



David
Sallosalton



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Rev. Thomas Crosby

David Sallosalton

A Young Missionary Hero

"OH! Sallos, Sallos, don't go away. Stay with us, and grow up to be a great chief among your people.

"Don't go to the white people; they will teach you to forget your own mother, they will teach you things that will make the medicine-men angry, so that they will kill you. Oh, Sallos, Sallos, my boy, don't go!" Thus it was that an Indian mother pleaded with her boy, who was anxious to go to the missionary's home and learn more of



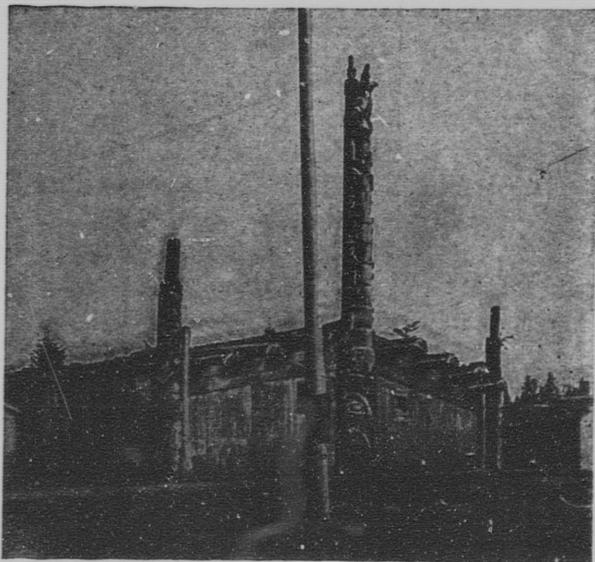
DAVID SALLOSALTON.

Jesus and His love. "Mother," said he in his native Indian language, simple and childlike, "Jesus calling me to work for

Him. He love me, the missionary says. I go learn of Him more, and then come back and teach you all about Him. Our people are wrong to fight so and kill one another. I want to grow up a good man. I am sorry to leave you, but I must go, for I cannot be good here."

It was in the Indian village of Nanaimo that the hero of our story lived, whom, for the present we will know by his baby name of Satana. His home was in one of the large lodges built of cedar slabs in a rather rough manner. These rough cedar slabs were split out by hand from large blocks, by means of stone hammers and long wooden wedges, after which they were fastened together by withes, or strips of strong bark. No nails had come into use as yet, and it required considerable dexterity in fitting to make a home that would protect against wind and weather. The houses were often as long as one hundred feet by thirty, and afforded living room for a number of families. The house in which Satana lived had no floor other than the ground, and the smoke from the fires built on this ground floor in different parts of the house got out the best way it could. These houses were

partly partitioned off, to afford sleeping rooms for the several families who might occupy them. In winter these houses were the scene of many a wild heathen dance,



AN INDIAN HOUSE.

and many a wild, weird tale was told of war, and of the scalping of their enemies, by the old men of the tribe. Around these camp fires was recited many a tale of

bravery and might, and the hearts of the young Indian lads were stirred as they heard here of the fame, wealth and power of the tribe to which they and their fathers belonged. The children of these families played about, in and out of doors, with scarcely any clothing of any kind upon them.

Mr. Crosby had been appointed to Nanaimo as missionary teacher. He had built a little mission house of two rooms near the church, and was then teaching school and doing general missionary work among the Indians. One day he came across Satana, a bright little fellow, playing about with the other children with no clothing on except a short print shirt, and painted up in the strangest fashion, with a tuft of his hair tied on the top of his head. Satana was a real flathead Indian, and had endured all the suffering belonging to such a barbarous custom. It is sad to think that one whose work for the Master was so glorious should have been called to endure such suffering in his early life. Who can tell how much brighter his career would have been, how much longer he might have been privileged to labor for the Master, had he

not been so ear'y deprived of his faculties and his health so seriously impaired in early days. This horrid practice is fast passing into disuse, though there are said to be Indians still in some parts of the country who bind a stone on the heads of their children, believing that the flattening of the head is a mark of honor, to neglect which is to break the tribal caste.

The methods of dress among the Indians have passed through a change similar to that of all races which have come up to civilization out of barbarous and savage conditions. In earliest times their clothing consisted of a breech-cloth made of bruised cedar bark or mountain goat hair. They made garments of cedar bark, in the form of a cape for the shoulders, also sometimes using dogs' hair and goats' hair. The chiefs of the tribes dressed more lavishly. These had robes made of skins, more or less valuable. Their beds were made with blankets made of goats' hair. In Alaska and on the North Coast was made the famous Chilcot blanket or ceremonial robe. These blankets were often of considerable value, ranging in price from forty to one hundred dollars, a price more or less varied

according to the travel of the tourist in the north, who often placed considerable value



THE FAMOUS CEREMONIAL BLANKETS.

on these articles as souvenirs from his travels. The weaving together of this wool

and hair was done with marvellous neatness, and showed patterns exquisite in design and beautiful, often, in their rich colors. Many of the robes in which the chiefs were dressed were of costly furs, and at times when arriving at a trading post the chief, to whom these had little value compared with the articles the white man possessed, would exchange his valuable robes of fur for many things of little value to the trader. In later days the Indians obtained calico, and of this began to make their clothes, until gradually they have come to adopt the methods of dress in use by the white man—and many of them to-day dress well.

The Indians among whom Satana lived dressed themselves in matting made of rushes and cloth made of dogs' hair or mountain sheep. Their clothing was very scanty until the days when they obtained blankets from the Hudson's Bay Company. In summer time the Indians busied themselves in gathering food, drying fish, and hunting for furs for the winter, attending feasts of various kinds, including pot-latches; while in winter seasons they went about from house to house, or from tribe to

tribe, feasting, dancing, dog-eating, and having a general time of debauchery, especially when there was war between the tribes, which was a frequent occurrence previous to the days of the white man. Such were the surroundings of our young hero Satana. He was brought up in all the rites and customs of paganism. He had seen many a wild Indian dance, had been present at feasts, and had, no doubt, heard many stories of the wars in which his ancestors had engaged. No doubt his young mind often wondered why such cruel things should happen, and if in the great world outside of his home the people lived in the same way as in his native village. He looked at the stars and wondered if the Great Spirit was really behind them, and if the happy hunting grounds of which he had been told were very far away.

Satana, like other Indian children in this locality, had two names. The first was given in babyhood, and was Satana. After he grew up another name was usually given, and to Satana was given the name of Sal-lsalton, the name by which we shall know him in our story, a name destined to be one of fragrant memory in the mind of many

a one whom in after years our hero was the means of leading to Jesus.

