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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, affords an excellent medium for advertising.

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For the Christian Visitor. CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE HOLY LAND. Jaffa, March 1st, 1864. Mr. EDITOR-I arrived here to-day by Freuch 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. The city is compactly built on the northern declivity of a small headland or cape; hence, as you approach it from the sea you have it in full view. Jaffa is sadly in want of a good harbor, and one ment to take some steps towards improving it, but here, as in Egypt, the authorities are devoid of any idea of improvement, and seem content to remain in their morbid slothfulness; the only protection it has for vessels of the smallest size is

or slip the cable, and put to sea. The dangers upon himself the flesh of sinuers, being born of of landing are well known to the many pilgrims, a sinner, having a sinner for his reputed fatherboth Christians and Jews, who annually assemble his very being a man, which is tantamount to here on their way to the Holy City. More lives are lost at Jaffa in being conveyed from steamers friend. to shore than at any other place on this coast. In rough weather steamers frequently pass on without calling, and land their Jaffa passengers ty, and has commenced his real lifework, he at 150 miles further north, at Beyrout. Fortunately for us this morning was fine, there being scarce- ciating with them. You do not find him standly a ripple upon the water, and our boat, propelling at a distance, issuing his mandates and his ed by Arab oarsmen, soon brought us to the orders to sinners to make themselves better, but shore. After passing our luggage at the Custom house, we made our way up a long rude stone stairway, which leads into the more central part of the city, and succeeded in finding the only hotel in this place, conducted by some very reout a prescription and send by another hand his spectable Germans, who speak English, and who medicines with which to heal the sickness of sin, are very civil to English and American travellers. but he comes right into the lazar house, touches Our intention is to leave Jaffa this afternoon, and the wounded, looks at the sick; and there is ride out to Ramleh, distant 12 miles, there pass healing in the touch; there is life in the look. the night in a convent, and to-morrow we hope The great Physician took upon himself our sickto reach the Holy City. While preparations are nesses and bare our infirmities, and so proved himbeing made for our journey, an opportunity is self to be really the sinner's friend. Some peothis purpose let us go to the most suitable of all towards the fallen, but yet they would not touch places the "house top." Few persons, except them with a pair of tongs. They would lift them those who have been in the East, can appreciate up if they could, but it must be by some machithe delightfulness of the house-top. Surrounded by a parapet, it furnishes a pleasant promenade would not degrade themselves or contaminate in the clear fresh air, and during the warmest their own hands. Not so the Saviour. Up to the months it is the entire abode of the inhabitants very elbow he seems to thrust that gracious arm who dwell here either in their pitched tents or of his into the mire, to pull up the lost one out otherwise screened from the rays of the sun. Be- of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay. He fore us lies the most interesting country upon the takes himself the mattock and the spade, and face of the globe, the land not only of the prophets and apostles, but one that was for three and thirty years the dwelling-place of the Son of God. It is impossible to behold it without the deepest interest and without awakening in one's mind the many inseparable associations of Scriphers. ture history. North of us stretches a low belt of with sin; without being contaminated with it. land skirting the sea shore, and extending up until at the Bay of Acre, it is broken off by the Carmel range. On the South we have a continuation of the same plain, still skirting the sea-shore, and running through the land of the Philistines, until beyond Gaza it falls into the desert of Shur. On the East is the fertile plain of Sharon, spoken of in Isaiah, and also in the songs of Solomon, time; but Jesus sits there, and that day does salnow rich in fine pasture and growing grain; still vation come to that publican's house. Beloved, further to the East our view is bounded by the this is a sweet trait about Christ, and proves how mountains of Ephraim, which stretch away into real and how true was his love, that he made his Samaria as far north as Shechem; at our back, associations with sinners, and did not even shun in fine contrast, lies the blue and now peaceful the chief of them. waters of the Mediterranean. The scene is a Nay, he not only came among them, but he glorious one, one that we can behold with untir- was always seeking their good by his ministry. ing eyes, and at each glauce find some new thoughts to fill the mind. We are reminded, also, while here that it was to the house-top in the city of Joppa that Peter went to pray, and while there he fell into a trance, and God revealed earliest works of mercy we will tell you in brief. while there he fell into a trance, and God revealed to him his will concerning the Gentile world. We cannot point to that interesting spot, yet our eyes must behold it as we survey the city. It was to this same city that Peter came from Lydda to raise Dorcas from the dead, and where he tarried many days in the house of Simon the tanner. Still by the sea-side the natives lead you to the house of Simon, and some travellers are analysis as a keen eye for sinners, and a heart which heats high for them means to save that women credulous enough to believe that it is the identi-cal house; but when we consider the bloody wars that have involved Joppa, the many times it has been sacked, burned, destroyed, we incline to be-lieve that the house of Simon has shared in the



