

Accordingly I bade good-bye to my people of W. Farnham on the last Sunday in February with great reluctance, and drove into Lennoxville on the 2nd of March, and entered at once upon my duties on the magnificent salary of \$480 a year. In those days the students of the college and the boys of the school (which was then held in a large wooden building where Mr. Simpson's house now stands) attended the Parish Church, and the Professors of the College, Dr. Nichols and Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Williams the Rector of the school regularly took part in the service. And I well recollect the trepidation with which I read morning prayer on the first Sunday that I officiated before all these dignitaries. I believe I made many omissions, among others forgetting the Nicene Creed, till recalled to my senses by a gentle whisper from Mr. Thompson. What a different aspect the church presented then to what it does now! The interior was painted a dark brown almost black, one little sentry box on each side of the Altar for vestries, a huge pulpit on the north side and reading desk on the south, a small pipe organ in the choir gallery over the west door. The clergy entered in long surplices reaching to the ground, wearing black gloves and bands like a lawyer. The church lighted by a few dim oil lamps and attempted to be heated by stoves in the centre aisle. And yet it was looked upon as a model church. Indeed the Sherbrooke church was no better, both being built on the same style. But what an improvement it was on the barnlike structure which was erected for the use of Ascot about 1820 in what was described as a central situation at the upper forks (Lennoxville) and spoken of as a "handsome Church."

Whatever may be said of the church building, the services were well conducted, owing no doubt to the presence of the College, though Mr. Doolittle was a strong and intelligent churchman. The Holy Communion was celebrated once a