

THE MESSENGER.

who brought Aunt Kezie's toast from the Thorne kitchen.

Later, as ready dressed for her evening with the decorating committee, she went in to bid Aunt Kezie good-night she said laughingly:

'I think I've not overlooked a daisy to-day, dear Aunt Kezie.'

'I don't believe you've trampled on one, dear, and I'm sure you find them very satisfactory little flowers.'

'Indeed they are!' emphasizing each word. Then looking around the jamb of the door with a twinkle of merriment, she added: 'And for that very reason the roses will prove all the sweeter.'—'Wellspring.'

How Many Bones.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen when they are all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones in the shoulder bind?
Two in each—one before and behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each one, two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the knee pan, please.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And altogether, these many bones fix,
And then count in the body two hundred and six.

And then we have the human mouth,
Of upper and under thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That was in a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A sesamoid bone, or a wormian, we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

—'Medical Recorder.'

Where Two Ways Meet.

Where two ways meet the children stand,
A broad, fair road on either hand;
One leads to Right and one to Wrong;
So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad?
The right or left, the good or bad?
One leads to Right and one to Wrong;
So runs the song.
—'Sunshine.'

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 endorse 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 unendorsed 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 saw-mill. 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 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 became, 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 women to the Saviour.