Christian Visitor.

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

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

on our donkeys at an extra speed, as the dark clouds that rolled over our heads threatened rain, and at 8.15 P. M., we were comfortably situated in the convent at Ramleh.

THE SINNER'S FRIEND. A SERMON, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"A friend of publicans and sinners."-Matthew xi. 19. Many a true word is spoken in jest, and many 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 sin-ners." Short-sighted mortals! Their scandal

published his reputation. To this day the Saviour is adored by the title which was minted as a slur. It was designed to be a stigma, that every good man would shudder at and shrink from; it has proved to be a fascination which wins the heart, Jaffa is sadly in want of a good harbor, and one would suppose that the annual increase of trade in heaven, and saints on earth delight to sing of him thus—

"Saviour of sinners they proclaim, Sinners of whom the chief I am."

I. 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 formed by a low ledge of rocks which extends to the meanness of Bethlehem's manger? What for a short distance into the sea, while vessels of better proof could be give than leaving the solarger size lie beyond these rocks, and in case of ciety of cherubim and scraphim, to lie in the manger where the horned oxen fed, and to become storms, which not unfrequently sweep this portion the associate of fallen men ? The incarnation of of the Mediterranean, are obliged to weigh anchor, the Saviour in the very form of sinners, taking being in the same form with sinners-surely this were enough to prove that he is the sinner's

> As soon as Jesus Christ, being born in the likesonally comes to deal with it. He does not write nery-some sort of contrivance by which they

destruction. We turn again to the Mediterra- her. But he breaks through the narrow bigotry anong the shipmates of Jonab, and caused them to "coast him forth into the sea." We should like to linger here still longer, but the shades of evening are upon as, and our journey is still before us, so we must away. All arrangements for our ride being perfected, we mount our donkeys at 5 r. M., and set our faces fowards Jerusalom. Our party of three cousisted of Dr. Fairfield of Michigan, Dr. Thomson of Boston, and the writer, but we must not forget to mention our Arab guide, without whom we could scarcely find our way across the plain of Sharon. We push our way across the plain of Sharon. We push our way across the plain of Sharon. We push our way across the plain of Sharon, we plate the interest of various costumes, and some with very little costume at all, until we find relief from this confusion of tongues by arriving at the gate of the caty; here we find officials sitting, waiching the ponderous beles of merchandise that are continually forming into Jaffs on the backs of camelia. Anon they thrust a long sharp-pointed iron into some doubtful bale, and apparently judge from this process wheather the goods are dutable or not. Once outside the city, our road lay East, a little to the South, through some fine or angeling groves beading beneath the weight of their golden furtil, and hedged on either side with the roads and that we seem that dear face of his when he eried den furtil, and hedged on either side with the roads and that weight of their golden furtile to the South, through some fine or angeling groves beading beneath the weight of their golden furtile to the South, through some fine or angeling groves beading beneath the weight of their golden furtile are researched to preach so sweetly as when he was preaching the seather and are level to the south through some fine or angeling the face of his when he eried done the sinner and are level to the south through some fine or angeling the face of his when he eried done to his house at that he are granted to be the jewels of his groves beading beneath the groves bending beneath the weight of their golden fruit, and hedged on either side with the prickly pear; passing beyond these groves, we find two roads branch off, one running due East, being the old Roman road to Lydds, and doubtless the one travelled by Paul when under an except of Roman soldiers he was brought to Censule, the other, running South-East, leads to Bamleb. The shades of night soon gathered around us, and excluded from our view this portion of the face place of Shares. We seen that dear face of his when he cried "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" or, better still, to have seen his eyes running with whole showers of tears when he said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a ben gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not even!" or to have heard him preach those three great sermons upon sinners when he described the woman as aweepting the house and taking away the dust, that she

