



Editorial



The Late Rev. Thomas Crosby, D.D.

On Tuesday evening, January 6th, the Rev. Thomas Crosby, D.D., one of our pioneer missionaries to the Indians on the Pacific Coast, was called to his reward.

For some years he had been in failing health and in 1907 was obliged to ask for superannuation. Since then, he lived in New Westminster and Vancouver, until Tuesday last, when the death messenger called him hence. He was born in the town of Pickering, in Yorkshire, England, in 1840. In 1856 he came with his parents to Canada and settled near Woodstock, Ontario. From early boyhood he was the subject of deep religious convictions and fully surrendered himself to Christ and Christian service while yet a young man.

In 1861, the Rev. Edward White wrote several letters to the *Christian Guardian*, telling of the destitute condition of the Indians in British Columbia and pleading for volunteers to go and teach them. The appeal came under the eye of Thomas Crosby, who on reading it yearned to respond to the call. He borrowed from a friend enough money to pay the expenses of the long journey, and on February 26th, 1862, went forth trusting in God. Near the coal mining town of Nanaimo was a band of Flathead Indians, and among these he began his work, gathering the children in a school and speaking to the adults when he had opportunity.

This was the commencement of forty-five years of missionary service on the Pacific Coast, which in the sacrifices involved, the privations endured, and in abundance of labors as well as in the results achieved, has not been surpassed by any missionary of modern times. Thousands of Indians of various tribes heard the Gospel from his lips, and thousands, through his ministry, received the Truth into honest hearts, and were led to abandon heathen customs and live as the Master taught men to live.

The name of Crosby is a household name on the Pacific slope, and indeed throughout the Methodist Church in Canada. Few men have been more widely known in Church circles than he, and none have more worthily won the admiration, the confidence and esteem of their brethren.

His widow, who shared his labors with more than ordinary courage, and faith, and patience, and to whom much of his success is due, and his family have our sincerest sympathy in this their dark hour.

Prompt Remittance

It was announced in the January *OUTLOOK* "that up to date Dundas Church holds the record for the Dominion," having remitted to the Mission Rooms more than half as much missionary money as their total contribution to the General Fund last year.

We have since learned that North Gower Circuit, in the Montreal Conference, surpasses this record a long way. The total givings to the General Fund by that circuit last year was \$462. The pastor of that field, the Rev. J. Holt Murray, has already sent \$500 missionary money to the Mission Rooms for year 1913-14 with more to follow.

The Apostolic Succession to Philip

Dan Crawford in "The Continent"

(Continued from January *OUTLOOK*)

IMMORTALITY AN UNQUESTIONED FAITH WITH SAVAGES.

And from God let us turn to a second great and gracious gain. Here again we strike blessed bedrock, for flaming like a fire in the blackness of darkness we see the divine doctrine of immortality. For no African would ever descend or condescend to argue the immortality of the soul. This is another awful axiom of the take-it-or-leave-it brand. They sublimely say, "The dead do not really die." They sacredly say, "The body is the cottage of the soul." They do not say, a la America, that Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith has departed this life, for that is a platitude. Yes, and a poor enough one, for nature nastily tells that sad story soon enough. Nay, they beat us who platitudinize, for they splendidly say, "He has arrived!" And all this away where never white man was, missionary or merchant.

So here again the old obstinate idea is proved that immortality is not a mere doctrine but an instinct, a much—oh, yes, a much—more serious thing. Grotesque and diversified in its million manifestations (granted!), but a notorious instinct, and as such surer than the instinct of the bird of passage never deceived in its migrations. Sure as the bee when it elaborates the cell for the future honey. Sure, yes, surer far than that instinct of the butterfly and beetle when they prepare the cradle and the food for the offspring they will never see. Even Darwin was forced to own the vast ramifications of this instinct of immortality among degraded races of men, but curiously argued (fie, Mr. Darwin!) that "if the human mind was developed from the lowest forms of creatures, then how could that mind—human though it was—be trusted in its instincts?" Of course the bewildering part of all this is that the speaker is the self-same Darwin who sees elsewhere and anywhere instinct as a mighty moulding law ruling the creation like clockwork, and unerringly causing the swallow, for instance, to shoot south overseas for the sure sunshine and the flowers. Not by whim or caprice, but by law—the law of instinct—does that swallow dart south to the sun it never saw but is going to see. Then, Mr. Darwin, why, oh, why, deny to the mighty soul what you grant to the small swallow? Are ye not of more value than many swallows? Moral: The thirst for the Infinite proves the Infinite. "Sir, I hold," said Emerson—and well spake he—"I hold that God who keeps his word with the birds and fishes in all their migratory instincts will keep His word with man."

Somebody sent me a question as to the natives' conception of the cruel death of Christ. Let me tell you a wonderfully pathetic thing in this connection. Tramping around I went in to preach before some wild ones. One of them was named Malemba, a splendid man and an ex-cannibal. I am writing a book about it, and really I must subtitle it "Malemba's Book," such brainy witticisms and criticisms he utters! Flowing like a tide I addressed these men on the only subject that is worth talking about—to wit, the death of Christ and how that God's Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures. The song began to sing in my soul as I preached, and yet I trust a sob stole into my voice and my eyes glistened a bit.