

Sunday Reading.

From the New England Farmer.

"JESUS STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THEM AND SAID PEACE BE UNTO YOU."—Luke.

We do, every one of us, covet the Saviour's benediction for our own troubled hearts. The brightest lot in life has so many shadows and perplexities, so much to keep the joyous spirit tempest, that there are but few seasons in which the prayer for peace is not uttered with all the fervor of truthful utterance.

The heart scarcely rejoices in its deliverance from some heavy burden before another is laid upon us, and the life lesson of patience is again inculcated, and that other lesson that little by little is decreasing—the love of life and leading to the contemplation of a better home darkened by no grief, witness to no failing hopes.

In the first hours of overwhelming sorrow, the soul fails to recognize any light, but God suffers not this darkness to remain. In his own time and manner he pierces the gloom and admits the light from numerous unthought-of sources, lays His powerful hand upon the surging tide within and checks its wild raging, bids new avenues of hope to discover themselves, and through wastes and storms leads the stricken heart to final rest and peace.

Peace be unto you! Let us consider for a moment upon whom this benediction falls. They were the eleven, gathered after the crucifixion, their minds still agitated by doubt, the future to them suddenly darkened, their guide, their counsellor about to be withdrawn. Where should they go? Every man's hand seemed against them, and their newly found treasure of eternal life, it was considered a crime to declare. There was no outward peace for them. They were poor and persecuted, but the inward peace that passed all understanding, that the world can neither give nor take away, which hath its source within, that they might possess, and this peace was the burden of the Saviour's blessing.

He mocked them with no idle words. They could feel like men, yet not be overcome of trials; they could be tempted, and yet possess the strength to resist evil; they could weep and yet rejoice. For these things they must have faith in God, unquestioning submission to His will, and, possessed of these, peace assuredly follows.

They had renounced the security and comforts of home, separating themselves from family ties, laid aside all anxieties for coming ages and for the cause of truth, had followed Jesus to the close of his earthly ministry. Whatever hopes of earthly aggrandizement had heretofore sustained them, were trailing in the dust; for He whose they had hoped to see crowned with the wreath of victory, had died a felon's death. Hardly had the first great wave of disappointment rolled over them, when miseries came with the announcement. He is not dead. He is risen and soon He mingles with them as of yore, to confirm their wavering faith, and leave with them the blessing of peace.

And who shall doubt that the peace of which He speaks is theirs? Precision, torture, taunt, rebuke could not distract that peace, for its foundation was immovable, it rested upon God.

Such peace can still be ours. Earth has not amid all her glory and beauty. Seek it not in mortal heights, in rayless caverns, in far ocean depths; seek it not of the silent stars of the void; that it not to and fro over the sea and land. Seek it only in the sanctuary of God, look for it only in the sanctuary of the soul. If it be not there, it exists not for you, but awaits your pressing power in the invisible realm. I mind.

Unto the God of peace and all consolation, let the sad heart carry its sorrows, the tempest heart its burden, and with Him leave disappointment and care. To make the most of life, there must be peace within, born of perfect trust. Let us not yield to the darker phases of experience more than their share of our spirits. Our cheerfulness and contentment are precious offerings upon God's altar, and he who wilfully darkens His altars is a sinner.

There is peace, content, joy, for the faithful, earnest heart under all outward circumstances, and there, all desire to possess, though few will pay the price. There is but one road to their attainment, and this lies through prayer, self-denial, perseverance, and all have the power to attain these, but how few have the will.

As years roll by, let us gauge our spiritual increase by the peace in our souls; and if we are still tossed by every wave of passion, still dismayed by every freak of Fortune, let us realize how unfitted we are for that land where holy quiet is unbroken save by the exultant shout of the redeemed—We would not be excluded from the holy company, for with them are many of our beloved; therefore, we will take life's solemn lesson to our hearts in season, and be ready when the Master calls, to present ourselves in perfect peace at the portals of Paradise.

H. J. L.

At length, for a long time they were separated. The clergyman did not meet the skeptic for years. Meanwhile the grace of God came into his heart, and he was converted. All his skepticism departed and now he listened only to God. The first time he met his former friend after this great change, the clergyman said to him: "Well, my dear sir, and what do you think now of the doctrine of the resurrection?" "Oh, sir," said he, two words conqueror me. Then fool! Do you see this Bible, taking up a beautiful copy of the Scriptures, fastened with a silver clasp, and will you read the words upon the clasp that shuts it?" The clergyman read, deeply engrained on the silver clasp, "Thou fool!" "There," said his friend, "are the words that conquered me; it was no reasoning, no satisfying my objection, but God convincing me that I was a fool; and thenceforward I determined I would have my Bible clasped with these words, 'Thou fool!' and never again would come to the consideration of sacred mysteries, but through their medium. I will remember that I am a fool, and God only is wise."

