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MY YEARS
of SERVICE

JOSHUA KINNEY

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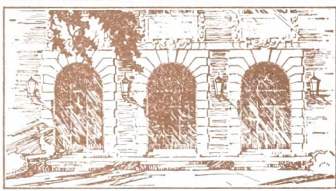
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Richmond, Va.

April 1936

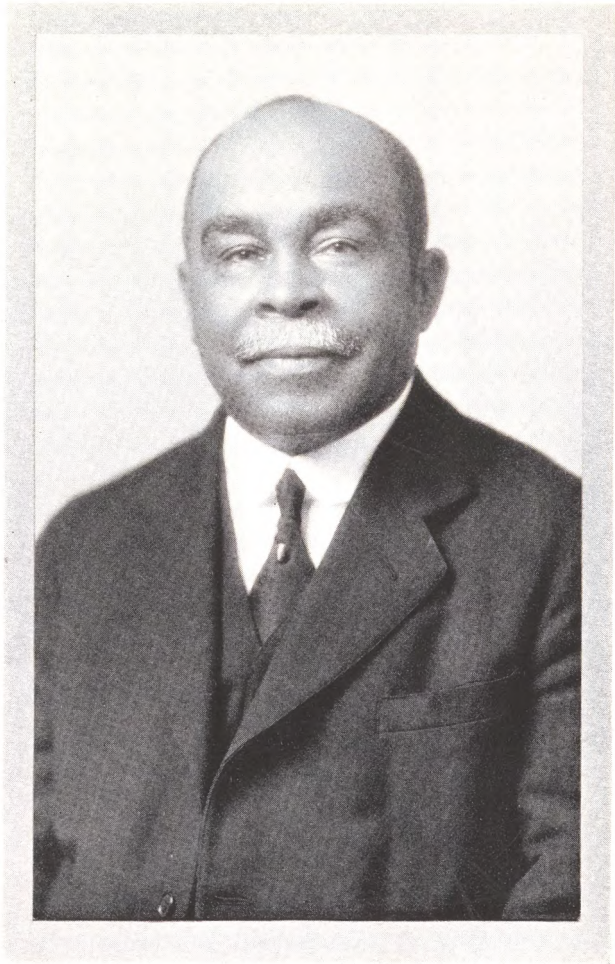
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MY YEARS OF SERVICE

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JOSHUA KINNEY .

My Years of Service

by

JOSHUA KINNEY

*Sexton, Second Presbyterian Church
Richmond, Virginia*

PRIVATELY PRINTED

FOR LIMITED DISTRIBUTION AMONG

FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH

981.

315
812

I was approached by one of the ladies of the Church who suggested that I write a Memorial of my life and service during these years.

After consulting several friends who urged me to do so, and promising all help in their power, I have decided to attempt it, by giving facts as near as I have heard and seen them.

Very sincerely yours,

Joshua Kinney

*Sexton, Second Presbyterian Church,
1886-*

INTRODUCTION

This little book has been prepared by Joshua Kinney in his own way. Its entire conception and style of writing are characteristic of the man. It has been written at the request and with the encouragement of some of his friends among the older members of the church.

Joshua Kinney has spent his entire life since boyhood in the service of the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond. During this time he has been personally acquainted with a great majority of its members. He has counted them his friends and they have reciprocated his kindly feeling.

The church has been unusual in the long term of the service of its pastors. Two pastorates covered seventy-nine years of its eighty-six years of life. We think that Joshua's term of forty-five years in the service of the church is quite as remarkable. It is remarkable, however, not only for the length of its duration. In all these years no one has ever been heard to complain of any lack of courtesy, any neglect of duty, any failure to meet responsibility on the part of the Sexton. His interest in the spiritual life of the church has been as great as in its physical equipment. We are glad that he abides with us in strength, and we hope that he may be with us for many years to come.

The spirit of this little book is an unconscious revelation of his characteristic attitude toward the church and toward its individual members.

WILLIAM E. HILL, *Pastor,*
Second Presbyterian Church.

November, 1931.

MY YEARS of SERVICE

*As Sexton of Second Presbyterian Church
of Richmond, Virginia*



REV. MOSES D. HOGE, D.D., 1845-1899

MY MOTHER and myself lived and worked for Mr. William Gibson, 12 West Cary Street. I secured the position of Sexton of this church through Mr. George Gibson, a brother of Mr. William Gibson. On Friday night, April 2, 1886, I was informed by Mr. George Gibson that the Deacons' Board of the Second Presbyterian Church had elected me as their Sexton. It was a great surprise for me, as I knew little or nothing about the Second Presbyterian Church and had made no application for the position. But the Gibsons, knowing I had just stopped school and was looking for something to do, had confidence enough in me to believe that I could fill the position. The following week Mr. Gibson had me meet him at the church to take hold of things.

