

## Sunday Reading.

"JESUS! YES I KNOW HIM."

How anxious were the friends, who stood around the death-bed of sister—to hear the testimony she would leave behind concerning her prospects for the future. From her infancy to the day of her final departure, she gloried "in nothing save Christ and him crucified," and was without exception one of the most consistent of Christians. Not a day passed, without an hour—morning, noon, and night,—being spent by her in private devotion. She knew Jesus, in every means of grace. In the great congregation, the words of divine truth never failed to refresh her soul. Around the fireside the whole train of holy conversation was of heaven and of God. She never came from secret prayer, but with a heart filled afresh with love and truth. Truly she shone like a burning light. How natural then that we should wish to hear her speak of him she loved in her last moments.

For sometime she had lain in unconsciousness; nothing could disturb her; no sound aroused her from her reveries. Though a little group of loved ones were gathered around her, and her eyes in one steady gaze rested upon them, yet she knew them not. Memory for a time at least had failed her, and no earthly scene or familiar friend held a place in her recollection. Those who were dear to her by kindred ties spoke to her in words of love and fond persuasion; but with tearful eyes they turned away without receiving one glance of recognition. Her loved companion felt that though others were forgotten she would remember him, as one with whom she had wept and prayed, and whose burden she helped in bear as they had travelled their Christian course together; but he too was forgotten; his words so warm—so full of love and affection, only fell upon her heart like sparks upon the cold snow. Her sweet little girl, her glossy ringlets hanging around her sunny neck, stood unheeded and unknown at the bed of her own dear mother. Thus the ties of warmest affection, the dearest of her earthly joys, and the fond bairns of her bosom, were unable to bring from her one word of love—or one look of recognition.

Her last and then softly asked her "Virginia, do you know Jesus?" At once her eyes sparkled with joy, her countenance lit up with divine light, and with the ecstasy of sudden restoration she answered, "Jesus, yes I know him." O how she must have loved him, when all others were forgotten—friends—husband—child—he was remembered.

It's a pleasing thought, and even now it fills us with joy—to think, that through the memory of all earthly things and friends fail us, in that hour we will remember Jesus. Yes, she knew him. He was there. At her bedside, within her heart, waiting to light her through the valley and shadow of death, to give her his love and staff to lean upon.

Reader, do you know Jesus? Do you know Jesus in the portion of your sins? If not, acquaint yourself with him; you will find him "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" and in the hour of your dissolution, when everything else is forgotten, he'll be remembered and having him with you, you will feel that,

"Jesus make a dying bed  
For us soft, and sinless robes,  
Wrap us in his breast, may bear your load,  
And breathe your life out sweetly home."

U. L.

**THE DUELLIST AND THE BULL.**

A young man, the son of French Protestant parents, was turned aside from the paths of virtue and virtue, during his residence at the University of Paris. In the pursuit of sinful pleasure, instead of an evening satisfaction, he was a terror to his school. "When I reached the age of twenty six (he said) I was in the sight of God as a madman, or like the horse which spurns the bridle, rages furiously into the battle, and falls, being wounded suddenly from every quarter. I had taken my degree and entered on the duties of my profession (as a barrister); when, in one of my fits of ungovernable passion, I had a quarrel, which ended in a challenge to a duel with one whom I thoroughly hated, as I regarded him as a rascal. Our combat (why not call it our mutual purpose of assassination?) was to take place in secret. I spent a whole day and night in preparing for it, and still I could not look forward to it without horror. Not that I dreaded being wounded or killed; for I was unfeeling and my heart was hardened, but my Bible frightened me. I had laid it aside in a closet; and to that closet I went to seek the sword with which I intended to meet my opponent. I opened the closet; it was nearly midnight. I climbed a chair, and reached to the highest shelf, feeling for my sword, when I laid my hand on my Bible. A sudden chill ran through my veins, and without any time for deliberation, I took the book opened it, and still standing on the chair, I read the 10th Psalm, which was the first passage on which my eyes rested; then the voice of the Lord more resounding through the dark recesses of my soul. I read with breathless suspense, and still went on reading, though my unceasing tremor, till I came to the verse, 'Whosoever doth the wicked counseleth God.' He hath said in my heart these will not require it. I felt confounded, and throwing myself prostrate on the floor of my room, I layed aloud and groaned, praying for pardon from God for the sake of Jesus. I dared not stir; I was afraid even to look up. I felt the eye of God was upon me, and my sorrow was not to be described.—The tortured criminal does not suffer when I then felt, and about an hour passed away, at the end of which time I felt somewhat more calm, sat down still, holding the Bible in my hand. God had received me. The prayers of my poor mother were heard, and my sinful soul was restored to the narrow way of life, which indeed I had never totally forsaken, though I had in so great a degree trudged under foot the truths I had learned, sinking in them as I should a serpent. What followed? My duel was a painful subject and I resolved to give it up. But this was not all; I was filled with sympathy for him whom I had regarded as my adversary, and I longed to make this known to him, and also to those who were to have been the witnesses of our strife. The day began to dawn; and the hour for our meeting arrived. My companions came to see me; but I had gone to rest, and hastened to the room which had been the place always for

