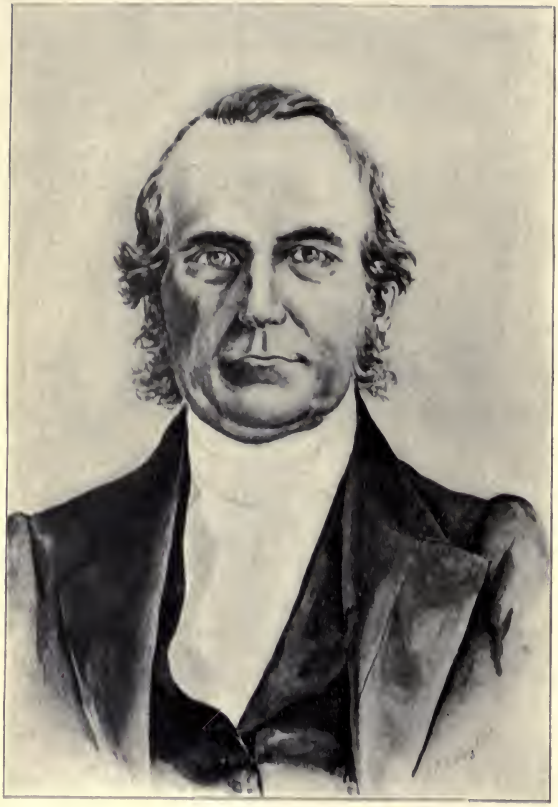

The Apostle of the North

Rev. James Evans

BY

Egerton R. Young

Author of "On the Indian Trail," "By Canoe and Dog-Train," Etc.

"Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigor of a Northern sky;
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy fields, amid eternal snows."

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WHEN God wants a man for a peculiar work He knows where to find him. He found Moses among the flocks of Jethro, and Elisha ploughing with the twelve yoke of oxen. Thus has it ever been. When in His infinite wisdom He sees that the time has come to act, His agents are quickly found. He who called Paul and Stephen and Timothy and all the worthies of the apostolic age, has ever been selecting the right men for His glorious work. Augustine, Wycliffe, Tyndal, Latimer, Huss, Luther, Knox, Wesley, Whitfield, and scores of others have by their deeds shown most clearly how the hand of Providence has been at work in their preparation, call and success in the varied positions to which they have been assigned.

This same providential fitting for some great work, and then the clear call to it, is still to be

seen. The records of missionary toil are full of it. Carey, Morrison, Judson, Duff, Moffat, and many others, whose names are embalmed in the hearts of the church universal, are evidences of this truth. And just as surely as an all-wise Providence called John Eliot and David Brainerd to their glorious work among the Indians of New England, just so surely did God call James Evans to his successful work among the red men of the Hudson's Bay territories.

James Evans was born at Kingston-on-Hull in the year 1801. Living near the ocean, and being the son of a sea captain he, like thousands of other English lads, soon came deeply to love the sea, and longed, like many a son, to follow his father's occupation. At first his father, who by personal experience knew the dangers and drawbacks of that adventurous life, tried to discourage him from adopting this as his future occupation. So persistent, however, was this lad of eight years, that he had to adopt some severe measures to repress the boyish ambition. He therefore permitted him to accompany him on a couple of wild, tempestuous voyages to the Baltic Sea, keeping him on the plainest fare, and giving him plenty of work. While the plucky lad cheerfully did the rough work assigned him, and uncomplainingly ate the coarse fare of the common seaman, yet he lost his ambition to become a sailor and, after some years at school, was apprenticed to a grocer in the near-by town of Hull.

James Evans' master, Mr. Traine, was a godly

Storm in the Baltic Sea.

man, held in high repute by his fellow-citizens. He was beloved for his open-handed benevolence and his practical interest in everything that was for the uplifting of humanity. Not only did he fear and love God himself, but he was ever anxious for the salvation of others, especially of those over whom he had any influence and to whom he could speak a word in season. His sympathies did not alone go out to the neglected ones thousands of miles away, but they also included those nearer home. His clerks, apprentices and all in his employ, saw and felt the influence of his consistent life, and were deeply attached to him by his kindly interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare. He felt that, as an employer, it was his duty to exert a kindly influence for the development and strengthening of the moral character, and the spiritual growth of all committed to his care. He therefore aimed at this, giving them many a word of warning and advice; and, when opportunity offered, uniting his prayers with theirs for the blessings of which he believed them to be in need.

James Evans was specially fortunate, as he was one of the few who dwelt in the home of his master; and, in after years, he spoke gratefully of the restraining influences and blessings that had come to him through being always expected to be present at family prayers, where the head of the household not only earnestly prayed for the members of his own family, but for all in his employ.

Another thing which this godly master felt to be a duty incumbent upon him, was to see that all those young persons under his authority, should, on the Lord's day, attend some place of religious worship. He did not interfere with the religious preferences of his servants, but he insisted that they should be found, at least once every Sabbath, at the different churches indicated by themselves or their parents. In this, also, his conduct is to be commended. Too many young persons leaving home for a strange town or city, neglect to identify themselves with the church of their fathers, or with any church, for the simple reason that no one takes any interest in them, or accompanies them to the house of God.

In this way thousands of those who, if wisely and kindly directed, might have been saved to the churches, have been allowed to drift away until the religious influences of their early life are deadened and dissipated by the new surroundings.

At the request of Mrs. Evans' relatives, James accompanied his master and family to the church in which they worshipped. The young lad, still in his teens, was not sent up into the gallery, or allowed to find a seat where, perhaps, boyish companionships would be likely to hinder the reception of the greatest amount of good from the service. He tells us that he was always welcome in his master's capacious pew, and of this kindness he in after years ever spoke with gratitude.

If any great or prominent minister or missionary came to speak or lecture, the master made

arrangements for as many of those in his employ as could, consistently with his business interests, to attend. This was much appreciated by the young people and especially by Evans, who, although full of fun and energy, and a leader in all the sports among boys of his age, was also greatly interested in missionary addresses and in such sermons as he could understand.

One Sabbath, while worshipping in the house of God, there entered into the pulpit a man who, by his strong personality, at once attracted his attention, as well as that of many others. He was Gideon Ouseley, the famous Irish missionary, on one of his preaching tours in England. He was one of those marvellous men whom God had raised up for a special work; and, at the same time, a gentleman of family and culture. He gave up splendid worldly prospects to go up and down through his beloved Ireland, and preach to his ignorant, superstitious and bigoted countrymen the pure and simple gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Ouseley was frequently mobbed and persecuted by his benighted countrymen, who were often instigated to their deeds of violence by the parish priests. He was a man of dauntless courage and tact, and to this was added all that wit and cleverness at repartee, for which the Irish have so long been famous. One incident will be sufficient here to show the shrewdness by which he changed the temper of an ignorant, superstitious crowd, and gave them some sober truths of

the gospel, which it is to be hoped were a blessing to some of them.

On this occasion he was preaching at one of the Irish fairs, which were places of reckless jollity and mirth, as well as of a little business, and a good deal of factional strife, in which the famous shillalah played a conspicuous part. Mr. Ouseley having taken for his pulpit the steps of a public building, began singing some sweet hymns in the Irish language. This speedily attracted a crowd, and when the ignorant Romanists discovered that it was he who was called "ould Gideon Ouseley, the swaddlin' pracher," their ire was aroused, and some began to throw stones at him.

"Boys, dear," said he, "what's the matter with you? Won't you let me talk to you?"

"We don't want to hear a word out of your old head," replied a voice.

"I want to tell you what I am sure you would like to know," said the preacher, "it's about the blessed Virgin."

"Hould your tongue; what does the likes o' you, know about the blessed Virgin?" cried another.

"There was once a young couple to be married," began Ouseley, "and the decent people invited the blessed Virgin and her Son to the wedding. The wine ran short, and the virgin mother, not liking the decent young people to be shamed, whispered to her blessed Son, 'They have no wine.' 'Let not that trouble you, ma'am,'

said He. And then she said to the servants 'whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.' And so our blessed Saviour told them to fill six water-pots with water, and then to take some of it to the master at the head of the table. When he tasted it he found the water was all turned into the best of wine; so there was plenty for the feast, and enough left to help the young couple to set up housekeeping. All that," continued Ouseley, "came of following the blessed Virgin's advice, 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.'"

The stone throwing ceased, the hushed crowd listened with rapt attention to the narrative of Christ's "first miracle which He wrought in Cana of Galilee," which probably some of them heard then for the first time in their lives. The preacher, however, kept hammering home the Virgin's words, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

"Follow the holy mother's advice," said he, "and do not be wheedled into public houses by any drunken schoolmaster, who will only put wickedness into your head."

"It's thrue for ye—it's thrue for ye intirely!" exclaimed an old man. "If ye're telling lies all your life, it's the thruth ye're spakin' now."

This was the man bearing on his body the marks of numerous scars, received in many a terrible persecution from his own countrymen while he preached to them the blessed truth that Jesus Christ alone could forgive sin, who came

with his message of salvation to the town where young Evans lived. To him Evans listened, not only as he pleaded in wealthy Protestant England, for help in evangelistic work among the poor Irish Roman Catholics, but also when, as the devoted man of God, he urged his unconverted hearers then and there to give themselves to the Lord. Under his loving and powerful addresses, the eyes of the young man were opened to see his need of pardon and forgiveness, through the infinite mercy of God, as revealed in Jesus Christ. After a period of deep heart sorrow on account of sin, he was enabled to look away from himself to the Crucified, and the Holy Spirit, witnessing with his spirit, enabled him to cry, "Abba, Father; my Lord and my God!"

Very clear to him was his conversion. He did not afterward have to wail out, amid spiritual uncertainties, "Am I His, or am I not?" His experience was like that of the great apostle to the Gentiles: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

It is a grand thing to have a religious date in one's history. To all this is not given. Multitudes of God's dearest, grandest children know not the time or place when "He took their feet out of the horrible pit, and the miry clay, and set them upon a rock, and put a new song into their mouths." Happy are they in the blessed assurance of the Divine favour, and Fraternal love.

Still, in times of fierce temptation, when the arch-tempter assails, and by naked faith we have to hang on to naked promises, it is well to have a date to throw into his face, as he brings forth his lying insinuations. And better still is it for us all to feel that we are in present possession of heirship in the heavenly family. "Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Into this blessed assurance James Evans entered while the dews of youth were still upon him. Highly honoured are they, who thus begin in early life, the service of God, which after all is the easiest, sweetest, happiest service on this side of heaven. Would that all of our young men and boys could be brought to realise how much more blessed it is to do the right and serve the Lord, rather than to be servants of satan and of sin.

Such was the active, energetic temperament of James Evans, that he was anxious to tell others the story of redeeming love that had now personally come to him as a great joy. Having received the Spirit of adoption, which enabled him to cry, "Abba, Father," he wanted to have his young associates and others enter into this same rest of soul. A bold and fearless lad in sports and daily duties, he at once showed the courage of his convictions in his religious life. While modest and retiring in his demeanour especially

toward his elders, yet he let it be known, in a way that could not be misunderstood, that he would go to no sports, or places of amusement to which he could not invite his elder Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ, to accompany him. Here is a good solution of this so-called difficult question of proper places and amusements for Christian young people.

The church was not slow to notice the gifts and graces of James Evans, and so he quickly found an opportunity to exercise them. The Sunday-school was his first field, and a grand training-school it has been for many a glorious hero of after years. He studied his Bible diligently and availed himself of all assistance possible. Here he developed abilities of so high an order, that he was engaged with others to hold services in the adjoining villages and hamlets. He quickly became popular among his rustic audiences. His youth and modest demeanour, joined to his fluency of utterance, in the simple yet eminently scriptural addresses which he gave, completely won their hearts. Thus for a while he continued, "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

After some years in this Yorkshire town, he, like thousands of other young men anxious to succeed in life, went up to the great modern Babylon, London; where a fairly good position was offered him. Here his industry and integrity of character, joined to his bright and sprightly disposition, made him a favourite with

all. So pleased was he with this situation that he decided that he would not unite with his father's family in their removal to Canada, but to remain behind in the great city. A couple of years later, however, he crossed the ocean and joined them at La Chute, Quebec, where they had made for themselves a home.

With characteristic energy, he threw himself into work immediately on his arrival. At first he hoped to secure employment in some business establishment similar to those in which he had served his apprenticeship, and had spent some years in the old land. No opening in this line of business being immediately available, Mr. Evans secured a position as a school-teacher. In this new country, the hardy and industrious immigrants, amidst their toils and labours to change the primeval forests into splendid farms, were not unmindful of the educational needs of their growing children. The cedar-log schoolhouse was rude in its appearance, and primitive in its furnishings. In many instances the best teachers available had never seen the inside of normal schools or college halls. Some of them were notoriously unfitted for their work, being not only grossly ignorant, but brutal, and often drunken. On the other hand, there were some so naturally gifted and so ambitious in their work, that success, but little short of the marvellous, crowned their efforts.

Some of the brightest men in every profession and avenue of honourable life the country has

produced, look back with pleasure to the inspiring helpful times spent in the old log schoolhouse, as the best days in their lives; as then, under the inspiration and guidance of some high-souled and conscientious teacher, they laid the deep and broad foundations of that splendid education, which has enabled them to triumph over every obstacle that lay between them and success.

For some years James Evans successfully continued this employment in what was then known as the Province of Lower Canada. The religious zeal and fervour of the first years that succeeded his conversion, seemed to have measurably declined. His stay in London was not helpful to his religious life. Sad indeed is it that so many young men amidst the glamour and excitement of our great cities, and the opportunities for dissipation there presented, with, in many cases, but little interest taken in their religious welfare by their employers or the churches, drift away from their religious moorings and float out on seas of careless indifference, if not into actual skepticism and unbelief.

James Evans never became immoral or skeptical. He never lost his love for his church, or his belief in her teachings. But his love had grown cold, and he no longer considered himself worthy of a place in her ranks. This state of religious declension lasted for some years; then, under the faithful ministrations of the Rev. Franklin Metcalf, and Rev. David Wright, he was led by the illuminating power of the Holy Spirit, to see

from whence he had fallen, and to "repent and do his first works." Very sincere and genuine was his repentance for his spiritual backslidings. In him was the "godly sorrow which worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of." In scriptural language "he sorrowed after a godly sort." It wrought carefulness in him to be more watchful in the future. What cleansing of himself of the sins and weights that had hindered him in the Christian race; yea, what indignation that he should have become so cold and indifferent to the service of such a Master! What vehement desire, yea what zeal to work for such a forgiving friend, who had pardoned all his backslidings.

James Evans received this new and marvellous quickening and re-baptism of the Holy Spirit at an old-fashioned camp-meeting; and never again did he waver in his spiritual life. The experience of the past was ever before him as a warning to be constantly on his guard. The restraints Paul put upon himself in his description of the great spiritual conflict, in which all who would overcome are engaged, and the words he used, were those of Mr. Evans. "But I keep my body under, and bring it unto subjection, least that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

With this constant reliance on God as the source of his strength and with a sublime faith in the gospel to meet the needs of a redeemed humanity, he began a career of such glorious suc-

cess, that very appropriately could he say, with the great apostle of the Gentiles: "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place."

II

CO-WORKERS OF EVANS

Rev. William Case, who called James Evans to the Indian work—His love for, and interest in the Indians—Henry Steinhauer, the Indian scholar—His testimony about the Rocky Mountain Indians.

In the study of a great missionary character like that of James Evans, it is valuable to know something of those who had the honour of starting him on his successful life-work, and were co-workers with him along those lines of action, where triumphs so signal marked his career.

While perhaps to Rev. Franklin Metcalf and Rev. David Wright are due more than to any others the joy of seeing Mr. Evans brought back to his first love, and started again on his Christian career, in which he never faltered while life lasted; yet to Rev. William Case must be given the honour of starting him on that missionary career, first as a school-teacher among the Indians at Rice Lake, and then in the regular ministry, as a great flaming evangel among the tribes in Upper Canada, and then as the Apostle of the North, in the far-away regions from Lake Superior, on to the Ultima Thule of the almost unknown North, where auroras flash, and the Frost King reigns for at least two thirds of the year.

William Case was born at Swansea in Massa-

chusetts, in 1780. Early in life he dedicated himself to God and to humanity. In 1805 he entered the ministry and selected Canada as his field of toil. Of his choice of this field in those early days of the country's history, it has well been said, "His selection of Canada at that time was expressive of a heroic intention and a burning zeal," for then the recesses of the wilderness had been little explored, and privations and perils awaited his footsteps. Then the scattered settlers were for the most part without stated gospel ordinances, and the Aboriginal tribes were pagan and degraded. But in spite of all the difficulties and dangers that menaced him, with inflexibility of purpose, and a dauntless courage, he entered on his life-work, and never faltered until his career ended. He won the esteem of all, and was emphatically a soul-winner. In 1828 he was made superintendent of Indian missions and schools, and held this post for many years. In it he gloried and rejoiced. For the salvation of the Indians, he labouriously toiled and constantly prayed, and when he saw them coming to the cross and there rejoicing in the consciousness of the divine power, he exulted as one who had taken great spoil. The happy conversion of a once poor degraded Indian gave him the greatest joy that could possibly fill his heart.

After his retirement from the superintendency of the Indian missions he became an Indian missionary. This he considered the highest honour

of his life. In seeing the poor natives first Christianised, and then aided and helped up to a condition of civilisation and comfort, was ever his joy and rejoicing.

As showing his burning zeal and heart's desire for the extension of Christianity among all the Indians of the continent, the following extract from a letter written to the Rev. Peter Jones, a happy Indian convert, about whom something will be said later on, is well to the point.

"I can perceive no impediment to the work of God becoming general throughout the wilderness of America, where the Indians abide. So extensive is the Chippeway, and so zealous are the converts of that people, and such is the foundation now laid for the spread of the work, that it will extend across the country from tribe to tribe to Hudson's Bay, thence west through all the wandering tribes. What a day will this be for all your poor unfortunate people! What a day of mercy, when they shall not only be saved from their wars, which are now wasting one another away, but saved by the mighty power of grace, to become a happy people, even the people of the Lord! And what an honour to the Christian church! How much glory will redound to an all-conquering Saviour! And how happy the instruments employed in this work! I say, I can perceive nothing to hinder the general spread of this great work throughout the whole wilderness of America, but the want of means to support the work."

These helpful words to his Indian friend, over whose conversion years before he had so rejoiced, show the spirit of the man and his intense desire for the salvation of all the Indians on the continent. Would that they had been fulfilled!

On the other hand, it is sad to think that his closing sentence, about the "want of means to support the work" is still so sadly significant. Once the longing prayer of the church was for three things. Open doors, consecrated workers, and means with which to send them. The first two of the petitions have been answered. The whole world is open to receive the gospel. Workers are to be found in multitudes. This late glorious volunteer movement among the students of the colleges, for mission fields, has shown that all the men wanted, are available. Sad and humiliating indeed is it, to have to mourn over the want of means, in order to send these willing workers through the open doors. The great sin of Christendom to-day is covetousness. The church has the money. It is a lie in the sight of heaven to deny this. She has money enough for her vanities and luxuries, but she will not yet do as God demands and expects, for the extension of His kingdom. No wonder that "Zion languisheth, and the love of many has grown cold." It is because the grace of liberality is so little cultivated.

William Case lived to preach his jubilee sermon, thus grandly ending up fifty years of faithful service in the ministry. The greater part

of these years he gave to the evangelisation and moral elevation of the Indians. This was indeed his great work. He will ever be remembered as the Apostle of the Indian tribes in Upper Canada. For them he lived, and for them he died, and among them he lies buried. The Great Head of the Church, who gave a Swartz to India, an Eliot to America, a Morrison to China, also gave a William Case to Canada. Not the least of his work was the finding of James Evans in his backwood schoolhouse, among the children of the white settlers, and transferring him first to work among the timid untrained offspring of the Indians, then but partly emerged out of pagan darkness, and then aiding and encouraging him, until he had entered fully into his marvellous missionary life.

With him, for years he was intimately associated, and in loving harmony did they together toil for the salvation of the red men, and when in later years their pathways diverged, and Mr. Evans turned his face toward the North and the tribes there living, he had no more loving and devoted friend than William Case. The following is a beautiful testimony to the life-work of this remarkable man:

"The Rev. William Case had been touched by the wretchedness which he witnessed in the Indian camps, as he rode to the white settlements, and he desired earnestly to lead these people into the way of peace and light and truth. The desire begotten in his breast increased until it burned as

the ruling passion of his life for thirty years. He became the presiding genius of the Indian work in the country, the Canadian apostle of the Indians, seeking and finding men and money for sending the gospel to these people, training teachers and preachers, educating the Indian youth, superintending translations of hymns, portions of the Bible, and other kinds of literature, and caring for the manual training of the people. It was he who discovered and trained James Evans, inventor of the Cree Syllabic system; George McDougall, the missionary martyr of the Saskatchewan; Henry B. Steinhauer, who translated the greater part of the Bible into the Cree language; Kakewahquonaby—Peter Jones—native preacher, translator, and author; Shawundais—John Sunday—the Indian chief, orator, and missionary; and a host of others who have devoted time, energy, talent and wealth for the salvation of the Indian race. Christianise, and then civilise the Indians, was his motto. He did not attend merely to mission work, and neglect their civilisation, but he toiled amid innumerable difficulties that he might teach the people the art of self-support; and on his mission at Alderville, the manual labour school was part of the religious life of the Indian youth.

"Dr. Reed mentions an instance of Case's work amongst the Indians before the era of Indian missions in Upper Canada had dawned. He was preaching once to a company of Indians, and endeavouring to impress them with the idea of the

great love of God in giving His Son to die for the world. They shook their heads and murmured their dislike of the idea that an innocent being should be made to die for the guilty. Perceiving this, he related to them the story of Pocahontas and Captain Smith, of which they had traditional knowledge. He told them how the king's daughter threw herself upon the body of the victim whom her father had abandoned to death, and declared they might kill her, but they must not kill the white man, and thus for her sake, his life was saved. Immediately the Indians showed the most lively and intense interest, and seemed to comprehend and approve the plan of salvation by the death of Christ. The enthusiasm existing in the breasts of a few men in the work of Christianising the Indians rapidly spread, and the scattered bands heard with joy the good news of salvation through the Great Master of Life, Jesus Christ."

Another very interesting co-labourer for years with Mr. Evans was Henry Steinhauer. He was a pure Indian lad, and was one of the first who was taken from an Indian wigwam and sent to school at the Credit Mission. He was a bright and clever pupil, and early displayed fine musical abilities. On account of his sweet voice, he was one of the Indian choir of children whom William Case took with him on a missionary tour in the United States, where he went to create among the churches a deeper interest in missionary

work; and for the purpose of raising funds for the extension of the work among the Indians. Great crowds attended his meetings, and all were charmed and delighted. Especially were they pleased with the singing of the Indian children. At one place a gentleman offered to defray the whole expense of the education of one of the boys, if he would assume his name. The lad to whom he took such a fancy, and who assumed his name, was Henry Steinhauer. Some years were spent by young Henry at school in the state of New York, and then he returned to Canada, and remained at Victoria college until 1840, when, with the Rev. James Evans and Peter Jacobs, he started for the far North Land.

Mr. Evans ever found him to be a most invaluable helper in his arduous work. He was always cheerful and bright, as well as Christlike in his everyday life. For fourteen years he did grand and heroic service for the Master in those lonely regions. His duties were very diversified, but in them all he was faithful and painstaking. He was a school-teacher, minister, and translator of various portions of Scripture, and many hymns. He also became quite a proficient printer, and aided in preparing and circulating many portions of the Word of God, as printed in Evans' Syllabic Characters, which he thoroughly understood. Failing health compelled him to return East for a rest.

In 1855 Henry Steinhauer again returned to the Indian work in the far Northwest. This time his first field of toil was at the foot of the Rocky

Mountains, among the Assiniboines or Rocky Mountain Stonies, where a successful and enduring work had been commenced by the Rev. Thomas Rundle, and which he had been obliged to leave several years before the coming of Mr. Steinhauer. We here give a beautiful story which the writer had from the lips of Mr. Steinhauer himself.

At one of the missions in the Saskatchewan country the Rev. William Rundle was very much owned of God in the conversion of a band of Indians. Circumstances made it necessary for Mr. Rundle to return to England. For several years the Indians at that place were never once visited by a missionary or teacher. After many days of weary travelling over the prairies, Mr. Steinhauer reached that lonely western Indian village. He told me that the hour for camping overtook him several miles from the village, but so anxious was he to be with the people among whom he had come to labour, and to end his journey of ten weeks, that he could not bear the idea of camping so near them; so he pushed on in the evening twilight, ahead of his party, to the spot where he saw the wigwam village on the prairies. When he drew near to the outermost wigwam which was a large one, he heard singing, and great indeed was his surprise to find that instead of its being the monotonous droning of the pagan medicine-man or conjurer, it was a good Christian tune, and one with which he was very familiar.

Soon the singing ceased, and then after a little pause, a clear, manly voice began to pray. For a time the prayer seemed to be all thanksgiving, and then there went up an urgent request from the earnest suppliant: "Lord send us another missionary like Rundle. Lord send us a missionary, to teach us out of Thy Word more about Thyself, and Thy Son Jesus." Mr. Steinhauer said he was thrilled and delighted, and so he lifted up the hanging tanned-leather door, and quietly entered and bowed down with them in prayer. When they arose he told them who he was, and that he had come to dwell among them as their missionary. Great indeed was their joy and excitement. They crowded around him, and some of them kissed him, and all welcomed him with shouts and tears of gladness as though he had just come down from heaven to dwell among them.

Anxious to know as to the people's steadfastness and integrity through all those years of neglect in which the Church had left them alone, I said to Mr. Steinhauer, "Tell me, my brother, in what state did you find them as regards their religious life, the observance of the Sabbath, and their religious services?"

"Brother Young," said he, "it was just like a conference change of ministers. It seemed to me as though my predecessor has only been gone two or three weeks. They had remembered the Sabbath days, and had kept them. They had not neglected any of their religious services, and they

were living as consistent lives as God's dear children anywhere."

For many years he toiled nobly on in the midst of dangers and privations among those tribes of the plains. Rocky Mountain House, Edmonton, and White Fish Lake, were among the places where he pleaded, and not in vain, with the then wild, warlike tribes to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and their friend. He lived to a good old age, and then went triumphantly home to join the innumerable multitude that are in the Paradise of God.

Two devoted, godly, well-educated sons are carrying on the work. One at the time of writing, is stationed at Morleyville, in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains; the other son is doing good work among the Crees at Fisher River, on the western side of Lake Winnipeg.

III

TEACHING THE INDIANS

Mr. Evans appointed to Rice Lake Indian School—Received into the Ministry—Rev. John Carroll's visit to the Mission—John Pigeon—Oozhuskah—Muncey Mission—Rev. Solomon Waldron—The Teacher and the drunken Indian—Fire-water, the curse of the Indians—The Stand taken by the Missionaries—The Four Indians and the keg of Whiskey—The Indians of Grape Island—Muncey Camp-Meeting—Peter Jones' Report—James Evans at the St. Clair Mission.

ABOUT two years after Mr. Evans' religious quickening, through the instrumentality of some of the ministers who had noticed his abilities, he was appointed to the charge of an Indian school at Rice Lake, a beautiful sheet of water several miles north of Lake Ontario.

Here in 1828 began, what may well be called his life-work. From this time forward his name is to be found inseparably connected with Indian evangelisation. To it he devoted all his abilities and talents. In behalf of the red men of the country, his labours were so many, and so incessant, that most men would have sunk under them. But with a zeal that never flagged, a courage that never faltered, a love that never cooled, he pushed on amidst storm and sunshine, into the older provinces of the Dominion, and then in later years, by canoe and dog-train, in

tempests and blizzards, into the vast regions that stretch from Lake Superior away to the mighty Mackenzie River.

When James Evans was appointed to the Rice Lake mission as school-teacher, there was not a house built on the reservation. The Indians all dwelt in wigwams. All the land was still wild and uncultivated. But with his brave young wife, he went there and tented, until, with his own hands, he had built a small log house. Then he built a schoolhouse, and opened his school with about forty scholars. About a year later, in writing to a friend, he says:

"Dec. 28, 1829.

"The school consists now of fifty scholars. Twenty-two of them are reading the English reader and the New Testament. We have lately commenced reading the translation of seven chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel in the native tongue. Fourteen are studying arithmetic."

Not a bad beginning for the young school-teacher. From the first he shows his versatility. Building a house for himself and his equally courageous and hopeful wife; then a school-house; and then getting fifty wild Indian children from their wigwams and so treating them that in one year, twenty-two are able to read the New Testament. In addition, he so mastered the Ojibway language in that time, as to be able to translate, as we see from his letter, seven chapters of one of the gospels.

John Carroll's Visit

In 1830, James Evans was received into the ministry. He still, however, remained at Rice Lake, having also in charge another band of converted Indians at Mud Lake. Here in addition to his work for the natives, he also had the religious oversight of, and frequently preached among the white settlers at seventeen different places within a radius of fifty or sixty miles. But his best energies were thrown into his Indian work. He mastered the language of the people, and began a careful study of the construction of the different Indian dialects, which was of invaluable service to him in after years when inventing the syllabic characters.

Not only did he aim to bring the Indians from under the fetters of their degrading paganism into the light of the gospel, but he did all he could to teach them the essential methods of civilisation. Cleanliness, thrift and industry were urged and taught both by precept and example. Many were his discouragements, but a goodly measure of success crowned the persevering efforts of himself and his fellow-toilers. The following account is given by Rev. John Carroll of a visit to one of these Indian missions, where Mr. Evans was then the teacher and actual overseer of the work of transforming these once wild savages into a civilised people. A training school for the boys and girls had also been commenced, and here resided Rev. William Case and his wife, who were ever at the front in everything that pertained to the uplifting of the Indian. We

will leave Mr. Carroll to give his account of what he saw.

"We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Case in the mission-house, beholding the order of the mission family, the tidiness of the girls under training, and testing the excellency of the cheese and butter and other domestic manufactures of the establishment. Mr. Case conducted me over the village the following week, to see the progress made in farming, and the amount of domestic comfort to which some of the families had attained. This was particularly apparent in the house of an Indian by the name of Mr. John Simpson. But the instance which impressed me most, from the power of contrast between the former and present condition of the family to be mentioned, was one on which the venerable missionary particularly delighted to dwell. He took me to a sightly sizable hewed log-house, well-furnished in all respects, in the front part of a good clearing. There was a large new frame barn on the premises, not quite finished. In the barnyard I saw a good yoke of oxen, in good condition, two cows, I think a flock of sheep, several pigs and poultry besides. We entered the house; it was scrupulously clean and well furnished with stoves, tables, chairs and beds with bed-curtains. The husband was away, but the wife and children were tidy and busy at their domestic engagements. When we had retired, the elder said in substance as follows: 'That is the property of John Pigeon, one of the last members

of the Belleville band converted. He had been away somewhere below for a long time and when he returned to Grape Island, the work of evangelisation had nearly completed its process of change. The Indians were converted and their houses and chapel were erected on the islet which had been a tangled mass of grapevines and bushes before. He came in his canoe, which contained his wife and papooses. They were pitiable to look at for squalor and poverty. He was particularly destitute, he had neither hat nor shoes, neither shirt nor trousers, nothing on his person but a dirty blanket coat, full of vermin, tied around him with a rope. He had heard that some sort of magical influence had fallen upon the tribe, and he saw the magical effects before his eyes, and he was afraid to land. His brethren came to the shore and entreated him, but when they approached the shore, he put out his paddle and pushed off to a distance. At length however, hunger or something else, induced him to land. He soon came under the power of prayer and truth—he was converted—proved steadfast, and progressive in religion—turned out to have good gifts—was more than usually industrious and thrifty; and now,' said the elder, 'besides this comfortable home, that same, naked, destitute John Pigeon is one of our best and most reliable class-leaders.'"

Although the condition of the Indians at this period was most discouraging, there were some remarkable conversions among them. The fol-

lowing account of the marvellous transformations wrought by the gospel is from the pen of the Rev. James Evans, himself. The narrative gives some insight into the Indian character, and is an illustration of the different ways in which the Holy Spirit works on the human heart. Still is the gospel "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." When Mr. Evans wrote the narrative, Oozhuskah was still alive. Years ago he finished his course, and joined the innumerable company in the Paradise of God.

"Oozhuskah, a native Indian of the Ojibway tribe, now resides at Mackinaw. He was once of the lowest and most abandoned of that profligate class of Indians, who have measurably forsaken their native wilds, and linger about the settlements of the whites. His stature is small; his frame, worn down with age and debilitated by former dissipation, presents a strange ghastliness of appearance, which would almost excite the belief that Oozhuskah is a deserter from the land of departed spirits. But however fearful and suspicious his character may have once been, those acquainted with him now, do not fear him; his spirit formerly wild, untameable and intriguing, is at present gentle, honest and guileless. His name once stood unrivalled as a prophet and he was considered invincible as a warrior.

"The missionaries stationed at Mackinaw had often faithfully tried to instruct him in the knowledge of God; but he always responded to their instructions with the most supercilious contempt,

and their lessons were apparently 'pearls cast before swine.' But they were not lost. They were lodged in the memory of Oozhuskah. He narrated them to his wife, who was as drunken as himself, but when sober, these lessons formed a fruitful theme for conversation.

"In the winter, as usual, Oozhuskah chose his hunting-ground some fifty miles from Mackinaw. Here, with no companion but his aged squaw, he pitched his lowly tent in the recesses of the forest. Here the inebriating draught was beyond their reach; and they had time for reflection, and for converse. They had not long occupied their quarters when Mekagase, Oozhuskah's wife, was taken ill; Oozhuskah's conjuring songs, and Indian medicines could not cure her. During this severe illness she retained her senses. The truth of heaven dwelt upon her mind; her understanding told her she was a wretched sinner; that she had all her life persisted in doing knowingly and wilfully wrong. Death stared her in the face and she was afraid to die; her conscience convinced her she was unprepared, and that as a consequence of her wickedness she must accept misery hereafter. Trembling on the threshold of eternity, she humbled herself, prayed to the Great Spirit in compassion to forgive her, to blot out her sins and receive her departing spirit.

