Biographical Notes

A. R. Goodwin

and W. A. R. Goodwin, D. D.
A NOTE-BOOK

OF

MEMORIES

W. A. R. Goodwin
College of William and Mary in Virginia
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AUTobiography

It is usual to begin an autobiography as Walter Scott began his novels. He had a way of introducing his books which reminded one of occasions where we drove ten miles over rugged and weary roads to attend the party. Endless genealogies tend to leave the same impression. Indeed the impression is often more pronounced, as it would be in this instance, because they do not lead in the end to a very interesting party.

My first born son on one occasion, having been confined to a lonely room on Sunday afternoon in punishment for some misdemeanor, and being forgotten, was left there longer than was intended. Finally he emerged with the announcement that he had read fifteen chapters in the Bible on "begatting".

Another ground for the aversion which one feels for genealogies arises from the memory of long, hot, Sunday afternoons, spent in an upper chamber in our home in Norwood with my mother, where the time was equally divided between learning the Church Catechism
and who I was "kin" to.

It has, however, happened that inheritance has made me constantly mindful of the rock and the stream from which I sprang. Anyone who is possessed of a southern temperament and a New England conscience (which is a combination about as bad as a combination of rheumatism and St. Vitus Dance), can well understand how one is constantly made mindful of one's ancestors. On one side the tradition is that every one of the fourteen children of a New England great-grandfather were whipped every morning before breakfast for the bad things which it was quite certain they would do before sunset.

This tradition, added to the memories of long Sunday afternoons spent with no diversion except "The Southern Churchman" and Sunday School books in which the boys all got drowned because they went fishing on Sunday, together with paternal prohibitions against playing with the five boys from whom I was separated by only a fence when there were five of them to play together on one side, and I, alone on the other, combined in memory to make me mindful that my grandfather had come from Puritan New England to Virginia where he married a wife.
Before marrying, however, he graduated at the Theological Seminary in Virginia in 1838, and entered upon missionary work in the Diocese of Virginia. He was a man of austere piety. His diary kept throughout the whole course of his ministry, is strongly perfumed with the mingled odors of the Mayflower and of brimstone that had come out of Hell. It is interesting to note that his life in a sunnier clime and companionship with his sainted wife, Virginianized his Puritanism, and softened the tone of the entries made in the last years of his diary.

Soon after entering the ministry he had married Mary, the daughter of Dr. Robert Archer, who was then surgeon in the United States Army and located at Fort Monroe. While ministering in the parish of Nelson most of their children were born. Of the boys, Frederick, named for his father, seemed to have been like him in name alone, and after graduating with distinction at the University of Virginia migrated to the far West and became a Judge in the territory of Arizona. He is said to have been a brilliant and erratic man.

Another son, Robert Archer, entered the ministry, served in several country parishes, in
Salem, in Petersburg, where he had charge of St. Stephen's colored Church and was principal of the Bishop Payne Divinity School, and the rector of St. John's Mission, from whence he was called to old St. John's Church in Richmond where he served as a faithful pastor and eloquent preacher until the time of his death.

The youngest son, Edward Lewis, also graduated at the Seminary and spent all of his ministry in Virginia except a few years as associate rector of Grace Church, Charleston, South Carolina. He was for many years the capable and able editor of "The Southern Churchman".

The other son was my father. His name was John Francis. He was engaged in business, in partnership with his uncle, Mr. William Archer after whom I was named, in the city of Richmond, Virginia, at the outbreak of the Civil War.

In after years, when making love to several Richmond girls, I often looked down from Gamble's Hill at night, into the seething and molding masses of iron which continued to flow through the furnaces many years after my father and uncle had retired from the Vulcan Iron Works.

While resident in Richmond my father married Letitia, the daughter of Mr. Samuel J.
Rutherford.

My grandfather Rutherford was also the father of many children. They ran to girls. Of these daughters, Martha married Dr. Lewis Harvey, the distinguished and beloved physician at Danville, Virginia; Fanny became the wife of Mr. George S. Bernard, attorney-at-law in Petersburg, and it has always been an unanswered question in the family as to how Mr. Bernard ever mustered the courage to court Miss Fanny. He was one of the most modest, diffident, unassuming, and noble men whom we have ever known. Ella married the noted Richmond physician, Dr. Lewis Wheat, long associated with Dr. Hunter McGuire in the practice of medicine. Mary, one of the oldest daughters, married Mr. Rose, and died a comparatively short time after the marriage.

Two of my grandfather Rutherford's daughters, Miss Jane and Miss Sarah, never married. Mr. Rutherford was a Scotchman, his father, Thomas, having come to Richmond from Glasgow. He inherited and held to a staunch and blue-stockin type of Presbyterianism, and was for many years elder in Dr. Read's Presbyterian Church on Grace Street, Richmond. With the exception, however, of Miss Jane, all of his daughters married into or otherwise entered the
Episcopal Church. Miss Jane held to the traditions of the family and remained staunch Presbyterian until the end, serving for many years as President of the Woman's Southern Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, and also as President of the Woman's Club of Richmond. Miss Sarah is still living at the time of this writing, although she has been forty years or more an invalid.

The one son of my grandfather Rutherford was named Thomas after his grandfather. Of him love-illumined memory will prompt me to say many things later on.

Before his marriage to my mother my father served in the Confederate Army and held a commission as a Captain. Shortly after the War he was married, and shortly after he was married, I was born, and shortly after having been born, I was transported on a packet boat up the old James River and Kanawha Canal, from Richmond to Norwood, Nelson County, Virginia.

The reasons for this transportation were that my father's health having been undermined during the War, he was ordered to remove to the country. He knew nothing about the country and had neither the health nor experience which were essential to successful farming. At Norwood he farmed from a distance. Our home was upon a hill just above where the present
"Norwood Railroad Station" stands, and overlook-ed the farm which was a mile down the river.

We always believed that the tenants made a very good living from the farm; we were never quite certain that we did.

The reason for the migration to Nel-son County lay in the fact that Dr. William H. Ribble, who had married my grandfather's daughter, Fanny Goodwin, had settled in Nelson and had already become the beloved physician of the whole countryside. He has always reminded me of the Doctor in the story of Ian McLean. He served the people of Nelson and Buckingham, far and wide, night and day, winter and summer, regardless of financial compensation. He was never known to decline to go to white or colored man who needed his profession-al aid, and this was done regardless of the question of finance. By many this generous disposition was imposed upon, and it is doubtful true that when he left Nelson to become a physician in Wytheville, he left financial obligations unpaid, aggregating four or five times as much as the amount which he had ever received from his practice. But he left a people devoted to him, and after an absence of many years his memory is cherished throughout the countryside where he ministered.
--Eight

It was in order that my father might be near him and have the benefit of his professional skill that Nelson was chosen as the place where we pitched our tent.

The farm was bought by my grandfather Rutherfoord, my father's business as well as his health having been ruined by the War. Our first home in Nelson was in the hospitable home of Dr. Ribble.

I do not know for just how long a time we remained there, but my first memory is of the winter afternoon when the snow was falling, when I was wrapped in a blanket and carried from Dr. Ribble's home through a gate in the fence, to the home into which we then moved, which had been purchased from the Cabell estate, Dr. Ribble on the one side, and the Parish Rectory on the other.

The rectory was then occupied by the Reverend Edmund Withers.

I am told that my coming from Richmond was long remembered by my fellow travelers on the packet boat, as I developed the measles on the trip and had them so thoroughly that the report got abroad that I had the smallpox, which was then raging in Richmond. I was, therefore, left largely alone. Otherwise the tradition might have come down that I
was a greatly admired baby.

While living at Norwood I became the possessor of one brother, Frank, who died in infancy; four sisters, Fanny, who subsequently married Mr. S. H. Coleman of Roanoke; Mary, who died of sunstroke when only seven years old; Ella, who married Ferdinand Henrictus of New Orleans, and died shortly after her marriage; and Laeta, who became the wife of Clarence Repass of Wytheville.

We also became the possessor of a horse, and of several cows, of a garden, and of a spring down at the foot of the hill, a quarter of a mile from the house, which, added possessions, together with an ax and hoe and a water bucket constituted the chief implements and tasks of my early education. Later on I acquired a dog and some white rabbits, which still later on were eaten by the dog, which was the first tragedy of my youth. A little later still the dog had his eye pecked out by a rooster.

The life at Norwood extended from about 1870 to about 1887, when I reached the age of eighteen, having been born on the eighteenth of June 1869.
BOYHOOD AT HELSON

In the modern city it is very hard to find anything to give a boy to do to discipline his life and to make him a man.

The mail is brought to the door by a postman; the water comes to the house in a pipe; the heat ascends from a furnace; and the light runs in from a power house. The telephone makes the sending of various notes by the boy to various far away points unnecessary. The groceries come to a door in a wagon; the milk arrives in sealed bottles; and the butter in a sanitary package, while the ice-cream is sent in by a messenger boy. The coal is hauled in in October to last until May. The eggs are laid at your door in pasteboard crates, and the vegetables come down in the delivery wagons from the green grocery-store. And even your jelly is made by "Certo".

Education is dispensed amid flowers and pictures and other artistic surroundings at the nearby corner, or if the corner is not nearby, at the end of an easy street car ride.

It was not so in the country.

The day began in the winter every morning at or before sunrise, and making the kitchen fire, the fire in the dining room, and one or two other fires
besides. This was the first inheritance which I have received from my father, and I continued to live on it during the remainder of my Nelson days, except in the summertime when the fire making was reduced to one.

The day continued with the milking of the cows, the feeding of the horse, in which it was the privilege and responsibility and honor of the oldest son of the family to share with his father or the hired man if there happened to be one, and there generally wasn't. The only hired man I can remember was old "Uncle Sam" who went crazy, made him a bed of gynson weed under the oak tree in the backyard, and died.

It is to be remembered that the spring was at the foot of a very steep hill, which commenced to slope down from the end of the garden. I shall never forget where that hill began to slope and how far it sloped up, because every morning I was further educated by being sent to bring the pails of water up to the house which we needed when the cistern leaked, and as I look back upon it, it seems to me that it always leaked and leaked empty.

What I did when I was a very little boy would doubtless be absorbingly interesting if it could be remembered, But, having remembered the trip through the snow when wrapped in the blanket, try as hard as I may
I can not picture myself anywhere or at anything earlier than at the part of the cow from which the milk is extracted. There I see myself sitting upon a box, except when the cow decided that I should sit there no longer, and kicked me and the bucket down the hill.

I can very well remember, as a little boy, being sent to school which was held in a room just across the road from where we lived, and I can also remember that the name of the teacher was Miss Molly Roberts. That school continues to live in my memory. It was a bare room in a log building, the other end of which was presided over by Mr. Matthews, the shoemaker. In the room in which the school was taught there was one window and one door, and many children. There was a shelf about five feet from the floor on which we were placed when we were bad, while on top of us was placed a cap, made of a newspaper, manipulated so that it pointed at the end. This cap was not put on for badness. It was known in the school as "the dunce cap" and was worn when lessons were not learned. Miss Molly was noted for her ability in handwriting, and I can well remember the ambition which came to me in my boyhood days to copy the well rounded and beautifully slanted letters which she wrote on the top of a sheet of paper for us to copy.
School lasted until about four o'clock in the afternoon and then other things began.

First, the wood had to be cut for the making of the fires in the morning and to last until school ended the next day. More water had to be brought from that never-to-be-forgotten spring. The wood had to be carried in and piled up in the boxes which seemed immensely large because they had to be filled. The cow had again to be fed and milked, and the horse was asking for his supper. I forgot to mention the various and sundry pigs which were also vociferous in their appeals at this time of the day.

And then the sun usually set.

The Post Office was about a quarter of a mile down the hill. There were two hills, one that led to the spring, and the other that led to the Post Office. The Post Office was a combined store and post office and bar-room. The bar-room was at the end nearest my home; the Post Office was in the other end of the store. The Post Master, the storekeeper, and the bar-tender, were my old and long devoted friend, Captain Stratton. He weighed about three hundred and eighty pounds.

The mail came in shortly after sunset in the fall, and some time after dark in the winter. It was brought over from what was then the Virginia Midland
Railroad. Every evening I was sent down about mail

time to get the mail and the groceries. One was

never quite certain who one would meet and in what
condition they would be. One was liable to stumble

over a fellow man who had gone to the foot of the

hill, not for the mail but for what was kept and

dispensed in the other end of the store. But old

Captain Stratton was the friend of every boy through-

out the countryside and always met us with a smile

and a word of cheer. I first learned from him how

much real goodness could be in a bar-keeper. When

Christmastime came he gave to each one of his boy

friends a five cent package of fire-crackers, and

this was the full extent of the ammunition which we

had for the Christmas celebration. In fact it was

the only celebration which we had, because, in those
days, the Fourth of July was not a day that was mark-
ed in the calendar of Virginia.

We supplemented the fire-crackers in later

years by taking the wadding that was used to keep

the axles of the trains from getting hot, and which

were filled with grease, binding them into balls with

the wires which we surreptitiously took from old brooms

(and sometimes from brooms which were not as old as
they might have been), and having made these balls

of cotton saturated with oil, we lit them with a
match and used them for sky-rockets, or to practice baseball with during the nights of the Christmas holidays.

Throughout the years the memories of the drunkenness which characterized the life of the men who gathered round the Post Office has always lingered.

In the summer time a larger variety entered into the schedule of the day. It was then that Nature began to make her compelling appeal to which the response was made through the handle of a hoe. You may think that you know how weeds grow from reading a book about the weeds, but if you want really to know the thing to do is to be a boy in the summer time where there is a garden to be worked.

And here again that persistent spring bubbles up in the memory, because it had to be gone to for the water with which to set out potato plants, tomato plants, cabbage plants, and it seems to me every other plant that grows upon the face of the earth. And then, when the merciful Lord, for the further education and discipline of youth, withheld the showers of blessing from the garden, that spring was the never-failing source of supply to what always seemed to me as a boy the shortcomings of Providence.

In the summer afternoons, as there was no wood to be cut, and as there were some times when the
weeds did not demand attention, there were opportunities for play. But somehow play, unfortunately, does not seem to stand out conspicuously in my memory of boyhood days. We did have a ball which was made of string and of leather which we cut from the top of some old shoes, and which was sewed together for us around the twine ball either by our mothers, or by Mr. Matthews, the shoemaker.