the duel. I reached it first, and felt that the Lord was gloriously present with me. My adversary, accompanied by his second and mine, arrived there, and perceiving me, he cried out, 'Here I am; make ready.' I answered seriously, but with much feeling, 'I am ready, in the presence of God, to ask pardon of you. I have offended you, and to forgive you any wrong you may have done to me.' 'Coward! scoundrel!' he exclaimed, 'this is your meanness.' 'You need not insult me,' I added, 'I speak in the presence of God, who sees us both. He has humbled me and touched my heart, and I repeat and acknowledge my folly before him, and entreat you also to fear him, and no longer reject his mercy.'

God prevailed. The contest was dropped, and I returned to town, urging my companions no longer to live in rebellion against God. I knew not if they yielded to my entreaties, for I left town shortly afterwards and had no further intercourse with them. But I cannot describe the joy of my pious mother, when she saw me to be such as she desired, and felt that the infinite love and mercy of the Lord had been manifested to me.—*The Divine Life.*

## Agricultural.



### ADVICE TO FARMERS.

Jacob Strawn is said to be the most extensive and successful farmer in Illinois, though not doing so much as formerly. He gives the following advice to farmers through the Chicago Press:

When you wake up, do not roll over, but roll out. It will give you time to ditch all your sloughs, and break them up, and barrow them, and sow them with timothy, and a small portion of red clover with it. One bushel of clover to ten of the timothy is sufficient. Make your fence high, tight and strong, so that it will keep your cattle and pigs out. If you have brush, make your fence secure, and be sure to keep pigs and hogs from the cattle; but if the corn is clean they will eat it much better than if it is not. Study your interest closely, and do not spend one twentieth part of your time in seeing Presidents, Senators, or small officers, and talking of hard times while spending your time in town, sitting on store boxes, and whistling all the old wood up, instead of leaving it to kindle fires with, so that they can get to business.

Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock and they will have to rise early by force of circumstance. Pay a hand—if he is a poor hand—all you promise him; if he is a good hand, pay a little more; it will encourage him to do a little better.

When I was younger, and employed a great many hands, I have employed over two hundred a day. I made a universal rule, all the time, to pay good hands more than I promised them. I thought it brought me more interest than any money I ever had.

Kids are appreciated by a good young man much. Always feed them as much as you feed yourselves, for the laboring men are the hops and sine of the world, and ought to be well treated. All our wealth and fine clothes comes by hard labor. Our best girls, if they would go to bed three hours earlier than their usual time, and get up two hours sooner, which would give them one hour more sleep than they now get, and when they did get up, help get the breakfast, and wash the dishes, and sing the pots around, not so as to overstrain themselves, they would be much healthier, more handsome, and get better husbands.