Sallosalton was a bright little fellow in his youth, full of frolic and play, a leader among his companions, and one who looked on the bright side of things, making everyone about him cheerful and glad. He



THE INDIAN MISSION CHURCH AND HOUSE, NANAIMO.
Where Sallosalton lived with Mr. Crosby.

attended the first missionary school in Nanaimo, and with his schoolmates was fond of playing tricks on the teacher. Sometimes the little pupils would hide from the teacher behind the trees in the bush, which was all around the mission school-house,

and when the teacher would go to bring them in they would make a bolt for the salt water, and plunging in head-first would swim away out into the bay, and pop their heads up like young ducks, and laugh at their teacher standing on the shore. They were as accustomed to water as a fish, and every little Indian boy or girl knew how to swim, even if they knew nothing else.

One bright, sunny day Sallosalton came into the missionary's house, and said: "Missionary, I want to live with you." The missionary looked surprised, and said: "Why, Sallosalton, what do you want to live with me for? Would you leave your father and mother and playmates and live with a big man like me?"

Then said Sallosalton: "My father and mother are bad. They don't want me to be good and go to school; they would rather have me painted up and tatoed, and learn to dance, and hunt, and fight, and go in the old way, but I want to do as you say and be good, so I think if I live with you I will be good."

How the dear Lord had touched his little heart with the light of truth, and had started in him the beginning of a new life

that was to prove so strong and devoted to His cause. Around him was deep heathen darkness, but the light was breaking, and his little heart was being warmed by it, and soon a flame would burn there which would destroy all dross of sin, and make pure and bright a young life for God.

The missionary's heart was touched by the pleading voice and the more entreating looks of the young lad, and he said: "Well, Sallosalton, suppose you come to live with me what can you do?"

"I will do anything you say, sir. I can sweep the house, make fires and cook."

"Well, Sallosalton, I guess you may come along," said the missionary. So a little bed was made in one corner of our mission house, which was only about fourteen feet long and ten feet wide, with a small lean-to kitchen.

This was in 1863, and now began the course of preparation for life's work, under the careful training of the missionary, which was to result in so great a harvest for the blessed Master.

It was necessary to dress Sallosalton up a little more than he had been accustomed to if he was to live with a white man, and

so a new suit of clothes was procured. He looked quite bright and neat in his new attire, and soon proved a useful and active assistant to the missionary in working inside and outside of the little home. Often in the evening time would the missionary tell about the Saviour, man's fall, salvation through Jesus, heaven and its glory, and hell and its torment. Young Sallosalton was deeply interested, and eagerly sought for knowledge of these matters so new and strange to him. The story of the Saviour's love and death for him moved him greatly, and it was not long before light came to him in such fullness that he was constrained to yield his bright young life to Jesus. Soon he learned to read, and then how he loved his Bible! For hours would he ponder over its sacred pages, coming to the missionary many times a day asking many strange questions, that he might the more fully understand and know the story of the Saviour's love. Thus early in his young life was his heart saturated with devotion, and his determination made to live and labor for that Christ who had suffered and died for him.

He was of great service in many ways. He would ring the bell twice a day to call the pupils to school, clean the school-house, help to dig stumps out of the mission lot, or go to the woods with the missionary for posts and pickets with which to build a fence. In the little garden he busied himself weeding, or helping to plant fruit trees and flowers. Often, too, he would go with the missionary to visit the sick, or run on an errand with some little dish of food to some of them. In all his work he took great interest, for he felt that all was done for the Master.

On the Sabbath day he would ring the bell to summon the people to church. This he was required to do three times on Sunday. This was a special delight to him, because it seemed to be the work Jesus would have him to do, and he was as diligent and faithful in it all as any one could be. On one occasion as he was going about the village ringing the bell and calling the people to church, he was met by an old witch-doctor who told him to stop. This old conjurer was a tall, wild-looking Indian, all painted and covered with feathers, and with hair hanging down his back. In an angry

tone he said to Sallosalton, "What are you making all the noise for? You must stop ringing that bell; you frighten all the spirits away, and we cannot go on with our dancing and our conjuring work, when you make all that noise with your bell. You must stop it, or I will kill you." Little Sallosalton went on, however, ringing the bell, paying no attention to the old conjurer.

When he got back to the church door the missionary noticed that he seemed excited, as if something unusual had happened, and he said to him: "Sallosalton, what is the matter?"

He answered: "Do you know that old Doctor Skieyep?"

"Yes," said the missionary, "I know him."

"Well," said the young boy, "he met me on the road and tell me to stop ringing the bell, and he say, if I don't stop he will kill me; he said he had the power to kill me."

Then said the missionary: "Well, my boy, did you stop? Were you not afraid of him?"

"No," said he, "me not afraid; me ring the bell for Jesus; me not afraid."

How brave his young heart was will be seen when it is known that it is commonly believed among the Indians that these witch doctors have power to punish any one whom they dislike, and even to put them to death by some charm or conjuring trick. But young Sallosalton thought Jesus was stronger than any witch-doctor, and that no harm could come to him while working for Jesus.

We had some amusing experiences with Sallosalton's cooking. Sometimes he would get the food all burnt to the bottom of the pot, while at other times he would bring the food to the table, partly cooked, but as he was always neat and tidy about the dishes and table, we did not complain. One time he said he would make a rice pudding for dinner, so he put on a big pot and filled it nearly full of rice, stirred in some fruit, and boiled it all together, and we had rice pudding out of that same pot for nearly a week.

A NEW NAME (DAVID).

In his first journey with the missionary along the coast in a canoe they visited many tribes, and Sallosalton, the boy missionary,

talked with great acceptance and wonderful power to the heathen people. They were greatly surprised that a small boy should be so wise. He had now become a devoted Christian, and he was therefore baptized by Rev. Thomas Derrick, and was given the name of David Sallosalton. Then he was put on the plan as an exhorter, and shortly after he became a class-leader. Never was anyone more faithful to his duty than young David. Not long after he attended the first field meeting, assisting Rev. Edward White at Chilliwack, where he gave great promise of usefulness and ability as a public speaker.

So rapidly did David improve in speaking, and so full was he of zeal for the Master, that the chairman, Rev. E. White, says of him, "Our native leader and exhorter, Sallosalton, is growing rapidly in the grace and knowledge of Christ; he has been on a preaching tour with the missionary."

