

taphs in the world. Surely he must have known Him who died the sinner's substitute; and the confession of faith, which has been so long on record, "*Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*" There is only one great original. But, oh? what a lesson, what an example, what a rebuke, to me, to thee, my reader, to all mankind.

The volunteer died in generously taking his poor neighbor's place and saving him from the consequences of joining the Southern army; but the blessed Lord Jesus Christ died to save us from the consequences of sin—eternal misery. Not merely from poverty and suffering in this life, but from the torments of hell forever; where the worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched. "If one died for all," as the scriptures plainly teach—though all will not be saved, for all men have not faith, (II Cor. v, 14; I Tim ii, 5, 6; II Thess. iii, 2), who then can be guiltless if grateful honours are not shown to His name? We are not asked to garland His tomb, or to inscribe our faith on His cross; but we are asked to believe in His love, and in His dying in our stead. And faith will always make His love, and His death as personal as Paul did; "*who loved me, and gave Himself for me?*" Not merely, He died for *us* or *them*, but "*He died for me.*"

"Could I grave these blessed words, 'He died for me,'" said one in great ecstasy one evening, "on every tree that grows, on every leaf that quivers, on the face of all rocks; and could I herald them forth on the wings of the wind, I would tell the vast universe of God that 'Jesus died for me'—that I live through His death, and shall reign with Him in glory for ever." Go thou my dear friend, learn of Jesus and do likewise.