

Since Bishop Lemmens had abandoned the idea of such a school, as I had proposed to him five years ago, I had never mentioned to him the advisability of the undertaking since that time. It must have become evident to the priests nearer to the Bishop than myself that the work was a real necessity for the salvation of our Indian children.

In Victoria the good Bishop Christie explained all his plans. "But," said he, "Father, we have no money to do the work. However, let us commence at once, *Deus providebit*. Return to the coast at the first opportunity, choose a central location and I will send up lumber and men to do the work."

I went back a few days later and chose Clayoquot Sound as a location easily accessible to all the Indians of the coast.

At the foot of a mountain in Deception Channel I found and secured a large piece of table land open to pre-emption and away from all Indian settlements. It is fifty feet above the surface of a fine bay which at low water has a sandy beach of more than twenty acres—a magnificent playground for the children. It is also in proximity to another bay, a real clam-field, so that with a bay swarming with salmon and other fish and a large field of clams, the expense of supporting the children will be considerably reduced and their health will be benefited, for all our people from their very infancy look upon fish as their main food and they acknowledge that without fish they cannot live and keep their health.

A few days later I received another letter from Bishop Christie, announcing that he was to leave us and go to Portland, Ore., as the successor of Archbishop Gross. The Archbishop-elect now told me again to go ahead with the work, insisting that if the school was not built now it would never be built, and that either the Methodists or the Presbyterians would get our grant and use it to pervert our Catholic children. In the course of conversation afterwards His Grace told

me that he had talked the matter over with his Vicar-General, and they had come to the conclusion that as soon as the work was well started I should go abroad to collect the necessary funds. "And," said he, "Father, let us go ahead; the work of your life will be destroyed. It will be lost if we neglect this chance offered by the Government. We must put up the buildings and pay for them ourselves, but the Indian Department will by a generous yearly grant do the rest. I have ordered the lumber and the men will go up next month; but when the buildings are up, you will have to go East and ask the good people out there to extend to us a helping hand. And, Father, do not be uneasy; you will do well. The people out there do not know what you are doing for the salvation of souls; I had no idea of it myself before coming here. Do not prepare any lectures, but speak to the people as you speak to us. . . . The priests will allow you to speak in their churches; whatever you get from their people will not affect them. I have experienced that myself when I was rector of St. Stephen's church in Minneapolis."

October.—Our school is now built. . .

1874-1899.

Twenty-five years have now elapsed since I first set foot on the western shore of Vancouver Island. When I first met the inhabitants of that desolate coast, they were savage, immoral and treacherous. Their dwellings were hovels of filth and misery; their attire a blanket of cedar bark, dog's hair or other inferior article; they were addicted to witchcraft and innumerable superstitious practices. All alone in the wilderness, deprived of the company of friends or white men, with no mails except once or twice a year, I have spent many mournful seasons without seeing any encouraging results of my arduous labors.

But God has been kind to me and has granted me the grace to persevere, and