

perishing souls, whose representative I have before me in this gaunt old Indian whose eyes are suffused in tears. To tell him of a want of men, or a lack of means to carry the glad tidings of salvation to his perishing countrymen, would only have filled his mind with doubts as to the genuineness of a religion which could be enjoyed by a people without their endeavouring to send it to those who had it not. So I tried to give him some idea of the world's population, and the vast number yet unconverted to Christianity. I told him the churches were at work in many nations, and among many people, but that many years would pass away before all the world was supplied with missionaries.

"HOW MANY WINTERS WILL PASS BY BEFORE THAT TIME COMES?"

He asked. "A great many, I fear," was the answer. He put his hands through his long hair, once as black as a raven's wing, but now becoming silvered over by the hand of time, and replied, "These white hairs, and the presence of my grand children in the wigwams, tell me I am getting old. My countrymen at Red River, on one side of us, and here at Norway House, on the other side, have missionaries, and churches, and schools. I do not wish to die until we too have a church and school." Friends of missions in Canada! We want \$200 from you to enable us to commence this mission immediately. Part to pay a good Christian Indian from Norway House to teach them how to read the sacred volume in their own tongue, and to tell them the "sweet story of old," and what the Lord Jesus has done for him. The other part we want, that we may be enabled to send them a good Indian carpenter, with tools, to assist them in building their houses. Several have got out the timber already, saying they believed something would be done for them.

#### NELSON RIVER INDIANS.

About twenty-five Indians from Nelson River have been here lately. They say they pray to God twice a day, as well as they can, but want instruction. They tell me that nearly the whole

tribe have given up conjuring, &c. Their splendid redstone pipe, which they almost worshipped as a god, and which entered largely into their heathenish rites, has been presented to me, and now hangs on my study wall.

My beloved Chairman writes that Nelson River is marked in the *Guardian* (mine failed to reach me), "One wanted." I do not think it would be advisable to send a man to reside there at present, as the Indians have no fixed abodes, and it is too far north to think of establishing, as we very easily can at Berens River, a mission village. There are times when they come to the Fort in great numbers for supplies. In September the whole band meets there, and takes up at the store what they call their winter outfit. By making inquiries, and sending word beforehand, I have always been so fortunate as to have a large number to meet me; once, as you are aware, the whole band. Pardon my boldness, I would suggest that the more excellent way would be, to place two missionaries at the stations already established, giving to one a *roving commission* to visit these far-off tribes at their several gatherings. These need not interfere with each other, as so great is the anxiety of the tribes for visits from missionaries, that the bare announcement would insure attendance.

Several times, when hundreds of miles away from this place, visiting bands, who, I have at first imagined, never saw a missionary, I have been agreeably surprised by being asked by some old man, "Where is that Praying Master who visited us so many winters ago, but never comes again?" The memory of the

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the "Apostle," as Father Carroll calls him, of Hudson Bay Wesleyan Missions, is as "ointment poured forth." His name and noble deeds are still treasured up in the affections of scores of the aborigines of this vast country. "Many have done excellently, but he excelled them all." He left most of the work here to his colleagues, and devoted himself to these neglected bands, many of whom are now in connection with other branches of the Christian Church, as Methodism,