

Classes were held in the Indian Church until very bitter weather came, when, as the walls of the Church are only one board thick, with spacious cracks between, and standing well above the ground on piles, it was hardly to be wondered at if writing, for instance, was a difficulty when the ink froze solid unless it were kept standing on the stove!

Therefore, the Indian classes were removed to the Parsonage. There, amidst many tribulations, the nucleus of the present flourishing Indian School was laboriously gathered in. A hard struggle with poverty and cold was that first winter. Now the incidents can be chatted about lightly; but it was another matter living through them!

No means had this tiny Mission band, and it was necessary to resort to many unaccustomed expedients in order to earn bread and fuel for themselves and the little Indian children committed to their care.

The Sister Superior relates how her class of Indian boys did not like missing their lessons on certain days of the week while she washed and ironed, and sent out again the laundry work she had undertaken. So they volunteered to come in and help with it in order that Sister might have time to give at least a short class.

To-day, as we sorted out the weekly baskets of clean clothes for our present family of 35 Indian children in the beautiful little work-room and cloakroom of our latest addition to the Indian School, we could not help contrasting it with the little chicken-house where the Sister Superior nalled up a few shelves upon which to arrange her first scanty store of children's clothes!

Years went by at the Parsonage. The Sisters acquired the vacant C. P. R. Hospital and moved the Indian School there, where the Sister Superior took charge by night and taught by day, while Sister Alice brought grist to the mill by classes and music lessons for Canadian girls in the Parsonage building.

With many sad and painful memories of the brave pioneer work of those early days mingles the thought of constant kindness from the few staunch friends of the Mission.

In 1888 the Bishop having purchased a lovely house and garden on the western side of the then flourishing town of Yale, gave it to the Sisters as a school building.

Here there seemed to be abundance of room, but soon again the children began that constant cry which was so long ago prophesied of as a sign of blessing on the Church's work and which still sounds in our ears to-day—"The place is too strait for me; give place to me that I may dwell."