When I went into the church for the first time I was filled with admiration and awe with the beauty of the building. Mr. Gibson and the man whom I was to succeed carried me around and showed me the entire plant. After that the man turned his keys over to me, and then it was that I was given a talk from the shoulder from Mr. Gibson; he wound up by telling me, "you can fill this job, and I expect you to do it." I promised him to do my best. He then told me he did not want my best, but wanted me to fill the job. He was Scotch and they take no excuses.

Let me tell you something of the beauty of this church as I first saw it. I had never seen a building of such beauty, with its carved woodwork and massive ceiling. I sat and looked at it by myself, and marveled at its beauty. I very often do the same thing now—go up in the main auditorium and sit and look around. Doors on either side of the pulpit lead to the Lecture Room, as it was then called, a large room with a low ceiling. This room has been remodeled in memory of one of the beloved ladies of the church, Mrs. Martha B. Hawes, of whom I will endeavor to tell something later. Next to this room was the Ladies' Parlor and Infant Classroom, as it was then called. There were no Primaries and Beginners as we have at the present time. This room, the Ladies' Parlor and Infant Classroom, has some of the most tender memories of any part of the church for me. For the little infants there were long benches made in little stalls, one for each child, to keep them from crowding, and also possibly scrapping! There are a lot of members of the church who will remember these benches. And then in this same Parlor I have seen loved ones who had passed to the Great Beyond rest in this room until the time of funeral.

I met Dr. Hoge for the first time one Sunday just before I had been at the church for a service. He was coming into the church for something, and we met at the door. He looked me up and down, and it seemed as if he was looking through me. "Who are you?" he asked. He did not give me a chance to tell him, but said: "You are the new Sexton, I suppose." I told him I was. He told me I looked very young and asked my age. Said he would give me a chance, but again he said I looked mighty young. He then told me something I have never for-

gotten, and which I have endeavored to carry out with all the different pastors that I have served. This is what he told me: "I hold the position as pastor, you are the Sexton and Doorkeeper, we should always understand each other. Never *send* me a message; if you want to see me about the services of the church come to me in person; and if I want to see you I will send for you and give you my orders in person."

My first Sunday at the church was a day I shall never forget. Every one spoke to me and was very cordial, but I was scared to death. Every one wanted to know my name, and all said I looked very young. I overheard one gentleman say I was too young. But Mr. Gibson had said I could do it, and I guess that has something to do with me sticking until now.

The organ was one of the old type, had to be blown by hand, and on this Sunday I did the blowing. Professor Thilow was the Organist. It was then that Dr. Hoge's sweet tones fell upon my ears in giving out the first hymn of the service; his voice was just simply wonderful. The choir at that time was composed of:

PROFESSOR THILOW, *Organist*
MR. T. D. WILKINSON, *Basso and Director*
MRS. W. J. GILMAN, *Soprano*
MRS. FRANK BINFORD, *Alto*
MR. REESE, *Tenor*

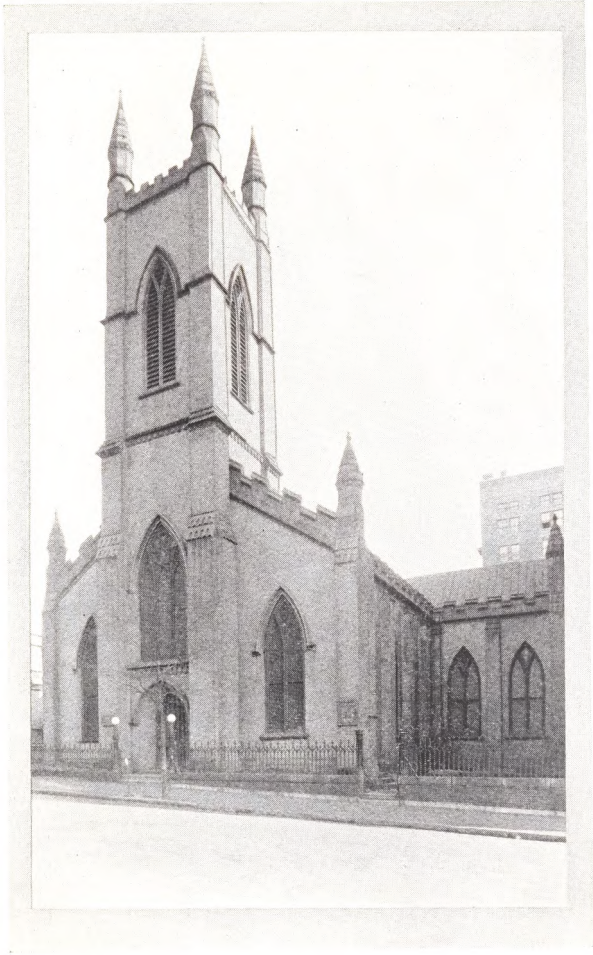
The church on this Sunday was filled,—almost all the lower floor was filled. They had rented pews at that time, and it seemed as if all families were represented in full with their children. The gallery was almost filled with young men.

