

[For the OUTLOOK.

DAVID SALLOSELTON.

BY REV. C. M. TAIE.

DURING a recent visit to Nanaimo, I wandered down to the old Indian burial ground to look once more upon the grave of the sainted David Salloseiton. I found it overgrown with nettles and briars; and as I employed a short time to clear them away, my mind went back to the days of yore. And as I think of it now, I can fancy the old Indian camp on the Nanaimo River where David was born, and spent the early part of his boyhood days in the midst of heathenism and filth, and as wild as the red deer that roam in the woods. And then I can fancy the day school opened many years ago by the Rev. Mr. Crosby, and little David taking part as one of the pupils, learning not only his A B C, but drinking in also the words of eternal life, and singing the beautiful hymns that he so delighted in, in after years. He listens with eagerness to the story of the Cross, and gives himself up to the service of the Master.

Another scene. He is taking leave of his heathen parents, and telling them he is going to the Fraser River to tell the poor Indians that Jesus died. His parents entreat him with tears to desist, as there are so many conjurers and doctors among the Fraser Indians he will never come back alive. But the Spirit of God directs his course, and he says to his parents "I fear them not, for God will be with me, and He is stronger than all that can be against me." Fearless he goes forth to battle against sin, and the Indians listen with gladness to the message from his lips.

Was ever such zeal displayed, as this Indian boy in his sixteenth year wades the miry slough or swims the rushing torrent, in order to carry the glad tidings of salvation to his benighted brethren? Once, indeed, he nearly lost his life by breaking through the ice on Sumas Lake, miles away from any dwelling. Perhaps such exposure as this hastened his death, but he was deaf to all entreaty, and his only answer would be, when asked why he did such things, "Shall I sit still and take my ease when my brethren are everywhere dying in their sins?" The mention of his name to the present day brings tears to the eyes of the Indians. Not alone was he faithful in dealing with his Indian brethren, but in his broken English he would reprove white men as they took God's name in vain, or did other things contrary to the Divine law.

Another scene. He returns to his home at Nanaimo, and is laid low with consumption. His parents weep by his bedside and say, "If you had only listened to us, and not gone to the Fraser River, this disease would never have come upon you, for our doctors here say

it has been done by the medicine men on the Fraser, on account of your telling them to stop their bad ways. O, Sallos! Sallos! what will we do when you die?" But David speaks; listen to what he says:—"O, my parents, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves. For if I die Jesus will take me home to the beautiful world above, where there'll be no more sickness, pain, nor death. I want you to follow me there, but I know you cannot go unless you first give up your heathenism, and give your hearts to Jesus. Will you not do so now; it will give me happiness in my death?" But they listened as though they heard him not. As I daily watched by the bedside of that Indian boy, through his long, distressing illness, I learned lessons from his lips that will last me till death.

It was God's will to raise him up from that sick-bed and spare his life a few months longer. The Rev. Mr. Pollard took him to Victoria, and would have educated him for the ministry; but ere his education was complete, he was called away to his home above, before one score years had closed over his head. His body was sent up from Victoria to Nanaimo, and as the Rev. Mr. Derrick (who has since gone to his reward) read the burial service over his remains, and the clouds of the valley covered him from our sight, we could not but exclaim amid his weeping friends, "Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his." A simple monument stands at the head of his grave, upon which are engraven the following words: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The following lines, which were written shortly after his death, I happened to come upon the other day:—

In Memoriam.

DAVID SALLOSELTON,

INDIAN MISSIONARY,

*Born at Nanaimo, 1853.**Died at Victoria, Oct. 20th, 1872.*

O! who will go at God's command,
To preach the Gospel throughout the land;
To every Indian tribe and band;
From east to west, by sea by land;
From north to south, on every hand,
Seeking the lost to save?

Through forests wild without a guide,
Through rivers deep, or across the tide,
Over the rugged mountain path,
Across the prairie without a track,
Going at God's command.

Imperilled by land, imperilled by sea,
Through dangers many across the lea ;
Not daring (whatever the cross may be,)
To shrink from duty, nor try to flee ;
For God doth bid you go, and He
Will keep you from all harm.

Go, says the Saviour, do not delay,
For I will be with you by night or by day,
Call not the chief or warrior ; but say,
Come all ; for the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In Jesus may be found.

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

A voice comes forth 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.

We gaze upon that youthful form,
Ready to fight, by grace made strong.
Like David of old, with simple trust
That God's good Spirit will help the just,
To lay the enemy in the dust,
Forth to the battle he goes.

He strikes at sin without a fear,
His path his just, his cause is clear.
Temptations and trials but drive him near
To the wounded side of that Saviour dear,
Who had promised to be his guide.

His life was short, but full of zeal ;
He gave his all for his brothers' 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 the faith,
And soars away through the gates of death,
To his heavenly home above.