"Suddenly the fears of Mekagase were taken away; joy filled her heart, and she felt indescribably more happy than when in youth she had joined the Indian dance around the evening fires

of her tribe. In short she experienced what the apostle designates 'joy unspeakable and full of glory!' From that hour her disease abated. She felt she was a new creature; and, unlike too many enlightened Christians, she did not reason herself out of the faith; but, taking the simple testimony of the Spirit bearing witness with her own, spoke of her hopes and her joys to Oozhuskah, with ecstasy and confidence; she warned him of his folly and wickedness, with such convincing testimony, that his heart was touched. He prayed to the Great Spirit; the radiance of Divine truth beamed on his benighted understanding, melting his hardened heart, and in ten days from his wife's remarkable conversion, Oozhuskah could heartily join with her in offering their morning and evening orisons to the Great Spirit in praise of redeeming grace.

"When the hunting season was over they returned to Mackinaw, where they lost no time in making known the change wrought in their feelings; and from that day to this, they have attested the verity of their conversion by well-ordered lives and godly conversion.

"Oozhuskah narrated to me the following account of his former life: "From the earliest period of my recollection, inspired by the traditions of my tribe, I had an insatiable thirst to become a prophet. . . . To accomplish this object I commenced a fast. I partook of no kind of nourishment for twenty days, excepting the broth of a little boiled corn after the going down

of the sun. On the twentieth day I caused my tent to be erected alone in the forest: I entered it, and on that evening ate nothing. I was almost famished with hunger; my skin clave to my bones and I had barely strength to stand on my feet. Nearly fainting, I laid down in my tent determined to die or obtain the object of my desire. I lay until nearly midnight when suddenly a man entered my tent. 'What are you doing? Why are you here? and what do you want?' said he. I replied, 'I am fasting, almost dead, and must soon perish with hunger.' Before I had time to say more, he rejoined, 'Follow me;' and it seemed as if my spirit left my body. I rose and went out of my tent; he then took me by the arm and we both ascended into the air, and moved on with the utmost ease and rapidity."

"Oozhuskah then related the adventures of his journey; how his long fasting had gained the approbation of the gods, and how they made him a mighty prophet. . . . After this he found himself in his tent extremely hungry; he partook of some food and slept sweetly. When he awoke the next morning he felt proud, considering himself superior to all the Indians around him. From this time all the promises of the gods were fulfilled till the illness of Mekagase, 'when,' he adds, 'I was led by her conversion to examine myself, and saw that I was a wretch, and a child of the devil. Then I prayed to the Great Spirit and He heard and forgave me.

"'At that time I had a large collection of medi-

cines, some to kill and some to cure: I threw them all away, and my hawk or totem has not since visited me, and God grant he never may. I was the most wicked of men; my converse with the strange man of the cave made me proud, but it did not make me happy. But I bless God that now a Spirit unseen communes with my heart; and though it does not teach me how to destroy my enemies, it teaches me to forgive and love them.'"

One of the most interesting of these early Indian missions where some marvellous evidences of the transforming power of the gospel were seen was at Muncey on the River Thames, twenty-four miles from the city of London, Ontario. This mission has always had a great fascination for the writer, as there for some time his sainted mother, before her marriage, was a teacher among the Indian boys and girls, who had been gathered in from the various wigwams and forest homes.

Quite a number of men and women had heard and accepted of Christianity. Some little houses and been built and quite a number of acres of land had been brought under cultivation. Potatoes and corn were being raised in considerable quantities, and there were many other signs of progress and comfort. The mission house which was two stories in height, was so constructed that the missionary, my uncle, the Rev. Solomon Waldron and his family, and my mother, dwelt in the lower story while the upper one served as

a church on the Sunday, and as a schoolhouse during the week-days. In this room, my dear mother not only endeavoured to teach her little red pupils to read and write, but was even more anxious to instruct them in the simple truths of Christianity. For a couple of years or so she toiled, and was rewarded by a good degree of success. The children were bright and docile, and became much interested in the story of a Saviour's love.

One hot summer's day the missionary and his wife being absent attending to some mission matters at another place, and mother being entirely alone with her pupils, there rushed up the outside stairway, the only way by which there was access to the schoolroom, a drunken pagan Indian chief. Drawing his tomahawk, he sprang at my mother and shouted; "If you don't promise to marry me, I will kill you!"

My mother seeing his drunken frenzied condition, knew at once that there was no use trying to reason with him, and that her only hope was in getting away from him. So she suddenly ran along the narrow aisle or passage that was between the benches on which sat the now terrified children, until she came to the open window at the end. As the drunken Indian had followed her, she sprang out of the window, although it was on the second story, and therefore quite a distance from the ground. Just as she threw herself out the wretched fellow managed to get hold of the skirt of her dress. Fortunately for her, the dress tore off at her waist,

PLEADING FOR THE REPENTANT INDIAN.

and let her easily down to the ground, without her suffering any injury. Quickly rushing into the house, she caught up a morning wrapper, and throwing that around herself, she hurried away to a cornfield, where a number of Christian Indians were busily at work. To them she told the story of the drunken young chief's words and conduct. They were indignant at this insult to their young teacher, and at once rushed back to the schoolroom where the drunken chief still was. His being a chief did not save him from their ire. They gave him a severe thrashing and then hauled him off to the forest where they tied him hand and foot securely to a tree and left him to sober off, and reflect on his conduct at his leisure. For days there was he left without food or water. He was eventually released at the importunities of my mother, who pitied the poor fellow in his severe punishment. The white man, who gave him the fire-water, was really more to blame than the young chief, as when sober he was a harmless, inoffensive man. The punishment seemed to have done him good, as ever after he was inclined to have nothing to do with that which had brought him into such trouble and disgrace.

The great curse of the Indian is fire-water. Their love for strong drink is their greatest weakness. When America was discovered, the Indians had no intoxicants. They were content to drink the waters from the streams and lakes. But the white man introduced his spirituous

liquors among them, and many and grievous have been the evils that have followed. It has been hard to account for the strange infatuation the Indians have for stimulants. We have never seen any satisfactory reason given to account for it. It is not hereditary. It is not because some have been accustomed to it. Indians from the far north, where it was unknown, when brought south and given a taste of it, were eager and wild for more.

One reason in the early days, why the whisky vendors who were also fur traders, urged upon the Indians the fire-water, was to get them into such an intoxicated condition that their generally shrewd and cautious habits of trade would be so affected by the drink that they became utterly careless and reckless before the trading time arrived. In some of the tribes the men nearly all became drunkards, and at times terrible were the sufferings and hardships endured by the poor wives and children, when all the men in an Indian encampment were in a drunken debauch. Lives were frequently sacrificed, and many were maimed for life.

Mr. Evans and other missionaries, at once insisted on all the Indian converts becoming total abstainers from all intoxicating liquors. Never using these things themselves, they were thus able by example, as well as precept to impress upon the native Christians the necessity of for ever giving up that which had been such a curse to their fellow-countrymen.

In some places Mr. Evans and others met with fierce opposition. Unprincipled white men who had been thriving on the trade of selling fire-water to the Indians, were furious when the trade fell off, and their gains ceased. Not content with giving all the annoyance they could to the missionary, they tried by various schemes and stratagems to get the Christian Indians drunk.

The following story is given by the Rev. Peter Jones, who, as our pages show, was long associated with Mr. Evans in missionary work.

"The Rev. Thomas Hurlburt informed me that four Indians from Muncey Town went to the white settlement to trade. The trader tempted them to drink some whisky but they refused, saying they were Christians. Finding he could not succeed, he thought perhaps they were afraid lest someone should see them drink and tell the missionary, and that if they could take it slyly they would drink as formerly. Knowing the road they would return home, he put a small keg of whisky by the side of the Indian path at the edge of a sloping bank, and hid himself in the bushes beneath, thinking to enjoy the sport of seeing them drink when all alone. At length they came along in Indian file; when, suddenly the first one stopped, and exclaimed:—'O, mah-je-mum-e-doo sah-oomah ahyah:—Lo, the evil spirit (the devil) is here.' The second, on coming up, said, 'Aahe, nebeje-mahmahsah:—Yes, me smell him.' The third shook the keg with his foot, and said, 'Kaguit, nenoondahwahsah:

—Of a truth me hear him.' The fourth Indian coming up, gave the keg a kick and away went the fire-water, tumbling down the hill. The four Indians went on their way like brave warriors, leaving the mortified *white* heathen to take up his keg and drink the devil himself."

Of an Indian at the Grape Island mission the following story is told. It shows how strong had become the hatred of the Christian Indians at this mission for whisky drinking.

"A Christian had gone out in the bay in a canoe and been driven off in a storm; and in his danger had been picked up by a steamboat. The poor Indian was almost exhausted and the captain of the steamboat made him drink a glass of whisky. When he came back to the village the Indians were so afflicted that he should under any circumstances drink whisky, that they took up a discipline with him, (*i. e.*, they disciplined him;) and for one whole afternoon and evening, alternately, one would exhort him, and another pray for him, and then they would make him promise that he would drink no more whisky."

At all of his missions Mr. Evans endeavoured to instil into the minds of his Indian converts this same hatred of the fire-water. It is a matter of congratulation that now the government of Canada, in every part of the Dominion, severely punishes any persons who give or in any way try to induce an Indian to drink intoxicants. If it is found best for Indians to be total abstainers, why would it not be also best for white people?

FOUR INDIANS AND THE KEG OF WHISKEY.

Teaching the Indians

For many long years Muncey Town Mission has flourished. It was famous for some great Indian camp-meetings of the old-fashioned style, now long gone out of date. Of one of them Rev. Peter Jones writes, in which he shows how grandly the work was extending among the various Indian tribes. He says:

"We had a large attendance of the Indian brethren, who pitched their tents around the grounds, in order to worship the Great Spirit, who filling the wilderness with the Divine presence, made us all feel that 'this place was none other than the House of God and the gate of Heaven.'

"Never did a congregation of Christians enter more heartily into the work of prayer and praise, and the Lord was pleased to pour out His Holy Spirit in a most powerful manner. A number of Credit Indians rendered useful service. The pure flame of Divine love was abundantly bestowed upon them and they shouted and praised the Lord aloud. Some of the St. Clair Indians were with us and they left with warm hearts.

"We also had a good number of Delawares and Muncies from the Grand River, and some from Moraviantown. I hope they in like manner went away with the blessing of the Lord. The Mohawk speakers, who came from the Grand River, made themselves useful among the Oneida Indians, and much good was done. We had good order throughout all the meetings. The parting procession and the hand-shakings of

these Indians with each other was a scene calculated to awaken the most lively emotion. Some Indians wept in silence, while others shouted aloud for joy. Love beamed in every countenance! How different this from their former drunken frolics, and powow dances, at which nothing but hatred, quarrelling, fighting and the grossest superstitions reigned!

"O the sweet and harmonious effects of Christianity! Who would not be a Christian! May the Great Spirit still carry on His glorious work among my native brethren, so prays your Indian friend and brother in Christ,

"PETER JONES."

The foregoing letter is worthy of thoughtful consideration. Here is this Indian, once himself a wild superstitious pagan, now a useful missionary. In his letter he writes about various tribes once bitterly hostile to each other, but now under the blessed transforming power of the gospel, meeting for a week or ten days, to worship the Great Spirit in the leafy temple, and singing together the praises of God and worshipping at His feet. Surely such transformations exceed all the dreams of the romancer, or the plots of the fiction writer.

The St. Clair Indians of whom there was a goodly number at this camp-meeting, had been brought to Christianity by the labours of Rev. James Evans. Of his apostolic labours at that mission, Rev. Joseph Stinson said:

"In 1835 Mr. Evans was appointed to the St. Clair Mission. When he went among them, they were a drunken, idle, ignorant, degraded body of pagans. During Mr. Evans' residence among them, the whole tribe embraced Christianity, and began to attend to all the duties of civilised life. They became total abstainers, and by their sobriety, honesty and industry, won the respect and admiration of the whites, who lived in the vicinity."

Thus was Mr. Evans by his marvellous successes, in spite of much opposition and many difficulties, showing not only the power of the gospel to save, but the wondrous abilities with which God had endowed him for his arduous work.

IV

INDIAN ASSOCIATES

The Indian Associates of Rev. James Evans—John Sunday—His early life—His story of his Conversion—John and the Mormon Preacher—John Sunday's plea to "Mr. Gold"—Peter Jones—His account of his Conversion.

In the study of a great general, like Napoleon, or Wellington, or Washington, or Grant, we are always interested in knowing something of the brave men by whom he was surrounded, and who aided materially in the accomplishment of the great work for which the world calls him famous. If this is true in reference to such men, it should also hold good in reference to the study of the co-workers and companions of such men as James Evans, who with him, in the space of but a few years, beheld some of the greatest moral victories the young country has ever seen. They were bloodless triumphs, but they brought honour to Christ, the great Captain, and blessings to hundreds of once degraded superstitious pagans, who were won to truth and righteousness in these decisive encounters.

Of the gallant band who did brave loyal service for Christ, it is a pleasure to write. Not only was there the goodly company of white missionaries, whose names the church will not let die, but there was also a well-tried company

of native Indian converts, who after showing, through years of faithful living, the genuineness of the transforming power of the grace of God, were educated and utilised by the church, to be helpers in the conflict between the powers of good and evil. They were not only men of unblemished lives, but some of them possessed abilities of such high order, that vast congregations of educated white people listened to their addresses with admiration and profit. They preached Christ, and Him crucified, with power and success. The plaudits of the multitudes did not spoil them. Simple, lovable, Christlike men they were, and with gladness they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to preach the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, wherever and whenever the door was open for the blessed truth.

They were a goodly company, and with them James Evans, as well as William Case, and other white toilers rejoiced to be associated. We cannot here mention them all. Some however must have place, as they played a prominent part in the work at the same time as Mr. Evans, and shared with him not only the toils and privations of the work, but also its triumphs and victories.

Of Peter Jones, whose Indian name was "Kahkawayquonaby," (waving eagle plumes,) we will later on have something to say, and will have him give us in his own language, the story of his clear and scriptural conversion. Of Henry Steinhauer we have spoken. Peter Jacobs also fills his niche in the same gallery.

John Sunday

Of John Sunday it is a pleasure to write. When I was but a boy I knew him well. He was ever a welcome guest at my father's house, and we children listened with delight to his quaint stories, and the old legends of his people. He was perhaps the homeliest Indian in the land. Yet when his face lit up, and his eyes began to twinkle, everything else was forgotten but his inimitable talk. He could charm and fascinate an audience, playing upon their feelings like a master musician on an organ. The halls and churches were crowded wherever it was known that John Sunday was to speak. In his wonderful conversion, we see the power of the gospel to uplift and save. John Sunday was as he tells us, once a poor drunken Missusagas Indian. He was born in one of the closing years of last century. Until well on in manhood, he wandered about with his wild pagan relatives, making a precarious livelihood by fishing and hunting.

It is a sad reflection upon a civilised government, that for long years they paid so little attention to the interests of the Indians. Miserable white men destitute of all morality or honesty, preyed upon them and by the introduction of the wretched fire-water, made sad havoc among them. All the good characteristics and habits of the red men were about destroyed by these miserable creatures. Their industrious habits were lost. Immorality took the place of the chaste regulations of the primitive days, and the once

noble Indian, who would have considered it a disgrace to stoop to beg, became reduced so low that when not engaged in drunken revelries, where the women were often fearfully maltreated, and the children neglected and sometimes killed, they wandered about among the settlements begging for something to keep themselves from starvation.

Thus for years lived John Sunday, whose Indian name was Shawundais. Sometimes he roused himself up from his indolence and drunken fits, and went on some hunting excursions. Here he excelled, for he had all the cleverness of his people in this respect. Then would follow a long drunken debauch.

Associating much with unprincipled whites during his pagan days, he acquired a knowledge of broken English, which when he became a Christian, was so improved that he became an effective preacher and platform speaker. Still there was ever to the end of his days a broken quaintness in his utterances, that while not obscuring the meaning of his addresses, added to their effectiveness. He had the gift of mimicry in a marvellous degree, and so was ever the centre of a crowd when he began to exercise this gift. Yet although he often made his white associates, as well as his Indian comrades, laugh at his drolleries, he used to tell us in his addresses of the gloomy unhappy hours he spent when alone in his wigwam. He would blacken his face as was the custom of his tribe, and go out into

the darkest places of the forest, and there fast for days. He tried to get comfort in his dreams, and longed for some vision to come and satisfy his mind when in such a state of disquietude and unhappiness. But no comfort ever reached him.

Of his conversion and how it was brought about we leave him to tell in his own quaint broken English. He has given it in answer to the request of an honoured minister.

"Brother Scott want me that I shall write my conviction about nine years ago. First is, we had camped at Mr. James Howard's place one morning. I go to Mr. Howard to get some whisky, so I did get it, some. After I took it—that fire-water —I feel very happy. By and by James Farmer, he says to me, 'Do you want go see them Indians at Belleville? They want see all Indians.' I say to him, 'Why they want see Indians for?' He says to me, 'Them are preachers talk about God.' So I went home to my wigwam to tell others; and we took some our blankets;—we hire with them, Mr. Howard with his team to take us at Belleville. We got there about nine o'clock. We have no chance to go in the meeting-house, so we went to the wood pile; so we sit there all day in the wood pile, until about five o'clock in the evening. By and by them came out from meeting-house, so we went to them, and shake hands with them. About seven o'clock in the evening went to meeting. I want to hear them very much, what they will say to us. By

and by one of them rose up talk to us, he begin talk about God and soul and body;—he says this, —'All mankind is only two ways we have got to go when we come to die; one is broad way, and other is narrow way. All the wicked white men, and wicked Indians and drunkards shall go there; but the good white people shall go the narrow way: but if the Indians also become good, and serve the Lord, they can go in that narrow way.' Then now I begin think myself; I begin feel bad in my heart. This is I think, I am one, I am one to go in that broad way, because I had hard drink last night. My father and my mother had taught this ever since when I was a little boy—'all the Indians shall go where sun set, but the white people shall go in the Ishpeming.' That I had trouble in my heart. Next morning again they had talk to us; so they went off from us. As soon as they went off, some them Indians says, 'Let us get some more whisky to drink it. What them men say unto us, we shall not do so; we must do our own way;' so they went to get more whisky. So I take it little with them; and immediately after I had drunk it, I went home,—me and Moses. Is about seven miles to our house. All way along the road I thinking about these two ways. Four nights I do not sleep much. On Saturday we all went to Belleville again. There I saw brother Case. He says to me, 'How you like Peter Jones' talk?' I say unto him, 'Four nights I do not sleep much.' And he began to talk about religion of Jesus

Christ. O, I feel very bad again;—I thought this, I am one of devil his men because I so wicked. On next Monday we all went home again. That night I thought I would try pray; this is first I ever did intend to pray. I do not know how to pray my heart is too hard, I cannot say but few words; I say this, 'O Lord, I am wicked, I am wicked man, take me out from that everlasting fire and dark place.' Next morning I went in the woods to pray;—no peace in my heart yet. By and by I went to other Indians to tell them about what them men had said unto us at Belleville. So I went home again. By and by we went to cross the bay on Sahgegwin Island. So Indians come there on island. By and by we begin have prayer-meeting in the evening, and in the morning. I talk with them at all time. I had boy about six years old: by and by he got sick and died. I felt very bad. I thought this I better not stop to pray to God;—I went to Belleville to all them Methodist men to come on Sahgegwin Island to pray for us. I ask one of them Methodist men for glass of beer, to comfort in my heart. That man say to me, 'Beer is not good for you; better for you to have good spirit in your heart.' None them they do not want to come on our wigwam. So I went home without glass of beer. So we have pray meeting. None of us had religion yet. By and by I went to quarterly meeting at Mr. Ketcheson. I saw one man and one woman shouting; I thought they were drunk. I thought this they cannot be

drunk, because is them Christian;—must be something in them. Brother Belton he preached that day; he says this, 'If any man be great sinner, Lord will forgive him, if only believe in Him.' I thought this if I do well maybe God will forgive me. About one week after this another quarterly meeting at Seventown, Mr. Dinge's barn. In the morning they had lovefeast; they give each other little bread and water; they give us some too, that piece of bread and water. I do not know what they do it for. When I took it, the bread had stop in my throat and choke me. O how I feel in my heart: I feel like this—if I in under the water. In afternoon we went to pray meeting in the Old House, about five o'clock, and Peter Jones says to us, 'Let us lift up our hearts to God.' I look at him, I do not understand him. I think this, if I do this—take my heart out of my body—I shall be died: however I kneel down to pray to God. I do not know what to say to ask for religion; I only say this—'O Keshmunedo, shahnanemeshim. O Lord, have mercy on me poor sinner.' By and by the good Lord He pour His spirit upon my poor wretched heart, then I shout and happy in my heart. I feel very light, and after pray meeting I went to tell Peter Jones how I feel in my heart. I say to him this, 'I feel something in my heart.' Peter says to me, 'Lord bless you now.' O how glad in my heart. I look around and look over other side a bay—and look up—and look in the woods—the same is everything new to me. I

hope I got religion that day. I thank the Great Spirit what He done for me. I want to be like this which built his house upon a rock. Amen."

Happy John Sunday. He says: "I hope I got religion that day." None who knew him ever doubted it, so marvellous was the transformation. The poor drunken Indian was so changed that saint and sinner could not help but notice it. At once he left off his old habits and sins, and was emphatically a new man in Christ Jesus. Intoxicating drink never passed his lips again. All of his abilities were now fully consecrated to the service of Christ.

In after years he became a good preacher. In addressing audiences his pathos and humour were simply irresistible. He was thoroughly original and he could also be sarcastic and pungent. We give some samples of his peculiar methods of dealing with his opponents and others.

Long years ago when the Mormon excitement prevailed both in the New England States, and in Canada, a Mormon preacher came to the Bay of Quinté county, in the Province of Ontario, and held a series of meetings with the object of making proselytes for the western Mormon country. Shortly before this a number of Indians had become Christians, and hearing of these Mormon services, but not knowing their character, some of them attended. Great was their sorrow at hearing the Bible, which they had learned to love; so belittled, and despised, and the Book of Mormon, which he said had been dug up out of the

ground, being extolled above it. When the Mormon had finished his discourse about the book, he gave permission for any of the congregation to say anything they desired about what he had said. All sat still, and as no white was found brave enough to get up and defend the old book, John Sunday at length arose, and asked if an Indian might speak. The desired permission having been given by the Mormon, the pious man replied as follows:

"A great many winters ago, the Great Spirit gave His good book, the Bible, to the white man over the great waters. He took it and read it, and it made his heart all over glad. By and by white man came over to this country, and brought the good book with him. He gave it to poor Indian. He hear it, and understand it, and it make his heart very glad too. But when the Great Spirit gave His good book to the white man, the evil spirit, the Muche-Maneto, try to make a book too, and he try to make it like the Great Spirit made His, but he could not, and then he got so ashamed of it, that he go in the woods, and dig a hole in the ground, and there he hide his book. After lying there for many winters, Joe Smith go and dig it up. This is the book this preacher has been talking about. I hold fast to the good old Bible, which has made my heart so happy. I will have nothing to do with the devil's book."

This quaint speech ended that Mormon's career in that neighbourhood. Would that in other

lands and places there had risen up true men like this brave John Sunday, to silence and stamp out the pestilent impostors, who have done so much evil on this American continent.

At a great missionary meeting held in the old Adelaide Street Church, Toronto, among the speakers on the platform with John Sunday, was a doctor of divinity, who had, on this his first public appearance after getting his D. D., to receive a good deal of friendly banter from his brethren, especially as the recipient of the honour had never had other than an exceedingly limited education. John Sunday listened in his quiet way, to all that was said, and when called on to speak, convulsed the audience by saying in his own droll way, "Mr. Chairman, I never went to school but two weeks in my life. If I had gone four weeks I would have had D. D. too." When the laughter had subsided, he gave a most admirable address, appealing to the vast audience for his poor Indian brethren in their wretched wigwams. His closing sentences of appeal for financial help, were characteristically quaint and original. Here are his words:

"There is a gentleman I suppose now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but he is very, very modest. He does not like to show himself. I do not know how long it is now since I saw him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time, when he ought to be going about doing good. His name is Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold, are you

here to-night? Or are you in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold! Come out and help us to do this great work to preach the gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to sleep so much in your iron chest! Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good in the world, while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold, from your iron chest, and fly around like your active brother, Mr. Silver. And then Mr. Gold just think of your active little brother, Mr. Copper. Why he is everywhere. He is flying about doing all the good he can. Be active like him! Come out, Mr. Gold! Do come and help us in this good work, and if you really cannot come yourself, well do the next best thing you can—that is, send us your shirt, that is, a bank-note."

Another of the noble band of the devoted workers among the Indians of Canada was Peter Jones, who was himself one of the first-fruits of missionary toil among the red men of the wilderness. He was born in the woods, in the year 1813, not far from the place where the city of Hamilton now stands. For ten years he wandered about with his heathen mother, in company with other members of his own tribe. He knew nothing of God except the vague pagan notions of the Great Spirit, which he learned from the utterances of the medicine-men, and others of his people. At the age of sixteen, after he had been for a time at school and under some Christian teaching, he was baptised. His own testimony was, that this out-

ward ceremony brought him no peace or spiritual comfort. It did, however, impose some restraint upon his conduct. It was not until about three years after his baptism, which had taken place in a Mohawk church, on the Grand River, that he was, as he tells us, truly converted to God. His own account of this is very interesting.

Those were the days of the great camp-meetings in the new country, which were marvellously owned of God in the conversion of hundreds of souls. Peter Jones has given us a full account of his visit to the camp-meeting, where he and his sister Mary were both enabled to renounce their old sinful lives, and give themselves fully to God. Out of curiosity they had gone to see how the white people worshipped the Great Spirit in the wilderness. His own words are as follows:

"On arriving at the encampment I was immediately impressed with the solemnity of the people, several of whom were engaged in singing and prayer. Some strange feeling came over my mind and I was led to believe that the Supreme Being was in the midst of the people, who were engaged in worshipping Him. The encampment contained about two acres, enclosed by a bush fence. The tents were pitched within this circle; all the underbrush was taken away, while the large trees were left standing and formed a beautiful shade. There were three gates leading into the encampment. During the night the whole place was illumined with fire-stands, which had a very imposing appearance, among the branches

and leaves of the various trees. The people came in their waggons, from various parts of the country, bringing their sons and daughters with them, for the purpose of presenting them to the Lord. I should judge that there were about a thousand persons present. The Rev. William Case, the presiding elder, had the general oversight of the encampment, and the religious services. There were a number of ministers present, who alternately delivered powerful discourses to the listening multitude. After each sermon, a prayer-meeting was held, in which anyone was at liberty to exhort the penitents, and unite in prayer for the divine blessing. On the Sabbath, the third of June, there was a vast concourse of people, several sermons were preached, and prayer-meetings were held during the intervals. By this time I began to feel very sick in my heart, but I did not make my feelings known. Some of the sermons deeply impressed my mind; I understood a good deal of what was said; I thought the black coats understood all that was in my heart, and that I was the person to whom they were speaking. The burden on my soul began to increase, and my heart said: 'What must I do to be saved?' I saw myself 'in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.' The more I understood the plan of salvation, the more I was convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and felt my need of its blessings. In spite of my old Indian heart, tears flowed down my cheeks at the remembrance of my sins. I saw many of the white

people powerfully awakened, and heard them cry aloud for mercy; while others stood and gazed, and some even laughed. My elder brother John was at that time studying the art of surveying at Hamilton. He came to the meeting, on the Sabbath, but appeared quite indifferent about religion; so much so, that I reproved him for speaking of these people, and told him I believed they were sincere—that they were the true worshippers of the Great Spirit. '*O*,' said he, 'I see, you will yet become a Methodist!' The meeting continued all Monday, and several discourses were delivered from the stand. My convictions became more deep and powerful during the preaching: I wept much; this, however, I endeavoured to conceal by holding down my head behind the shoulders of the people. I felt anxious that no one might see me weeping like an old woman, as all my countrymen say that weeping is a sign of weakness, which is beneath the dignity of an Indian brave. In the afternoon of this day, my sorrow and anguish of soul greatly increased; I felt as if I should sink down into hell for my sins; which I now saw to be very many, and exceedingly offensive to the Great Spirit. I was fully convinced that if I did not find mercy from the Lord Jesus, of whom I heard so much, I certainly would be lost forever. I thought if I only could get the good people to pray for me at their prayer-meeting, I should soon find relief to my mind, but I had not sufficient courage to make my desires known. Oh! what a mercy it was

that Christ did not forsake me when my heart was so slow to acknowledge Him as my Lord and Saviour. Toward evening, I retired into the solitary wilderness to try to pray to the Great Spirit. I knelt down by the side of a fallen tree—the rustling of the leaves over my head made me uneasy. I retired further back into the woods, and there wrestled with God in prayer. I resolved to go back to the camp and get the people of God to pray with me; but when I got to the meeting my fearful heart again began to hesitate. I stood by the side of a tree, considering what I must do —whether I should give up seeking the Lord or not. It was now about dusk, and while I was halting between two opinions, a good old man named Reynolds came up to me and said—'Do you wish to obtain religion and serve the Lord?' I replied 'Yes!' He then said—'Do you desire the people of God to pray for you?' I told him that was what I desired. He then led me into the prayer-meeting. I fell upon my knees and began as well as I could to call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The old man prayed for me and exhorted me to believe in the name of the Lord, to trust in the atonement of Him who gave Himself a ransom for all—for Indians as well as white people. Several of the ministers prayed for me. When I first began to pray, my heart was soft and tender, and I shed many tears; but, strange to say, some time after, my heart got as hard as a stone. I tried to look up, but the heavens seemed like brass. I then began to say

to myself, there is no mercy for poor Indians: I felt myself an outcast, a sinner bound for hell. About midnight, I got so fatigued and discouraged that I retired from the prayer-meeting, and went to our tent where I immediately fell asleep. I know not how long I had slept, when I was awakened by the Rev. Edmund Stoney and the Rev. George Ferguson, who having missed me at the prayer-meeting, came with a light to search for me. Mr. Stoney said to me, 'Arise, Peter, and go with us to the prayer-meeting and get your soul converted; your sister Mary has already obtained the spirit of adoption, and you must also seek the same blessing.' When I heard that my sister was converted, and had found peace, not knowing before that she was seeking the Lord, I sprung up and went with the good men, determined that if there was still mercy left for me, I would seek until I found it. On arriving at the prayer-meeting, I saw my sister apparently as happy as she could be. She came to me, and began to weep over me, and exhorted me to give my heart to God, and told me how she had found the Lord. Her words came with power to my sinking heart, and I fell upon my knees and called upon God for mercy. My sister and others prayed for me, especially Mr. Stoney, whose zeal for my salvation I shall never forget. At the dawning of the day I was enabled to cast myself wholly on the Lord, and to claim an interest in the atoning blood of my Saviour Jesus Christ, who bore my sins in His own body on the tree; when I received

Him, unspeakable joy filled my heart, and I could say 'Abba, Father.'

"The love of God being now shed abroad in my heart, I loved Him intensely, and praised Him in the midst of the people. Everything now appeared to me in a new light, and all the works of God seemed to unite with me in uttering the praises of the Lord. There was a time when I thought the white man's God was never intended to be our God; that the white man's religion was never intended to be the red man's religion; that the Great Spirit gave us our way of worship, and that it would be wrong to put away that mode of worship, and take to the white man's mode of worship. But I and my people now found that there is but one true religion, and that the true religion is the religion of the Bible. Christianity has found us, and has lifted us out of a horrible pit and out of the miry clay; it has placed our feet upon a rock; it has established our goings, and has put a new song in our mouths, even praise unto our God."

This was the great turning event in the life of this young Indian. Previous to this, he was full of the superstitions and darkness incident to his wild pagan life; now, however, his spirit was emancipated from the superstitions of the past. At once began a genuine thirst for knowledge. He had had some opportunities for study and for religious worship, but up to the time of his conversion, which he has so well described, his mind was all dark as regards spiritual things. A

wonderful change had come to him, and all with whom he associated were quick to mark the transformation.

Peter Jones was a fine looking specimen of his race, and his dark and lustrous eyes used to flash when he talked of the power and freedom of his people and the tameless spirit of his race ere the white man and his fire-water came among them to their destruction. His Indian name was Kah-kawayquonaby. In infancy his pagan mother dedicated him to the thunder-god. Immediately after his conversion he dedicated himself to the one living and true God, with a burning desire to be a blessing in preaching the gospel to his poor degraded fellow-countrymen. For many years he was associated with Rev. William Case, James Evans, and many others in the blessed work of striving to first Christianise, and then civilise the long neglected red children of the forest. He was one of nature's noblemen, respected in every grade of society.

On his visits to Great Britain, he was received in audience by the British sovereign, and treated with respect by all classes. He married an English lady of wealth and culture, who grandly aided him in his arduous missionary toils.

His name and deeds are worthy to be embalmed among those, who like James Evans, have done grand service in this department of missionary toil, and we gladly give him this place with our other missionary heroes.

V

LAKE SUPERIOR MISSIONS

James Evans and Thomas Hurlburt appointed to Lake Superior—The journey in a row-boat—Letters of the work—The welcome—The cannibal—Meeting John Sunday—Catching Fish—Personal religious development—The testimony of the young lady Missionary—Evans' letter to Hurlburt—Evans requested to go to the Northwest Territories.

In 1838 James Evans and Thomas Hurlburt were appointed to missionary work in the Lake Superior regions. Mr. Hurlburt had for some years devoted himself with zeal and energy to the Indian work. From 1829 to 1833 he was stationed at Muncey. Then at Saugeen, St. Clair and Walpole Island he laboured with much success for the uplifting of the red men. He gave much time and labour to the study of the Indian tribes and mastery of their languages, and eventually became quite an authority on Indian ethnology and philology.

