

gasoline and hay were kept in stock. Undoubtedly, Mr. Jordan had saved the town from a catastrophe. Many little children were present that night. The hall did not burn, nor did the gasoline and hay, but it was a close call.

Joe was home again, spending his time, when not in the store, by flirting considerably. Then Hugh went to the University of Virginia to take a law course.

After Colonel Allston's death, some time passed before we had a minister. Then Bishop Capers sent us another spiritual man, Mr. Orin Judd. Mrs. Dwight was living in Columbia then, and in our congregation, I was the only one who could or would take the organ. I was in a quandary. I was not willing that Mr. Judd's first service should be without music, but this was a new organ, larger, and with about twice as many stops as the one I had used. Seeing that either I had to take it or there would be no music, I went to the church after breakfast to try the organ before the hour of Sunday School. I did not know a thing about organ stops. I hoped my Guardian Angel was helping me, as I pulled out several of them at random. Then I selected such chants and hymns as I knew were familiar, made two lists of them, and tried them all on the organ. My Angel must have helped me, for the combination was excellent. I took the chant book, and on the inside of the cover, dotted down the stops, lest I should forget.

The next week we formed our choir. Besides all of the Gantts, there were Mrs. Robert Ellison, Mrs. Davis Douglas, Annie Davis, Lil Dwight and Isabel Pixley. Ministers did not make short cuts in their services then. As there were but few cars, the afternoon services were well attended. What could be more beautiful or peaceful than one of our evening hymns, sung at the close of the service, just as the setting sun, shining