IF, after my removal, any one should think it worth his while to write my life, I will give you a criterion how you may judge of its correctness. If he gives me credit for being a *plodder* he will do me justice. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything.—*William Carey.*

A MISSIONARY TOUR IN THE PORT SIMPSON DISTRICT.*

BY REV. D. JENNINGS.

ON the 19th of August last, with two natives, I began my journey of over five hundred miles to visit the Indian villages and camps situated on the Upper Naas and the Skeena River, and on the following day reached Port Simpson, where I was hospitably entertained by Bro. Crosby.

21st. On leaving Port Simpson our course was through a narrow strait, separating Alaska from British Columbia. The scenery is picturesque. The timber is of stunted growth, covered with long, thick moss, showing that we are passing through a region of great rainfall. This was our experience, for toward night the rain poured down upon us most copiously ; but my Indians, accustomed to such weather, cheerfully paddled on, lightening their labor by singing some of our beautiful hymns in their own tongue. We passed the night in a fishing-hut, where our appetite, well seasoned with fatigue, enabled us to do ample justice to our stock of provisions.

On the 22nd of August we reached the Greenville Mission, in charge of our missionary, Bro. Green, having made a distance of ninety miles in three days by canoe.

THE GREENVILLE MISSION

was seen at an unfavorable time, the people being so much scattered. The native dwellings were neat and clean, built in English style. Bro. Green has a Boys' Home, in which were five or six orphan boys, or boys who had been so neglected that a Christian heart would be greatly pained to know their destitute condition. A few friends abroad contribute of their means to the maintenance of these boys ; but the burden of their support, I believe, is borne by the missionary. The boys in this home are sent to school, are taught to work, and have the advantage of a Christian family. We spent Sabbath, the 24th, at Fishery Bay, where we held two services, attended by large, attentive audiences. Here is a cannery for putting up salmon.

Aug. 26th. Bro. Green and I, with a crew of Indians, sailed up the river to reach the trail, which joins the Naas with the Skeena River.

After a day's hard paddling and poling we camped under the spreading branches of a huge tree. We passed on our way up some small patches of land, which the Indians cultivate for potatoes. Cottonwood is the chief timber growth.

27th. Another half-day's hard toiling brought us to

* This letter did not reach the Mission Rooms till May 12th.

THE VILLAGE OF KIT-WAN-SILTH,

where one of our native missionaries labors during the favorable season. It was at this place the Indians opposed Bro. Green erecting a small church and school-house a few years ago. Since, the hostile chiefs have made friends with him, and they have allowed the erection of a neat little church and mission-house, beautifully situated in a prominent part of their village. Many of the young people are inclined to lead a Christian life; and some of the older people, too, see that the *new way* is better than the *old*.

In our canoe we took up the corpse of a little boy, that had been drowned at Fishery Bay, belonging to this village. The poor mother seemed heartbroken. She knew not the Christian's hope—that if she was faithful to God, she would meet her dear little one again in the land of light and sunshine. Bro. Green pointed her to our only hope, trusting that she would look to Him and be saved.

Leaving Kit-wan-silth, we paddled on till night overtook us, when we camped at an Indian lodge which the owner dignified by calling it his summer workhouse. Frequently he would apologize for the poor accommodation at his command, saying, "that if we were at his winter residence he could entertain us in a manner befitting our station." These Indians were truly hospitable and gave us the best they had, served up in their best style, a description of which I must defer. We preached to them Jesus and urged them to accept the gospel.

On the 28th we reached

KIT-LACH-TAMUX,

a village of about 30 large houses, with a winter population of some 400 people. Here is a good field of labor for an indefatigable missionary. Miss Green spent a part of last winter with this people, and afterwards Mr. Nicholas spent a few months with them until they went down the river in the spring to catch the oolichan, the famous small fish. There is much good land around Kit-lach-tamux. Good crops may be grown but there is danger of their being damaged by the early frosts which occur in July, always in August, the heat being insufficient to bring the crops to early maturity.

The old medicine man was at home. He seemed quite a character in his way; a man of large head and vigorous intellect. With an education under more favored circumstances he would have played an active part in life's drama. This old man has a remarkable stone, or something like a stone. The Indians say it came down from the sky. Its specific gravity is less than iron and greater than stone.

After encouraging these people to give themselves

to the Lord Jesus we left their village for the trail, four miles above, which we reached at noon.

After dinner we packed up our things, our Indians, Tom and Dick, carrying the heavy baggage such as tent, food, bedding and cooking utensils, and started off on our long walk of nearly 150 miles to

KIT-WAN-GAH,

on the Skeena River. The trail was good the first half day. The two following days' travelling was exceedingly disagreeable. The reader will imagine a narrow path skirted with thick undergrowth, covered with dense foliage, or by a luxuriant growth of ferns, or by a coarse, tall grass, mixed with wild oats; the rain falling very heavily. Starting from our camping-ground dry and comfortable, our feet and legs became literally saturated in a few minutes. In this state we had to remain all day. No matter, on we must trudge, our work lies before us. At noon we reached the summer fishing-camp of Scutine, the head chief of the Kit-lach-tamux tribe. We stopped here a short time; were refreshed by their hospitality; pointed the people to Christ as their only Saviour; sang and prayed with them; then went on our journey.