Ah! this is the way to come to God's Word. Let every man put this clasp upon his Bible, "Thou fool!" and let him enter it, to sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him, just as a little child, remembering the saying of David: "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

Agricultural.

From the Germania Telegraph.
AN OLD FARMERS EXPERIENCE:
Or, How to Make a Poor Farm Rich,
Without Much Money Expended.

THE ACCUMULATION OF MANURE.
If writers on agriculture would devise and lay down more feasible plans of operation, there would be rather more chance for their works to be beneficial to farmers—They direct us to put on manure by the ton, cord or load, as the case may be; to put it on in the spring, in the summer, and the fall; to topdresses, and underdrives, &c., to always be ready to put on manure when the ground is plowed or to be plowed.

Now, all this is very fine in theory, but practical farmers know very well that manure does not fall from the clouds like snow or rain; nor is it to be dug out of the earth in quantity and quality sufficient.

Manure, composed mainly of vegetable and animal matter, that can only be produced in limited quantities. A large majority of farmers have land to work that is mostly below the middling quality, and have rent or interest to pay every year, besides maintaining their families and stock, and ought to be improving the last at the same time. If our instructions would put us in a way to accomplish this, their works would be much more valuable. Nothing has been done, and can be done again. As to buying manure, except lime and plaster, for the use of farmers, generally, except those near some town or village, it is out of the question, as at present prices it will not bear its weight to be carted more than six or seven miles.

It can be made on the farm with a small outlay of money, but it requires labor and persevering attention. When the yard is cleaned out to put on the wheat ground, spread a thin coating of straw over it, then haul in dirt, good, mellow dirt; if to be had, but if not, get the best you can, and cover the yard four or five inches thick. Trim around all the fence in the latter end of August, and cart all the young bushes and hedges into the barnyard, as well as weeds and other vegetable matter, leaves, &c., that can be gathered up on the farm.

When the pasture falls in the fall, put the cattle in the barn yard and there keep them till the pasture is fit to turn on again in the spring. If the winter should be a little open, so that dirt can be got, give the yard one or two more coatings; the straw saved for litter, refuse of the fodder and cleanings of the stables, should be spread over the tops of the yards at the same time, next to the new English Chapel. She would inform the ladies that she has just received a supply of Bonnet Trimming, consisting of:

Flowers,

Feathers,

Bunches, &c.

W. COULD inform the public that she has just received the above articles at her residence, next to the new English Chapel. She would inform the ladies that she has just received a supply of Bonnet Trimming, consisting of:

Flowers, Feathers, Bunches, &c. Some loops by embossing in gold satisfaction to those who may have lost their gold or silver, and are anxious to have a new loop made to their old chain. Mrs. P. M. SMITH.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
HAVING PURCHASED THE CONCORD FABRIC, I am prepared to fill all sorts for

WEAVING,
Ovallooms, Threshing Ropes, Bed-rolls, Sheetings, Wall Ropes, Carpet Chair, Hairy Drilling, Hairy Drilling.

I am making an article of lard for the purpose of SHAVING FLOUR. Wheat and Corn, Farmers and Friends buyers will find it to their advantage to use it. All others from a distance will be attracted with promptness.

J. McDONALD.

Carroll, Oct. 28, 1852.

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JOHN HENRY WAYT, M. D.

SURGEON-DENTIST.

(GRADUATE OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY.)

HAVING located permanently to the citizens of a healthy and vicinity.

Dr. Wayt prepares and inserts Artificial Palates and obturators, and attends to the extraction of congenital and accidental deformities of the teeth and jaws.

He also prepares to insert Artificial Teeth after the most approved methods.

Office, Troy-street, in Carson's new building, Up Stairs.

Lodges waiting on their residences if required.

Nov. 16, 1852.

286

SAND'S SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE CURE OF:

Sore Throat, Consumption, Loss of Appetite, Debility, Diarrhoea, Night Sweats, and a Spitting and Full PURIFICATION of the Blood.

Its efficacy is unparallelled.

This medicine has been in use for nearly 25 years, having maintained a large share of popularity from its many and well established cure of obscure cases of disease, as well as of those of recent appearance.

Those who use it will find the greatest relief in their admirable medicine and speedy relief.

It is pleasant to the taste and is prepared in the most careful manner by one of the proprietors who is himself a physician.

Please call at Dr. Pittard's Ding Store, and obtain an almanac for 1852 gratis, which gives most valuable information.

REPAIRING promptly executed.

Oct. 18, 1852.

371

S. M. HOWELL,

SADDLE & HARNESS MANUFACTURER,

THREE DOORS SOUTH OF THE MANSION HOUSE,

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

All kinds of Saddles and Harness made at the

factory.

REPAIRING promptly executed.

Oct. 18, 1852.

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