

instruction of the blind natives of China, who number about two million souls.

Mr. Evans's patience and perseverance in printing his first selections of the Scriptures, hymns, and catechisms were as remarkable as his genius in inventing the characters. He procured sheets of lead, which lined the tea chests imported by the Hudson's Bay Company, and from them cast metal type. For ink he used a fluid mixture of gunpowder; for paper the thin bark of the birch-tree. The pages were neatly sewn by deer thongs or tough fibre into little books. When Lord Dufferin was told at Rideau Hall, by the Rev. E. R. Young, of this man's achievements, he was deeply stirred, and walking up and down the room declared that men had received a tomb and monument in Westminster Abbey who had not done as much for the welfare of the race.

Of our hero's long, cold, tedious journeys by dog-train that he might visit the Indians scattered over the vast plains, of the many hardships bravely endured, it would take too long to tell.

But sorrow and trouble awaited this brave soul. One of the strong points of his teaching to the new converts was the observance of the Sabbath, and this brought him into conflict with the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, who felt that in a land where the summers were so short, and where such long, difficult journeys must be taken by their men, while the rivers were open for canoeing, rest from labor for one-seventh of the time would bring great financial loss. It was proven, however, that the Christian Indians accomplished more in six days than the pagans in seven.

Mr. Evans was nevertheless informed that his teaching on this question was inciting the Indians to rebellion against the company, and must cease, but he was firm. Persecution began. The governor of the company, Sir George Simpson, a hard, unprincipled man, feeling that his own will must rule, and jealous of Mr. Evans's popularity among the Indians, caused false reports, damaging to the missionary's reputation, to be circulated in order to destroy his influence among the people.

A mock trial was held, Sir George, himself the false accuser, acting as judge. Through the cruel reports sent by him to headquarters in London, false charges were preferred against the missionary to the officials of the church at home, and he was recalled.

Before, however, the message reached him, there came another sorrow, that well-nigh broke his heart. On one of his trips to the far North-West, with two Christian Indians, by a sad, sad accident, he shot one of them. Never again was he the same man as before, never again did the old buoyancy of disposition quite return.

Broken in spirit, he journeyed alone to the far-distant home of the bereaved family, and gave himself up, that they might do with him as they would. Between him and the cruel avengers of blood, the old mother of the dead man, perceiving his genuine sorrow, intervened, and he was adopted into the tribe in place of the lost son; and a kind son did he prove himself to be to his foster-parents, helping to provide for their comfort out of his scanty means, for as long as he lived they received a portion of his salary.

On his return to Norway House he continued his work, until the sad news reached him of the cruel accusations of his enemies. Grief-stricken and sad at heart, he broke up his home, left his beloved work to others, and began the long, long journey to England. At last he and his noble wife reached the Old Land, only to find how strong was the preju-

dice there aroused against him by the heartless and damaging reports.

However, full investigation was made, and after the most intense suffering of soul, the accused man, to his unutterable joy, was proven perfectly innocent of the charges laid against him.

The tide turned in his favor. The people became wildly enthusiastic over this hero from the far-off land of the red man, and eager to hear the story of his wonderful labors. Night after night throngs of people listened, spell-bound, to the strange story.

But though he was a man of only forty-five years of age, the arduous labors of the past years, the prolonged suffering of mind and of heart, had rendered him physically unequal to endure this excitement long. After one of these enthusiastic evenings he was chatting quietly and joyfully with his wife and host and hostess, over the probability of returning to his far-off Indian friends. Presently, as he sat in his chair, he was overcome by the sleep that wakes not here on earth.—'Onward.'

Conversion that Cost £3,000.

(The Rev. C. H. Yatman, in 'The Christian.')

Preaching is oftentimes very expensive for the listeners. But likewise very profitable. It cost one man who heard me \$14,750 for a single discourse; and yet I was none the richer, save in gladness of heart and joy of mind.

