

“FAINT, YET PURSUING”

election of the new Archbishop gave him much concern. He felt it was his duty to go once more to Winnipeg to hasten matters, and many were the letters written and received before everything was finally arranged. His annual trip down the river to visit the various mission stations became more and more of a burden, and he wished to stay quietly in one place to carry on his desired work.

And that desired work filled him with gladness. “The daily round, the common task” was all that he asked for. Praise might go to others; he wished for none for himself. The Indian school occupied much of his time, and part of each morning was given up to it. The building over the river, which at first had been used for the school, was exchanged for the log police-barracks, quite close to the mission-house. It was an interesting sight to observe the venerable, grey-haired teacher among a number of stirring young Indian pupils. Gladly did he leave his beloved translations to be awhile the teacher.

“Freely the sage, though wrapped in musings high,
Assumed the teacher’s part.”

Though the Bishop used to say that to teach Indians was a very difficult task, “like writing in the sand, instead of graving in the rock,” yet he never gave up, but went bravely on till the last.

A portion of his time was devoted to letter-writing and translation work. He was always an early riser, and his letters were written in the early morning in the quietness of his study. Letter-writing he seemed to love, and seldom did he pen less than six or seven missives a day. It was in this manner he could express himself most freely, and sometimes, when wishing to convey a message to a member of his household, he would do so by letter, at times leaving it at the post-office to be delivered later in the day.

Rarely did he miss meeting the train on its arrival at the