

Died for me.

AMONG the war records of America, one incident is told which is worth repeating.

After the battle of Chickamauga a man, roughly dressed, was seen standing by a grave in the Soldiers' Cemetery at Nashville. Tears were rolling down his cheeks, but every now and then he wiped them away, and looked steadily at the painted board which stood at the head of the grave.

'Your son, sir?' a sympathetic bystander asked.

'No, not mine. He lived in our town, though, and I came to find his grave.'

'A relation, then—a friend, perhaps?'

'My neighbour's son,' said the farmer. Then, seeing the interested look on the questioner's face, he added, 'I'd like to tell you all. I'm a poor man with seven small children and a sickly wife. I was drafted for this war. I couldn't hire a substitute. I was in great trouble, for that meant starvation to the poor things at home, none of whom could work for their living, not to speak of carrying on the farm. The morning I ought to have left them my neigh-

bour's son came and offered to go in my stead. Said he, "I've no one depending on me, and you have." So he went, and was killed in action. This is his grave. I felt I must come and put those words over his head.'

On the painted head-board 'Died for me' was roughly traced under the name of the sleeping soldier. The tears and distress of the survivor testified to his gratitude, but most of all he showed his appreciation of the act of love by taking a long and weary journey to set up this outward mark of his feelings.

Reader, was it too much, think you, to do for a fellow-man? You are indignant at the bare idea. Why, he died for him, you answer. And has not the Perfect Man died for you? What have you done to show your gratitude to Him? Have you confessed before the world your thankfulness to Him?

Have you kept holy the day of His death?

Have you regularly commemorated the sacrifice at His altar, as He bade men do?

Oh! if you have done none of these things, you are surely most ungrateful, forgetful, and neglectful of One who 'died for you.'

The Wrong Excuse.

TWO working men were talking about a comrade who had lately 'got into trouble,' as the saying is. 'He oughtn't to say he was led into it,' said one; 'he *lent* himself to it.'

The remark struck me as a thoughtful one.

When a man, open-eyed, goes into dangerous places, associates with questionable characters, surely he lends himself to evil—he is not led into it.

Yet people often say regretfully, 'Ah, poor fellow, he was led into it,' when a man has committed a sin under the influence of

drink. 'He wouldn't have done it,' they add, 'if he'd been in his right senses.'

Very likely not, but why did he lend himself to evil by going into a place of temptation—the public-house?

A boy commits a theft. It is his first offence; he has been led into it by a bad companion, it is declared.

True, but before that, when he *would* keep company with that boy in spite of his parents' warning, he lent himself to sin. The least wilful forsaking of the right path is a leaning towards sin. It is a false excuse for such people to say they are *led* into sin.