David was present at the first camp-meeting at Chilliwack that year. Never was he ashamed of Jesus, never was he tired of working for Him. With the missionary, Mr. Crosby, that year David spent some

weeks visiting all the tribes, telling them, in his earnest way, the story of the cross, and his zeal and holiness of life had a blessed effect upon the people as he went from band to band. David used every opportunity to speak for Jesus, or to maintain His cause, in whatever way he could. On one occasion on visiting a camp of Indians he met their native local Indian Catholic agent. David spoke kindly to him, and, holding out his hand in a friendly way, desired to shake hands with him, but the Indian would not shake hands, telling David that he had been taught by the priest not to shake hands with any who walked in the way David was going, "for all such were on the way to hell."

"Is that so," said David, "me go to hell—not shake hands with me and my people because we people all go to hell? Do you find that in the Book?" and David pulled out of his pocket his Bible, which he always carried with him.

"Oh, I don't know your book," said the man, "but our priest has taught me that you people are all wrong."

"Well," said David, "I read God's Book, and it says all good people are kind; now I

think if you are angry you are not a good man, and if you don't get a new heart you will go to hell." This made the man very angry, but David prayed God to bless him, and went on his way rejoicing.

On this same visit David met many who said they would like to come to church, and hear God's Word in their own tongue, but they were afraid of the priests. David told them they should fear no one but God. He was the great chief and they should not let any man prevent their hearing the Word of God, their great chief. The Indians were very much degraded and cursed by the white man's whiskey, or fire-water, as they called it. David found this a source of trouble, and an impediment to his work wherever he went. He saw its evil effects on his people, who were all too easily persuaded to fall under its influence.

At Nanaimo, while attending a temperance meeting, David, along with a number of others, signed the following pledge:

"I hereby promise that I will not drink any intoxicating liquors, that I will not buy, sell, give nor receive them, and that I will do all I can to prevent their use among the Indians." This pledge was the first,

perhaps, in British Columbia, and it is David's native village of Nanaimo that lays claim to having the first temperance society in the province. This pledge he was careful to observe all through his life, and to encourage others to do the same. No one was ever more diligent on his field of labor than David. Through storm or sunshine he plodded on, enthused with the spirit of Jesus, and only happy when preaching to his people. Wherever he went, the people bear testimony to his exceeding great zeal and his wonderful faith in God. He believed that God had a work for him to do, and that He would care for him until that work was done. Such a sense of God's presence seemed remarkable in one so young, whose early life had been so fully saturated with the customs and conceptions of heathen paganism and idolatry.

As an instance of his untiring energy, an incident is related by Mr. Clarkson, the missionary stationed at Chilliwack, who says: "I had previously sent word that I would visit the Sumas camp at the head of a lake of the same name, about twenty miles distant. On Friday morning, November 14th, I was to start on my journey, but a

heavy fall of snow had come during the night, and the day was so stormy that I felt inclined to postpone my trip till more suitable weather should arrive. David's courage and hardihood, however, was unmoved by the storm, and I felt I could equal in zeal and endurance one so young in years and so young in the work, for he had said he would go if he went alone. We had a long wet ride through the woods, and over the prairies, and along the base of the mountains. It rained heavily, and the way seemed long, but about three o'clock we arrived at the chief's house, where we dried our clothes, after which we preached to the people, and held a fellowship meeting. Even some very old people had come several miles through the storm, walking all the way, in order to be at the services. That night David and I slept in the chief's house."

David became of great value also in interpreting for the missionaries who might not know the language of the Indians. He was for a time a class-leader at Skowkale in the Chilliwack Valley, and he had another class at the head of Sumas Lake, twenty miles away, and a third class at Squi-halla camp,

which was the blessed fruit of one of the camp-meetings. Probably it was in his work through this section of the country that David contracted that cold which was destined to end his earthly career. It was often necessary for him to swim rivers, ford creeks and sloughs and rushing torrents, in order to carry the glad tidings of salvation to his benighted brethren. Once on such a journey he nearly lost his life. He was miles away from any dwelling, and was attempting to cross a slough at the head of Sumas Lake. The ice being weak, gave way, and down he went.

He says in telling of his mishap: "I plunged, and broke the ice again and again as I tried to climb out upon it. The water was so cold that I was becoming chilled and weak, and I thought, 'Now David go to heaven and nobody know where David has gone'; so I got my Bible with my name in it, and threw it right up on the shore, so that I think when somebody find it they will say, 'O, David has gone to heaven on the lake'; but just then while among the breaking ice my feet caught on a sand-bar, and by this means I struggled to the shore. I found my Bible, and went on my way

rejoicing to again be allowed to preach to my people." Who can say that the great Heavenly Father did not watch over his young servant, and when such a noble act was done as that which would leave his Bible, rather than anything else, by which his name might be remembered, who will say that Providence did not interfere to save one so useful and so devoted to the cause of Christ?

Rev. Mr. Pollard, chairman of the work in British Columbia, says concerning the gifts and graces of David at this time: "On my visit to Nanaimo I became acquainted with Brother David Sallosalton. He is a very fine young man. I heard him give a brief address. He is a beautiful speaker, and a universal favorite among both Indians and whites."

In communication with Dr. Lachlan Taylor, Missionary Treasurer in Toronto, I suggested that David be appointed missionary for Victoria. This would give him opportunity to attend a good English school, which he should do for at least one or two years, and then his services here would be invaluable in our Indian work. Later on Mr. Pollard says of him, "David is work-

ing hard; he attends the English school every day and performs his mission work besides. He is also succeeding well in his English. We could not carry on the mission work without him. He is exceedingly popular among the Indians. He is the most pious and popular Indian I have ever known, and I may say also the most talented. But it was not possible that one so full of labors, and so regardless of his own personal comfort, should keep up under the continued strain.

Mr. Tate, the missionary teacher at Nanaimo, in speaking of one of David's illnesses says: "About this time David came home sick from his hard trips on the Fraser River. He was cared for in his little house of two rooms, which he and the missionary had built some years before, around which he had made a little garden; one of the little houses that Dr. Punshon, when visiting the place, spoke of as forming a part of Christian Street. A number of little houses had been built in a line with the mission house and the church, and a street had been formed. Fences were built around the neat little white-washed houses, and in contrast with the old heathen

houses the name, Christian Street, seemed most appropriate. Near the beach was a row of heathen houses which led the Doctor to say that he had seen the heathen and the Christian side by side. It is unfortunate that the work of building a new Christian village had not been car-



REV. C. M. TATE.

ried on. Here in his little home on Christian Street David lay sick for some time, and at times we feared lest his trouble might develop into consumption. I watched daily by his sick bed through his long and distressing illness, and learned lessons from

his lips that will linger in my memory so long as I live."