And then there was the swimming pool down where the branch ran in the canal, and there was "some fun" in that. The only other real fun which I remember was the actual skinning of a cat which Frank Ribble had managed to kill and with which we made a mask which made the boy who was privileged to put it over his face, the wild Indian or the barbarian man of the afternoon. Beside the cat, there does come to mind that the one game which we always played was "marbles". We played marbles two ways. One way consisted of putting four marbles at each corner of a square and one in the middle, and going back to the paw and shooting at them; aiming at the middle man. The other game was called "knucks". It consisted of three holes in a row, each one about two yards from the other, and the penalty
for not rolling the marble you were playing with into each hole, going and coming, was to have your knuckles shot at by the marble of every other boy who played the game.

After leaving the school in the shoemaker's shop, I was sent when about eleven or twelve years of age, to the private school at Montasuma, the home of Mr. Hubbard, about a quarter of a mile below Norwood. The Hubbards lived in a very large brick house on a hill covered with primeval oaks. There were three or four girls in the family and one boy, Carrington, and the teacher was Miss Kemp Kinckle, the daughter of the Reverend Mr. Kinckle of Lynchburg.

I remember these as among the happiest days spent at Norwood. During this period of my childhood the nimble boys and Carrington Hubbard and I found many things of interest to do during recess time. Carrington was a mechanical genius. He built the first high-wheeled bicycle which I ever saw,—and it ran! But there wasn't any way of stopping it when it got started down the hill. The supreme skill of riding it consisted in guiding it so that it would end at a soft place when it reached its destination as the way off was always over the top of the big front wheel.

Speaking of springs,—there was one at the foot of the Montasuma hill. In years beyond which any
memory we knew extended, some dwellers upon the hill
had laid a leaden pipe from this spring to the house.
This pipe had doubtless served to save some boy or
boys the trouble that nobody had ever saved me.
During my school days at Montazuma it served many
other purposes. It was discovered by chance and
little by little we dug it up, melted the lead, and
guided by the mechanical genius of Carrington
Hubbard, we moulded this lead into many and varied
implements. We made pistols that shot. We made
bullets for these pistols, and for the shotguns
of the older boys, and we survived to tell the tale.

The two incidents connected with this
school which I best remember are, first, that I
fell in love with Lila Hubbard. It was the first
outcropping of an inheritance either from my Virginia,
my Scotch, or my French ancestors, which has been per-
sistent through life. I know that this stream did
not rise in New England.

The second incident was in connection
with the prize for spelling which Miss Kinckle offer-
ed to the scholar who missed the fewest number of
words in throughout the year in the blue-back spell-
ing book. Knowing how to spell does not run in my
family. But as this prize depended on learning how to
spell only one column of words for one hour, I managed
to win it. The prize was a book entitled "Happy Hours
for Boys". It was awarded to me in June of either
1881 or 1882. I took it home and in the pride of
achievement inscribed it as follows:

A PRIZE ON DIXIONARY
ONE BY ME AT THE MONTAZUMA SCHOOL

and signed my name.

Many years afterwards I sought to find this
book in my ancestral home. I offered a financial
reward which induced my sister Laeta to search the
house diligently until she found it. But, alas, the
fly-leaf was gone. Some member of the family in
humiliation had torn it out and consigned it to the
flames. I have the book still in its mutilated form.

Our life in the country was occasionally
interrupted by trips abroad. "Abroad" however, was
not very far, although we went by water. The boat
was drawn by three horses or three mules who trotted
down the towpath pulling the packet boat. Its arrival
at the various locks was announced by a musical horn
blown by the driver who rode on the leading horse.
Often the far music of that clear horn breaks in up-
on my memory. On this boat we occasionally went to
Richmond to visit my grandfather. I remember on one
early of these trips bearing my father say that my mother had asked him which one of the cows gave the buttermilk.

From Richmond we went up to Castles in Amelia County to the country estate of my grandfather. This must have been when I was very young as I can well remember the terror with which I regarded my grandfather. He was paralyzed and I thought that he was making faces at me and always ran from him in terror whenever he reached out his hand to draw me to him.

At the foot of the hill on which we lived at Norwood there was a building which has served many purposes. It was erected by the Swedenborgians as a Church, a good many of the various Cabell families and others mentioned having become attached to this faith.

As this congregation scattered the building was taken over by the public school authorities. Coleman Cabell was made teacher. We called him "Habit". I was among the pupils. He sat on a high platform behind a desk. One day a boy sitting just behind me threw a spitball at him with excellent aim. Mr. Cabell caught the direction from which the missile had come, but failed properly to identify the boy who threw it. Grabbing the peach-
tree limb which assisted him in teaching the young
ideas how to shoot, he jumped from the platform and
made straight for me. The benches previously used
by the Swedenborgians were still in the school. Know-
ing that I was on this occasion innocent, I dived
under the bench and under them all, and made for the
door and was out of it before Mr. Cabell was able
to make any connection between me and the long
switch in his hand.

I went home and there I stayed until Mr.
Cabell, having found out that I did not throw the
spitball, sent word to me that I could come back
with safety.

There are perhaps other things stored
away in my subconscious memory as a result of this
period of my education. The only other thing, how-
ever, which I remember is a poem which I recited,
winning the applause of the school, which is as
follows:-

When the angry passion gathering in my
mother's face I see,
And she leads me to the bedroom, gently
lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it, and my
flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle
on my breeches.
Every tingle of the shingle has an
echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into
active being spring.
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath
my coat-tails seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle,
oh, so warm.

In a sudden intermission which appears
my only chance,
I said, "Mother strike gently or you'll
split my Sunday pants."
She stops a moment, takes a breath,
shingle holds aloft,
And says, "I had not thought of that,
my son, just go and take them off."

Holy Moses and his angels cast their
pitying glances down,
And thou, Oh family doctor, put a good
soft poultice on.
And may I with fools and dunces everlast-
ingly mingle,
If I ever say a word when my mother yields
the shingle.

My next public recitation was delivered
shortly after under the oak in the yard of the
rectory on the occasion of a Sunday School picnic,
which consisted of seven verses from Milton's
Comus. These verses I do not remember.

Among my recollections of boyhood days
are the scenes and associations connected with making,
placing, and visiting our rabbit traps. They were
made in the shape of a long box with a door at the
end which slipped up and down, hung by a trigger to
which was affixed in the back end of the box a piece
of apple or onion which were bitten by the rabbit, set off the trap, and shut down the door behind him. I can well recall the frosty mornings when we tramped through the broom sage to the cedar trees and undergrowth on the Hubbard farm hills where these traps were placed, and the joy we felt when we returned with the assurance of a rabbit for dinner and a skin for a mask, or for the making of mittens which we wore when the weather grew colder. It is interesting to note how many more things come into the life of a boy at this age to make him see the sunrise than seem to occur in after years.

It is only fair to the spring at the foot of the hill to make recognition of a contribution which it made to our joy and happiness. We built a dam across the brook which flowed from this spring and succeeded in making a pond of such considerable size that it was afterwards used as a pond from which to cut ice in the wintertime, from which to fill the ice-house in the garden. This pond made many contributions to our happiness. In it we bathed, upon it we sailed the boats and ships which we manufactured, and in the winter time it furnished a nearby place upon which we learned to skate.
Near this pond was a very large walnut tree and I can well recall my first thought of property rights grew out of the question as to whether a tree which grew out of the soil belonging to the Ribbles made legal contribution to me of the walnuts which fell on our side of the fence.

As a result of the discussion which arose we determined that if the Ribble boys climbed up the tree and gathered the walnuts they belonged to them, but that if they just fell by themselves on my side of the fence they belonged to me, but to be that I was not allowed to throw rocks at them to make them fall. I have never consulted a lawyer as to whether these conclusions coincide with the decrees found in the law books on governing property rights of this kind, but I still think that our conclusions were fair for all parties concerned.

A little later on when I thought I was old enough to ride on a colt, but when my mother did not, we visited the Sampsons in Culpeper County. When about sixteen I was sent, alone, to see them one summer and well remember the beginning of the trip. Norwood was seven miles from Montreal Station on the Virginia Midland Railroad. I had to get my trunk to the station. There was no means of transportation except a wheelbarrow. "Uncle Sam"
had not then died on his gymson weed bed. I tied a rope around him, and hitched him to a wheelbarrow, and I held the handles and together we transported the trunk to the station. About half way over I remember meeting Judge Horsely riding on horseback along the road. He stopped his horse and took a good look at me, and my improvised horse, and I think his laugh could have been heard for a half-mile over the countryside.

On this trip I fell in love for the second time, and there were three Stars in the eastern sky, the names of which I do not know, which still remind me of the pledge made on the pillared porch on a starlit night that I would think of that girl whenever I saw those Stars. I have kept my promise although I have forgotten the name of the girl.

Very clear in my memory are the religious influences brought to bear upon my life while at Norwood. Chief among these was the influence of my mother. She was a living epistle and the letters were written large so that even a little boy could read the Divine revelation as it was written in her daily life. She was superintendent of the little Sunday School which was held down at Christ Episcopal Church at the foot of the hill. My father was the senior warden, and I was the sexton. In those days...
the Church was well filled on Sunday by the students
who came up from Norwood School, conducted by Mr.
William Cabell, a mile below the village. When Mr.
Withers died, Mr. Cabell became lay reader and later
we had several rectoris, among whom I well remember
Mr. Joe Ware and a sermon which he preached on "The
Cross" in which he told us of the various kinds of
Crosses, and of the one covered with flowers beneath
which were the thorns. But the thing I remember
chiefly about this Sunday School was the class taught
by old Mrs. Peters. It was a class of desperately
bad boys. I have often marvelled since at her
persistence and her patience. It is interesting,
however, to recall that from this date there entered
the ministry of the Church the Reverend J. F. Ribble,
the Reverend F. G. Ribble, the Reverend Wallace
Ribble, the Right Reverend Dr. William Cabell
Brown, now Bishop of Virginia, and myself.

In the Churchyard there were buried my
infant brother, Frank, and later on my little sister,
Mary. When fourteen I was confirmed in this Church,
and the first definite personal Christian work which
I remember doing is having persuaded Charley Pettit
to be confirmed with me.
--Twenty-seven

WYTHEVILLE

My grandfather Goodwin, having grown old and feeble, it was thought by the family that it might help him, and that it might help me, to spend a winter in Wytheville.

I went. His home was the house at the east end of Main Street. My bed was behind the dining-room door where a bookcase now stands. I was put to school, which was held in the building on the lot where Judge Fulton afterwards lived. Being an out-of-town boy I was selected as the object of a good deal of rather rough hazing which was led largely by one of the sons of General Walker. It was finally determined by the school that he and I should fight it out at recess. He was larger than I and could easily have licked me. But fortunately for me it was in the winter, and ice was on the schoolhouse ground. During the shuffle his foot slipped on the ice and I landed on top. The force of gravity and the temperature combined to give me the decision of victory. After this hazing ceased.

While in Wytheville several impressions were left indelibly upon my mind with reference to the members of my family who lived in the house where I had gone to spend the winter, and first of all I got a penetrating insight into the type of Christianity
developed under the influences of Puritan New England. "The Southern Churchman" and the Sunday School books were more pronounced than ever, as the only literature fit for Sunday reading. The Sabbath regulations were taken from the book of Leviticus with various and sundry additions.

I am quite conscious even today of the mortal fear of my grandfather in which I stood, especially after the expression of his temperament when he had caught me hiding a very luscious apple underneath the grass which grew beneath the tree from which we were gathering apples to be stored for the winter. I did not think that he saw me push this apple into a hole with my foot, and cover it with grass, but for a good many days afterwards I had good reason to remember that he did see me, and took diligent care that he, at least, should not ever see me do anything of like kind again.

My grandmother was one of God's saints. The picture of her sitting before the fire, working with exquisite artistic taste into table clothes, many of which are still cherished in the family, every colored flower that grows in Virginia, remains vivid in my memory. We never heard her raise her voice, and all who ever came under her influence join in calling her blessed.
My Aunt Sally counteracted the stern disposition of my grandfather, and today I could still go on the darkest night to the cupboard where she kept her sugar cakes which she used to make especially for my benefit.

My Aunt Ella was then, as she continues to be today, a staunch and devoted Church woman, and saw to it that my religious training was not neglected during my stay in the home. She took me regularly to Sunday School, and to Church, which, of course, any other member of the family would have done had she not taken this upon herself as her special duty.

This influence, and the remembrance of her interest, has continued and still continues as a grateful memory in my life.

Returning to Norwood after the year in Wytheville, I resumed the accustomed routine of my boyhood life, not omitting the spring at the foot of the hill.

By this time I was getting older—old enough really to take notice, especially of the girls.

The Tye River flowing through the upland hills from the mountains beyond, joined the James River at Norwood. When the floods came down the Tye, dammed back by the stronger and fuller waters of the James, they would always seek to cut across the lowlands in the
---Thirty

direction of the hypotenuse of the triangle formed by the juncture of two rivers. In order to prevent the disasters which were sure to follow from this flooded south channel, high dykes were built down the left bank of the Tye and down the banks of the James to a point where the James River dam stretched across from Nelson to the hill of Buckingham above. As long as the dykes held there was an uncertain safety. But I can well recall watching the rise of the waters and the consternation which was felt when they began to trickle over the dykes and the frantic efforts which were made to stay the wash which threatened disaster.

The people in the lowlands then began to flee to the hills, and well they might, for from our home upon the hill we could often see houses swept by the torrents from their foundations, carried along in the midstream current.

On one occasion I remember seeing chickens perched on the roof of one of their houses fast moving down the stream, and can well recall seeing a dwelling house being swept down the river at night, with the burning lamplight still streaming through the windows.

These scenes suggested to Miss Ella MacGyellan the graphic novel which she wrote entitled "Oblivion".
At sixteen I entered Roanoke College. My uncle, Reverend Robert Goodwin, was then rector of St. Paul's, Salem. I could not have afforded to go to College had it not been for his kindness. My father's health was bad and the farm provided little more than a very limited living.

My uncle invited my parents to let me come and live with him, which I did without any charge to them. Frank Ribble was there also, and was my roommate.