But I was to see the crowd on that Sunday evening. I think the service was at 4:30 (they did not have a night service), and such a crowd! It seemed as if I had never seen so many people together at one time. Mr. Gibson told me that the Main Auditorium would seat twelve hundred comfortably, but on that Sunday it was filled to capacity, and the Deacons and I brought in long benches from the Lecture Room and placed them for the crowd; and that was invariably the case Sunday after Sunday, rain or shine; in fact, I have seen people sitting on the steps leading to the pulpit.

My first year was the one in which was my hardest battle to learn my duties and to try to learn the people whom I had to serve. My first effort was to learn the wants and wishes of Dr. Hoge, and to study him and endeavor to know his wishes; which was very difficult to do, as he was a man of very few words and always to the point. However, I worked hard to understand him and that is something that I have tried to do with all the pastors that I have ever served under.

I used to come in direct contact with Dr. Hoge every Wednesday night over at his house, going for the hymns for the service of that night. I would go up to his Study on the third floor, which was a very small room next to Main Street. At times he would have nothing to say, and then again he would have quite a talk and seemed always interested in me. It seemed a little strange to me, and I did not take any notice of it until a gentleman of the church called my attention to it after I had been with the church for some time, the Pastor's name was Moses, he had a butler by the name of Daniel, and the Sexton was named Joshua. Dr. Hoge used to go horseback riding

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SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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every morning very early, after sitting up most of the night studying.

There were many notable men and women in the church at that time:

Mr. M. M. Gilliam, who was Superintendent of the Sunday School and also Clerk of the Session.

Mr. George Gibson, who was a Deacon and the one who built the church.

The Honorable Judge George L. Christian, Teacher of an Adult Bible Class.

Honorable W. W. Henry, a relative of Patrick Henry, who was a Teacher of an Adult Bible Class and also an Elder in the church.

Mr. Frank T. Glasgow, an Elder in the church.

Mr. S. H. Hawes, an Elder and Teacher of a Men's Bible Class.

Mr. Robert Morton.

Mr. T. Wm. Pemberton.

Mr. James Lyons.

Mr. John S. Munce.

Mr. C. R. Barksdale.

Mr. Jock Ellerson.

Mr. Howard Swineford.

Mr. Walter Blunt.

Mr. William Gibson.

And a great many more, prominent in the church and in the city. Of the ladies there were:

Mrs. B. Howard, who was the Teacher of the Infant Class. After her death

Mrs. M. M. Gilliam, daughter of Dr. Hoge, took over the work and held it until her death. And then our beloved

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Mrs. Cone succeeded her and is still serving. There was the beloved

Mrs. Martha C. (Mrs. S. H.) Hawes, who was the first President of the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society.

Mrs. James Pleasants and a host of others who were prominent workers in the church.

One of the real busy times with the ladies was the Fruit Cake Making. It has been going on before my day, and is still in existence in the church. The ladies used to make twenty-five cakes in a week in those days, and thought they had done big things. Now we make three hundred cakes in three days.

Dr. Hoge preached three times every Sunday after he had started a Mission at Old Market Hall—morning and evening at his church and Sunday night at Old Market Hall. He was assisted in his work at the Old Market Mission by different members of this church, some of whom are still working there. After the death of Dr. Hoge the lot on Nineteenth and Franklin Streets was purchased and the Hoge Memorial Church was organized in his memory. Mr. Charles Lorraine, one of the members of the Second Church, went there as a worker and is still with it. Also Mr. A. C. Young, one of our Elders, is the Superintendent of the Sunday School. And such ladies as Miss Maria Blair and Miss Lizzie Grattan passed away in the service there.

ORGANIZATIONS

One organization stood prominent for all church work, that was the Ladies' Benevolent Society. They held weekly meetings, which were always well attended. Then there was the Young Ladies' Society, which gave the Tablet of

Dr. Hoge over the door by which he used to enter the church.