What implicit trust our young hero had in God, what submission to his Heavenly Father's will possessed him, and yet how he yearned and longed to be busy again for Jesus among his own people, where he saw so much to do. The sick-room was fragrant with the atmosphere of heaven, and one felt without a doubt that one of God's saints lay within, so patient, so faithful, so full of love was his spirit, that never did one word of complaint pass his lips. After considerable suffering he was raised up from his bed of pain, spared to labor longer for the Christ he loved so well. He had attended all the camp-meetings in British Columbia from the very first, and had a rich experience which gave him a fitness for such work. To those who visited him in his illness he was ever talking of Jesus and the plan of salvation, and especially was he interested in any strange Indian people whom he might reach. He seemed to feel it his bounden duty to deliver the message of hope, and he did not rest if a stranger was with him until he had found out if he loved his Jesus.

David's preaching was very earnest, very forceful and original, and full of illustrations from Nature, and of the Spirit of God. One of his sermons was what was called his "Steamboat Whistle Sermon." The missionary says: "We had the pleasure of hearing this wonderful sermon at one of the Chilliwack camp-meetings, which he delivered in his broken English to a crowd of white people gathered at the meeting, and which we doubt not was the means of leading some to the Saviour."

A great number of white people and Indians had gathered at the camp-meeting. An English service was first held, followed by a service for the Indians. Amos Cushman, the old local preacher, who was a friend of David's, had preached to them his famous sermon on the judgment, when, in response to an invitation, the whole congregation rushed forward to the rude altar of prayer, and then scores of people with one voice sent up their cries and petitions to heaven for salvation. After a season of prayer and wonderful blessing a change was made in the exercises. By this time crowds of white people were standing round the camp, and at the doors of their tents looking on with

amazement, and many of them with their eyes filled with tears at seeing so many of the red men anxious for pardon. David, seeing them, seized the opportunity to preach, and, springing up to his feet, he began in his broken English a marvellous and soul-stirring address to them:

“My dear white friends,” said he, “you look at our Indian people here, you hear them cry very much and you say, ‘What they make all that noise for, what make them feel so bad?’ Well, I tell you, my dear people just heard about Jesus now, and they all want to find him, and love him, and get sins pardoned and live for him. You heard long time ago, some of you; you find Jesus long time; you love him. It all same as steamboat on this river. (The camp was on the banks of the old Fraser, and many had come by steamer.) When she going to start she whistle one whistle, then she whistle another, and if you don’t get your things very quick and run, she whistle last time (boats whistle three times before leaving), and she go off and leave you behind, and you very sorry because you too late. Now Jesus like that; He whistle, He call, He whistle, and whistle, and if

you don't get on board Jesus' Salvation Ship you be too late. I think some my people get on board before some of you, because they not afraid to repent and come on board. Now, my white friends, you hurry up, have all your things packed up,



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN THE CHILLIWACK VALLEY, BUILT 1869

We now have 8 churches, 3 of which are Indian.

be quick and get on board or you be too late. I think some of this poor Indian people go into heaven and you left out. Oh, come on board quick, come on board, come to Jesus now! This a very good ship, room

for all you people, and Indian people, too, black and white; come now, all come."

No one could help being moved at the speaker's strong, earnest appeal; a message from a heart burning with love for souls. Oh, how anxious he seemed; how he pled for the people to come to Jesus; how he sought to show them the need of doing so, and of doing it now.

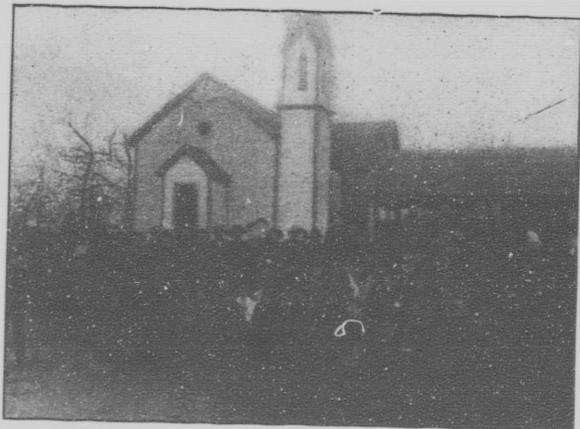
We looked around when he had finished, and saw a number of the most hardened sinners in tears, and broken down by the earnest, loving, living message of the young Indian preacher. Who can measure the results of that strong and sympathetic appeal! Never can it fade from the memory, or its effect be effaced from the heart. We feel that the Great Shepherd alone can tell how many of His sheep were found by the call given in that "steamboat whistle sermon" that day by His young servant on the old camp-ground on the banks of the Fraser. One man was saved that day who became well known as a faithful worker among the Indians in after days. This was old Captain Thitseeemitston, who lived at the head of Sumas Lake. It was at this meeting that he gave his heart to God, and

became a good and faithful man among his people as a class-leader and local preacher.

This old John Thitseeitston had been an old warrior and murderer, and had taken many a scalp, and when converted he showed his zeal for God in a most practical way. So anxious was he to bring the Gospel to his people that he purchased a number of horses and kept them for the convenience of those of his tribe who wished to go to church and hear the missionary tell the story of a Saviour's love.

Through Sallosalton's work among his people, and the efforts of the zealous missionaries, at this time large numbers of Indians were converted, and came over to the Protestant faith, in some cases bringing their church building and everything they owned, and joining the Methodist Church. This was distinctly the case in the Chilliwack valley. Here, at a settlement called Skowkale, the Indians had a church which they had built themselves, and which still belonged to them. They had been taught to believe and practice the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic faith, and had often counted their beads at prayer, and bowed before the crucifix in their devotions. But the camp-

meetings held in the valley strongly attracted them, and despite the warnings and threats of the Catholic priests, they began to attend. Before long they became enlightened by the blessed Spirit of God; they knew their sins forgiven, and were led



SKOWKALE CHURCH, CHILLIWACK VALLEY, B.C.

