

Mr. John M. Mason, of New York, was requested to visit a lady in dying circumstances, who, with her husband, openly avowed infidel principles, though they attended on his ministry. On approaching her bed-side he asked her, if she felt herself a sinner, and her need of a Saviour. She frankly told him, she did not; and that she believed the doctrine of a Mediator to be all a farce! 'Then,' said the Doctor, 'I have no consolation for you—not one word of comfort. There is not a single passage in the Bible that warrants me to speak peace to one who rejects the Mediator provided. You must take the consequences of your infidelity.' So saying he was about leaving the room, when some one said, 'Well, if you cannot speak consolation to her, you can pray for her.' He assented, and kneeling down by the bed-side, prayed for her as a guilty sinner just sinking into hell; and then left the house. To his utter astonishment, a day or two after, he received a message from the lady, earnestly desiring that he would visit her without delay. What was his amazement when, on entering the room, she held out her hand to him, and with a benignant smile, said, 'It is all true—all that you said on Sunday is true. I have seen myself the wretched sinner you described me to be in prayer. I have seen Christ to be that all-sufficient Saviour you said he was—and God has mercifully snatched me from the abyss of infidelity in which I was sunk, and placed me on that *Rock of Ages*. There I am secure—there I shall remain—I know whom I have believed.' All was like a dream to him. But she proceeded and displayed as accurate a knowledge of the method of salvation revealed in the Gospel, and as firm a reliance on it, as if she had been a disciple of Christ for half a century, yet there was no boasting or presumption—all was humility, resignation, and confidence. She called her husband, and charged him to educate their daughter in the fear of God; and above all, to keep her from those novels and books of infidel sensuality, by which she had been so nearly ruined; and on the evening of the same day, expired in the fulness of joy, and peace in believing.

The account which the doctor received from her attendants was this; that his prayer fastened upon her mind—that soon after he had left her, she became alarmed respecting the state of her soul—that at one period, such was her agony, that although on the Sunday her voice was so feeble, that she could scarcely be heard, yet her cries were distinctly audible from the second story to the cellar of the house, and that at length she found peace in believing in Christ as he is exhibited in the Gospel.—CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

POETRY.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

The flower, in all its sweetness,
Must wither and decay;
And soon, my child, time's fleetness
Will bear thy frame away.
Though on thy cheek is blended
The rose and lily's bloom;
Death, ere their day is ended,
May call thee to the tomb!
Give not a sigh of sadness
For joys that cannot last;

Prepare to live in gladness,
When all these scenes are past.

Let Sharon's Rose be braided
In youth's uncertain morn;
'Twill be, through life, unfaded,
The Rose without a thorn.

In the dark night of sorrow
'Twill be thy constant friend,
And on the coming morrow
Bring to thy woes an end.

And when in pain reclining,
About to leave all care,
Sweet Sharon's rose unpining,
Will shed its fragrance there.

Argyleshire, July, 1836.

ANON.

STANZAS.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

A race, a race on earth we run,
And hold a prize in view,
More bright than if we chased the sun
Through heaven's ethereal blue.

Changes we prove, and vanish soon—
Changes from youth to age;
Silent as those that shape the moon
In her brief pilgrimage.

Like constellations on their way,
That meet the morning light,
We travel up to higher day,
Through shades of deeper night.

Their tasks the heavenly host fulfil,
Ere long to shine their last;—
We, if we do our father's will,
Shall shine when they are past.

Knit like the social stars in love,
Fair as the moon, and clear
As yonder sun enthroned above,
Christians through life appear.

THE FUTURE DAY.

But who shall see that glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now.
When earth no more, beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The Fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come!
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

MOORE.