

THE CALL FROM MACEDONIA

nection with our services had the joy of seeing souls saved.

I now felt more than ever that every moment must be improved in storing my mind with useful knowledge. I purchased additional books, mostly of a devotional character, and spent my evenings, until late into the night, in study.

I never failed to avail myself of the privileges offered by any services of a special character, and while in attendance at a notable camp-meeting, held near Ingersoll, Ontario, at which the Rev. Wm. Taylor (then known as "California" Taylor) preached a wonderful sermon on sanctification, my heart was set on fire of love, and a stronger desire than ever to glorify God took possession of my soul.

About this time my attention was drawn to the fervent appeals of the pioneer missionaries to British Columbia, published in the *Christian Guardian*, and previously referred to. Again the flame of missionary zeal, which had been first lighted in my boyhood days by the influence of the saintly George Piercy, began to burn with renewed intensity.

One day a friend handed me a copy of the paper with the letter from Bro. White in it, and said: "Crosby, you ought to go there." I took the paper into my room and read it on my knees, and there and then promised God if the way should open and the money should be forthcoming I would go. But where the money was to come from I did not know.

Presently some of my friends noticed that something was troubling me, and asked me what was the matter. I hesitated a little, and then told them I felt