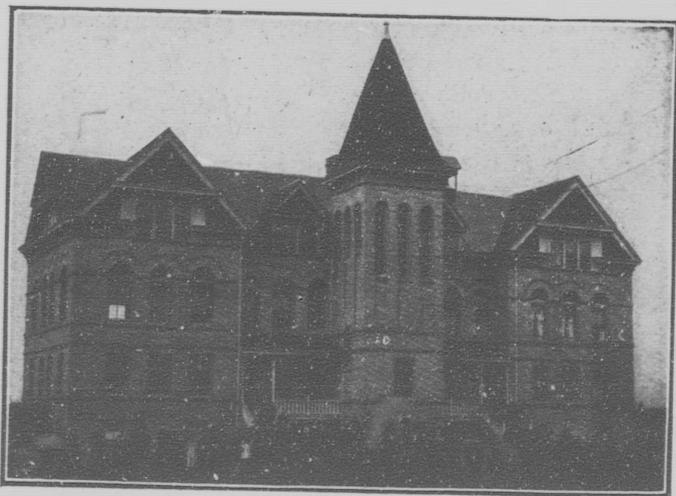
to rejoice in Jesus their Saviour. They returned to their homes with their new-found joy, took the cross from their church, and came over in a body to the Methodist Church.

This was the beginning of Methodist Indian missions in the valley. They have still a substantial church, which affords service to a considerable congregation. A picture of this church and congregation is here presented. Here there is now the spacious and commodious brick structure known as the Coqualeetza Industrial Institute, in which upwards of one hundred Indian boys and girls receive a liberal education and are also instructed in the various pursuits of life.

To these camp-meetings David was a frequent visitor. They were the result of a blessed revival throughout the entire valley among both whites and Indians in the cottage prayer-meetings held at frequent intervals, and which were perpetuated in the annual camp-meetings, still carried on on ground that has become historic in Methodism. David received great blessings at these meetings, and he came frequently from Nanaimo across the twenty-eight to thirty miles of stormy ocean, thence up forty miles of the Fraser River, in order to attend them. He seemed to know no obstacle great enough to hinder him in the carrying on of his work, and many amus-

ing incidents occurred, in which he surmounted the difficulties in his way.

The opposition of the Catholics was very evident, both in David's experience and in connection with the entire work of Protest-



COQUALEETZA INDIAN INSTITUTE, CHILLIWACK, B.C.

ant missions. Many schemes were resorted to by the Catholic priests to restrain their people from attending the Methodist services, or listening to David and other teachers of the false doctrine, as they told their

people. They would tell their people that if they became Methodists the Government would come and take their land from them. They were often considerably frightened and came frequently to Mr. Wells, a faithful and devoted servant of God, who with his noble wife have ever been strong supporters of the Church of God. At one time they told Mr. Wells that the Queen was going to send over a shipload of molasses and biscuits for the Indians, and that the Methodists would not get any. Molasses and biscuits were great delicacies among them, and it required some reassurance on the part of Mr. Wells to quiet them in their alarm about the loaves and fishes.

David knew nothing of fear in the prosecution of his work for the Master. Many a time in the midst of circumstances most trying would he declare his allegiance to Christ. Never was he ashamed of his Saviour, and his young heart was so full of love for Him that the influence was felt by all who came near to his warm and faithful heart. Although his opportunities were few and his advantages limited, owing to a lack of an English education, he was a living demonstration of the fact that "God often

chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." So humble was he that he became one of Christ's patient, exalted children, and to his submissive soul came the most gracious revelations, and those who heard him realized that the things hid from the wise and prudent had been revealed unto babes.

THE DEVIL GETS AFRAID AND RUNS.

On one occasion David was accompanying me on a missionary trip which included a visit to a sick Indian who lived up the Chilliwack River. When we arrived at Skowkale, on the east bank of the river, a priest came to the opposite side. He seemed desirous of crossing the river, and as there was no bridge, and no canoe or boat on his side, he called to the Indians on our side to come over and fetch him. I told them to go for the man, but they said, "Oh, no, we don't want that teacher any more."

"But," said I, "it is only politeness to row the man over if he wishes it; you do not need to listen to him or follow his teaching, but you ought to be kind and help any man when you can."

At last they were persuaded, and rowed across after the man, bringing him to our side. When the priest arrived on the bank of the river, I said, "Good-morning, sir, you seem to be travelling."

"Yes," said he, "I am going up to see a sick man at the village above."

"Oh, indeed," said I; "my little friend and I were just going to the same place."

"Then," said the man, in a mixture of French and English, "you better not go, ze is my convert."

"Yes," said I, "but I have been to see the sick man before, and I thought of going again."

"Then," said he, "you people are all in the wrong way; it is no good you go."

"Well," said I, "which way are you in? Here is my chart," holding up my Bible. At this he got angry, and said, "That book is no good."

All this time David stood quietly by without saying a word, but when he saw the man getting angry he stepped up and said: "Mr. Crosby, I think you gentlemen speak too much your own words. Very good, I read some out of God's Word." So he read some striking verse out of his little Testa-

ment. This made the priest very angry, and he tried to snatch the book out of the boy's hand, saying: "He can't read; he is only a little Siwash [Chinook for Indian]. It is only something he has committed to memory, the little Siwash."



CAPTAIN JOHN SHAWALAS

Native assistant at Chilliwack Indian Mission, an old hereditary chief.

"Yes," said David, "that's so; me little Siwash, but this book tell me if I love Jesus and work for him, when I die I go up to heaven and I live with Jesus up there. Me little Siwash, but me love Jesus; Jesus my friend, Jesus my King; Jesus save me and

help me to be good and not get angry. Cannot I read?" and taking out his Bible he turned to passage after passage, as if God had inspired him and told him just where to turn the leaves, and read:

"Therefore, being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." "There is one mediator between God and man, even Jesus Christ." And again, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." And so he went on reading passage after passage, slyly hitting, without apparently knowing it, one after another of the errors of the priest's own Church, until the countenance of the latter was a study. It changed from rubeund to purple, and from purple to livid in a very short time, until his indignation mastered him, and he made off up the river bank, not, however, before our young Indian, turning over the leaves of his Bible, repeated, very significantly, the passage, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." This courageous action on the part of David fired the zeal and enthusiasm of

all the Indians, and gathering together they commenced to sing a part of one of Wesley's hymns which they had learned at the camp :

“ Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell or earth or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.”

And just as the priest, with the wind blowing strongly against him, hurried rapidly up the bank of the river with his long coat-tail flying in the breeze, the last line of the verse was ringing out on the air, which is a translation from the Indian language in which it was sung, “ The devil gets afraid and runs.”

