

## Sunday Reading.

### The Beggar.

Let us take a short stroll through the streets of the sacred city. Yonder is the Temple—the most magnificent edifice which has ever graced the earth, and just before us is the palace of Dives, scarcely less imposing and costly. If we had time, we might enter this splendid dwelling, and we should perhaps admire the beautiful finish of the interior more than we do the gorgious grandeur of the exterior: we should find every room furnished in the most elegant manner possible,—we should see tables spread with the richest viands, and we should find our honorable host attired in purple and fine linen, attended by a retinue of servants who constantly await his bidding.

But what is that which lies at the gate of this lordly mansion? Is it a human being, or is it only something in human shape? Let up approach the non-descript object and decide for ourselves. Yet, it is a man, or what was once a man,—the wreck,—the skeleton,—the shadow of a man. Would that we knew his history—by what dire misfortune he was brought to this pitiable condition. But the dogs which hew over him in compassion cannot tell us, and, of the many thousands in the city, no one cares for this poverty stricken man.

How far gone his condition! He is *homeless*. He has not even a booth to protect him from the scorching suns, and the beating rains, and the pelting hail. He is every moment liable to be trodden under foot by the giddy crowd, or to be crushed and buried by the wheels of passing carriages.—For him no cheerful fire-blazes,—on him no wife,—no sister smiles, beneath his head there is no downy pillow—to his parched lips no refreshing cordials are presented, nor was a cup of cold water, and to his numerous sores, no soothing salves are applied.

He is *pernicious*. Not only is he destitute of the several necessities of life, but he is destitute of resources. He is not even able to beg, unless it be by extending his bony, shrewish hand to some passer by. He is *alone*. In consequence of affliction and starvation nature is well nigh spent. The thought of death under any circumstances is appalling. Who does not instinctively shudder at the prospect of falling into the icy arms of the gris monster, even although he may be at home, blest with all the sympathies and attentions which friends and physicians can afford? But this poor wretch is destined to expire in the street, with no hand to wipe the death dew from his brow, or close his fading eyes.

But let us stay our tears; perhaps the case is not one of utter despair. See how plump and even cheerful his countenance appears amid all this privation and suffering. Yet, behold that smile which now illumines those wasted features. It may be that with all his sorrows he has a pure heart. But the last struggle comes! "And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." And who would not envy his lot rather than that which awaits the rich man at whose gate he is laid?

"Happy are they thy day's are ended!"

Alas! mounting day's below us,

Clouds—dark clouds attend us;

To the right of Jesus go,

For the joy he sets before thee,

Heal a wounded soul,

Do to little life of grace,

Suffer with thy Lord to reign."

GOING TO BED.

Here is a pretty little evening hymn for you children—we know not who wrote it. The day is gone, the night is come! The night is quiet, rest is come! And every little bird has flown Home to its dewy nest. The soldier was the last to go, Upon the leafless bough His evening hymn to God, And he is silent now.

The lion is hidden within the hedge, Shows in the drowsy eye, That's always aye keeping forth From out the darkness sky, So, not the starry skies for God It is hard what I have said; But Jesus looks on his little child, Knitting beside his bed.

Kindly borne me thank Him now For all that He has given, Friends, food, and clothes, and food; But most of all for heaven, Where I shall go when I am dead, If truly I do right; Where I must leave all those I love, As angels pure and bright.

From the Sunday School Visitor.

**THE HOUR OF PRAYER.**

When golden hours the east adorn, And nature waits to hail the morn, How sweet to think of him who kept, And watched us kindly while we slept! How sweet to off' th' blinks and raise The little ones of God to God's peace; And ask his blessing, that we may His will perform throughout the day.

And when the evening hour has come, And in the quietude of night, We count the precious moments past, And wonder they were not our last; How sweet to lie before the throne, Yielding ourselves and all our own, To him who keeps us by his love, And gently leads our souls above.

**SONNET.**

FT. MARSHALL, NEW YORK.  
His death, my gentle brother, pained a bairn—  
A precious bairn—from thy sweet tree of love?  
And did the depths of thy fond nature move,  
Until thine eye poured forth a weeping flood?  
It were so, I could not blame thy grief;  
But I could sit bairn there in thy way,  
And bid my bairns to thine responsive flow.  
Till the world goes down, I'll stand by thee,

Thy eyes—thy hands—thy feet—

And stand by thee beyond the tomb.

The garden is still; where Jesus' hand,  
Hath planted; I'll sit by bairn, to grow and bloom,

And gather thee and thine, while heaven eternal  
lasts.