The year spent in this home could but leave a strong spiritual impress, as Virginia has perhaps had no clergyman more deeply spiritual than my uncle was.

A branch ran through his garden, crossing the western Virginia highway just east of the home. I say this branch ran through the garden—it periodically ran when the rains and snows were in the mountains. It often ran with great violence. But as the summer came on it dwindled down and became as it was known, the dry branch.

Connected with my uncle's household was an old negro man who cut and brought in the wood, attended the garden, and took care of the house. During the winter when I was with my uncle this old negro "got religion."

His devotion to Mr. Goodwin prompted him to ask that he should baptize him, but the old negro insisted that he would have to have his sins washed away by going clean under the water.
It was arranged that he should be baptized in the branch which was then approaching its dry stage. With religious zeal and earnestness the old negro built a dam with which to back the water up for the religious ceremony, and waited patiently for an orthodox amount of water to accumulate above the dam.

On the Sunday afternoon when the ceremony took place, as my uncle and the old colored man stepped down into the water, it became perturbed, and suddenly the dam gave way much to the consternation of the old negro. My uncle, however, having his face down the stream saw what was taking place and abbreviated the service, immersing the old man before the waters vanished.

Roanoke College was, and is still, a Lutheran then institution. The President was Dr. Julius Dreher. Dr. Fox, the professor of philosophy and history, Dr. Painter, professor of English, were all one earnest and devoted doctors of divinity of the Lutheran Church. The other professors were Dr. Wells, Professor Crabtree, and Wythe Morehead.

THE SUMMER TIME

The first year spent at Roanoke lies uneventful in memory. On the following summer I returned to my home in Nelson.
Field, the home of one of the families of Nelson County Caballes. From the Rockfish Valley in the upper part of Nelson came a girl of seventeen to visit her cousin at Fork Field. I heard of her through Miss Cabell, who was teaching me French, and who came to our home where her class met.

I can not now account for, and have ever regretted the delay with which I responded to the invitation to call on the visiting girl.

The sensations which are registered in the emotions are perhaps the most lasting in the life of memory.

Her hair was deeply golden, and her eyes were of liquid blue. I never see the pink on the shell of the sea that it does not recall to me the freshness and beauty of the face of this girl.

The glory of a summer night and the soft glow of the full moon upon the landscape, often recall the birth and rapid growth of love's young dream.

Nor are the memories confined entirely to the nights which were lit by the light of the moon. Perhaps most distinct is the memory of a night which lay mantled in friendly and companionable darkness. I remember this night because I used the matches for a pencil and the palm of her open hand for the tablet on which I threw my heart's emotion into one of the sentences which I had just learned in French from her cousin, and I can still remember how the light glowed and vanished from the
letters, "Je vous aime de tout mon coeur."

In early September she went back to her Rockfish valley home. I did not see her again for over five years. I have ever been grateful for her coming, and for the love that she inspired. The memory of it has often come back, suggested by the lines of Tennyson:

"For indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."
In the fall I returned to Roanoke College.

My uncle had left Salem, so Frank Ribble and I got a room on the second floor in the main college building. We both had very little on which to live. We soon found that our financial resources were not adequate to meet even the cheap board at any one of the College boarding houses. We had an egg-coal stove in our room, and, together, we worked out a plan by which we would undertake to board ourselves.

We made a tin box that would slip down under the grate of the stove, and in this box we proceeded to cook our cornbread which was almost all the cooking that we did. We would have a ham sent from home and when we could afford it we would fry an egg in a pan on the top of the stove and our one invariable rule was to spend twenty-five cents each Saturday night on an oyster stew, which we also cooked on the top of the stove.

The cooking of the cornbread was an interesting procedure, and afterwards proved a disastrous one. Having mixed the cornbread and put it in our thin tin box, we would vigorously shake the hot coals down upon the top of it, and when the top had cooked we would take the box out and turn it over, and shake the coals down on the bottom side, which then became the up side. In this way we made very excellent cornbread.
This procedure went on unknown to the students and to the faculty for a number of months. We tried to arrange our cooking and eating while the other men were at their meals elsewhere.

A fraternity rush broke up our improvised boarding house. I can well remember the day when just as the top of the box had gotten very hot, and the steam was rising from the bread, a knock sounded on the door.

A whispered conversation followed, as a result of which I pulled the tin box out of the stove and stuck it under the bed while Frank Ribble fumbled at the door, trying not to get the latch open until the tin box with the cornbread had been gotten out of sight.

I learned the sequel of this story from Frank Ribble, because it was soon intimated to me that this visit from Jim Sense was a secret visit, a visit of the utmost confidence, which led me to withdraw from the room without any lunch and with little hope of getting any. Ribble was left alone with Sense and with the hot bread box under the bed. The bread suddenly finding itself in a changed environment began to steam, and the steam began to sing against the hot top of the box, and Ribble said that Sense turned around, and said, "Ribble, what in the Devil is that under the bed". Not being satisfactorily answered, he undertook to find out for himself, discovering our bread box with the steam pouring through the cracks of the top.
It soon got around College that we were cooking in our room, and before many days a letter came from the faculty prohibiting us from continuing to cook meals in our rooms and then something had to be done. Thereupon we looked around to find another abiding place.

Fortunately for us the office of the treasurer of Roanoke County, located in the court house yard and facing the street which ran up to the College, had just become vacant by the removal of the treasurer to larger quarters. There we installed ourselves, set up our stove, and resumed our housekeeping.

If we had been disposed to collect and keep for ourselves all the money which was offered to us by those who still repaired to this office to pay taxes, our financial problems would have vanished. As it was we faced new difficulties.

We soon received notice from the town sergeant that it was against the law to take water away from the public hydrant. We went to the town sergeant and explained to him who we were and what we were doing. The situation touched the old man's heart, and he said, "Well, now, boys, I h'aint got no right to see you taking water from this 'ere hydrant without stopping it, but I ain't apt to bother you if you gets it at night".

So it seemed that the difficulty of getting water for domestic purposes followed me up from the spring at the foot of the hill, to the hydrant in the courthouse yard.
One day an old negro came into the office and said, "Boss, won't you write a letter for me?" He preaced his letter by telling me of the recent death of his wife, and of having seen on the street, as he passed to his lonely home, "a yaller gäl dat always spoke very comforting to him". To her he proceeded to dictate his letter which closed as follows, "If you will marry me I will be de happiest nigger in Virginia, but if you don't, den I will shurly die and my spirit will come back and hover over you, and haunt you, like the eagle hovers over de mountain".

BACK TO NORWOOD TO EARN MONEY

As the spring came on my money completely gave out, and I returned to Norwood. The Ribbles in the meanwhile had moved to Wytheville, where the doctor was engaged in his practice.

At Norwood I hired myself to Julian Brown, who kept the store at the foot of the hill on which our house was located. This store still stands almost opposite Christ Church, Norwood.

The contract called for the payment of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, with room and board. I do not recall why it was that I was expected to sleep at the store unless it was to help guard the old place from burglars who might think of entering it, not knowing what it contained.
This experience was most valuable to me as it brought me very closely in contact with all sorts and conditions of people. Incidentally I contracted chills and fever, learned how to dance the dances which are danced no more, consisting chiefly of the old Virginia Reel, and what was called the "polka". About every other day I would have a chill, and about every other night I would go to a dance.

When the winter came on I attended night school down at Norwood High School, which had been disbanded, and where only old Mr. Talbott, from Ohio, who had purchased the school and made a failure of running it, resided.

Mr. Talbott was a learned school master, but an ignorant Yankee in the South. He made himself somewhat unpopular by his views freely expressed with reference to social intercourse with the negroes. He began by acting in accord with the honesty of his convictions, and even went so far as to ask several negroes in the neighborhood to dine at his house. This, however, did not last very long, as one of them stole all of his silver spoons, and another one took some of the few clothes that he had in the house, which resulted in his conversion to the southern point of view.

**ROANOKE FOR GRADUATION**

While at Roanoke College I volunteered to hold Sunday afternoon service in the city jail. The prisoners
were mostly negroes. When not locked in their cells they occupied a common living room, and it was a very common one. The jail was old and very poorly ventilated and when the summer came on, the Sunday afternoon service became somewhat trying.

On one Sunday afternoon, after I had been admitted into the jail and the door locked behind me, the jailer proceeded to forget that I was there and took his family out in the country to spend the afternoon. Whether anybody was left at home I do not know. The jailer had the key and did not return until sometime after dark. The time spent from the conclusion of the service at about four o'clock in the afternoon until the jailer returned after eight was an experience which has managed without great difficulty to linger in my memory.

In those bygone days fraternity life was decidedly conspicuous on the campus and a strong rivalry existed between the fraternity and the organized anti-fraternity groups. The fraternities had each been permitted to lay off a flower bed on the college campus which was fenced in and in which the flower bed was laid off in the shape of the fraternity badge, with the Greek letters shown in varied colored flowers. They were kept up through fraternity pride with scrupulous care.

While at Roanoke I became a member of Beta Duteron Chapter of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. We
held our meetings at the home of Paul Nugent, whose family then owned the handsome residence in the east end of Salem.

There are certain incidents connected with my college life which have remained vividly in my memory, through the passing years.

Dr. Fous was the portly and learned teacher of ancient languages. He was a smiling and kindly old gentleman, a doctor of divinity in the Lutheran Church. He knew Latin, but if he had ever known he had succeeded in forgetting the majority of his knowledge of human nature.

It became the custom in the class for the students to count ahead the lines which would be translated out of the Latin, and we had come to know the number of sentences which would fall to each man so perfectly well that the last man on the bench could easily determine what sentences he would be called to translate. The only men, therefore, who had any special difficulty in translating the Latin, as we all had vocabularies in the back of the book, were the first three men called on in the class.

This was usually the case, but on one occasion I can well remember that Frank Ribble, who was in the class at that time, upon counting ahead found after hasty and diligent application that he was entirely unable to translate the portion of the lesson which he knew would be arrived at when he was called on. Two benches
ran around the room. Frank, upon ascertaining his inability to translate his sentences, slipped down from the bench on which he was sitting and sought to hide himself behind the bench in front of him. The doctor, however, knew the order in which the man invariably sat, and without lifting his eyes, when the man occupying the place next to the vacancy left by Ribble had finished his translation, said "Now, Mr. Ribble, go on". There was prolonged and unbroken silence. And the Doctor said again, "Now, Mr. Ribble, why don't you go on?" And still getting no response he looked up and saw the vacant place. "Where", said the doctor, "is Mr. Ribble? He was sitting there in his place when the class began, and I have not seen him leave the room." Then getting up, and adjusting his spectacles, he bent over his portly self and the bench, and discovered Ribble crouched on the floor. The old doctor broke into a merry laugh and said, "Now, Mr. Ribble, get up and go on."

To Dr. Fox, of the faculty of Roanoke College, I feel that I owe more than to any man under whose inspiration and teaching I came during my College and Seminary course, with the possible exception of Dr. Carl E. Grammer of the Virginia Seminary.

Dr. Fox had the habit of calling on members of the class to stand and to reproduce before the class the argument contained in the whole chapter assigned in Christian Evidences or in Guizot's History of Civilization or in Political Economy. He then called on some other man to
criticize the lecture and to supplement by what the first student called on had left out. Afterwards the whole class was called on to criticize and supplement. No student could at all tell that he would not be called on because he had been called on the day before. Instances were known where the same student was called on three days in succession, and then called on to be the second lecturer perhaps a day or two afterwards. The doctor seemed instinctively to know which students were calculating on not being liable to be called on the second time.

Dr. Wells, of the Science department, was an interesting teacher, and exceedingly caustic in speech. He always walked around the campus with his eyes shut, or seemingly shut, and his cane hanging down behind like an animal's tail. He was professor of mathematics and of the sciences.

I can well remember the look of astonishment upon the face of Dr. Wells when walking down the side aisles of the Chapel one morning. With his eyes partly closed as usual, and with his cane hanging down behind, he walked into the rear end of a cow, which had been put by some devilish student in the College Chapel, and driven halfway up the narrow side aisle. The only way by which Dr. Wells and the service could proceed was by driving the cow up the rest of the aisle, up to and over the platform, and down the aisle on the other side.
I graduated from Roanoke with the degree of Master of Arts in June, 1888, just a week before my twentieth birthday.

**FIRST YEAR AFTER GRADUATION**

Having graduated from Roanoke College I found myself possessed of a diploma, and quite a number of bills payable, with no money with which to pay them.

Whereupon I took the agency for Mark Twain's "Wit and Humor of the Age" and a teacher's reference Bible, went to Roanoke city, and started my career as a book agent.

It was a hot and sultry summer. I soon found that the clientele which it was most profitable to cultivate lived in the lower streets and in the more humble and poverty-stricken sections of the town. Bibles and "Wit and Humor" seemed to make appeal to the seamy side of life. My chief obstructions with which I met in pursuit of my chosen vocation were dogs and typhoid fever, both of which were raging in Roanoke at that time.

On one occasion I was met by a curly-haired, sunny-faced child at the door of one of the houses which I visited. She noticed the package which I had under my arm, ran into the house, and announced to her mother that there was an ugly old book-agent at the door. From the distant washtub I got my marching orders, and proceeded to try to sell books elsewhere.
It was really quite a lot of fun, and I must confess that I read more from Mark Twain that I did from St. Paul.

The book sold and at the end of six weeks I had made a sufficient amount of money to pay the debts carried over from my last year in College.

Speaking of my last year in College recalls to mind that on the summer previous I had gone to the University of Virginia and matriculated as a student there in the Department of Law with the intention of taking a summer law course under John B. Minor, senior.

I attended lectures for about two weeks and was then advised that if I was not to take the university course the following winter but return to College for my graduation, that it would be better to wait and take the summer course the next year and the winter course in law immediately following.

These plans never materialized, for, just prior to Christmas, during my last year at Roanoke College, I determined to enter the ministry. This determination was somewhat climactic in its nature. It was the one thing that I didn't want to do, and yet it seemed always to be pressing in upon me as a subject which had to be considered.

I did my best to suppress any voice which seemed to sound as though it might be the voice of a clear call to the ministry of the Church. I stopped going to
the Y. M. C. A. For a time I entirely stopped going to Church. I danced furiously. I tried to be mildly wild (although I was never led at any time to resort to strong drink of any kind).