We are informed, by a lady who often entertained Sallosalton, that one day he was going to visit the Indians who lived across the Chilliwack River. Having arrived at the bank of the river he saw an Indian on the other side and called to him to come across and row him over with his canoe. The man being a Roman Catholic refused to do so, so David took off his clothes, tied them in a bundle, placed the bundle on the top of his head, plunged into the river and was soon on the other shore. He then dressed him-

self, and went on his way rejoicing that he was able to carry the blessed light to his heathen people. Nothing could daunt our young hero, nothing discourage his young heart. He was wholly given up to his work for the Master.

On the occasion of one of his visits to the head of Sumas Lake he met a white man whom he had known in Nanaimo. This man was one who had known the grace of God, but had wandered from the fold, and he thought to cause David some discomfort by his talk. "David," said he, "what are you doing here, so far away from your home? We don't see you in Nanaimo any more. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said David, "I am simply preaching to my people."

"Oh, you're preaching, are you? Preaching for the Methodists, I suppose? How much do they pay you? You know some of these preachers get good pay; how much do you get?"

"Oh," said David, "you think me work for nothing? You think me get no pay? By and by me get great pay. Me get great crown up in heaven. Jesus pay me. Me be a king up there. Oh, yes, me get pay

by and by, me get great pay." This set this poor old backslider thinking, and we hope it was the means of leading him back to Jesus Christ from whom, by his worldliness and selling of whiskey, he had wandered so far. David was not the least disturbed by the man's remarks, but marched on singing, "There is a happy land, far, far away."

None could have a higher motive than this for his life's work. To David in all his work came the glorious hope of the heavenly welcome which, beaming brightly on his earthly way, chased away many shadows that might otherwise have lingered there. Sunshine and joy seemed ever present with him, and made him a most desirable companion, while his deep religious convictions gave the influence of holy thought and motive as an additional claim to the fellowship which others were privileged to have with him.

The Rev. Morley Punshon, D.D., before the British Conference of 1873, gave a good description of this incident, and of Sallosalton's work. He says, in speaking of him: "In British Columbia I met an Indian, one of the most eloquent men I ever heard. If I had not met Sciarelli (an Indo), I should

have said he is the most eloquent man who ever stood before an audience. He was only seventeen years of age, but a youth of very great promise, who rejoiced our heart with the prospect of long continued usefulness,



REV. MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D.

but whom God loved so much that he took him out of the world after a short time of most earnest and successful labor upon the Fraser. This young man, David Sallos-

alton, wrought a great work among his countrymen."

THE END CAME ALL TOO SOON.

At the last camp-meeting David attended he was feeling quite poorly. For some time he had been sick, for the hard trips he had taken through storm and tempest were having serious effects upon his frail constitution, and yet his zeal had brought him under distressing difficulties to his last camp-meeting. He had fought hard for the Master during these years until he was seen to be breaking down in health. One arm had been rendered powerless by a stroke of paralysis. At this camp-meeting of which we have spoken, David, as usual, used an opportunity to tell his experience. A great crowd of Indians and white people were standing near, and David said: "My friends, you see that little tree," pointing to a little maple tree standing near by. "Well, when I first came to camp long ago that tree was a very small tree; now see how it has grown; it is a strong tree now. It is all the same with David's heart, it grow every day, it get strong like the tree, but the devil he try me

when I come to this camp-meeting; he say, now look, you foolish boy, you go among these Indians, you preach and travel around in ice and cold, and do what the missionary want you to do, and you get sick, and be no great man. Now, if you had not done that, if you had stayed home among your people you had been a chief, a great man, by this time. Now you go away from your people, you preach; you say your people wrong, your people all dark; and now the old doctors on the Fraser River not like you preach so strong, and they make you sick and poor like you be now. But I tell the devil, you go away; Jesus is my Captain, He lead me all right; by and by I not be sick any more; by and by I be in heaven with Jesus; no witch-doctors do me any harm." Thus he went on addressing the people, and the power of the Blessed Spirit seemed to accompany his words in great measure, and his face shone as with a light from heaven, and he said: "Oh, my friends, me think by and by me not sick; by and by me get to heaven; no sickness up in heaven," and up went both his arms, one of which through his paralysis he had not used for a long time, and he shouted out with all his

strength, "By and by I shall have wings; I shall fly." There were shouts of "Praise the Lord," and "Hallelujah," all over the camp, and many of the people shed tears of joy. All were touched and deeply moved at this wondrously passionate appeal, and this bright hope for the future, as also the miraculous movement of David's paralyzed arm. No doubt of his fitness for or his bright prospect of the glory land. Indeed, he seemed to all to be just living on the border. The camp-meeting broke up under a holy influence, for, one and all, felt the power of one who was soon to bid farewell to earth, and pass over into the kingdom eternal. After this camp-meeting was over David spent some days visiting his friends in the Chilliwack Valley, where he was always welcome, and whose homes he brightened and blessed by his happy experience. Then he returned to Victoria, where he was employed as a native assistant. He gradually grew worse, getting weaker all the time, and finally his spirit fled to the heaven to which he tried to point the way.

The Chairman, the now sainted Pollard, was his superintendent, and watched over him to the last. He said David's death was

the most triumphant he had ever witnessed. In a letter, dated January 14th, he says: "The death of David Sallosalton was a sad blow to this mission and to the Indian work in general. He was deservedly popular, and he was pious, eloquent and useful. He was universally beloved and almost idolized by the Indians."

The missionary then at Sumas, Rev. Mr. Bryant, says: "If no other had been saved than David Sallosalton, our Indian brother, whose glowing experience I heard in the church a few months ago, and who is doubtless now a glorified inhabitant of the skies, we had been well rewarded for all missionary effort."

Mr. Pollard wrote the following obituary of him: "The subject of this notice belonged to the Nanaimo tribe of Indians, and he was born in Nanaimo camp about 1853. His parents were pagan, and David's early education was pagan. About 1860 our missionaries visited Nanaimo, and the Gospel was introduced among the Indians; this was a new era in David's history. He, when a little boy, welcomed the messengers of mercy, and as far as he could comprehend the light he walked in it,

but it was not until he was eleven years of age that he was converted. He attended the mission school then conducted by the Rev. T. Crosby, and was the fruit of his pious and earnest ministrations. This zealous missionary discovered in his pupil, piety and gifts of more than ordinary promise, and spared no pains to train him to future usefulness. David from the time of his conversion maintained an unblemished character, and labored earnestly and continuously to teach his countrymen the way of life. In September, 1871, he came to Victoria to attend the English school and act as assistant missionary to the Songkish Indians. He made great progress in English, and was remarkably successful in his work, often preaching to them every evening in the week besides twice on the Sabbath, and the Lord gave him great favor with both the whites and the Indians. Great hopes were entertained that he might long be spared as a missionary to his people. He was not only remarkable for his piety, but had extraordinary natural qualifications for public speaking in his own language. The Rev. Dr. Punshon, who heard him when on a visit to this country, pronounced him one

