

mountains; and as they do so the upper peaks become ethereal, until at last after our own little world has fallen to twilight, they palpitate with wonderful iridescence in the glow of the setting sun.

Evening is always big and fearsome in the mountains. The mercury is falling to zero and the night closes in with howling winds. The river is frozen over, the snow glistens like crystal in the starlight—our dread of winter has passed away—it is here in its sternest aspect, impressing the soul with a sense of pure, severe, ascetic beauty.

We hear of much suffering in the big cities, especially from a coal famine.

Our Indian children are enjoying this weather. Day after day they are out all the afternoon tobogganning down the hill, or coasting down the frozen field paths. Twice they enjoyed long drives in On Lee's sleigh hired for the purpose. From Yale Creek they went swiftly and smoothly over the frozen snow to Gordon Creek and beyond as far as the road was clear of drifts. In the still frosty air with the sunshine on their faces they swept by such a happy, healthy, care-free party.

We had some exceptionally severe snow-storms towards the end of January. We recall one Sunday morning in particular when an energetic member of the family faced the bitter cold and deep snow to attend early service in the village church. The storm she had thought over began again with blinding fury and after service she was compelled to take refuge in the parsonage where Mrs. Croucher most kindly kept her. In the meantime her lengthened absence awakened anxiety in the school and two Indian girls volunteered to go out and look for her. One of them returned in a few minutes beaten back by the storm, the other managed to fight her way through the snow to the parsonage where she also had to seek shelter until the snow plow went by and partially cleared the railway track for the road by this time had become quite impassable. When the church bell rang out for Matins at 11 our wanderers returned, having had to make a second halt at Mrs. Clair's cottage, half-way between the parsonage and the school.

In consequence of this blockade we were compelled to telegraph to different Western points to let the children know that we were snow-bound and their return must be postponed.

It was too late to stop the girls who were coming from Calgary and other long distances east of Yale.

It was not until the 15th of February that school fairly reopened, and even then our difficulties were so great that the Chinamen we employ had to dig out a narrow pathway along the side of the road and by harnessing a horse to a hand sleigh transport the trunks from the station one at a time.