

Sunday Reading.

From the American Merchant.
"WHY DID YOU NOT MAKE ME HEAR?"

In this "time of God's merciful visitation," we have had recent assurance of the presence of God's Spirit. For several successive evenings, a beloved and faithful minister preached "Christ, and him crucified," to an attentive and solemn audience. God's Spirit was there; we knew it by the earnest attention, the solemn stillness, the falling tear.

Evening after evening, at the close of the discourse, the pastor invited all who felt concerned for their salvation, to remain for conversation and prayer. Some remained; others went home; some, it may be, in the solitude of their own rooms, to consecrate themselves to the service of Christ; but more, it is to be feared, to drown the voice of conscience, still farther, and to harder, the sinfulness in their impenitence.

One evening, after a faithful sermon, the minister, renewing the invitation to inquirers to remain, narrated the following facts:

He was awakened at midnight by a message from a young lady sinking in a decline, who wished to see and converse with him. As he entered the room, he noticed a younger sister of the dying one, who was evidently fast following her into eternity. He commenced asking the dying girl of her prospects, and as he did so, the younger sister arose with a look that said, "plainest than words, she did not wish to hear the conversation, and abruptly left the room. But he continued, and was rejoined to find that the dying girl was leaning on the strong arm of her Beloved, and that, as her feet trod the dark valley, His rod and staff comforted her. And so she died in hope."

Only a few weeks from her death, he was again sent for; this time to visit the younger sister, who was so soon following the older to the grave. As he went to her bedside, she looked up with great anxiety, and asked, "Mr. M.—, do you remember, when you were here before, and began to talk with my sister about death, I left the room?" "Yes; why did you do so?" "Because I did not wish to hear what you would say; and now see where I am. Oh, Mr. M.—, why did you not follow me and make me hear?" There was agony, even despair in her tones, as she said this; and then she added, "Oh, it is a dreadful thing to die."—And before many hours she died—in despair.

"Never, never," said he, "shall I forget that scene, and never shall I cease to urge sinners, even to follow them, if need be, that they may be warned of their danger and led to their only Refuge."

Oh! when will we, as Christ's followers, remember this, that not only are we to warn the impenitent when they come to us weighed down with a sense of their exceeding sinfulness; but that we are to follow them with tireless love for their souls, and in all places, at all times, and all seasons, tell them of their condition, and "make them listen."

They should be more nearly resemble our divine Master, and sinners would more frequently be heard asking, "What must we do to be saved?" A. S. A.

THE TEACHER'S FIRST PRAYER.

—L.—, the daughter of poor parents, but herself without a Christian hope, was about leaving her home, to engage, for the first time, in teaching.

She was young, and though possessing uncommon energy and hopefulness, the responsibility which she was to assume pressed heavily upon her. "How can I hope to succeed without God's blessing?" was a question she pondered more and more, as the time drew near for her to go; and before leaving home, she resolved solemnly before God to make it her first concern to seek his favor and the way of eternal life.

Thus resolving, she met her pupils on the first morning of school. She had not definitely considered how she should begin her work, but as she looked about upon the group around her, she felt her need of a higher wisdom to direct, and as she thought of the resolution she had made, conscience whispered that she ought to begin her school with prayer.

But how could she? Young and inexperienced, with no hope that she was a Christian, surrounded by an ungodly neighborhood, where there was no one to whom she could look for help in religious duties, how could she take so bold a stand?

But there was no time for delay; the school was waiting; the first step must be taken, and if that step was a wrong one, she felt that all after-steps would be wrong also. "If I shrink from the duty, will God bear me when I ask him to lead me to him self?" was her thought, and this decided her. She left the school in prayer, and then she was able to go on with quietness to the remaining duties. And thus she continued, day after day, asking before her scholars for the blessing of God, although for two full weeks no light dawned upon her soul as to her acceptance with him. At the close of that time Christ appeared, and she could rejoice in him as her light and her salvation.

Speaking of this afterwards, she said, "I believe it was that decided me that turned the scale with me. Had I refused to do what my conscience told me I ought to do, I am sure I could have had no heart and no hope to continue seeking my salvation. I should have felt that God looked upon me as a mocker, and that he could not consistently grant me his aid."

Does not this example speak to others who are inquiring the way of eternal life? The way of obedience is the way of light;

and to such as humbly and penitently walk in that way, trusting alone in the merits of Christ for acceptance, will the true light appear.

PASS HIM NOT BY.