shepherd going from hill to hill after the wander- blessedness which all these tokens of friendship, ing sheep; and the father running to welcome of which we have been speaking, have brought that rag-clad prodigal; kissing him with the kisses of love, clothing him with the best robe, and inviting him into the feast, while they did dance and make merry because the lost was found, and he who was dead was alive again. Why, he was the mightiest of preachers for sinners, beyond a doubt. Oh! how he loved them! Never mind til the age of forty years. In early manhood he the Pharisees: he has thunderbolts for them. had taken a youthful bride, who lighted up both "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees!" But when publicans and harlots come, he always has Years passed on, and many pleasant "olive the gate of mercy ajar for them. For them he always has some tender word, some loving saying, such as this..." Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "All manner of sin and were these. But as the husband and father re-blasphenny shall be forgiven unto men;" or such marks, the Giver of all these blessings was forlike words of tender wooing. The very chief of sinners was thus drawn into the circle of his dis-

And you know, dear friends, he did not prove his love merely by preaching to them, and living his love merely by preaching to them, and living with them, and by his patience in enduring their contradiction against himself, and all their evil words and deeds, but he proved it by his prayers too. He used his mighty influence with the Father in their behalf. He took their polluted names on his holy lips; he was not ashamed to call them brethren. Their cause became his own, and in their interest his pulse throbbed. How many times on the cold mountains he kept his heart warm with love to them! How often the sweat rolled down his face when he was in an agony of spirit for them I cannot tell you. This much I do know, that on that self-same night when he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground, he prayed this prayer—after having prayed for his saints he went on to say—" Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." Here, truly, the heart of the Saviour was bubbling up and welling over towards sinners. And you never can forget that almost his last words were, "Father, torgive them; for they know not what they do." Though wilfully and wickedly they pierced his hands and his feet, yet were there no angry words, but only that short, loving, hearty prayer—" Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. Ab ! friends, if there ever was a man who was a

whole life through. This, however, is but little. As for the river of the Saviour's love to sinners, I have only brought you to its banks. You have but stood on the bank and dipped your feet in the flood; but now prepare to swim. So fond was he of sinners that he made his grave with the wicked. He was numbered with the transgressors, God's fiery sword was drawn to smite a world of sinners down to hell. It must fall on those sinners. But Christ loves them. His prayers stay the With feelings like these she hastened home, arm of God a little while, but still the sword while he upon whom she had ever before loved must fall in due time. What is to be done? By to lean, was left to follow alone; and as he enwhat means can they be rescued! Swifter than tered his home, she would neither look at him the lightning's flash I see that sword descending. nor speak to him. But what is that in vision I behold? It falls—
but where? Not on the neck of sinners; it is
not their neck which is broken by its cruel edge;
it is not their heart which bleeds beneath its

nor speak to him.

He followed her as she passed out of the room, and kindly said, "H——, what have I done that you should feel so towards me?"