With James Evans he was appointed to begin missionary work among the thousands of Indians who lived in the vast regions to the north of Lake Superior. With their own open row-boat they seemed to have made the long dangerous journey from St. Clair. They were exposed to many dangers and perils by the way. From Mr.

Evans' letters to his wife, whom he left in a more civilised region on account of educational facilities desired for their daughter, we get occasional glimpses of him as he journeyed to his new field. Writing from the mouth of the river where the town of Goderich now stands, and where they were encamped he says:

"We have been bungling along the lake shore as far as this place during the last four days. We have all been preserved in good health and spirits and have happened no more serious accident than just getting a wetting, and cutting a crack across the back of my hand. However I have never allowed it to open but have shut it up with a plaster. We had well nigh come back again when the north wind took us at the mouth of the river. However we rowed on and soon had a fine south breeze, which carried us within a few miles of Kettle Point, where we ran into a small creek, after scooping out the sand and forming ourselves a channel to enter. Here we camped very comfortably looking southward, my heart going pitter-patter; indeed it has been rattling against my ribs ever since I started."

After thirteen days of rowing and toiling in their little boats they reached a place which he spells Munedoowauning, or Devil's Hole. Here were gathered a large number of Indians, and Mr. Evans and his co-labourers at once began their missionary labours. Mr. Evans writes: "We immediately commenced endeavouring to do good, by preaching the blessed gospel of sal-

vation. The pagans paid good attention and seemed favourably impressed."

The following letter from Mr. Evans written in 1838 while on the north shore of Lake Superior engaged in missionary work among the wandering tribes who lived by hunting and fishing, will not only give some idea of the character of the work in that region, but will also show what were the thoughts and aspirations of the man as regards the great future, and what might yet be accomplished. His great heart took in the whole continent, and every poor wandering benighted Indian from the bleak ice-bound shores of Labrador to the snow-clad peaks of the Rocky Mountains. The letter was written to a high official of the church.

"As we are daily expecting the Hudson's Bay Company's vessel from the Sault, and understand that she is to return thither this fall, I send you a few remarks. Having written you since our arrival here, I need say nothing respecting our journey. God has been very gracious to us. We are, as we have been, all in good health and endeavouring according to our humble abilities to advance the great work of Christ in which we have the honour to be engaged.

"I shall endeavour to give you a condensed account of this vast field for missionary exertion, with our prospects, our discouragements, (or to speak more properly, our difficulties, for I hope we shall never be *discouraged,*) our hopes; and offer some suggestions respecting our future

operations in this region of moral darkness and human degradation.

"The sphere of labour here is almost boundless, eastward to Labrador, and westward to the Rocky Mountains, thousands of poor benighted heathen, already lifted up their longing eyes to see the dawn of gospel day, are scattered as sheep having no shepherd. From the shores of Lake Superior, northward to Hudson's Bay, and westward to Swan River above Lake Winnipeg, the country is inhabited by the Ojibway or kindred tribes, who generally understand the Ojibway language, as the Crees, the Muskegoes and others. Among these our native converts, who are now lying upon their oars for missionary work to do, might find ample scope for usefulness in spreading the savour of a Saviour's name. The Indians, I am informed, are universally impressed with the belief that the true religion which has been received by their brothers in Canada, will soon reach them and as an old chief from the head of Lake Superior expressed himself, they are 'stretching their eyes to see some teacher to tell them the way.' This much for the field before us.

"As regards our prospects, we have, through the Divine blessing found favour in the eyes of the Hudson's Bay Company's factors and as they command the entire influence of the Indian country, our prospects as far as they are concerned are good. Whatever may have been the course pursued by these men toward the Indians formerly,

of which I have heard much not very creditable if true, I can only say that all I have seen has tended to bias my mind much in their favour. I find that spirituous liquors are no longer sent into this country:—the Hudson's Bay Company discountenances, at least as far as we have gone, the use thereof among the Indians. The aged, who can no longer hunt or provide for themselves, are fed and clothed at the establishments, as I had the satisfaction to witness a few days ago at this post; and, in my opinion, it would be a happy circumstance were their territory allowed to embrace the whole of the hunting and unimprovable coast of Lake Superior and Lake Huron even to Penetangwesheen, as thereby those villainous fortune hunters, whose sole object is to make wealth at all hazards, would thereby be prevented from succeeding in inducing the poor Indian to destroy his hunting grounds, to destroy his health by drinking, reduce his posterity to beggary and starvation, and his tribe to extinction. The interest of the Hudson's Bay Company is amalgamated with that of the hunters and their unremitted exertion, where they have the exclusive right of trade, has been and still is to preserve the fur animals and then advance at once the interest of the company and the happiness of the Indians.

"The old proverb that 'Opposition is the life of trade' will not hold good in this country, for opposition by inducing the poor improvident and thoughtless savage to destroy his fur-bearing ani-

mals at once, is the death of trade, as the once beautiful and excellent hunting country of Saugeen and other regions now impoverished fully testify.

"But I have digressed a little, and must return to our prospects;—The Indians are everywhere anxious to be instructed; they are the very antipodes of those residing in the immediate vicinity of the white settlements. There, the missionary must hunt them; here, they hunt him; there, he must entreat them to hear; here, they will urge him to speak. Several have been in since our arrival in order to obtain their fall credit, that is, their supply of clothing, and supplies for the winter. They are all not only ready to hear the truth but they manifest the greatest willingness to be instructed. In several instances immediately on their landing, they come to us and express their gratitude for our having come to instruct them. A great and effectual door is open before us. Seldom have we had family worship in the evening without seeing in our little room all the Indians in the place, not standing around or sitting in sullen carelessness or contempt, as I have often witnessed at St. Clair and other missions, but all devoutly kneeling with us at the throne of the heavenly grace.

"Last week the chief, a fine-looking fellow, arrived. He came to us and expressed his satisfaction in our arrival. He remained with two or three others who accompanied him over Sabbath. On Monday morning he told us that all his peo-

ple would rejoice to hear of our arrival, and that they would do anything which we told them, and that they would gladly leave their children next fall when they went to hunt, could we take and intsruct them in the white man's wisdom.

"We have present at one of our services a man who is a cannibal, having killed and in company with a woman, eaten two Frenchmen. But the gospel can make him a man and a Christian."

Great indeed was Mr. Evans' faith in the power of the gospel, when to this man guilty of such a crime, he could with such confidence thus preach the good news of pardon and salvation.

Two labourious but happy weeks were spent here preaching and teaching out of the good book. A number of the Indians were baptised, and then the missionaries pushed on, still to the North. At Sault Ste. Marie, Mr. Evans writes, August 23d, 1838:

"We last evening about five o'clock, reached this place, after nine days of hard rowing and one day's fair sailing. The blessed Lord has been very gracious to us. He has preserved us from all evil, and our temporal wants have been bountifully supplied. In fact our Munedoo (God) provided for us when the Munedoos of the pagans let them hunger." Mr. Evans adds: "I could particularise several instances of this, but one was so remarkable that it cannot be overlooked. Soon after our arrival at the Munnedoolin, John Sunday and his comrade arrived, and having neither money nor provisions, they turned

in and shared with us in true Indian style, the blessings which we were enjoying. Their company and our own made a family of ten, and all these mouths soon gave our flour barrel the consumption. On Saturday our flour and pork admonished us to be going if we intended to have any provisions with us."

For important reasons they were delayed until both flour and pork were exhausted, and then they had to try and get some fish on which to live. Getting some inflammable birch bark to make a brilliant light and taking their fishing spears they started out on the lake. A number of pagan Indians went immediately before them and others followed behind and some kept close company with them. Yet strange to say that while some of the canoes of those wild Indian fishermen were within ten yards of that of Mr. Evans, not one of those men caught a single fish, although they fished astern and ahead of him time after time. Great indeed was their astonishment when they found that the missionary had thirty-five splendid fish. Mr. Evans' explanation to them was that the Lord had sent them before his canoe just when he was able to secure them. In no other way was he able to account for it. So they rejoiced, for with flour and pork gone they would have been in rather uncomfortable circumstances without this providential supply of fish.

After spending some time at the Sault, they pushed on and on, stopping at points where In-

MR. EVANS FISHING BY TORCHLIGHT.

dians were found, and preaching to them as opportunity offered. His home was his tent in the wilderness, his parishioners were wandering Indians, without any fixed habitations. His duty and joy were to find them in their forest homes, and tell them the story of redeeming love. His feelings and desires are well expressed in the following extracts from a letter which he wrote to his aged father and mother, who still in happy old age lived at Charlottville, U. C.:

"You may wonder why and how I wander about our vast wilderness and I can assure you I am not less a subject of astonishment to myself. It is not from choice for no man loves 'home sweet home' more than myself, and I am happy in saying that no man's home is made more like home by those I love than is my own. But why do I talk about home? I have none—'a poor wayfaring man' and I must say, I thank God I can say it—

> "'I lodge awhile in tents below.
> And gladly wander to and fro
> And smile at toil and pain!'

And why? I feel an answer within me. Because, 'Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel.'"

This was James Evans. A man passionately attached to his home and loved ones, yet cheerfully forsaking all to dwell where, at the close of the heavy day's toiling on the waters, night overtook him, camping often amidst heavy rains or fierce storms. Often with only a fish or piece of

fat pork on which to dine, yet ever bright and cheerful and full of hope as to the future triumphs of the gospel of the Son of God. As the result of his arduous toil he was able later on to write:

"Our prospects of success in prosecuting this great work, to which the church has appointed us, are at present flattering. We have met with many discouragements but God has graciously cleared away the mists which beclouded our atmosphere, and although we find ourselves in a vast region of moral and spiritual darkness and degradation, yet the poor benighted heathen are already groping about to find someone to take them by the hand and lead them to the light. The Indians in this region are anxious to be instructed; not, as before, endeavouring to shun the missionary and standing aloof from his society, but seeking as diligently for us as we for them."

This condition of affairs among the Indians of this mission was most hopeful and encouraging. When the missionary's family were at prayers the people would often come to see them that they might enjoy the services. On one occasion, while thus toiling to sow the good seed, they were encouraged by hearing that a deputation of Indians was coming a distance of six or seven hundred miles to inquire for missionaries. This was good news indeed and at it Mr. Evans rejoiced and exclaimed, "The Lord is indeed going before us and preparing the way and our motto is indeed 'Onward!'"

That there might be greater progress in the work these two devoted men separated; the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt taking Fort William as his mission field, while James Evans toiled at other places in that vast country. They had many discouraging things to meet with but they found the Indians on the whole quite friendly. What some of the difficulties were which the missionaries had to contend with, the following will show:

"I find them anxious to be instructed in religious matters but their prejudices are so much warped in favour of the Catholics that it is difficult to deal with them. They have received the crucifix, beads and other mummeries from the priest, instead of the gospel, and in these they trust in the same manner as they formerly did in their medicine bags. My aim in every discourse is to show them, as they can bear, what the nature of true religion is. I am much pleased with the attention paid by the people to divine things. Some appear to be quite serious."

There is an important matter to which all missionaries find it well to give good heed, and that is, constant and thorough attention to their own inner spiritual life. Amidst the tension and excitement of the strange surroundings and the solicitude and anxiety that the poor superstitious people about them should speedily accept of Christianity, there is a danger that their own souls should suffer in the neglect to which they are exposed in their longing for the salvation of others.

Personal Obligations

"What has been the secret of your marvellous success in India?" was asked not long ago of a fair, delicate, young lady missionary, who had been most marvellously owned of God, in the conversion of many hundreds of once degraded, benighted Telegus. Her answer is worthy of remembrance of all who are toiling for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ at home as well as abroad. Modestly she replied, but in a way that thrilled all who heard her:

"I never let the spiritual wants of others get between my own soul's personal obligations to Christ. I never let my missionary duties, heavy and many though they are, rob me of the time devoted to private devotions and communion with Christ through prayer and His word. I found it better to limit my time for meals and sleep, rather than the time consecrated to personal communion with God alone. If a sick Hindoo came to see me when at prayer, I finished my devotions as usual and ever felt that I was so much the better prepared to prescribe more wisely for the disease; and in this I have never been mistaken."

These are words worthy of being pondered over by us all. In these active days, when there is so much fuss and flutter, and we seem to be so busy amidst the multitudinous duties of life that come to us, we cannot be too careful in guarding our own soul's interest, and the time when we can go apart from the world and commune alone with Him who is the source of our strength and our God.

A letter from Mr. Evans to his co-labourer, Mr. Hurlburt, gives us a glimpse into his inner life and shows that in this important matter he was not neglectful. It is written in reply to one in which Mr. Hurlburt had opened his own soul on this subject.

"Why should I not enjoy the same privilege?" that was of writing about his own spiritual life. "I am sure it will be agreeable to your feelings. Well, I can through grace say that I am sure God has deepened His blessed work in my own soul since I arrived here. I enjoy great peace of mind. My intercourse with God is not clouded but clear and satisfactory. I am endeavouring to seek after more of the mind which is in Christ. The world is losing its charms. I would just as soon be buried in the depths and wilds as to be in the populous city. I love society as you know; but I trust that God knows that I love the poor benighted heathen more; and heaven is just as near the wilderness as Toronto. I have no home but heaven, and I desire no other, but hope God will enable me to wander about these dark regions until He calls me home."

In this spirit, Mr. Evans toiled on. He had many difficulties, much opposition, and some success. In 1839 he was, owing to the disturbed state of the country, brought back to civilisation. For a time he preached in the town of Guelph with great power and acceptance. He showed by his powerful sermons that his talents and gifts were many, and that if he had devoted himself

to the regular work of the ministry, he would have taken rank as one of the greatest preachers of the age. These few months in Guelph were his last ministerial labours in Upper Canada.

In March, 1840, Mr. Evans received word that news had come from England of the decision to begin missionary work among the Indians of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and that he was requested to join and be the leader of the party who were coming out shortly from England, to proceed, via Montreal, to those remote regions.

The following is the official intimation of the desire to establish this mission by the English Wesleyan Missionary Society. It is interesting at times to note the beginnings of what become great things. It is in one short paragraph in the Wesleyan Magazine for March, 1840:

"North America, Hudson Bay Territory. The Rev. Messrs. G. Barnly, W. Mason and R. T. Rundle embarked at Liverpool by the Sheridan for New York, on the 16th of March, on their way to the territory of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, to commence missionary operations among the settlers and native tribes of that vast region of North America under the protection, and chiefly at the expense of the company, whose proposals to the society have been of the most liberal and honourable character."

VI

THE WORK AND THE WORKMAN

The work in Red River—Begun in 1820—The Hudson's Bay Company—Their Posts—Diet of the men—Indians drifting Southward—Seeking Religious truth—Sending Missionaries to keep the hunters in the woods—James Evans chosen—His work at St. Clair Mission—His trip to New York.

In 1820 missionary work was begun in the Red River settlement by the Church of England society. To the Rev. John West, the founder of that mission, the chief said in an address on the occasion of the commencement of the work:

"There are a great many trees to be cut down and roots to remove before the path will be made clear to walk in."

The work, however, prospered at the Red River, not many miles from the place where it enters into Lake Winnipeg. Here has long flourished a most interesting and successful mission. Here for many years the venerable Archdeacon Cowley lived, and was gladdened by the sight of a prosperous community of converted and civilised Indians around him. To other regions of the vast country, to the north and west, missions have since extended, until now nearly all of the people have heard the glad tidings of salvation.

For over two centuries the great Hudson's Bay Company have been trading with the Indians.

Their goods brought out from England are bartered for furs. York Factory on the Hudson's Bay, and Norway House, about twenty miles north of the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, were two of their great distributing centres for goods from the interior posts, some of them three thousand miles inland. From the Indians there residing, they expected not only large supplies of furs, but in addition they looked to them to furnish large numbers of hardy boatmen, upon whom they could rely at all times and in every emergency. Such were the exigencies of their trade, that often numbers of Indian boatmen would be required at very short notice, to start off on some adventurous trip that would perhaps require weeks for its performance. The result was that it was necessary that there should be a considerable number of Indians within reach of these two great trading posts.

In those high latitudes the Indians made a precarious livelihood by fishing and hunting. Nothing in the way of agricultural pursuits was ever undertaken. Bread and vegetables, as articles of food, were unknown for generations. The people lived entirely on fish and game. How they subsisted without vegetables, and many of them without salt, is one of those things that we leave for the curious in such matters to investigate. Their more northern neighbours, the Esquimaux, on the coast of Labrador and the Arctic Ocean, live entirely on a fish or fat meat diet, but they have the salt waters of the sea around them. But

among some of the interior Indian tribes far away from the ocean and saline springs, salt was absolutely unknown.

How long these northern tribes dwelt in those high latitudes is absolutely unknown. There are no reliable traditions on the matter, and while they all believe that their forefathers came from a land beyond the setting sun, they have nothing that is at all to be depended upon.

For some years before the establishment of the northern missions by Mr. Evans, there had set in a drift of the Indians to the South. At first the Hudson's Bay Company's officials could not understand its cause. Among their conjectures was that it was to get to a warmer country where the winters were not so long and cold. This reason, however, as well as several others, when carefully investigated, proved to be incorrect. At length it dawned upon these shrewd gentlemen that it was on account of a dissatisfaction with the old pagan religion, and a desire to become acquainted with the religion of the Bible. Vague rumours had reached them from time to time, by passing adventurous hunters who came from regions where Christianity had been proclaimed. These rumours of this great religion given by the Great Spirit, for all His children of every colour, had been talked about in wigwams and at campfires. While a good deal that was true about it had been reported, there were also, on the other hand, many things current that were foolish and absurd. However their curiosity had been ex-

cited and their religious instincts so aroused, that family after family embarked in their birch canoes and started for the land of the South Wind, in order to find the teacher, and the Book.

Some thrilling incidents have been told of northern missionaries being visited by companies of Indians, coming from regions still more remote to get the true report of the story of the Great Spirit and a copy of His book. To one missionary a number of Indians thus came a distance of nine hundred miles. They had kept themselves alive by their hunting and fishing and when he told them of the love of God in Christ Jesus, they begged of him to return with them and tell the same story to their fathers and relatives in their wigwams far away.

Thus one of the principal reasons why the great fur-trading company was so willing and solicitous for the establishment of missions in the northern part of the great Dominion, was to stop the drift of the Indians from their rich and valuable hunting grounds, where they were none too numerous for hunting for their profit the rich and valuable furs which there abounded, as well as to serve, as we have indicated, as trip-men or canoe-men as needed in the interchange of goods and furs between the remotely situated trading posts. So to the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, the head officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose offices are in London, England, applied with a request that they would open some mission stations in the Hudson's Bay Territories among the

DEPUTATION OF INDIANS PLEADING FOR A MISSIONARY.

Indian tribes. This request, which was coupled with the offer of a good deal of material aid, and the assurance of their protection and good-will, was at once accepted.

Then the question was, where can we find a leader for such an important movement. Volunteers were found among the consecrated goodly young ministers who were willing to go under the guidance of an experienced head, who would be able to wisely lead them to success and victory. Earnestly at home in England, did they search for such an one, but they found him not. Good men and true were there in multitudes. Some of them afterward made their mark and did grand service for the Master amidst the missionary fields of toil in other lands. But here was a peculiar place to fill. The work was to be among red Indians about whom so much of the romantic still lingered. The location was to be in the heart of an almost unknown continent, where the winters were long and fierce and cold; where journeys, longer than even the apostle Paul undertook, were to be made; where the conveyance in summer would be a birch canoe, and in winter a dog-sled; where the bed at night would often be only a granite rock amidst pelting storms, or in winter time, a hole dug in the snowdrift, and the temperature so low that the mercury would be frozen in the thermometer for months. To get a man as leader of a company of missionaries to begin such a work, with even a fair assurance of success, was indeed no easy task.

Fortunately the eyes of the home officials of the English Wesleyan Church were directed to Canada, and at once it was felt that in James Evans, God, and His church had the man for the important and arduous work. How James Evans had been employing his time, and grandly fitting himself for this larger field, the following letter will indicate. It is a sample of many, showing not only his activity and zeal in preaching the gospel, but his perseverance in the study of the Indian language which was to be of such good service to him in years to come. The letter was written to Rev. Joseph Stinson, then superintendent of Indian missions, from St. Clair Indian Mission, where James Evans was then stationed.

"The good work is still prospering. I baptised sixteen last Sabbath, and expect to baptise more next Lord's day. We believe the net is on the right side of the ship, and doubt not that the Lord will yet, at this mission, give us the hundred and fifty and three. Amen! Last Sunday, a man arrived from the southwest shore of Lake Huron, whose errand was to seek the gospel; nor was it for himself alone he was engaged. He informed us that a body of Indians who had heard of the work of God in this place, had assembled on the lake shore and were waiting there for instruction. Some, he said, were determined to become Christians, and others were waiting to hear more about it before they made up their minds. Thomas and myself expect to start tomorrow to see them. We shall return before

Sunday, and bring as many as we can with us. Pray for us! There are also about sixty or seventy on Walpole Island, thirty miles below us on the St. Clair, who express a willingness, and some an anxiety, to hear the gospel; we shall see these as early as possible. Some residing at Bear Creek also request me to go and teach them the way to Ispheming (heaven), and, say they, 'We will walk in it.' The Black River Indians, who were anxious last fall to see us, and some of whom visited our mission and attended meeting twice, will soon be to hear us again, when they return from the sugar bush. We expect the little cloud will spread to the American Indians, and water also their parched ground. It is very desirable that Brother Sunday should, if practicable, pay us a visit in April or May, nor would a pop visit satisfy us. The uncultivated ground around us would find him good employment for two or three weeks, could he be spared so long. I am confident his labours at present would be greatly blessed, 'the fields are white to harvest.' I am still striving to obtain a knowledge of the Indian, but I make so little proficiency that I, at times, almost get discouraged; and were it not that I have resolved to make 'Persevere and overcome' my motto, I should give it up. I endeavoured last Sunday week to preach in Indian for the first time, (my interpreter being absent), and for once succeeded in preaching a short sermon."

That he was also preparing himself, although perhaps unconscious of it, to rough it in the

wilds of the north land, the following extract from a letter, written to the loved ones at home, for whom he had the greatest affection, will show. He had been very busy in New York for some time, engaged in putting several much-needed Indian publications which he had translated, through the press. The chief route, in those days, was up the Hudson River and Erie Canal, then by boat across Lake Ontario to Toronto. Nearly out of money, on account of his heavy printing expenses, and resolved not to go in debt, he was unable to travel as a first, or even as a second-class passenger. But his good humour and vivacity of spirits never left him. He says:

"According to my resolution, I took deck passage on board the steamer Buffalo, and slept three nights on the softest plank I could select. By this means I contrived to reach Toronto without having to stop to work on the road. On taking my passage I flattered myself that I should, in my great blanket coat, pass through the voyage unrecognised, and that consequently my pride would not be wounded; but behold, first came Mr. Orvis, of Black River, after we were on the way. 'How do you do, Mr. Evans?' Next the engineer of whom I had knowledge asked; 'Elder, are you going to Buffalo?' And to crown all, at dinner time, a boy, who used to be cabin boy on board the Gatriat, came with; 'Elder, will you come to dinner?'

"I had the satisfaction of saying, 'O, I am a

MR. EVANS A DECK PASSENGER.

deck passenger!' At Cleveland there came on board a gentleman residing near the Credit, who very soon recognised me, and congratulated himself saying, 'I am very glad to find that I shall have some company,' and when the bell rang for breakfast, 'Come,' said he, 'we shall lose our seats.' 'I am a deck passenger,' said I, nor did I care one sou. Thus I had a chance of doing penance, and I hope it has done me no harm. Although much pain of mind must be endured in taking deck passage, by being compelled to hear a great deal of profane language, yet not more than would have to be endured in the cabin, where they are gambling and swearing half the night."

Thus wrote James Evans. He had spent his money in printing portions of the gospel, and some hymns for his beloved Indian converts, and now, in order to get home, he sleeps on a plank on the deck of an old style steamer, amidst the profanity of the roughs there huddled. Nowadays some ministers, and even returned missionaries, grumble if a baby cries, or a sleeper snores in a Pullman car, or the cuisine of a palatial steamer is not of the most elaborate and fastidious description. Fancy one of the latter description, going out on a work like that to which James Evans gave so grandly, some of the best years of his life.

VII

PETER JACOBS

Peter Jacobs—His account of his early life—Catching a bear—A canoe upset—Providential Escape—Nearly caught in the rapids—Shooting a sturgeon.

ONE of the young Indian converts whom the Rev. James Evans carried with him by canoe from Lac La Pluie on Lake Superior to Norway House, was Peter Jacobs. He was for many years an efficient worker among his red countrymen. Long after his first trip to Norway House, he visited England, where he addressed large audiences on behalf of missions, and created a good deal of interest in and sympathy for Indian missionary work in Canada. In the following narrative we let him speak for himself. He gives us much information about things we are all anxious to know.

"In the year 1824, I first heard the gospel preached by the Rev. William Case. Before that time I was a heathen and so were all the tribes of Canada West. When I was a lad, I never heard an Indian pray as Christians pray to the Great Being. Our people believed in the existence of a Great Being, the maker of all things; but we thought that God was so very far away that no human voice could reach Him: and indeed we all

INDIAN WOMAN CARRYING DEER.

believed that God did not meddle with the affairs of the children of men.

"I, as well as the people of my tribe, was very cruel and wicked, because there was no fear of God in our heart, and no fear of punishment, but every man settles his own affairs by the force of his tomahawk; that is to say by burying his tomahawk in the people's heads and that ends all disputes. The Indians made their women do all their work and the men did little or nothing in the heathen life. The women made the wigwam, and removed it when necessary, carrying it on their backs; and they chopped the wood and carried it home on their backs. They brought the venison home when the deer was killed by their husbands; they dressed the skins for their husbands' clothes and made the coats, shirts and moccasins, which completes the Indian dress;—all was done by the women. Notwithstanding the poor women did all this, they got very little gratitude from their heathen husbands.

"I will just relate to you one of my prayers in heathen life: 'O God the Sun, I beseech you to hear my prayer, and to direct my steps through the woods in that direction where the deer is feeding, that I may get near him, shoot him and kill him, and have something to eat thereby.' And this was all the prayer I ever made. There is nothing about soul salvation in that prayer. Some pray for fish, or ducks, or rabbits, or whatever they wish to get.

"At length the missionary came and began to

preach about Christ and how He died for me; but I first said, 'No; that is the white man's God and white man's religion; and that God would have nothing to do with the Indians.' But he assured me God would save me if I would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and as a proof he read portions of Scripture to me again and again. And then at last I began to think that he must be right and I must be wrong because he read the 'Book of God' (as we call the Bible) to me. Then I began to pray for the first time in English. I only then knew a few words. I said "O God be merciful to me, poor Indian boy, great sinner.' And the word of God had now got hold of my heart, but it made me feel very sick in my heart. I went to bed and I could not sleep for my thoughts troubled me very much. Then I would pray the words over and over again, and got more and more sick in my heart. I was very sorry that God could not understand my Ojibway. I thought God could only understand English. And when I was praying tears came spontaneously from my eyes, and I could not understand this, because I had been taught from infancy never to weep. In this misery I passed three or four weeks. I then met with Peter Jones, who was converted a few months before me: and to my surprise I heard him return thanks at meal in Ojibway. This was quite enough for me. I now saw that God could understand me in my Ojibway, and therefore went far into the woods, and prayed in the Ojibway

tongue to God and said: 'O God I was so ignorant and blind, that I did not know that thou couldst understand my Ojibway tongue! Now O God, I beseech Thee, to be gracious to me, a sinner! Take away this sickness that I now feel in my heart; for all my sins lay very heavy in my heart. Send now Thy Holy Spirit to come work in my heart! Let the blood of Christ be now applied to my heart, that all my sins may depart!'

"Though I could now pray in this way in my native tongue, yet God did not seem to think it best to hear my prayers at this time, but left me to pass many miserable nights. And I cried out again: 'O God, I will not let Thee alone! I shall trouble Thee with my prayers till Thou bless me!' And at last God heard my prayers, and He took away this heavy sickness of heart; but not till many tears had been shed. And when this sickness was taken away from my heart, then I experienced another feeling which was 'joy in the Holy Ghost,' which was indeed 'full of glory.' My tongue could not express the joy I then felt. I could say nothing but 'Happy, happy!' When I found this religion of Christ so sweet in the heart of man, I wanted all my people then to know of the great and true God; but they all said: No; that I was wrong; that I had been to the white man's God and not the Saviour of the Indians. But I said that God was the Saviour of all the nations of the earth; for I know in my own heart what He has done

for me; and what He has done for me He can do for you. And they began to pray for mercy, and the forgiveness of their sins; and they praying in strong faith, many of them were converted; and now at this time there are hundreds that are converted among the North American Indians. I was the first-fruits of the missionary labours in my tribe. After I was converted, I became a prayer-leader and afterward, when the Indians were settled in houses, I became a class-leader, then a local preacher.

"When I was a local preacher I used to preach very long, very hard, and very often. Once I had been preaching till eleven at night to the converted Indians from Lake Simcoe, and was just finishing when the Indians said: 'When we were heathen we never gave up drinking the fire-water the whole night, and why should we now go to bed? Why should we not go on singing and praising God till daylight?' I was young and full of spirits; and though I had just done preaching, I began again, and preached a great part of the night.

"After their conversion, the Indians were settling in houses, and I built myself a large house and then began to keep a store, and made a comfortable living by selling things; but I wished to be a missionary to the tribes of Indians who had not heard the gospel; and I offered myself for the mission-work, and was accepted, sold off my store, and went as a missionary.

"I have been a missionary for sixteen years.

Twelve years I have been in the far west, among the Indians in the Hudson's Bay Territories, having gone out with Rev. James Evans by canoe from Lac La Pluie to Norway House in 1840.

"In the year 1842 I came to England and was ordained in the Centenary Hall; and in 1843 was sent back to the Hudson's Bay Territory. I cannot tell you about all the tribes of Indians that I have visited, it would take too long. I have preached to many poor Indians in their heathen state and they have become Christians. At Norway House we formed seven classes and helped the Indians to build houses, and kept school for children. This mission is now one of the best in the Hudson's Bay Territory. There are more than three hundred hearers, a fine chapel, and eighty children in the school."

Peter Jacobs remained, as this narrative tells us, a couple of years with Mr. Evans and then was sent to England for ordination. On his return he was thus able to more effectually aid Mr. Evans in his work, which had become so extensive, that he had to avail himself of the assistance of all the native helpers, who had gifts and graces that commanded the respect of the whites and Indians. Mr. Evans also availed himself to the knowledge possessed by his Indian converts of their own, and other native languages, and dialects, to aid him in his many translations of hymns and portions of the Word of God.

Mr. Jacobs also travelled extensively in the prosecution of the good work among his country-

men. He had many adventures and some most marvellous escapes from death by drowning. These we will let him tell in his own language, which will show what a credit he was to the mission schools that could thus take and transform into the Christian gentleman the once wild pagan Indian boy. His first story is an account of how he and his two travelling companions in a canoe, killed a bear.

"The afternoon was calm and beautiful; and as we had had a good rest and were apprehensive of head winds, we pulled all that night. At sunrise next morning we attempted to land and breakfast, but the water was so shoal we could not, without having to wade a distance. The beach was of bright sand and the sun was about two hours up, when I saw an object moving on the shore. It appeared to be a man; and as we neared it, it appeared to make gestures to us. We were wearied and hungry, but thinking the stranger was in danger or in suffering, we pulled on toward him. Judge of our surprise when we found him to be an enormous bear. He was seated on his hams, and what we thought his gestures were his motions in raising himself on his hind legs to pull berries from a high bush, and with his paws filled sitting down again. Thus he continued daintily enjoying his fresh fruit in the position our ladies' lap-dogs are taught to assume when asking a morsel from their mistresses. On we pulled and forgot our hunger and weariness. The bear still continued

KILLING A BEAR WITH DUCK-SHOT.

breakfasting. We got as close in shore as the shoal would permit and John taking my gun, a double barrel, leaped into the water and gained the beach. Some dead brushwood lay between John and the bear. He now discovered us; and John not seeing him for the dead brush ran along the beach toward him. The weariness from pulling all night, and being so long without breakfast, and the reaction produced by seeing the bear, probably disturbed my presence of mind, for I remembered now that the gun was loaded with heavy duck-shot only, and you might as well meet a bear with peas. John was in danger, and we strained at our paddles; but as the bear was a very large one, and we had no other fire-arms than the gun John had, we would have been but poor help to John in the hug of a wounded bear. The bear was at the other side of the dry brush on the beach. John heard the dry branches cracking before the brute, and dodged into a hollow under a thick bush. The bear passed the dry brush and was coursing along the sand; but as he passed by where John lay, bang went the gun. The bear was struck. We saw him leap through the smoke on to the very spot where we saw John last. We held our breath but, instead of the cry of agony we expected, bang, went the gun again! John is not yet caught! Our canoe rushed through the water. We might yet be in time. But my paddle fell from my hand, as I saw John pop head and shoulders above a bush, and with a shout point

to the side of the log he stood upon. 'There he lies—dead enough!' We were indeed thankful to the Preserver.

"We took about half the bear along with us, all the canoe would carry. Here I learned for the first time how to preserve meat without salt for a month, and have it then good and fresh as when killed. A hole was dug in the swamp about two and a half feet deep. In the bottom of this a few dry boughs were placed, then the rest of the bear's meat was wrapped up in the skin and placed in this hole. All was now carefully covered up so as to be safe from the sun and air. About a month after when this meat was taken up, it was found to be still sweet and good.

"Thus on we journeyed day after day, in our birch canoe. Lake Winnipeg was unusually wild and tempestuous; sometimes we were delayed by head winds, at other times we were nearly swamped in the great waves which were like those of the ocean. One of our party was kept busy all the time bailing out water with our large kettle. Apprehensive of coming frost and ice, we were perhaps too venturesome in our anxiety to make a quick voyage. This is one of the dangers to be guarded against and with Mr. Evans, who was a man of such dauntless courage, we were in perils oft as in our frail birch canoe we pushed on over stormy lakes and down rapid rivers to carry the gospel to the Indian tribes who had never heard its glorious truths."