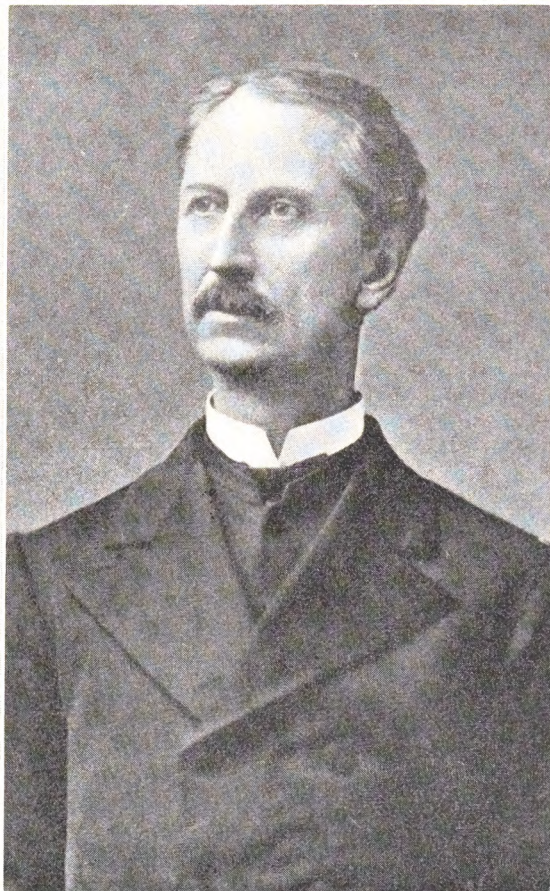
There was one Society which will be always the bright spot in my life: The Covenanters, Company No. 1. Let me tell you how it was formed, as near as I can remember: Miss Katharine Hawes asked all of the boys of a certain age to meet her in the Lecture Room on a certain Sunday afternoon to learn and sing hymns and Christmas Carols. Well do I remember that time. All the boys were there, and I was also, peeping through the door to see what was going to be done to my gang, as I always called them. Well, from that Sunday was the beginning of the forming of an Organization which extended through most of the Southern States. The name was the "Covenanters," its watchword: "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." That Band was a power in the church. They took an active part in all church work and socials. They had a choir and supplied the music during the summer months, in the absence of the regular choir. The work grew so that, after the death of Dr. Hoge, Miss Hawes purchased and built the present Annex to the church, for its activities. There was something going on there daily and during Christmas times it was a place as busy as a bee hive with the boys making useful things for their Christmas Sales. They used to go to the country and get evergreens and decorate the Lecture Room for the Christmas Entertainments. In fact there were but very few things going on in the church but what the Covenanters took an active part in them. They had a large and up-to-date Library; and around the walls of this room were cases filled with curios from all of the Mission Fields. These were given by returning Missionaries.

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The Company disbanded some years ago, but they have always been, and always will be, my boys as they have always been my friends and comrades. Some of them are preachers, some officers in the church, some have passed away, some are away from the city, but whenever they come to Richmond they always come to see me. You may think I have said a lot about this Society, but they are still my boys. Most of them are married and have children. As soon as the child is old enough they will bring it by to see me. God bless them, wherever they may be.

One of the most notable events that took place in the church was the Forty-fifth Anniversary of Dr. Hoge's Pastorate. Well, it was some event! The ladies of the church decorated the Lecture Room, and it was a sight beautiful to behold. All the speech making was held at what was known at that time as the Mozart Hall, as that was the largest place for such an assembly to be held, as many of the people of Richmond and Virginia wished to pay homage to Dr. Hoge and the church on that occasion. After the exercises were completed at the Hall, all were invited to come to the church; and such a crowd came! There was a musicale continuously going on in the Main Auditorium of the church, given by the best musical talent of the city, while the people were being fed in the Lecture Room, so many hundred at a time. For Dr. Hoge and his guest there was a special table in charge of Mrs. Ida W. Ellerson, from which was served some kind of food from most of the States of the South. Of all the big things that have taken place in the church during my day I have never seen anything to surpass it.

There was another Anniversary of Dr. Hoge's during his life, and that was five years later—his fiftieth, which



REV. MOSES D. HOGE, D.D.

was held at the Masonic Temple on West Broad Street. This was also an event long to be remembered. The Masons of Richmond wanted the church to use the Temple free from expense, but there was a law which forbade them to let anyone use it gratis. So the Masons themselves gave the amount which was charged. Dr. Hoge, the members of his family and the officers of the church stood in a receiving line, while hundreds passed to shake hands and to offer congratulations. The First Virginia Regiment, of which he had long been Chaplain, was there also.

Dr. Hoge laid the Corner Stone and also preached the Dedication Sermon of the First Presbyterian Church, Colored, corner of Henry and Catherine Streets. One very amusing event took place during the Dedication Ceremonies: Dr. Hoge never liked church solos. On the program was a solo, after it was sung and the Doctor had been introduced, he started his remarks with saying that solos were all right, but he didn't care for them; he wanted something sung, such as "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," something all can sing. The singer looked embarrassed and I dare say felt so. But that was Dr. Hoge; just said what he felt on all occasions.

The immediate family of Dr. Hoge consisted of Miss Bessie Hoge, a semi-invalid, Mrs. M. M. Gilliam, Dr. Moses D. Hoge, Jr., and Mr. Hampden Hoge. All have passed away. Mrs. Coleman Wortham, a grand-daughter of Dr. Hoge, is the only near relative at the present time living in Richmond.

