

**QUESTION.—What ministers have died during the year?**

Edward Eves, Winnipeg District; George Hanna, Calgary District.

**REV. E. EVES.**

Rev. E. Eves, Missionary at Norway House, was engaged to superintend the erection of a new church at Cross Lake, a point about seventy miles north-west of Norway House. It appears that the Hudson Bay Company had run short of stores of bacon and flour, and were compelled to deny Mr. Eves what was needed of these commodities. This threw the mission party upon their own resources. It was a matter of procuring food locally or giving up the work. It was known that the Nelson River had a great many sturgeon at certain points, and as these were always considered excellent food, our brother started, in company with three others, for the fishing grounds, only a few miles away, still towards the north-west.

The morning on which this start was made was an auspicious one. The subject of our sketch was in excellent spirits, and many a joke and pleasant repartee and hearty shout enlivened the journey down the river. At last the Pelican Rapids were reached, and the subject of attempting to run, or shoot, them, was introduced. Andrew Paupanikis, the guide, opposed any attempt in this direction, remarking that, although he had been up and down the route many times, he had never risked his life in such an effort. His Indian companion also agreed that it would be an unwise experiment. Bro. Eves and W. H. Fry, the school teacher at Cross Lake, took a different view of the case. They thought their Indian comrades were fearful, and lacking in courage if not in skill. So they resolved to try the strength of the waters alone, the Indians protesting even after the canoe had started out on its fatal journey. There was apparent indecision as to the point from which the descent should be made. At one moment the canoe was in the centre of the river above the rapids; at another, the point of vantage chosen was nearer to the shore. Satisfied as to the course, a rush was made, the swift current bearing the frail craft on with the speed of the wind. About half way down, the canoe struck a rock, and both the occupants were thrown into the water.

Then came the struggle for life. The men seemed to be close together for a moment or two. Mr. Fry being an expert swimmer, struck out for the shore, and, aided by a back current, was in a short time out of danger. His companion was not so fortunate, although he, too, was a good swimmer. The main current caught the missionary, and bore him down until an eddy was reached. Here he was whirled around for a time, and it appeared that he was hoping to gain the outside of the circle, but his purpose was not realized. He lost ground, drifted towards the centre of the swirl, and, raising his hand to signal his distress, was drawn down by the suction of the vortex, and was seen no more.

Great grief fell upon the land. The work on the Cross Lake church was ended. The congregation at Norway House was grief-stricken. The church was draped in black, tears of regret fell like rain, and the

