

Remember that her noisy boy
A statesman bold may be;
And, strong in truth and right, may teach
A nation to be free.

With glowing words of eloquence
Maintain Jehovah's plan,
Till vice shall hide its head for shame,
And nations bless the man.

Kiss Me Mamma, do Kiss Me!—The child was so sensitive—so like that little shrinking plant, that curls at a breath, and shuts its heart from the light.

The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful blue eyes. I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, also, that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature, so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly, by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and on sending her to her little couch, I said:

Now, my daughter, to punish you, and to show you how very naughty you have been I shall not kiss you to-night.

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I supposed she had forgotten her misconduct till then, and I left her with the big tears trickling down her cheeks, and her lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you will kiss me, I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, and she held out her hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the way I had been trained, until I was a most submissive child; and I remembered how often I have thanked my mother since for her straight forward course.

I knelt by the bed side—"mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine: it was hot, though I attributed it to excitement. She turned her griefed face to the wall. I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half suppressed sobs, and saying "mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," and left the room for the night.

It might have been about twelve when I was awakened by the nurse. Apprehensive, I ran to the child's chamber. I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up crimsoned from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glance.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life—and what think you was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart.

"Oh, kiss me mother—do kiss me mother, I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me. Oh! kiss me, dear mamma; I can't go to sleep."

Holy little child, she did go to sleep one gray morning, and never, woke again—never! Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of these beautiful eyes, whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, mother, if you will only kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate but unavailing were my kisses upon her cheek, after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now. She lies in her little tomb—there is a little urn at her head, and a rose bush at her feet—there grow sweet summer flowers: there waves the gentle grass, there birds sing their matins and vespers, there the blue sky smiles to-day, and there lies the freshness of my heart.

Selections.

It is just three hours since the Speech was spoken by the Royal lips in London: yet, thanks to "the marvels of science," here we have it through the Magnetic Telegraph, and it will be in the hands of some of our readers almost as soon as the Royal cortege will have regained the Palace, or as it will have been read by the Speaker in the House of Commons! The London

Morning Papers—Times, Chronicle, &c., cannot publish it till to-morrow, and cannot bring it here until Thursday evening, when, except in a few out-of-the-way cases, it will have been old news to the readers of the Constitution.

The first slip reached us at a ¼ to 3 o'clock, Cork time, and the last words reached us at half after 4.—The marvel is the greater when it is remembered that it had to travel by messenger nearly 4 miles from the House of Lords to the station in the city; thence to be telegraphed to Liverpool, again telegraphed to Carlisle, again by submarine wire to Belfast, thence to Dublin, and finally to Cork, thus completing a circuit of nearly 800 miles. We need scarcely observe that at each station the process of retranscription had to be repeated. We congratulate the Company on this most successful demonstration of the perfection of their system.—Cork Constitution, Jan. 31.

A SHIP TO CAPTAIN CREIGHTON.—The fund collected in New York for the San Francisco rescuer, has been distributed, by giving each of the captains of the three ships which took off the passengers the sum of \$2500 and each a gold medal, and \$250 and a gold and silver pitcher, or tea set, to the first mates, \$200 and a gold medal to the second mates, \$100 and a gold medal to each petty officer, and \$50 and a silver medal to each seaman. Various other distributions have been made to others, who distinguished themselves in tendering service on that occasion. This is probably a proper distribution of the fund raised in New York, though somewhat premature, as the reward should partake more of a national than a civic character. As other cities are contributing similar funds, we would suggest, as the most suitable gift, at least to Captain Creighton, a new ship, to be called "The Rescue." Without being invidious, we may say, that however deserving the other captains, the master of "The Three Bells" merits a greater reward, because his ship was in a leaky condition, because he remained by the wreck heroically for six days and nights, and lastly because he is a foreigner. He is a young man, with his fortune yet to make; and, therefore, to give him a ship would be doing him a substantial service. Such a gift, moreover would honor the donors as much as the recipient. Wherever "The Rescue" appeared, even in the furthest corners of the globe, her name would be a testimony to the generosity of Americans, as well as of the humanity of her owner. If sufficient money cannot be raised to buy a whole ship, why not purchase Captain Creighton a half or quarter interest in one? Have we not enough merchant princes in Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New-Orleans, who would be glad to have their names associated with "The Rescue"?—medals, however appropriate, would come more suitably from Congress than private individuals. Leave it to Congress, therefore, to give the medals, but let the public bestow the ship.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF NOBLE LIBERALITY.—We find in an exchange paper an account of pious liberality on the part of a layman, the late Rufus H. Nevins, which though not so great in the amount of money devoted to religious charities, as was bequeathed by the late Mr. Phelps, to similar purposes, (an account of which we published in our last,) yet is, in these days of worldliness, worthy of note and imitation.