There was one remarkable thing about this congregation which you rarely ever see this day and time, on the Sabbath morning all families were in their pews, parents

with their children, with the little ones in the father's arms. Still another was the Sabbath School, which was composed of more men and boys than women and girls.

During my years of service I have met and shaken hands with some of the most prominent ministers of this country and a good many from foreign lands.

Well, after being with the church for a few years Dr. Hoge's preaching and life began to take effect on me. I was not a Christian, although I had been reared in a pious and Godly family. Preparing the Communion Table during the season for the same, I became convicted. I talked with Dr. Hoge, and will never forget his sweet, gentle talk with me. He asked me which church I would like to join and seemed a little surprised when I told him the Baptist. He smiled and answered that it did not matter so long as my heart was right.

There are so many things to try to remember about this remarkable man of God that it is beyond my ability and knowledge to do so; so I am coming to the close of this first part of my service with this church under Dr. Hoge.

Towards the latter part of Dr. Hoge's life there came a young man, a stranger, with only a letter of introduction, traveling through the South for his wife's health. He called on Dr. Hoge and was invited to preach the following Sunday afternoon. He was a brilliant speaker and won the hearts of both Dr. Hoge and his people. So it was but a short time before he was called as Assistant to Dr. Hoge; who said afterwards that the Lord had sent him in answer to his prayers for such a one. The name of this young man was the Reverend Donald Guthrie, of Canada.

Well, there is an end to all lives, it matters not how useful. The whole of Richmond and the entire country were

shocked on hearing of the accident which caused the death of Dr. Hoge. Well do I remember the Sunday afternoon on which he was laid to rest. The funeral was just as simple as those of all the rest who had passed before him, that he had conducted. No flowers, just as he desired; only the ladies had a large design which was laid on the grave.

Shortly after his funeral there was held in the church a Memorial Meeting. There was a representative from each Denomination of the city who told of his life and work.

Immediately afterward Mr. Guthrie was elected pastor of the church. The work of the church went on as usual under Mr. Guthrie with the people loyal to all of its causes. Of course, the people were deeply grieved at the death of their pastor, but that seemed to inspire them to greater love for the church and loyalty to the new pastor. After a pastorate of less than a year, Mr. Guthrie was called to a church in Baltimore. So again the church was without a pastor.

Very soon after Mr. Guthrie had left Dr. W. W. Moore, the President of Union Theological Seminary, was called to fill the pulpit temporarily. Dr. Moore accepted and all the people were pleased as he was greatly beloved by them. Here again the church had secured a wonderful man and a preacher of great power. He used to always greet me with, "Well, Joshua, Moses is gone, but Joshua is here." Dr. Moore filled the pulpit for about a year, until the Committee on seeking a pastor made its report of the call and acceptance of Dr. Russell Cecil, which was adopted by the congregation unanimously.

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REV. RUSSELL CECIL, D.D., 1900-1925

WELL, it was again that the church had called another pastor. Dr. Cecil on arriving in the city came to the church, and you could see from his smile and sunshine that he was a man of God.

On the following Sunday morning he addressed the Sunday School, and won the hearts of the children with his loving talk to them. He finished by telling them if they should see him on the street, to pull his coat tails to attract his attention, as their pastor wanted to know them all.

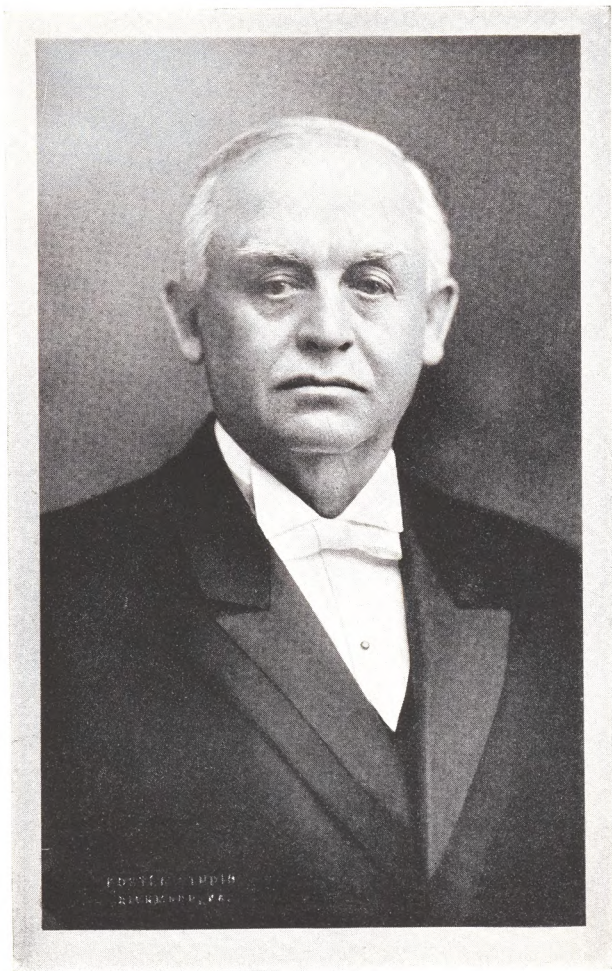
The words of Dr. Cecil's first Sunday sermon were, "Certainly I will be with thee" which was heard by a large congregation. From the very beginning of his ministry all of the people fell in love with Dr. Cecil, with his sweet loving disposition. His sermons were always powerful yet simple and plain, and always lifted you up to higher things.

