

Sunday Reading.

From the American Messenger.

"I WANT TO GO HOME."

It is very common for dying persons, whether children or adults, to feel that they are away from home. Not long ago a little boy died, and as he sank into the joyous arms of death, his constant cry was, "I want to go home, I want to go home." — More recently an aged female, who had long been a devout servant of Christ, died; and she too said, "I want to go home." And at one time, addressing a beloved daughter, the only child out of many that remained to her, she said, in touching words, "Won't you go home with me?" These expressions may no doubt, in part, spring from that distressing restlessness and that bewildered state of mind which prevail when the powers of nature are yielding under the stroke of death. But may they not also, in some cases be the language of faith and hope? At any rate, they have a striking significance when uttered by dying lips.

This now is not my hour. God's people have never looked upon it as such. They have uniformly confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. What are the days which we usually attack so keenly? A place of permanent abode, fitted up for our accommodation and comfort, in which we feel ourselves at ease, and where we might, in delightful intercourse with those whom we most love, and in whose friendship and affection we have the highest confidence. The best earthly home answers these ill-as-voiced imperfections. It is only temporary sickness and death may enter it, sorrow and disappointment are not excluded from it, and often are its occupants obliged to groan under a burden of complicated evils from which they can be delivered only when the earthly tabernacle of their own bodies is dissolved.

"Were this the world our final rest,
Living & dying none were lost."

God has promised a home for his people. They will not always be strangers and pilgrims. They will sooner or later reach the better country towards which they are travelling. It may be said even of them that tarry longest, "The time is short." And O! how their prospects brighten as death draws near. They say, "The night is far spent; the day is at hand, a day with no cloud, and without a gloom." Those who have repented of their sins, and fled for refuge to Christ crucified, who are sprinkled with shining blood, who walk by faith and desire a better country, that is, a heavenly, shall not be disappointed. God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city. Heb. 11: 16.— And what a day! Have you ever attempted to comprehend its dimensions, its magnitude, its glory, and the excellency of its inhabitants? Read the twenty-

ty-five chapter of Revelations, and surely you cannot avoid exclaiming, "Glorious things are spoken of them, O city of God!" — *old of God, so glorious in tribulation.* The days of your mourning will soon be ended. Hear the gracious words of your Saviour, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

Be moderate in your grief, much more friends. Do you say, "The loss which I have sustained is irreparable; my counsellor, my guide, my best earthly stay and help is taken away from me." All this may be very true, and it would evince a reasonable degree of insensibility if you did not weep. But, did you bear the dead? Then let joy mingle with your tears. They give grace. Their last looks their rest secured. It was not the want of parental affection, but hardness and pride, which prompted Mrs. Graham to say, when a beloved child had just breathed her last, "Thank you, my dearest."

Have you committed pangs relative to the grave? Bring back, they will speak again while the import of their language. If they seem to repeat what was in itself true, it is not fair, threatening entreaty, "Want you go home with me?" Does not a voice from the skies continually whisper to your heart, "Brother, we we followed Christ!" Have your friends entered into the rest that remains to the people of God? Labor diligently to be partakers of their rest. Be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

Is there any thing else to be known when we leave this world? A prison is not a home. Hell is God's great prison-house. All the earthly happiness, the unpeopled and unpeopled misery in the world, are confined there. No wonder can be found there. Indigenous and savage, turbulent and savage, will be there. Heaven is the only home that God has provided for his children. Let us take heed that we never fall short of it.

A. B. W.

FARTHEST FROM THE KINGDOM.

It is not always that man or woman who are of the deepest dye, that stand in the greatest danger of being snatched from the kingdom of heaven. The crimes of the present child had been as great as ever sinner man had accrued their punishment by death. But to make him great may we have been the very moment that his father laid hold of an avaricious Sojourner, that instant saw them all his greed, and the dying like a pistol shot was Christ of heaven.

Some years ago I took occasion to address a young lady upon the subject of religion. I hardly knew how to approach her, for I had supposed, from what I had seen of her character, that she was already

a Christian. Her life was exemplary to a high degree. A devoted daughter, a constant attendant upon the means of grace, almost always ready to make sacrifices for others, I judged that she might have been taught of Jesus. We were talking of sin in the heart, and she spoke quite freely.

"Yes," said she, "it is indeed dreadful. I suffer it. It is constantly giving me pain."

I was left from her answer to hope still more from her, and went on to speak of sin being one of the Christian's heaviest burdens, and the looking in upon the sinful feelings, thoughts, and motives that hold sway over our poor sick soul, as the greatest cause of suffering on this side the grave.

"With," she answered, "it is not their mean. Sin gives me pain, but it is the *sins* of others. When I see sin, I feel as though I could not bear it. As for my own motives and feelings, I always try to do what I think is right, and so of course I do not feel badly about my own sins."

