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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

A Mother's Kiss.

A child whose infancy was joy,
A little boy of noble mien,
Now tossing gayly many a toy,
Now romping through the garden green—
His parents' blue-eyed little pet,
Tripped up one morn and down he fell,
His mother cried, "Come Willie, let
Me kiss the spot and make it well."

A mother's kiss hath power to cure;
Her love is balm for every wound;
Her gentle smile, her words so pure,
Can heal the bruise and make us sound;
And if there comes a bruised heart,
And bitter tears arise and swell,
A mother's love still soothes the smart—
A mother's kiss will make it well!

What matter if the world forget
To praise us for the good we do,
Or, if it never pays the debt,
Which to our truthfulness is due!
A mother's sympathy is ours
Wherever on the earth we dwell;
Though gone forever childhood's hours
The mother's kiss still makes us well!

My Mother's hair is gray, and mine
Is slightly touched with silver streaks;
I am a full-grown man—but Time
Has deeply marked my mother's cheeks;
Yet still her thrilling kiss is warm,
Upon my brow imprinted well;
Through all my life it hath a charm,
My mother's kiss! to make me well.

From infancy until to-day,
In sickness, sorrow and mistrust,
Her gentle words drive care away,
And lift my spirit from the dust.
She tells me that the angels call,
That she must go with God to dwell;
My broken heart! if such befall,
No mother's kiss will make thee well.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

Religious.

The State of the Impenitent Dead.

BODY AND SOUL.
(Concluded.)

We proceed to remark,—

III. *That the original adaptation of the human soul to endless existence may be inferred from its rational and moral properties.* For, first, it is brought by these properties into conscious personal connection with the infinite and the eternal. And, secondly, it is rendered by these properties capable of action without weariness, and delight without satiety. We do not hesitate to trace all the fatigue which results from intense and protracted thought to the material organ of the mind. Our best intellectual processes never flag until the brain begins to suffer. It would be easy to illustrate and confirm the position now taken by many interesting phenomena of dreaming. Again, our rational and moral tastes are never satiated. Whatever is truly sublime or beautiful, answering to the normal susceptibilities of our spiritual nature, "is a joy forever." Bodily appetites are soon glutted, and we are even made to loathe, for a time, the objects which just before were craved; but our spiritual relish for the true, the beautiful, and the good, is never diminished by the fullest gratification. Who was ever satisfied to loathing with the grandeur of Niagara, the sublimity of Mount Washington, or the majesty of the ocean? Who was ever made to turn away with a sense of satiety from the sight of a sunset sky, or of a beautiful landscape, or of a delicate flower? Or, still more to our purpose, who was ever conscious that the mental vision of a geometrical figure, the admiration of an act of moral heroism, or the exercise of a right affection, however protracted, had produced in him even a temporary disrelish of those objects? Is it not a fact that the soul is so made as to be capable of permanent delight in whatever corresponds with its normal tastes?—so made, that its pleasure in the apprehension of a suitable object is not necessarily intermitted or transitory, but may be at once complete and perennial? And does not this peculiarity of the soul qualify it for endless existence, and even foreshadow

such existence? It seems to us that but one reply can be made to these questions. And, thirdly, the soul was evidently adapted in the beginning, by its rational and moral properties, "to glorify God and enjoy him forever." And notwithstanding the terrible shock and change which it experienced in the apostasy, it has a religious nature still, and is still called upon evermore to worship him who is God over all, blessed forever. We discover, or seem to discover, in this religious nature of the soul, this innate testimony for the ever-living God, this silent call and command, issuing from the very centre of the spirit, to engage in his worship, a qualification for, and a prophecy of, immortality. To unfold this argument, however, would detain us too long, and we therefore bring these preliminary observations to a close.

We have seen that the body of man was made in the beginning *corruptible*, and that bodily death, a penal result of sin, was provided for in his original constitution. We have also seen that the soul of man was made originally *incorruptible*, adapted to endless existence. And this difference, we submit, establishes a valid presumption that the penal result of sin to the soul does not consist in its dissolution or extinction. The strength of this presumption will of course depend almost entirely upon the view which is entertained by each individual of the eternal purpose, order, and harmony of the divine government. We can but think it is entitled to great consideration; and the more, because it will be found that provision was made in the original structure of the soul for a penal result of sin, which is called death in the word of God.—*Dr. Hovey.*

The Prisoner's Guest.