Dr. Cecil's family consisted of Mrs. Cecil and the following children: Mr. Russell L. Cecil, Mr. John H. Cecil, Miss Alma, Mr. James and Miss Elizabeth Cecil.

Dr. Cecil loved to attend the meetings of the different organizations. I have seen him on Sunday mornings going through the different departments of the Sunday School, always with the sweet smile on his face, and greetings for all. For me he was just like a father. I could always go to him and talk with him about the affairs of the church, and even about personal things, and he would always be glad to see me and give me his advice.

I used to know almost the entire membership of the church, but as new members were coming in continuously, it has been very difficult to do so.

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REV. RUSSELL CECIL, D.D.

The Woman's Auxiliary was formed during Dr. Cecil's pastorate, composed of all the different Women's Organizations. This Organization proved to be, and still is, a power in the church. During the World War the ladies made and sent out surgical bandages.

They also prepared and delivered soup to the flu patients during the epidemic. This work was most ably directed by Mrs. H. L. Cabell.

One of the bright spots in my life has been the work and co-operation with Miss Katharine Hawes, who organized the Covenanter Company, No. 1, in this church. She gave not only an ideal for the boys to work for, and to live up to, but it so impressed me that I have endeavored to live up to it also. In all my work in the church I have always sought her counsel and advice. God bless this lady, who has always been my friend. I have several slogans given me by Miss Katharine which have always given me inspiration. There is one which reads as follows:

"My son, consider the postage stamp, it's usefulness consists in it's ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

Another,

"I expect to pass this way but once, if there is any good thing that I can do, let me not linger nor delay, for I do not expect to pass this way again."

Still another:

"Its easy enough to be pleasant
When the world flows by like a song,
But the man worth while,
Is the man who can smile,
When everything goes dead wrong."

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The boys of this company had a drum, fife and bugle corps; it was called upon by many organizations to furnish music for parades. On the death of one of the members of the corps the entire body turned out to escort the remains to its last resting place; and to see the boys lined up at the grave had a lasting effect upon all who were present. Dr. Cecil, who was pastor at that time, said that it had an effect upon him which he could never forget.

I was made to feel both proud and also sorrowful to see the boys of the church volunteer and leave for the different camps during the World War. Boys I had known from infancy, bidding me good-bye with cheerful words and faces. Those were busy days in this old church, everyone with something to do, and doing it with all their might. It was a proud sight to see our boys return from camp on short furloughs, in their uniforms at church on Sunday morning. There is a Roster in the vestibule of the church with the names of all who were sent from this church, and two Gold Stars. There are also enrolled two ladies who not only enlisted, but were sent overseas. The ladies of the Auxiliary served banquets to the boys returning from overseas.

In all of these trying times Dr. Cecil was truly a great shepherd, going in and out among his flock and speaking words of cheer to all.

Well, after a long, useful and loving ministry Dr. Cecil was called very suddenly to a higher life. His death was a great sorrow to me, as I had served him longer than any of the former pastors, and with his kindness and gentle, loving ways I loved him as a father. Dr. Cecil's funeral was as simple and quiet as that of any member of the church and he was laid to rest in beautiful Hollywood.

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A short time after Dr. Cecil's death and burial there was held in the church a memorial service to his memory and eulogies were delivered by different ministers. Mr. John S. Munce, an Elder of the church, delivered to the Woman's Auxiliary one of the most beautiful eulogies of Dr. Cecil that I have ever heard.

The Woman's Auxiliary decided to give a tablet in memory of Dr. Cecil, to be placed on the wall opposite that of Dr. Hoge. The money for this was to come from the ladies of the Auxiliary and congregation. They raised, not only enough to purchase the tablet, but had a surplus sufficient to purchase a beautiful vase, inscribed to his memory, for flowers used at the Sabbath services. These flowers are sent to someone sick after the services. Table linen for the Communion Table was also purchased. The unveiling of the tablet was a beautiful sight, with the cords drawn by two of Dr. Cecil's grandchildren, little Betty Cary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Cary, and James McC. Cecil, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. James McC. Cecil.

Again the church was without a pastor.

