

Sunday Reading.

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

In the city of Capernaum, there was once a nobleman who had a son very sick of fever. No medicine could cure him. Perhaps you know what it is to be on a sick-bed, when night brings no sweet sleep, and day no pleasant waking, and you only toss from side to side on your restless bed, finding no ease for your aching limbs. His mother could watch and weep at the bedside of her suffering child, but she could not help him; his father would have given all he had to bring back health to his boy, but that is what money cannot buy. Then there was a report in the city that the Lord Jesus had returned from his journey to Jerusalem, and was again in Galilee. Cana was about twenty miles from Capernaum.

The nobleman had heard much of this remarkable phenomenon, and he hoped he could help his son. The cause was pressing, for the child was already at the point of death, and every moment was precious; he dares not risk sending the message by a servant, but resolves to go himself. That is the only way for the high as well as the low, the rich as well as the poor; if they want any thing of the Lord Jesus, they must go and ask it themselves. The father made haste on his errand, and when he found Jesus he begged him to come down and heal his son. "You will not believe except you see signs and wonders," said the Lord Jesus; for I suppose he saw that nothing but some serious affliction, or signal mercy, would lead this great man to believe in the true Messiah. "Sir," cried the poor father with trembling anxiety, thinking of his sick boy, "come down before my child dies." For as yet he cannot conceive that a word spoken from a distance can cure his son; much less that Jesus could raise him up even from the dead. But the Lord Jesus did not go; he only sent his healing word: "Go thy way," he tenderly says to the agonized parent, "your son liveth." And there was that in his manner which convinced the man that he had power to make good his word. Contented with that, he set out for home.

On the way he met his servants coming out to comfort him with the news of his child's recovery. "What time did he begin to grow better?" asked the father. The servant told him, and he found it was the very time when the Lord Jesus spoke; but there was not only a favorable turning-point in his disease, he had not merely begun to grow better, as the father supposed; "the fever had left him," the messenger said; it was suddenly and entirely gone, and his child was well again. Do you not suppose that surprise and thankfulness gushed out of that father's heart at the joyful tidings? O yes; and more than that, "himself believed," that is, he saw in the Lord Jesus the almighty and merciful Saviour, and he opened his heart to receive him; more than that, "himself believed, and his whole house;" and so it is pleasant to learn that the son, now glowing with health, did not forget the favor of the blessing, and that he showed the sincerity of his gratitude by ever afterwards loving and serving his Saviour. This family did not receive the blessings which Christ and Christianity give, and then neglect or feel ashamed to acknowledge them. Though a rich and noble family, they confessed themselves the friends of Jesus, publicly embraced his cause, and threw their influence on the side of piety and truth. John 4: 46-54.

BE KIND TO ALL.

As we are exhorted to imitate the example of Christ, it is evidently our duty to strive to do good to all mankind. The poor have a right to expect aid from the more affluent. Were not this the case they might justly complain of their humble station. But were all equally wealthy, many of the finer feelings of the heart would be unfeeling and unknown. The giver could not have the consciousness of having aided a fellow-man, and thus rendering him happy, which would greatly contribute to his own happiness, for it is a source of true pleasure to increase the joys of another.

Kindness and assistance should be bestowed alike on the aged and bereaved. The heart of the one may be ready to sink under the burden of cares which time has heaped upon it; that of the other may be oppressed by the weight of loneliness and sorrow. Friends have departed, and now they wander alone, their frail bark rudely tossed on life's stormy sea. Sympathy and kindness to such as these would dispel the clouds of despondency, and shed the sunlight of joy and hope upon their hearts.

There is yet another class which call for the sympathy, the attention, and the benevolence of all. Rightly has it been said, "The erring need the dew of gentle words to refresh their weary hearts." On earth we need not expect perfection. Many times do we wayward mortals leave the bright and flowery path of virtue, to wander in the dark, desert plains of vice. If we expect forgiveness from Him, who sees our souls fairly, we must forgive the erring, and not forsake them and turn them coldly away. The unforgiving Christian is as offensive in the eyes of God as those they will not forgive, if the latter have repented and forsaken their sins. We are not our own keepers. Who knows when we shall so far forget ourselves as to put forth a right hand and sin. Heaven keep us in the narrow path. But if we should fall, where would be our aid, if in every case we saw a friend, and on every brow we read vengeance! Deeper and deeper would we descend in the

path of iniquity; when, if a different spirit were manifested towards us, it might stay our career of sin; and we might henceforth have lived and died honest, upright and virtuous. Look not with contempt upon the erring youth. He may yet see his error, and sorely repenting, may be led by kindness once more into the right path. Stretch forth a helping hand, ye who bear the hallowed name of Christians. Draw back the erring by love and persuasion. A kind word is sometimes worth more than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would pursue to the confines of the grave an unfortunate brother or sister.

We all have some duty: We are all unwise: And the grace that redemns us Must come from the skies.

WINTER OF THE HEART.

A beautiful writer counsels wisely when he says: "Live so that good angels may protect from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart." Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountains of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burden settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent man and shriek through its desolated chambers.