I can well remember the night when, having cussed myself out and called myself an arrant coward, I sat down and drew a straight line down the middle of a sheet of paper, and on one side I wrote the reasons why I should go into the ministry, and on the other the reasons why I didn't want to. And then sat, and looked at that sheet of paper, until, becoming thoroughly ashamed of myself, I put my decision in to balance the sheet, tore it up, and went home at Christmas time and announced my intention.

This decision took me to Richmond in September of 1889. My Uncle, Thomas M. Rutherford, had strenuously insisted that it was my duty to train myself for business or for farming and get to work as soon as possible to help support my mother. When he found that I had determined to go into the ministry, he asked me to come to Richmond and to stay at his home for a year while I attended Richmond College. I found out afterwards that his chief reason for doing this was in order that I might get a taste of city life and see some of the things that I wouldn't enjoy if I decided to go into the ministry. He sent me to the theatre, entertained me sumptuously every day, insisted on my seeing something of Richmond social life, paid all of my expenses at College, and gave me the opportunity of
studying Greek under old Professor Harris, the most distinguished Greek teacher at that time in the South, and he also gave me the opportunity of studying polite manners, especially table manners, under Aunt Laura.

In order to devote my time almost exclusively to Greek and literary society work, I took two subjects in which I had just graduated in College, which enabled me to copy all of Dr. Harris' notes for his four year course in Greek. This was very valuable to me as I had taken practically no Greek at Roanoke College.

While at Richmond College I founded the RHO GHI Chapter of the PHI GAMMA DELTA Fraternity, and took the Debater's Medal in the MU SIGMA RHO LITERARY SOCIETY, which was a very large star encircled by a band of gold on which was embossed a wreath of laurel of green gold. As a part of the process of winning the Debater's Medal I sought and secured a new method of appointing judges from the city, who were to decide upon the merits of the debate. Up to that time the judges had been students appointed by the Society. Under this system, fraternity and non-fraternity spirit very largely controlled results.
In the fall of 1880 I left my home in Wytheville to enter the Theological Seminary in Virginia. I can not now remember whether I walked out or rode out from Alexandria, but one thing I can distinctly remember, and that is that although I arrived at the Seminary in the late afternoon, I got there just in time to see the sun rise. In some unaccountable way the road had twisted around so that the west seemed to be east. Having once gotten wrongly orientated, I was never during my whole three years at the Seminary, nor have I been ever able since, to twist the sun around so that it would rise and set in the proper place.

On the first night at the Seminary I climbed the cupola and looked down upon the forest in which the Seminary is embosomed, and out to the lights of Washington gleaming in the distance. I can well recall the thoughts and feelings which came to me in those silent moments lit with the light of spirit-enthralled emotions.

The faculty of the Seminary at that time consisted of the venerable Dr. Joseph Packard, who had already been at the Seminary for over fifty years and was destined to linger for ten years longer. His presence was a benediction to us all.

The Reverend Doctor Cornelius Walker was
professor of Systematic Divinity. Age and infirmity were creeping fast upon him. His voice was very faint, but his mind was exceedingly clear and given to most accurate processes of thinking. I made it a point to get a seat in his classroom immediately to his left, where I was able to hear without trouble, the truth communicated through his feeble voice.

Dr. Kinloch Nelson was professor of Greek and was much beloved by us all.

While Dr. Crawford, the professor of Hebrew, proved himself a close and constant friend and during my Seminary days I came to be greatly devoted to him and to his wife at whose home I spent many happy hours.

The most brilliant teacher of our time at the Seminary was Dr. Carl E. Grammer, who taught incidentally or indirectly, every course in the Seminary except Hebrew.

It would take too long to mention in detail the characteristics of my classmates. To some of them I became especially attached. Fred Ribble, my cousin, was, of course, peculiarly close to me. The others I could not mention without invidious distinction, except to say that we all had a lot of fun with dear old David Funsten Ward, whose ministry after leaving the Seminary was shortened by his early death.
The other members of the class of 1893 were

Thomas Perry Baker
Charles Henry Lee, Jr.
Thomas Deane Lewis
John Smith Lightbourne
James Daniel Miller
Frederick Goodwin Ribble
Charles Byfield Sparks
Arthur Conover Thomson
David Funsten Ward
Henry Wingate
Arthur Kirby Fenton
Walden Myer
James Mitchell Magruder
John Scott Meredith
Charles Nesbit
G. Sherman Richards.

The senior class of my junior year had among its members three men who have won great distinction in the Church and who were an inspiration to all the men in the Seminary—James Addison Ingle—William Cabell Brown—and Ernest M. Stires. With two of these men, Brown and Stires, it was my privilege to be closely associated in after years.
My room during my whole course at the Seminary was on the second floor of Aspinwall Hall, looking over the Potomac, and the second room from the end of the hall next to the Chapel.

During my last two years, Robert Kell had the room next to me. When I had a very severe spell of grippe I felt in the night that I was about to become unconscious and knocked upon the wall. In response to this knock Kell waked up and came in. He gave me a drink of water which he partially revived me, but made the rest of the night somewhat gloomy by telling me that every friend he had who had had the grippe had either died or gone crazy.

My impressions of the Seminary have been recorded in the "History of the Theological Seminary in Virginia" which it was my privilege to write.

There were a few personal incidents, however, which remain very clearly in my memory.

During my first year at the Seminary I was assigned to Langly Mission, located in Fairfax county, about twelve miles from the Seminary. I went to this Mission every Sunday, hiring a horse from old man Cleveland for which the Mission paid. Returning Sunday afternoon, I frequently held a service in the old Colonial Falls Church, which lingers in my memory chiefly from the fact that I had to listen to every word of my sermons there after I had preached them, as they came back to me through the echo.

I remember with gratitude the kindness of the
people at Langley, but by reason of some psychological quirk the event which lingers most clearly in my memory in connection with the Langley Mission was a dog-fight, which occurred on Sunday morning while the service was in progress, between a big mastiff at the head of the aisle, and a little Fice dog who came prancing up the aisle and was left undisturbed until he got between the mastiff and the chancel rail, when there was a horrible growl from the mastiff and a horrible squeak from the little dog. They rushed down underneath the pews on the right hand side of the Church, the big dog after the little one, and everybody on that side of the Church standing up on the seats of the pews until the big dog chased the little dog out of Church.

This, and the coming of a deaf man into the Church with an ear trumpet like a megaphone which he brought with him, together with a chair, and sat down in the center of the main aisle immediately in front of me while I was preaching from the chancel rail, and stuck the ear trumpet to within two feet of me shortly after I had begun my sermon; together with being called a "damn liar" by an insane member of my Sunday afternoon congregation at the Eastern State Hospital in Williamsburg, were the three most disconcerting experiences which I have had since entering the ministry. Of course I managed during the Seminary to confine myself rather closely to my work, enjoying or suffering only one scene during the whole course.
--Fifty-three.

This occurred in my senior year, and was occasioned by the beauty and charm of Miss Annie Hoxton, and it may be said that I was not the only student of the Seminary who tried to persuade her that she was called to the ministry.

During my senior year at the Seminary, I was assigned to take charge of Zion Church at Fairfax Court House, the parish being without a minister at that time. The parish contained many refined and cultured people and the experience was most valuable.

Among those whom I came then to know, and whose friendship I have cherished through the subsequent years, was Mr. R. Walton Moore, now representative from that district in the Congress of the United States, and in my opinion unexcelled by any other man in the state for his patriotism and his devotion to high ideals in public life.

I was ordained to the diaconate at the Seminary in June, 1883.

I had always said that I would never teach. The first position offered me upon graduation at Roanoke was the headmastership of a boys' school, and the assignment of the Bishop of Southern Virginia led me almost immediately into the professorship in the Bishop Payne Divinity School for colored students, located in Petersburg, near St. John's Church where Bishop Randolph sent me to serve my diaconate.
LIFE AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PETERSBURG.

My predecessor in St. John's Church, Petersburg, and in the Bishop Payne Divinity School, was my uncle, the Reverend Robert A. Goodwin, who had shortly before left to become rector of old St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia.

The work at St. John's, Petersburg, was exceedingly vital. The parish was composed almost exclusively of the extreme poor. There were not more than three families in the Church who owned their own homes. Most of the people earned their living working in the cotton factories, tobacco factories, and the trunk factories, of the city.

There were five bar rooms within one square of the Church. I soon came to know the men who kept these bars and also the men who kept them running. The facts given me as the basis for a sermon I preached on "Hard Times in Fifty Ward, and the Principal Cause of Them", which I attributed to the drink evil, were all given me by the bar-keeper whose place of business was diagonally across the street from my Church, and he came to hear the sermon, as did most of the other bar-keepers and their patrons.

It was in a panic year and the fact that the sermon had been advertised produced a most astonishing congregation which filled the Church and all the
windows looking into the Church, and the yard and street around the Church.

The point of the sermon was to show that most of the poverty in the parish resulted from the drink evil, which was unquestionably the truth. As I refrained from abusing the bar-keepers and the bar patrons, what I had to say was kindly received and I think ultimately did good, as the man who gave me the facts shortly afterwards gave up his bar business.

In the effort to counteract the evils resulting from the neighboring bar-rooms we rented a vacant house about half a square above the Church and turned it into a reading room and men's club room. It supplied just exactly the need which was unconsciously felt by the men in that section of the city. They flocked to it in large numbers. It gave them some place other than the bar-rooms for their meetings and for their social intercourse.

I shall never forget the night when I took a visiting clergyman up to show him these rooms and ran into a riot which had been perciptitated by Juney Quarles, one of the neighborhood bar-keepers who, himself, had gotten drunk, and had gone out with a pistol to hunt for his political rival whom he thought was in the reading room. He burned over the tables, shot out the lights and windows, and turned everybody out of the house. Not finding the man for whom he was hunting, he went on up the street, threatening to come back.
with my clerical friend I found Mr. Hawkins, who
had charge of the reading rooms, and who lived with
his family in the upper part of the house, standing
out on the street in front of the closed and darkened
rooms with a shotgun waiting for the return of Mr.
Quarles. I made him go in and lock the house up and
told the crowd to disperse, which they did. The next
morning Mr. Quarles arrived in a very penitent frame
of mind at the rectory to make his confession and to
ask forgiveness. He had been arrested and was to
appear in court at ten o'clock. I was summoned as a
witness, but refused to make charges against him in
addition to the ones with which he had been charged
by the policeman who arrested him, namely, of disorderly
conduct on the street. As a result of this I won his
lasting gratitude. He fixed up the reading rooms, in-
sisted on putting in a good many improvements, paid the
bill, and told me if I ever had any trouble to send for
him.

This friendship lasted throughout all the
years of my life in Petersburg, and later on at a time
of a very exciting election in which he was the leader
of one of the rival parties, he and the other bar-
keeper who was his political rival, both agreed on me
as a man who would be acceptable to both factions as a
judge of elections.

I accepted the position and was present dur-
ing one of the most exciting elections which had ever taken
place in the city. I exacted from Quarles the promise, on his word of honor, that he would not touch a drop of whiskey until after sunset on election day. He afterwards told me when he found the election going against him that he would have shot up the place if he hadn't known that I was inside.

There was an understrata of kindness and capacities of affection and good feeling in most of these men which when appealed to brought out the finer and better sides of their nature.

While at St. John's we had Sunday School in the morning at nine o'clock, service at eleven, Sunday School in the afternoon at four, and service at eight. Two Sundays in the month I drove to Chester, fourteen miles away, and held service in the Chapel there. In addition to this parish work I taught five hours every day in the week except Saturday in the Bishop Payne Divinity School, and was responsible for raising from seven to eight thousand dollars a year with which to conduct the School and also the money with which to build the new St. John's Church.

When I went to Petersburg the Church was a very plain wooden structure on the rear of the lot which had been left vacant for the purpose of a hoped-for building. I was able to secure the funds and erect the present brick building on this lot, and to have the Church consecrated before leaving Petersburg.

Dr. D. M. Brown, Mr. Roederton, and Miss Eliza
Wright were the three most faithful layworkers in St. John's in those days. They have all long since been called to rest and service in the paradise of God.

Mr. Partin, who then kept a drug store just across from the Church, while not an Episcopalian was greatly interested in the Church building. It had been our plan to build a tower only up to where it cut through the roof. To my joy and astonishment, Mr. Partin asked me one day why we were roofing the tower over at that point, and when I told him, he said that he did not want to have to look at anything like that all the time and he told me to finish it and send him the bill.

While in Petersburg it was my privilege to aid, by appearing before the Legislature of Virginia, in the interest of a law prohibiting little children from working all night in the cotton mills.

We had great difficulty in getting competent teachers for our Sunday Schools, and for a good many years were unable to get anyone to teach the Men's Bible Class. On one Sunday morning when eighteen or twenty men had assembled in the Bible class room with no teacher, they agreed to march in body to the home of Mr. Bernard Mann who lived just east of the churchyard and urge him to be their teacher.

The experience of teaching in the Bishop Payne Divinity School was of invaluable benefit. Truth had to be made very simple to these students and the thought
and study necessary to present the truths of
redemption to these earnest but uncultured people
demanded clearness of thought and simplicity of lan-
guage, or else there was a complete failure to secure
results.

While serving as financial secretary of the
School it became my duty to lead the fight for the
Bishop Payne Divinity School against King Hall in
Washington, at a time when the authorities in the
mission society of the Church were disposed to concen-
trade at King Hall, which we of the South felt would
be a most serious disaster to the negro men preparing
for the ministry of the Church. We won the fight and
secured the continuance of the Petersburg School.

It would be a most unfair and untrue inference
from what has been said with reference to my schedule
of work for any reader of this autobiography to assume
that I was devoting my time during the first year of
my ministry exclusively to parochial and school duties.

I had not been long in Petersburg before
seeing one day in the book store of Mr. T. S. Beckwith, a
graceful and beautiful girl who had come to the store with
a friend to look over some music, from which task she
sufficiently diverted herself to look me over. I knew
what was going on, because I could overhear the whispered
conversation of Mr. Beckwith who shortly came over to
where I was and took me over and introduced me to these two girls. One of them, Evelyn Tanner, subsequently became Mrs. Goodwin.

