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The Apostle of the North.

The fascinating story of James Evans, the Apostle of the North, strangely inspires noble souls of this later day bravely to do and dare for earth's less favored ones.

In the early years of the last century there lived in the town of Kingston-on-Hull a sturdy little English lad, fired with the ambition to become a sailor like his father. But after some wild and tempestuous voyages on the Baltic Sea, bravely and cheerfully done, notwithstanding coarse fare and hard work, the energy of the little lad was turned in another direction. After a few years at school he became apprenticed to a grocer, a noble Christian man, in the town of Hull.

There came thither the famous Irish missionary, Gideon Ouseley, whose preaching stirred to its depths the soul of the lad, and was the direct means of bringing him into the light



THE REV. JAMES EVANS.

of the new life. The rare abilities of the youth soon attracted attention, and, with a few others, he was sent to hold services in adjoining villages, where he completely won the hearts of his rustic hearers. Energetic, industrious, and with a rare personal magnetism that inevitably attracted others to him, James Evans could not but succeed in life.

After some years in Hull he accepted of a position in London, but, sad to relate, life in the great metropolis was not helpful to his soul's development. A few years later he joined his father's family in Quebec, where he became a school-teacher.

It was at an old-fashioned camp-meeting that Evans realized once again the deep, true beauty of a life at one with God, and received the inspiration that enabled him later to enter upon his life-work as a missionary to the red man. From his backwoods schoolhouse he was called, when twenty-seven years of age, to teach among the Indians at Rice Lake, and two years later was received into the regular ministry.

With accustomed energy he threw himself heart and soul into his new work.

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's residence among them the whole tribe embraced Chris-

tianity, and began to attend to all the duties of civilized life. They became total abstainers, and by their sobriety, honesty, and industry won the respect and admiration of the whites, who live in the vicinity.'

Three years later there came another change when he was appointed to the Lake Superior regions. Leaving behind him wife and daughter, that the latter might have educational advantages, he journeyed from the regions of civilization to the far-away haunts of the pagan Indian.

In the far north country, the Hudson's Bay Company had for long years been trading with the Indians over a vast extent of territory. York Factory, on the Hudson Bay, and Norway House, about twenty miles north of the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, were two of their great distributing centres. For several years the officials had noted a migratory movement of Indians southward, for which it seemed difficult at first to find a reason. However, it dawned upon them at last, that these wanderers were travelling to the south that they might hear for themselves about the new religion being taught their more southerly neighbors, vague rumors of which had reached them in their northern homes. The officials of the company, most desirous of retaining these Indians for their service in the north, saw that it was wisdom to give them missionaries in their own homes, and so applied to the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, requesting that they would open some mission stations in the Hudson's Bay Territories, among the Indian tribes. With this request the Missionary Society complied, appointing three English missionaries, with James Evans, of Canada, as leader of the new movement.

The journey to Norway House, where Mr. Evans was to make his home, and the headquarters of his work, was in those early days long and difficult. From Montreal he started, with his wife and daughter, on the westward trip. By Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Superior they journeyed to Fort William in the steamboats of these days. Thence, by birch-bark canoe, running many a treacherous rapid, making many a rough portage, day after day, week after week, the little party pushed bravely on to the journey's end, and the far-off Norway House became their home. Here they received a cordial welcome from the official in charge of this important establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, and for a time they made their home at the Fort, for their household goods had not yet arrived, having been sent from Canada by way of England.

It was no easy task that awaited the missionary. To bring light to the dark Indian mind, required much patience amid difficulty, much courage amid many discouragements. But bravely and aggressively he labored on, his motto ever, 'Christianity first, then civilization.' News of the arrival of the 'praying master,' as the Crees called the missionary, spread far and wide, and from distant hunting-grounds came eager souls to hear the story he had come so far te tell them. Often the men would return for their families, that all might hear the good news.

As soon as a number of Indians had been guided by the great light into the way of truth, they began to long for a better mode of life. The manner in which they were often

huddled together in their wigwams was conducive to neither health nor morality. Mr. Evans undertook the work of establishing a new Indian village. A beautiful spot about two miles north of the Fort was selected. Trees were felled, a clearing was made, fields and garden-plots were laid out, and Mr. Evans himself taught the men how to build houses and how to cultivate their land.

To keep the men at this kind of work was no easy task, for their pagan associates all laughed them to scorn for doing menial work fit only for women. Then, too, the hunter's blood stirred within their veins, and at times longings for the chase grew strong. But they loved their 'praying master,' and patiently he led them on.

At the same time Mrs. Evans worked among

PUNSILA DCZLINGODO

ρ(ἀ) ριιργον ∇οίςλος,
ρ(ρουλιίο) ρωισωος;
ρουάωωος ρ(ω.ροιικερος)
ρωάωωος ργον ρο στον
δων Διιν δργον ο ριιρ
Λειργόν.
Γλάν Δωιν δργον ο ριιρ
Λειργόν.
Κετόσαα, ο ων Φρ. Λεορ
Αικισιών ο μετον
Κετον διαστικείν;
κοι δειργόν ο μιιρ
Κετον διαστικείν;
κοι δειργόν ο μιιρ
Κετον διαστικείν;
κοι δειργόν ο μιιρ
Κετον διαστικείν;
κοι δειργόν ο διαστικείν;
κοι δειργόν ο διαστικείν;
κοι δειργόν ο διαστικείν ο δειργόν ο δειργόν

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CREE SYLLABIC CHARACTERS.

the women, and to them indeed the new light brought relief from cruel bondage.

Mr. Evans thought and prayed much, and one day there flashed into his mind the great thought, 'Why cannot a simpler, easier method of learning to read be invented than our old, slow, cumbersome one with the alphabet?'

The result, after much study and experimenting, was the invention of the thirty-six syllabic characters, which made it possible for the Indians to learn to read in a very short time. Each character is a syllable, hence the number of characters in a word corresponds with the number of syllables. When the pupil has once learned these characters he is prepared to read at once, without the arduous task of learning to spell.

A temporary printing press was devised by this resourceful man from the rude apparatus used for compressing bales of furs, and translations of hymns and portions of the Bible began to make their way into the Indian camps. Great was the astonishment of the natives. Many of the superstitious were filled with fear, and would not touch the magic birch-bark that could talk.

This system was speedily adopted by the British and Foreign Bible Society for the printing of the Scriptures in the Cree and many cognate languages. It has even been used in the form of raised characters for the