Your life-path may lead through trials, which for a time seemed utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze. Penny may take the place of ease and plenty; the luxurious room may be changed for an humble one; the soft couch for a straw pallet; the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Sorrowful friends may forsake you, and the unyielding world pass you with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice that would extort the last farthing, till you will sigh in disgust from your fellow beings. Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful solitude. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

Amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every anticipation of a "better day," in the unknown future. Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship was only a delusion, and love a phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not believe that you are fated to be miserable, because you are disappointed in your expectations, and loathed in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. Keep a holy trust in Heaven thro' every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upwards in temptation and suffering. When your steps are white, your eyes dim, and your feet falter on the verge of death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

THE CHINA TREE.—A writer in the Soil of the South recommends planting the China tree along our railroads, to be used for ties. He says that he has no doubt that this nine inches in diameter made of the China tree would last for a century. And for maritime purposes, the wood is invaluable; neither worms nor borers will interfere with it. In illustration of this fact, we remember, some years ago, a gentleman living on the Pee Dee had a box made of the China tree filled with rice, which remained for years free from weevil or any other worm, and just as sound as when first put in the box, no doubt preserved from the attacks of insects by some peculiar property in the wood.

THE PLANET SATURNS.—The almanacs say that Saturn's rings will be visible all this year, with the aid of a telescope, their southern surface being now turned towards earth. This planet will be in an evening star until June the 24th, then morning star until December the 21st, then evening star until July 10th, 1857.

THE ESTABLISHMENT Having been reorganized for the express purpose of promoting the cause of the oppressed, we are, the public, our next and most important work which may offer and be promptly delivered according to promise, and of which we are anxious to give satisfaction.

S. M. HOWELL, Saddle and Harness Manufacturer, THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SABLE'S HOTEL, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

S. W. WESTBROOKS, Proprietor of the Great National Veterinary and Surgical Dispensary, 117 N. 2nd St. S. M. HOWELL, 3711

Removal. I TAKE pleasure in informing my friends and the public generally, that I have removed from my present Store, to the new Store No. 4, opposite the Bank, between Front and Columbus Streets, and have moved my stock of Groceries, Raisins, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, &c. to the new Store.

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COOK & PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at low rates, or for CASH. Refining, Guttering, Stove Pipes, &c. executed at short notice and at moderate prices.

Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherfordton RAIL-ROAD. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public generally, that his office, known as the "Railroad Hotel," is now open at the corner of Front and Columbus Streets, and has moved his stock of Groceries, Raisins, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, &c. to the new Store.

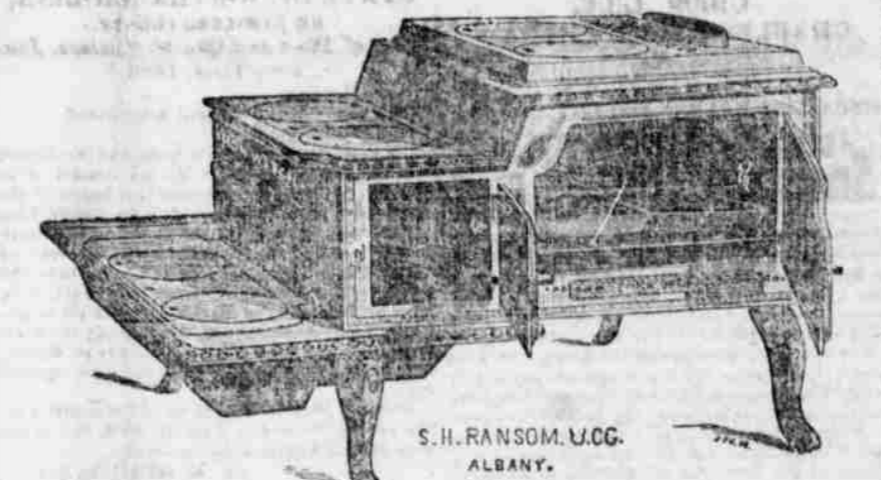
W. A. Gwyer, General Agent Forwarding and Commission Merchant, Wilmington, N. C. ARRANGEMENTS have been completed between the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Company, and the South Carolina Railroad Company for the transportation of Freight, Passengers, and Mail.

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WAIT FOR THE WAGGON. JENKINS & TAYLOR, COOKING STOVE, ALSO, ALL KINDS OF PARLOR & BOX STOVES.

JENKINS & TAYLOR, COOKING STOVE, ALSO, ALL KINDS OF PARLOR & BOX STOVES. We have, and constantly keep on hand, an extensive and varied stock of TIN AND SHEET IRON, JAPAN AND BRITANNIA WARE, BRASS KETTLES, CAST IRON BEDSTEDS, HAT RACKS, CRADLES, &c., &c.

Late from Paris. A Great Variety of STOVES? JENKINS & TAYLOR, COOKING STOVE, ALSO, ALL KINDS OF PARLOR & BOX STOVES.

WHERE? AT MOORE & EYERLY'S, who are dealers in all kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron, Japan and Britannia Ware, Brass Kettles, Cast Iron Bedsteads, Hat Racks, Cradles, &c., &c.

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Roger's Liverwort & Tar. For the complete cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Scurvy, and all other Lung Complaints leading to Consumption. DOCT. JOHNSTON'S, BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.

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