We were married in St. Paul's Church, Petersburg by Bishop Randolph, Dr. Claudius Haines, the rector, Rev. John Ridout, Rev. Dr. Edward Goodwin, Rev. Robert A. Goodwin, Rev. J. F. Ribble, and the Reverend F. G. Ribble. It was the only wedding with which I ever had anything to do which took place five minutes before the appointed time. Miss Tanner's home was immediately behind St. Paul's Church and her brother insisting that the wedding must start on time, started the procession sufficiently ahead of time to make a very large number of people who intended to be present at the wedding arrive at the Church when the ceremony was practically over.

Upon getting married we lived in two rooms in St. John's rectory and boarded with Mrs. Graves who at that time was renting the house. In this house were born Evelyn, and Katherine, and Ruth Goodwin.

Evelyn having decided to enter into human existence on Sunday, was considerate enough to come on a Sunday when Mr. J. Thomson Cole, secretary of the American Church Missionary Society, had an appointment to preach. I can well remember this, and also the vigorous and vociferous protest made by her on the occasion of her baptism into the Holy Catholic Church. Katherine made a normal and unexciting entrance into existence and was always as excellent a child as the family has ever had.
to begin his varied human activities that he arrived before the doctor did.

We boarded with Mrs. Graves only a year after which we kept house in St. John's rectory. There were two elm trees in the yard, and a mimosa tree near the street. In the summer the weather was frequently extremely hot, and I can well remember one Sunday night after a day of sweltering heat, we were all sitting out under the stars and under the trees. The day had been an exceedingly trying one on my wife. The children had been very fretful, and there had been no one to help. But now the quiet and the peace of the evening had come. Katherine, who was then perhaps six or seven years old, was lying on the grass looking up at the sky. She turned to her mother and said, "Is the moon the mother of all the stars, because if she is she must have a mighty hard time on Sunday afternoon when the nurse goes off".

During the summers we usually went either to Wytheville or to Lowrey in Bedford county, for the month of August. In those days there was generally a gathering of the whole Goodwin clan in the elastic house at the head of Main Street in Wytheville, every crevice of which was filled from the garret to the cellar, as were also the rooms in what was called the "office" outside. Dr. Ribble and his family of nine children lived in the home on the other side of the
fence, as he had lived in the home on the other side of
the fence in Nelson.

While in Petersburg I was called to be the
assistant in Kinsolving's church in Brooklyn, called to
Galveston, Texas, and to be the associate rector in
Ogontz, Pennsylvania.
WILLIAMSBURG

While these and other things were going on in the little sphere of my life in Petersburg, stirring events were transpiring in ecclesiastical circles in Williamsburg. Students were painting the horse of the rector green, and the rector was making the air lurid with implications and anathemas denounced on Williamsburg and institutions in general.

I did not feel then, nor do I feel now, called upon to pass on the merits of this controversy. But it was a controversy that split Williamsburg wide in two and even divided families.

The courts of the Church and the courts of the State were drawn into the difficulty, and finally I was. For, when at last the rector was removed, or removed himself, I was called to the parish and urged by Bishop Randolph to accept.

The former rector wrote me a letter of twenty pages or more, giving me the reasons why I should not go to Williamsburg, and stating in detail the conditions which would confront me, which seemed so deplorably bad that I wrote him that if I had had any doubt in the world about coming, his letter had convinced me that there was no place which seemed to require the service of a Christian minister to a larger degree, and that I had decided to come.
---Sixty-four.

A condition was made with my vestry at the outset, that no reference should ever be made in the vestry or by any vestryman outside, of conditions precedent, and this condition was faithfully fulfilled from the beginning of my ministry in Williamsburg to its end.

On the first morning after my arrival, as I left the rectory, a gentleman on the opposite side of the street, who had been sitting under a large mimosa tree, rose up and beckoned me with his cane to come across the street. He met me with the statement that he had been sitting on that bench for two hours, watching for me to come out of the house, as he wanted to tell me the truth about the situation in the Church before the damn liars on the other side got hold of me.

I told him of the promise that I had exacted from my vestry and that it would be manifestly unfair for me to get information from others which I had declined to receive from them, and then asked him if he had been in the Battle of Williamsburg. Some strange intuition told me that he was a fighting man, and so it happened that from nine o'clock until lunch-time he fought over the whole Civil War, and took out on the Yankees the wrath and indignation which he had kept stored up to pour upon the rival factions in the Church row. From that day to the end he was my staunch and
devoted friend, but never once did he make any effort whatsoever to bring up the question of the row in the Church.

When I had been in Williamsburg several years the old town became very much agitated over the question of paving the Duke of Gloucester Street, some one having presumed to suggest that this should be done.

By many the suggestion was repudiated with indignation. They said that WASHINGTON, and JEFFERSON, and MARSHALL, and MONROE, had walked in the mud, and it was presumptuous for the modern up-starts to insist that they were too good to do it.

While this agitation was at its height and absorbing the undivided attention of the people, I wrote the following statement and question:

"The Duke of Gloucester Street is one mile long from the College to the Capitol. How deep is it, allowing six inches that you go down in the mud for every eighteen inches that you step forward?"

In the center of the ancient city of Williamsburg is a mulberry tree which stands just out in front of the office of Mr. H. D. Cole. On this mulberry tree from time immemorial there has been a bulletin board and for many years it was the chief means for conveying to the people of the city the news of the outside world. Anybody who saw anything in a paper that seemed to be of general interest would cut it out and paste it on the board.
The rectory in which I was living was next door to Mr. Cole's office. I tacked my question on the board, went into the rectory, and watched for results. The first man who came along was the superintendent of the Williamsburg schools. He stopped, read the notice, took his spectacles off, wiped them, and having put them on read the notice over again. He looked up the street, and down the street, and seeing no observers he proceeded to pull the tacks out of the board, took my notice down, folded it up, and put it in his pocket. As I watched this procedure I thought that it was a strange thing for him to do, but said nothing, as I did not want my connection with the matter known.

By the end of that day, what had been attached to the bulletin board was all over town. The superintendent had taken the problem as one of the arithmetic problems of the school and through the children it went all over town. It may have been of the forces contributory to the getting of the greatly needed sidewalks.

There was living in Williamsburg in those days a Baptist minister of a sensational disposition of mind. As was the custom he took his turn one week in the month in conducting the prayers in the College chapel. As he passed up the street from his home to the College he would pause at the bulletin board and see if there was anything of sensational interest of which notice was
given, and if he found any item which appealed to
the sensational disposition of his mind he would
invariably weave it into his prayers at the College
chapels.

On one occasion, having seen the notice of
the destruction of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, by the flood,
he thanked the Lord in his College prayers that Williams-
burg had been spared from the most disastrous flood which
had taken place since the days of Noah. Immediately
after chapel there was, of course, a wild rush of the
College students downtown to the bulletin board to find
out the ground and reason for the parson's prayer of
thanksgiving.

It was this same minister who announced in the
opening of one of his prayers "We prostrate ourselves
before Thy foot (excuse me, Lord, I mean feet), this
morning to offer our humble supplications".

Speaking of disseminating news, the method in
vogue in Williamsburg at that time of giving notices
for funerals, was to send an old negro around to every
home with a copy of the Bible in which the notice of the
funeral was written and placed, with thin oorpe over it.
in the Bible at the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians.
A northern lady, who was at the time boarding at the home
of Mrs. Hemley, going to the door in response to the
ringing of the bell and thinking that the old man was a
book agent, insisted that she didn't want to buy a Bible
and it was only after quite a good deal of persuasion that the dignified old negro persuaded her to look into the book so far as to be able to see the notice of the funeral which she was being invited to attend.

It had been agreed with the vestry of Bruton Parish Church that an effort would be made to restore the old Church to its Colonial form and appearance.

Soon after coming into the parish, I therefore began a study of the history of the Church, which resulted in the publication of the "Historical Notes of Bruton Parish Church" in which book I included a transcript of the vital statistics of the old Parish. From far and near funds were secured for the restoration, and in doing this work I came to know many who in subsequent years came to be my most close and devoted friends. Among them was the Reverend Dr. William R. Huntington of Grace Church, New York, who consented to act as chairman of the advisory committee of the restoration, secured the services of Mr. J. Stewart Barney as architect of the restoration, and gave me contacts with many helpful people.

The restoration was finished in time to have the service of dedication while the General Convention was assembled in Richmond in October, 1907, at which time the Bible given by King Edward VII and the lectern given by President Roosevelt were presented.

At the service chosen representatives from the dioceses within the bounds of the thirteen original
states took part. The Bible was presented by the Lord Bishop of London, and the lecturn by the Bishop of Washington who insisted on saying that it had been given to hold the book presented by "King Henry the Eighth"! This caused Bishop Randolph to lean over and whisper "Satterlee is wool gathering". The Bishop of St. Alban's preached to the crowd assembled in the churchyard who could not gain entrance to the Church. There were perhaps from two to three thousand people in the churchyard, special trains having been run from Richmond and Norfolk for the occasion.

One of the scenes associated with this service has remained vividly in my memory. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who was among those who came to the rectory after the service, for luncheon, wanted to drive around town. It was before the days of automobiles in Williamsburg. The only vehicle which could be requisitioned was a spring wagon owned by Professor Hugh Bird of the College, which was standing in front of the house, it having arrived with the ice-cream for the luncheon. I loaded Mr. Morgan and Dr. Huntington, and Bishop Lawrence into the wagon and swung in the back of it, and took them on a tour of inspection over town and up to the College of William and Mary. Afterwards Mr. Morgan, not knowing to whom the wagon belonged, and being deeply impressed with the neglected and torn and disheveled condition of the harness, suggested to me, through Bishop Lawrence, that he would be glad to give a new set of harness, as a token of appreciation, to the man
who lent us the spring wagon. But when I told him that he was one of the Professors at the College, a note of appreciation to the Professor was substituted for the new set of harness for the horse.

Upon completion of the restoration of the Church I wrote the second volume of the history of Bruton Parish, entitled "Bruton Parish Church Restored".

While in Williamsburg I made some of the lasting friendships of my life, especially with Mr. H. D. Cole with whom I spent every Sunday night after service; Dr. Foster, treasurer of the restoration fund. Mr. Cole and Dr. Foster had never gotten on well together, but both got on well with me. Dr. Garrett was my Senior Warden, and gave me my O. B. K. key when I was elected to the Alpha Chapter. Miss Mary Garrett was the devoted teacher of the College men's Bible class. With Dr. J. Lesslie Hall of the College I spent many happy evenings.

My association with the College was personal, pastoral, and also as one of the chaplains of the institution, for the ministers in town were taking the College Chapel services in rotation throughout the year.

When I left Williamsburg the students gave me a gold-headed cane which was presented by my very close friend, James S. Wilson, now Professor of English at the University of Virginia. It was an old man's cane of black ebony, and while the students doubtless thought me old enough to use it then, I have not yet thought myself old enough to feel entirely congenial with it.
Among the memories which come back to me of these early Williamsburg days, is one in connection with the service held to mark not so much the beginning of the restoration, as the passing of the old Church interior out of existence. This ceremonial service was arranged in order to conciliate the conservative members of the congregation who objected to any change whatsoever, insisting that the Church should be kept as they had always known it.

The Reverend Dr. Beverley D. Tucker, then rector of St. Paul's Church, Norfolk, was invited to preach the sermon. The services were held at four o'clock in the afternoon. Immediately after the service in the morning, a representative of the Hutchins-Votey Organ people of Boston had gone into the organ room to see what parts could be rebuilt into the organ for the new Church. The old organ which had come down from colonial days had undergone many local repairs. Parts of it had been tied together with wires and parts with shoestrings. I do not know exactly what happened inside of that organ. It remained quiescent until the beginning of the evening service. Then, however, Mrs. Jones put her fingers upon the keyboard to play the opening hymn, the organ gave a long and horrible moan, and passed into eternal silence.

This was the beginning of horror. A thunderstorm came up, and a dog and a cat took refuge under the Church, and began to dispute with each other the sole possession of this refuge from the storm. The air became black with lightning, and a great hailstorm came down. If you were in that organ room on this occasion it was a thrilling experience.
darkness so that it was impossible longer to read the service. I called for the sexton who was seated at his place behind the organ in the gallery, where it was his duty to sit and pump the organ which now no longer needed pumping, as it refused to hold within its broken bellows any more air.

At my call William emerged from the gallery and walked down the front aisle. What on earth had possessed him I have never known. But he had dressed that afternoon in a pair of white duck trousers, a white coat, white shoes, a white collar, and a white necktie, and in this garb he emerged from the darkness and climbed up a ladder to light the lamps in the chandelier. After which the service proceeded to its end. The conservatives insisted that it was all an omen of disaster. This, however, should be said for their credit, that on the following morning even those who had been opposed to the restoration reported to perform the last rites incident to the removal of the cushions and books and furniture prior to the beginning of the work of restoration. The story of the restoration is told in my history of the Parish, to which reference has been made, and does not need to be repeated here.

While in Williamsburg my second son, William Archer, was born, but lived only a year, and is buried in Bruton Parish Churchyard. His birth marked the beginning of the physical illness which some years later resulted in the death of his mother who died in Rochester and was
brought back and interred in the churchyard in Bruton.

I think it was in the summer of 1806 that my wife went to Murray Bay, Canada, with her sister, Lizzie Tannor. While she was away I was invited to be one of the teachers at the Richfield Springs, New York, Summer Conference. At this time Rutherford was about four years old, Katherine about seven, and Evelyn about nine or ten.

Without a nurse I started off from Williamsburg with the three children for Richfield Springs. We went down to Old Point, where we were invited to take lunch at the Chamberlain Hotel with Mr. Adams the manager. We had a table about the center of the dining room. The napkins which were on the table were very large. As the lunch was drawing to its close, I left the children and went into another part of the dining room to speak to some one whom I had recognized, and when I returned I found the three children all sitting down on the dining room floor, much to the amusement of the guests, absorbed in the process of trying to fold up these large napkins exactly as they had been folded at the first, with Evelyn superintending the job.

We took the boat to New York and arrived at Richfield Springs the next afternoon. The trip had been hurriedly arranged and no rooms had been engaged. I found it almost impossible to find any place
where I could get rooms for myself and the children, as children were taboo. It was not until late in the evening that I succeeded in finding two rooms in a private house. Here we settled down, taking our meals at an inn down the center of the town. The children made very quickly made friends for themselves, and in the mornings when I had to be at the School they played in the Richfield Springs Park. Rutherford was adopted by the director of the Band, given a flute, and all through the summer thought that he was playing with the band every morning and afternoon. Evelyn and Katherine played around on the grass near the bandstand.