The following account of the upsetting of the birch canoe is from the pen of Peter Jacobs. The sufferings endured, with the providential escape of the occupants of the frail craft, will give some idea of the risks run by the heroic men who in those days endeavoured, and not in vain, to extend the Redeemer's kingdom in those desolate regions.

"During the 6th and 7th of September, we were wind-bound. On the 8th the wind abated, and we again put out on the lake. The waves were high; but as the wind had gone down we thought they also would fall. It was morning. We had not yet taken breakfast, and were about an hour and a half from our encampment, doubling a point, when a wave struck us and half filled the canoe. We ran into the bay, bailed out and again turned to the lake. A point lay about a mile and a half ahead. Round this point and the wind would be almost fair. On we pulled; wet and cold. How uncertain is the future! We were nearly two miles from shore when a wave struck us and over we went. When I rose to the surface I found the canoe bottom up and John astride on its stern. I struck for the stem and grasping it in my arms hung on. The old man, my bowsman, hung on somewhere about midships. He had the worst hold of any of us, and from his being more frequently under the waves than John or I, he would be the first to give out. I said to John, 'We die now.' 'Yes,' John replied, 'we certainly die now.' I

advised the men not to attempt swimming to shore as the water was so cold they would get faint and drown, but to hold on to the canoe and we would drift ashore sometime. They promised to do so.

"I now saw that the boatman was getting exhausted: his efforts to resist and rise with the heave of the wave appeared to be more and more feeble. I asked him if he were prepared to meet his God? He said: 'I have prayed to Him long, long ago.' He was ready to die. Both the men were good Christians, members of the Norway House mission. The old man's eyes were closing, when John reached forward his hand, and taking him by the hair at the risk of losing his own hold, placed the old man's chin upon his knee and kept it there thus keeping his mouth out of the water. We thought that the old man was dead, but John, a hero, would not let his head drop, determined if we should get to the shore, to bury his companion on the beach.

"I now felt myself getting weak, and that all hope was over. I committed my soul and my family to God. I told John that I felt I was drowning, and that he must, if he could, save his own life. He replied that he had no wish to live; that if we were drowned that he would drown too. The poor fellow's heart was like to burst, not for himself, but for the old man and me. When I thought of home and the wants of the work, I did wish to live. If my work was done I would die; if not all the water in the lake could

not drown me; God's will be done! I was perfectly resigned. I prayed; and as I prayed, suddenly the hope of being saved, hitherto lost, filled my mind. I felt an irresistible impression that we would not drown but that we would all be saved. Nothing that I saw had occurred to cause this, but I felt assured of its truth. The winds blew, the waves heaved, and we, like floating leaves, were tossed about as the storm willed. It was He who rules the winds, the waves and the hearts and strength of men—from Him did we get our hope and our strength. I felt so much revived that I began to paddle with my arm; and just as the waves threw a paddle almost into John's hand, the bowsman's eyes opened. I now felt merry; not that I could laugh, but very very happy—thankfulness to God being the uppermost feeling.

"We neared the shore, and several times I let my feet drop to sound but no bottom. Still we neared the shore, and again and again did I sound, and at last found the bottom, but a few yards from the beach.

"The old man was our first care—he could not walk upright. John and I returned to save the canoe and on turning it up, found of all we had only my bedding. God was indeed good to us in this; for we would have suffered much during the night from cold had the bedding not been restored to us. We knelt down on the beach and returned Him thanks. We now felt ourselves so much exhausted that we had to lay

down on the beach, wet and cold as we were, and rest."

The following narrow escape from perishing in the rapids of Winnipeg River is also one of Peter Jacobs' experiences. The Silver Falls is one of the grandest falls in Winnipeg River. From a distance, they present a beautiful white appearance, caused by the spray from which they obtained the name of Silver Falls. The river where the falls are, is more than a quarter of a mile wide. So whatever goes down these falls alive, goes to the bottom dead enough.

"I had six voyagers in each canoe. In coming down the river toward the landing of the portage, my steersman Sebe (River) very foolishly and carelessly steered the canoe so that we went too far out, and were drawn quickly down by the strong current. On perceiving the danger, the men began to pull with great force, in order to reach the landing, and thus save themselves from being drawn over the precipice of the falls. It was a struggle, a struggle for life! Ah! how imminent our danger was. Were we to be ingulfed in the foaming deep? As our canoe was heavily laden, it refused to obey us, (so to speak,) but was inclined to go over the precipice. An extra paddle being by my side, I picked it up and assisted the men. We gained inch by inch. All this time the landing was only about fifteen feet from us, only we were fifteen feet too low down. The men in the other canoe in the meantime were looking at us, anxious on our account, but could

not render us assistance, as they had to take care of their own canoe. They could only cry out 'Pull, pull, pull!' At last we reached the desired shore, and O, how glad our hearts were when we found ourselves once more safe on land. I looked at my men; their faces were as pale as death. The other crew seeing us now safe, began to laugh at us, and to say, 'Your faces are as white as a sheet; that will teach you to be a little more careful next time, when you come down to the landing.' We expected this, for it is the nature of the Indian to laugh heartily when the greatest danger is over. My men tried to laugh, but they could not, they were too much frightened. It was half an hour before I could myself get over the shock I had sustained, and be free from my nervous feeling. Now if we had had a distance of ten feet more to go, when we were pulling away to reach the landing our canoe would have gone down and have been crushed to atoms, and we would have never trodden dry land alive. I was thankful to Almighty God for our escape from this great danger."

The following incident describes the method of capturing sturgeon, which are much used by the Indians and missionaries as food. "At the head of the rapids is a small rock jutting out into the water, and behind the rock is a little eddy. In this eddy my men, as they walked on the high rock, many feet above the water, espied a large sturgeon, which was observed at one time to remain on the surface of the water, and sometimes

to be thrown quite above the surface, by the motion of the water and at another time to disappear. My men said that they would give anything for this large sturgeon. To catch and kill it was impossible, for there was no spear in our possession. But the men still looked as eagerly at it as an Englishman would have looked, had there been a bag of gold in the water. "Come, come," said I to my men, "it is no use to waste more time looking at it; we will never get it; it has only to move its tail once and then it is out of reach." But the men were loath to come away. At last one of them said:

"I will try one experiment if you will let me."

"What is that?" said I.

"Let me have your double-barrelled gun," said he, "and I will put a ball in it, and will hide behind the rock yonder; I will then shoot the sturgeon on the head when it comes up to the surface, but let another man go down and stand in the water up to his knees behind another point of rock close by. If I should stun the sturgeon by firing at it, the man in the water will rush toward it and drag it up."

"Here is my gun," said I at once, "your plan of operation is an excellent one."

So he took the gun and, after loading it, he went down below with another man, to put his plan into execution. The rest of us who stood upon a rock about sixty feet nearly perpendicular, watched the two men below us. We had quite a good view. Both of the men took their

posts at the time the sturgeon disappeared under the surface of the water. Every five minutes the sturgeon used to come up. Presently it rose up finely to the surface, and at this time the man with the gun banged away at it. In an instant we saw the under part of the sturgeon. The other Indian in the meantime who was within a yard and a half of the spot, sprang at the wounded sturgeon as eagerly as the fish hawk after its prey. He seized it but could not take it up, for it wanted to go into the deep water. The other man at this time put down the gun, and ran to the aid of his companion. After a tug of three or four minutes, they brought up the sturgeon high and dry, to the joy of the rest of my men. The ball had entered the back of the neck. This was the first sturgeon that I had seen killed with a bullet. We lost no time in cleaning, cooking, and eating it. It made a good dinner for my twelve men. Some remained over and above, for the fish weighed from forty-five to fifty pounds."

VIII

FROM OTTAWA TO NORWAY HOUSE

Letter to Ephraim Evans—On the way to Norway House—Mrs. Evans—Mr. Evans' hospitality and cheerfulness—The Journey—To Superior by boat—Then by canoe—The fragile craft—Its utility—Running rapids—Portaging—Rev. John Ryerson's picture of a thunderstorm—Rev. R. T. Rundle welcomes them to Norway House.

THE following extracts from a letter to his beloved brother, the Rev. Ephraim Evans, who was himself at this time a successful missionary, and afterward the founder of the Methodist Missions in British Columbia on the Pacific coast, will give us some idea of James Evans' preparatory movements, and of the difficulties and hardships of travel in those early days of this country. He had expected to go from Montreal in the regular Hudson's Bay Company's canoes, which leave just as soon as the ice breaks up in the upper rivers, and it is at all safe to travel. Mr. Evans writes from on board a steamer on the Rideau canal, May 12th, 1840:

"I reached Montreal on the 24th of April, eight days earlier than mentioned by Dr. Alder and found the canoes gone the day before. So now I am, with Mary and Eugenia (wife and daughter) on my way to Norway House on Lake Win-

nipeg, four hundred miles from the Red River colony,—Providence orders all things well.

"I shall go to Fort William without getting into a canoe. Our goods have gone to London, England, to be sent to Hudson's Bay, where they will arrive this fall. The Hudson's Bay Company have engaged to furnish our missionaries with everything necessary for their comfort and convenience in the Indian country, including canoes, provisions, canoemen, houses, interpreters, free of all charge; and we have letters from Governor Simpson and the committee, addresses to all the gentlemen in their districts and posts in North America—a pretty wide range! I shall see the Pacific yet, God willing, as one of the young men goes to Rocky Mountain House, and my duty is to visit them as soon as possible!"

There is much in that letter of interest and suggestiveness. To some of its items, we will refer.

Mary, his wife, was a Miss Mary B. Smith of Lower Canada, with whom Mr. Evans became acquainted when he was teaching school in that province. With the impetuosity of his energetic nature he carried on his courtship, and as the attachment was mutual, they were married when Mr. Evans was but little over twenty-two years of age. They were both poor as regards this world's goods, but they were rich in each other's love; and so, with faith in God and in themselves, they together entered into life's arena—well equipped for the conflict.

Mrs. Evans was grandly equipped to be the wife of such a missionary as James Evans. She was a woman of fine appearance, beautiful in figure, and with a sunny countenance. She entered very heartily into all of her enthusiastic husband's schemes, and bore up bravely and uncomplainingly during his long absences from home, on his eventful journeys. At times they were almost in want, and had to practice the most rigid economy in order to obtain the necessaries of life.

Well do I remember when a boy hearing my father, the Rev. William Young, tell of a visit to them when they were living at Rice Lake, where Mr. Evans was then teaching in the Indian school.

"Come in, Brother Young, come in," said the happy, buoyant, always rejoicing Mr. Evans. "Come in, and dine with us; we have a pan of milk and a loaf of bread. The Good Book says; 'his bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure:' we are better off than that, for we have milk instead of water."

To refuse such an invitation, given with such a genuine ring, was impossible, and so my father dined with them. A happier, more contented couple of young people, he says he never saw. With good appetites they ate their bread and milk, laughed at their poverty, and spoke hopefully and enthusiastically about their work.

This was the woman who now, after seventeen years of happy life in civilisation, was, with

their only daughter, going hopefully and cheerfully with him to the far-away wilderness abode. We thank God for the many noble brave women who have, some with husbands, and some unmarried, gone out into the high places of the field, and there have uncomplainingly and heroically lived and toiled for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. What the church owes to her noble band of female missionaries and teachers, has never yet been fully realised. We doubt whether it ever can be. Their coolness and bravery in trying hours quite equals that of the men. Their tact and skill, their patience and endurance, their faith and belief in the ultimate triumph of the gospel, easily place them in the front.

Among the priceless ones, of "the elect women" of the Church, was Mrs. James Evans. Here we find her with her husband and daughter, en route for their most important and trying, and alas, their last field of toil.

Referring to the young missionaries who had been sent out from England and were to be his fellow workers in the far north, he writes in his usual buoyant and kindly style.

"I met one of the young men from England in La Chine, a fine fellow. The other good boys had gone. They are all young, hearty, talented men. May God bless them! I am in high spirits and expect many savages to be converted to God. The canoes have left, thus saving me fifteen hundred miles of canoeing. This is especially ad-

vantageous as Mary and Eugenia are accompanying me. God does all things right. I am deeply indebted to Him."

The fact that the canoes had started from La Chine several days earlier than was anticipated, saved Mr. Evans and family from having to travel in one, from the mouth of the Ottawa River to Thunder Bay on the north side of Lake Superior. How few of us can realise the hardships and dangers of such a trip, in such a boat. Fifteen hundred miles of the journey of about three thousand miles, were thus to be made by the steamboats of those days. They journeyed by Lakes Ontario and Erie, St. Clair, Lakes Huron and Superior, to Fort William. Here they began their canoe travelling.

Mr. Evans took with him two of the young Ojibway converts, who had already given signs of usefulness as evangelists. They were Henry Steinhauer and Peter Jacobs. As we have made reference to them, or let them speak for themselves elsewhere, it is only necessary here to add that they were admirably fitted for their work. Having been all their days accustomed to the canoe, they were of great service in the present situation. Mr. Evans himself a man of great physical energy, and as much at home in a canoe as an Indian, not only paddled himself a great deal of the time, but he infused his own energy into all associated with him. Henry Steinhauer and Peter Jacobs were of great assistance on the journey. The fact of their both being skillful

MR. EVANS AND FAMILY ON CANOE-ROUTE.

hunters made them valuable on the route. Many a fat duck and other savoury bird was shot by them, and added much to the bill of fare, which in general was none too tempting, especially to the two ladies of the party.

When religious services were held among the natives, as they were able to tarry long enough on the route for service, these two talented young Indians added much to the interest of the service, not only by their sweet voices in song, but also by their simple unaffected testimony to the blessedness of the gospel which had wrought such changes in them, and among many of their countrymen. They were a great help to Mr. Evans, and a benediction to the degraded Indians among whom they laboured, many of whom they had the joy of seeing accept Christianity, and enter into the blessedness which it confers on those who fully believe it.

For many years Fort William was a place of great importance in the fur trade. It was a kind of half-way house between Montreal and the vast interior. From La Chine at the mouth of the Ottawa, there came during the months of open navigation on the rivers and lakes, the great birch bark canoes of the fur traders. These canoes, some of them of large dimensions, were manned by Indians of various tribes, but for many years the famous Iroquois were considered the unrivalled canoemen on those marvellous journeys. There still linger old men who talk of those matchless crews of stalwart Iroquois, who

under the stern rule of Sir George Simpson, travelled at a rate that seems to us perfectly incredible. But they are now of the past. The onward march of civilisation has driven them far back into the remote regions, where the shrill whistle of the engine on land and water, is as yet unheard.

However, in Mr. Evans' time they were the only boats in existence in those regions, and so from Fort William to Norway House, they were obliged to travel in them. Such a trip is not without its enjoyments to break its monotony and to offset its dangers. The canoes are made of birch bark; the form and symmetry being given to them by the thin strips of cedar or spruce that in half-hoop-like shapes, are placed inside.

Frail and light though this craft may seem, yet under the guidance of those accustomed to it, and who love it as an Arab does his steed, it is a safe and useful boat. In a land where the rivers are full of rapids and cataracts, no other can do the work that it can accomplish. Under the skillful guidance of experienced canoemen, it can run rapids in safety that would submerge any skiff. Then as there are many portages to be made, the canoe, on account of its lightness, can be carried on the heads of the men with ease, while a heavy boat would be very difficult to transport over those places frequently so dangerous and precipitous, that the footing is very insecure.

Then a damaged canoe is easily mended. The soft supple roots of the spruce-tree, and a lump of gum, and fire, are the requisites to mend any ugly tear or rent. This can be accomplished very much more quickly and neatly than repairs on the skiff of the white man.

Each night they camped when the day's work was done. Sometimes the places selected were very picturesque. The tent was quickly pitched, the log fire was soon blazing, and on it the kettles were speedily boiling. The well-earned supper was much enjoyed by the hard worked canoemen, and the missionary and his family. Such travelling, when the weather is agreeable, along lakes and rivers, where the air although at times hot, during the short brilliant summer, is always bracing, is very enjoyable.

True to his mission, Mr. Evans held prayers with the canoemen at the camp-fires, and from the beginning of the journey endeavoured to exercise over them an influence for good. Being a good singer, and now quite proficient in several Indian dialects, he had but little difficulty in making himself understood.

The route from Fort William runs in a north-west direction through an almost endless variety of rapid rivers and picturesque lakes. For a time the travellers in these regions have to work up streams, often against dangerous rapids and treacherous currents. This continues until an actual ascent is made of over eight hundred feet, when the Savan portage is reached. Here is the

height of land between Lakes Superior and Winnipeg. The aggregate fall of waters ere Winnipeg is reached, is estimated at eight hundred and fifty feet. From Winnipeg to York Factory, on the Hudson's Bay, the fall is eight hundred and thirty feet more.

Running the numerous rapids was always exciting work. One who made this same trip says: "The running of a rapid is an exciting thing. Upon nearing the head of a strong rapid the men make every possible effort to urge the boat forward faster than the water so that it may steer the better. The bowsman and steersman stand erect, guiding the frail bark through the smoother places in the current, which hisses and foams around you, as if eager to devour you. Now we rush with rapid speed toward a rock against which the waters dash with fearful fury, and to a person unaccustomed to such scenes, you appear to be on the point of destruction, but one vigourous stroke of the paddle from the bowsman and the steersman, sends the light craft at a sharp angle from the impending danger, and away you plunge again over the surging waters, sometimes floating for a minute in a small eddy, and hovering as though to choose your path, and then again plunging through the windings of the stream, till having passed the whole in safety, you float in the smooth waters below."

Making a portage to which such prominence is given, was done as follows: As far as it was safe to paddle, the canoe was propelled, until the

head of the rapids or falls, too dangerous to run, was reached. Here a landing was made, and after Mr. and Mrs. Evans and their daughter had stepped ashore, the canoe in which they were travelling was speedily emptied of its cargo. These canoes differ very much in size. Those used in this long journey from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg are from thirty to thirty-five feet long. They are over five feet wide in the middle, and taper gradually to the ends. Their depth is about two feet three inches. Although only made as we have mentioned of birch bark, they are splendid boats for the purpose. The one in which Mr. Evans travelled probably carried twenty hundred weight, including the three travellers and the six voyageurs. In the portage two men would easily carry this canoe when empty, across to the smooth water beyond. The rest of the crew quickly made bundles of the cargo, which they carried on their backs, supported by straps from their foreheads. The gait of an Indian in a portage is neither a walk nor a run. It is simply a jog-trot, and it is surprising to an uninitiated one, how rapidly they can get over the ground. When the weather was pleasant, crossing a portage was not unwelcome to Mrs. Evans and her daughter, as the sitting position in a canoe after a time becomes very tiresome to one, unless like an Indian, he has been accustomed to it all his life. So the pleasant walk among the balsam and birch trees, where picturesque rocks abounded, and the air was sweet and fragrant, and the many

objects in the wilderness were pleasant to the observant eye and ear, was at times enjoyable.

Then when the canoe was once more loaded, the journey was resumed, and thus the days flew by, and each night found them farther and farther away in the northern wilderness. Down rivers, and through lakes where at times the picturesque islands added much to the beauty of the landscape, they passed along, "in perils oft" at times by treacherous rapids and fearful thunderstorms. Each night at the camp-fire they sang their songs of thanksgiving, and offered up their prayers of gratitude for the preserving care that had been their portion in the wilderness.

The days rolled up into weeks, and still they were on the way. The beautiful Lake of the Woods is passed, and then down the rushing rapid Winnipeg River do they safely go until at Fort Alexander they are permitted a brief rest at the trading post of that name where the courteous officers of the Hudson's Bay Company in charge, showed them no little kindness. But although Indians are here in numbers, and most attentively listen to the sweet gospel story, so strangely different from anything ever heard before, our party must still push on. But Mr. Evans' observant eye has marked the place as a desirable site for a mission station in years to come, but for the present he is unable to do more than to lovingly preach the gospel of the Son of God, and urge its acceptance upon those poor neglected

souls. Whites and Indians listen as for eternity, and so impressed is the devoted servant of the Lord by their conduct, that he promises when possible to visit them if life is spared, and help them on in the divine life.

With canoemen invigorated by the needed rest, and fresh supplies obtained from the large-hearted gentleman in charge of the post, Mr. Evans and his family again embark in their canoe for the last stage of their long journey. Up the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg they have to travel for a number of days. Winnipeg is an Indian word literally meaning "the sea." The Indians gave it this name on account of its great size. It is about three hundred miles long, and is subject to sudden storms. Then its great waves rise up like ocean billows. Here is what Rev. John Ryerson says about this great stormy lake:

"Lake Winnipeg is very much subject to winds and storms, which many times rise so suddenly as to give the mariner no warning of their approach, until like a giant in his strength, they are upon him. Imagination cannot paint, much less describe, the sublimity and grandeur of a thunder-storm as seen in the forest or on the shore of the lake, where the wild waters are raging; the lurid glare of the vivid lightning seems brighter, and the claps of roaring thunder seem deeper and heavier than anywhere else. O! I shall never forget the terrific grandeur of that dreadful thunderstorm. The sheets of flame, for minutes at a time, played around the tent as if eager to

devour it, while the rolling thunder shook the very ground on which it rested. The foaming billows in their snowy whiteness were lashed into fury, and the rain came down as if poured out of vessels. It required the utmost exertion to prevent the tempest from sweeping the tent away."

The next day another storm arose. Of it he writes: "It was according to the old adage, 'it never rains but it pours,' so our breeze was soon converted into a gale. In an hour we were compelled to run our canoe into shoal water, to save her from being swamped; and each man getting out waded with the baggage to a place of shelter, where the canoe was secured. But we had scarcely got our tent pitched, and the things put in order, when the tempest was upon us; a tempest which in severity and duration exceeded the one of the night before. It was a perfect tornado. O, the loud claps and hollow roaring of the thunder, the vivid flashes of the lightning, the descending torrents of the water floods—all,—all not only surpasses the power of description, but exceeds the fancy of the liveliest imagination."

Fortunately for those who had to travel its uncertain waters in such small crafts as birch canoes, its shores are very much indented with bays; and good harbours are numerous and easily found. One disagreeable phase of canoeing is to be delayed by head winds. Sometimes for weeks together on Lake Winnipeg, the wind will blow as steadily from one direction as a trade wind in the

tropics. Mr. Evans and his family had their share of these, but under the guidance of a good Providence they at length weathered all the storms, and reached the northern end of the great lake in safety. Here for the last time they pitched their camp. An adventure with a black bear that swam across the great river and tried to land close to the spot where Mrs. Evans and her daughter were sitting, as they had wandered out a little distance, the better to enjoy the prospect of a glorious sunset, gave them a bit of a fright, and caused some excitement. However the rapidity with which the bear disappeared showed that he was the most astonished one in the party.

Next morning, bright and early, the journey was resumed. At Playgreen Point there was a halt for a short rest and refreshment. Then the journey continued and on and on, now down the winding Jack River they rapidly sped along, until suddenly they found themselves at Norway House. A cordial welcome awaited them not only from the Rev. Robert Terrill Rundle, one of the young missionaries who had preceded them, but also from Mr. Ross, the gentleman in charge of this important establishment of the great and wealthy Hudson Bay Company.

IX

A GREAT TRADING POST

Norway House, a chief centre of the H. B. C.—The gathering of Indian Brigades—From Saskatchewan—From Mackenzie—Rapids vs. Ice—Pemmican—The Buffalo—The glory of Norway House departed.

NORWAY HOUSE, a remote interior trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company was to be Mr. Evans' first, and in some respect, his only home in that great land. From this spot which he with his noble fellow-labourers made to bloom and blossom as the rose, he started out on his marvellous trips by canoe in summer and dog-train in winter. Of this spot around which so much of interest in connection with Mr. Evans and his great invention of the Cree Syllable Characters still lingers, we will give some description.

The great Hudson's Bay Fur Trading Company has been in existence in that country for more than two hundred years. They received their charter from Charles I. At first they confined their operations principally to the coast of the bays and great lakes. As they became more wealthy, they gradually pushed on into the interior of the country, where valuable furs abounded, and Indians to hunt them were to be found.

Some of their interior posts were established at

points so remote from civilisation that the lonely officers and men in charge had communication with the outer world only once a year, and the difficulties of carrying in the goods for barter with the Indians, and then taking out the rich furs thus obtained, were such that often seven years elapsed ere the returns of the trade were made at the principal establishment in London. From this, it will be seen that Norway House, which by the water route is only several hundred miles from the great Hudson's Bay, can hardly now be called one of the very remote interior posts, especially as the railroad passes through Manitoba, only four hundred miles to the south.

Norway House stood originally at the northern end of Lake Winnipeg. It derived its name from the fact that in those early days, the Hudson's Bay Company imported a large number of hardy men from Norway, Sweden, Scotland, the Orkney Isles and elsewhere, to assist them in their trade with the Indians. As a compliment to a number of Norwegians in the service, the trading post then established was thus called. After a number of years, the post was transferred to the eastern banks of Jack River, near its entrance into Playgreen Lake. Here picturesquely situated, the post has continued with fluctuating fortunes, until the present time.

Its glory has in a great measure now departed, but in days gone by it was one of the most important of all the great establishments of the powerful company, that, almost despotically,

ruled over at least one third of this continent. Here gathered the great brigades that brought the furs, and carried back the goods from the trading posts, some of which were two thousand miles farther in the interior. Here camping on the green to the south of the fort, and outside its walls, were at times to be found warlike Blackfeet, and Blood Indians, and Mountain Stonies from the foothills of the far distant Rocky Mountains. They had come down the mighty Saskatchewan River a distance of over twelve hundred miles, ere they had reached great Winnipeg into which their majestic river pours its mighty floods, down the only rapids that break its navigation for all that vast distance.

Here also, in those days, were to be seen sitting around their camp-fires, the red men from the great Peace and Mackenzie River districts. They were men of peace; but spoke a language harsh and unmusical. They came with brigades laden with the richest furs, and so were always welcome. They had startling and wonderful stories to tell of the marvellous sights to be seen in their great country, when the early spring freshets send north their enormous floods of water, tearing up the ice on the Mackenzie River. This river which vies in volume and size with the Mississippi, enters the Arctic Ocean within the Arctic circle. When its great southern tributaries are flooded by melting snows, and by waters from the mountains, lakes and plains, its northern portion is still in the grasp of the Frost

King. That there are but few objects in nature more irresistible than the floods of great waters which are here to be seen. Northward they pour with such force and power, that the ice although still firm and hard, and several feet thick, is torn up and driven on and on, at times for miles, until at length the piled-up masses become so firm and hard, and so securely wedged together, that although the river may be from two to six miles across, a barrier so strong is formed, that it is able to hold back the mighty floods.

But not long is such a torrent delayed. Higher and higher do the waters rise, until the "ice-jam" as it is called, gives way before its very weight, and once again the ice is ploughed up, and driven onward for miles toward the still frozen sea. Then again the immense accumulation of ice once more arrests the floods, until they gather their forces in sufficient volume to make another advance. Thus on the battle goes between these tremendous forces, until at length the sea is reached, and the waters have prevailed.

To excited listeners, these bronzed men from the great river of the north, would thus describe this wondrous conflict which went on, at times with a noise that was equal to that of any artillery battle the world has ever heard. To these men at this post, Mr. Evans would, and did often, in after years, preach the glorious gospel of the Son of God. He visited their far-away homes, and there on the banks of the Mackenzie and the Saskatchewan, as well as in many other

places, he met them, and told "the old old story of Jesus and His love."

As many as twenty brigades of boats, at one time, have been seen at this then busy place. They came from almost every section of the interior. They spoke many languages, and while some were peaceful, others were men who had delighted in war. Some carried on their persons many scars received in conflict with their bloodthirsty foes. Others, fresh from some warlike expedition against hostile tribes, still showed with exultation the scalps they had torn from the heads of their victims.

The wharves and storehouses of the great flourishing company fairly groaned beneath the weight of the boat-loads of pemmican and robes and furs which these Saskatchewan and other brigades brought with them. Those were the days of plenty for all the Indians who lived on the fertile prairies. Countless were the herds of buffalo that at times widely covered the plains. Travelling was often rendered difficult and even dangerous by reason of the proximity of the herds, as sometimes, in their wild, mad rushes, camps would be overturned and destroyed, and the inmates crushed beneath the hoofs of the maddened animals that were forced to rush on by the thousands thundering in the rear.

For many years buffalo meat was the principal article of food, not only among the Indian tribes but at many of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. At the post situated near to those sections of

country where the herds roamed, the inmates lived principally on fresh meat as the buffalo could be slaughtered at any time. It was different however at the remote stations. For them the buffalo meat had to be dried or made into pemmican. This pemmican was also the principal food of the men in the great brigades as they travelled through the country. It was also largely used by missionaries and other travellers both in summer and winter. On it Mr. Evans and his faithful Indian companions principally depended. A coarser kind of it was also carried as food for dogs on the winter journeys, while the buffalo herds continued to exist. Since that time various kinds of fat meat have taken the place of the pemmican as food for the men, while the dogs are now wholly fed on fish. Pemmican was ever considered a nourishing and healthy article of food by those who had been accustomed to it all their days, but the writer must confess that although he had a great deal of it for some years before the buffalo were exterminated, neither he nor his family ever took kindly to it. It had too much the smell of rancid soap grease.

With the extinction of the buffalo and the building of the great Pacific railway, Norway House has lost its old time importance. No such crowds of Hudson's Bay officials and servants gather there as in former days. The numerous brigades of boats with their picturesquely garbed Indians no longer come to its wharves as they

did in the days when Mr. Evans and his co-labourers and successors for many years used to meet them for religious worship.

However as Norway House is in the centre of a fine fur producing country it is still a place of a good deal of importance to the company. Large numbers of black bears are shot every year, the skins of which are always valuable. Along the numerous streams and in the great forests still are to be found great numbers of beavers, otters, minks, martens, ermines and other animals, the furs of which command high prices in the markets of the world. To this post also, for many years, more black and silver foxes were brought in by the hunters than at any other fur-trading post in the world.

The Indians have always clustered round this place in large numbers. They are called Swampy Crees. They are a splendid type of the Indian nation both in physique and intelligence. Here since the days of Rundle and Evans has been one of the finest and largest Indian missions on the continent. Some of the grandest trophies of the Cross have here been won, and some of the most useful workers have here been raised up from among these once superstitious pagans to go out and preach, with eloquence and power, the blessed gospel which has thus been made a benediction to many others.

X

THE FIRST SASKATCHEWAN MISSIONARY

Evans and Rundle meet—Rundle's work at Norway House—Rundle's estimate of Mr. Evans—Rundle goes to Rocky Mountain House—Indian parishioners—Buffalo herds—The conversion of Witchekan—The Beginning—Pagan's belief—Good Spirit—Bad Spirit—Windegoos—"Medicine"—Mr. Evans in the Saskatchewan Country—Maskepetoon—His Temper—Susewisk—Maskepetoon's conversion—Tenebigachak.

MR. EVANS lost no time before entering on his work. He was delighted to find that the Rev. Robert T. Rundle, who had arrived before him, had made a most auspicious beginning. Mr. Rundle was one of the young men sent out from England by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Ordained in March, 1840, he had immediately thereafter started for his distant mission-field, which was styled Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House. Reaching Montreal in time to catch the first brigade of the Hudson's Bay Company's canoes, he secured a passage, and at once started on his long journey, which would only end when he was among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains! When we trace this long journey from the mouth of the Ottawa, on and on through great lakes and rivers, reaching up into the thousands of miles, and try to realise that weeks were spent ere it ended, and its hardships and

dangers innumerable had been faced and overcome, we can begin to form some idea of the courage and daring of the men who, for Christ's sake, thus patiently and cheerfully endured such toil. Mr. Rundle reached Norway House early in June. Ice still floated in great masses on Lake Winnipeg, and the canoemen had some difficulty in forcing their way through these dangerous obstructions. But success crowned their efforts, and Norway House was safely reached. Mr. Rundle was aware that his ultimate mission-field was still over a thousand miles farther west. However he wisely resolved to remain at Norway House until the arrival of Mr. Evans, the leader of the band. Mr. Rundle at once began missionary work at Norway House. It was indeed a ripe harvest-field. Not only were the English-speaking officials and employees of the company pleased to have him in their midst, and to profit by his religious ministrations, but the Indians were anxious to receive a gospel which could bring peace and comfort to their troubled spirits.

During the two months Mr. Rundle remained at Norway House, ere Mr. Evans arrived, he baptised several score of natives, and solemnised quite a number of marriages. So absorbed was Mr. Rundle in his work for the good of the Indians that the work among the whites was of secondary importance. This caused a little dissatisfaction among some of the high officials of the company, but it much endeared the mission-

ary to the red men who had quickly found in him a friend, who, sympathising with them in their needs and perplexities, felt that his place was in their midst. Hence a buffalo robe for a bed in a wigwam, and a white fish and a pot of tea were preferred to the best quarters and official rations in the fort. For a sanctuary, a well-shaded glade among the overhanging trees was preferable in the pleasant summer months to a storeroom, improvised as a chapel.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learnt
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

Here for the first time Mr. Evans and Mr. Rundle met. Their plans had been to have met in Montreal, but Mr. Rundle had been sent on by the canoes ere Mr. Evans arrived at that city. It was, therefore, in the wilderness that these devoted toilers greeted each other most cordially and rejoiced at the results already accomplished, and welcomed them as the first-fruits of spiritual harvests yet to be gathered in.

It was the privilege of the writer to meet Mr. Rundle in England more than fifty years after he had begun this good work at Norway House. He was then in good health, a grand old veteran, quietly resting until the summons should come

that would bring him to his full reward. Since that interview Mr. Rundle has gone home. Lovingly and with great admiration did he speak of James Evans. He described him as a man of bright spirit, as well as of untiring industry, and stated that it was evident from his invention of the Syllabic Characters that he was a genius of the first order. He considered that he had abilities of such high order, that he would have become famous in any profession he might have entered. Yet all his talents were laid upon the altar of service, and consecrated to the work of evangelising the poor red men, so long neglected.

As the bright summers in those high latitudes are short, only for a brief time could these congenial spirits work together at Norway House, ere Mr. Rundle must, in order not to be caught by the ice, resume his long journey to his own appointed field of toil in the great Saskatchewan country.