She replied that she did not wish to see him, awful force. No; "the friend of sinners" has and would not talk with him. She would rather fering-no ordinary bleeding-no death such as mortals know. It was a death in which the second death was comprehended; a bleeding in which the very veins of God were emptied. The oldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen God-man divinely suffered. I know not how else to express the suffering. It was more than mortal agony, for the divine strengthened the human, and the man was made vast and mighty to endure through his being a God. Being God and man he endured more than ten thousand millions tal agony, for the divine strengthened the human, of men all put together could have suffered. He endured, indeed, the hells of all for whom he died, the torments, or the equivalent for the torments, which all of them ought to have suffered loving lips of Jesus. Beloved, this was love. Herein is love, that while we were yet sinners, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." This Christ has done, and he is, therefore, demonstrated to be the

But the trial is over; the struggle is passed the Saviour is dead and buried; he rises again, and after he has spent forty days on earth—in that forty days proving still his love for sinners he rose again for their justification: I see him ascending up on high. Angels attend him as the

"They bring his chariot from on high,
To bear him to his throne;
Clap their triamphant wings and cry,
'The glorious work is done.'"

What pomp! What a procession! What splendor! He will forget his poor friends the sinners now, will he not! Not he! I think I hear the song, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be destruction. We turn again to the Mediterranean, and are reminded that the cedars of Lebanon, nsed in building the temple, were borne on its bosom to this port. It was to Joppa that Jonah came to embark for Tark is, when he was go to Nineveh; and it was this same Mediterranean, whose perturbed waters produced terror among the shipmates of Jonah, and caused them to "cast him forth into the sea." We should like to linear here still longer bere still longer land that woman becomes the first christian missionary we ever hear of, for she ran back to the it is for this that he ascends on high, that he may like the linear here still longer land the will that most holy being condescend to have familiar conversation with her—a dishounce that the king of Glory may come in." The bars of massy light are all unloosed; the pearly gates are all wide open flung; and as he passes through, mark you, the king op ones. It was for this the king of castc. A Samaritan by birth, he cares not for Glory may come in." The bars of massy light are all unloosed; the pearly gates are all wide open flung; and as he passes through, mark you, the highest point in the king of castc. A Samaritan by birth, he cares not for light up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in."

Song, "Lift up sweetest note of all the hymn, "Yea, for the rebellious also—yea, for the rebellious also—yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." The scattered gifts of his coronation, the lavish bounties of his ascension, are still for sinners. He is "Your work is to save souls."—Gems for Methinks we cannot say more; and I think you will say we could not have said less concerning the way in which the Saviour proved himself to be the sinuer's friend. If there are any of you

might find the lost piece of her money; and the is the lover of your soul, that you might find the

THE GRACE THAT REIGNS.

Henry B, the son of a pious mother, lived without hope and without God in the world, unhis heart and his home with her cheerful smiles plants" were added to their household treasures, and it was often remarked, that few companions in life were more closely united in affection than gotten, and his name only taken "in vain."

In the year 1861, religious tracts were for the first time left regularly in the family, but, altho' not destroyed, they were laid aside unread. At length the spirit of God found its way to the heart of the husband and he became anxions for

An old companion of the husband had lately earned to trust in the Savier, and to use the language of the wife, "He used to go to G--'s, as they had dealings together, and always seemed cast down after seeing him. I used to try to put him off from going there, and asked to let one of the children go, for him. One day, when my husband had seen him, I said, 'What did G say to you to-day P

"He replied, 'I shall not tell you.'
"He knew that I always spoke lightly when he told me what G — said to him. I made up my mind that I would go and tell G — that I wanted he should mind his own business and let my husband alone.'

