

### "HE DIED FOR ME."

During the terrible civil war in America, a traveller in one of the Southern States came one day to a new-made grave. He saw a man smoothing the turf and planting flowers, while tears flowed freely from his eyes. 'You have lost, I suppose, a beloved wife,' said the traveller, accosting him. 'No,' said he; 'I have not lost a wife.' 'Perhaps it is a dear child who lies buried there,' said the stranger again. 'No,' said the mourner; 'I have lost no wife, and no child.' 'Why then are you planting those flowers on that grave, and weeping as you plant them?' I am doing this for one who died for me.'

'But how was this?' said the traveller. 'I was called,' said the mourner, 'to serve as a soldier. I had a wife and children. A friend came forward. He said, 'I have no wife and no child; I will go instead of you.'

'He went, and he was mortally wounded. Hearing of this, I went to the hospital where he lay. Ere I reached it he was gone; and here he lies buried. He died for me, and I plant these flowers in memory of his love.'

Afterwards a tombstone was set up, and on it were carved the simple words.—

"HE DIED FOR ME."

Such is the love of man to man, of friend to friend. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us' (Rom. v. 8.)

Shall we not love him in return? Shall we not consecrate our lives to Him who gave his life for us? If love can win a heart, surely a sinner's heart must be won?

### NOW, NOT TO-MORROW.

In one of the meetings held in Edinburgh by Mr. Moody, was a miner in his working clothes, sitting near the front, very attentive and impressed. At the close of the meeting he rose to go away; but after walking down the passage, he turned and sat down again. His friend came up to him and said: 'Come away home, John.' 'No,' said he, 'I came here to get good, and I havena taken it a' in yet.' So he waited. There was more prayer and another hymn, and special conversation with himself. His heart was touched and changed; with his hard, rough grip, he shook the minister's

hand and said: "I have wondered if this might be true; I now believe it. It has brought peace to my soul. I know and trust my Saviour." On the next day, while working, a mass of coal or rock fell on him. The injuries were fatal. Death was close at hand. A fellow-workman approached him. "Bend down your ear to me," said the dying man, and then he added, "Oh, Andrew, I'm thankfu I settled it last night."

### "WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?"

A little girl went home from church full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who was not at all a good man, whether he prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner replied, 'Is it your mother, or your Aunt Sally, who has put you up to that?'

"No, father," said the child; "the minister said all good people pray, and those than don't pray cannot be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said, "Well you, and your mother, and Aunt Sally, may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little girl, "which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the sure way to a bad end. He burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

Dear young reader, *which way are you going?*—*Children's Friend.*

### A BOY'S LOGIC.

A boy astonished his Christian mother by asking her for a dollar to buy a share in a raffle for a silver watch that was to be raffled off in a beer saloon. His mother was horrified, and rebuked him.

"But," said he, "mother, did you not bake a cake with a ring in it, to be raffled off in a Sunday-School fair?"

"O, my son," said she, "that was for the church."

"But if it was wrong," said the boy "would doing it for the church make it right? Would it be right for me to steal money to put in the collection? And if it is right for the church, is it not right for me to get this watch if I can?"

The good woman was speechless, and no person can answer the boy's argument. The practices are both wrong, or they are both right.—