

The Recital of his Life-work

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.