I am satisfied that getting up earlier, industry and regular habits are the best medicines ever prescribed, for health. Look at our general land surveyors, when first running off the land in the West, wasting in sight from the shore-mouth to the waste, at night making calculations, keeping their minds employed, were all well and healthy, while the hands employed in carrying the chain, when they had nothing to do, laid down and died like rotten sheep. When you know of a General in the army who was a man, but who was at his post when death called for it, if in good health! Look at our neighbors in the spring, about the time that their corn should be planted. They get in a hurry, getting horses, plows, and almost every thing belonging to their business—hastening around, going to mill, getting a part of a load of seed at time, not time enough to load a full load at a time, they are so extremely hurried to get their corn planted.

If they would keep at work all the season, we would starve the lawyers and whip the doctors. When it comes rainy, bad weather, so you cannot plow, cut and split your wood. Make your rates when it is hard, cleaning your stables, or fixing something in doors that you might have to stop the plow to fix in good weather.

The resolutions are as follows:

**WISCONSIN.** It appears from the representation of the Chief Engineer on the Cape Fear and Deep River Works, that he has been unable, up to the present time, to procure a force adequate to the successful prosecution of said works; therefore,

**Henderson.** That the Chief Engineer is hereby instructed to advertise in one or more of the newspapers of Wilmington, Fayetteville and Raleigh for laborers on the Cape Fear and Deep River works, at \$20 per month and board.

**Husband.** That unless he can procure a sufficient number of hands, by the first day of September, to justify him in prosecuting the work of improvement on the Cape Fear and Deep Rivers, that he is hereby instructed to discontinue the work on said rivers, and remove the boats, &c., to Wilmington, to be disposed of as the Board of Managers may direct.—*Advertiser Standard 13th inst.*

**WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD FARMER?** If the De-power of human events should permit this world to stand a thousand years longer, the time will surely come when every man who till the earth will be compelled to be a good farmer or starve to death. This is a strong expression, but as true as it is strong. Old fogyism may continue to denounce those who labor to improve the agriculture of the South; but the time will not require it. I felt confounded, and throwing myself prostrate on the floor of my room, I layed aloud and groaned, praying for pardon from God for the sake of Jesus. I dared not stir; I was afraid even to look up. I felt the eye of God was upon me, and my sorrow was not to be described.—The tortured criminal does not suffer when I then felt, and about an hour passed away, at the end of which time I felt somewhat more calm, sat down still, holding the Bible in my hand. God had received me. The prayers of my poor mother were heard, and my sinful soul was restored to the narrow way of life, which indeed I had never totally forsaken, though I had in so great a degree trudged under foot the truths I had learned, sinking in them as I should a serpent. What followed? My duel was a painful subject and I resolved to give it up. But this was not all; I was filled with sympathy for him whom I had regarded as my adversary, and I longed to make this known to him, and also to those who were to have been the witnesses of our strife. The day began to dawn; and the hour for our meeting arrived. My companions came to see me; but I had gone to rest, and hastened to the room which had been the place always for

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No man, however intelligent on other subjects, no matter how much money he may be making for the time-being, should be considered a "good farmer" in the strictest sense of that term, who grossly neglects the improvement of his soil and forest and stock. No man who cultivates the hills and permits his fields to wash into yawning gullies, and turns them out for his children to reclaim, at the cost of much labor and expense, or leaves their old homes, or starts to, to any extent, whatever, a good farmer. No man who denounces agricultural improvement, and agricultural journals, toilers in one end of his sick, and a rock in the other end, to balance it, because his "daddy" done it can possibly be a "good farmer."

**WE WARRANT**

every article to customers will make good any deficiency that may occur in material or wages. We are now receiving

102 Black Cloth Coats—101 grades.

250 " French Key Open-faced Frock Coats—Silk

120 " Alpaca and Quilted—100 " 100 "

75 Fancy Assortments—100 "

300 Sp.-mch'd Silk—Dress Silks—Silk Stockings

FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO., May 17, 1852.

1001

JOHN T. REED,

203 Prince Edward Street,

156 " Fancy—

280 " Plain—Fancy Linens & Marseilles Panta

at FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.

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