

Our Young Folks.

AT BEDTIME.

Two weary little feet
That travelled all the day,
That never ceased from morn till night
To run, and jump, and play.

Two restless little hands,
That still can never be,
That played with marble, top, and ball
As long as eyes could see.

Two drowsy little eye
That scarce can open keep,
That wink, and blink, and then are rubbed
To chase away kind sleep.

Two rosy little lips,
Two kisses sweet and long,
Two little ears that love the sound
Of mother's good night song.

Two welcome little words
That, head on pillow white,
Can scarce be heard for sleepiness,
"Good night, dear child, good night."

THE MILL BOY THAT BECAME A MISSIONARY.

Many years ago Thomas Crosby, a Canadian youth, read an appeal from a missionary in British Columbia for more workers. The youth had lately become a Christian, his heart was full of zeal, and here was just the work for him; so he regarded the request as personal.

He was employed in a bark mill. As soon as he could leave his employer he started for home, some distance away. Travelling on foot, he did not reach his father's house until near midnight.

Mr. Crosby, surprised that his son should come home, and at such a late hour, asked, as soon as the door was opened, what had sent him away from his business. Without entering, Thomas told his story, and listened to his father's objections. Thus, for several minutes, did the son, standing on the doorstep, his father within, plead his cause, and answer the objections presented. A part of the conversation, as told the writer, will give an idea of the discussion.

"You are too young to be a missionary. You are not a man yet," objected Mr. Crosby.

"I will be soon. I am growing older and larger every day," replied Thomas.

"How can you preach? You do not know how. You have never studied such matters, nor have you had more than a common-school education."

"I can study and learn. Yet I know how to tell men that they are sinners, and that they need a Saviour; and can tell how I found him. I will tell what he has done for me."

"British Columbia is many thousand miles away, and it takes money to get there. You have no money, nor have I any to spare. Where will you get money to take you to that mission field?"

"I will borrow it."

"From whom?"

"Mr. ———" (a noted and careful money-lender).

"He will not let you have it without the best of security. And who will indorse your note? He is very careful, and does not lose a dollar if he can help it. He would not accept me, if I were ready to sign your note."

"I'll try him, anyway. He cannot do more than refuse; but I believe he'll let me have the money."

"I don't. Yet, even if able to get the money, will you go away and desert your parents? Remember that you are our only child, and the time is near when we may be dependent on you for support. What shall we do if you leave us? Is it

right to turn away from your parents in their old age?"

Before the youth could think of a reply, his mother, who had listened at the open window in the room above, called out earnestly: "You can go, Tom! Tom, you can go, if you want to."

Soon after, the mother, father, and son were talking and praying in the little sitting-room, and seeking to know what the Lord would have them do. Most of the remainder of the night was spent in earnest consultation and prayer. But the matter was settled when morning came.

When the youth called on the money-lender, told his story, and asked for the loan of two hundred dollars he was answered with the sharp inquiry, "What security will you give?"

"These," replied young Crosby, holding up his hands with the open palms toward the man. "I will work day and night, after reaching the place, and will pay back every dollar with interest."

The lender may not have known exactly why he did it, but he accepted the youth's unindorsed note for two hundred dollars, and gave him the money.

The young missionary made few preparations, and speedily started for his field of labor. Reaching British Columbia, he found employment at good wages in a sawmill. When two hundred dollars were earned, and enough more for interest on the money, the whole was sent back to Canada to pay off the note. Not until then did young Crosby feel that he had any right to turn to his chosen work.

Calling on the missionary who had written the letter, the youth was admitted, and then, in his blunt way, he made himself and his purpose known. Said he, "I've come now to see about that mission work."

"What mission work?" inquired the missionary.

"That work that you wrote about."

"Wrote about to whom?"

"Why, you wrote a letter to me, saying that you wanted men to help, and I am here to do what I can."

"Wrote you? Why I never wrote a word to you."

"Yes, you did."

"I never did. How could I? I never heard of you before to-day."

"That may be; but you wrote for me, and here I am."

"I never wrote you a word, nor even heard that such a person lived; so I could not have written."

"You may see for yourself. I brought the letter along; I've got it with me now. There; didn't you write that letter?" inquired Crosby, handing the letter, now showing marks of age and use.

"Yes; I wrote that letter, but not to you. It's printed."

"But you wrote to any one ready to come here to help you in the Lord's work. That meant me; and here I am."

"That letter was written long ago. You have taken a long time in coming. Why didn't you come before?"

"I could not. I had to earn the money first to pay my way. That's all settled now; I came as soon as I could, and am ready now to help."

"What can you do?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Put on your hat, and come along with me."