On one occasion Rutherford sang a solo, accompanied by the chief violinist, the song being "The two little girls in blue".

A girl in Richfield, Miss Molly Seaton, became very much attached to the children and devoted herself very largely to looking after them.

One day, during my absence at the Conference, Rutherford was taken into a drugstore, where a large number of people were assembled, to be given ice-cream by some one of his friends. When I found him, shortly after, he had his pocket full of money and when I asked him where he got it, he said that he had preached a sermon and taken up a collection. Upon investigation I found that he had been put up on
a counter and had preached a sermon on "Noah and the animals going into the Ark". Some one had suggested that he take up a collection and had loaned him a hat, and he had passed it around with lucrative results.

During my residence as a clergyman in Southern Virginia I served for a number of years as secretary of the diocese. This service began in the effort to assist the Reverend Thomas Spencer while I was living in Petersburg, Mr. Spencer's health having become so infirm that he was no longer able to do the active work of the diocesan secretary.

Mr. Spencer one day protested against clerical vacations, on which occasion he said that he had never felt the need of a vacation. He was a man who was very slow of speech, and I reminded him that he always took a vacation between every two words which he spoke. I fortunately knew him well enough to say this and get a laugh as a result.

My work as secretary brought me in close personal contact with Bishop Randolph, concerning whose absent-mindedness many stories have been told. These stories were generally current through the diocese. We all knew that he had been accosted by the conductor of the train on which he was riding three times in close succession, the conductor being anxious each time to inquire after the health of the
conductor's wife and his family. When finally the Bishop insisted on paying his carfare, not being able to find his ticket, the conductor told him that he would certainly find it and could give it to him later on, and asked the Bishop where he was going. To which question the Bishop replied that "the tragedy of the situation consisted in the fact that the place where he was going was written on the ticket".

We had all laughed over the story told by Bishop Tucker of the fatherly advice given him by Bishop Randolph immediately after his, Bishop Tucker's, consecration to the Episcopate, when Bishop Randolph tenderly putting his arm around Tucker's shoulder said to him, "Tucker, you mustn't ever try to carry an umbrella now that you are a Bishop, as you will find it a source of very constant humiliation."

We had also laughed over the very vivid description given by Bishop Tucker of the occasion when Bishop Randolph had changed his trousers on the train, covering himself up during the process with an old shawl which he always carried when he travelled to protect him from the weather. Bishop Tucker had watched the performance with great anxiety, fearing that Bishop Randolph was sick, and when he reached over to inquire what was the matter, Bishop Randolph said to him, "Now, Tucker, I don't believe that you could do that". Upon being asked what he had done
he replied, that he had changed his trousers under the shawl!

All the stories told on Bishop Randolph were, however, not in connection with his absentmindedness. We have heard of his comment, upon being told that a certain clergyman was an ass, when the Bishop quietly replied, "Yes, but he is a consecrated ass".

On one occasion, having been called by Bishop Randolph just prior to the meeting of the diocesan council, to help him with the preliminary preparations, he turned to me and asked if I had ever heard the report that was being circulated to the effect that he was absentminded? When I told him that the report was generally believed by the clergy in the diocese, he asked if I thought it was true, and upon being told that I did, he said that he was extremely glad, as, after mature consideration, he had become convinced that absentmindedness was an infallible sign of profound concentration of thought.

Concerning him we could well believe that his conclusion was true, for we all knew that in the American Episcopate there was no Bishop more profound and more eloquent as a preacher.

Shortly before leaving Williamsburg a committee of the vestry of Christ Church, Norfolk, appeared one Sunday morning in the Church, during a vacancy in the rectorship of that parish. I was afterwards told that I was not called because I read my sermon, and as far as I can recollect, it was one of perhaps a half-dozen occasions during my whole
ministry on which I had ever read my sermon from a manuscript. There may have been other and deeper reasons. At any rate I was not called to Christ Church, Norfolk.

The years spent in Williamsburg were happy years filled with many and varied duties. The financial responsibilities of the Bishop Payne Divinity School were still upon me. The responsibility for the raising of funds for the restoration of Bruton Parish gave me wide and interesting contacts. The work of writing the two histories of the parish led me into interesting fields of Colonial historical research. The work among the students of the College was always fascinating and delightful, and proved ultimately to have created the causes which, after thirteen years, led me back to Williamsburg again to become professor in the College.

In 1908 I was sent as a representative to the Pan-Angloan Congress in London, and was invited to preach a sermon at Bruton Parish Church in the county of Somerset, England. During the session of the Congress I had the honor of being the guest of the Bishop of London at Fulham Palace and had the privilege of being presented to HIS MAJESTY, KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH, and his QUEEN and to the Prince and Princess of Wales, at a Garden Party given by the Duchess of Marlborough. This presentation was arranged through His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, finding that I was present, suggested that I should, in person, thank the King for the
gift of the Bible, which I had asked the Archbishop to do for me and for the Church at Bruton.

It was an interesting occasion and one which required an explanation to my friends, as only archbishops and metropolitan bishops were being presented to His Majesty on this occasion. I have often been asked if I was not scared and my only answer then and since then is that I didn't have time to get scared.

The KING was very gracious and very democratic, and asked me how the people liked the Bible, to which I replied that the people seemed to listen with more marked reverence when the Lessons were being read from the book given by His Majesty.

This recalls a somewhat embarrassing correspondence which took place as a result of the letter written me by His Grace of Canterbury, saying that the KING had directed him to write requesting me to send the seal of Virginia to be used in the reverse binding of the Bible. To which letter I replied that I hesitated to comply with the request of His Majesty, as the seal of Virginia represented a very arrogant Virginian standing with his foot on the head of the King, with the motto "Sic Semper Tyrannis", but that I ventured to suggest, through His Grace to the King, that he might be pleased to use the colonial seal of Virginia which Charles the Second had given Virginia permission to adopt when in view of Her loyalty to the crown, during the period of the Commonwealth, Virginia having refused to acknowledge Cromwell, proclaimed Charles the Second King of Virginia, and accrossing him to the end, even when he was not King of England.
As a result of this loyalty, King Charles, upon his restoration permitted Virginia to use the seal with the motto "Behold Virginia gives to Great Britain her Fifth Crown". Upon the union of England and Scotland the motto had been changed to "En dat Virginia Quartan". This colonial seal was accepted by His Majesty and used in the binding of the book.

While in Williamsburg I was called to become secretary of the American Church Missionary Society with office in New York City, was called to Blacksburg, Virginia, and to Winchester, Virginia. The call to Winchester, however, came after I had received the call to become rector of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, New York, which was conveyed to me by Mr. Hiram Sibley, Mr. Granger Hollister, and Mr. Benjamin B. Chase, who came, with their wives, to attend the service in Bruton on the Sunday in March and ran into a blizzard and nearly froze to death at the Colonial Inn.
Having resigned the rectorship of Bruton Parish, I spent a week with my family in Charlottesville, where incidentally I called to see my old sweetheart who was living there as the wife of Dr. Williams.

I arrived in Rochester in time to take the service at St. Paul's on the Third Sunday after Trinity, which was on the 4th of July, 1908. Previous to going to Rochester as rector, I had gone incognito to see the lay of the land. Arriving in Rochester upon this occasion I was sent by the man at the information desk to the Osborn House as being the "leading hotel" of Rochester. Naturally desiring to see the Church I started out about nine o'clock on Saturday evening and arrived by following directions given at the "Happy Hour Moving Picture Theatre" on St. Paul Street, which had originally been St. Paul's Church, but which had been sold when the Church had moved uptown. My informant had doubtless not been to St. Paul's for about fifteen years. I have never had a good memory for names, but I do happen to remember that my informant on this occasion was named "Mr. Snake".

On the following morning I arrived at St. Paul's Church, shortly after the service had begun. I was dressed in citizen's clothes, and quietly went up the lefthand side aisle and took my seat about half way up the Church, just opposite where the tablet to the Soldiers who fell in the late War was ultimately placed.

The service was being conducted by the Reverend...
Mr. Zwicker, who had been the curate under Dr. Bartlett and was then in charge of the parish. Shortly after the service began, a little minister, with a long-tailed coat reaching down below his knees, entered the Church accompanied by his low, but by no means little, wife, as I am sure that she measured almost as much crossways as she did lengthways. They were ushered up the main aisle of the Church to the seat just in front of the pulpit. As the minister who had been called was expected that day, this parson, who was apparently the only parson present, was supposed to be myself. I had the pleasure of hearing the whispered comments of my nearby neighbors on the appearance of their perspective rector and his wife.

The life and work in St. Paul's Church, Rochester, was an entirely new departure. In Williamsburg if the Lord hadn't put something inside of you to make you wake up you would have slept forever. In Rochester it was exceedingly hard amid the many and varied duties and noises to find chance and opportunity to sleep at all.

In Williamsburg one was waked up in the morning by a man blowing into a seashell and then calling up to your window to know how many oysters you wanted. You told him that you wanted a pint or a quart, and threw out either fifteen cents or twenty-five cents to pay the bill. In Rochester one was waked by the siren calls of many factories.

The people were most cordial in their reception. It is interesting to recall that my first service
was on the 4th of July and on the third Sunday after Trinity. This incident gave me good authority for the southern use of the words "I reckon", as the first words which I was called to read in the service of the Church (Mr. Zwickler taking the communion at the eight o'clock service on my first Sunday as rector), were the opening words of the epistle "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed".

The children were very enthusiastic over the new experiences and the new house. We were met at the station by Mr. Granger Hollister in his big Packard car. It was the first time the children had ever been in an automobile.

For the first few days after moving into the rectory at 65 Barrington Street, they spent nearly all the time turning the lights on and off with the push buttons and showed their appreciation of their new home by announcing to the people that they had two bathtubs in the house.

Our first Christmas eve was spent at the home of Mr. Granger Hollister, and I can still see the picture the children made sitting around on the floor, and Rutherford's big-eyed wonder when he found that what he thought was his accustomed penny was a five dollar gold piece which had been given him by Mr. Hollister.

There was a big Christmas tree, which was
marvelously illuminated, and it was the first time that the children had ever seen a Christmas tree lit with colored lights.

Among our earliest and most constant friends were the Hollisters, the Chaceas, and the Sibleys, who had come down to Virginia to "fetch" us away.

It was my privilege to be instrumental in helping St. Paul's to realize more fully the measure of joy of giving with generous-hearted liberality to help fulfill the mission of the Church, and I had the gratification of seeing the parish gradually rise to become the leading Church in the diocese in her gifts to missions, and one of the leading churches in America.

The response of the parish to this appeal of Christ through His Church was the means of ultimately having me placed at the head of the Department of Missions in the Diocese of Western New York, in which position it was my privilege to help Bishop Brent bring the Diocese to a fuller realization of its responsibility in the matter of extending the Kingdom of Christ.

It had always seemed to me that the genius of Christianity lay in its essential outgoing and out-giving spirit which is of the nature of the Spirit of God. It seemed most natural, therefore, that one should seek to relate the parish to every movement in the city which was designed to make the city a cleaner and a more
It soon happened, therefore, that my time and energies came to be given in part to help forward organizations and efforts in the life of the city. I was one of the charter members of the Council for the organization of the Boy Scouts, became a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Genesee Valley Club, the Humdrum Club, the South Park Golf Club, a member of the Board of Directors of the Rescue Mission, a member of the Ministerial Association, and later became one of the charter members of the Board of the Federated Churches in the city.

Mention has been made above to my membership in the Humdrum Club. This organization was composed of a very interesting and representative group of middle aged men, some of whom were professors in the university, some of whom were lawyers, some doctors, a newspaper editor, two architects, several business men, and one parson. I had often told them that I thought they had elected me in order to save themselves from the embarrassment of being asked to say the grace at the dinners which we had every month. The papers which were read at the meetings of this Club were of exceptionally high order, each man seeming to feel that he was called upon to give the best that was in him in preparation and thought.

Another organization to which I belonged was the Alpha Chi Society, composed of at least one clergyman from each denomination in the city, except the Roman Catholic, who then did not have its University Church.
Rochester, and the Rochester Theological Seminary.
This was a stimulating organization, as it was composed of older men all of whom were independent thinkers and some of whom were distinctly radical.

Another organization to which I belonged was the Country Parsons' Club, composed entirely of city ministers. It had been originally organized as a bond of fellowship for country parsons largely destitute of the fellowship enjoyed by the clergy living in the city. The passing of time had, however, resulted in all of these Country Parsons being called to the city.

My connection with the ministerial association and the layman's missionary movement brought down upon me the wrath, indignation, and opposition of the Right Reverend Then-Bishop-of-the-Diocease (who was not Bishop Brent). He was one of those who as an executive seemed never able to welcome or accept initiative from anyone else.

This disposition of the Bishop was shown in his resentment of my initiative in seeking to organize the Rochester Church Extension Society which I proposed at a meeting of the clerics of the city held at the Pinnacle Club. The only way in which we were able to get this organization formed was by drawing up a constitution, in which His Right Reverence was made the head of every committee in the organization except
one, and then in a very silent and quiet way, it
was arranged that the one committee of which he
was not made the head was given the responsibility
of doing the work necessary to perfect the organization.
This was the Ways and Means Committee which was con-
fined to Rochester clergyman and laymen, and could be
called by its chairman who was a Rochester clergyman.
The Bishop's resentment and opposition to
were extreme high Church Episcopal conscientious
grounds. He regarded me as being disloyal to the
Church which he felt that it was his sworn duty to
protect. It was because of the fact that he was
by his conscience convinced that association with
other Christian ministers and cooperation with the
layman's missionary movement were disloyal to the
Church, that he felt it his duty to denounce me as a
traitor to the Church and her orders.

When in General Convention in New York I
introduced a resolution to the effect that the Board
of Missions had power to cooperate with other Christian
people in promoting the extension of the Kingdom of
God through conferences, etc, he so thoroughly resented
this action on my part (which won the enthusiastic and
almost unanimous approval of the House of Delegates),
that he made it his business to see that I was defeated
in the election for delegates to the next General Con-
vention, denouncing my action publicly in his address
to the Council held in St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls, New York, which address is a matter of published record.