BY M. J. C.

"A little child shall lead them."—ISAIAH.

"Can you tell me where's the State Prison?" said a tired, trembling voice.

The company of urchins playing on the outskirts of Auburn paused, and the largest of them answered—"You see whar that old engine's a puffin, don't you—wall, it's right across the road."

"You'll see the great high walls in a minute," said another.

"And you'll see the men walking on 'em, with their guns," chimed in a third; "better walk straighter'n that, or they'll pint to you."

The motherless-looking group went on teasing a poor, three-footed mastiff, and the little heated traveller drew his form up more erect, and hurried on.

He stood by the gate. "Will you please to let me come in, sir? my father's here."

The gate-keeper looked up from his toil, lifted his hat deliberately, wiped the moisture from his face, and pocketing his handkerchief, advanced slowly, turned the key and admitted the boy.

He passed up the stone steps into the reception hall. Presently the chaplain entered.

"My father's here, and I would like to see him," said the child, hardly knowing whether to hope or fear.

"How long has he been here?"

"This is the second year," and the child's lip quivered. His questioner hesitated. "They said father stole some horses, and then took him to prison;—but mother don't think he did," and the blue eyes glistened with earnest, trusting faith.

"What is his name, my little fellow?" and Mr. Mann took the small hand on the settee-arm in his own.

"Charles Winfield."

"What kind of a looking man is—or was he?"

"He was real good-looking—had black eyes and white teeth, and nice whiskers—he used to buy me pretty primers, and let me drive the horses, and a great many things; my name is Charles, too, though most everybody calls me 'Charley.'"

"And you are lonesome without your father?" Charley essayed to answer, but something in his throat hindered.

"You shall see him in about an hour," said Mr. Mann, who for awhile sat lost in thought.

He knew Charles Winfield well—he had known him years before. In early youth they had been for nearly a year room-mates in the Seminary at L—. They parted as Freshmen, cherishing high hopes and bright anticipations. Ten years passed, and they met as prisoner and chaplain! "By the grace of God I am what I am," was Mr. Mann's mental exclamation, as he met and recognized his early friend.

Winfield was hasty and impulsive, but good-hearted, intelligent and handsome; evil associates and a comfortable fortune proved his ruin.

That morning, Mr. Mann had visited Winfield's cell, for he was just recovering from an attempt to end his life.

That afternoon he was again put to work. Mr. Mann sought the carpet-factory, the department in which Mr. Winfield labored. "How does he appear?" said Mr. Mann, advancing to the keeper's stand.

"Well," said the smooth personage, relieving his face of its quid-encumbrance; "he wants a toleable stiff hand—but then, there's more man than animal about him, and the man's the part to touch; some you see'll bend like a young hickory, and some'll break first—it wants a pretty good judge of human nature to deal with 'em;" and the self-satisfied air of the speaker ignored all acquaintance with bad management on his part. His tactics were a mixture of severity and good-humor, of firmness, prudence and blandness, which, under his practice, enjoyed good success. However, a subject near by, while shoving his shuttle, caught the idea illustrated by the hickory, and a sinister smirk, which passed over his features, said, "You'll see who'll bend, perhaps."

"His mind is in a very critical state just now; be careful and not irritate him," said Mr. Mann, by way of finale.

"Yes, parson, the devil's got both hands on him now, 'cording to your talk."

"About half an hour before they lock up, isn't it?" queried Mr. Mann.

"Just about," said the keeper, pressing the spring of his heavy hunter; "my gang comes in first to-night."

The signal for closing sounded.

The prisoners defiled in at the lower stone door. Winfield reached hesitatingly for his ration of mush and molasses; he had eaten nothing since morning, but hunger was only a drop in his cup of misery.

That day, in bitterness and blindness, the prisoner had madly cursed his God.

That day, the spirit within had chafed and fretted like a frenzied demon.

That night, One stronger than the strong man armed, asserted his reign; and like the carol of a bird, after the storm-clouds break, there floated to his ear the accents of a childish hymn:

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

He pressed his temples wildly, and with a groan, a smothered "O! dear!" he articulated, "the last part is true enough."

