

THE SKIPPER PARSON

CHAPTER XX

FAREWELL

"Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore?"—*Hastings.*

WE took our leave of Newfoundland in July, 1892, to join another Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada. As the steamer slowly left the Loading Wharf and made her way out toward the sea, our friends who had assembled on the hill, a goodly company, sang "Sweet By and By," and other hymns, and waved their farewells to the last. Kinder or better friends we do not expect to meet on earth. But we were borne to other shores and to new scenes, while they also, later in the year, dispersed on account of the closing of the works. The majority left Newfoundland; some for lands far distant; others settled in the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, and we have had the happiness of renewing old acquaintance.

My eleven years in connection with the Newfoundland Conference, my nine years of work on the mission fields within its bounds, are now but a memory, yet an unfading memory. I soon found out that the rock-bound coast which seemed so forbidding, when I saw it first, guarded and sentineled