The Bishop was unquestionably a man of limited but highly developed conscience and would unhesitatingly have died at the stake for his untrue convictions. I always knew that he was acting in accordance with his ecclesiastical tenets and his actions were generally the strongest possible arguments to my mind against his kind of ecclesiasticism. I never knew a man more zealous and untiring in the expression of the convictions which he held, and would not now be making record of his attitude of mind were it not for the fact that I was firmly persuaded that in the new and higher State into which he has now passed, he would thoroughly agree with everything that I am saying, and would be as zealous now as I was then in contending for a different point of view.

I have never known a congregation more responsive to the appeal of the ideal and more ready to cooperate in setting forth the things essential in Christianity than were the people of St. Paul's.

One of the difficulties which I had to face lay in the fact that most of my vestry and many members of my congregation were people of large wealth. This constituted a barrier which I realized had to be
broken down. For any such barrier is artificial in its nature and is distinctly obstrusive if allowed to separate mind from mind and heart from heart in cooperative endeavor.

I, therefore, made it my business to go individually to the members of my vestry, who were men of wealth, and to tell them that I was not willing that the fact that they had money should stand between us or hinder me from the freest possible conference and intercourse with them. I told them that I had far higher regard for them than for their wealth and stood in indispensable need of the wisdom and judgment which had enabled them to get wealth and to conserve it; and that I never wanted to feel the least hesitancy in coming to them to discuss any matter of Church policy by reason of the fact that the carrying out of that policy might involve expenditure of money; that I wanted their counsel and advice and wanted them to give it without suspicion that I was hinting for money, which I assumed that they would always be glad and ready to give if the policy commended itself to their judgment and was worthy of their support. And I further told them that I hoped they would reach their decisions not so much in the light of what the policy would cost them, as what it would cost the rank and file of the people of the Church to whom the giving of money would demand even a larger measure of sacrifice.

One of the things which it soon became apparent was essential to the life at St. Paul's, was to free the
congregation from the paralysis of inefficiency and irresponsiveness, which had resulted from their having grown almost entirely dependent upon the rich to carry the full burden of the Church's responsibility. This issue came up in connection with the Sunday School Picnic. In a conference of the officers and teachers of the School, it had been determined to have the Church School Picnic at Sea Breeze on Lake Ontario. After the conference adjourned some of the teachers got together and decided that they wanted the picnic held at Coburg on the other side of Lake Ontario. On the following Sunday morning I found that they were disseminating this idea among the scholars of their classes, seeking to overthrow the previous decision.

I immediately called a meeting of the officers and teachers after Sunday School. I told them that fifty dollars had been provided by the Vestry which would defray the expenses of the picnic at Sea Breeze, and asked them where they expected to get the money with which to take the Sunday School on a steamboat over to Coburg. They said that Mr. Sibley and Mrs. Ward had always paid the bill. I told them that Mr. Sibley and Mrs. Ward would not pay the bill this year, that I had prepared a subscription sheet and that all those who wished to go to Coburg rather than to Sea Breeze, would come up and subscribe such amounts as they were willing to pay to cover the difference in cost. At the close of the meeting (which had already run beyond the time for the beginning of the service of the Church), I waited for
subscribers, but none volunteering, I announced that it was quite evident that the teachers were still unanimous in favor of going to Sea Breeze, and to Sea Breeze we went! This was the last move in the Church School to incur obligations without the consent of the rich people of the parish which the rich people of the parish would have been asked to pay.

Of course there were numberless suggestions made by numerous people, although after all the number was not so very large, as to what should be the nature and character of my preaching. There were those who objected to my insistence upon contributing to missions. But as I recalled the fact that on the previous year the total number of subscribers to missions in the parish had been only ninety-six, I continued to insist. Then suggestions were made that sermons on the archeology and the ancient life of Nineveh and Babylon would be interesting to the congregation. I did not doubt this, but feeling that other sermons were more needed, I continued to preach them.

It is surely no mark of conceit or of egotism to say, as I am glad to be able to say, that I am not conscious of having in one single instance brought the level of my preaching down to any of these demands, or of ever having hesitated to say what I believed to be the truth, by reason of the presence in the Church of people of large wealth or even people whom I knew to be of opinion contrary to my own who were prominent in the social life of the parish and city. It has always seemed to me that a
minister who realizes that his commission is from God and that his responsibility is to the Head of the Church, and not to those who through ambition want to be head of the parish, should have no difficulty in seeing clearly the path of duty. Nor does it seem to me that it would seem to require very much sacrifice on the part of a minister to do the thing which is essential to the keeping of his own self-respect. I knew now and I knew then that this level of teaching was antagonizing to some of those whose relation to the Church was evidently not primarily and principally of a deeply spiritual character. They had their chance to say things outside of the Church which they did with the same freedom with which I said things inside of the Church.

And so it went.

The Barrington Street Public School was only a square from our Rochester home at 65 Barrington Street. To this school we sent Katherine and Rutherford. Evelyn went to the Columbia School, she having finished the grammar grades in Williamsburg, and having subsequently attended the Williamsburg Female Institute.

While a student in the Barrington School, Rutherford began to get marks which in some instances were not satisfactory. When I went to confer with his teacher and asked her why she did not "jack him up" she said that she knew she ought to, but that when she began to talk
to him he smiled at her so angelically that she never had the heart to do it.

Later on Rutherford went to the private school taught by Mr. Kobus, where he was deluded into doing very superficial work by a high system of grading which did not represent thoroughness. This fatal experience proved disastrous to him when later on he entered the Episcopal High School where the standards were as high as any school in the country. At the Episcopal High School he spent a number of very happy years and was greatly benefited by his close and intimate contact with Mr. Hoxton, the principal, to whom he served as secretary during his last year there.

Evelyn and Katherine were sent to the National Cathedral School in Washington where they both graduated, Evelyn graduating second in her class. At Katherine's graduation I was invited to preach the commencement sermon at the service held at Bethlehem Chapel in the National Cathedral.

While the children were off at school their mother, who had not been well for a number of years, grew continuously worse, passing at the last through a most painful and distressing illness, which had its origin in kidney trouble. She died on January 15, 1915, having been born on October 1, 1869, and was buried in Bruton Parish churchyard by the side of little Archer. The people of the parish were exceedingly kind. Mr. Beach and Mr. Hollister came with us on the trip to Williamston.
expense incident to these last rites including the trip
down to Virginia was paid through the kindness of friends
in St. Paul's and in addition several hundred dollars were
given to me with which to go South for rest and recupera-
tion.

I went to Savannah, where I spent a good deal of
time playing golf with the Jewish rabbi, and stayed for
about two weeks, returning to Rochester, where I lived
alone in the house until Evelyn's graduation. Elizabet
Sweeney who had come to us as domestic servant in the
first year after we went to Rochester, continued to cook
and look after the house.

I wrote the "Church Enchained", which Julia
Russell, who was then my secretary at the Church, assisted
me in copying and getting through the press. Miss Russell
subsequently decided to go into the foreign missionary work
in which she became interested through her work at St. Paul's
and is now preparing to go as a doctor into medical
mission work of China.

On the winter following Evelyn's graduation, Conrad
Goodwin, who was serving as my curate at St. Paul's, married
his cousin, the daughter of my Uncle Edward L. Goodwin, and
brought his wife to live with us in the rectory. They had
the room over the dining room. During this winter Evelyn
became engaged to Barclay Harding Farr and was married
the following summer, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Biddle of Ontario
assisting me in the service. He wore for this occasion
his scarlet cassock and pastoral cross. His coming was in
accordance with Evelyn's desire. He had been our guest in the rectory during the winter when Evelyn was keeping house, having come to Rochester to conduct the Noon-Day Services at St. Luke's Church during Lent. This friendship with Bishop Bidwell has continued through the subsequent years.

Shortly after Evelyn's marriage I rented the rectory, with the consent of the vestry, to Mr. Charles Symington, and went down on North Goodman Street where I took rooms at the home of Mrs. Whitlock just opposite the campus of the University of Rochester. Katherine had a room next to mine, and we had a downstairs sitting room in which our meals were served. Katherine during this winter spent a good deal of time visiting friends in Virginia and elsewhere. Rutherfoord was still at the High School.

It was a great joy to me to have Katherine with me during these months when we were living away from the Barrington Street home.

On June 6, 1916 I married Ethel Howard whom I had first met in Myrtleville and afterwards at Conrad Goodwin's wedding. The marriage was performed by Bishop Brown in St. James' Church, Ashland. On this occasion Frank Ribble for the second time served as my best man, and Florence Moore came with Katherine from Rochester. Katherine went back with us from the wedding to Rochester.

The following summer was spent at Falmouth Forside, Maine, where I was asked by the Paysons to come and
take charge of the Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin. The rectory was ideally located, as the Portland Golf and Country Club adjoined the property and I played constantly except on Sunday afternoon when I abstained in spite of the fact that my senior warden always came by to see if he could not get me to go out with him for a game. On several occasions I did go out and walk with him around the links. I distinctly remember my conscious, but suppressed, rebellion against the conventions of society which made it perfectly proper for a senior warden to play golf on Sunday afternoon, but which looked with critical attitude towards even the possibility of his rector playing with him.

It has always been my conviction that Sunday was given as a day of mental and physical and spiritual rest and was intended to be a day provided for special and close contact with God through worship and meditation. But it never seemed to me that these purposes were in the least transgressed by a game of golf played out in the open on Sunday afternoon. The time will come when the fanatics who insist upon making rules for others which they do not keep themselves, who go riding in motor cars run by chauffeurs whom they insist upon taking away from their families and their churches on Sunday, and spy out for possible clergymen playing golf out in the open sunshine, will be ruled out of court, and when things that are normal and right will be allowed regardless of the
fact that one man happens to be a minister, another a warden, and another a critic who perhaps doesn't go to Church at all. As long, however, as a respectable minority of people place a ban on ministerial golf on Sunday I have felt it was wise to abstain from the loss of influence which might come from the exercise of personal conviction in the matter.

Edward Howard was born in the Homeopathic Hospital in Rochester on May 23, 1919. William Deane was born on February 1, 1921, at the Homeopathic Hospital also.

At the outbreak of the World War I had volunteered for foreign service, but was told that I was needed more at home. I, therefore, offered my services to the Y. M. C. A. War Organization, and was sent by them to minister in a number of the training camps. I first went to Madison Barracks, New York, then to Camp Dix, and was subsequently assigned to work in Camp Lee, near Petersburg, and to special duty as preacher at Fort Monroe, the Norfolk Navy Base, Camp Stuart, and the Langley Aviation Field.

The work at Camp Lee proved to be the most interesting, as there were quartered there a number of men from the mountains, some of whom were Mennonites and had conscientious objections to War, and it came to be my special duty, under the direction of the Commanding Officer, in addresses, sermons, and interviews, to try to quell the unrest which was being produced by
their attitude and arguments throughout the military camp. This I undertook to do by agreeing with them that war was ideally wrong, and by assenting to the proposition that it was never divinely intended that men should organize to kill their fellow men. This position won their initial sympathy and I was able to pæase on to point out to them that in the human scheme of things conditions had arisen which would certainly overthrow God's big plan of justice and of liberty unless those who had set themselves against the plan and purpose of God were restrained, and that the War which they had started with which to carry out their hellish purposes could only be met by the force and with the weapons which the Germans had chosen to use in order to fulfill their imperialistic ambitions.

In the later days of the War it was my privilege to minister in the influenza camps in and about Rochester. I have never quite understood why I failed myself to contract the disease as I was with it constantly and on many occasions was ministering to men when they were dying of this disease.

I went from Rochester to Fort Niagara to be with my cousin, Dr. Edward LaBaron Goodwin, who gave his life during the epidemic in sacrifice to his men, continuing to minister to them after he had himself taken the flu and had a fever of 105°. He was one of just a few surgeons in a camp where there were over one thousand cases of the disease and would not stop even when the disease laid
While in Rochester I also wrote a little book published by the Morehouse Publishing Company, entitled "The Parish and the Teaching Mission of the Church", the introduction to which was written by the Right Reverend Dr. Charles Henry Brent who had then, after service in France as Chaplain of the A. E. F., come to be the Bishop of the diocese of Western New York.

I shall never cease to be grateful for the coming of Bishop Brent to be our Bishop. The catholicity of his mind, the deep spirituality of his nature, his penetrating power of vision, and his genius for fellowship, endeared him to my heart and inspired in me the desire to do all in my power to follow and to further his leadership. We could all see that he had an eye single to the service of God through Christ and His Church.

I was privileged after his coming into the Diocese in being sent to two subsequent meetings of the General Convention, one in Detroit and one in Portland, Oregon, and also to aid in the reorganization of the work of the Church in the Diocese in accordance with the new program of the general Church. In this endeavor I served as a member of the Executive Council of the Diocese, as Chairman of the Department of Missions, and as a member of the Department of Religious Education. It became a part of my duty to help conduct the many regional and county conferences which were held in the
cities and in the country districts of the diocese. Through this service it was my privilege to make many firm and cherished friendships.

Out of memories lit with affection and appreciation, I recall with gratitude those who were with me as comrades-in-service in the parish life of St. Paul's and in the work in the diocese of Western New York. The vestrymen of the parish and those who served as heads of the organizations in the Church are remembered with affection. It was my privilege to choose Mr. Watkin W. Ernest to be the teacher of the men's Bible class in St. Paul's, and first John Parker and afterwards F. Harper Sibley to be superintendents of the Parish Sunday School. Hitherto the superintendent of the Sunday School had been the curate of the Church. Under this procedure there was no hope of continuity of plan and action, for curates come and curates go; with their going there is generally loss of enthusiasm of service which was engendered by their temporary leadership. To John Parker I assigned the task of converting St. Paul's Sunday School from irresponsible chaos into an organized unit. When Parker had finished this job he resigned and I was able after great difficulty to persuade Harper Sibley to take the leadership of the School, which, he assumed and has ever since carried on with marked efficiency. His work in this department of the
--One Hundred One.

Church's activity was the means through which he passed into prominence in the life of the national Church and into membership in the National Council of the Church, where he continues to render efficient service.

