

Hold fast the form of sound words.—2d Timothy, 1.13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1864.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Jaffa, March 1st, 1864.

Mr. Editor.—I arrived here to-day by French steamer from Alexandria, after a delightful passage of twenty-six hours from that place. We had a fine view of Jaffa, or Joppa, this morning, as we steamed up on the peaceful bosom of the Mediterranean, at a distance of six or seven miles. The appearance of the city was both pleasing and imposing, but, like most Eastern cities, it looks best at a distance, and a close acquaintance detracts much from its prospective beauty.

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THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

A SERMON, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"A friend of publicans and sinners."—Matthew 21:16. Many a true word is spoken in jest, and many a tribute to virtue has been unwittingly paid by the sinister lips of malice. The enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ thought to brand him with infamy, hold him up to derision, and hand his name down to scorn, as "a friend of publicans and sinners."

OUR LORD PROVED HIMSELF IN HIS OWN TIME TO BE THE FRIEND OF SINNERS. What better proof could he give of it than coming from the majesty of his Father's house to the meanness of Bethlehem's manger? What better proof could he give than leaving the society of cherubim and seraphim, to lie in the manger where the horned ox fed, and to become the associate of fallen men?

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THE GRACE THAT REIGNS.

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FAMILY READING.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THEY SHALL BE MINE.

"They shall be mine." O, lay them down to slumber, Calm in the strong assurance that he gives, He calls them by their names, he knows their number, And they shall live as surely as he lives.

"They shall be mine." Upraised from earthly pillows, Gathered from desert sand, from mountains cold, Called from the graves beneath old ocean's billows, Called from each distant land, each scattered fold.

"They shall be mine." They, as on earth we knew them, The lips we kissed, the hands we loved to press, Only a fuller life be circling through them, Unfading youth, unchanging holiness.

"They shall be mine." Thought fails, and fancy falters, Striving to sound, to fathom love divine, All we know—no time thy promise alters, All that we trust—our loved ones shall be thine.

For the Christian Visitor. SPRING MORNING REFLECTIONS. Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet, With charm of earliest birds.

For the Christian Visitor. ABOUT HUSBANDS. "There, I can breathe once more," exclaimed Mrs. Sandford, coming back to the table, and dropping into her chair, throwing out her breath with a puff.

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cannot bear everything, and I cannot help getting worn out with Anson's ill-humor! Mary's eyes were full of sympathy, but she did not speak and her friend went on— "Come, tell me what you would do if Hayden should come home at night, and look around evidently to find something to fret about. He sees a little mud on Eddy's shoes, and he says, in such a petulant tone, 'What did you let that boy go in the mud for?' As if I let him go in the mud! 'Strange you can't keep Lina from getting cold! Can't you stop that child's screaming?' and a thousand little irritating things that chafe you almost to madness. And all this when you have been trying to have a nice supper for him, and the children in order, and every thing pleasant and comfortable. It is all of no use, he is irritable, and will find some way to express it. Now what would you do?"

Mary Steine leaned toward her friend, and laid her hand upon the other's wrist, saying: "Dear Emma, I cannot say what I should do, for when I would do good evil is present with me; but I can tell you what I think would be my duty." "What would your duty be? I am sure I want to do my duty." "I should keep my own feelings calm, pleasant, even cheerful. I would say to myself, he is tired, he is nervous, he— "Ah, but you also are tired, and you have nerves as well as he."

"To be sure, but it is my own feelings that I must school—my own heart that I must weed, my own lips that I must watch. I cannot modulate his voice, but I can do mine. So I will let none but kind and pleasant words escape my lips. I will think of his comfort and not my own. If he says hasty and unkind things I will not keep them in my mind, but remember the pleasant loving words that he often speaks when his feelings are tranquil and nerves quiet." "O Mary, you know it is not natural for one to do that."

