

Thus, under the judicious Management of Doctor Parks, the work of getting the Church upon solid ground went bravely and successfully on.

Doctor Parks had some heroic co-workers in those days, foremost among whom was Doctor F. W. Westcott.

It may be permitted to mention here some incidents of how they then worked. The Furnace underneath the Church was so out of Order (and to get a new one was impossible) that the Auditorium could only be warmed for Sunday Service by having someone sit up all the night before with the furnace and coax it along.

Doctors Parks and Westcott were the men for the Emergency. They did it alternately, and thus the old furnace was forced to do duty until a new one could be bought.

When the Ladies' Circle gave Entertainments at which oysters were served, it was a sight well worth the seeing, and not easily to be forgotten by those who understood all that it meant, to see these two Doctors, Parks and Westcott, standing with coats off, and sleeves rolled up, opening the rough-coated bivalves, for the guests at the festivals.

It was a homely but needed work. They did it well. They honored the work. The work honored them. They were working for the Master's Cause, and their work met His approval, and was crowned with success.

Space does not permit the narration of other incidents to illustrate the character and toilsomeness of the services and sacrifices made by the Men and Women, and Children also, of the Parish in that period of Supreme Struggle. Suffice it to say: All