

well; and it is a beautiful sight to see three or four hundred of them with their Bibles in hand all turning to the text, and after the congregation is dismissed, many remaining to read it over till they can pronounce it right.

On Monday, Bro. Crosby and I, with a company of Indians who volunteered to take us, started for Naas by large canoe. We slept in the canoe at night and arrived at the lower village on the Naas at 4 p.m. the next day. The Indians were greatly scattered among the mountains and streams, as this was just the season they get salmon; but those who were home gave us a hearty welcome. This village is about fifty miles north of Fort Simpson, standing right on the bank of the river. The soil is very rich, and as this is the nearest good ground to the place where they get their *small fish*, their principal food, they have chosen it as a place to live at, and the people of four other villages promised to live here if we will have the Mission here. We held service in the evening, and the next day went to the middle village, fifteen miles further up the river. The current is so strong it took our crew twelve hours to go up. It was the first time that that place had been visited by any of your Missionaries, but William Henry, one of Mr. Crosby's young men, had been there two or three weeks teaching school. We held service a few minutes after our arrival, and as we stood in that large Indian house (where so many heathen scenes had been) and sang,

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,"

the goodness of our God in the past came to our minds, filling our hearts with gratitude, and the promises of our Master came with power to the heart, and we did feel that by simple faith we could trust Him for all the future. The next morning we met the chiefs in council. After a hymn of praise and prayer, Bro. Crosby invited them to

speaking, and they all expressed themselves as highly pleased with our visit, for they had waited a long time for a Missionary. One old chief as he leaned upon his staff, said: "I am getting old, my body is getting weaker every day, I am obliged to have three legs to walk with now, (referring to his staff), this tells me I shall soon die, I don't know what hour I shall be called away, I want to hear about the Great God and I want my children to be taught to read the Good Book, I want them to go in the new way, we are tired of the old fashion."

Another said, "My heart got very warm last night when I heard God's Word. I heard a little last Spring. I was down the river and saw Mr. Crosby and I took just a little of the good medicine and my heart felt well, but after the Missionary went away I had trouble and my heart got all mixed up. I did bad and my heart got very sick, so I say to myself when the good medicine comes again I will take more of it. Last night I took more of it, now my eyes open and everything looks beautiful." Then as he pointed up the river, he said, "There are ten tribes of people living up there, Missionary; we give them all to you, go and see them, they all want to know the Great Spirit."

We visited the upper village, ten miles further up the river, and those that were home seemed much pleased that their Missionary had come. This is the darkest and most wicked village on the river. They do not bury their dead, but have a feast, make a great fire in the house, throw on the body, and dance around it whilst it burns; but they are seeking for light.

As the people were so scattered, and as we wished to secure some lumber, Bro. Crosby thought it best for me to go back to Fort Simpson, so I spent three weeks there. On the 10th of September, we started again for Naas, taking my things by canoe. Victoria, a Fort Simpson chieftess, with her canoe full of friends, accompanied us. Being a