"True, dear Emma; I know the selfishness of our poor natures; but God's grace is sufficient for us. If we cannot control, may subdue even, by his grace, our own irritability, can we condemn our companions for giving way to ill-humor? But we can control ourselves, we can bear patiently the faults of others by keeping our hearts full of love, and these same unpleasant, which otherwise would make our lives wretched, and be a lasting injury to our children, will gradually fade away. I think, Emma, that most men might be easily irritated at the close of a day's labour. They reach home tired and harassed by the wearying cares of the day; how good, then, to meet with that gentle, soothing love, that will banish care, refresh the weary spirit, and calm excited nerves."

"Yes, yes, Mary, this is very beautiful, but you forget that the poor wives too are tired, and jaded, and worn by a thousand cares, and are in need of just what you would have them so liberally impart." "No, dear, I do not forget it. I know the never-ceasing demands that are made upon a wife and mother, and how often her limbs are weary, and nerves thread-bare; but I know too that she is far happier to keep an unruffled spirit. The greater her provocations, the nobler her composure. Tell me, Emma, if your husband is peevish or captious, and you meet him with sour looks and unpleasant words, do you feel comfortable and happy?" "O no, never, never."

"Do you think he feels happy after speaking unkind words to you?" "No, I know he does not; he has often told me how sorry he was." "Then let the recollection of this make you tender and compassionate. Remove as far as in your power every disturbing influence, and then if your husband, from fatigue, ill health, or any other cause, is unpleasant, meet it quietly—skillfully watching for the favorable moment to come, when a few cheery words may scatter the clouds, and let in the full sunshine of a happy home."

"Your words are good, Mary, and how I wish I could always be meek and good; but the cares of life press so heavily upon me that I am weak and do nothing right—but I will try." She dropped her face in her hands and wept. Tears also dimmed Mary Steine's blue eyes as she said, with sweet emphasis, "The Lord is my strength and my shield." c. c. s.

I SAW A DRUNKEN WOMAN TO-DAY.—Such were the words addressed to us one evening last week, by a bright eyed young beauty as we sat in the parlor, conversing with her of the incidents of her voice. There was a pathos in the tones of her voice and in the drooping of the eyes which we cannot transfer to the paper, but which was deeply affecting. The simple words, "I saw a drunken woman to-day," had so sad a sound, that we could hardly keep back the tears which started from their briny bed. Does this wide earth afford a spectacle more mournful than a drunken woman? A dead woman is not half so revolting. She may have died at peace with earth and heaven, and then the earthly has put on the heavenly, the terrestrial has put on the celestial, and for that change there is little need to weep, and if we do, we sorrow not as those who have no hope. "There is hope of a tree that if it die, it will live again." But a drunken woman, what hope is there for her and for her? What lower deep can a woman find that has not already been sounded by such an one, and what remains for her but present and never ending degradation and shame! Aye, truly may the eye moisten and the heart grow heavy, when a woman is intoxicated, for all elements of sadness are contained in that spectacle.—Virginia Quarterly.

A SERIOUS MATTER.—A few days since a humble follower of Christ was tenderly conversing with one whom she loved in regard to the salvation of her soul, and affectionately remonstrating with her for attending upon places of dancing and other professed amusements that are in no way friendly to genuine religion. "Oh!" said the person, "it cannot be wrong for me to go, Mr.—, who you know is a member of the church and sits at the communion table, goes—and at the last party danced as heartily, and drank as freely, and staid as late as anybody else. It cannot be wrong for me to do as Christians do." "Ah, young friend, if some Christians trifle with their solemn profession, and cruelly wound the Saviour while they say they are his friends, will that excuse you for trifling with your soul, or visiting places, where the only tendency will be to drive away all religion from the mind? Professing followers of Christ, if one, thus follows your example and is lost, how will you meet that person at the last day?" "Melancthon says of Luther, 'I have heard him in tears praying for the Church.'—Fowler's Sermon, 1849.