Harassed, desponding soul! not farther off may be the "happy land," than was the fountain in the wilderness from the Egyptian mother!

Winfield paid no heed to the knock at his door. The slide was moved. "Mr. Winfield, we want to come in—there's a little fellow out here has a claim on you." He started: "A claim to make you more miserable," said a voice in his heart.

They turned the key, and the door swung heavily in. Pale and haggard sat the prisoner on his cot—his evening meal untasted. He looked up wildly.

"Charley!"

"Father, father, is it you?"

The chaplain and his attendant drew back. The passionate hold of the parent relaxed; some words were spoken. Charley forgot the cell and the striped apparel—his blue eyes lit up with joy—he had found his father! Finally, the husband found voice to say, "How is your mother, Charley?—does she ever say anything about me," he whispered, clasping the child closer to his bosom.

"O, she cries so much," said Charley; "and she prays every night for you, we all do, too, though little Fannie, she can't pray much—all she can say is, 'God, peas to let

my papa come home;" and for the moment Charley rather seemed to plume himself with superior attainments. "We go to meeting every Sabbath since mother's joined the church, and I go to Sabbath school," continued Charley.

For some minutes Mr. Winfield did not speak. "Who came with you, Charley?" was the question mechanically put.

"I came all alone—this morning Uncle James took mother over to his house to stay till to-morrow night, and I was to go to grandpa's—they didn't expect me, so I thought I'd come out here—I wanted to see you so bad, father!" and Charley laid back his head on the thin shoulder, and stroked the pale cheeks fondly.

"You have to wear this coat Sundays?" asked Charley, twirling his finger in the button-hole. "Mother has made me one out of your green one—it has real pretty buttons on too—Fannie's got a new red dress and cape, and a little white bonnet she wears, and she will carry ma's hymn-book, and hold it open when they sing. How much longer before you can come home, father?" asked the child, timidly, with a sigh.

"Home!" the word thrilled him; it vibrated strangely and sweetly; its memories were like apples of gold.

"Where will you sleep to-night, my little son?" said the parent, triumphing over the prisoner.

Mr. Mann heard the question—pushing back the door, he said, "I will take care of your son, sir, and perhaps he had better retire with me, now—he must be hungry, I think."

"I don't know but I had ought to go back to grandpa's to-night—Uncle James said there would be a bright moon."

"How far is it?" asked Mr. Mann.

"It's fifteen miles, but I ain't afraid of anything," said Charley, with a resolute air.

"I expect to go several miles his way early in the morning, Mr. Winfield, and will make the best arrangements I can for him; so, Charley, I guess we had better go," said Mr. Mann, taking his hand.

"Shan't I see my father again?" was the earnest question.

The child and the parent parted.

When the next evening came, Mr. Mann sought the cell of his friend. He felt that then was the convict's day of visitation.

And so it was. Finally he yielded to the Spirit's will; finally it was said of him as of Saul, "Behold, he prayeth!"

Days and nights of despairing doubt succeeded. Could the blood of Christ wash out such moral turpitude? Could the promise of the All-forgiving be extended to him?

Still the living voice of dulcimer sweetness sounded—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow!" "The Spirit and the Bride say come!"

He cast himself upon the mercy of Jesus; the pardon came—his acceptance was bright and convincing.

"Write the good news to my wife," said Mr. Winfield to the chaplain; "tell her, by the blessing of God, Charley's visit has proved to me a savor of life unto life."

The prison-term has closed, and the united family walk together in the ordinances of the Sacred Word.—*Er.*

The "Chivalry" in a Tight Place.

The scene between Messrs. Lovejoy and Singleton, in the House of Representative, recently, was decidedly rich. Mr. Singleton asked Mr. Lovejoy if he had ever assisted a fugitive slave to escape?

Mr. Lovejoy—Yes, sir, and shall do it again, and if I find one hungry I shall feed him, naked I shall clothe him, and help him on his way to freedom.

Mr. Singleton—What definition do you make of stealing?

Mr. Lovejoy—Taking a fellow-being and holding him in bondage.

Trust God.—I could write down twenty cases, says a pious man, when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.