

roots of life had struck so deeply and held with such tenacity that uprooting meant anguish of the acutest intensity. We might remove to Farnham or elsewhere, but interests and friendships, yes! and responsibility would remain. Never had I realized more clearly that the Church in any parish,—Clarendon for instance—is bound up with the Church Catholic into one great living organic body to witness for Christ and his truth, and that the Holy Spirit's ministry of word and sacraments and shepherding was one of the great bonds of the living union.

Sunday, September 1st, was to be the last Sunday. The interval was occupied with preparation. An effort was made to visit all the sick and the aged. There was much writing to be done. Accounts had to be made up and statements, for the church wardens, St. Paul's Guild, the Sunday School, the Churchworkers Association, St. Matthew's Church and Campbell's Bay. Arrangements had to be made for the Sunday Schools. It was no small task to pack my books. Kenneth was with us to help. Harry came on the 29th and we had many offers of help. The experience of the past winter was in fact repeated in the unfailing kindness of the people.

I went, on the morning of Wednesday the 21st, to Mr. Adam Hodgins' to administer Holy Communion to Mrs. George Hodgins, Sr. I found parting with her peculiarly trying. She had been such a true friend all the years. On the afternoon of the same day I visited the people around Green Lake and administered Holy Communion to Mrs. Andrew Hanna and Mrs. Chas. Dagg.

On the night of the 27th a large meeting was held in St. Paul's which accepted my financial statement, left certain matters in the hands of the church wardens, agreed to pay the "locum tenens" as the Bishop requested, and appointed a committee to take steps to secure a future Rector.

I had my last service at Radford on Sunday the 25th.