Saying this, the missionary, pleased with the peculiar ways of the honest, earnest youth, led him out and showed him some of the work. From that day

Thomas Crosby was a missionary. Six months afterward he was licensed as an exhorter, and a year later was a regular preacher in the Methodist Church in British Columbia.

This was after the discovery of gold; and rough, godless miners had come in multitudes to British Columbia. Some of them had brought Indian women as mistresses down from the north. These women were able to speak a little English, and understood more; and to them the young missionary turned his thoughts, prayers, and efforts. Some listened, became interested, and, if not Christians, at least inquirers. Convinced that theirs was an evil life, they proposed to return to their home; but the miners hindered, and forbade the young missionary to preach or speak to them about religion. To emphasize their commands, they said that they would kill him if he disobeyed.

Young Crosby was not a coward, though he loved life as much as others. But he loved Jesus and souls more, and he persisted in trying to lead the fallen women to the Saviour. The poor creatures, seeing his devotion, were the more ready to listen and heed.

When the miners saw the courage of the young preacher, instead of carrying out their threat, they allowed such of the women as wished to return to their distant home, and let the missionary continue his work.

Reaching home, the women told their fathers and mothers, not of the evil, but of the good, they had learned in the camp of the miners, and told of the good man with the "wonderful book." The story was repeated so often that the men became interested in the brave preacher, and in his "wonderful book," and resolved to go after him and invite him to make them a visit, and tell them what he had told their daughters and sisters.

Cutting down immense trees, the Indians made a great canoe, capable of carrying sixty men, and in it sailed six hundred miles down the coast after the white preacher and his book. Though they found Crosby, they failed at first to persuade him to go along. Indian-like, they would not accept a refusal. The missionary listened to their appeal, and finally consented to accompany them.

He found a deepening religious interest among the Indians, and many ready, even anxious, to hear the gospel and accept Christ. He worked ceaselessly and successfully to bring souls to the Saviour. People came from long distance to hear the white man preach and read from his "wonderful book."

The news spread into Alaska, and Indians from America's new possession came down to learn what had moved their neighbors so greatly. At first they looked on with ridicule, then with amazement, and finally with deep interest. Not content selfishly by themselves to know and hear the white man and his book, they returned to tell the news to their friends and relatives.

A delegation was sent back to the British possessions to bring Crosby into Alaska, to tell the Indians there what he was telling their neighbors farther south. The appeals at first were vain, for the young missionary was too much interested in the work in progress to undertake anything new. Yet he could not turn away the urgent request, and he went.

In Alaska Thomas Crosby found a work of grace already begun. Men were not only eager to hear the truth; they

wanted to know how to be saved, how to get rid of the sin burdening their souls. It was joyful work to the young man, and his success encouraged him so much that he felt it necessary to have help. Nor could he forget those whom he had recently left, to whom he had promised soon to return.

"You must remain with us, and be our permanent teacher," said the Alaskans.

"I cannot," responded Crosby. "I promised to return soon, and I must keep my word. Besides, this country belongs to the United States; I belong to Great Britain, and my work is in her possessions."

"But you must not leave us without a teacher," urged the Alaskans.

Thinking first of his own denomination, Crosby wrote to the Methodist Episcopal Mission Society in New York, telling of the work, and asking for men and money to carry it on. To his sorrow, the reply came that neither men nor money could be spared from the great work already burdening the Methodist Church.

The missionary then wrote to the mission board of the Presbyterian Church in the North, and the result was the establishment of Presbyterian missions in Alaska. Of the success of that mission work nothing need be told here. It is enough to say that the work, begun by Thomas Crosby, is going on, ever prosperous, even amid trials and difficulties.

Let it not be forgotten that this Presbyterian mission was begun by a Methodist, and a Canadian. And when he started as a missionary, he was simply a poor working youth, employed first in a bark mill, later in a saw mill. Though he had only a common-school education, he was not afraid to undertake, and he was successful in accomplishing a most difficult work. But then, he studied hard, did his very best, and all for Christ and the Church.—Rev. J. A. Davis, in the *Golden Rule*.

SAVED THROUGH A PICTURE.

A striking example of how art may become the handmaid of religion is afforded in a Scotch story related by someone thus:—

"I was 'way down with the drink, when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung His picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bartender, 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it and took it home. Then as I looked at it, the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of all my sin?'"

"No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. Such a look of exultation came over his face as he answered:—

"When the heart is thus opened to the Saviour, he takes the love of drink right out of it."

The Australian colonists, who had been led to expect Royal visitors this year, are doomed to disappointment. The Duke and Duchess of York were personally inclined to make the tour of Australia and return by way of Canada, but for family reasons, mainly the Queen vetoed the idea.