**CHILD LOST! CHILD LOST!**

The following touching story is copied from The Foreign Missionary. We hope our young friends will read the tale, and not forget the moral.

Near the close of a delightful summer day,

not quite twenty years ago, in the city of —, as we were closing up the labors of the day, we heard in the street the sound of that dismal bell, and then the well-known voice of "big coffin" the cryer, "Child lost!" Then followed a particular description of the lost child, a little boy about three years old, how he was clad, his complexion, etc., and a liberal reward was offered to any person that would find and bring him to his mother in — street.

How that incident affected us, and what a sensation it created throughout nearly the whole city! A child was lost: its poor distressed mother, O, how dreadful she must feel! Many called upon the mother to try and comfort her, and many turned out to look for the child, and the fruitless search was continued until late in the evening—But at length one of the women living on the same street began to think of something her own little boy, then in quiet sleep and safe at home, had been saying to her when he came in from his play in the afternoon: he came to his mother, took hold of her dress, and as well as he could articulate, seemed to say, "Mamma, mamma, boy in hole;" but though he often repeated this, she did not comprehend its meaning until late in the evening, when the master came to her mind, and she thought that perhaps the lost child was the one her own little boy had been trying to tell her about, and that perhaps he had fallen into some place from which he could not escape.

These impressions were suggested to others, whereupon inquiries were made as to whereabouts the children had been seen playing in the afternoon, and a hole was discovered under a cross walk through which the water of the gutters ran into a deep sewer under the street. The pavement was immediately torn up, and a man went down with a lantern: he found a little hat, then discovered tracks in the mud, and hurriedly traced them, till off he came upon an object which at first would not be recognized as a child, so completely was he covered with the slime of the sewer, and he was insensible from fright, and the chilliness of this dark and loathsome pit. But the man took him up, brought him to the light, and soon he was lifted out and restored yet alive to his mother. Then there was rejoicing—rejoicing such as none but a mother can appreciate.

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To those who have so liberally patronized me for the last month, I wish to say, that I am grateful to you for your continued interest and concern, feeling confident that it will be to our advantage and interest. I am still occupying my stand in Charlotte, in Main-street, just off J. B. Kerr's Hotel, and nearly opposite R. H. Beasley's new building.

May 28 1852.

**MARTIN & BRYAN,  
FACTORS,  
AND  
GENERAL COMMISSION  
MERCHANTS,  
No. 3 Boyce & Co's Wharf,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.**

**DIRECT LINE  
TO THE NORTHERN CITIES.  
Fire Greatly Reduced.**

Through from Greensborough, N. C., to Richmond or Petersburg, TEN DOLLARS

THIS time of Four Horsemen, from Greensborough, N. C., via Danville, Va., to Richmond and Petersburg, is now in full operation, running to connect with the Rio Grande and Danville Rail Roads, and South-side Rail Road from Petersburg.

Leave Greensboro' every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 9 A. M. Arrive in Greensboro' second day thereafter, in time for the Sabbath stage.

This line also connects at Danville, with the States to Lynchburg.

J. HOLDREY & CO.  
P. FLAUG & CO.

July 28 1852.

**J. F. Gilmer,  
Druggist and Apothecary,**

**Successor to Fox & Gre.**

**DR. C. J. FOX & P. CALDWELL,** have done offering a copartnership in the above business offer for sale the largest and most general assortment of MEDICINES, FAIR & OTHER DRUGS, &c. &c. &c. ever offered in this market; all of which will be sold at a discount of 10% off the original price, except after being off 10 days, by agents sent to sell and manage, to Physicians and Chemists.

Persons from the Town and County may rest assured that no attention to carelessness in putting up Medicines, preservatives, &c. &c. &c.

Medicines prescribed may and carefully prepared. All orders from the country punctually attended to.

This doctor presents the best medicine, &c. &c. &c.

Leave our line to be found in the following towns:

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July 28 1852.

**J. A. FOX,  
Attorney at Law,**

**W. H. practices in the surrounding countries,  
and is connected with the collection of all  
departments in charge. Also by the writing of pension  
and land claims.**

Offr.—No. 24, High Row.

Charlotte, January, 1852.

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**R. & V. C. Barringer,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW**

**H. A. Garrison in this and the adjoining coun-**

**try, and will attend to all professional busi-**

**siness entrusted to us.**

Offr.—No. 24, High Row.

Charlotte, January, 1852.

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**J. M. Davidson, M. D.**

**F. L. F. in Ethics, and Sciences, and**

**the course of Practise, and the**

**other medical subjects.**

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J. M. DAVIDSON, M. D.

October 15, 1851.

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