I looked up at her quickly. My heart swelled, but there was an expression of compunction in her countenance that closed my lips. She stood wrapped all about in the robe of her own righteousness, and seemed to think that she had no need of a better.

She stands there yet. Neither the Bible that she studies from week to week, the voice of death calling away her loved ones, nor the solemn sighing uttered from the pulpit, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish," seems to have reached her soul. The Spirit of God alone can show her the depravity of the rebellious heart.

If this is your view of sin, you have need of mourn with anguish that cannot be uttered. The word of our Lord is sure, and he says, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." There is no other name given under heaven, whereby we can be saved."

Agricultural.



From the North Carolina Farmer.

THE WHEAT MIDGE.

Wheat, the most important of all our staple crops, is liable to more calamities and depredations from various insects, than any other cultivated in the United States. The wheat fly, commonly called the Hessian fly, is said to have been introduced into the United States by the Hessians in the time of the Revolutionary war. For many years the injury to the wheat crop caused great alarm among the farmers of the country. By change of seed and by early and late sowing, the depredations of this insect have, in some degree, been checked of late years in our country.

The most formidable enemy to the wheat crop in the United States is known under the name of Wheat Midge (*Oscinomyia Testacea*). Of the manner in which it was introduced into our country, we believe it is not generally known. The Wheat Midge was first clearly recognized in 1820, in the north west part of Vermont, but Dr. Fitch elicited to have some evidence that it was in our country several years anterior to that date, although it did not become so numerous as to attract particular attention until eight or ten years afterwards. In England it was known as early as the year 1771.—

Since its depredations have become so alarming, and its habits observed and understood, it is ascertained that it is making a steady and gradual yearly progress westward. When we first saw it in 1857, it had passed Albany county, N. York; it has since extended over a considerable portion of Ohio and Indiana; where, in 1858, the loss resulting from its ravages amounted to millions of dollars. So generally destructive was it in New York in that year, that Gen. B. P. Johnson, the efficient secretary of the New York State Agricultural Society, addressed a circular to the principal wheat growers in the State, with the inquiry, "Is the wheat crop the midge?" The facts thus derived were authentic and complete, and placing the estimates at the lower figures and far within the truth, it was ascertained that the value of the wheat destroyed by this insect during that year, at the fall price, amounted to the enormous sum of fifteen millions of dollars. In several States the price per bushel, the crop of wheat has been much injured, though to a less extent than in 1858.

The Midge is among the smallest insects liable to the naked eye.

VALLEY FARMER.

The Farmer's motto is then, "good farms, good stock, good seed, and good cultivation." Make farming a science, in which your land as well as your hands are employed; let there be system and reason in your operations; study to make your farms beautiful, and make your land lively; assist, by kindness, the birds to visit and cheer your dwelling with their music.

I would not associate with the man who lay that would willingly kill the birds that cheerfully sing around our dwellings and our farms; he is fitted for treason and murder. Who does not with the freshness of every morning, call up the memory of the Author of his infancy and childhood? The voice, not in the old ebony tree, and the nest of young chirping birds in the squirrel bushes, the flowers planted by his mother, and nurtured by his sisters? In all our wanderings, the memory of

hood's birds and flowers are associated with our mother and sisters, and our early home. As you would have your children intelligent and happy, and their memory in after life of early home pleasant or repulsive, so make your farms and your children's home."

To Cotton Planters.

THE management is proposed to sell the best quality of Cotton Goss., with 100 acres near 92 per acre, delivered at the buildings of the Charlotte, York & N. C. Ry. Board of Trade, and the cotton houses, the shipper from either those that are well built, and the cost of riving 50/- per acre. The bales being received with the instead of cloth and being more easily repaired and reduced.

SARAH SOSSNERMAN.
Pioneer Mills, Calais, Vt., April 29, 1858.

Charlotte Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

THIS COMPANY continues to take risks at a gain less by fire, in Houses, Goods, Furniture, &c., at usual rates.

JAMES M. ELLIOTT.
Wilmington, May 25, 1858.

Officers.

M. B. TAYLOR, President.

C. OVERMAN, Vice President.

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A. C. STEELE.

JOHN L. BROWN, S. T. WRISTON and A. C. STEELE, Executive Committee.

May 18, 1858.

Wanted.

1,000 CORDS OF TAN-BARK, for

which two bushels will be paid.

M. B. TAYLOR.

Dec. 1.

H. M. PRITCHARD,
Iowa's Farmer.

WANTED.

1,000 CORDS OF TAN-BARK, for

which two bushels will be paid.

M. B. TAYLOR.

May 31, 1858.

H. M. PRITCHARD.

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