The fear of what others would say alone prevented her from doing this: but in every way she tried to hinder his progress in the way his sainted mother had pointed out, and by which she had passed through the celestial gates long

At length, notwithstanding all opposition, the Ah! friends, if there ever was a man who was a husband found, by joyful experience, what it is friend to others, Jesus was a friend to sinners his to know and trust the dear Redeemer. Then, with stronger power than ever before, rose the conflict in the bosom of the wife, and she says, "He arose and spoke in meeting. He was very much affected. All I remember was, pray for my com-

> She continues, "it would be impossible for me to express my feelings at the time. I did not

She replied that she did not wish to see him.

out himself into the sinner's place! and then, as he had gone to the war than do as he had done. if he had been the sinner, though in him was no been this last remark; for from the commencement of our national struggle, her saddest fear

> The oldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen years, besought her father to pray with her; but the mother, accusing him of endeavoring to fright-

wife taunted the penitent, believing husband.
"I told him," she remarks, "that few who professed religion, possessed it that I was going to watch him, and he had got to walk very the eternal wrath of God condensed and put straight, or he would get many a knock." Geninto a cup, too bitter for mortal tongue to know, the and kind was each reply, and though every and then drained to its utmost dregs by the art was tried, not one unkind or reproachful remark was attered by Mr. Box

Before the day dawned, business called the husband away. Then came such pangs of sorrow and remorse that one who seemed so "like an angel" had been so abused. The remembrance of an abused, offended Saviour too, came like a flood over her soul, and with strong crying and tears, pardon, and forgiveness were sought. In the midst of her family, where her hardness and opposition had been shown, she knelt down and poured out her soul in prayer! She pleaded for mercy; and while she was yet speaking, a merciful God heard and answered. She remarks: "I took the Bible to read. Every letter seemed to shine, and I could claim every promise as

rade to me."

Thus the stubborn heart was melted by sovereign grace, and the husband and wife were united in new and closer ties than ever before. "Then," they remarked, "we brought out our tracts which had been put away unread, and you don't know how good they seemed."

"Oh the riches of the glory of this mystery!" that those who are dead in trespasses and sins may awake to such newness of life. From that

family altar may morning and evening incense long ascend, and streams of Christian charity flow from thence, which shall fertilize and bless the world .- Tract Journal.

"The grand scope of the Christian minister is to try to bring men home to Christ,"-Robert

The readiest way of finding access to a man's heart is to go into his house."—Chalmers.

"In presching, study not to draw applauses, but growns from the hearers."—Jerome. " A minister who is a man-pleaser is a soul

"Let Jesus Christ be all in all; study Christ, preach Christ, live Christ."—M. Heary. "Preach no sermon without lifting up your

who dare to doubt him after this, I know not what further to advance. If there can be one who has proved himself your friend, surely Jesus did it, and he is willing to receive you now.

What he has done he still continues to do. O that you might have grace to perceive that Jesus

Samity Reading.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THEY SHALL BE MINE.

They shall be mine." O, lay them down to Calin 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 bil-Called from each distant land, each scattered

Well might the soul, that wondrous spark of

Lit by his breath, who claims it for his own, Shine in the circle which his love, foreseeing, Destined to glitter brightest round his throne.

But shall the dust, from earthly dust first taken, And now long mingled with its native earth, To life, to beauty, once again awaken? Thrill with the rapture of a second birth?

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."

Many gifted ones have sung the praises of inpiring spring, yet the theme is ever pleasing to the lover of rural scenery, to whom the murmuring of the released waters is delightful music, and very bud, leaf, and tiny flower is fraught with inspiration, and fills the heart with visions of quiet

And now while the rosy morn is advancing, with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom," how pleasant to inhale the fragrant breeze, which wantons 'mid the luxuriant foliage, whispering when it stole those balmy sweets," while the bright sumbeams transform the pearly drops into glistening gems of rambow hues, and forget that the poor wives too are tired, and jaded, gaily-plumed songsters warble their glad wild and worn by a thousand cares, and are in need leafy coverts vocal with enchanting melodies. Yes! velvet-footed Spring is here with all her soothing influences; bringing back to the world-worn spirit pleasant reminiscences of by-gone days of the spring-time of our existence, when the flowers that sprang beneath our feet were not brighter than the radiant hopes with which gay fancy illumined our path-way. We worshipped at nature's shrine, and revelled

n the abundance of her diversified charms; and now when our ideal pleasures have vanished with the romantic visions which dazzled our childish imagination, we are still lovers of all that is beautiful in this fair world; but we have learned to Look through nature up to nature's God," and in the wonders of creation view the unerring hand of infinite wisdom."

