

Indian Boarding School

Norway House, Man. ~~Summer~~ 1924.

In the year 1909

Fifteen years ago Anna May Miller was born in an out of the way Indian shack, one of the worst of a very poor kind.

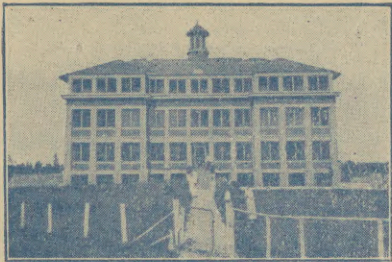
Rev. S. D. Gaudin, with Mrs Gaudin, were passing this Indian home one cold winter's day when someone came running out and asked Mr. Gaudin to hurry in and baptize a babe who had just entered the world and whom it was feared was about to leave it also. The babe was baptized but not left to die. Mrs Gaudin worked with the child and was rewarded with ~~the~~ its life. The parents were not at all bright and little Anna May was apparently no better in this respect. In such environment there is little to develop the mind and so Anna May grew till the year of the great "Flu" epidemic in 1918. when she was left an orphan and without near relatives or friends.

What to do with a number of these Flu orphans was an acute problem at Cross Lake, the missionary field of Rev. and Mrs Gaudin, so the Indian Dept. instructed that these be placed (such as were protestants) in the Indian Boarding School at Norway House.

On taking charge here three years ago I found Anna May a physical and mental weakling. I asked that she be discharged from the school and her place given to a more promising pupil. However there was no one who wanted poor little Anna May. She never mixed with the other girls and very seldom played. She seemed not to take an interest in anything. Herein we all made a mistake but our mistake realized we are all more greatly encouraged to go on with the work for "Even the least of these My little ones" in the Masters name.

The epidemic of measles that went through our North country last Fall left Anna May weaker in every way and for weeks she was confined to her bed and gradually was wasting away. Every member of the staff delighted in doing something to make the "going out" easier. Even the children were most attentive and then something happened-- the girl began to improve and from a shadow she gradually grew strong and fat. She seemed to improve mentally, and she received special attention and we were hoping that "after all" something could yet be done to make her an average woman.

One night, the last week in May, I heard a rap at the little girls dormitory and on going to



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ascertain the trouble I found Anna May had taken suddenly ill and before the morning I knew the final call had come.

The next morning we had a new Anna May with us. The dull and listless girl had gone and the new one was bright, alert, talkative. I spoke to her of the coming holidays. Asked her where she wanted to spend them, she replied that she would like to spend them with her sister some sixty miles away. Later she said she was going to spend them with Jesus. She spoke rationally of many things we had not thought she knew ought about. Then between spasms of pain she would sing songs we had not known she could sing. No one had ever heard Anna May sing before then, as the end drew near, she suffered more but she still sang and then in one final rally she began-

Jesus loves me this I know
For the Bible tells me so etc etc.

She sang all the verses, together with the chorus, until she reached the last and then a ten minute spasm of pain shook her slight body. We thought she had sung her last but in a wonderfully clear voice she sang the last verse. Sang it so that it could be heard through the halls of our building, sang it sweetly, correctly,

Jesus loves me He will stay
Close beside me all the way
If I love Him when I die
He will take me home on high.

She smiled sweetly and went home.

I can only add " Sow beside all waters for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that."