In company with a youthful convert in the freshness and glow of his first love, I was visiting from house to house, aiming to urge the claims of the gospel upon every individual.

One young man, sitting by himself in the village tavern, presented a peculiar case. He had been awakened, and had thought he became a Christian in a former revival, and then exhorted his young friends to give their hearts to Christ. But he had relapsed into sinfulness, and fallen into open degradation. "Is there yet any hope of him?" Was not the grieved Spirit left him utterly? Who knows? Pass him not by."

These thoughts passed rapidly in my mind. I tried him once more. "Was not your soul as precious as those of others who are now anxious for their salvation?" His countenance grew solemn, and tears started. He was the subject of thorough conviction, and of hopeful conversion, followed by credible evidence of true piety.

Had that opportunity been neglected, confirmed hardness of heart might have ensued, and that young man's soul have been lost for ever.

THE ARTIFICIAL MANURE QUESTION.

At a meeting of the Oxford Farmer's Club, on Wednesday, Jan 14, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Mein, and seconded by Mr. Coggins, was carried unanimously: "That this Club considers the use of artificial manure still too much limited; that Peruvian guano, as a standard, is the best top-dressing for corn crops; farm-yard manure, guano, mixture of soda and bone-dust for grass land; that mixed manures are the best for root crops; and that without a liberal use of artificial manure the present extent of land in this country could not be kept in cultivation, as there is nothing that has tended more to assist high farming than the introduction of artificial manure; and, finally, that this Club does not consider that the decay of the root crop is attributable to the lavish application of manures."

HEN-MANURE.

More than one correspondent has lately asked: How shall I prepare hen manure for use, what crops does it most benefit, and how and when should it be applied? To which we reply: Have on hand a lot of old barrels, and shovel the hen manure into them, mixing it as you go, with twice its bulk of loam, muck or sand. It is an excellent plan to scatter fresh dirt or plaster under the hen-roosts every few days. This compost thoroughly mixed together, may be applied by the single handful to every hill of corn. Forty bushels of the mixture will thoroughly manure an acre. It may be applied not only to corn, but also to cucumbers, melons, squash, grape-vines, and indeed to everything growing in a garden. It is quite as active a fertilizer as Peruvian Guano.

Agricultural.



From the Country Gentleman.
CULTIVATING PLANTS WHILE THE DEW IS ON.

MARSH. EDITOR.—At least fifteen years ago, I noticed a plot of cabbages, of which the large, firm heads I could not account for, from anything apparent in the soil. On asking the owner how he made from such a soft as fine and uniform a crop, I found his only secret was that "he had watered them while the dew was on." He thought that in this way he watered them, but of course the good resulted more from the amount than the moisture of the dew.

I adopted the practice the year following and with the result was so well satisfied that I have since continued and recommended it to others. In my "Gardening for the South," published two years since, you will find (page 104) "that the cabbage tribe" especially like to have the soil about them thoroughly worked while the dew is on them. There will be a very great difference between the growth of two plots of cabbages, treated in other respects alike, one of which shall be hoed at sunrise and the other at midday; the growth of the former will surprisingly exceed that of the latter."

A story in point some time since went the round of the agricultural press, of which the substance is as follows: A small plot of ground was divided equally between the hands of a farmer and his son, the produce of each to be their own. The boy, being anxious to make a success of his plot, hoed it every day, while his father, being less anxious, did not hoe his plot at all. The result was, that the boy's plot was a failure, while his father's was a success.

An agriculturist spent three days, quality and abundance of cabbages, before he could account for the difference. He was told by J. L. Walker, of New York, E. G. Palmer, of Portland, and A. H. Denslow, of Louisville, that the secret was to water the plants while the dew was on them, and to hoe them while the dew was off them.

SARAH SOSSERMAN,
Pioneer Mills, Camptown, April 18, 1858.

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HAVING determined to remove to the South-West, I offer for sale my valuable and highly improved LAND ON
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With all suitable fixtures and personal belongings, the value of \$10,000.

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PROF. O. J. WOOD & CO., St. Louis.

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Every little we have sold seems to have produced a better result.

Send us as soon as possible a copy of the

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GEORGE W. HIGGINBOTHAM,

SARAH A. HIGGINBOTHAM.

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PROF. O. J. WOOD.—Dear Sir: Since the time last summer we were induced to make some of your rates lower, and the others were as liberal, we are now compelled to make a slight reduction in our rates.

Our little ones have been raised, and we are now in a position to offer a better result.

With all suitable fixtures and personal belongings, the value of \$10,000.

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