monumental Church in Portsmouth when death cut short a very fruitful ministry. He preached his last sermon in Monumental Church on the Sunday before his death Monday morning, on the subject: "The Shield of Faith." In this sermon he said, "Jesus did not manifest His courage because His back was to the wall, but because His face was toward His Heavenly Father. Christian courage is born, not of depression but of dependence on God." In these words he expressed much of his philosophy of life.

None but those who knew him best could ever know the depth of his dedication to his God and to his calling. None but those with whom he worked could ever know the moral courage that guided him in his ministry. Once he was convinced that he was right, there was no sacrifice so great that he would not make, in order to achieve the goal ahead.

He was a true Methodist in his methodical way of going about his work. He planned well and allowed few things to interfere with these plans.

Funeral services were held in Monumental Methodist Church, conducted by: W. Kenneth Haddock, J. C. Murphy, Harold H. Fink, Herbert E. Hudgins. Interment was in Greenlawn Cemetery, Newport News.

With these words Bob's ministry came to an unexpected close, "Now we are getting close to the meaning of what The Apostle Paul calls: the peace of God that passeth understanding."

"Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving
Up to the light where God Himself appears."
-Studdard Kennedy

We who admired and loved him can accept the shock and loss of his quick and unexpected departure, because of the peace that he has at last come to understand, "The peace of God that passeth understanding."

by R. I. Williams

William Archer Wright was born in Norfolk, Va., February 8, 1889. His father, William P. Wright, was an honored member of the Virginia Conference. His mother was Minnie Peterson Wright, the devout and cultured daughter of Peter A. Peterson, distinguished minister and lecturer, also a member of the Virginia Conference. Douglas Freeman wrote of Robert E. Lee as the flower of a noble heritage on both sides of his ancestry. With his parentage Archer Wright was destined to be a good man and true. He was a worthy son of his extraordinary parents.

He was educated in the public schools of Virginia and at Randolph-Macon College, from which he graduated with honor in 1909. His training was continued by study and the discipline of mind and spirit to the end of his years.

Archer Wright was admitted to the Virginia Conference in 1909, was ordained a deacon in 1913, and an elder in 1915. In 1932 Randolph-Macon College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His ministry began in a humble way on the South Salisbury charge. For several years he served the smaller appointments of his conference with a fidelity and devotion that made a sacrament of his calling. Then his ability as recognized and for many years he ministered effectively in some of the leading appointments of the conference. Three times he filled the office of District Superintendent, serving the Charlottesville, Norfolk, and Eastern Shore Districts. From 1930 to 1934 he was Executive Secretary of the Conference Board of Education, to which office he brought the insights and skill of a church statesman. He was delegate of the General Conference in 1938, the Uniting Conference in 1939, and the Jurisdictional Con-ference in 1948.

On January 22, 1918, Archer Wright was married to Lucille Argyle Cooke. It was a happy and congenial union. For forty years this couple together made a cultured, Christian home. A son, William Archer, Jr. was born to them and followed his father in the ministry. He and his mother survive.

It would be inaccurate to speak of Dr. Wright as brilliant in mind. He was hardly scintillating or sparkling in his modes of thought. But there was depth, and breadth, and sincerity to his mental processes that made him both sure and convincing. He had the mood of a scholar. Good books in many fields were his companions. He was a careful and thorough student, who did his work with meticulous precision.

Dr. Wright was a good preacher and a gracious pastor. His preaching was Biblical rather than topical. His sermons grew out of his thought and experience. His delivery was always forceful and on occasion fiery especially in his denunciation of evil. If to a superficial listener his pulpit utterances at times seemed a bit heavy it was because they had a content that demanded thought and reflection. They were always rich and stimulating. As a pastor he shared the joys and achievements of his people and entered tenderly and helpfully into their sorrows and losses.

This faithful servant of God had a stubborn sense of honor and right. It was unthinkable that Archer Wright would knowingly do wrong. On the other hand he was the bold champion of what he regarded as just and right. It is easy to recall him on the floor of the conference or in the session of the cabinet, speaking for some unpopular cause with never a thought of how it might affect him personally.

Dr. Wright was an ecclesiastical craftsman with the imagination and daring that made for progress. His parish or district was organized for long range results. As Executive Secretary of the Board of Education he introduced the district staff and laid

new foundations for leadership training. It was in the field of Missions he made his major contribution to the Church. For thirty years, from 1920 to 1950, he was a member of the Conference Board of Missions, and served as Chairman of the Board for six years, during which period he was a member of the General Board of Missions. He proposed the churches make the payment of apportionments the starting point of their giving to Missions. He urged the idea of a "special" in every church till it bore fruit in his conference and spread to the church at large.

On February 6, 1958, while Dr. Wright was serving as District Superintendent of the Eastern Shore District, his beloved wife was stricken so as to be incapacitated. So deep and intimate was their devotion that her affliction became an irreparable blow to him. He still went about his work, but his accustomed zeal and resourcefulness were lacking. When the conference met in June, he made his appointments and asked for retirement, which was granted. With his wife in a hospital he took living quarters at Onancock, while he worked on plans to set up a home at Cheriton, where he could care for his companion of the years. On September 29, Mrs. Wright had a setback. On October 1, Dr. Wright spent the morning with her, came in for lunch and then went to his room to rest. The afternoon wore on and time for the evening meal came, but he did not appear. A knock on the door of his room brought no response. Friends went in and found him seated at his desk, his feet propped up with his Bible open by his side. His spirit had quietly slipped away to be forever with the Lord.

Among the papers Dr. Wright left was found a poem of real merit, entitled, "A Mother's Last Prayer." It catches for us the mood of the closing period of his life in lines like these:

My Father, I am so tired. Let me rest.
I've lived so long, so much. What more need I
Of love or loss, of pleasure or of pain?
The pages in my book of yesterdays
Are more than I can number or read o'er.
My treasure chest of memories o'erflows.
Let just one little distant, steady star
Shine down upon my bed that I may know
There still is light. Tell just one wandering breeze,
Some perfume-laden breath of summer flowers,
To whisper now and then about my bed
That I may know there still is life. And then
Lay gentle on my feeble straining heart
The quiet touch of thine own hand
That I may know there still is love.

The funeral service was conducted at Trinity Church in Cape Charles by Bishop Paul Neff Garber, assisted by Rev. A. G. Lynch and Rev. J. Callaway Robertson. The remains were laid tenderly away in the Cape Charles Cemetery.

Lord, when thou seest that my work is done,
Let me not linger on
With failing powers
Adown the weary hours
A workless worker in a world of work.
But with a word
Just bid me home
And I will come
Right gladly--
Yes, right gladly--
Will I come.

by J. Callaway Robertson

Edward Lee Wine, son of Mr. and Mrs. James and Effie (Yount) Wine, was born November 27, 1891, and died April 18, 1959, in the Crimora area of Augusta County. He married his first wife, Miss Mary Emma Summers on August 19, 1916. She was born February 3, 1892, and died July 1, 1947. Both of them are buried in the cemetery at the New Hope Methodist Church. A son, Curtis Eugene Wine, is buried beside his parents.