REV. WILLIAM E. HILL, D.D., 1926-

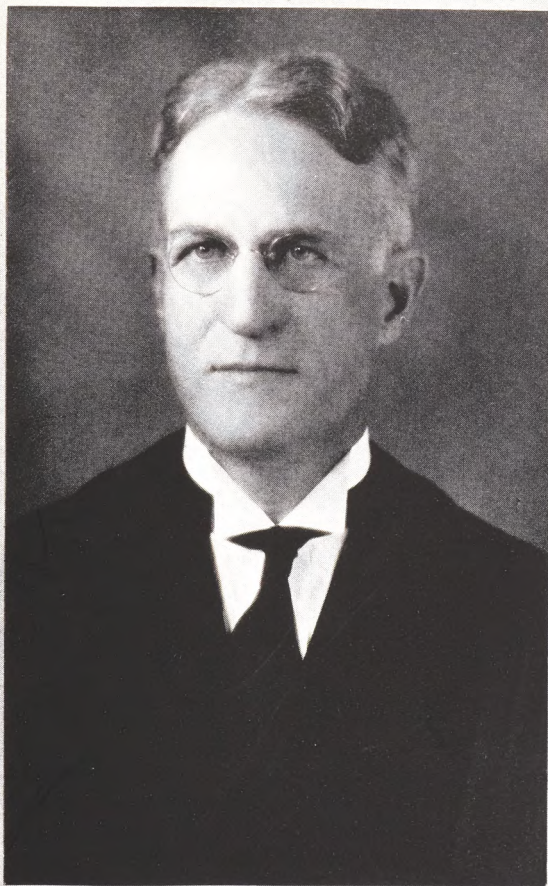
AFTER the death of Dr. Cecil, Rev. William E. Hill was unanimously called and elected pastor. Of course, I was anxious and wanted to see the new pastor. On arriving in the city he came to the church and I had the pleasure of meeting him. He called me by name and said with a little twinkle in the eye that he had heard more of me than of anyone else in the church. He told me that the Rev. S. K. Phillips, one of the former members of the Covenanters, Company 1, sent his regards to me.

On the following Sunday Dr. Hill preached his first sermon to a large congregation, the text of which was: "Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths."

During this short time that I have worked under Dr. Hill I have become devoted to him and love him. There is never a time that he is too busy to see me, and to listen and advise. I shall always remember his speech when he presented the token given by the church on my fortieth Anniversary, and the beautiful writing of the Forty-Fifth Anniversary. Let me put them here:

"FORTY YEARS OF FAITHFUL SERVICE

"On Friday, April 2nd, Joshua Kinney rounded out forty years of service with the Second Presbyterian Church. As a mere lad he became the Sexton of this church, the duties of which position he has faithfully performed ever since, serving under every pastor of the church. The earliest recollections of many of the men and women of the church are of coming to Sunday School as little children and being met and looked after by 'Josh.' The church could not let such a long term of



REV. WILLIAM E. HILL, D.D.

faithful service go unrecognized, therefore, during the service on Friday afternoon, April 2nd, Dr. Hill, as Pastor and in the name of the church, presented Joshua a silken bag containing \$100.00 in gold, and bearing the following inscription:

“JOSHUA KINNEY

FROM

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

April 2nd, 1926

In acknowledgment of forty years of faithful service as
Sexton of this Church.”

✓ ✓ ✓

“FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

“Forty-five years ago on the 2nd day of April, Joshua Kinney assumed the duties of Sexton in this church. It is not a common thing for a man to spend forty-five years in the same position. This long term of service here is in itself a testimonial to the fact that he has been faithful and efficient. But there is a kind of service that money cannot purchase. It has been characteristic of Joshua that he has given beyond that which it was his duty to do. He has manifested a degree of love and loyalty for the church that passes beyond the ordinary. There is scarcely anyone to whom this church is dearer than it is to Joshua Kinney. We depend upon his judgment. We know that when any interest is committed to his hands it will be carefully guarded or wisely and efficiently administered. Joshua has served under every Pastor of the church. He has relieved them of care, protected them from annoyance and ministered to their comfort in many ways. No one ever received anything but perfect courtesy from him. It has been his joy and pride to keep the church in perfect order. We doubt whether any church ever received a better service from one in his position. He has seen children and grandchildren grow up in the church and remembers them all. The entire church holds Joshua Kinney in affectionate esteem and we hope that he may continue with us for years to come.”

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There are many ties that bind me to this church and people which can only be understood by them and myself. First, as a mere lad I grew up in the church and, as time passed, learned to love both. In trying to be worthy I gained the friendship and confidence of those whom I served. I have always endeavored to be loyal to every trust given me. I do not remember ever to have had friction with any of the pastors whom I have served. I think my most devoted friends have been the children, from the little Beginners and upward. There are some families as dear to me as if they were my very own. There have been times of sorrow as well as of joy in this work of mine. To see friends laid to rest, and they have been many. Yet it has been my great joy to know and love their children and have their love in return. (These people have stood by me and have been my staunch friends at all times.)