Mr. Nevins after making due provision for his family, bequeathed the following sums to—The Union Theological Seminary, New York, \$4000: the Dewitt Dispensary, \$1,500: the New York Juvenile Asylum, \$1,500: American Female Guardian Society, \$1000: Association for Relief of aged and indigent Females, \$1000: Northern Dispensary, \$1000: Prison Association for Female Department, \$1000: Colored Home, \$1000: N. Y. State Colonization Society, \$3000: Society for Relief of half Orphans and Destitute Children, \$1000, Society for Relief and Employment of the Poor, \$1000; Newport Hospital, \$5000: American Bible Society, \$2000; American Tract Society, \$2000. American Home Missionary Society, \$1000. N. Y. City Tract Society, \$2000.

It is said that the sum of twenty-seven thousand dollars does not cover the whole amount of Mr. Nevins' charitable and religious bequests.

THE LARGEST ON RECORD.—A ministerial friend of ours in this city, last week, who performed a marriage ceremony, received therefor from the bridegroom \$50 in gold, and from the bride, a member of the Episcopal Church, a deed to a city lot worth \$2500—total \$2550. This is the largest marriage fee of which we ever

heard. By way of contrast, we may as well state that a brother preacher married another couple in his charge, about the same time, and got nothing for his trouble. So goes this world.—Western Christian Advertiser.

A HANDSOME TOKEN OF REGARD.—Some churches understand their own interests and their pastors' welfare, by enabling them to replenish their libraries and thus qualify themselves for increasing usefulness.

A few gentlemen, members of the congregation of which Rev. Henry M. Niles is pastor, in Valerio, Columbia county, learning that he was about to visit this city, placed in his hands one hundred dollars, to be expended for books. Such instances of liberality are rare, and therefore worthy of record.

DIOCESE OF SYDNEY.—A Meeting, convened by the Bishops of New Zealand and Newcastle, was held at Sydney on the 29th of July last, to take measures for establishing a Church of England College in connection with the University. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided. A plan for the future College was submitted to the Meeting and adopted, as was the proposal for the establishment for a theological college for the reception of candidates for orders.

MISSIONARY RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The entire sum of money raised by the churches of Great Britain for missionary purposes, is about one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars: by those of American \$750,000: making altogether two million five hundred dollars.

VISITORS AT NIAGARA.—During the past season 17,000 persons, 20,000 more than last year, crossed the bridge leading to Goat Island, Niagara Falls.

The sum of \$200,000 has been subscribed in Bristol County, Mass., exclusive of New Bedford, towards the "million fund" for the enforcement of the Maine Law.

Correspondence.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

"For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou being a man makest thyself equal with God."—John 8: 59.

Notwithstanding the plain and unavoidable testimony of the Jewish Scriptures, that the Jews stoned the Lord of Life, and put him to the ignominious death of the cross, for asserting his equality with Jehovah, we still find this fatal root of Antichristian Rationalism putting forth its rank shoots most vigorously with the other heresies of the age. For the Unitarian still persists in regarding Jesus as a man! He would not stone him for a good work, but "that thou being a man makest thyself equal with God." Is it not here that the Jew stumbled—and shall the Gentile stumble upon this "rock of offence" also? Were the Jews cast out of God's vineyard for this very disbelief of his Emmanuelship, and shall they in their turn witness the fall of the Gentile into the self same memorable predicament of ruin? Can there be then at the present juncture in the Christian Church, a subject more deserving our solemn and anxious enquiry than this? What shall we do to be saved from the wrath that must fall upon the ungodly, and upon all who hold "the truth in unrighteousness?" Was Jesus "the way"—and "the truth"—and "the life?" He expressly informed the Jew that he was? And it is just as plain that the Jews understood him to say this, and that they crucified him for so saying. The same Jesus that was so crucified addresses the same language to the Gentile of the present period, saying, "I am the way and the truth and the life!" The Unitarian confronts him with the Jew's denial and the Jew's contumely. Jesus says to his Gentile auditory, that although a man after the outward flesh, yet that he is "very God" with man, and that he is committing no robbery in making himself equal with God!—"that he and the Father are one!" And yet now again must "the despisers wonder and perish!"—here is the Unitarian Gentile of the nineteenth century, after all the light, warning and experience manifested in the history of those ancient people, here is the uncircumcised Unitarian denying "the Lord that bought him"—reiterating the infidelity of those "blind leaders of the blind"—those Unitarian scribes and Pharisees who exasperated the people against him. Our Unitarian scribes still transmit, approve, and endorse the language and violence of their Jewish predecessors, the ancient Regicides:—"We stone thee not for a good work, but for blasphemy; and that thou being a man makest thyself equal with God!" Much as we have been struck with the originality of the "Elpis Israel"—its surprising sublimity of thought—striking and ingenious, and indeed highly interesting exposition of prophecy; it requires no very profound etymological acumen, to detect the thoroughly Jewish Unitarianism pervading every line or phrase having any emphatic reference to "the Being" or "Divine Essence" of the Saviour. Upon this all momentous and fundamental "key-stone" of the building, not made with hands; upon this all comprehensive and quickening, yet simple and resolvable "Alpha and Omega" of all that "the Prophets have written and