

What Will You Do With Christ?



hoped his life might be spared. The day before that fixed for his execution had arrived, John Welsh sat in his cell still longing earnestly, as none can long but those in the same circumstances, for a respite.

As he sat he listened, and outside the prison walls he heard the rumbling of the wheels of a car. It drew up outside the little gratings of his window; then he heard men's voices, and timbers were being unloaded from the car. He listened and listened, and they were at work. He heard the carpenters using their saws and hammers; there could be no mistake—they were making his scaffold. The thoughts ran through his mind and pierced his soul, "My scaffold!" He paced his cell to and fro, but could not get rid of his thoughts, as stroke after stroke of the hammer was erecting his scaffold. It seemed to strike to his very heart like a death-knell. He fancied he was himself, as others would see him next morning, swinging on the scaffold. It was too much for human nature to stand. He rang the bell for the governor. "Take me away out of this cell, anywhere, but do not let me hear them making my own scaffold!" He was taken to a distant cell, and there he sat on the edge of his bed, with those gloomy thoughts haunting him, all hope gone, and his mind an utter blank, and given up to despair.

Whilst he sat there he was suddenly startled from his reverie by a hurried step along the corridor. The key was thrust into the lock, and there stood before him one of the officers of the prison. He had a paper in his hand; it was signed by the Governor of the State of Illinois. It was a commutation of his sentence; instead of death, next morning, it was imprisonment for life. How the truth burst on his mind! When

WHEN I was staying in Chicago there was a man in prison there under sentence of death. His name was John Welsh, and he had murdered his wife. His friends tried to get his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life; and as week after week passed away, the poor man

the paper was handed to him he could not read it for his tears; but it was a paper bringing him his life, and he hugged it, and clasped it, and kissed it. You would have said he was demented if he had torn it up or cast it from him. But no, it was his life; and life is sweet, and how he prized it! He would not have rejected it for all the riches of the world; it was more precious than them all.

Beloved friends, God sends you the message of everlasting life. If the Son makes you free, you are free indeed; no imprisonment for life, but liberty for ever. What will you do with Christ? Will you receive or reject Him?—*Herbert Taylor.*

"I Belong to Death's Master!"



CHRISTIAN woman was lately dying of internal cancer. She was attended by a Roman Catholic nurse, who was very much astonished at the calm patience and peace of the poor sufferer. A friend of mine called to see her one day. The door was opened by the nurse.

"How is Mrs. B—to-day?" inquired my friend.

"She is very ill, sir," was the reply. "Last night she was seized with violent pain, and I thought she was dying. I said to her, 'You are dying: shall I send for a clergyman to prepare you for death?'"

"Oh no," she said, "I want no minister, for I am ready to die at any moment."

"But," I said, "are you not afraid to die?"

"No, indeed, not a bit," she replied.

"Tell me why you are not afraid to die, when you have not been prepared by your clergyman, or received the rights of your church," I said.

"Because," she replied joyously, "*I belong to death's Master!* I am a poor sinner saved by grace!"

A Thankful Spirit.

A THANKFUL and praising spirit is the highway to a happy life. As one man quaintly expressed himself, "Since I moved from Grumble lane up to Thanksgiving street, I find the air better, the sun-light more brilliant, the company happier, and the living more delightful."

HE that knows how to pray, has the secret of support in trouble, and of relief from anxiety; the power of soothing every care, and filling the soul with entire trust and confidence for the future.