The trip of over a thousand miles was made with one of the Hudson's Bay Company's Brigades of boats, which had come down loaded with dried meat and pemmican for the trading posts, and many bales of fur to be sent to York Factory, and then shipped to England. Now heavily loaded with supplies for the coming winter's trade with the Indians, the brigade was returning up the mighty river, to far away Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House.

On this journey Mr. Rundle made his first ac-

A Buffalo Hunting Scene.

quaintance with his Indian parishioners. Of them to me he said:

"At the camp-fires on this trip I began holding religious services with these Indian boatmen, and some of them in after years became earnest, faithful Christians."

Here on this trip the missionary for the first time saw the buffalo. Speaking of them he said:

"From our camping-places, on the Saskatchewan river we could at times see them in herds so vast that the whole country seemed covered with them. They crowded all the plains. They were literally 'the cattle upon a thousand hills.' The roarings of the bulls, for they were very pugnacious, was at times so loud and continuous throughout the night that sleep was out of the question when the great herds were near. Several times in subsequent years my life and that of my Indian attendant were in jeopardy from the very multitude of these animals. Our horses were stampeded, and our camps on the plains were overrun by the rushing herds, which because of the numbers behind, could not possibly retreat, although apparently alarmed at our shouts and the reports of our guns."

Speaking of the work accomplished while waiting for Mr. Evans' arrival, Mr. Rundle said:

"Our first convert at Norway House was a man by the name of Witchekan. His conversion was very clear. The change wrought by the gospel's power was simply marvellous. He became a true disciple of the Lord Jesus, and was

very eager for religious instruction. We called him 'Number One,' or 'The Beginning.'"

Quarters were provided for Mr. Evans and his family at the Fort, as their household effects had not yet arrived from England. With his accustomed energy and tact he began his work.

The Crees, who claim all this vast region, are of the great Algonquin race. They are the finest of the tribes, both in appearance and intelligence. Their religion is a kind of devil-worship. They believe in the Kissa-Manetoo, and the Muche-Manetoo, the good God, and the evil one. Their belief was, that the good God loves them and that all that is pleasant and desirable are His gifts. He cannot be otherwise than kind to them because it is His nature. He sends not only the sunshine, and the welcome showers, but He is so interested in them that He guides the fish into their nets, and the otters and the beavers into their traps. On the other hand the evil one is ever at work to cause trouble. He hates to see people happy, and his wicked mind is ever active to try and find means to thwart the kindly actions of the Kissa-Manetoo to make the people happy. Some of them believe that the evil one is much afraid of the Great Spirit, and so has to keep out of his way, and thus he tries to do his evil deeds in the dark. Some believe that this preponderance of the good over the evil is so great, that all their sacrifices and dances and drummings were to please the Great Spirit. Others, however, give such malignity and power to the evil one, that

they have among them a kind of devil-worship. Their explanation to me was, that it was to appease the anger, or at least produce indifference in the Muche-Manetoo, so that he would leave them alone.

Their belief of the highest bliss on earth was to be completely let alone by the evil one, and thus to be always under the care and guidance of the Kissa-Manetoo, the good God. Many of them also believe in what they call Windegoos, strange gigantic creatures half demon and half man. The poor superstitious creatures who believe in their existence say that they are so large that as they stalk along they brush the pine-trees aside as easily as ordinary mortals move the grass. These Windegoos are cannibals, and to them are attributed the disappearance of hunters and others who go off on the long journeys and never return. When we questioned this and said that perhaps the reason why some who had mysteriously disappeared was that they were lost in the rapids, or killed by wild animals, we were always met by the reply, "O no, it could not have been that. The Windegoos caught them and devoured them." And then they would shudder at the thought.

Another belief quite prevalent is what is called good and bad medicine. It seemed to me, as I studied the question among them, that it was a corruption of the older beliefs to which we have referred, namely to the existence of a good and a bad spirit.

The word "medicine" in their religion has an

entirely different meaning from what we give it. They associate "good medicine," or "bad medicine" with many of the affairs of life. A hunter's success fails him, they say his good medicine has deserted him. So he must go through a lot of ceremonies himself, and get a conjurer or medicine-man to make good medicine for him in order that his success may once more return.

As Mr. Rundle's field was so distant from Norway House he and Mr. Evans but seldom met. His reference to these few meetings is as follows:

"As soon as Mr. Evans established the work at Norway House, he began his great journeys over the country. When he came up the Saskatchewan on his way to Athabasca, I used to meet him at Edmonton, where he was a great favourite with everybody. Even Maskepetoon, whom I had often seen on his return from battle with scalps from the heads of his slaughtered enemies, took a great liking for Mr. Evans although he had not yet become a Christian.

"From Mr. Evans I obtained a knowledge of the Cree Syllabic Characters, which he had invented, and I had the joy of seeing some of the Indians able to read portions of the word of God in them ere I left the country."

For some years Mr. Rundle, the pioneer missionary in the great Saskatchewan country, toiled on amidst many hardships and dangers. He had many converts to Christianity. The tribes

of the plains in those days were all very warlike. To secure the scalps of their enemies, and to steal their horses, were the great objects of their lives. When Maskepetoon and other chiefs in council first heard of Christianity, they seemed quite interested in it, but when they learned that it taught peace and the forgiveness of their enemies, they rejected it with disdain, and said that such a religion was only fit for old women. Maskepetoon's words were:

"I'll never be a Christian as long as there is a scalp to take or a horse to steal from the Blackfeet."

He was a magnificent looking man physically, and was keen and intelligent, but he had before his conversion, a fierce despotic way, and was a man of ungovernable temper. The way he treated one of his wives clearly showed this. Her name was Susewisk. One day she happened to do something that aroused his ire. Suddenly rushing at her, he drew his knife and scalped her alive. Strange to say, she survived the dreadful operation, and lived for years after, although the top of her head was as dry as the old skull in the surgery of a physician, or on the shelf of a medical college.

Yet this is the same Maskepetoon, who in after years listened to a sermon at a camp-fire from the text, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." He pondered all night over the love of the Son of God in forgiving His enemies, and the missionary's words:

"If you expect the Great Spirit to forgive you, you must forgive even the man that has done you the greatest harm." The next day he forgave the man who had killed his son. Ever afterward Maskepetoon was a devoted, humble, useful Christian. The gospel is still "the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

Tenagibachak was another chief, whom it was Mr. Rundle's great joy to bring to the Saviour. He was an Assiniboine chief and lived among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Before his conversion he was a polygamist and a warrior. On his acceptance of Christianity he gave up his warlike habits and regulated his domestic affairs in harmony with New Testament teachings. As his tribe was constantly in danger from incursions by their hereditary enemies the Blackfeet, Mr. Rundle one day asked Tenegibachak what he would now do if attacked by the Blackfeet?

To this question he replied: "If the Blackfeet stay away, they will never again be attacked by us. With them we are willing to live in peace and quietness. But our new religion has not made cowards of us, and so if they attack us, they will find that we can fight as well as pray."

After a number of years of grand useful work, Mr. Rundle's health failed so completely that he was obliged to return to England. His departure from the country was deeply regretted by the Indians. Even many of those who had not yet accepted Christianity had learned to respect the

man who had come among them to do them good. That his long journeys among them, as he went up and down through that vast country preaching the gospel, were appreciated the following words of a chief will show:

"We are like the young hungry birds in the nest, and you are like the mother bird that comes to feed us. We are all hungry for what you bring."

Mr. Rundle lived to a good old age: then full of years and surrounded by loving friends, he peacefully fell asleep in February, 1896, and "was not, for God had taken him."

XI

CIVILIZING THE RED MAN

Mr. Evans' goods received via England and Hudson's Bay—Encountering prejudices—Preaching the gospel—Deputations waiting on Mr. Evans—Planting an Indian village—Indian men working—"Make your women do it"—Building houses—Vegetation in high latitudes—Work interrupted—"The goose call"—The work of Mrs. Evans—Woman's condition in paganism—"To regions beyond."

We have mentioned that Mr. Evans had to send his household effects from Canada to London, England, that there they might be reshipped in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels for York Factory on Hudson's Bay. Thus they had to twice cross the ocean, in order to reach their destination. When they reached York Factory, they were still hundreds of miles from Norway House. Up this long distance they had to be carried in the company's trading boats, manned by the Indian oarsmen. At the many portages they had to be carried across on the backs of the tripmen. It thus happened that Mr. and Mrs. Evans and their daughter reached their destination long before the arrival of their household goods. However, they were in good hands, and enjoyed the hospitality of the fort, and were busily employed in the blessed work.

Of course, the first desire was to lead the peo-

ple to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. This required patience and wisdom. The dark and pagan mind does not always readily grasp the truth. Old prejudices and beliefs die hard. "As my father died so will I." Thus glibly said some, while others said, "My father heard not this story, why should I care for it?" Others apathetically refused to argue or to listen; and these are the hardest class a minister has to deal with. Still Mr. Evans toiled on, and great success crowned his persistent efforts. The Spirit of God applied the truth, and there was first the troubled heart, and then the inquiring mind. "What must I do to be saved?"

This has been heard many times since Pentecost, and will be as long as this dispensation of the Holy Spirit lasts. Mr. Evans was a man who firmly believed in the supernatural in religion. Christ said to the woman of Samaria, "The water that I shall give you." He alone could bestow the living water then, and He alone can bestow it now. It is a cause of continual rejoicing, that He is so anxious and willing to give this gift of eternal life to those who earnestly desire it. So the joy and rejoicing of the faithful minister or missionary of the Lord Jesus is greatest when those to whom he preaches and explains the plan of salvation, see in it what is their hearts' desire, and gladly comply with the condition on which it is possible for the Lord Jesus to grant His peace. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Mr. Evans was emphatically a preacher. It is worthy of thought that such prominence is given to the necessity of the ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ ever attending to this part of his commission, "As ye go, preach." He who himself could say, "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings," said to Jonah, and to many a missionary since, "Preach unto it, the preaching that I bide thee." The commands upon this point are not obscure or few; and of those who knew Him best, and had at Pentecost received the full enduement of power for the work, it is said, "they ceased not to preach Jesus Christ."

Thus it is to-day, the really useful successful missionary of the Lord Jesus must still realise the necessity that Paul felt, when he exclaimed, "For though I preach the gospel I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel."

All through Mr. Evans' missionary life, he firmly believed that this was the first great essential requisite for success. Preach the gospel. Let the people, no matter how degraded and poverty-stricken, know that the first step in the upward direction was to realise their lost and undone condition, and their absolute need of salvation. Christ first in the heart, and then the after blessings of civilisation and education. This was James Evans' belief, and of course all his labours were thus directed. With the Word of God in his hand, he visited the people from wigwam to wigwam, and there patiently explained, in what

might be called Bible Readings, the plan of salvation. As often as he could, he gathered them in companies, and ceased not to preach unto them the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

This Scriptural plan was not in vain. Large numbers of the Indians renounced their paganism and gladly accepted Christianity. Their conversion was real and genuine. The change was visible to all. Even white men, themselves far from God and righteousness, who at first sneered at the idea of the conversion of poor superstitious Indians, were compelled to admit that a marvellous change for the better had been wrought in them.

The news of the arrival of the Ayumeaookemou, the praying master, as the Crees call the missionary, extended far and wide. Soon deputations came from other places, who sat at his feet, and listened with amazement and delight to this wonderful story of the love of the Great Spirit, who as a loving Father, had given His only Son to die for sinning men and women. Not only did they thus listen, but many of the men returned to their distant hunting grounds and gathering their families, together with their few possessions of nets and traps, came and pitched their wigwams at the fort, and there abode, that they might all hear these blessed truths which promised peace and comfort to their long perplexed and troubled hearts.

The result was that the place assigned at first for the Indian village, which was just across the river from the fort, was found to be altogether

too small for such numbers as were anxious there to make their homes, where they could constantly hear the blessed gospel. Mr. Evans rejoiced exceedingly at these evidences of the genuineness of the work. He was eminently a practical man. As we have stated, his chief desire was to see the people at the cross, seeking the blessed assurance of the Divine smile and favour. Then knowing well how the awakened heart is aroused to wish a higher and better life even here, he was ever ready to extend the helping hand, to aid in the material improvement. "Christianity first, then civilisation," was ever his motto. Consistently pursuing this course, his success at every mission he ever had charge of, showed the soundness of his judgment in this matter which is so in harmony with the Word of God. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

As soon as a number of the Indians were thus happily converted, there was a desire for a better mode of life. They had lived literally from hand to mouth, by hunting and fishing. Starvation often stared them in the face. Their habitations were wigwams, where at times many were huddled together in a way that was not at all conducive to comfort or morality. The winters were long and severe, and so many, especially among the young, succumbed before its terrible power, that the death rates were very much higher than they should have been, among a people naturally so strong and free from disease.

Work was begun as quickly as possible. Of course the hunting and fishing had to be attended to, and so there were at times delays in the work, but progress, even if slow, was being made.

In consultation with Mr. Ross, the chief factor in charge of Norway House Fort, it was decided by Mr. Evans that the Indian village should be located across the beautiful little Playgreen Lake about two miles north of the fort. This was a wise selection. It was a picturesque spot, and there was plenty of room for a large number of homes and fields. It was helpful to the morality of the place, and a blessing in many other ways. Here, under the leadership of Mr. Evans, the land was cleared of its primeval forest trees, and fields and garden-plots laid out. It was a new sight indeed to see these Indian men so industriously at work. In their pagan state, these Crees would have scorned this manual toil. They were expert fishermen and skilful hunters. In these duties, as well as serving as tripmen or canoemen, they were simply unrivalled. When thus engaged, no labours were too heavy, no privations too severe. They might be drenched by the rains in summer, or half frozen by the terrible blizzards in winter; often for days together without food, when unsuccessful in their hunting expeditions, yet they bore it all without flinching or murmuring. But there were things they would not do. Some would die rather than carry a bucket of water or chop wood for the wigwam fires. To take down or put up the

wigwam, when migrating from one hunting ground to another, and to do all the drudgery in everyday life, was left entirely to the women.

So while this new work of cutting down the trees and digging out the stumps and preparing ground for cultivation was a new thing, the pagan scoffed and laughed at the men for thus degrading themselves by such menial work.

This sad condition of women among these pagan Indian tribes was one of the greatest sorrows to Mr. Evans. Himself a man of the kindliest feelings, and with a heart so tender that he could not restrain his tears at the sight of a child in pain, the way the women were treated by their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons filled him with the greatest sorrow. We cannot blame him for being righteously angry at a sturdy old Indian who came to the mission house one day, and after making a bargain for the cutting up of a pile of wood that was in the yard of Mr. Evans' house, went off and brought his wife to do the work. While the wife was industriously sawing and splitting the wood, the husband sat on the fence and smoked and only stopped occasionally to shout to her to work harder as he was getting cold!

Mr. Evans set himself to work with all of his accustomed energy to correct this sad state of affairs. Not only by earnest importunate words did he strive to bring about a better state of affairs, but by practical work he showed the men a better and a kindlier way. Skilful himself in

the use of the gun, he would go out and shoot a deer and then shouldering his game would bring it in to the mission house on his own back.

Very different indeed was this from the methods adopted by the selfish, cruel Indian men. Skillful indeed were they in their huntings, but when the deer was shot the man stalked away with his gun while the wife or mother had to trudge along under the heavy load which often weighed two or three hundred pounds. So when Mr. Evans urged the men to take hold and themselves do the hard work he had much opposition.

"Make the women do it," was their cry. Mr. Evans was aware of this, but he well knew how to meet and crush it out. Taking his own axe on his shoulder, he said to them, "Come on," and showed by his skill in the use of that useful instrument, that he well knew how to handle it. Indians are hard people to drive, but they can easily be led by those whom they respect. In this they are at the very antipodes of the negro. It is a remarkable fact that no Indians were ever enslaved. The Spaniards and the Portuguese tried to enslave them, but in vain. They subjected them to the greatest cruelties, they literally annihilated whole tribes in their efforts to enslave them, but failed most signally. An Indian can die, but he will not be a slave.

Mr. Evans, and many a missionary since, had not studied the Indian in vain. He knew how to manage them most successfully, and especially

now as they had renounced their paganism and had accepted Christianity, and simply idolised the man who had come to live among them. So leading them on, and encouraging them by his cheery presence, for he was ever of the brightest and sunniest of temperaments, he got out of them all that any man could desire.

Before their sharp axes the trees fell rapidly, and the boundaries of the village were defined. Stumps were dug up by others, and the once wild forest was, under the guidance of this most versatile of men, turned into fallow ground. Timber from the forest was secured for a number of houses. Mr. Evans proved himself to be a master carpenter, as well as a capital farmer. He first taught the Indians how to square the timber with their axes, and then how to put up the timber frame of the house, and to fill in the sides and ends, with the well hewn logs. The sponge-like mosses and the tenacious cream coloured clay had to serve as a substitute for lime, as in that country there is no limestone. However, when well built, the little houses could with these things be made very warm and comfortable. A good fireplace at one end or side of the house, supplied with plenty of wood, of which the country affords an unlimited quantity, gave sufficient warmth to a people capable of enduring the cold.

The doors and windows, although home-made, under the direction of the missionary were fairly good, and of course much admired and appre-

ciated by the happy people. Some of the more ambitious men as soon as possible, put up partitions in their homes, and in other ways made them attractive and comfortable.

The work of Christianising and civilising thus went on. When spring arrived, potatoes and hardy seeds were distributed, and in a few years the place was so transformed that "the wilderness and the solitary place was made glad, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose."

It is very interesting and profitable to study God not only in the sacred volume, but in the great book of Nature. Here we find on every hand evidences of infinite wisdom, as well as of boundless love. Take for example the summers of the high latitudes, in places like Norway House. They are very short, but as a compensation for the fewness of the weeks of warmth, those that are given, have every day, from sixteen to twenty hours of perpetual sunshine. The growth in those warm days is simply wonderful. The hours of night are so few, that there is no night chill, and consequently no summer frost, nor any other apparent check in the growth. The result is, that the hardy grains and vegetables grow to maturity at a rate that is amazing to those only acquainted with the slow growth, in lands where there are not the extremes of heat and cold. Then there are but few cloudy days. The rain storms come up suddenly, water the ground or growing grain and

vegetables and then disappear quickly, and let the almost perpetual sunshine do its work.

But in spite of all that was done to encourage this new kind of work by Mr. Evans and subsequent missionaries, it was sometimes difficult to keep all of them, especially the young men, at it.

One day while about thirty Indians, with a missionary at their head, were industriously at work preparing the ground for planting, there was heard in the distance the cry of a flock of wild geese. They were the first arrivals of the great multitudes that pass over those regions on their way to the distant hatching grounds farther north. The honk! honk! honk! of the great geese was too much for these hunters, and so every spade, shovel, axe and hoe was dropped, and away flew the Indians after their guns, and speedily they were off to the different points for the annual goose-hunt.

At first the missionary was amazed and somewhat disconcerted by this wholesale desertion, but he had the discretion to say nothing about it in a fault finding way. Anxious not to lose his grip on them, he adopted the wiser course, and went along with them to the hunt, and felt quite proud and elated when before his aim, down fell his first gray goose.

Mrs. Evans proved a true helpmate in this difficult but blessed work. She found the condition of the pagan woman sad in the extreme. A pagan husband thinks it is a sign of weakness

to speak kindly words to his wife. She is only a drudge or beast of burden. No slave was ever expected to be more attentive to his master than she is to her husband. He shoots the game, but if possible, he leaves it where it was shot, and stalking back to his wigwam, it may be a distance of many miles, he orders her to go with the carrying-strap in summer, and with her sled in winter, and quickly bring it home. When this is accomplished, which is often at the cost of great hardship, for it is no easy matter to carry a deer weighing say two hundred pounds, on the back, supported only by a strap from the forehead, the wife is expected to cook a portion of it as speedily as possible. This she places before her husband, who calls to eat with him any men who may be present. If there are any sons, they also are permitted to share in the feast. But the women and girls must sit at a respectful distance away, and patiently wait until the men and boys have eaten, and then be thankful for what is left. It was also often the case that when she became old and feeble, and could no longer slave and toil for husband or sons, she was cruelly put out of existence.

This alas, in too many instances, was the sad condition of woman among many of the Indian tribes, when the gospel first reached them. It is true there were some exceptions. Mrs. Evans found the poor woman sad, dispirited, and unhappy. She at once set to work to improve their condition. With Christian influences now

reaching the hearts of their husbands, fathers and brothers, the work was delightfully encouraging.

It was true that there were some old opposers of Christianity, who in the malignity of their spirits at the changes going on around them, seemed resolved if possible to keep their women from hearing the gospel, as preached by Mr. Evans, and also from attending the women's prayer-meetings and Bible-readings conducted by Mrs. Evans. But woman's wit and woman's expedients have generally proven a match for men's devices, and so, although having oppositions, and often severe beatings, the poor women would hear, and did hear the truth that brought comfort and consolation to them in their lives, so full of sorrows.

Noticing the wonderful cleverness of these Cree Indian women in their bead work, and silk and porcupine quill work, Mr. and Mrs. Evans not only encouraged them in it, but after a time, indeed as soon as practicable, they sent out to civilisation, and obtained quantities of flax and wool and spinning wheels, as well as yarn and thread, and organised various industries among them. Even some sheep were brought out, and the experiment tried of raising them for the wool and mutton. But the terrible severity of the long winter, and the ferocity of the wolfish Esquimaux dogs, made the experiment a failure. It was found to be cheaper to buy and bring in the wool and other raw materials, than to try

and raise them in a land of only three months of summer.

Thus the two phases of the work went on; Christianity and civilisation, until the fame of this happy Christian Indian village of Rossville, was known far and wide. Deputations of Indians came from distant places asking for missionaries with the Book. Some of the crews of the boats that came with the cargoes of furs to Norway House, heard from Mr. Evans during the few days of delay while waiting for the return cargoes of goods, the story of God's love as revealed in Christ Jesus, and were anxious to have him return with them, and tell the same story to their fathers and brothers, who were sitting in darkness in their far-away homes, because no man had told these things unto them. These Macedonian cries could not be heard in vain by a man like Mr. Evans.

Living now so far away from civilisation and help, it was difficult to get the home officials of the church to realise the grandeur and importance of the work, and the necessity of sending in additional help. Only twice a year was there postal communication with the outside world. Once in winter by the dog-train, and once in summer by the birch canoe did the mails arrive. Thus a whole year often elapsed before it was possible to obtain an answer to a letter; hence corresponding with the officials about the work was very unsatisfactory. Mr. Evans saw this dilemma and instead of being discouraged he resolved, while

begging for and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, to promptly do all that could be done.

The mission was now in such an organised state, that under Mrs. Evans' care, and that of Henry Steinhauer and Peter Jacobs, it could be left without any serious injury. The public service, day and Sunday schools, prayer-meetings and the industrial matters, were all in a flourishing condition. All who would, could hear the gospel, and so the loving heart of Mr. Evans went out to those in the regions beyond. Large were his plans, and many indeed would be his dangers and hardships, and vast the distances to be traversed, ere they could be carried out. But with an unfaltering trust in God, and confidence in his happy converted Indian companions, whether they were his canoemen in summer, or dog-drivers in winter, he pushed on his marvellous career, and whether we consider the length of the journeys travelled, or the abiding results that attended his efforts, he well deserved the title of the "Apostle of the North."

XII

THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH

Mr. Evans' journeys—Great magnitude—His hybrid train—Cross of dogs and wolves—A trip with the dog-train—The dogs—Huskie or Esquimaux—The sled—The Indian guides—Dog harness—The food—Clothing—Dog shoes—Camp in the snow bank.

Of the long journeys taken by Mr. Evans, both during the short summer months, or in the long cold winters, it is a pleasure to write, but it is also difficult, because the story will seem to many so improbable, and to others so impossible.

No full record of his long journeys has ever been written. The narrative would have equalled, in intense interest, anything in modern missionary literature. All the evengelical churches having mission stations anywhere from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, or from the Red or Assiniboine Rivers to the mighty Mackenzie, far away beyond Athabasca and Slave Lakes, readily admit that all their flourishing missions of to-day are, in a great measure, the outcome of the visits and ministrations of James Evans.

For long years after his death, there lingered scores of Indians in various places between York Factory and Fort Simpson, and from Thunder Bay to Rocky Mountain House, whose eyes

brightened and whose tongues waxed eloquent, as they recalled him to memory. He was ever, to them, not only Nistum Ayumeaookemow, the first missionary; but always the Keche Ayumeaookemow, the great missionary. To many of his successors, the writer among them, it was ever a pleasure to hear the wonderful stories that clustered about his name and deeds.

While others had done well, and the Indians were always kind and grateful in their references to all of their missionaries, it was delightful to notice how they all, in their reminiscences of the past, gave him the first place. He was the ideal missionary, the matchless dog-traveller, the fearless canoeist. Stoical old fellows who could not be induced to talk at the camp-fires about themselves, or their personal adventures, would kindle up, and talk by the hour of some of the thrilling adventures, the narrow escapes, and the Providential deliverances which entered into his career.

Some of us, later in these missionary fields, at great trouble and expense had imported a number of splendid dogs, such as St. Bernards and Newfoundlands. We had magnificent trains, of which we were justly proud. On our missionary journeys we used to make with them from seventy to ninety miles a day. The old Indians who remembered Mr. Evans and his wonderful train of half wolves, half dogs, and the journeys he made with them, would smile at our pride in our trains, and say, "O, but you ought to have

MR. EVANS TRAVELLING WITH DOGS.

seen Mr. Evans' train and what they could do!" These four hybrids looked very much like the large northern wolves. They never lost their wolfish disposition. Only their owner and one or two of his Indian drivers could manage them. They had to be chained up each night at the close of the day's work. And in the summer time they had to be kept like wild animals, imprisoned inside a high stockade. But when harnessed up in tandem style to Mr. Evans' sled, with Henry Budd or Mustagan, or some other famous Indian runner accompanying them as guide, they must have been about the finest train the country ever saw. Their end was sudden, and very tragic was the event that preceded it.

One morning Mr. Evans, accompanied by an Indian driver who could also master them, went into the high stockaded yard to let them loose for a little exercise. The strong door was securely closed behind them, as they entered, but it was not locked, as it fastened from the outside. The two men, armed with their heavy whips, were inside with the fierce brutes, which they had unchained and allowed to gambol about as was their wont and delight. In the meantime an old chief had come to the mission house, and on asking to see Mr. Evans, was told by Mrs. Evans that he was somewhere about the premises. He left the house, and after looking in various places, opened the door of the stockaded yard, and went in. The ferocious animals sprang upon him in an instant, and before Mr. Evans and his

companion could tear them away, they had so mangled the old man that he died of the wounds and shock. Of course the brutes were shot immediately, and thus ended the train that had been more talked about than any that ever existed in that country.

Dog-travelling is still the only way that long winter journeys can be made in that far north land; though, as civilisation advances, roads are made, and the dog-trains are relegated farther back. Once the trails of Manitoba were kept smooth by the dog-trains. Old Fort Garry sometimes saw as many as thirty dog-trains gathered at the same time, all ready to start off to remote sections of the country. The writer has, within twenty-five years, travelled with his train of dogs over the same route where now the express trains of the Canada Pacific Railroad dash along. Truly the world is advancing; for civilisation is constantly pushing on into the wilderness, and the shrieks of the iron horse are arousing the solitudes from their sleep of centuries. God grant that Christianity may keep in the forefront, and, as those new regions fill up with inhabitants, may they come to be a people whose God is the Lord. But, at the time of which we write, and ever since, and probably for many years to come, there are regions so inaccessible, that still the canoe is the one way by which to travel in summer, and the dog-sleds in winter.

As there is so much that is fascinating and instructive about travelling by dog-train in winter,

in the cold regions of the north, and as Mr. Evans travelled many thousands of miles in this way, and many other missionaries since have done the same, though not so extensively, we will, in imagination, go with that heroic man on one of his journeys, and try to enter into the spirit of its hardships and its triumphs.

The dogs generally used are the well-known Esquimaux or Huskie dogs of the country. They are, however, so mixed with other breeds, that it is impossible to get pure blooded stock, except at the most northern posts. They are solid, fine looking dogs, with sharp pointed ears that are long and erect. They have a muzzle much like a fox, and their bushy tail is generally well coiled up. They have a warm furry coat, which enables them to stand the intense cold of the region. They are seldom treated with much kindness by their masters, and so early developed the capacity of being able to look after themselves. They are incorrigible thieves; it seems to be ingrained in them. Stealing seems to be the one joy of their lives. It appears to those who have studied them and watched their manœuvres, that they would rather steal than eat. Most dogs can be so trained that they would rather die than steal; but this is not true of the average Esquimaux dog. He will steal, no matter how well treated or fed. I have gone to an Indian wigwam and bought a litter of Esquimaux puppies and taken them to my own kennels. I have fed them well, and petted them, and brought them

up in the way in which they ought to go; but they would not stay there. They would leave their supper to go off on a stealing expedition if they saw the slightest opportunity before them. But they were good dogs for their work, faithful and true, as many Arctic explorers, as well as missionaries and fur-traders have often found out.

On the barren plains, beyond the reach of the forest limit, they have each their own trace for the sled, and thus pull independently of the rest, but in the forest region they are harnessed in tandem style. Four dogs are called a train, and are supposed to be able to draw easily five or six hundred pounds weight. The dog-sleds are like the toboggans of Quebec, they are about ten feet long, and from sixteen to eighteen inches wide. Shorter ones are used on some routes. They are generally made of two oak boards securely fastened together by cross-bars. Then one end is planed quite thin and when well steamed, it is curved up like the letter J. Thus the dog-sled has no runners, but just slides over the icy or snowy track.

On a long trip such as Mr. Evans would take, say to Oxford House or York Factory on the northeast; or to Red River and to Fort Alexander on the south; or to Cumberland House on the southwest, two dog-trains would be necessary and three would be still better. The Indian companions must be of the best; especially the guide. His duty is to always be at the front. He is sup-

posed to know the route, and to never be at fault as to the direction in which to go. Storms may suddenly come up, and the blinding snow may assail; blizzards may roar and howl through the great forests, or over the great frozen lakes; yet he is expected to be able to push on with unerring accuracy, and without any hesitancy. For days and days together there may not be the least vestige of a track or trail. No high cliffs or mountain peaks afford any idea of the route; no evidence is to be seen of man ever having passed that way before; yet it matters not to the first-class guide. With all the confidence imaginable he pushes ahead, and eventually reaches his destination as though he had been all the time leading in a well-beaten track. How he does it, is to most of people a mystery.

Another wonderful thing about the Cree Indian guides is that they can travel by night as well as by day. To turn night into day and do the travelling when the sun is below the horizon is often an absolute necessity, on account of the prevalence of the terrible disease known as "snow-blindness." It is caused by the reflection of the dazzling rays of the sun upon the great snowy wastes. The first symptom of its coming, apart from the bewildering glare, is excessive weeping. This is soon followed by hot burning pains in the eyeballs, as though red-hot sand had been thrown in them. Then follows total blindness, unless prompt remedies are taken to check the progress of the disease. Experienced missionaries and

Indian travellers, when the days are of unusual brilliancy, and snow-blindness is feared, will sleep during the hours of sunshine, and travel by night. It is on these long night-journeys that the marvellous cleverness of the guides is seen. They will lead the trains as safely through these pathless wilds by night as by day. How they do it we know not. Ask them if you will, and you will not get much satisfaction. Almost all they will say is, "O, we know we are in the right trail," but *how* they know they cannot tell.

The harness of the dogs is made out of well-tanned moose skin, and generally each collar has on it three or four little bells. The dogs are very fond of these bells, and one of the ways some dogs are punished is to deprive them of their bells.

When going a long journey of several hundreds of miles, it is very necessary, for the comfort of all, that everything essential is well packed on the sleds. They must, when making up their loads, remember that they are going into a country where no stores are found along the route, and that no hotels or hospitable homes will be open to entertain them when the fatiguing day's trip is ended. To provide for all emergencies and be able to live independent of the rest of the world, the loads will be about as follows. Abundance of food, the fattest that can be obtained, with a good supply of tea and sugar. Then of course they must carry the kettles in which to cook the meals, and a number of

tin plates and cups, with knives and forks. For their faithful dogs they must carry sufficient frozen white fish to be able to give two a day to each dog, for the whole journey. In Mr. Evans' time pemmican was also much used by men and dogs.

The bedding is also an important matter, as perhaps they may not see a house in which to sleep for weeks. They must be prepared to sleep in a hole dug in the snow, wherever night overtakes them. Sometimes they may be fortunate enough to get into a spruce or balsam forest, where the keen winds can be guarded against, and the branches be used as their bed. This however is not always the case. The day's journey may end by finding the party in some open wind-swept place, where there is but scant material to make a barricade against the pitiless fury of the storm. Thankful are they, if the guide has managed to find a spot where there is sufficient dry wood with which to cook the supper, and warm their half-frozen bodies. In order to be ready for every emergency, there must be sufficient bedding to make all comfortable, or at least keep all from freezing. A couple of fur robes, and some heavy blankets, with any quantity of heavy clothing, are absolutely necessary for the missionary. The Indians prefer to have the famous rabbit skin blankets, each one of which requires a hundred and twenty skins in its manufacture. They are undoubtedly the warmest robe a human being can sleep under. An In-

dian will fairly swelter under one out in the woods, even when the temperature is fifty or sixty below zero.

Another important item of the load is a large supply of dog shoes. Mr. Evans was always most careful about his dogs' feet. These shoes are very essential, as a dog's foot is very liable to injury. Sometimes on the rough, sharp ice, they cut their feet so that they bleed very much. At other times in the rough places they break off the nails from their toes or run sharp spikes through the webbing between the toes. When thus injured they are quite unfitted for work and speedily let it be known that something is wrong. An experienced dog will stop and refuse to move until his sore feet are attended to. The wise missionary will have handy a bunch of cotton wool as well as dog shoes. A little of the wool, saturated in balsam gum, is fastened over the wounded part of the foot, then the dog shoe which is like a long mitten without the thumb, is drawn on the foot and securely fastened with a piece of deer skin. The dogs get to be very fond of these shoes, and sometimes resort to queer expedients to get them on. They will sometimes pretend to be very footsore; and, if the night be specially cold at the camp, they will howl and whine for them in a way that is pathetic though at times very laughable. Mr. Evans' train of half dogs, half wolves, would lie down on their backs and holding up their four feet would howl for him or Henry to put on their

SHOEING THE DOGS.

shoes. Other missionaries have had their dogs do the same thing.

