

that summer. There was a Girl's Guild meeting regularly, a Choir holding constant practices and a very strong Sunday School, looked after with great diligence by the people of the congregation. There was a zest about it all which I have often likened to the hum of a hive of bees.

In order to carry out the Bishop's wishes with regard to a clergyman for Campbell's Bay and in response to the express wishes of the congregation, the Rev. H. P. Mount canvassed the Parish on the sixth of August meeting with a gratifying measure of success.

Thursday, August the 8th, was a great day for the children of St. Paul's Sunday School. Scholars and teachers and many of the parents went on their annual picnic to Norway Bay. Teams enough were secured to take all who wished to go. There were fourteen vehicles of various kinds, and about ninety people went. All who wished had a sail of an hour and a half on the ferry boat to Sand Point, said ferry boat being a fine roomy vessel propelled by a gasoline engine. Beside this the children bathed and paddled in the water to their heart's content.

The following Thursday I received from Bishop Carmichael a letter in which he definitely offered me the Rectorship of the Parish of West Farnham. There had been some previous correspondence, but no definite offer had been made until now, and considering the state of my health and other things it seemed to be my duty to accept the offer.

The following Sunday, August 18th, at the services at St. Paul's and Parkman, I made the announcement of my appointment. I had not realized before what it meant, but that moment, as I began to speak it came upon me like a flash. I saw the whole thirty-one years of going in and out, the services held, the interest taken, the intelligent response, the sympathy, the prayers in homes of sickness and sorrow, the hopes and fears, and partings:—the memory of them all rushed upon me and overwhelmed me. I realized that the