of the greatest natural orators he had ever heard. Last spring his health began to fail, and though everything was done to prolong his valuable life, yet it was evident that consumption was undermining his constitution. The only desire that he seemed to have was to live that he might preach Christ. During his illness he often spoke of heaven, especially as a place where there would be no temptation, no whiskey, no devil. Shortly before his death, when asked what portion of Scripture he wished to have read, he said: 'Read to me the death of Christ.' A few minutes before he died a friend quoted the first part of the fourteenth chapter of John. He expressed great joy that Christ had gone to heaven to prepare mansions for his children, and said: 'In a very short time I shall be in my Father's house.' He then closed his eyes, folded his hands, as if intending to pray, and thus fell asleep without a pain or a doubt, on the 20th of October, in the nineteenth year of his age, David Sallosalton, the most perfect Christian we ever knew."

Miss Pollard was present five minutes before he died, and she says his parents and cousins were there. David looked up. They

put a cloth over his eyes, for they had a superstition that any one looking up is supposed to die soon. Miss Pollard removed the cloth and our young hero looking up, said: "Oh, look, I see two happy people." These were a sister and a cousin who had died some time before. David appeared to be free from the ordinary infirmities of human nature. He was little known beyond his religious denomination, yet few have died in this colony whose demise has been so deeply felt, and so extensively regretted. His faultless life and happy death have had a most salutary influence on the Indians from Nanaimo to Chilliwack. The loss to our mission work was very great. "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few, pray that the Lord may send forth laborers into the vineyard."

His old friend the missionary was absent on a missionary trip in the far interior of British Columbia when David was called away, and could not be present at the end. Day after day would our young brother ask if the steamboat had come. He longed to see his friend, Mr. Crosby, once more before he died; and to the very last he asked if the missionary had yet come, for he wanted to

see him before he should go to heaven. But distances were long, and there were no railroad lines at that time, so we did not reach our young friend. But we shall meet again.

His first class ticket was given him by Dr. Evans. It contained the text: "Reckon ye yourselves indeed dead to sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." This seemed to be an inspiration to him from the first. He seemed indeed to be dead unto sin. It never seemed to have dominion over him.

In the minutes of the district meeting of the old Victoria District in 1873, the death of David is recorded as follows: "Whereas, in the order of Providence this district has been called to mourn the loss of David Sallosalton by death during the year; Resolved, that we hereby express our high appreciation of his valuable labors during the last four years in this district. About seven years ago he was converted to God from paganism, and from that time until his death it was his constant aim and effort to lead others to Christ, in whom he rejoiced daily. It was the cherished hope of the Church to call him into our itinerant work, but God had ordered otherwise, and

thus we were called to mourn the loss of a consistent Christian, and one of the most devoted of native missionaries. As he lived, so he died, beloved by all who knew him. His end, at the age of nineteen years, was most happy and triumphant."

When David was seen to be failing in health his poor heathen parents and cousins went to Victoria to see if they could bring him home. They shared the ideas of their pagan people that this trouble had been brought upon David by the witch-doctors, or medicine-men, who were angry because David's preaching was leading his people into the light, in consequence of which the doctors could not hold them by their superstitious fears.

One of these old witch-doctors, Wal-tsh-shan, lived at Matsqui. David's friends had told him that this old conjurer would kill him. Many of these old doctors were just in the height of their power. One day David came to the home of a sick man, where he found old Wal-tsh-shan, painted up in a most hideous fashion, and making a great fuss with his rattles, while about a dozen of the sick man's friends were keeping time by beating sticks on a board as the old man

continued his songs and his yells. David thought: "Now is a good chance to tell them of Jesus and His love." He stopped the jumping, yelling and rattling of the old man, and then in a kind, fervent way he spoke to them all of Jesus' love, until the people hung down their heads. When the old wizard saw that David's words were taking hold of the people, he began to curse him for daring to come and interfere with him, and he expressed the wish in strong words that David might die. After David became sick and had died some of the poor people thought that the curse of old Wal-tsh-shan had indeed caused his death.

But when his parents came, David refused to leave his post. He felt that he must stay to the end where Jesus his Master had appointed him, and on his very death-bed he still preached Christ to his people, and urged them not to weep for him. The poor father and mother were broken-hearted at the loss of their boy; they could not receive his words of exhortation, but in their agony they said, "Oh, if you had not gone to the Fraser River, this disease would not have come upon you, for our medicine-men here say it has been done by the medicine-men of



From "Northern Interior of British Columbia."
AN INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN.

the Fraser River on account of your preaching against their old ways. Why did you leave us? Oh, Sallos, Sallos! what shall we do when you are gone? We shall be sad and lonely then; we shall weep by the grass that covers you, Sallos, and when the pure white snows come over you, and in the spring when the birds sing we shall cry for you. Oh, Sallos! we shall not see your black eyes any more; you will not come home to make us all happy with your bright face. Oh, Sallos! why did you go away from us? You might have been great among your people, but now you are going away from us. Oh, Sallos, Sallos! what shall we do?"

No heart could help being deeply moved as it listened to the agonizing wails of these heathen parents, whose hearts were breaking over their dying boy. To them his life was going out like the light of day goes out in the darkness, and before them was no resurrection hope to give them comfort, or yield them brightness in these deepening shadows that were fast gathering around them. But as for David there was no darkness about him. The sun of life was setting fast, but it was rising on a fairer shore, and

to its light and joy he fain would point his sorrowing friends.

"Oh, my parents," said he with trembling voice, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves; for though I am leaving you I am going to heaven. Jesus will take me to His beautiful home above, where there is no more sickness nor death. I want you to follow me there, but I know you cannot unless you first give up your heathen ways and give your heart to Him. Oh, my dear parents, I have been so happy working for Jesus; I am so happy now; and I do wish you would give your hearts to Jesus, it will make me so happy." For some time did he plead with his parents in this way, yearning with a full heart that they might learn to know the Christ on whom he was resting, and then he passed sweetly and quietly away to be "Forever with the Lord." What a heavenly glory filled the room!

Every one felt that Jesus had really been there and taken a loved one home. A short time after his body was sent up to Nanaimo. The funeral took place there, and was attended by a great crowd of David's friends. The Rev. T. Derrick, who resided there, read the burial service amid the

throng of weeping attendants. A simple monument with the following words, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," engraved on it, marks the place where he lies.