When the ladies organized the Auxiliary I was made to feel proud and happy when informed that I have been elected a member. I am still planning and working for Circle No. 6.

This church has given me three anniversaries: my Twenty-Fifth and Thirty-Fifth during Dr. Cecil's pastorate, and the Fortieth during the pastorate of the present minister, Dr. Hill. I have letters and papers of the same and shall retain them to the end. I can sing with the lips, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," but in the silence of the heart I will offer the prayer, "Thanks be to God for His blessings in sending me to this church and people."

I have never traveled very much in my life and have been out of our dearly beloved old Virginia but seldom.

But I have often received from members of the church when touring through foreign lands post cards and curios which I prize highly. I have a pipe which was given me by a missionary from China which I have not used yet, although I am an ardent smoker. It is one which was used by opium smokers. Thinking of the many things that have been given me, there was one continuous giving and receiving almost from the time of the beginning of my services as Sexton of the church until the death of the giver. In many ways it was very amusing: One of the prominent gentlemen of the church, and by the way, he has a son who is a Deacon at the present time, became very much displeased with me on account of the church not being warm enough on a certain Sunday. He gave me a good hauling over the coals and wound up by giving me a piece of money. Sunday after Sunday he always gave me the same amount, and never said a word of what it was for until his death. Believe me, I was always at the door to greet him and to receive.

I have had a write-up in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of which I do not remember the occasion. A certain lady was sent through the different cities to visit churches to see how strangers were received, and to write up her findings. She claimed that she visited the Second Presbyterian Church and was not received by anyone but the Sexton, whom she said smiled at her and invited her to call again and worship there. Well, I don't remember the occasion, but at the time she claimed to have been there everyone was in the Sabbath School and I was in the vestibule of the church at the time. I was the target for a good many jokes about it as everyone told me that I had to keep up the smile.

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“Ever been scared at the church?” Yes, on many occasions, but once very, very much so. On a Saturday night during choir rehearsal a well dressed man entered the church and claimed he only wanted to hear the music. I made him welcome and he sat down. He hid himself in the church and was locked up. On opening up the next morning I found him in the pastor’s study. I asked him what he was doing in there? He answered that he had spent the night there and drew a pistol and held it in my face and told me if I moved what he would do. Scared? Yes!

I was proud and happy to carry in little Patricia Cary Cecil, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Cecil and granddaughter of Dr. Russell Cecil for baptism.

There are so many incidents to remember of the members of this dear old church that fills my heart with love for them. I was sick for quite a spell at one time and was ordered by the doctor attending me to go away for awhile. It was along about Valentine’s Day. How happy I was to receive a great mass of Valentines!—and the members continued to send showers of cards and letters as long as I was absent from duty.

The Woman’s Auxiliary, of which I was elected as a member at the time of its organization, has filled the place in my heart which was formerly held by the Covenanters. How happy I am to answer at the meetings to the roll call of Circles. I have always loved it, and am ever ready to do what little I can. I have had the pleasure of being asked to say a few words at some of its meetings, and also to have a part in one of its pageants.

Goochland County, the place where I was born, has a little church by the name of “Emmaus Baptist Church,”

where I used to attend Sabbath School when a small boy. It stood in great need of money for very necessary repairs. I was appealed to by some of the members for a little help. Well, as usual, I consulted my friends of this dear old church for their advice. The President of the Auxiliary told me it was a great opportunity for mission work and every organization would be glad to respond. She said I must go before the different organizations and make an appeal. Beginning with the Woman's Auxiliary I made an appeal of a few words to all the different organizations. I was given a splendid sum of money, which I presented to Emmaus Church—coming from a people whom they did not know, for the work of the Master. How happy I was through the generosity of my friends to do this.

Dr. Hoge celebrated his Forty-fifth Anniversary when I was quite young at this church. Little did I know that I too would be with this church and people for a like number of years. On reading from the church bulletin the testimonial of the same, I could only offer a prayer: "Lord, make me worthy." It has been a wonderful experience to me to have been with one work, one church, one people, and one Lord, for forty-five years.

Well, possibly I could write a great deal more of my work here among this people, and yet, I am coming to a close:

First, let me say how happy I have been to have my home here at this church; and how many real true friends I have here. And again, how many I have seen carried out to their last resting place. Of the friends of today, what a joy they are to me, to meet and greet them on a Sunday morning, and to have a hand-shake and a little joke. Why, it is more than anything in this world to me.

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So I am closing this little book of mine of this dear old church with the texts of two of its pastors and the closing words of the text of the first :

I. "Show me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths."

II. "Certainly I will be with thee."

III. "I am going to lay my burden down when I have fought and won."

I think that is all.

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