

*From the Rev. C. Bryant, dated Sumas, January 20th, 1874.*

As all information respecting our native work is especially welcome to the supporters of the Mission cause, it may be worth while relating the substance of a conversation which I had last night with Captain John, one of our Indian Chiefs, and a class-leader at Kultus Lake, a nook in the mountains about seven miles distant. He was converted at Maple Bay (V. I.) camp-meeting, nearly four years ago, and is not only physically, but mentally and spiritually, "every inch a man." Not nominally alone, but in truth and reality he is a leader and a pillar of our native Church. Could I but give you his narrative of a recent encounter with a party of heathen dancers, with the same animated expression with which he related it by our fire-side last night, I am sure you would share more sensibly the delight and gratitude to God which Mrs. B. and I felt as we listened to him, and of the noble way he "met the enemy in the gate."

Last Wednesday he had been attending to the foddering of his cattle, at a farm some miles distant; and on his return home he found that his brother George, having received a present of a couple of sacks of flour, had determined to give a feast or a supper that evening to a large gathering of Indians, at his father's house, a short distance from Capt. John's. The Captain had his fears that the feast might,—as with their white brethren sometimes,—degenerate into a heathenish dance, as there were quite a number of Pagan and Romanist Indians present; although from his Christian influence and example, such heathen feasts and dances are not as common there as they used to be. At dusk in the evening he noticed, from sundry suspicious movements among the people, that a dance was in contemplation. Sticks were being prepared to beat the board or drum for the dance, and believing that "mischief was in the wind," he was determined to go and break it up.

"I took with me," said he, "David Salacalton and Charlie [two native Christians] and my little girl; who, fearing I might be molested in my attempt, would insist on going with me. I had no fear myself, although I did not know what might be the consequence of my visit."

I may here remark that his companion, David Salacalton, is a promising young man; in some respects, as in name, much like the late David Salacalton, and therefore a worthy companion of Captain John on this trying occasion.

"When I reached my father's," which is a large native-built house, "several men were beating a board vigorously, making a great uproar, and a woman was dancing for the amusement of the company, who sat around their large, blazing camp-fire. I thought I would wait, and so watched at the door until the woman had finished her dance. In the meantime I charged David to be firm, and stand by me, to uphold me by his testimony against the evil practice, and not to be afraid or run away. Soon the beating of the drum ceased, the woman finished her dance, and instantly I rushed in—suddenly and unexpected of course—and took my stand in the centre of the house. Whisking my cap under my arm—involuntarily, as though about to exhort a camp-meeting—I called to the people, at the top of my voice, and demanded a hearing. 'See here, my friends, I want to speak to you. My heart is good to you all,' although it beat pretty hard all the time! 'My heart is warm towards you, in love and not in anger. I love you as much as my brother George who gave you food. His intention in feasting you was so far so good; but as I saw some preparations were being made to do this evil thing, and heard the beating of sticks, I was suspicious of evil, and come now to protest against it. See! I want to speak God's word—the word of our great Father to you, and the word of His Son Jesus Christ, who came to earth ages ago. He said, when on earth, that He wanted men to serve Him with *all* their hearts—with *one* heart,—not with hearts divided between Him and the world. You all know that He has my heart. He has had *that* long ago, and I am not going to change my mind and go back to the world and the devil, and serve him as I used to do. I want to serve God with an honest heart sincerely, so I cannot do as you have been doing here to-night. Now, you know that this is my mind, and were I not to come and reprove your sin you might reprove me justly, and accuse me of cowardice,