It is always considered a fortunate thing when the day's journey is ended to be able to make the camp, as it is called, on the lea side of some dense forest trees. Plenty of dry wood is also an essential requisite to a good camp; so the guide endeavours to find a place where, during the previous summer, the fires had swept through the forest. There the trees, killed by the flames but not consumed, after standing until the next winter have become so dry that they make the best of fuel. When a place possessing these requisites has been found a halt is called, and at once all set to work to prepare for spending the night. The dogs are at once unharnessed; they do not have to be tied unless some of them are very fierce or are new ones that have been recently purchased. They are generally allowed to wander about at will; and, if rabbits are plentiful, some of the young dogs may get up a hunt or two with rather indifferent success. Axes are next taken from the sleds and a general assault is made on the standing dry trees. They may be from twelve to twenty inches in diameter, and fifty or sixty feet in height. A dozen or so of these small mast-like trees are cut down, and then chopped up into lengths of from ten to fifteen feet.

Then the camp is prepared. The big snow-shoes make capital substitutes for shovels, and, with these, the light, dry snow is speedily thrown

out from a space about ten feet square. This is to be the abode of all the party for the night. The snow is piled up in banks on three sides, while on the fourth side, which is so selected that the wind will drive the smoke from the camp, the snow is scraped away and there the logs of wood are brought and piled up into a big heap, dry pieces and chips are placed underneath them, and the whole is speedily ignited, and soon there is a glorious blaze.

The robes and blankets are arranged in the camp, which now has a wall of snow in the rear and on the right and left, while the splendid fire guards well the front. Kettles are filled and refilled with snow and kept on the fire until they are full of water. In the larger one the meat is boiled. It may be venison, bear's meat, or half a beaver. In Mr. Evans' party it would more likely have been some dried meat or buffalo tongues. However, the fatter it is, the more it is craved and enjoyed by the missionary as well as his Indian companions.

While the meat is cooking, the dogs are fed. These faithful animals are only fed once a day. Tender-hearted persons might think this cruel and unkind, but long experience has taught missionaries and dog-drivers that they thrive best on one meal a day, and that one given them at the evening camp. If fed in the morning, they are apt to be sluggish at their work during the entire day. Even small lunches during the day are not helpful. Long experience has shown that a good

meal of two white fish at night, for each dog, keeps them in better health and spirits than any other plan that has been adopted. Some dogs get so that they will refuse food at any other time of the day.

So severe is the frost, that these fish are as solid as stones, and so, ere they are fed to the dogs, a log is placed quite near to the fire, and there two fish for each dog are placed and thoroughly thawed out. Sometimes, in their nervous anxiety and jealousy while waiting for their fish, which they see thawing under their very noses, fighting begins among them, and as one dog after another joins in, it becomes quite a battle. But it was always noticed that dogs that have toiled in the same trains, very seldom quarrelled with each other. The battle was usually between the four of one train, and the four of another. When fed, they go and dig holes in the snow and there cuddle down and sleep, and shiver through the bitter cold night as best they can. Sometimes valuable imported dogs have frozen to death in their cold nest in the snow.

The dogs being thus fed and disposed of, the missionary and his Indians have their own suppers. Tin plates, and cups of the same material, are arranged on an old tablecloth, and then with knives and forks they attack the meat and flat cakes, if they have any, and drink a great deal of strong, well-sweetened tea, which has been made by one of the Indians in a second kettle.

Sometimes, when the night was intensely cold,

which was generally the case, the meat would freeze up two or three times during the meal. When this would occur it would have to be plunged for a minute or two into the boiling pot, kept specially ready for this emergency.

When it was colder than forty below zero, the ice would form on a pint cup of tea in a few minutes after it was poured out of the boiling pot. Many indeed were the cold nights thus endured, so all were thankful for the roaring log fire.

After supper they had prayers. The Indians were bright and joyous and full of pleasantry. Mr. Evans, himself one of the most joyous of men, would never take with him the second time, a dog-traveller or guide no matter how capable he was in doing his work, who was morose or sullen in his disposition. Serving the Lord with gladness himself, he wanted that kind of men around him. But when after supper the words were uttered : "Let us worship God," all talking and laughing ceased, and reverently and devoutly they all, with uncovered heads, seated themselves around their beloved missionary, who always led the service. A portion of the Word of God, newly translated into their musical Cree language, would be read, then a familiar hymn would be sung, and, devoutly kneeling, first one and then another of these happy converted Indians would lead in prayer. Then Mr. Evans would offer the closing petitions and pronounce the benediction in their own language, and the precious devotions were at an end.

Mr. Evans, although the most rapid of travellers, and ever anxious to use every hour possible, always took abundance of time for the morning and evening prayers. He made each service the occasion of some Bible instruction that would be food for thought and encouragement to the men with whom he was travelling. Then, after prayers, the necessary arrangements for spending the night in the camp were at once quickly made. How to sleep comfortably in a camp like this, which was, as we have described, only a place from which the snow had been scraped and piled up on three sides of a square, with no roof above, and a flashy fire at the front, which in all probability, unless the wolves are threatening, will go out in a couple of hours, we must try and describe in our next chapter.

XIII

NIGHT IN THE WINTRY CAMP

Night in the Forest Camp—Preparing to sleep—Loving Indian Companions—The glorious Aurora Borealis.

ONE of the favourite hymns which Mr. Evans and his Indian dog-drivers used to sing at their evening devotions ere they lay down and tried to sleep, was the Cree translation of the Evening Hymn, of which the following is the first verse:

"Ne ma mechee mou, ne mon toom,
Ka ke was ta na ma wee yan,
Ka na way ye min kee cha ya
A qua na ta ta quan a une."

Very appropriate indeed would be such a prayer, thus sung in such a place, in such a temperature.

There they are, out in the dreary forest in that hole, scooped out in the snow. No roof have they above them but the starry heavens, no walls on three sides of them but those snow banks, which their snowshoes have thrown up. The fire, now blazing so brightly in front of them, will, unless constantly renewed, soon go out. Yet they will be obliged to pass the long cold night with the temperature ranging anywhere from forty to sixty below zero. So no wonder

if with a consciousness of their need of the watchful care of the ever-loving Almighty Friend, they invoke His presence, and His protection.

As they rise up from their devotions, the devoted Indian attendants say, "Now missionary, if you will get ready, we will make your bed, and then tuck you in." No traveller ever had more loyal and devoted attendants than are these loving vigilant Christian Indians. They are alive to the many dangers that are necessarily incident to such travelling by day and night, and are quick to meet every emergency. The way they make the bed for the missionary is about as follows:

First, they spread out a large buffalo skin on the ground in this so-called camp, from which most of the snow has been removed. On this robe a large Hudson's Bay blanket is laid. The pillow is then so placed that the feet of the missionary will be toward the fire. While the men have been making the bed, the missionary has been preparing himself to occupy it. There is no disrobing before retiring to rest, in such a bedroom, and in such an atmosphere. On the contrary the missionary very gladly puts on a large amount of additional clothing.

A fur bag into which to crawl was at one time quite popular, but it has been much discarded of late. Fur boots reaching up to the body, and large enough to be pulled on over the moccasins, leggins and pants, are very comfortable. A fur or heavy blanket coat with well-lined hood to draw over the large fur cap is also essential, then

fur mittens for the hands and perhaps a heavy Scottish plaid wound round and round the body, generally completes the outfit. The next operation is to get into this bed already described. When the missionary has lain down, the Indians at once complete their work. Throwing over the already well packed man a couple of blankets and a large fur robe, they begin the process of tucking him in. No loving mother ever more tenderly or thoroughly tucked in her child in his crib than these experienced Indians tuck in their beloved missionary. The operation is very satisfactory at first, as they begin at the feet and gradually work up to the head. When, however, the head is reached they immediately proceed to cover it up. This, of course, is very trying to an inexperienced white man, as there is such a sense of suffocation which is not entirely removed even by the assuring words of the faithful Indians, who inform the sufferer that although he thinks he is going to die, yet he will manage to survive. However, in spite of these assuring words he finds it extremely difficult to breathe packed in, as he is under this heavy covering, and if the night is unusually cold, tucked in under his shoulders. But trying as it is for the novice thus to sleep without his accustomed number of cubic feet of fresh air, there is no case on record of any missionary having thus been suffocated, although Mr. Evans and others found it quite an ordeal to accustom themselves to sleep after this fashion.

Night in the Wintry Camp

The experienced Indians well knowing the dangers of the winter camp, generally warn the missionary to keep as quiet as possible, while thus almost buried beneath his heavy coverings. When questioned as to the reasons of this solicitude, the answer given is, "You may disarrange the clothing while you are asleep, and so let in the cold air; and then you may freeze to death without awakening." This is serious information, and is apt to make the missionary careful.

That it means something is evident from the fact that one night a missionary unconsciously uncovered his face, doubtless on account of the instinctive longing for fresh air. When a little later he fully awoke to consciousness, he found himself pulling away at something he at first thought was the end of an axe-handle, but which he soon discovered was his frozen nose!

Strange as it may appear, a fall of snow is like an additional blanket on a none too warm bed on a cold wintry night. The question has been asked, who tuck in the faithful Indians who have been so considerate and thoughtful about their missionary? Accustomed as they are to their primitive way of sleeping, from long practice they have become very skillful in so rolling themselves up, each in a single blanket that it seems as though not a particle of air is able to reach them. Brought up in a mossbag, where they are lashed to a board when babies, they are obliged to keep still, and an Indian very seldom stirs in his sleep from the moment he lies down

until he springs up refreshed and invigorated in the morning.

At times Mr. Evans and his dog-drivers were exposed to the attacks of the great northern gray wolves. Fortunately they seldom went in packs larger than seven or eight. When their howling was heard additional wood was put on the fire which was kept burning as long as they were troublesome. It is a fortunate thing for missionaries and other travellers that these bloodthirsty brutes are afraid of fire. Still it was ever necessary to be on guard when their mournful blood-curdling howlings were heard. Thus did Mr. Evans spend night after night, often for weeks together, with the exception of the short visits made at the different Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts, guarding against these treacherous foes as he rapidly travelled through the country.

He had some fierce encounters with blizzard storms, and at these times it was extremely difficult to find the way. A blizzard is very different from an ordinary snowstorm. It may come on while the sky is cloudless and the sun is shining with undimmed splendour. It must be remembered that where the winters are very cold the snow does not congeal, but is light and dry and feathery. A blizzard storm consists of a high wind which lifts up and drives before it this light dry snow. So full does the air become of it that often it is impossible for those so unfortunate as to be caught out in it to see a dozen feet in any direction. Trails, paths, roads, whatever there may

MISSIONARY AND INDIANS IN A BLIZZARD.

have been of this description are soon obliterated; hence the great difficulty for any except the most experienced, to avoid becoming bewildered and lost.

These blizzards often come up very suddenly and are as apt to occur by night as by day. At midnight the stars may be shining in the heavens with rare beauty, and in one short hour a blizzard storm may be howling through the forest or over the lakes and prairies like a fierce monster clamouring for his prey. Then indeed it is far from pleasant in the wintry camp. The banks of snow so labouriously shovelled with the snowshoes are instantly caught up in the maddening gale and whirled in every direction. The fire that may have been burning brightly is extinguished by its fury, so that where the bright blaze shed its light and warmth around, the pitiless storm has smothered all and piled up a drift of snow, like a great winding sheet.

Fortunate was it for Mr. Evans and his companions if they were so completely covered up that they could comfortably lie still and let the blizzard howl and rage above them. Strange as it may appear this was quite possible to do, and many a missionary party since has slept out in the woods during these terrific storms. Warm and safe under their heavy blankets and robes, the howlings of the blizzards have only been to them as lullabies, and they have rested and slept as comfortably as though in their happy homes.

The getting up in the mornings, however, was

not always comfortable, after one of these night storms, even if it had spent its fury. Everything was buried under the snow. Even the dogs had to be searched for and dug out. From the spot where the fire had blazed the night before, the snow had to be cleared away, and fresh wood had to be cut and a new fire made. Snowshoes, dog harness, sleds and various other things had to be searched for, and dug out from the drifts. Breakfast similar to the supper of the previous evening, was quickly cooked and eaten by the half frozen company, who, although all busy, found it hard work to keep from shivering. Prayers followed, and then the dogs were harnessed, the loads tied on the sleds, and the journey was resumed.

One of the great compensations which the lover of nature, and Mr. Evans was emphatically one of them, has in those high latitudes are the beautifully natural phenomena there at times displayed. At certain seasons of the year the most vivid and distinct mirages display their erratic powers. Places scores and sometimes hundreds of miles away are clearly thrown up high above the horizon. Mock suns in many circles surround the real sun, and vivid crosses like the one that thrilled the soul and fired the courage of Constantine are not uncommon. But the glory of these regions, surpassing the visions of all other lands, is the aurora borealis, commonly known as the Northern Lights.

Artists have tried to paint their ever-changing

THE WONDROUS AURORA.

glories, and writers to give us some adequate idea of their bewildering splendours, but all in vain. Their very mysteriousness, the uncertainty that still exists as to their origin, the suddenness with which at times they blaze out, in their more than earthly beauty; the rapidity with which they change from "glory to glory," all these and many other of their characteristics only add to our exquisite pleasure, and increase our fascination as, with undiminished interest, we gaze upon them.

Sometimes as seen in the illustration Mr. Evans saw them as they danced and flitted and rolled and unrolled before him. At times they were of purest white, then suddenly they took on by turns, and in wondrous combinations, all the colours of the rainbow. Often they flashed and blazed all night until their glories were lost in the splendour of the rising sun.

Thus day after day, and week after week with all the varied experiences of glorious weather, wintry storms and wondrous auroras by day and night, this marvellous missionary pushed on. Of course he was human, and at times suffered most intensely; but such was his devotion to his work, and his joy at seeing the cause of Christ prospering and many Indians renouncing their paganism, that he counted his physical sufferings but trifles in comparison with the good accomplished.

Not only was he emphatically the apostle of these northern red men, but his periodical visits to

the great trading posts of the fur traders were looked forward to with pleasure and delight. Mr. Evans faithfully preached the Word of God to the whites as well as to the Indians. Through his loving words, strong and faithful at all times, he had the joy of seeing many of the officers and employees at these different posts, become earnest and zealous followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The trophies thus won were his exceeding great reward; and he counted no journey too long, no hardships too severe, if only he could see men and women, white or red, brought to the foot of the Cross.

XIV

INVENTION OF THE SYLLABIC CHARACTERS

Invention of the Syllabic Characters—The wandering habits of the Indians—In search for food—Alphabet—Thirty-six Characters—Type of tea chest lead—Ink of soot and sturgeon oil—Translation begun—School formed—The birch bark books—Popularity of the invention—A Catechism printed—Helped by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

THAT which will give James Evans the most enduring fame, and keep his name prominent among the greatest missionaries and benefactors of his race, is the fact that he invented and perfected what are known as the Cree Syllabic Characters. From the time Mr. Evans was taken by Rev. Mr. Case from his country schoolhouse and set to work among the Indians, the investigation of their languages and the mastery of them, as far as possible, was one of his lifelong pursuits. While in the old Province of Upper Canada, now better known as Ontario, he studied with such diligence that he became quite proficient in Ojibway, and some other languages of the Indians among whom he so industriously toiled. As has already been said, he spent some considerable time, and all of his available cash, in going to New York, for the purpose of there putting through the press certain portions of the Word of God, as well as a catechism and a number of

hymns, which he himself had translated for the benefit of the Indians.

When he reached Norway House, he found the condition of the Indians very different from that of those among whom he had formerly laboured. In Upper Canada, their reservations were where the land was fertile, and the climate everything that could be desired for the production of abundance of grain and vegetables. If any of the Indians still occasionally went on hunting expeditions, it was by choice, not by necessity, as the same labour expended on the soil brought them far greater returns.

The case was far different in the northern fields. There the summer was so short and the quantity of good land available so limited, that the products of the soil afforded at the best but a small proportion of the essential support of the people. They were obliged to depend almost entirely upon their hunting and fishing. The great lakes and rivers abounded in the finest of fresh-water fish. But even fish have their migrations, and in order to obtain them in sufficient quantities, the Indians had to move with them. What was true in reference to the fish, was even more true in reference to the game. Some animals are ever on the move. The great herds of reindeer roam over vast areas. Bears also are great wanderers, and so are some other animals. They are instinctively drawn to those sections of the country where their food can be obtained at the different seasons of the year. Then there are

certain sections of the country which abound in valuable fur-bearing animals, which can only be hunted at certain times.

As a result, Mr. Evans found that those Indians who would make a successful living must be very much on the move. For a time, when fish were abundant in Playgreen Lake and vicinity, they could live at Norway House. Then as the fish disappeared, the Indians had to seek a living elsewhere. Some went far away into the interior, among the smaller streams, looking for the industrious beaver. Others went after the fierce black bear; and others sought for the otter, or fisher, or wolverine, or the many varieties of the fox, from the rich and valuable black and silver, to the common red and the beautiful white. Living as they did from hand to mouth, and never having a reserve of food, or the ability to purchase it, they were obliged to take their wives and children with them on these almost constant wanderings from one fishing or hunting ground to the other.

It followed, therefore, that Mr. Evans had here to face a condition of things entirely new. He could preach to the Indian hunters as they came in from their hunting grounds with the furs which they exchanged for supplies, and remained for a few days at Rossville, ere they returned to their distant hunting lodges far away in the forest. But their wives and children were far away, and would not return until the spring opened and they could travel by their canoes. In the sum-

mer, as the men had to spend most of their time as tripmen in the transportation into the interior of the country, of the goods of the company, and the bringing out of the furs for shipment to England, it was difficult to teach them to read in the ordinary way. Even the women and children had become so accustomed to lead these ever roving lives, that the slightest report that fish or rabbits were more numerous at some point twenty or thirty miles away, was quite sufficient to excite them to removal, and so, all summer, while the men were absent the women and children were thus roaming about.

At first, with his usual courage, he tried to remedy the evil; but the all-essential problem of the food supply was there before them, and he found that at least for some years to come, the Indians would have to continue in the same style of living, unsatisfactory though it was.

The great wheat fields of Manitoba and the regions west of them, were then the feeding grounds of the buffalo. Flour was almost unknown among the Indians. Bread had never been heard of. So destitute then was the language of the very idea of bread that in the Lord's Prayer, the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread" is written: "Meyenan anooch kakeseekak kaooche pe mah teseyak," which, literally translated, is, "Give us this day something to keep us in life." The question of food was paramount, and so the Indians had to continue their wanderings or starve. To teach them how

to read, no matter how great their anxiety to learn, was under such conditions almost an impossibility. It is true that some persevering spirits did succeed even against all these difficulties, and became fairly good English scholars, but the great majority necessarily remained in ignorance. Mr. Evans was troubled in spirit, and mourned over such a state of things. After seeing at the missions in Upper Canada hundreds of Indians learning to read the Word of God in their own language, it was peculiarly trying that the Crees, equally intelligent and anxious, should not enjoy the same advantages.

While pondering over this matter and making it the subject of much prayer, there flashed into his mind this thought: "Why cannot a simpler, easier method of learning to read be invented, than our old, slow, cumbersome one with the alphabet?" This thought took such possession of him that it became all-absorbing. He could not get it out of his mind. It seemed such a delusive thing, that while he pondered over it, the uppermost thought for a long time was that it was only as a dream. However, it so abode with him, that he set himself to work out the problem with his usual energy and perseverance.

His first work was to so study the language, as to find the number and character of the sounds used by the best speakers in the tribe. Fortunately the Cree is one of the finest of the Indian languages, and Mr. Evans was not long in discovering its beauty and its strength.

He found out that its principal sounds were thirty six in number, and that with some slight variation and a few affixes, the whole could be expressed. After much study and many experiments he succeeded in arranging them in rhythmic order, so that they could be much more easily committed to memory than the alphabet. Having mastered the sounds, the next thing was to devise signs or characters to represent them. Among his other acquirements, Mr. Evans had quite a knowledge of phonography, and this was now found to be of great use. So, after a good deal of experimenting, he decided upon the thirty-six characters which we here append.

When the discovery thus far was made, great indeed was his joy. As he tested them, and wrote down in them the conversation and utterances of the people, and above all when he found that all the translations thus far made of portions of the Word of God and of some beautiful hymns could really be expressed more accurately, as regards the sounds, than by the ordinary alphabet, his rejoicing was almost without measure.

The next thing was to make his invention of practical value. Thus far what had been done had been accomplished with the pen, this of course would not go very far, and so the next thing was to get it in type, and thus be able to print with it. But a more unfortunate mission-field the world hardly possessed than Norway House, for the possession of the requisites to set

THE CREE SYLLABIC ALPHABET.

INITIALS.	SYLLABLES.				FINALS.
	ā	e	oo	ah	° ow
a	ᐁ	ᐃ	ᐅ	ᐊ	X Christ
p	ᐯ	ᐱ	ᐳ	ᐸ	ˈ p
t	ᑌ	ᑎ	ᑐ	ᑕ	ˊ t
k	ᕈ	ᕿ	ᖁ	ᖃ	ˋ k
ch	ᖅ	ᖏ	ᖓ	ᖑ	- ch
m	ᒣ	ᒥ	ᒪ	ᒫ	ᶜ m
n	ᓀ	ᓂ	ᓇ	ᓈ	ᵓ n
s	ᓴ	ᓯ	ᓰ	ᓱ	ᵔ s
y	ᔦ	ᔨ	ᔩ	ᔪ	ᵕ r
					ᵙ l

The dot over any syllable lengthens the vowel sound.

Thus, ᓂᓂᐅᒪ = Manito, the Indian name for the Great Spirit, or God; ᒪᒪ = Mama; ᐸᐸ = Papa.

up a printing press. There was no type, no paper, no ink, no press, not even a building, beyond the little mission house, in which to carry on the work. But Mr. Evans' ingenuity and fertility in expedients soon made him master of the situation. With such an invention in his possession, and with the possibilities of accomplishing such glorious results, in so easily teaching the Indians to read in their own language the Word of God, he set to work to do the best he could with the limited materials at his disposal, for the present; certain that as soon as the news of his discovery became known to the outside world, material assistance would be forthcoming.

So remote from civilisation, and so difficult of access was Norway House, and above all, so expensive was it to get in supplies, that Mr. Evans resolved to begin with the resources within his reach. The material he used for the manufacture of his type was the thin sheets of lead which are found in the tea chests. This he begged from the fur traders, who sell large quantities of tea to the Indians. Having carefully carved out little models of his characters, he made casts of them in soft clay, and then pouring into these moulds the melted lead, he secured, after many failures, type sufficient for his use. He made his ink out of the soot of the chimneys mixed with sturgeon oil. He had no paper, and so had to be content with birch bark as a substitute. It did better than a person would first imagine it would. He

manufactured his own printing press. A jack screw used generally by the traders for the packing of the bales of furs, was kindly loaned him for his work of printing. This gave him the requisite power, and so with these primitive appliances, the work of furnishing the Indians portions of Scripture and Hymns in their own language, began.

The beauty of these Syllabic Characters is that they can be acquired so easily, and then that when this is accomplished, the art of reading by them, is only a matter of a very few days. Each character is a syllable, as the name indicates, so there are just as many characters in a word as there are syllables. All then that is necessary for the Indians, from the boys and girls of six or eight years of age, up to the old men and women of ninety, is just to master the syllabic alphabet, and then begin to read. There is no spelling required. No first book or second book; no dictation lessons. Then there are no cross teachers to say to the class, "I am sorry so many words were wrongly spelt." How strange this sounds to our boys and girls, this being able to read easily and correctly, without ever having to spell a word.

It is a marvellous invention, and has been a benediction to thousands. Great indeed was the astonishment of the Indians when this discovery was revealed to them. There were diverse impressions created. When those who had become Christians, and had thus broken the claims of

superstition, had the method explained to them on their visits to Rossville, they were eager students, and were soon able to read as fast as new copies could be made. Not only this, but they became teachers themselves, and carried to distant hunting camps the knowledge they had acquired, and gladly explained to others this wonderful invention.

With a rude sort of stylus or wooden pen, they carefully multiplied copies of the passages of scripture first given them by Mr. Evans, even before he was able to begin his crude printing operations. These caused intense excitement, as they went from camp-fire to camp-fire, and from wigwam to wigwam in the wilderness. That birch bark could "talk," and above all that it could talk about the Great Spirit, and say His words, was indeed a thing of mystery and astonishment. Nothing else for a time could be talked about. The Christian Indians rejoiced, but the conjurers and medicine-men were enraged, and declared that terrible calamities would follow. Superstitious Indians were frightened, and nothing could induce them to touch the magic birch bark that could thus talk.

The one great absorbing feeling of the grand man who had so well succeeded in his work, was gratitude to God, who had enabled him with the Divine blessing, thus to triumph beyond his most sanguine expectations, in putting within the reach of these wandering Indians, the power of learning to read the Bible in their own tongue. As

BARK TALKING — MR. EVANS TEACHING THE SYLLABIC CHARACTERS.

the Spring opened the next year after the discovery of these characters, and the circulation of portions of Scripture, Mr. Evans was delighted and encouraged by the numbers of men and women and children too, who had in their far-away hunting lodges, obtained a knowledge of the syllabics, from those who had visited the mission, during the previous winter, when they had come in with the bales of furs.

As soon as possible, after their arrival, a school was organised, and all were invited to attend, no matter what was their age. On a large black-board, made with his own hands, Mr. Evans marked out these wonderful characters, and there for hours every day, the work of instruction went on. Some could not attend very regularly. The nets had to be visited, and fish secured for food. Then some time must be spent in preparing land for potatoes, and other things, for the missionary had secured seed for those who would have the gardens ready in time. But school was going on all the time, and now there were many teachers, for each Indian was ambitious to show to the late arrivals how much he knew.

When the printing press began to do its work, and the piles of beautiful pieces of birch bark which the industrious women had collected, went under so clean and white, and came out all covered with some of the sweetest passages of the divine Word, their joy knew no bounds. Quite a number of copies of the first set were struck off, and then another collection of beauti-

ful verses was set up, and printed off in like manner. This went on until a dozen or so of different pages were printed. These the happy people stitched together with deerskin covers, and thus were formed the first books among them.

Long ago these first crude little volumes disappeared; but they served their purpose well, and were a joy and benediction to many. They were carried back to their distant hunting grounds, and were nightly read by the light of the camp-fire. Pagan Indians who came in to gamble as in previous years, were awed by what they heard, and while some mocked, others were so interested, that they too mastered these Syllabics, and learned to read, and afterward to pray. Truly "the Word of the Lord was precious in those days."

The first hymn translated by Mr. Evans for these Cree Indians and printed in the Syllabic Characters is here given. The first verse in English being:

> "Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
> He whom I fix my hopes upon;
> His path I see, and I'll pursue
> The narrow way till Him I view."

The story of this marvellous invention spread far and wide. Scholars in America and Europe heard of it with great interest. The English Wesleyan Missionary Society sent for a set of the Syllabic Characters, and sending them to a type-foundry had a large quantity of type made. These with

ᖃᑲᒻ ᓄᐅᒥᑕᓂᓄ L.M.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.

1 ᑭᓴᑦ ᓂᑎᑌᐦᒍᒧᐃᓗ
ᐃᑦᐱᒥᕽ ᑲᑭᐃᐧᐣᑌᐟ;
ᐋᓗᒃ ᐱᔪ ᓂᒪᒥᐟᓗ,
ᓅᑦᑕ ᑲᐃᓗᐃᐧᐣᑌᓱᓗ.

2 ᑲᑕᐣ ᒥᐊᓗᑎᐟᐊᓗᓄ
ᐁᔪᑕ ᑭᐃᐧᐣᑌᐊᓗᔨ;
ᐁᐊᓗᔪ ᐱᔪ ᒣᑦᑲᓄ
ᑲᐣᑭᓱᓄ ᑲᓴᑭᐣᐃᑕᕽ.

3 ᑭᔅᐁᓗᑦ ᓂᑦᑕᓭᓱᓂᔅ,
ᒪᑲ ᐁᑲᐁᒥᑦᑲᒪᓗ
ᓂᑭᑲᑲᓗᑕᒧᓄᔅ,
ᐅᓴᑦ ᐁᒪᐃᓂᐃᓗᓱᓂᔅ.

4 ᐁ ᐊᑕ ᓇᓄᑭᑦᑕᒧᓗ,
ᐊᐣᑭ ᓂᔪᘁᕐᓂᐣᑌᓗ;
ᑭᓴᑦ ᓂᐯᐣᑌᓗ ᐁᐃᑌᐟ
ᐊᑦᑕᖅ, ᓅᓱ ᑭᒣᑦᑲᓇᖅ.

5 ᐁᑲᐧ ᒪᑲ ᓂᒥᔪᐧᑌᓗ
ᑭᓴᑦ ᑲᕽᑦᐟ ᐁᐃᐧᐅᑎᓂᐟ;
ᐊᑕ ᐃᔪ ᒪᑭᐣᑎᓱᓂᓗ
ᐁᓂᐁᐧᓵ ᐁᐃᐧᓴᑭᐣᐃᔪᐟ.

a good hand press, roller, ink, paper and all the other essential requisites, in addition to a donation of five hundred pounds for the purpose of erecting a building of sufficient dimensions for carrying on all the printing operations, they sent out to Mr. Evans. These things all arrived in due time, although it was slow and labourious work getting them up from York Factory, where they had come by the Hudson's Bay Company's ship from London.

Then the work proceeded more rapidly. Mr. Steinhauer, with John Sinclair and others raised up in the country, and who had now, thanks to Mr. Evans' ability and industry, acquired quite a good education in English, as well as in the Syllabics, were able to render a good deal of service. Translating, type-setting and printing went on steadily, and soon quite lengthy portions of the blessed book were bound in little volumes and distributed among the people. The good that was thus done eternity alone can fully reveal.

A catechism was also printed, and was well received and studied by young and old. Familiar hymns, full of the gospel, were translated, and proved a blessing and a joy to multitudes.

The Indians have no music of their own worth preservation. Mr. and Mrs. Evans were both sweet singers, and so they taught the people to sing the old tunes to these translations of the sweet words, with which they have been ever associated. Very quickly did the people learn these tunes, and it was ever a source of astonish-

ment, as well as pleasure, for the passing stranger, to hear how grandly the people here could sing.

Still farther travelled the reports of this wonderful invention, until at length other churches at other mission fields inquired about it, and gladly was the knowledge of it imparted by its generous inventor.

The time at length came when the calls upon Mr. Evans from outside missionary work were so numerous that he was obliged to be away often for months at a time, on his extensive journeyings of some thousands of miles, through summer storms and winter's terrible gales. That the work at Rossville might not suffer, he called to his help one who had been placed at another post with the hope that he there would have succeeded, as did Mr. Rundle in the Saskatchewan, or as Mr. Evans had at Norway House. Brought to Rossville, and under the direction of Mr. Evans who ever treated him with the greatest kindness, he did good service for a time, but eventually he turned in the dark and cloudy days against his best friend, and not only tried to crush him to the earth, but had the audacity in after years to claim the invention of the Syllabic Characters as his own invention, and even had his name put on the title page of the Cree Syllabic Bible, when the fact is that he never even saw the characters until long after the happy converts of James Evans were reading portions of the Scripture and hymns printed in them in the unique birch bark books. We do not put his

name here on our pages; though long ago, both he and James Evans passed into the presence of the Judge of all the earth.

The Syllabic Characters are still in use. The British and Foreign Bible Society now furnish all these northern missions with Bibles and Testaments free of cost. Hundreds of Indians are reading out of them every day of the year. Missionaries to other tribes have utilised these Syllabics for other languages, by adding additional signs for sounds not found among the Crees. Methodists, Episcopalians, Moravians, Roman Catholics and others use these Syllabics of James Evans and find them of incalculable value.

All honour to the man who invented them! After seeing the ease with which pagan bands could acquire a knowledge of them, even when only marked with a burnt stick from our campfire on the side of a granite rock, and then from that little knowledge, by perseverance, learning in a few days to read the Bible with ease and delight, we bring our wreath of immortelles, and with thankfulness to God for giving such a helper to those Indians and to the world, we gladly give him the name he deserves above all others who there have toiled,—the name of "the Apostle of the North."

XV

MR. EVANS' JOURNALS

Mr. Evans' Journals—Extracts—Proposed journeys—York Factory—Boats coming up the Nelson—Oxford House—Norway House—Meeting Rundle—Work on Norway House Mission—Making the Syllabic Characters—Testimonies of the Indians—The Stereotype Plate—Indian boys reading the printed characters.

It is a matter of profound regret that the greater portion of Mr. Evans' journals were destroyed by fire. What remains can only be spoken of as "extracts" extending over certain years. They do not record some of his greatest journeys, nor his grandest triumphs. We give, here and elsewhere, some little part of that which has been saved. The natural modesty of the man has caused him to leave unwritten much that could and should have been recorded of the toils and sufferings endured. From his Indian travelling companions, the writer has had to obtain much of his information. The extracts from his journals, here presented, show us his difficulties and perplexities in bringing to perfection his invention of the Syllabic Characters. There are also some references to the first-fruits of the harvest of the multitudes of precious souls he was instrumental in winning for Christ. This

latter work, the winning of souls for the Lord Jesus Christ, was ever his highest, sweetest joy.

"Since my arrival in the country I have visited York Factory, of which I made the committee aware last autumn. On my return I remained at Norway House until December, and I left early in that month to visit the posts within my reach. During the winter I visited Moose Lake, the Pas Cumberland House, Shoal River, Fort Pelly, Beaver Creek, Red River on my way to Fort Alexander and Beren's River, and returned to Norway House at the latter end of March. I was received at every post of the Honourable Company with the greatest kindness, and experienced every attention from the gentlemen in charge. I endeavoured to discharge the duties incumbent upon me with an eye to the glory of God in the salvation of sinners; and trust that the fruits of my humble labours will appear in the day of eternity.