His father, Mr. Hiram Sibley, was a man of exceptional and unique personality. An efficient business adviser and long active and prominent in business life, he nevertheless possessed a rare mystic nature, a deep appreciation of the beautiful, and an exceptional richness in the hidden depths of his life which made him invaluable as an adviser and as a friend. In my whole experience I have never known a man more ideally fitted by reason of ability, modesty, and genuine spiritual richness of character, to fill the position of a senior warden in the Church of God. His only thought seemed ever to be to lend himself to the furtherance of the ideals, purposes, and plans which promised to minister to the enrichment and strength not alone of his parish but through his parish to the advancement of the cause of the kingdom of God.

For Granger Hollister I continued to hold the deepest affection. He was of a mind and disposition entirely different from Mr. Sibley and it frequently occurred that we failed to agree in matters of parish administration and policy. These disagreements, however, never in the least broke the ties which bound us
in friendship.

My chief disagreeableness in connection with the work at St. Paul's arose out of the psychological peculiarities of the organists who, from time to time, were employed by the Church. It seems strange that a thing so beautiful as music should so often dislocate and disjoint the psychology of those who seek to give expression to the spirit of harmony. It doubtless arises from the fact that the musician is generally of a sensitive nature, keen to detect discord in sound. He is often not at all keen to avoid discord in human relationships and frequently produced through human contacts frictions and discords which are diametrically opposed to the spirit of harmony. It became the habitual procedure of the vestry to pass a resolution to the effect that the rector be requested to get rid of the organist according to the various methods which the resolution suggested. To these observations Kyle Dunkell and Guy Harrison proved brilliant and gladsome exceptions.

During my whole term of service at St. Paul's, Hayes Ellsworth continued to serve as peerless sexton. He was possessed of a divinely given genius for being a perfect sexton. It would greatly add to ministerial efficiency if some of the qualities which he possessed could be inculcated in men who intend to be ministers. His patience, his knowledge of human nature, especially feminine human nature, and his infallible
habit of resorting to the coal cellar when he got mad, and staying there until the atmosphere cleared, were qualities which won and continued to hold my unflagging admiration.

My work being of such varied nature and my time being divided between the work within the parish, the work in the life of the city, and my duties in connection with the diocese, it would have been impossible for me to have made contributions to the thought and literature of the Church had it not been for the kind and considerate willingness of those who served as secretaries in the parish to shape their time and their engagements to my time and to the circumstances of my life, as much of the work had to be done at night when parish duties were ended. Through this cooperation I was able to write "The Church Enchained", "The Parish", and finally "The History of the Theological Seminary in Virginia", the first volume of which was written during the last year spent in Rochester. This book was published in two volumes, and was written by me at the request of the Board of Trustees and the Alumni Association of the Seminary. I should never have dared to have undertaken this task had I dreamed of the stupendous nature of the work and of the time which was required to bring it to fulfilment. I am glad, however, that I did not know, as having begun the work I was able to carry it to completion.

For a number of years Dr. John K. Burleson served most efficiently as my curate, taking over entirely the
responsibility for the organization and direction of
St. John's mission in the northeastern section of the
city. This work I started in a tent pitched at about
the same point on which the St. John's Chapel now
stands. From the tent we moved into a store and from
a store into the basement of the Presbyterian Church
and afterwards into the Evangelical Church on Culver
Road.

Before leaving Rochester St. John's Chapel
was erected under the supervision of Dr. Burleson, and
finally combined with St. Mark's Church into an
independent parish, under the rectorship of the Reverend
Mr. Whedon.

Dr. Ferris, rector of Christ Church, was
elected Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese at a meeting
of the diocesan council held in St. Paul's Church about
two years before I left Rochester. I voted against
him, told him so, pledged my cooperation, and worked with
him with an ever increasing appreciation of his worth.
I have never known a man who grew so richly and so rapidly
under advancement and honor as Ferris has done. Position
and responsibility which so often spoil men, making them
unreal, unnatural, and officially autocratic, seemed
constantly to create in him an humbler mind and a deeper
consecration to self-forgetful service. The diocese
of Western New York was surely divinely guided in the
selection of the two men who served there in the
Episcopate, each supplementing the gifts of the
other and both consecrating their all to the service
of the King and His Kingdom.

My relation with the other ministers in the
city was always most cordial, and I was privileged
to count among my closest friends the Reverend
Dr. Taylor of the Brick Church, Dr. Stone of the
First Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Clarence Bartour,
President of the Rochester Theological Seminary.

I have refrained from making mention by name
of the women who served as leaders in the organizations
of St. Paul's. I hope that I showed them sufficient
appreciation during the days of my ministry to compen-
sate for failing to recall in this place their names
and their service. An exception, however, is made in
the case of my devoted friend, Elizabeth Sibley who
married Kingsman Robins. These two, through their un-
wavering and unfailing friendship endeared themselves
to me in lasting affection. Their home was always a
welcome retreat in hours when difficulties pressed up-
on me, and when one stood in need of counsel and en-
couragement. The hours spent in close and intimate
converse with them on occasions when Tom Spencer and
his wife, when Eliot Frost and others dropped in, are
among the richest and most cherished memories of my
Rochester life. I also recall with affection the close
and constant friendship and cooperation of Mr. and Mrs.
Benjamin B. Chase, and of my good friends Mr. D. M.
Beach, Mr. E. G. Miner, and Mr. W. W. Kneath.

During my last year in Rochester, Barclay had a sabbatical year from Groton and came with his
family and lived in the Mudge house on Vick Park A.
Katherine was living on Highland Park, and Ruther-
ford was with me at home, in business in Rochester,
and so we were all together again for awhile.

My rectorship in Rochester had lasted
about thirteen years when I decided to accept the
invitation to become professor of Philosophy and
Social Service in the College of William and Mary in
Virginia. The tributes of affectionate regard which
came in connection with my going revealed to me a
depth of friendship and a measure of appreciation
for which I then and have ever since felt myself
entirely unworthy. These tributes, together with
personal letters and resolutions, were collected
by my secretary and put into a scrapbook which may
be of interest to my children in years to come.

We left Rochester on the 15th of February,
1923. My last public service in St. Paul’s was con-
ducted after my resignation and was in connection
with the funeral of my devoted friend Kingman Robins.

We were delayed about two weeks in getting
away, having intended to leave on the first of
February, but just when the furniture was about half
packed up every member of the family, except myself, became ill with grippe and colds and Billy developed a high fever which made traveling impossible.

This all occurred after I had preached my final sermon at St. Paul's, which was not, however, a sermon given to saying farewell, but of preaching to the congregation, which completely filled the church on that day, the message of God's redemptive love for man in Christ, my text being "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?"
--One Hundred Eight.

BACK IN WILLIAMSBURG

Arriving in Williamsburg ahead of our furniture we went to the Colonial Inn. It was a dreary and desolate temporary abiding place. It was closed up, deserted, untidy, and unaccord for. We had two rooms with one stove and a lot of green wood. We practically had to wait on ourselves and as no meals were served in the hotel we had to go across the street to the Raleigh Inn. The weather was extremely cold, and the life more than extremely uncomfortable. It was nearly a month before we were able to get into the house which we had rented on the Richmond Road, next to the home of Professor Bennett.

I immediately began my duties in the College, but soon decided to change the name of my course, becoming Professor of Sacred Literature and Social Ethics. I did this because I did not feel enthusiastic about reviewing and teaching the ancient theories of philosophic thought, but concluded that I would rather spend my time in teaching and presenting the facts and forces of the divine and eternal life, with the hope of making them real and active forces in the lives of the students.

I was also made Director of the Endowment Fund Campaign and was able within the first ten months to secure about one hundred and ninety thousand dollars for
the College.

Before coming to Williamsburg I had received a call to become rector of Grace Church, Yorktown, with the understanding that I was to give such service as I would be able to give in connection with my College duties. No salary was mentioned in the call which I accepted and offered to go on two Sunday afternoons in the month. Shortly after beginning the work I increased the services to regular appointments every Sunday afternoon at half-past three, with no increase of salary! This enabled me to perform the ministerial service directly through not the Church which I was/willing to forego.

On the summer following my arrival at William and Mary, I went with my family to Abingdon in charge of St. Thomas' Church, and the mission at "The Knobs", devoting most of my time to the work on Volume II of the Seminary History. The previous summer, before leaving Rochester, we had spent in Wytheville, where I fixed up one of the rooms in the old office in the yard of my grandfather Goodwin's home, and worked almost continuously on Volume I of the Seminary History. During the summer I went to Ivanhoe with Leata and Clarence and continued the work on the History while with them, preaching on Sunday at the Ivanhoe Chapel and at the mountain mission at Piney.
--One Hundred Ten.

On January 11, 1884, John Beaton Goodwin was born in Richmond.

At present my spare time is being given to supervising the reconstruction of a house located on Francis Street at the corner of Queen, which I bought and am remodeling with the hope that I will have the privilege which I have never yet enjoyed of living for awhile in my own home. The house is being made large enough for me and my family, Evelyn and her family, Katherine and her family, Rutherford and his family, if he ever gets one, and for Howdy and Bill and Jack, who are all most cordially invited to come and make themselves at home!

Thus end the fragmentary notes which constitute a partially continuous record of some of my doings during a part of my pilgrimage down the narrow stream of time which lies between two eternal seas.

This little stream which we call Time is but a part of the two seas which lie on either side of it, and whose eternal flow make the ebbs and tides of life, until at last the stream and the seas are one again.
MY LIBRARY

Through the years I have managed to accumulate a large number of books. The first one which I purchased was bought with the pay which I received for pulling fodder at thirty cents a day in the Fork Field grounds in Nelson County near Norwood. My companion in the work was an old negro man who pulled the fodder in the mow next to the one in which I was working and who worked exactly the same number of rows as I did, and got a dollar a day. The book which I bought with this money was entitled "Buried Cities Recovered".

My next books were purchased from the pay received for loading tanbark into a railroad car at Norwood. Later on my library was added to from time to time by the purchase of second-hand books and second-hand libraries. I make this note as it will help to explain the many names which will be found in my various books which might otherwise give rise to some suspicion as to the honesty and integrity of the author of this autobiography.
My Clothes

It has always seemed to me that people in general spend too much time thinking about what they wear and too much money in providing varied assortments of wearing apparel. This is doubtless perfectly proper and may even rise to the point of being the conventional duty of those who can afford to pay the price which fashion demands.

As a boy in Nelson, up to the time when I was sixteen, my clothes were all made by my mother, and the material out of which they were made was bought at the country store. When I became a man and put away childish things I proceeded to put on the second-hand clothes of my good and generous uncle, Mr. Thomas Rutherford, whom God was good enough to make just the size that I came to be when I ceased to be a boy.

My first overcoat was given me by the Reverend Dr. George W. Shinn, rector of the Episcopal Church in Newton, Massachusetts, on whom I called in the midst of a blizzard in late November when visiting the North in the interest of the Bishop Payne Divinity School. When I was leaving the house, where I had called, Dr. Shinn remarked that I had forgotten my overcoat, which, as a matter of fact, I not only had not forgotten but had forgotten ever to acquire, and he insisted that I should take one of his and begged me not to return it as he had several on hand. This started me in the habit
MY DEALINGS WITH TRAMPS

All through my ministry I have been the victim of tramps. They somehow seem to have found me an easy victim and I have reason to suspect that my front gate or the walk leading to my house were marked with some favorable cryptic sign known to the tramp fraternity. In spite of the fact that I noticed that these fellows always had a job promised them in the South as winter was coming on and in the North when the winter was ended, they generally succeeded in getting something out of me which was not, perhaps, to my credit.

I quite well remember one of them who called to see me when I was living in Petersburg. It was a stormy, wintry, afternoon. He started his story at the front door. I gave him a quarter and told him to come in. A fire was burning in the open grate before which he sat down and I told him that now that he had gotten all out of me that I was going to give him I wanted him to tell me why he had told me that he was an Episcopalian, and mentioned the fact that a certain other tramp whom I described had told me the same thing two days previous. To which my tramp visitor replied, "Has that ______ rascal been around here?" And when I asked how he happened to know him he said that they had worked Alexandria together upon the
the agreement that he would go down one side of King Street and work the Episcopalians on his Canadian voice, while the other man took the other side of King Street and worked the Jews on his hooked nose. "But" said he, "the _______ Jew worked both the Episcopalians and the Jews on his side of the street and I have never seen or heard from him since."
Then he proceeded to describe my visitor of the days previous from the ground up.

I asked him what he did with all the New Testaments that he got, and he said that he sold them for two cents apiece at second-hand bookstores, and when I asked him about the use that he made of the second-hand shoes for which he asked, he said he always sold all except the worst pair that he got at a junk shop, keeping the worst pair as a part of his stock in trade. From him I got my quarters worth!

In Rochester I had an interesting experience with a man who introduced himself to me as "Lane". He acknowledged having broken every law on the statute books except murder, and frankly said he was just out of the penitentiary where he had been for the third time. I got him a job. He made good in spite of the fact that he had ample opportunity to abscond in the early days of my experiment with him, with one of my overcoats, a suit of clothes, a pair of shoes,
and a hat which I had let him have, together with
money which I had loaned him. He made constant
advancement in the factory and was finally promoted
to be the foreman. He paid back a good deal of the
money which he had borrowed, returned my overcoat,
and then suddenly disappeared. I have always
wondered whether his going was the result of a
return of the crime impulse, working up through a
disordered brain, or whether there were crimes
for which he had not been tried from which he fled
upon coming in contact with some one who may have
recognised him. I believe then, and still believe,
that it was his intention to start life afresh and
to make good, although there were certain suspicious
signs which gave indication of a close interlacing
of God's sunshine and hell's shadows in his life.

One often raises the question as to what
extent it is advisable to fan with the breath of
kindness the ashes and embers of a burned out and
blackened life with the hope of starting from some
ember or spark a flame of light that will help to
lead a wanderer back to his Father's home again.
These diary notes were dictated to and typed by Elizabeth Hayes (of Canandaigua, N.Y.), who was Dr. Goodwin's secretary from October 1921 through all the years until 1939.

T.H.

This copy was given to T.H. by Dr. Goodwin.

Copies were given to Evelyn, Katherine, T.R., Mrs. Repass, and one in Dr. G's files.