" Weep not for a brother deceased ;
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison released,
And free from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escape to the mansion of light
And lodge in the Eden above."

David always had a great concern about his brothers and sisters. He used to say if he could not get his father and mother to follow Jesus he did want his brothers and sisters to walk in the new way, and it was his pleasure to see some of them walking the way to heaven. David's sister, Mrs. Sunneah, had died some years before most triumphantly. Often David spoke of going to meet her. A young brother named Thomas lived a very happy life for some years after, and then went happily to heaven. An uncle, John Wesley by name,

lived a consistent life, and died a very happy death at the Nanaimo mission.

Mrs. A. M. Nelson, who knew him well, and at whose home he was always a welcome visitor, pays a glowing tribute to his memory. She first met David at a camp-meeting at Maple Bay, Vancouver Island, in June, 1870, and although she could not understand his language, she was greatly impressed with the interest, the spirit and the fervor with which he spoke. When David was engaged in Victoria to assist Mr. Pollard, Mrs. Nelson, who was living there at the time, met him frequently, and gave him much assistance in washing and mending his clothes. She often visited him in his little home, and was with him in his last illness. His poor, old mother was there, and it was a sad sight to see the sorrow of the poor, broken-hearted heathen mother. With David it was Jesus all the time. He could talk of nothing else. The heathen mother remained near him except when the white women tried to do something to comfort her boy, when she would step back and allow them to do their deeds of love, but her heart was sore, for she saw her beloved boy going away from her. And David was equally

anxious for his mother. He said it made him sick at heart when he thought of his poor heathen mother, and he said, "I pray, I pray, but Jesus knows best. By and by my mother be a Christian, I think." And she did, and for many years lived a happy Christian life.

One evening, while stopping at the home of Mrs. Wells, at whose hands David received much kind treatment and generous hospitality, an incident occurred which showed what a gentlemanly bearing and sense of propriety David possessed. This lady had invited some friends to her home for the evening. David was studying his Bible in the kitchen when she came in and said to him: "David, the tea-table is full; will you have your tea here or will you wait a little?"

"Oh, Mrs. Wells," said he, "you never mind me. I not mind. I wait till you are through."

"But, David, you have been out all day, and you must be hungry."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Wells, I not hungry. I eat right here," pointing to his Bible, "me feeding now, Mrs. Wells."

He never wanted to feel himself in the way at any time, he was very appreciative

of everything done for him, and he seemed to think it an honor to be allowed to do good to anyone. He was never anything," said Mrs. Wells, "but a perfect Christian gentleman. He never forgot this for a moment. I almost think he was inspired."

We here give some letters: One from Sallosalton to Rev. Mr. Tate: "March 23rd, 1872. I hope you well; I very much glad to hear from you about the school. I hope the Indian learn much; I pray God to make you strong. I never forget you; I hope you pray for me. I went to school every day to learn the English language. I hope I learn, and by and by I know much. I very glad to perhaps you have three camp-meetings this year; I hope you tell the Indians about that. Perhaps I see you all friend at camp-meeting. I hope you all friend come. I very glad to hear perhaps new minister come from Canada to Victoria."

Another, dated November 2nd, 1871, says: "Dear Mr. Crosby,—I hope you well. Our Indian friend been see the social. Amos, Sarah, May and more; the Indians very much like the social. Two Indians married last night. Mr. Pollard go over the Songees camp last night and give the Indians tickets

who go to class-meeting. The Indians always pray to God to help the Chilliwack Indian. I hope the Chilliwack pray for us. The Indian here like to hear very much from Chilliwack Indian. Little snow in Victoria; the Indians say before like that. I send my love to Mr. Miller, Mr. Wells and you. I am love, Mr. Crosby, David Sallosalton."

Mrs. (Rev.) White, in a letter to David, says: "Dear David,—I am sorry to hear that you have been so sick. I hope you are better now. I am sure you miss us very much. We often think of you, and wish we could see you. Perhaps God means to take you to heaven soon. If we should never see each other again on earth I hope we shall all meet there. But I think God has some work for you to do for Him here yet, only He doesn't want you to go out so much in the wet as you did last winter. Mr. Crosby will tell you all about our journey across the Gulf. The children all send their love. I hope you can read this yourself. Mr. Crosby will help you a little. I want you to write me a letter yourself. May God bless you and make you quite well again. Pray

for us. Your affectionate friend, S. J. White."

The following is a letter from his brother Thomas, at Nanaimo: "Dear Bro.,—I hope you are well. This leaves us all well home. Thank God. I am trying to serve God with one heart. Now brother pray for me. My cousin Chisnake and Thomas and their father and mother are all converted. I am to be baptized on Sunday. Your dear brother, Thomas Sallosalton."

A letter from his friend, Solomon Sewell, Nanaimo, March 6th, 1872: "I'm very happy to write this letter to you, hoping you are quite well. Thank God the Lord has been very kind to me in giving me strength in both body and soul. I pray God for you always; you must do so for me. We are a long way from each other; we shall not meet on earth, but we shall meet in heaven. I am trying to work for God here in speaking the Word of Jesus to the poor people. I go to school, I hope soon to read well. I am now doing division sums and reading in the second-book. I hope you doing well at school. Write me and give me all the news. Your brother in Christ, Solomon Sewell."

The following lines are written on the
death of David, by C. M. Tate:

“ Who will go at God’s command
To preach the Gospel through the land,
To every Indian tribe and band,
From east to west, by sea, by land,
From north to south, on every hand
Seeking to save the lost ?

“ Go to yon camp where darkness reigns ;
Where sin and error doth hold the reins ;
Where spear and arrow have left their stains
Of human blood, and Satan’s chains
Bind captives at his will ?

“ A voice comes from the mission school ;
’Tis a boyish voice, but the heart is full
Of love to God and his fellow man,
With anxious wish to do what he can
In making known the glorious plan—
Salvation through Jesus’ blood.

“ His life is short, but full of zeal ;
He gave his all for his brother’s weal ;
His only desire was but to feel
That he was doing his Master’s will
In seeking the poor lost sheep.

“ His end has come. Scarce one score years
Has been his lot in this vale of tears.
He has finished his course, has kept his faith,
And soars away through the gates of death
To his heavenly home above.”

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Published by the Department of Missionary Literature
of the Methodist Church, Canada.

Address

F. C. Stephenson, Methodist Mission Rooms
Toronto, Ont.

Price, 10 cents each : \$7.00 per 100.