Scutine's wife told us

A MOST HARROWING STORY

which I will relate to show the habits of the people.

The upper Naas Indians take a pleasure in steam baths. Just lately a woman, the wife of a Kit-lach-tamux Indian, entered one of these caves heated with steam produced by putting red-hot stones into water. Her husband was to shut the door and in a few minutes after open it again. He shut the door, went away, engaged in something else, and forgot his wife. She called and called, but no answer. The heat became intolerable, at length the careless husband thought of his wife, came, opened the door, and brought her out actually cooked. Her flesh fell off from her bones. Her sufferings soon terminated in death.

Leaving this place our path led us on by the precipitous banks of the great canyon of the Naas, several hundred feet in height. It was a magnificent sight to see the seething waters hurrying down the deep descent. Here and there might be seen the ladders up which the Indians carry the salmon they have caught in wicker baskets in the waters below. Their's is a perilous task.

30th. We crossed a branch stream of the Naas by means of a suspension bridge cleverly constructed of poles, crook sticks, and bark, supported on each side of the river by heavy stones. It is purely of native workmanship. Should the bridge give way the unfortunate traveller would have but little chance to save his life in the rapid current below. Over hill

and dale, across brooklet and old river bed, we wended our way until we reached the summer fishing station of the

KIT-WAN-COOL TRIBES.

Fine salmon are caught in a river hard by. In the mountains around there are rich berries which the natives pick, then dry them in cakes. There are large hunting grounds all around where are found the grizzly bear, the large Cariboo deer, etc. Here much good has been done by Mr. Green's former visits and by our native missionaries from Greenville. About twenty young people have left their homes and friends for the sake of the gospel, and have gone to live at Greenville where they are doing well, bearing good fruit. Dick and Tom, our guides, were of this tribe. Right trusty fellows they were, ready to go anywhere, or to do anything according to our wishes. We spent Sabbath at this place, called by the natives Shke-ka-ny. Owing to our presence, the day was fairly well observed in the large building we occupied a part of. We held two services which were well attended. At the close of our morning service

AN OLD MEDICINE MAN

of this tribe had come in to practice his art on a sick girl. Her mother had called him in. The old doctor was dressed in a leather girdle, his head being adorned with a corona of bear's claws, and his right cheek was painted black. He was kneeling on one knee, his hands resting on the body of the sick girl. Around the patient were standing a man with several women, each having a tambourine-like drum in their hands, whilst little boys and girls were kneeling before dry boards with sticks in their hands. To cure their patient the men and women beat the drums, the children beat the boards with their sticks, and the old doctor sings a weird song. We tried to reason with them against their heathen practices; but their hearts were too proud to listen to our words. The poor sick child seemed distracted and longed for something better. Soon after we had an opportunity of speaking to her; we directed her mind to the Lord Jesus Christ, and told her of a better way to cure disease. The old conjurer told us afterwards that he well knew that he could not cure his patient, but then he said, "I am a doctor, and I must practise my profession." Could the

BOYS AND GIRLS OF CHRISTIAN CANADA

see the benighted condition of those little aborigines we had met on our journey they would feel deep sympathy for those children of the wild, and they would deny themselves of many a luxury that they might help to send the gospel to those people perishing for the lack of knowledge. We were sorry we

had no one to leave behind to further instruct those people in the way of life.

There were many other lodges that we have not mentioned, where we had the pleasure of directing the minds of the occupants to the Saviour of the world. We think that great good can be done by a strong, itinerating missionary through this region in the summer season.

1st Sept. We left Shke-ka-ny to proceed on our journey. The weather from this point was delightfully fine.

3rd Sept. We reached another fishing-station of the Kit-wan-cool people, where we again had the pleasure of preaching Christ; but their minds were dark—wrapt in gross darkness. How we pitied them! We pray the Lord to send more laborers into His vineyard.

4th Sept., a.m. We came up to

KIT-WAN-COOL VILLAGE,

which was almost deserted. The houses look old and dilapidated. The head chief was at home. He received us very courteously. Offered us food of various kinds. He said, "No one need be afraid to pass through this village. Their life is safe. We are glad to see you. We belong to you. Many of our young people have gone to Greenville to live, and are doing well. We are glad of it. We are glad to have a good word from you. You don't come often enough." A strong, resolute missionary would do this village great good, by spending the winter with the people.

