

nails, had held the Almighty Son of God on the cross. When I said that He looked at the jeering, cursing mob, and in His infinite pity prayed: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," a bitter sob broke from Sandy. I did not speak to him then; but when the others left I took the wee weeping lad in my arms, and as the sobs grew fainter, he poured into my ears such a story of cruelty and wrong that the tears run down my cheeks yet when I recall it.

His mother died when he was only two years of age, leaving a baby sister. Within a year his father married again. The father had been bad enough, but the "woman who lives at our house," as Sandy called her, was ten times worse. "I don't mind for myself," he sobbed; "but it's for Elsie, she beats her. It don't matter for me, 'cause I'm a boy. I won't forgive her, I hate her," he said, clenching a small brown fist.

I hardly knew what to say, the bruises and cuts he showed me were smarting still, and then, there was Elsie. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you." "But can't you forgive her for Christ's sake, Sandy?" I asked, after a pause. He was silent a minute, and then he whispered: "I'd do 'most anything for Him." "Well, my lad," I said; "don't think of your step-mother at all; just do everything right for His sake." "I'd like to do something else for Him," said Sandy, slowly; "just for His own self." "Very well," I replied, glad to turn his mind from his own sorrows; "try to get some one else to love Him. You know he says that when you help the least of His little ones, He will count it all for Himself."

Then, with a warm "good-night," I parted with the dear boy, whom I will never see again until in a brighter land we'll say "good morning."

The following Thursday, just as I drew in my chair to my quiet tea table, the servant told me

that a little girl was wanting me in the kitchen. Going down I found a child of five or six seated at the fire. She rose to meet me, and holding out her hands, cried eagerly: "Oh, teacher, come to Sandy." "What is wrong, my dear?" I asked. "He's all burned," she sobbed, "and he wants you, teacher."

In a few minutes we were hurrying down the street, up one alley, and down another, across the square, until at last we reached a small brown house. "It's not our house," said Elsie, "that's ours," pointing to a heap of smouldering ruins. I hurried through the room, past the gaping crowd, to the bed on which Sandy lay. No, not Sandy; he had left blows, and bruises, and wounds behind, and was resting "where glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land."

The cruel fire had spared his beautiful face, and, despite his sufferings, a sweet brave smile rested on the quiet lips. His glorious eyes were closed for a little "while."

"How did it happen?" I asked of one of the neighbour women. "Well, ma'am, you see the house caught fire, and his step-mother, bad luck to her, wasn't by, and her baby was asleep upstairs. Sandy, he knew it, and went up the stairs, and them all a-blazing, and a-flaming; but he couldn't come back that way, so he just held that baby out of the window till the men they got the ladder up. But the life was near out of him by that time, the darlin'," and the kind-hearted woman wiped away a tear. "He came to after a spell, and he was asking for you. He said: 'If she is not here soon, tell her that it was one of the least;' then he waited a bit and whispered: 'It's a very small baby,' and just before he went he whispered: 'For Christ's sake'."

Ah, me! but wee Sandy is safe, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

NOTICE.

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