

to flow are friendly, and much assistance is expected from them in the work of exploration. When Lieutenant Stoney explored the 400 miles of the river he found the current in some places running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

I Did This for Thee.

I suffered much for thee,
Isa. liii. 3.
More than thy tongue can tell
Matt. xxv. 39.
Of bitter agony
Luke xxii. 44.
To rescue thee from hell.
Rom. v. 9.
I suffered much for thee :
1 Pet. ii. 21-24.
What canst thou bear for Me?
And I have brought to thee,
John iv. 10-14.
Down from My home above,
John iii. 13.
Salvation full and free,
Rev. xxi. 6.
My pardon and My love.
Acts v. 31.
Great gifts I brought to thee :
Psa. lxxviii. 18.
What hast thou brought to Me?
Oh let thy life be given,
Rom. v. 13.
Thy years for Him be spent;
2 Cor. v. 15.
World-fetters all be riven,
Phil. iii. 8.
And joy with suffering blent.
1 Pet. iv. 13-16.
I gave Myself for thee :
Eph. v. 2.
Give thou *thyself* to Me.
Prov. xxiii. 26.

One of the Least.

BY MINNIE FRASER.

HOW the wind blew. It came round the corner with a force that fairly took my breath away, as I toiled up the street that October afternoon. I knew that people were saying, "What in the world takes that old maid out this dreadful day?" I almost asked myself the same question. Perhaps the reason that I kept it back was that a verse was ringing in my ears, crowding out every other thought: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." It was surely the least of His brethren that I expected to meet at the Mission School, just a few ragged, good-natured boys; but to me they

were a great deal, and He who notes the tired sparrow's fall called them all by name. I knew that the weather was not likely to keep my scholars away. Indeed, it would increase the number, for the mission room was a "sight" warmer than the slippery street.

At last I reached my destination; but just as I was preparing to climb the steps I heard a slight snivel, and turning saw a bundle of rags in a corner. Experience had taught me that there is generally something under rags, and so I laid my hand on the torn cap. Instantly one little hand was held up with a quick shivering movement that made my heart ache, for it told a sad story of blows and wounds. "Well, my lad," I said, kindly; "won't it be warmer inside? Come in with me." He shook his head without looking up. "Come along," I said, taking hold of his hand; "you're the very boy I want." At this he raised his head and looked at me with the most wonderful eyes I have ever seen, pleading, beautiful, pansy eyes. After a little coaxing, I persuaded him to come into the school with me, and from that day Sandy McGuire was never absent. He seldom spoke; never unless questioned. But he would sit in his corner literally drinking in every word. Of his home I knew nothing. I found that it was too sore a subject for the timid little heart to disclose. I did not know what impression the story of our Saviour's life was making on the boy who had "never heard tell of Him."

So the weeks went by, and with very few words my little friend and I understood one another, loved one another, trusted one another.

At last, one Sabbath, we had the lesson of the Cross. We had followed our Lord over the hills and highways, when He had set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. Like His disciples, we too, had trembled, in wonder and amazement, when He, who all His life long had known want and privation, girded Himself anew to meet the awful struggle at Jerusalem. We had followed Him through the agony and humiliation of that night, until when the gray light broke over the city they had crucified Him, with the two malefactors, the one on His right hand and the other on His left.

I had told the boys that love, and not the cruel