

a little, and then told them I felt I ought to obey the call in my heart to go and preach the Gospel to the heathen of British Columbia, but I had not the money. The reply was: 'We will lend you enough to go, and if you are never able to pay it back it will be all right anyway.' This was a very serious moment, for I did not expect the answer to come so soon. The thought of what it meant to leave home and friends and go to a land of which little was known suddenly presented itself to me. I excused myself from my friends and went away to my room, and there pleaded with God to help me to do what He had now clearly called me to do. When my decision was made to obey God at whatever cost, the way seemed all bright and clear.

'Now, however, a new difficulty presented itself. I must get the consent of my mother.

'I rode out one night to the farm. My father met me, fearing ill tidings, and as we stood by the house I told him the Lord had called me and that my way was open, but I felt I would like his consent and my mother's. The window was open and mother had overheard, and when we went in I found her in tears. Sobbing, she said I must not go, she could not spare me. Who can tell the depth of a mother's love? Though she had fourteen children, she felt she could not spare one. I told her how the call had come and the way had been opened, and that I felt it my duty to go, and further I feared if I disobeyed the voice of God I would lose my soul. Then, resting her hand upon my shoulder, the tears streaming down her cheeks, she said: 'If that is so, then go! my boy, go! and God bless you.'"

Thomas Crosby was just twenty-two years old when he said goodbye to his friends and started on the six-weeks' journey to British Columbia by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Crosby was a determined volunteer; he did not wait to be sent, nor until the Board of Missions had money to send him. He had strong hands and a brave heart, and like many another missionary in our great Dominion, began where he could, and with God's help did his best.

After reaching British Columbia he worked for eleven long months before he had paid back the money which had been lent to him to pay his expenses. This time was not lost, for while he worked on the roads for the Government, in the woods, at rough carpentering work, or at anything he could get to do, he became familiar with the new life and the people. In 1863 he left Victoria for Nanaimo, a canoe journey of nine days. Here he began work as a missionary, having been appointed teacher to the Indians by Dr. Evans, then Superintendent of Missions in British Columbia.

(To be Continued)

Borrowed Stuff

The stateliness of the tree, the lushness of the fruit, the beauty of the flower—these are not self-imposed, but are the direct tribute of the sun. Every incandescent light glows because it touches somewhere a ponderous dynamo. The stars and the moon shine because somewhere there is a blazing sun. They give off all they receive in. That's the final purpose for which they exist. And so it is with humanity. The truth is, character is a composition made up of borrowed parts. He who declared that we are a part of God, we ever meet, caught the thought that threads its way through the natural and the moral worlds. Thought is only the result of contact with the fact and fancy of other minds. We only borrow, and dare to work it

again. Every idea comes from the world's great storehouse; we have only fashioned it again in our mental mold, and we call it new. Character is only borrowed stuff upon which we have stamped our own trademark. Therefore, we should use the utmost care as to what we borrow, for no man ever rises above his plane of thinking.

J. M. N.

Christmas Suggestions

A LIST OF CHRISTMAS STORIES.

Many Christmas stories may be used in various ways as the Christmas season approaches. Some books that are fine reading, may as a whole, be adapted and told, and such are included in this list:

The Brownie's Christmas. Marie E. Wilkins.
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wigglin.
No Room in the Inn. Knight.
The Other Wise Man. Van Dyke.
O Little Town of Bethlehem. (Poem.) Phillips Brooks.

Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight. (Poem.) Phillips Brooks.

The Night Before Christmas. Whittier.
Jest 'Fore Christmas. Eugene Field.
A Hospital Christmas. Hospital Sketches by Louise M. Alcott.

Tiny Tim. Dickens' Christmas Carols.
The Story of the Birth of Christ—Ben Hur, by Lew Wallace.

Christ Child Tales. Hofer.
The Great Walled City—Knights of the Silver Shield. Alden.

Why the Chimes Rang at Christmas. Alden.

(As above or in leaflet published by Chicago Kindergarten College.)

Stories and Poems of Christmas in other lands.

Plan Book. Christmas in Other Lands.

A. Flannagan, Chicago.

Christmas Every Day. Howells.

A Captured Santa Claus. Page.

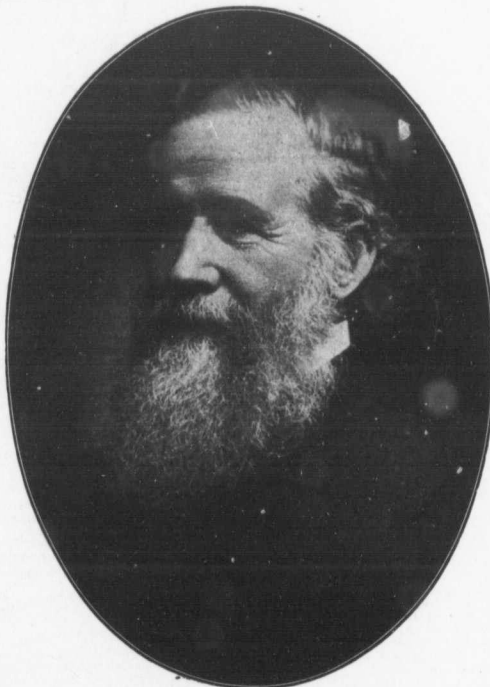
First Christmas Tree. Van Dyke.

Christmas Bells. Five Little Peppers.

Sydney.

—Junior Workers' Quarterly.

Men of Whom You Ought to Know



REV. THOMAS CROSBY, D.D.

WHETHER in founding a Nation or in extending the Kingdom of God, the work of the pioneer is of utmost value. In both the national life of Canada and the growth of the Methodist Church, few men now living merit such honor as Thomas Crosby, veteran missionary on the Pacific Coast. While our young people study his noble record may the spirit of the fathers come upon them, that they may emulate in some measure the heroism of the early days, and perpetuate the self-denial of the pioneers.