"I intend, by the divine blessing, to visit the following places during a journey which it is my purpose to commence; namely, Cumberland, Carlton, Fort Pitt and Edmonton, where I hope to meet my good brother the Rev. Robert T. Rundle. After spending a few weeks in that vicinity, I shall proceed by winter conveyance (snowshoes and dog-carriages) to Fort Jasper, Assiniboine, Lesser Slave Lake, Dunvegan, Vermillion, Chippewayan, Fond du Lac, La Crosse, Green Lake and back to Carlton. Thence to Norway House by the Saskatchewan or Atha-

basca boats, reaching Norway House in June or July, 1842. This journey is undertaken with the decided approbation of the Governor in Chief, Sir George Simpson, who kindly assured me that he would himself in passing the Saskatchewan, see that every preparation should be made for me to proceed thence. Before my return, should I succeed in my proposed tour, I shall travel about six thousand miles. During this time I hope to preach the everlasting gospel to hundreds who never heard the joyful sound, and I humbly trust that, in a short period, not a post belonging to the Honourable Company will be found where the glad news of salvation by Christ shall not have been proclaimed. I shall, I feel convinced, have the coöperation of my brethren here and of the committee at home, and the unlimited aid of the Honourable Company's officers in carrying out this great object. I shall likewise become better acquainted with the state, wants, and general character of the country, as well as with the number, disposition, and language of the natives. I feel assured of the divine protection and blessing.

"I am most happy to assure the committee that I have every reason to believe that the young brethren who have been appointed to this place, have faithfully laboured, and are, with true missionary zeal and ardour, prosecuting the great work of saving souls, by preaching and travelling and visiting the poor heathen in their wretched wigwams, and teaching young and old the way of life.

"Norway House station includes York Factory, Oxford House, Moose Lake, Cumberland House, Beren's River, and Nelson River. This mission I have reason to acknowledge with deep humility has been much blessed by Almighty God, and the labours of His servants crowned with signal success. The total number of persons who had been received into the Christian Church by baptism at Norway House and in those ports which I have named, is one hundred and ninety-three, of which seventy-seven are adults. The number of marriages on the register is twenty-seven.

"We have three classes at this station composed of seventy-three persons, about half of whom have been received into full membership. The remainder are on trial and are still unbaptised. We have great cause for gratitude to Almighty God that we are saved from what is the scourge of the poor Indians in Canada, the fire-water, (rum); the use of this being by the Honourable Company prohibited to a great extent in the country, an arrangement equally wise and benevolent.

"I shall copy from my journal a few extracts which may enable the committee to form a judgment of the state of the country, the nature of the work, and the manner in which my time has been occupied.

"August 18th, 1840.—I left York Factory at noon having twenty-one persons in the boat and a large cargo.

"19th.—The boat has to-day been hauled up

the stream against a current of very shallow water, frequently grounding. I enjoyed much peace of mind and an assurance of the divine favour and protection. We made eighteen miles.

"22d.—We have had rain every day and having no shelter in the boat, have been anything but comfortable.

"Sunday, 23d.—Raining in torrents. Prayers at ten o'clock and at eight in the evening as usual.

"24th.—I met five boats from Mackenzie River; a region where the gospel was never heard, and where men are in darkness.

"September 1st.—I found Mr. Grant at Oxford House anxious to make my night's stay as comfortable as possible. I preached to the Honourable Company's officers and servants, and several natives attended. At the close of the service I baptised six adults, who expressed a determination to forsake sin and cleave to the Lord, and solemnised two marriages.

"2d.—I left Oxford House. Crossing the portage I saw two Indian graves neatly roofed with birch bark, and the totem or family name marked thereon with charcoal in several places, they having belonged to the Reindeer tribe. The ashes and coals at the head of the grave showed that they had been recently visited by their friends and the "cheebie weekoontoowin," or spirit feast held for them. This custom prevails among the pagan Indians. They suppose that the spirit of the departed lingers about the place where the

body is deposited and partakes, in a spiritual manner, of the food which the relatives eat on the spot. They likewise throw a small piece of the victuals into the fire, and pour a libation of liquor, when they can procure it.

"5th.—Reached Norway House in the evening, grateful to Almighty God for His continued mercy and preserving care amidst the dangers to which, in these shallow and rapid waters, we are always exposed.

"7th.—To-day my worthy brother Rundle left by the Saskatchewan boat for Edmonton. About two months, with God's blessing, will bring him thither, during which time he must sleep on the ground, wet or dry, not unfrequently without erecting his cloth tent, as sometimes it cannot be pitched. Rain or fair, hot or cold, he must sit in the open boat, and look for present and eternal comfort. Everything which the fort could supply was kindly furnished in order to make his voyage as comfortable as circumstances would permit. May God bless him and make him a blessing, and have him under His watchful eye by day and by night!

"15th.—I commenced a school on the opposite side of the river from Norway House fort, and had about twenty-five scholars anxious to learn. I am teaching them to read the English and their own tongue.

"Sunday, 20th.—I baptised four adults who witnessed a good confession of the Lord Jesus. Great grace rested upon the ordinance, and the

blessing of God was with His people. About sixty persons were present.

"25th.—I commenced clearing the point of land selected for the settlement of the Indians about three miles from the fort, and preparing the ground for the erection of mission premises next summer. The spot is thickly covered with small poplars and underbrush, but patience and perseverance will soon let in the light of heaven. May the hearts of the poor heathen as easily yield to the gospel, and this spiritual wilderness become the garden of the Lord!

"Sunday, 27th.—I preached twice to the Indians and once to the whites in the fort; at six A. M., and eleven and at four o'clock. At seven I held a prayer-meeting.

"28th.—For a fortnight I have been endeavouring to cast type to print the Cree language, but every attempt hitherto made has failed. I have no proper materials, neither type metal nor any other thing requisite. I hope, however, to conquer the difficulties, and to begin printing the Cree language in a few days or months at the furthest.

"30th.—I cut types in lead of two characters, and I took moulds in clay, chalk, putty, sand, and tried some other fruitless experiments.

"Sunday, October 4th.—This evening, after preaching, I met a class; and the clear and spiritual testimony of several of these until lately poor and benighted sons of the forest was heart-cheering, and of the most encouraging nature. Am I discouraged? No! 'The Word of God shall

have free course and be glorified,' and I believe, as I believe in my own conversion, of which I have no doubt, that God will soon give these heathen to His Son for an inheritance, and 'the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.' 'Thy Kingdom come!'

"One man spoke as follows: 'Last summer I visited Red River, when for the first time I heard the news of these good words. I felt that I was a great sinner, and that I was in darkness and in the broad road to eternal punishment. I learned very little. I heard that I must pray to the Great Spirit through His Son, whose name I could not remember, although I tried very much to do so. I came home. I went often back there into the swamp and cried very much. O, my heart was very, very heavy! I tried often to pray to the Great Spirit to pity me, a poor Indian. I said, "Great Spirit, I hear that you wish to save the poor sinner. I wish to pray, but I do not know your Son's name. O pity me and forgive all my sins and crooked life."' He added: 'I had no minister here at that time to teach me as we now have, and I often wept much when we went to bed, and could not sleep, because I had no one to teach me. The Great Spirit did pity me, for when we had no minister, He sent me a dream that encouraged me very much. One night last winter I dreamed that I saw two roads. One was very wide and full of white people and Indians; they were very wicked, swearing and fighting. The other road was only a foot-path,

and I saw only very few persons following each other's trail; some were singing, and they went very fast and looked very happy. I prayed in my sleep that the Great Spirit would let me go with them. When I awoke I thanked Him for this dream. O now I have more than a dream to bless me! O yes, I have my poor heart cheered by the good words. When I pray I am so very, very happy. O I cannot tell how much I am blessed. I love the Son of God, Jesus Christ. I shall never more forget His great name. I am very happy to-day.'

"Here tears of joy stopped his simple story, and his heaving bosom and cheerful countenance told what he could not utter.

"An old man eighty years of age said, 'O, but I have been a great sinner. I have walked in the dark road! My head is like the hilltop in winter, and I shall soon be under the earth. O I am so thankful that I have heard the good word! I hear with my eyes wide open, and sometimes my heart is very soft when I hear about the love of the Son of God. I think He has been very merciful to me to allow me to survive many of my poor relatives, who are gone to the earth; that I might hear this good news. If I had died before it came, I should certainly have perished! for I have been, as you all know, a great sinner. But now I am pardoned. O, now I have the gladness in my heart! I am old; I cannot hunt. I wish for nothing now but to see Jesus Christ. I am sure I shall love Him yet more when I see

Him. *His Spirit tells me I am His.* He blesses me daily, and all my heart wishes to serve Him. I wish very very much, that all my poor people everywhere could hear the good words of the Great Spirit before they die.'

"13th.—I cast a plate of hardened lead, polished it and commenced cutting the Cree alphabet, making a sort of stereotype plate.

"15th.—Last night I finished the alphabet plate, and to-day printed a few sheets. Several boys know all the letters, having written the alphabet for each; and they are much pleased with their new books, but not much more so than I am myself.

"16th.—I went to the point, surveyed the land, running lines north and south, giving each person two chains in width, and from eighteen to twenty-seven in length; being as much as the short season will permit them to cultivate.

"Sunday, 18th.—I preached at six, eleven, and three; and at seven held a band meeting. In the forenoon I baptised four persons, who professed their faith in Christ and belief of God's word, and their resolution by His grace, to live to His honour and glory, and to renounce forever all their heathen superstitions, and forsake their munnedoos (gods). Several spoke in the evening of having great peace with God.

"19th.—Several of the boys are beginning to read the written hymns in the Cree character; and I feel encouraged to think I can print them in a few days.

"Sunday, November 8th.—I baptised three adults and one child. Some others desired baptism but I deferred the ordinance until they had received further instruction. Surely the Lord 'hath set before us an open door, which no man can shut.' Praised be His ever blessed name!

"11th.—My types answer well. The hymn beginning with 'Jesus my all to heaven is gone,' is in the press. I have to-day struck off three hundred copies of the first three verses, making a small page. I have got excellent type, considering the country and materials; they make at least a tolerably good impression. The letter or character I cut in finely polished oak. I filed out of one side of an inch square iron bar the square body of the type; and after placing the bar with the notch over the letter, I applied another polished bar to the face of the mould, and poured in the lead, after it had been repeatedly melted in order to harden it. These required a little dressing on the face and filing to the uniform square and length, but they answer well.

"17th.—I have to-day struck off two hundred and fifty copies of the hymn, beginning, 'Behold the Saviour of mankind,' with a chorus for occasional use, 'Hallelujah to the Lamb,' etc. My press is very rude but I am anticipating better days.

"December 3d.—I printed the hymn beginning, 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow.' The Indians and children sing these well and several read some with some fluency. The short time which

is required to learn to read and to write, arises from there being no such thing as learning to spell, every character in the alphabet being a syllable, so that when these are learned, all is learned. Several of the boys and young men can write any word in the language, seldom committing an error. I have now printed about two thousand pages of hymns, etc., and on my return from my winter tour by God's blessing I shall print the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, Commandments, and the first chapter of St. Matthew's gospel; not forgetting the rules of our society."

XVI

WINTER JOURNEY TO SASKATCHEWAN

The journals continued—Winter journey—To Saskatchewan district—"Had not heard a sermon for thirty years"—Meeting Mr. Budd—Celestial phenomena around the sun—Salt manufacture—Simple prayer and simple faith—Return to Norway House.

We devote this chapter to some additional extracts from Mr. Evans' journal. They give us, from his own pen, some account of winter travelling by dog-train. As his routes on these journeys lay south and southwest of Norway House, the coldest weather he experienced was only forty-two degrees below zero. This was surely cold enough for any white men to endure. But he had it much colder when he made his more dangerous tours to the north.

This one tour extended, as we shall see, over a period of more than three months. It gives us glimpses into the methods of travel, which, elsewhere, we have more fully described. But seldom does he refer to his wintry camp, and then only when it was about the best one he had during the whole route. Often, after he and his brave men left the forest country, they had to sleep in regions where the only trees were aspen poplars. These gave no help or protection from the biting, penetrating winds, or in making the

camp. They furnished very poor fuel for cooking, and but little warmth. In such camps there were no pine bushes to put under the robes for a bed, for the missionary or his dogs. The tasty venison-balls that could be carried for food, made by the loving hands of Mrs. Evans, would not last very long on such a trip, and so the missionary had to fall back with his men and live on the pemmican and fat meat.

While Mr. Evans' great work was the evangelisation of the Indians, he had the great joy of preaching the gospel to whites, some of whom for long years had never heard a sermon. The pathetic story which he gives of the man who had never heard a sermon for thirty years, and his earnest desire, as well as that of his wife, for salvation, is most touching.

On one of his visits to one of these remote places where no missionary had ever preceded him, he first married a man and woman, then baptised them, and their family of six children all in the same day. They had never been legally married, for the simple reason that there had never come into that remote region anyone qualified to perform the ceremony. Surely it was time that such places should be visited!

This most interesting journal continues as follows:

"December 9th.—I am preparing for my winter journey, hoping to reach Norway House again in April. This route will cover a tract of ground over two thousand miles: a long winter

journey, but I can implicitly trust in Him who says, 'As the day, so shall thy strength be.' I hope during my travelling to dispense the word of eternal life to many who have not heard 'the joyful sound.'

"Sunday, 13th.—I preached to my little flock, and endeavoured to encourage them to trust in God, and to be faithful during my absence.

"14th.—I left Norway House accompanied by my interpreter and two Indians. In passing the Indian village, the men, women and children, flocked down to the ice and bade me adieu, while I commended them to God and His grace. I made eight miles of lake travelling and three miles in the wilderness, after which I encamped for the night. Our encampment is made by scraping away the snow, cutting a few pine bushes and spreading them for a bed, and by turning before the fire, we can generally keep one side warm at a time. The first thing on arriving is to unharness the dogs, of which we have seven. The camp is then made, and wood collected for the night. The dogs are fed soon after arriving and a bed of brush spread for them, when, being weary after their day's travel of from thirty to seventy miles, a load of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds on each sled they lie down. Our carriages carry each about three hundred pounds, and are drawn where nothing but dogs could take them; there being no road but through the tangled brake and over piles of falling and decaying timber. The

sleds and carioles are nothing more than two half-inch oak boards, about eight feet long and seven or eight inches broad, stitched together with thongs of deerskin and strengthened with a few light pieces of wood as crossbars. These sleds being turned up in front are drawn over logs and other impediments, but not without frequent assistance from the driver.

"Our supper consists of some venison balls. These are made by chopping the meat and mixing with it a little tallow. I need scarcely say that these are frozen. Our milk we carry in a bag, breaking off pieces as we require it. The men have a supply of pemmican, a kind of portable provision made of buffaloes' meat, dried and pounded and mixed with tallow. The dogs are fed on the same, but of an inferior quality together with some frozen fish. The thermometer seven and a half below zero. Blowing fresh, wind northwest.

"15th.—I started at four A. M. Thermometer six and a half. I crossed a deep bay of Lake Winnipeg, passed through a point of thick woods, much fallen, which rendered the walking in snowshoes of about four and a half feet long and twenty-two inches broad, very tedious. Thermometer eight.

"16th.—I crossed the traverse of Lake Winnipeg. Wind and snow. A very severe day. Thermometer ten. I had a bad headache. We were late before we could find the requisites to make an encampment. Our dogs to-day became

footsore from the roughness of the ice, and have been duly shod. We carry about forty small bags, in which their feet are thrust whenever the snow becomes crusted. I lay down in peace.

"17th.—I started at daylight, being unable to move sooner through these thick swamps. I crossed five small lakes of a few miles each in length. Thermometer four below zero.

"18th.—A cold night. Thermometer twenty-five, having fallen twenty-one degrees since last night. We made Moose Lake at three o'clock. We crossed two bays and encamped on a bleak point, the wind blowing hard. Thermometer eighteen below zero.

"Sunday, 20th.—We held divine service this morning. I preached from John iii. 16. Several appeared deeply impressed with the blessed truths, and at the close of the service seven children were presented for baptism. We held a prayer-meeting in the evening. Thermometer six."

When Mr. Evans visited the vast fertile region known as the Saskatchewan District he found a very different condition of things from what now exists there. His words are as follows:

"*Saskatchewan Station.* This is a station of great importance, being situated in the heart of the plain country where numerous bands of Indians roam in the midst of plenty. Perhaps no portion of the human race in an uncivilised state are more independent than these people. The buffalo and other animals being numerous, they

are seldom if ever subjected to those privations under which the Wood Indians suffer. The climate likewise is more favourable; indeed everything connected with their station gives it an importance which demands our utmost energies in order to push successfully the great object we have in view.

"The gospel is the only instrument by which the prejudices of these people can be overcome, their manners changed, their social state improved, and their souls saved. In many instances such is the extreme poverty of the Indians that powerful arguments, founded on their increasing temporal comfort, consequent on embracing Christianity which teaches industry, economy and a provident forethought, may be advanced by the missionary which not unfrequently, under the divine blessing, operate in conjunction with the gospel in disposing the heart to listen to the truths of our holy religion.

"But here an abundance of food, in many cases a deeply rooted prejudice, a haughty independent spirit, and a fondly cherished idea that war and horse-stealing are the most glorious pursuits for the red man, compel us to make a vigourous attack on the heart as the citadel of sin which can only be savingly wrought upon, first or last, by that which alone proves 'the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth.'

"22d.—I reached the Pas where I found Mr. Budd, who is employed by the Church Missionary Society as teacher. He has a small school at

this place. At his request I preached to the Indians and others present, and was gratified to hear several of the former assent to the truths delivered. Mr. Budd complains of strong opposition, and labours under some discouragements. He appears to be an excellent young man. I gave him such encouragement as I would offer to any of our own teachers, and am satisfied that a mutual feeling of esteem existed between us. Thermometer two.

"24th.—I reached Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan River and found Mr. McPherson in very poor health. We held prayers at seven. I read a portion of Scripture, and made a few remarks. These people appear anxious to hear and be profited by the Word of God. Several of them had never heard the gospel, or seen a minister in their lives.

"25th.—Christmas Day—I preached at eleven. Several Indians were present. During the morning and evening service many were in tears, and I trust the fruits of this visit will appear in the day of eternity.

"26th.—I conversed with two Indians who expressed their approval of what they heard yesterday, and promised to make their people acquainted with the 'good news,' on returning to their hunting grounds.

"Sunday, 27th.—I met the children. At eleven I preached from Proverbs xxiii. 18. Several broken-hearted penitents were present. I preached to the Indians at three; held prayers at seven in

the evening; baptised two children, and invited any who were desirous of salvation and who wished to be baptised, to come to my room as frequently as possible.

"28th.—A white man came last night bringing the names of six children for baptism. Poor man, he has spent nearly thirty years in this country, and has never heard a sermon since leaving his native land. 'O, sir,' said he, 'I am a poor forgetful sinner, and I have become almost like the heathens; but the words which I have heard today have awakened me and I have resolved to lead a new life;'—with much more that evinced a deep conviction of sin. I gave him such advice as I considered suited his case and prayed with him and he left me. His wife came this morning to say that she wished to be baptised and to serve God. She is deeply affected. I talked to and prayed for her and inquired when she intended to pray. She replied, 'I began this morning.' 'And did you never pray before?' I inquired. 'No, sir,' she replied, 'I never tried because I never knew how.'

"'And how did you pray this morning?' said I.

"'Ah, sir, I could not say much. I asked God to forgive me for Jesus Christ's sake, and help me to be better; but,' added she, 'I was so sorry, and the tears ran so fast, I could not speak many words.'

"Another woman belonging to one of the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, came for instruction.

"'O,' said she, 'I am very thankful to hear

those good words; and I will endeavour to commence a praying life. I sometimes heard about Christians being baptised and going to heaven; but I never before heard the way. Last year I was told that ministers had settled among my people beyond the mountains; and I was very anxious to go home that I might hear the words they spoke. My heart is very heavy for my sin. I shall try to do as the Good Book teaches. I began yesterday and I shall never turn round again to travel back.'

"She manifests the greatest sincerity by sighs and tears, and the strongest language which the nervous Cree presents.

"29th.—Three persons came to-day to inquire the way to heaven, all professing sincere repentance.

"I read some hymns and portions of the New Testament in Ojibway, to an Indian who speaks this dialect. I conversed an hour or two with him and he left, expressing satisfaction; and said he would relate to his people on his return to camp all he could remember. He returned, after going a little way, and said: 'The Indian who heard you yesterday, and myself, have agreed to begin to pray.'

"January 1st, 1842.—Blessed be God, I see another year, and still desire to love and serve Him. An Indian who has long been employed about the fort, came to-day and asked me to baptise him. I have every reason to believe, from several conversations, that he strongly desires to

be a true Christian. The many inquiries which he makes proves his sincerity, being generally such as are of a practical character, and show that he desires not only to know the way of salvation, but to be able to walk therein.

"2d.—Two youths called this morning; a lad about seventeen and a girl about sixteen. Though they both profess their determination to serve God, I have considered it advisable to defer the ordinance of baptism until my next visit.

"Sunday, 3d.—I read and expounded the fifth and sixth chapters of Ephesians, solemnised six marriages, baptised eight adults and twelve children, and administered the Lord's Supper. I cannot speak too highly of all I met with at this post. Every personal kindness was shown me; but what to every minister must be much more gratifying, was the serious and prayerful attention paid to religious instruction.

"4th.—I left Cumberland House. Thermometer eighteen below zero; and the wind blowing strong in our faces, with fine, sharp snow. I made the old encampment at dark. I slept, but was very cold. It was snowing hard all night. At one o'clock, Thomas awoke me by shaking off the load of snow from my blankets. I roused myself and started at two A. M.

"5th.—I stopped to breakfast at eight. Thermometer twenty-six below zero. I reached the Pas, and preached in the evening. Three Indians came in after the service and commenced an argument, offering strong opposition. I told

them I had nothing to say until I had told them what God said. I then preached Jesus and the Resurrection. They listened and left by remarking, 'Well, that is all very good, we can find no fault with the Great Spirit or His servant.' I find 'Christ and Him crucified,' to be the best subject under all circumstances.

"6th.—At Mr. Budd's request I spent the following day with him. I preached at eleven o'clock and trust that God gave effect to His truth. The evening service was well attended.

"11th.—I left Moose Lake at daybreak. At eight o'clock a halo was observable around the sun. At about ten the circle became more darkly defined than anything I have observed in the country, presenting beautifully the colours of the rainbow. Another circle of less brilliant colours surrounded this at about the same distance from the inner circle as that was from the sun. This outer halo was intersected by a semicircle of the same shades at the zenith; the colours were inverted, however, like those of the iris and its reflection, and had in every respect the appearance of the rainbow, the colours becoming more and more faint from the centre until they mingled one with another. From the sun in the centre a stream of white light, resembling the aurora borealis, issued parallel with the horizon, forming where it intersected the inner halos, two brilliant mock suns nearly as bright as the true one, and then passing on until it reached the outer circle, where two mock suns, but less dazzling, were

observable. In the northwestern sky was a faint reflection of the sun, the two halos and the mock suns. The sky during the whole forenoon had altogether an extraordinary appearance, very dark, but neither misty nor cloudy, everywhere clear with a darkening of the blue, nearly approaching to black. It blew a gale from the southeast, and we had a heavy snowstorm at three o'clock which obliged us to encamp. Thermometer six.

"14th.—I left the encampment at two A. M., and made Swan River at daybreak. At eleven P. M. we reached Shoal Fort, all well. Praised be God!

"15th.—Three persons came to converse on the subject of religion. A Romish priest visited the place last autumn, baptised two or three Indians, and taught them to say a few words in French as prayers, nothing of which they understood; but they were further instructed how dangerous it would be to listen to us. It is painful that these poor creatures, seeking knowledge, and having so few opportunities, should be prevented from hearing the plain truths of revelation. Our mode of teaching is better known to the gentlemen and servants in the Honourable Company's service than to the priests, and I feel assured that the plain simple story of Christ crucified, as the author of salvation, and a faithful enforcement of practical piety, can never injure either Papist, Protestant or Pagan.

"The Honourable Company carry on near this

THE MOCK SUNS.

place the manufacture of salt. The waters of nearly all the small lakes and streams are more or less impregnated, having a brackish, disagreeable taste, and are purgative when drunk freely. This evening a woman came to see me who accompanied her husband last summer to Norway House, where the family were baptised. She said, 'I have prayed to the Great Spirit ever since I was baptised. My little child became very ill so that all concluded she must die. I took her in my arms, and kneeling down, I told the Great Spirit what I felt in my heart. He was very merciful, my child recovered; God gave her back to me.' This woman made a remark which the Indians not unfrequently make,—that sometimes the wicked spirit told her her prayers were foolish. 'But,' said she, 'my heart is often made very happy.' I inquired how she prayed. She answered, 'I say, O Great Spirit, pity me. Forgive all my crooked ways. Give me a good mind; keep me from sin. Bless my husband and children, and give us all good life (health). I trust in Jesus, Amen!' 'And I believe,' added she, 'that He was hanged by nails on the cross-wood to save me.' This is simple prayer, and simple faith.

"Sunday, 17th.—I preached at ten, at three, and at seven. Few persons were present, the fort being very small, and the Indians generally on their hunting grounds.

"18th.—We departed. We crossed Swan Lake and found a store of fish, which the guide

had laid up during the winter of which we took a supply for the dogs. Thermometer twenty-three. Our encampment was good.

"19th.—Thermometer forty-two below zero. It is excessively cold. Water from the tea kettle, nearly boiling, being poured out into a tin plate to the depth of about half an inch became frozen and solid, or sufficiently so to slide out, when warmed on the under side, in seven minutes and a half.

"20th.—We made Fort Pelly at ten o'clock. Thermometer twenty-five.

"22d.—We had fine moderate weather. I conversed with four persons who requested instruction and baptism, and found them anxious to know the truth and to do the will of God.

"Sunday, 24th.—I preached to an attentive congregation, several professing their determination to seek and serve the Lord.

"26th.—We have prayers every night at seven, at which time I always deliver a short discourse or expound some portion of scripture. I catechise the children, and teach them prayers at half-past eight.

"28th.—I have had several interviews with a sick Indian who is taken care of in the fort. He appears anxious to receive instruction, but is very deaf.

"29th.—To-day an Indian arrived from his hunting grounds with whom I conversed while he listened with much interest.

"Sunday, 31st.—I preached at eleven, at three,

and seven o'clock, and baptised eight after the forenoon service.

"February 1st.—I left Fort Pelly, having experienced every kindness and attention from Dr. Todd, and derived great satisfaction in seeing a marked attention to the word of life.

"3d.—We have been crossing extensive plains for the last two days but we made good speed, having an old beaten track, sleds having been through during the season.

"4th.—A snowstorm rendered our travelling very disagreeable and led us sometimes to wander far from the track.

"5th.—We made Beaver Creek House and found all well. Thanks to our great Preserver!

"6th.—We experienced great kindness from Mr. and Mrs. McKay. He is an excellent Cree speaker, and kindly furnished me with a translation of the Lord's Prayer. We held prayers at eight P. M. in a large tent, and had a good congregation. Several Indians encamped in the neighbourhood.

"Sunday, 7th.—I preached at eleven and at six. I baptised three persons connected with the fort. Much pains has been taken by the gentleman in charge and his family, to instruct those connected with the establishment.

"9th.—I departed accompanied by two men from this place, two sleds and eight dogs. Not the sign of a track was to be seen, nothing but open plains with here and there a few small poplars.

"10th.—We had a very crooked track. Four of our dogs were nearly crippled through the driver's carelessness in not having shoes.

"Sunday, 14th.—We rested to-day snugly encamped in a thick clump of poplars, making good fire wood, of which we collected an abundance last evening, and have enjoyed a Sabbath of peace and improvement and rest in the wilderness.

"15th.—Not a bush to be seen. At night we reached a few stunted oaks, and endeavoured to make a fire; we succeeded in boiling a kettle, got a cup of tea and laid down for warmth. Thermometer thirty-five.

"16th.—We were unable to sleep in consequence of the intense cold. We started at twenty minutes past twelve and made the Assiniboine River at dark.

"February, 17th.—We reached Norway House in the afternoon after an absence of three months and four days. Thanks be to the Almighty God for His providential care! I found my family, the inhabitants of the fort, and the Indians, in good health."

XVII

PERSECUTION AROUSED

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"—Tripping and the Voyageurs—Slavish work—The Guides—"Pieces"—Portaging—Short Summers—Sir George Simpson—His opposition to Sabbath rest and to Mr. Evans—"Persecuted for Righteousness' sake"—Falsely accused—Mockery of a trial—Strong in Grace and Innocence—The false friend—Supplies cut off—Practical tests—The victory of the Sabbath-keeping Indians—Continued demands for Mr. Evans' recall.

MR. EVANS was a thorough and consistent missionary. He was a brave and fearless man, and shunned not to declare all the counsel of God. He had such faith in the gospel, not only to save man, but to keep them in the paths of righteousness, that on their acceptance of Christianity he at once began to impress upon his converts the necessity of fully keeping all God's commands. The high ideals to which he at once endeavoured to bring up his converts, was very much at variance with the lax ideas of some who occupied high positions in the country, and very soon there were antagonistic influences at work among the Indians.

For years he had lived on terms of friendship and good will with the great fur-trading company that had so long been paramount in its influence in the country. At the different posts in

the vast country, where he visited on his wonderful journeys, he had been an honoured guest, as his journals so well intimate, and his sermons and addresses, as we have seen, had been a benediction to both whites and Indians. Thus had he well repaid them for all the courtesies and kindnesses shown him.

The troubles which so increased and multiplied, began in reference to the divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Mr. Evans all his life had held high ideas, and strong views in reference both to its sanctity and value. He had also such belief in Omnipotent wisdom, that he felt assured that the day would never have been instituted if its keeping in all lands was not for man's physical, as well as his spiritual good. Hence he took the same ground in the Hudson's Bay territories as he had in Upper Canada and in England.

To his Indian converts, he preached the same truths in reference to the Sabbath that he had in other lands. To him they listened, and at once the question arose in their minds: Is it right for us as tripmen of the company, to travel on the Sabbath day? Conscience, now under religious guidance troubled them, and so they informed their masters, the Hudson's Bay officials, that they wished to rest on the long journeys on God's day, as He had commanded them to do.

Some reference to this work of tripping is essential, in order to fully understand the almost slavish toil that was required of these hardy men.

For over two centuries the great fur company have had their trading posts scattered through that vast region. Some of them are thousands of miles in the interior from the sea board. Around these different posts are bands of Indians who are the fur-hunters, whose rich products of the chase have been yearly exchanged for the goods brought in from the outside civilised world. The whole system of trade has been one of barter from the beginning. There was, until very lately, but very little money in the country. It was quite unnecessary.

The great company had its brigades of boats so organised that the goods were by them carried into the interior, and the furs caught in previous years were by them brought out for shipment to England. So great however are the distances, and so many the difficulties in the different routes, that no one brigade can travel with sufficient rapidity to reach the coast from the interior posts within a single year. The result, is, that some of the furs from the more remote places are two or three years on the route.

For example, the brigades of boats loaded with goods that had been brought out the previous summer from England, would leave Norway House as soon as the lakes and rivers were free of ice, for the vast interior known as the height of land, where the waters divide; some coming south to the great Saskatchewan, and thus finding their way ultimately to the Hudson's Bay, while the rest goes north down the tributaries of

the Mackenzie, and then through that mighty river, north to the Arctic ocean. In order to reach this point called the height of land, many labourious weeks of toil were necessary. Many portages had to be made and dangers encountered. Then when the place was reached, the cargoes of goods were exchanged with a northern brigade of boats, that had come from Peace river Athabasca, or it may be from the distant Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River. Dangerous and difficult was the return journey, and many weeks elapsed ere it was ended, and the well bronzed and weather-beaten men were able to place in the strong warehouses of the company, the bales of rich and valuable furs caught the previous winters, some of them thousands of miles away in the vast interior hunting grounds.

Thus all through the brief summer, these brigades were at work in the different parts of the country. It was indeed slavish toil. The men worked like heroes. I never saw better or harder work in any land, by any class of toilers. The guides of the brigades were Indians of much experience, who had proved themselves skillful in running the dangerous rapids; quick to notice the coming of the storms, and prompt to meet every emergency of danger that threatened the cargoes of goods, or bales of furs. They were also petted and honoured according to their ability to push their brigades on with the greatest speed, and as quickly as possible safely make the long and dangerous trip. The consequence was

INDIAN BRIGADES CROSSING A PORTAGE.

there was a great deal of rivalry among the head guides; and, as a result, the head men in the different boats were pushed to the very limit of their physical strength. Especially was this noticed in the portages, where the goods or bales of furs, and then the big heavy boats themselves were being taken across.

These goods are put up in what are called "pieces," each averaging about eighty pounds in weight. In transporting these across the portage, each man was expected to carry at least two of these "pieces," on his back, supported by a strap across his forehead. Many of the men carried three of them on each trip across. They were expected to run the whole distance when loaded, in a kind of jog-trot, and to return at a much more rapid rate. The trails in the portages were with few exceptions very rough, and some of them were of great length, owing to the long succession of dangerous and unnavigable rapids in the rivers. Then the heavy boats had to be drawn across the same rough and often steep portages by their crews, who under the stentorian shouts of the guides, were kept tugging and pulling to the utmost of their strength.

When the boats were once more launched and loaded, and the journey resumed, the men usually had to settle down to their heavy oars, as it was not always that the winds were favourable for their sailing with the one big square sail, with which each boat was furnished.

