

Vindication and Death

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