

It's the beauty which fills me with wonder,
It's the stillness which fills me with peace!

The opportunity of living very near to Nature's heart, to meet and to know a people of whom I had such a hazy idea was to be mine. I had asked for it.

No palatial residence with retinue of servants greeted my arrival, but where there's a will, there's a way, and necessity ever acts as a spur to many devices.

A little log ration house was soon cleared of its contents and very comfortably fitted up. This sanctum contained two rooms, one below, and one above. The room upstairs was designated the dispensary and contained a generous amount of all necessary drugs and hospital supplies. Many happy hours were spent in that now vacated, little whitewashed cabin, many hallowed associations will ever be inseparable from it. If my home was unpretentious, so was the school room—one-half mile down the trail stood a dilapidated log house which had bravely done battle with summer heat and winter snows for more than twenty years, but its appearance gave ample evidence that the elements would surely win out.

One by one the little children quietly and shyly entered until six dusky flowers were counted. Sweet shyness, in all its beauty and primitiveness and voices sweet and low.

An English teacher and Cree children, surely a clashing of languages. But there is a silent language of the heart understood by all nations. The Indians knew that the Moon-ey-askwao had come to try to help them, did not their very presence eloquently tell her that they were reaching out to bid her welcome?

A box containing hard tack biscuits stood in one corner of the room, and I soon learned that it was the custom to distribute two daily to each pupil as a mid-day luncheon. It was interesting to watch the history of these biscuits. Some children with their sharp glistening teeth, managed fairly well, others

soaked them in water, whilst the least venturesome took them home for a more convenient time.

Four years have passed away since that memorable morning when it needed a brave heart to be of good cheer. Many and varied have been the difficulties during those months, many and varied have been the delights. There have been times when fond excellent hopes were shattered, where we saw the gilded castle, as it were, lying low in the dust, when disappointment and discouragement seemed to pass in quick review and loneliness and desolation pressed heavily upon heart and soul.

Times there have been when nothing

save the spiritual significance behind it all and a firm reliance upon those promises which have never failed could have upheld and sustained.

Lo, I am with you alway,
My grace is sufficient for thee.
For my strength is made perfect in weakness.

We remember what is said of him, who having put his hand to the plough, looks back—

We kneel, how weak; We rise, how full of power.

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong

Or others, that we are not always strong?

Then—like soft music stealing in upon the soul there comes the memory of those lines which have been an inspiration to thousands when the way seemed long and hard, and when hearts were beginning to grow faint and weary—and if I mistake not these self same lines cheered on the intrepid and zealous Bishop Stringer when about his father's business on that perilous journey in the far North, the hardships and dangers of which thrilled the whole civilized world.

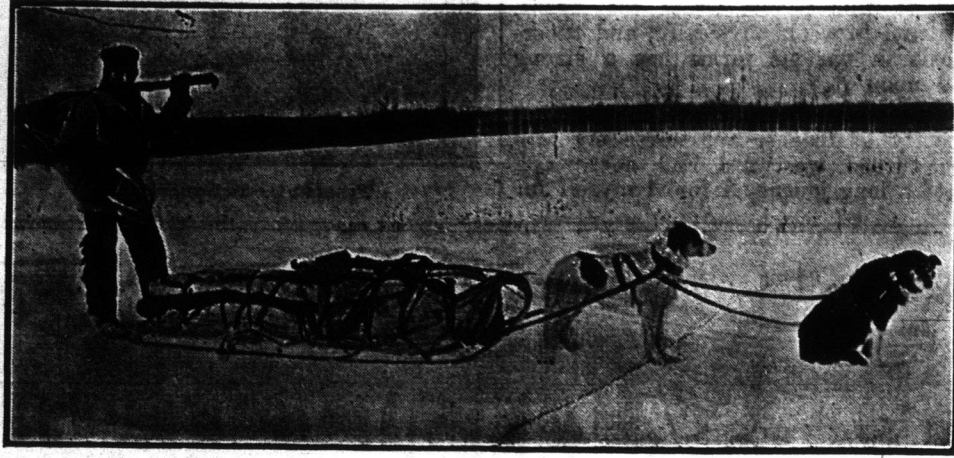
Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is Heavenly gain
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;

The Master praises—what are men?

"Things will come right" were the parting words of that prince of missionaries who has given fifty years of devoted service as a priest in the Church of God—fifty years devoted to the Indians of Western Canada!

We thank God for the inspiration of this unselfish, saintly life. The words of the Venerable Archdeacon Mackay, D.D. are coming true—things are coming right on the James Smith Reserve.

For the worker among this band of Indians the Department of Indian Affairs at a cost of \$3,400 has built a pretty white cottage with trimmings of emerald green, just to give it a touch of color. It contains seven rooms, two halls, and three spacious clothes closets. No expense has been spared to make it fully modern—the large furnace in the basement is a real luxury on an Indian reserve.



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On the trail to the dispensary

Beside the residence is a model school house. It is thoroughly equipped with every convenience to facilitate the work. Let us take a peep inside. Twenty-five children instantly rise and return our greeting in a frank, fearless, self-possessed manner—clean, well-dressed enough children they are, who take a lively interest in their work—and, by