Thus it was drive, drive, drive, from the

time the ice disappeared in the waters in early June, until well on in September, when the cold breath of the Frost King began to chill, and once more freeze up the waters. So short were the summers, and so vast were the distances, and so many the delays by head winds and disasters in the rapids or storms, that it often happened that the late brigades did not get to their destination, and thus that cargo of furs had to wait another year, ere it reached the seaboard for shipment. This of course meant a considerable loss; hence we can appreciate the anxiety of the officials to make the most of the summer months, and get all the returns possible on the market, as their salaries were rated according to the profits on the yearly returns.

With these statements of the condition of affairs in reference to the trade of the country we are able to understand the feelings of the worldly ambitious officials of the great company when it became known that several of the finest brigades, including some hundreds of tripmen, had stated that they wished it to be understood that they would not travel on the Sabbath day. They were dismayed as well as indignant. One seventh of the short summer to be wasted in idleness. It would never do. It meant the complete disorganisation of the trade; it meant that no dividends were to come from London, as payment for all they were enduring in this lonely land.

Protests, decided and emphatic, went at once

to Mr. Evans, whom they rightly judged was the man who had preached this nonsense, as they called it, to the Indians. They knew but little of the man, if they thought that he could be induced to swerve from the path that he considered right, by their threats. And their threats in those days meant a great deal. No despot in Ancient Egypt or in modern Russia, ever ruled with more absolute power than did Sir George Simpson rule in the Hudson's Bay Territories for many long years. His word was law. The stories that are still afloat in the country, at the different posts, of his despotic and arbitrary doings seem almost incredible. High officials were like trembling schoolboys in his presence. To such a man, whose one absorbing ambition was to make high dividends for the company in London, and who retained his position of governor so long in spite of all the protests of injured ones, because of the way in which he despotically drove everything, with this one end in view; the position and teachings of James Evans were peculiarly offensive.

He had noticed also the marvellous popularity of Mr. Evans with all classes in the country, and this also was sufficient cause for his destruction on the part of a man so jealous and unprincipled as Sir George Simpson. Mr. Evans saw the coming storm, but conscious of his own innocency and integrity, he pushed on in the great work of preaching to whites and Indians, the whole gospel as revealed in the Word of God.

However, he had no desire to make enemies of the great company of fur traders; and so, when he was most emphatically informed that his teachings on the Sabbath question were inciting many of the hitherto faithful tripmen of the company to rebellion, and therefore must cease, he replied by saying, that no harm would come to the Honourable Company by their servants keeping God's commands; and that in reference to the Sabbath, he had not the slightest doubt but that if the matter were fairly tested, it would be seen that the brigades that rested on the Sabbath day could do more work in the six days than could those brigades that took no Sabbath rest.

This suggestion of testing the matter was laughed to scorn, and utterly refused. Persecution, bitter and unprincipled, began; and many favours and privileges were at once cut off. This conduct on the part of the company made it very trying to the missionary and his family, and very much increased their hardships. Living so remote from civilisation, they were in a great measure dependent on this well organised company, which then possessing a monoply of trade, were able to make it very uncomfortable for any persons in the country who had incurred their animosity.

Fortunately for Mr. Evans, so well grounded had the Christian Indians become under his teachings and their own reading of the Word of God on this matter, that they firmly but respect-

fully told the officials of the company that they would "obey God, rather than man"; and requested themselves to have the matter tested, as to which brigades could do the business assigned them better, and more expeditiously; those who ignored the sacred day, or those who respected it. To this request of the Indians, the company also refused to listen. In their pride and arrogance, and especially in the mind of the despotic Sir George Simpson, it had become a question of who is master and whose word is to control the Indians. Sir George thought it was between himself and the brave missionary, Mr. Evans. We think it had become a question between the obstinate immoral governor and the Lord of the Sabbath.

Of course Mr. Evans would not yield, or cease to preach what he considered the truth. Then a system of persecution began, the most cold-blooded and heartless, by a man lost to all sense of shame and honour; a man who was one of the greatest libertines of the century. Some poor timid women were terrorised into swearing falsely against one of the purest minded of men, and thus try to destroy his influence and drive him out of the country. A mockery of a trial was held, at which Sir George constituted himself the judge, and summoned this man of God before him, and, producing his own witnesses who had been prepared for the occasion, he proceeded to find him guilty.

Since that sad mockery of a trial in Jerusalem,

when false witnesses there perjured themselves and tried to injure the Holy One of God, we know of nothing in all the centuries more sad, more diabolical. How the brave man continued in his work so grandly as he did, is only to be accounted for by those who know the power of divine grace. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." With this grip on the Almighty One, who allowed him to be thus terribly assailed, he hung on amidst the dense darkness that seemed so impenetrable.

He was clad in the armour of a clear conscience; and certain of his innocence of the dark charges preferred against him, and understanding well the reasons why he was being so persecuted, he could rest in the words of his Redeemer who said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely*, for My sake." He knew it was false, and he knew that it was because of preaching the whole gospel, he could claim Christ's words, when he said, "for My sake," and so he was sustained, amidst it all.

Then he was cheered and encouraged by the fact that not one Christian Indian, even for one moment, believed that the charges preferred against him were true. In fact they knew they were false, for the weak-minded false witnesses openly declared in the Indian village that what they said at the trial were lies, but that the words were put into their mouths, and they were so afraid of the wicked governor, that they had to

say what he ordered them to say. This coming to the ears of the governor, the false witnesses were sent more than a thousand miles away into the more remote interior. But they outlived the despotic governor; and in after years, before competent authorities, with bitter tears, confessed that the whole thing was a wicked conspiracy to crush their missionary, because he had reproved the governor for his sins, and taught the people to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

One of the saddest and most humiliating things about this whole affair is that, while all the Christian Indians were true, in some way or other, one of the young missionaries for a time fell under the baneful spell of the governor, and jealous at the marvellous influence and popularity of Mr. Evans, became the traducer of one who had ever been his friend, and whom, as afterward confessed, he knew to be innocent. Yet Mr. Evans lived through it all, and some of the grandest and most successful of his work in winning the Indians to Christ was done while white men were thus endeavouring to ruin his influence and so harrass him, that he would become discouraged, and in disgust or despair, leave the country.

With unflagging industry he went on with his work of translating more and more of the Word of God, which, with additional hymns, were printed in the Syllabic Characters, and more and more widely scattered as opportunities offered.

Secret but Helpless Friendship

Many of the officials of the company, well aware of the baselessness of the charges preferred against Mr. Evans, secretly assured him of their confidence and friendship, but such was the despotic power of the governor and the dread that all had of his vengeance, that they could not openly avow it without suffering. All their promotions were absolutely in his hands; and, according to their promotions, were their shares of the profits which constituted the greater part of their salaries. Years of faithful service were nothing to him. He only promoted those who did his will and with servile obedience carried out all his commands. To incur his anger meant banishment to the wildest and most remote and miserable trading posts in the vast interior of that country.

While with characteristic zeal Mr. Evans kept the home work at the mission thus progressing, he still with undiminished energy, travelled to the different remote places where missions were now beginning to flourish; and although, through the stern orders sent from the governor to the different posts of the fur traders, favours once allowed him were now refused; he had the satisfaction of knowing that he could live among his own people, the happy Indian converts whom he had led to Christ, and who all stood true to him, in every place.

Still anxious to conciliate, in spite of all the contumely and persecution he had received, Mr. Evans endeavoured to convince these opposers of

the correctness of his teachings, as regards the Lord's day, by actual tests. He had nothing but kindness in his great loving heart. He would start in his canoe with a couple of Indian canoemen at the same time the company were sending, in one of their swiftest canoes, and by their well-tried men, important dispatches to some far-away post. Mr. Evans would, with his men, always rest on the Sabbath day, while the other canoe pushed on without any cessation. In every case Mr. Evans reached the end of his journey first.

These practical tests not only confirmed the Indians in their belief of the genuineness of the teachings of their beloved missionary, but numbers of the honourable officers of the company saw their force and rejoiced; but, from the motives of worldly policy to which we have already referred, they remained silent or ignored the subject as far as possible.

The Christian Indians in the great brigades also tested the matter, and they too signally triumphed; so much so that on the death of this arbitrary governor, no attempt was ever made after to interfere with this faithful observance of the Lord's day. Years after it was the privilege of the writer to watch for eight consecutive summers these great brigades of boats on their long and toilsome trips. They left us loaded with the "pieces" of goods that had come out from England and were to be carried, as we have described, into the interior for the next winter's trade. With the bales of furs obtained where the cargoes were ex-

changed, the boats returned to Norway House. Without one exception our Sabbath-keeping Indians always returned in a shorter time than did those who knew no Sabbath. It was suggestive, and like one of the revenges of history, that my attention was first directed to this fact by some high officials in the company themselves, who rejoiced that the Sabbath was thus honoured, and stated that when they had some specially valuable cargoes, or important and costly "pieces" to be transported over difficult routes, they preferred, whenever possible, to put them in charge of our Sabbath-keeping Christian Indians.

When I have asked some of the Indian guides or Christian boatmen to give me in detail some account of their doings, in contrast with the actions of the other brigades, I was always very much interested. Something like this would be their story:

"When going up the height of land to meet the brigades from the north, perhaps three or four brigades would leave the old fort for the mouth of the Saskatchewan at the same time. We would push on, keeping much in company, until we would begin to reach the portages, then we would separate. Our Christian men could hold their own with the best of these others, who were generally either pagans or Roman Catholics. Saturday we were generally ahead. We camped as usual Saturday night, sometimes near together, sometimes perhaps ten miles ahead of any other brigade. As the next day was our Sabbath, our

day of rest, we made everything as comfortable as possible. We covered our cargoes with the tarpaulins, or oilcloths, and after supper and prayers went to bed. The next day was the Sabbath. We rose as usual, had a good wash, got out our Sunday clothes, which we had carried with us, and put them on. Then we had our breakfast, and after that, as we generally had some of our class-leaders or lay preachers among the men, we held a religious service. We always carried our Bibles and hymn books. After dinner we had a good sleep, then supper, then another religious service. Then we lay down and went to sleep. Perhaps during the day the other brigades passed us in the forenoon. They pushed on and on, but we never minded that. We were remembering the command, "keep holy the Sabbath day." We were up very early on Monday morning. The day of rest had refreshed us, and so while the wapun-uchukoos, the morning star, was still visible, we were stirring and making ready for a long day's pull at the oars.

"About Wednesday we generally caught up to the other brigades that had no Sabbath. With a shout, the struggle began. They to keep ahead, we to get ahead. Perhaps we could not do it that night, but we did it the next day. Then on we hurried, until Saturday night came again. We do the same as we did last Saturday. Then the next day we sleep, and eat, and worship God. Perhaps about five o'clock, or may be six, the brigades come along. They are now so tired

they can hardly get up a cheer as they pass us and push on, perhaps five, or six, or ten miles further, when they camp for the night. They are very tired, and so sleep long the next morning. But we have had our day of rest, and so feel strong again. So with the morning star still in the sky, we are up and off, and we get on so well that we pass the other brigades perhaps when they are just having their breakfast. With a cheer, we push ahead. We travel some weeks over many rough places, but at length we reach the height of land, or whatever post we are travelling for that year. We find the brigades from Athabasca, or Mackenzie, or Peace Rivers, there with the furs. We exchange our loads of goods for packs of furs, and turn around and begin the homeward journey. Perhaps we get down five or six days before we meet the other brigades still going up.

"We push on day after day, having as usual our quiet Sabbath of rest and worship, and we generally arrived home about a week or ten days before the other brigades returned. When they did come back, they generally had some of their men about used up, and all of them were very tired, while we who kept the Sabbath were soon ready to start off for York Factory to meet the ship."

This was their uniform testimony, and has been for years; and it is so in harmony with the experience in all lands where the test has been made, that, looked at from the lowest standpoint, man as a creature of toil can do more and

better work in six days, by resting on the seventh, than he can where he keeps no Sabbath.

How saddening it is to think that, for standing up for God's glory and even for what was for their highest good, this glorious missionary should have been so persecuted. Finding that these persecutions could not drive him out of the country, and that as usual Mr. Evans toiled on and attended to his work, the governor sent most stringent letters to England, demanding the withdrawal of the brave, courageous missionary.

In the meantime Mr. Evans continued to toil on, hoping that the storm would blow over, and the sunshine of prosperity return. He had been under no obligations to heed the trial of his moral character, devised and carried through by such consummate malignity by the governor of the fur-trading company, so he ignored the whole affair. This only the more exasperated his enemies, and so elaborate copies of the trial and other letters were prepared, and sent to England. Some were sent to the head officers of the Hudson's Bay Company in London, whose selfish fears were excited by the garbled statements sent them of the terrible doings of the missionary, in inciting the Indians to rebellion against the rules of the company. Others were sent to the mission rooms, to the secretaries; and these painted in lurid colours the immoralities of this man, who was such a wolf in sheep's clothing, and *must* be recalled. Thus the storm was brewing, and the clouds instead of dispersing, were gathering in densest darkness.

XVIII

TRAGEDY AND REVENGE

Mr. Evans' unremitting missionary work—"In perils oft"—The tin canoe—"The Island of Light"—The trip to Fort Chippewayan—Thomas Hassel, the Interpreter—John Oig—The terrible accident—Hassel shot—Buried in the wilderness—Mr. Evans' grief—Hassel's people—Pagans—"Avengers of blood"—Evans surrenders himself to Hassel's people—Not murdered but adopted.

STILL unaware of the tightening coils that were gathering around him, Mr. Evans laboured on in his blessed work. In the home-work his interest was unabated. Here he had gathered about him a large number of happy converts from a debasing paganism. Many of them were now beginning to preach to others, and were thus more rapidly extending the work.

At his own fireside, he was the loving and loyal husband, and the most affectionate of fathers. No one prized his home more than did he; and yet, so great was his love for his Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, and for the precious souls for whom his Saviour died, that he was willing to tear himself away, and in storm, blizzard and hurricane, go out over an area of country larger than many an empire. No roof had he above him for many days and weeks. He cheerfully exposed himself to "perils oft" in many forms, that he might fill up his life with usefulness, by

"THE ISLAND OF LIGHT"—THE TIN-CANOE.

winning as many as possible to the service of his Lord.

To far-away Athabasca, and even to Fort Simpson, Lesser Slave Lake, and other remote places he had gone, and in all of them he was intensely interested. As far as possible he visited them by summer in his canoe, and with his dog-trains in winter.

So ingenious was he that he manufactured a tin canoe himself. It was a great success, and in it he travelled many thousands of miles. The Indians, as they saw it flashing in the distance as the sun's bright rays were reflected from it as from a mirror, called it: "The Island of Light."

He carried with him on account of the dangers arising from hidden rocks, a soldering iron and some solder; so that when he was so unfortunate as to strike a sharp rock and thus cause his canoe to leak, he could quickly go ashore and repair the damage.

Still in happy ignorance of the coming storm he made preparations for a journey by canoe to Fort Chippewayan on the Athabasca, where a good work had been accomplished among the Indians of the region. His chief object in going on this last trip was to be with those Christian Indians whom he had the joy of winning from paganism, and saving them from the false teachings of some whom he heard were pushing up from the Saskatchewan country into the regions which formed the home of his Athabasca flock.

With this purpose in view, Mr. Evans started

immediately upon receiving the information, going by the quicker but much more dangerous route of Nelson River, Churchill River, Lake Wollaston and thence through Lake Athabasca to Fort Chippewayan.

He took with him as canoemen, his interpreter, Thomas Hassel, and John Oig. Thomas Hassel belonged to the Chippewayan tribe. He had, for an Indian, been a great traveller. He had a marvellously retentive memory, and the gift of easily acquiring foreign languages. He was able to speak fluently in English, French, Cree, Saulteaux, and had a partial knowledge of several other tongues. Best of all he was a godly man, a genuine Christian and full of anxious zeal for the extension of the cause of Christ among his fellow-countrymen. At Fort Chippewayan, a small but very interesting work had been begun. There some of the natives had accepted of Christianity, but the great mass of the tribe was still in the darkness of heathenism. The family of Hassel were all stubborn, superstitious pagans, retaining all their old habits and customs. Oig, the other man in the canoe was also an experienced traveller, and had often been employed by Mr. Evans on account of his endurance and skill. He lived to be a very old man, and to the end of his days was full of reminiscences of the one he loved to call, "Nistum Ayumeaookemow," (the first missionary).

When Mr. Evans applied at the Hudson's Bay Post for supplies of food and ammunition to

equip him for his long journey, he was bluntly refused by orders of the governor. However, friends among the Indians provided everything necessary; and so bidding the loved ones in his happy home "Good-bye," and with cheery parting words to his helpers and Indian friends, the long journey was begun.

For some days they pushed on with the greatest rapidity, for Mr. Evans was resolved to make this trip in spite of the many difficulties in the way, one of the quickest of his life. He felt it his duty not only to try and win precious souls to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as their only Advocate and Saviour, but also to strive to guard them against the false teachings and erroneous doctrines of the Church of Rome. Hence his anxiety to make rapid progress and be first in the field, even if those who were striving to invade his fold had started a number of days ahead and over a better route ere he had heard of their movements.

Awfully sad and abrupt was the end of the journey. From Oig long years after I heard the story; so sad, so tragic, so dreadful. His words as I remember them were:

"We had pushed on for a number of days, and Mr. Evans said he was so much pleased with our progress. We had run many rapids and made a large number of portages. We were well and strong as there was plenty of game for us to shoot. So we did not waste an hour, but kept rapidly pushing forward.

"We had risen one morning very early and after our breakfast and prayers had launched our canoe and were rapidly hurrying away. The morning mists hung low on the shores of a great lake-like river on the waters of which we were paddling. Thomas Hassel was in the front of the canoe. Mr. Evans was in the centre, and I was in the stern.

"All at once Hassel whispered, 'I see ducks. Hand me the gun.' We generally kept the gun in the stern of the canoe pointing backward for safety."

Continuing Oig said: "I reached back and lifting the gun I turned the muzzle around and quietly pulled back the hammer, as it was a flint-lock gun. I then reached it forward and handed it to Mr. Evans. Mr. Evans did not look back. He only reached back his hand for the gun as he was earnestly looking forward to try and see the ducks which could not be plainly seen on account of the mist.

"Somehow or other, I can hardly tell how, the gun went off just as Mr. Evans took it out of my hands. And as it was pointed directly toward Hassel in front, the whole charge went into his head just at the base of his skull.

"Poor Hassel! he just turned and gave one sad look at the missionary and then fell over dead. It was an awful time. Mr. Evans was wild with grief, and so was I.

"We wept and mourned like little children. We were dazed and bewildered. There we

were in the wilderness, far away on that lonely lake-like river with no Indians or white people within many, many miles of us.

"But we had to do something, and so we went ashore, and wept again as we took out our dead friend and laid him on the sand. For a time we sat in silence beside him. Then we tried to pray, but at first we could only sob. But the Great Spirit heard our prayer and we were quieted and comforted even in our tears, and brought back to ourselves, so that we could think what to do. We could not take the body back to our mission, nor forward to the far-away land of his people; for they dwelt far beyond Lake Athabasca. So we decided to bury our dead on the river-bank. We dug a grave as well as we could and there tenderly laid him away, and then with sad lonely hearts we started back for our homes.

"O! but it was a sad home-coming. Our eyes were so dim with weeping we could hardly see the trail. We were so dazed along the whole route that we were like those who dream.

"When at length we reached our village the people came out to meet us, wondering why we had so soon returned, and that there were only two of us, where there had been three when the journey began. They wondered more when they saw our sad faces, and observed that our tongues at first refused to speak. When at length the sad story was told them their hearts were filled with sorrow, and indeed it was a double sorrow.

Sorrow at the sad death of such a useful well-beloved man as Hassel; and deeper sorrow as they saw how prostrated with grief was the loved missionary, who had been so unfortunate as to have caused the sad accident."

This is the substance of the account Oig gave me long years afterward. Even then, strong Indian though he was, the recital of the sad tragedy deeply affected him and those of his family who heard it, as he related it at my request.

The effect on Mr. Evans himself was terrible. He never seemed able to rise above it. He was never again just the same man. His appearance was that of one who had suddenly grown old. The sprightliness and vivacity of the man, which had, with divine grace, made him one of the most joyous and companionable of men, had gone forever. The awful tragedy seemed ever before him. His heart was full of sorrow, and his eyes were often dimmed with tears.

Sometime after his return home, he prepared to surrender himself to the tribe to which the dead man belonged. They were, as has been stated, Chippewayans; and were as a tribe, nearly all pagans. In fact the only company of them who had accepted Christianity was connected with the flourishing little mission Mr. Evans himself had established, and which he was on the way to visit when the death of Hassel occurred. The family and relatives of Hassel were all pagans, retaining, as we have said, all their old superstitions and cruel customs.

As a tribe they held some of the old severe beliefs in reference to blood-feuds and quarrels. Blood for blood, and life for life, was a part of their belief, as the following sanguinary tribal quarrel will show.

At a great tribal gathering, a young warrior, in mere mischief, drew his arrow to the head, and sent it whizzing through the body of a white dog much prized by his master. That master instantly sent an arrow into the body of the slayer of his dog. The next-of-kin to the man thus slain shot his murderer, and then the next-of-kin on the other side retaliated. This went on until about a hundred dead bodies lay around the encampment. Old chiefs and medicine-men interfered and managed to stop the strife, which had assumed such proportions that it threatened to annihilate them. The trouble was only ended by the banishment from the tribe of all the relatives of the man who had shot the dog. They were driven out with orders never to return, and wandered about for several weeks ere they found a section of the country in which they could dwell.

To this people Mr. Evans resolved to give himself up, to be treated by them in any way they pleased. Life's joys seemed to have left him, and he seemed not to care whether he lived or died.

Settling up all of his affairs at home, and turning over the mission and school with the printing house and all of its work to men whom he had

trained, and were now able to carry out his plans, he prepared for his departure. He kissed his beloved wife and daughter, and saying "farewell" to all, he left his weeping family and sorrowing people for the far-away distant country where were the wigwams of the relatives of Hassel. It was a long, lonesome journey; for he would not allow any of his people to accompany him.

When he reached the village he inquired for the wigwam of the family of the dead man. This being pointed out to him he at once entered it, and sitting down on the ground he covered his face with his hands and burst out into a paroxysm of weeping. The inmates were all astonished and perplexed at this. The news of Hassel's death had not yet reached them, and so the sight of a strong white man sitting in their wigwam, and weeping like a woman, was indeed a mystery.

When the wild burst of sorrow was over, and Mr. Evans was able to control himself, he told the sad story of the death of their relative, and the part he had played in it.

Of course there was intense excitement. They had not been very friendly toward Hassel, when he had, as they expressed it, "left the religion of his forefathers." They had however been eager to appropriate the large portion of his wages, which he had as often as possible sent to them. Now that he was dead, perhaps the fact of their loss, as well as their old pagan instincts, caused

them to demand vengeance upon the one who had taken his life. Tomahawks were drawn and knives were unsheathed, and there was a cry for the satisfaction of blood. Strong words were uttered, and threatening were some of the actions of some of the young, hot-blooded ones among them.

Amidst the sharp controversy that raged around him as to what should be done, the broken hearted missionary sat with bowed head and covered face. He was utterly indifferent as to their actions. He cared not what should become of him.

Noble womanhood, even if it was in the person of a poor old Indian mother, decided the question by turning the tide in his favour, and his life was preserved. Hassel's poor old mother was much shocked when she heard the story of her son's death. She had bowed down in her grief at her loss, but had listened attentively to all that had been said. She had also heard the mutterings of vengeance on the part of her sons and others, and had observed the actions of those who would not have required much provocation to have quickly put the stranger to death. She had also, however, observed the deep sorrow of the man who had accidentally taken the life of her son. With quick intuition she had observed the genuineness of his grief, and her womanly heart was moved in sympathy toward him, who in his grief, had thus voluntarily put himself in their power.

While the story had been told, and the discussion had gone on as to the penalty to be inflicted, these had been her feelings and emotions. When it seemed as though the avengers of blood would prevail, and Mr. Evans would be killed, she sprang up from her place in her wigwam, and going over to him, she put both her hands upon his head and said:

"He shall not die. There was no evil in his heart. He loved my son. He shall live, and shall be my son in the place of the one who is not among the living."

There were some murmurings even against this, but the mother strongly pleaded, and her plan ultimately carried out.

When the days of mourning for the dead were ended, Mr. Evans was adopted into the tribe and family. For a time he remained in the wigwam of his new father and mother. He won their love and admiration by his words and kindly deeds. He talked to them of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and of the blessed land beyond this, into which so tragically, as regards the earthly side of it, their son had entered.

When the time came that according to the custom of the tribe he could leave to go out into the active world again, he kissed them both, and returned to his far-away family and work. He was ever a good son to his new parents. As Hassel had, since he had been a Christian, been very thoughtful of them, and had sent them many a present for their comfort, so also, and

MR. EVANS AND THE AVENGERS OF BLOOD.

much more so, did James Evans. As long as he lived, they had their portion of his never very large salary.

Mrs. Evans and her daughter shared with Mr. Evans in the resolve to live with the closest economy, in order to help that aged Indian foster-father and mother, who now had a claim upon him.

Memory takes me back to the time when, as a little boy in my father's parsonage, I sat at the feet of the widow of James Evans, and listened with intensest interest as she talked of these thrilling and fascinating matters. Little dreamed I then that I should ever live in that distant land, and have the joy of having in my Indian Churches, many brought to God through her husband's instrumentality, and among them John Oig, then the sole survivor, and with Mr. Evans the only witness, of the tragic death of the interpreter, Thomas Hassel.

XIX

VINDICATION AND DEATH

Lying Letters—Work continued at Rossville—Leaving for England—via Canada—In England—Cold reception—The trial—Vindicated—Friends rally round him—Lecturing—Demand for Mr. Evans—The meeting at Waltham Chapel, Hull—At Keilby—The sudden death of the APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.

THE course pursued by Mr. Evans' arch-enemy, Sir George Simpson, was worthy of his vile reputation. His letters to the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, in London, were of such a character that these gentlemen at once clamoured for the recall of Mr. Evans from the country by the missionary secretaries to whom he was responsible. Truly the devil has had some cunning agents in this world to do his horrid work!

Fortunately, or unfortunately, for Mr. Evans there were but two mails a year; and so months elapsed ere he was aware that such lying charges had been preferred against him to the chief officials of his church, and that he was soon to answer before his brethren, and there defend his character, which was dearer to him than his life.

With broken heart Mr. Evans continued his work at Rossville, until there fell upon him the stroke that showed the vindictiveness of the character of the man who was resolved to drive him out of the country. Imperative orders arrived from

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England that he should at once leave the missionary work in the hands of his colleagues, and come across the ocean to answer the grave charges. From the tenor of the letters it seemed evident that the officials of the church were already much biased against him, and that he would have a difficult task in disabusing their minds of the prejudices with which the slanders of his enemies had filled them.

With inexpressible grief he broke up his home, and, what was sadder still, relinquished the work so near his heart, and then bade farewell to his weeping Indian converts, and with his wife and daughter returned to Canada by the long and toilsome canoe route, to which we have referred so fully and so frequently.

Some little time was spent in Lower Canada among loving and sympathising friends; and then he and Mrs. Evans crossed the great ocean for England, to meet face to face the missionary secretaries and others selected to hear his story and his defence.

Not very cordial was his reception. We regret to have to record, that at first he met only with coldness and neglect. So biased were even high church dignitaries by the persistent circulation of the lying charges against him, that they, forgetting his marvellous work, were deeply prejudiced against him.

It is a maxim in law, to consider a man innocent until he is proven guilty. This ought to have been uppermost in the minds at least of his

brethren; but, for a time, it was not so. Mr. Evans' sturdy English nature was aroused at this. Some of his truest friends had been grieved at the indifference with which he had treated the foul charges preferred against him. Conscious that they were only the emanations of his enemies, he had treated them with almost silent contempt. Now, however, when he found that even those from whom he had expected sympathy and support, were turning against him, he at once demanded the fullest investigation that could be made.

Friends rallied round him, and saw that he had fair play. Long and exhaustive was the investigation, but it ended in the most triumphant vindication of Mr. Evans. Every opportunity was offered to his enemies to prove their charges. Every one, however, most signally failed; and not only that, but the foul conspiracy to blast his character and injure his usefulness, was clearly exposed. The Jesuitical methods of the immoral governor to influence different classes against this godly man, were fully brought to light. The mean and contemptible attitude assumed by one, who, knowing his innocency, had become a traitor and a traducer, was also made clear.

The unearthing and publication of the foul conspiracy, and the story of what Mr. Evans had so long suffered from such implacable enemies, evoked a great wave of sympathy for the innocent and long-suffering man. Loving letters poured in upon him, and more tangible evidences

of sympathy were not wanting. Most cordial invitations to speak in many of the great churches, and especially at the great missionary meetings, which are such marked events in many parts of the country, were continually being received.

He was wearied and exhausted, and in great need of rest. Only his iron constitution, and the consciousness of his rectitude and faith in God, had upheld him. But he was a prematurely old man. Although not yet fifty years of age, he had crowded into the last twenty-five years, work enough for a half a dozen busy lives. His best friends would have held him back, but that was impossible. Work he must, and would, as long as life should last.

There were two things ever before him. Very different were they, and yet both were incentives to keep him always at the fullest stress of toil. There was first the joy, that through "abounding grace," he had triumphed so signally against the conspiracies, which had been so cunningly designed to rob him of his Christian character; and that he was once more in the sight of men, as he had always been in God's sight, innocent of the foul charges. This made him ever anxious now to meet the vast multitudes, and, in his new freedom, lift up his head in the sight of heaven and tell the thrilling story of the triumphs of the blessed gospel.

There was also another reason. The one so sad, that was ever before him. His many friends seeing his haggard looks and failing health, had

besought him lovingly and importunately, to spare himself for future days or years of usefulness. Very pathetic was his answer to them: "If I cease from active labours, and have an idle hour, there comes up before me the picture of the dying interpreter. I cannot be idle. I must be busy. I dare not stop."

And so he responded to the many calls that poured in upon him; and, the more he talked in his own inimitable way, the more the people were interested and charmed and thrilled, and the more they demanded of him.

His story was so new, unique and fascinating, that they could not help but be interested in it especially when told by such a man. Other missionaries had charmed them about the stories of gospel triumphs in other lands; but here was something from mission fields, about which but little had ever been heard. Mr. Evans was from the land of Eliot and Brainard, the missionaries to the red men; and to English audiences there is a glamour of romance about everything in connection with the North American Indians.

Then it was all so romantic, as it was from the far North Land, where auroras flash and blaze, and the mirage and mock suns are often seen. Everything that Mr. Evans had to say was a revelation. The travelling by dogs, the sleeping in the wintry camp with the mercury frozen, carrying frozen milk that was months old, and chopping it with an axe, all these things produced a profound impression.

The story of his difficulties and triumphs, in the invention of the Syllabic Characters, and the teaching of a people to read the Word of God so easily, and the wondrous transformation wrought by the gospel's power, all these things simply electrified the people; and so it came to pass that, no matter how honoured were the ministers associated with him, on the platform as speakers, the people almost entirely refused to hear anybody else.

He should have stopped; but he could not. His health once so robust, was worse than he dare let himself admit. His heart had long reminded him by its tumultuous throbbings, when on the snowshoe trail, or when labouriously paddling his canoe in some dangerous place, that all was not right. Then his sorrows had come to aggravate its troubles, and now here he was speaking to thousands every night, often until nearly midnight. When we think of it, it does not now seem strange that the end should have come as suddenly as it did.

On Monday evening, the 22d of November, 1846, Mr. Evans attended a missionary meeting in Waltham Street Chapel, Hull, England. Our readers will remember that Hull was his native town. The chapel was packed to suffocation. Two of the greatest orators of the church were also announced to speak that evening. Mr. Evans was called on as the first speaker. So charmed and thrilled was the vast audience with his story, and with the magnetism and eloquence of the

man, that they would hear nobody else. Neither the influence of the chairman nor the reputations of the other great speakers, could prevail. Mr. Evans must go on; so said that vast assemblage. The whole evening must be his. The pleading that he was far from well availed not, and so he talked on for hours.

The writer has conversed with old men who were present at that wonderful meeting. They will never forget that night, and that address. Mr. Evans spoke until long after eleven o'clock. The interest and enthusiasm continued to the last; and, late as it was, when he closed, the people were loath to leave the place where they had heard so much that brought glory to God, in the proclamation of His Word.

The next evening Mr. Evans spoke at a place called Keilby, in Lincolnshire. There was a similarly crowded sanctuary, and the same intense enthusiasm; and again Mr. Evans had to do all the speaking.

It was his last address. At the close of it, he and Mrs. Evans returned to the home of a dear friend, whose guests they were. The usual English supper was partaken of, and then the host and his wife, with Mr. and Mrs. Evans, engaged in a little quiet chat. During the day Mr. and Mrs. Evans had been talking about the hope that now that the dark clouds had so flitted away, and his character had been so grandly vindicated, they might again return to their beloved work among the Indians, in the Hudson's Bay Territo-

ries. This thought was again uppermost in this, their last evening talk. At the prospect of again seeing them, and once more working among them for the salvation of bands not yet won to Christ, Mr. Evans seemed to have regained some of his old time sprightliness and pleasantry. This matter of the probable return to the Indian work was the last thing about which he conversed.

Mrs. Evans rose to retire to her room. As she left with her hostess accompanying her to the door, she turned to Mr. Evans, who lingered behind and said:

"Well, my dear, it is pleasant to think of going back to those dear people; but I have had a strange presentiment all day that we will never see Norway House again."

He looked at her with all his old time brightness, and replied:

"Well, my dear, heaven is just as near from England as from Norway House."

The ladies retired. The two gentlemen sat for a little longer, talking about various things when, all at once, the host noticed Mr. Evans leaning strangely over the side of the large chair in which he was sitting.

On speaking to him, he received no answer. He at once sprang to his aid, but he was already beyond all human assistance. The heroic missionary, the Apostle of the North, had passed over into the Paradise of God.

Thursday, November 25th, 1846, all that was

mortal of James Evans was carried back to Hull, and laid away in the minister's vault in the Waltham Street Chapel, the same chapel in which he had spoken with such marvellous power the previous Monday evening.

THE END.