"Thou whose all providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond! Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth Of thee the great immutable, to man Speaks wisdom; is his grade supreme; And he who most consults her is most wise."

From the Morning Star. 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. O, I am so glad every morning

when Mr. Sandford is started for town!" "You have been very busy this morning, said her friend, Mrs. Steine, who was passing a few days with her.

The ladies were still at the breakfast table Mr. Sandford had drank off two cups of coffee, swallowed a fair quantity of steak and muffins; then saving a few pleasant words to Mrs. Steine. he jumped up from the table, wanted to know if every thing was ready, (by which he meant if his lunch, napkin, &c., were duly placed in his market basket), dusted his hat, brushed his coat snatched up his basket, jerked out a hasty good

morning and was gone. Half-past six precisely, or miss the train, thing which Anson Sandford never did, but from he moment he was out of bed in the morning, he seemed haunted with the fear he should be too late, and consequently hurried and fretted bustled round, until his poor wife with flushed face and trembling stomach announced breakfast. Then he sat down in his comfortable arm-chair, and helped himself, too hurried to attend to the wants of the children which wants however were always considered by the already tired mother, ere a bit was laid upon her own plate. But ere she had taken a dozen mouthfuls, she jumps up to get this or that which must be sent by her husband to the city, or to make out a list of things to be purchased there.

With this explanation of Mrs. Sandford's exclamation that half shocked the gentle Mrs. Steine, I will simply record a little conversation of Mrs Steine replied, as I said very tenderly,

You have been very busy this morning."

"Just what I have every morning, but O dear, would not mind the work if Mr. Sandford was

not so poevish; but he hurries me and fidgets me so, I have not a moment's peace when he is here, and then, when he gets home at night."

Mrs. Steine did not say, "don't, please, Emma, don't expose your husband's faults!" but it was in her heart, and she unconsciously made a little move that caused her friend to suddenly pause and look at her.

"I know, Mary, that you think a wife should never speak of her husband's faults, but it is because you happen to have a faultless husband. I don't think you

think you are worthy. Your aunt Helen said you would make any man good; but I don't melancthon says of Luther, 'I have been shout that I think ever you would not him in tears praying for the Church."—"The be able to live pleasantly with my instead. One

THE OFFICE OF THE

REV. I. E. BILL.

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Che Christian Bisitar Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

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 inud. "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

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."

what would you do?"

"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 fips 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 sinfulness of our poor natures; but God's grace is sufficient for us. If we cannot control, nay 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 unpleasantries, 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, ves, Mary, this is very beautiful, but you longs among the sylvan shades, making their 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 conquests. Tell me, Emma, if your husband is peevish or captions, and you meet him with sour looks and uppleasant 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-skilfully 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 aright-but I will try." She dropped her face in her hands and wept. Tears also dimmed Mary Steine's blue eyes as the said. with sweet emphasis, "The Lord is my strength and my shield."

I SAW & 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 the day. There was a pathos in the tones of her voice and in the drooping of the eves 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 of 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? Ave, 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 Con-

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 ho

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 dauced as heartily, and drank as freely, and staid as late as anybody else. It cannot be wrong for me to do as Christians do."

Ab, young friend, if some christians trifle with their solemn profession, and cruelly wound the Saviour while they say they are his friends, will I don't think you know how to sympathize with other women at all. Hayden is always so quiet, so pleasant, so pleased with every thing you do, that it is easy enough for you to do well."

"I often think I am not worthy of so good a husband," said Mrs. Steine, humbly.

"No, Mary, you know I do not mean that. I think you got worthy do not mean that. I think you got worthy work worthy the said worth you meet that person at the last day I