

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

GUSTAVE W—— was the only son of devoted parents and happy in all with which they had surrounded him. Nothing had been forgotten which could minister to his satisfaction and happiness.

His moral character was blameless, but of what use was that before God when the infallible Word declares that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (Is. lxiv. 6). They cannot save the soul, nor procure a righteousness which can stand before Him. The heart is a fountain of iniquity, and it is a terrible thing but none the less true, that as a sponge absorbs water, so the heart is open to every kind of wickedness and takes it in. It is a sink of sin, (Matt. xv. 19,) and we cannot be too deeply impressed with this serious and all important truth. But, blessed be the name of the Saviour! on the cross He has made propitiation for sins, and all who believe on Him, whoever they may be are justified from all things. (Rom. iv. 5; Acts xiii. 39). They are righteous before God, saved, and made whiter than snow by the blood of the Lamb, slain, but now alive again for evermore—and this is a truth not less important than the former. For a lost sinner there is a Saviour and perfect salvation.

Having before him the most brilliant prospects, Gustave W—— thought he saw long years of peace and happiness. Not a thought of an approaching

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