

“attentive congregation. With the exception of ourselves, and one or two employees of the Hudson Bay Company, all were Indians, and their cleanly and well-dressed appearance, their deep and solemn devotion, and their apparent desire not to lose a word which fell from the preacher’s lips, struck me as one of the most impressive scenes I had ever experienced.

“The whole village, so full of life yesterday, afforded a great contrast to-day in the universal respect shown to the Sabbath. There were no idlers about, and those not actually engaged in some devotional exercise at the Church generally confined themselves to their houses, and far more than ordinary quietude and solemnity prevailed over the whole place.”—*Vide* “Report of Indian Affairs, 1879,” pp. 120, 121.

#### NAAS RIVER.

With grateful and hopeful hearts we present our Annual Report. God hath blessed the simple Gospel of His Son to the hearts of the people, and we are encouraged as we see how much they appreciate all the means of grace, and how earnestly they seek to read the Scriptures. Here are old men and women, who grew old in heathen darkness, before they heard the Gospel, now sitting, clothed and in their right minds, at the feet of Jesus. I have been amazed to hear the clear, scriptural testimony of these aged ones, whom God hath snatched as brands from the burning. Last Monday night one of these said, “My hands were red with blood, and my heart was black with sin. Then Jesus came to the river. I heard His Word. I prayed to Him. He washed my hands and my heart. He gave me peace, and I have a home in heaven.”

I am glad to report that our work is progressing. Several heathen families have joined us, and have left their old pagan villages. One family came 150 miles to seek for the “light of the world.” *Nag-ah-oon*, the greatest chieftess on the Naas, with her family, has embraced the Gospel, and moved to the Mission village. This family has great influence. When I first visited them, two and a-half years ago, she said, “I will never leave the old way; I will never become a Christian.” Praise the Lord, the whole family are consistently following Jesus.

One pleasing feature of our work is, that the children attend the prayer and class-meetings, and speak of Jesus’ love with such simple, earnest power. Their tremulous voices, their tearful eyes, all bespeak their Saviour’s praise; and as we watch over them, we have great hope of the future, for “He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.”

We have not been without perplexing seasons during the year. At the middle village, fifteen miles north of this place, we have kept up school and services. Our native agent is faithful. I have visited

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