In the evening we reached Kit-wan-gah, and were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Woods, of the Church Missionary Society. We shall not forget their kindness, or the fraternal feeling manifest in all their actions toward us.

6th Sept., a.m. We reached Kit-ze-gewkla village, about fifteen miles up the Skeena from Kit-wan-gah. This village was almost deserted, only one man and two children being at home. There is no missionary here. At evening we landed at Kit-an-max,

THE FORKS OF SKEENA.

Here Mr. Youmans had been murdered a few months previously. We found the people in a state of great excitement, owing to a false report that had reached them in regard to the fate of the murderer, then and now imprisoned in the City of Victoria.

7th Sept. was the Sabbath. In the absence of any other missionaries at the Forks, we held two services. In the morning I had the pleasure of speaking to the people from 1 John iv. 8: "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." While we spoke,

our hearts warmed towards our hearers, and we felt that we would gladly spend and be spent for our gracious Master. Bro. Green preached in the afternoon on the touch of Christ's garment by the diseased woman. Those services were well attended, and we hope, proved a blessing to the people.

8th Sept. Bro. Green and I walked out to the large village of Kish-pi-ax. Here is a large population without missionary guidance. It is too bad that they are so long left alone. This village is about 175 miles from the Pacific Ocean. There are many other villages beyond that we did not visit, still

WITHOUT CHRISTIAN INFLUENCES.

I do hope that our people at home, blessed with so many exalted privileges, will rise to the still higher privilege of sending a missionary to every village in the interior of this great province.

9th Sept. We left the Forks of Skeena and reached Lorne Creek, where we found about fifty white men mining for gold. This region is thought to be very rich in auriferous deposit. We spent nearly a day with the miners, who received us with great kindness. We trust that, while they seek the treasures of earth, they will lay up for themselves treasures in heaven. Another day brought us to Aberdeen, where, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Dempster, we were rested and refreshed. Our trip down the Skeena, over rapid and through canyon, was exceedingly exciting and interesting, deserving a description of a graphic pen.

Missionary Readings.

I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

I DARE not idle stand,
While upon every hand,
The whitening fields declare the harvest near.
A gleaner I would be,
Gathering, dear Lord, for thee;
Lest I with empty hands at last appear.

I dare not idle stand,
While on the shifting sand
The ocean casts bright treasures at my feet.
Beneath some shell's rough side
The tinted pearl may hide,
And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.

I dare not idle stand,
While over all the land
Poor, wandering souls need humble help like mine.
Brighter than brightest gem
In monarch's diadem
Each soul a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

I dare not idle stand,
But at my Lord's command
Labor for Him throughout my life's short day,
Evening will come at last,
Day's labor all be passed,
And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

—Selected.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

SIX hundred miles north of Rarotonga lies Penrhyns, a coral island—or rather, a series of coral islets all connected together. The inhabitants were, until lately, a terror to navigators. In 1854 the first attempt was made to evangelize them. The teachers went from islands (Rarotonga and Mangaia) abounding in all tropical vegetables and fruits to live on *cocoanuts and fish only*, and unhappily the cocoanut-trees ceased to bear for want of rain. Truly the Penrhyn Islands received the Word in much affliction.

In a recent visit the following incident greatly pleased the Rev. J. Chalmers and myself, as showing that they have not received the Word in vain:

We saw an aged woman, horribly mutilated. Upon inquiring the cause, she told us that some natives from the far-distant Gilbert Islands, who had been living ashore there, one night, without provocation, murdered two companions of hers. As for herself, she received several fearful cuts and was left for dead, but contrived to crawl into the bush and hide herself. The murderers then put to sea in a stolen canoe, but were chased and brought back. A council was held. Some said, "Hang all three," but the majority ruled that *because they were heathen they should not die*. Their punishment was that they should be kept prisoners until they should learn to read the Word of God and pray! The savage heathen, astonished at the clemency of the Christian islanders, became very docile, and soon learned to read and pray, after which they left Penrhyns, the native name of which is Tongareva.

The lagoon of Penrhyns is some nine or ten miles across, and is celebrated for its pearl fishery. Incidents like the above induce us to believe and hope that these poor islanders have found "the Pearl of great price."

ARE MISSIONS A FAILURE?

THE changes effected by missionary labors in India during the last fifty or sixty years are wonderful indeed. Should Cary and Thomas visit to-day the scene of their life-labors, it would seem a stranger land than when they first touched its shores.

Her sacred Ganges is now ploughed by Government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carry messages from her people. Then, the whole interior of the country sealed and the roads almost impassable; now, it is all open, and the surveyors are everywhere.

Then a whisper against sacred customs through the mission-fields sent a panic through India and England; now the marriage of widows, and the suppression of cruelties in festivals, with other changes more radical than the early missionaries dared dream of, are discussed weekly in native newspapers.

Then it was with difficulty that children could be hired to attend Christian schools; now staunch Hindoos