Those who think the Gospel of our risen Lord has lost its power to produce great upheavals in human life should read the unwritten records of missionaries, whose truth must of necessity be like fire against the secret iniquity of those before them, if any change come to their character by Christ. It is truth that makes men free. What prison is worse or what slavery more galling than that of a man locked in the cell of knowledge of his own foul deed, or chained to habit of wrong, the thought of which, day and night, is like unto the flesh-tearing lash of the Arab slave-trader?

The unheard groans and unmeasured pains of men in secret sin, if put in form of weight, would sink a world. The preacher knows this only too well, if he be a true preacher, and has knowledge of God, and of the Bible, and of men. Furthermore, he knows that here or hereafter there can be no peace apart from repentance; that there is no use in trying to heal a wound until the splinter is pulled out—and genuine repentance includes restitution, where it can be made.

Amid scenes of men engaged in making money—making it by means fair or foul—I stood in a crowded hall, facing an immense throng. Two out of every three of the company were men. By some good power of God, Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, good and bad, were there alike. The hymns were poorly sung; the people were in no humor to praise, and scarcely in any mood for prayer. Few bowed their heads when devotions came. The moment arrived for my message, which was 'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.' That is a truth which God Almighty has written by history so plainly, that no one but a fool would pass it by unread.

For fully forty minutes I affirmed the truth of the old Bible; history, experience and conscience alike were with me in proof. They knew it was wicked to do wrong, that it was sinful to do evil, that it was criminal to break the laws of God. Little remains in memory of the immediate after-

results in the hall, save that scores asked for prayer, and many bowed and wept when I gave the other truth that 'Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall obtain mercy.'

The startling thing happened when I got back to my hotel. I was tired. It had taken life, real life out of me to preach that sermon. I laid my hat on a chair and flung myself on the bed, overcoat and all, completely exhausted. There was a knock at the door, but I was too much worn out to answer. It opened, and in walked a great, tall, fine-looking fellow, fully six feet, dressed as a cowboy, but good stuff; a large sombrero hat, which he kept on, and a big six-shooter stuck in his belt. For a moment he looked at me, and never said a word; then he turned, and locked the door, throwing the key on the floor.

What it all meant I did not know. The fact was I did not care. I had done my duty. I had 'warned the wicked' in a faithful way; and if I was to die now, 'with my boots on,' as they very frequently do in that part of the world—why, I was all ready.

The man pulled a chair up near the bed, sat down, elbows on his knees, hands to his cheeks, his great big brown eyes burning with fire, and looked straight through to my soul. That look lasted fully five minutes. He never spoke a word. I was too tired to utter a syllable. Suddenly he broke out:

'You hit me hard to-night!'

I made no answer.

'Say, can you help a man that lives in hell, and wants to get out?'

I leaned up a little, propped my head with my hand, and asked:

'Who is the man?'

'I, great heavens—I am the one!'

'Tell me about it—let it all out, and if I can help you I will. If I cannot, I know One who can.'

'Who is that?'

'God.'

I sat up on the edge of the bed, and out of the broken heart of my rough visitor came a sad tale of sin. He was at the head of a great ranch, whose cattle, and cotton, and wool made its English owner rich. As trusted agent and manager, he had stolen over thirteen thousand dollars. Stealing makes a man a thief, and the truth of the sermon in the hall had shown him his real self. It was not so much the money that he had stolen, as the thought of what the stealing had made him—a thief! I can hear him repeating it now.

'I'm a thief! I'm a thief! What shall I do?'

I told him. It needs no lawyer to give advice in such a case.

'Repent; restore the money; ask God for mercy. Let him give you a new heart and a good life. Let him make you good, and keep you so.'

He was well able to pay back all he had taken. It was his own proposition to add the interest. We figured it all out at six percent—fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars in round figures.

There is one Englishman who should love America to that amount; at least, he is £3,000 sterling in pocket. The Gospel did it.

My tiredness somehow had left me. When we arose from our knees, where both had prayed, I said:

'Isn't it good to be made good?'

'Yes, better than gold,' said he.

And if any would like to know why one branch of the Christian Church is making such headway in the south-west, I can tell, by pointing out a great-hearted, brown-eyed, six-foot Christian gentleman, whose tireless energy is given to the extension of the Gospel that has real power. This he knows full well.