

or undeserving, the noble man unbuckled his belt and strapped it upon the urchin, and, bidding him save himself, he added, "*I can swim: you take this belt, my boy!*"

Overboard went the life-belted boy, and even through the heavy surf he was kept up, until at last, on the top of a high sea he was rolled over onto the rocks, badly bruised, but able to tell the story of his noble friend's heroism. *Saved! only just, but saved!*

But what about the captain? Did he reach the coast, too? *No, never!* He had struck out boldly, but the foaming surf was too much for him, and he sank—lost his life through saving another!

Every heart on shore was indeed moved as they heard the stowaway's account: "He gave himself for me! *He gave himself for me!*"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his *friends*" (Jno. xv. 13).

"But," you say, "this ragamuffin was no friend of the noble captain: all he deserved was a rope's end, and yet the master died for him."

Such is the love of Jesus to *you*. No better than the stowaway, guilty, having sinned against the God of heaven, and yet "*Christ died for the ungodly, Christ has died for you*—"the just for the unjust," for *you*.

"Condemned already," well may you hide yourself; truly a runaway, ill-deserving and hell-