

**INFIDELS IN TROUBLE.**

Many years ago, a pastor in one of the counties of Lower Virginia was sent for to attend a dying bed, such a one as can be contemplated only with agony. The family was an irreligious one, and one of its members was a young man of noble endowments and well-cultivated mind. During several years spent in Europe, he had imbibed sceptical principles, frequently spoke jeeringly of the Bible, and often expressed doubts even of the existence of God. So subtle was he in argument, and so firmly had he entrenched himself behind this "refuge of lies," that many humble, earnest Christians quailed before his false logic, feeling themselves unequal to the contest; and even ministers, hopeless of convincing one evidently so mad in his infatuation, avoided all allusion to the subject.

His only sister, the cherished idol upon whose altar were lavished the priceless stores of his heart's best affections, was gentle, lovely and accomplished, but, like himself, immersed in worldly pleasures, and like him estranged from God, and the enemy of his dear Son. The sister was seized with sudden illness; her disease threatened to become pulmonary, and a lengthened stay at the White Sulphur Springs was prescribed as most likely to prove effectual in averting the threatened danger. She went, accompanied only by this brother, and for a time seemed to rally, so that the hopes of both were sanguine for her complete recovery. But one day, while he was sitting by her bedside, she complained of a sudden pain, which was followed almost immediately by a profuse hemorrhage of the lungs. The physician was summoned, and his skill taxed to the utmost, but all in vain; her hour had come, and death was waiting for his beautiful victim. In the evening she said suddenly, and as if terrified at the thought, "Brother, I am dying; I know I am dying, and I have no hope in Jesus; nothing to smooth the passage to the tomb, or shelter me from the wrath of God. Oh, who will be my refuge now?"

The agonized brother sought to drive away her fears and his own too, but he read too plainly the marks of the destroyer, the icy grasp already upon her, and the fearful tokens of impending dissolution bedewing the marble brow. Unable to restrain his agony, he fell on his knees at her bedside, and with sobs of anguish exclaimed, "Oh, my sister, my dear sister, put your trust in Jesus, he is able and willing to save you even now." Then lifting that tear-suffused countenance heavenward, he the infidel, he who never had prayed before, who had said that he did not even believe there was a God, broke forth in agony, "O God, save my sister in this last extremity; give her thy presence in this dark hour, the hope of salvation to cheer her fainting spirit, and a seat at thy right hand forever." Ah, what means this? What but the admission in this hour of agony, this honest hour, when the heart speaks out its true sentiments, that the rock of infidelity is a crumbling rock when the storm shall arise and the billows of sorrow roll over the trembling soul. Truly "their rock is not our rock," our enemies themselves being judges. Who would build his hopes upon such a foundation, when Jesus "the Rock of Ages," is offered to his acceptance?

A similar instance occurred in the case of a sceptical husband. The wife of his bosom was laid suddenly low, and fever was quickly followed by delirium; but at every lucid interval she would piteously bemoan her unfitness for death, and her dread of the eternity to which she was rapidly hastening. A minister was summoned; and when he entered the room that infidel husband was on his knees at the bedside, holding a Bible in one hand, and with the other clinging fondly to that of his dying wife. "Oh, Mary," said he, "trust in Jesus; this book says he is able to save unto the uttermost, and I believe it; trust in him, believe on him, and he says here you shall have everlasting life. Oh, trust him, trust him, it is your only hope." Strange advice for one who did not believe that there is a God, a heaven, or a hell! This guise might do for life and health and prosperity; the bark of infidelity might sail on a smooth sea, but when the billows arise, and the storm rages fiercely, a refuge for the naked soul must be sought, and that he knows can be found only in Christ, the sinner's Friend, the Saviour of the lost.

**THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.**

In a range of mountains dwelt a poor widow, who was pressed by many cares for herself and her son Wilhelm. But the boy was merry and joyous, and knew little of his mother's cares, for she bore her sorrows silently and with patience. Now one evening when the boy came home, there lay his mother sick on her bed. Then were his bright eyes dimmed with tears, and he sat down by her bed and seizing her hand he pressed it to his heart and wept. And he sat by her bed all that night long, oftentimes arranging her pillows, and bringing, now and then, fresh cool water, to refresh her feverish lips. But the night passed; and when the morning had come the mother was not well. Then began she bitterly to weep, and the boy asked, "Mother, why dost thou weep?" Then said his mother, "If I were well I could cook something for thee. Willingly will I suffer pain and die; but that thou must suffer thereby grieves me most." Then could he restrain himself no longer, but ran out and knelt under the linden tree which stood before the house door. And the tears gushed from his eyes, and he wept sorely and cried, "Ah! if my mother should die I should be entirely forsaken. I would willingly die could mother but remain alive and weep no more; for mother is so kind

and good. Oh! God! mother is sick: make my mother well again." Thus prayed the child. Then there stood beside him a beautiful boy, with brown eyes, curling locks, and gold-shining wings. And the strange one carried in his hand a little silver basket, and spoke in a most charming voice, "Come let us gather strawberries for thy sick mother; they grow yonder in the wood!" And Wilhelm went with the strange boy into the woods, and in a short time they filled the basket with the most beautiful, ripe strawberries, although it was not yet strawberry time. Then the strange boy gave Wilhelm the basket, and saying, "Take these to thy mother," he vanished. And Wilhelm took the basket to his mother, she ate of the berries, and recovering the same hour from her illness, caressed her boy. But the boy was happy that his mother was well, and, running to the linden tree, he called to the beautiful boy and thanked him with tears of joy. Then appeared the Shining One, and became Wilhelm's guardian angel, because he recognized his good heart, and thence guided his destiny. When Wilhelm grew up he became an industrious youth; his industry was blessed, he supported his mother in her old age, and thanked God that he was able to do so. *From the German of Grimm.*

**HOW VERY UGLY I AM.**

Our entertaining friend, Dr. Livingstone, tells us that the tribe of the Makolous have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves as to what constitutes comeliness. The women, in particular, often came and asked for the looking-glass; and he says the remarks which they made, while he was engaged in reading and apparently not attending to them, were very amusing and ridiculous. On first seeing themselves in the glass they would say, "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!" "I have no chin at all." "See how my head shoots up in the middle," laughing heartily all the time at their own jokes.

One man came alone, to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought the Doctor was asleep. After twisting his mouth about in various directions he said to himself, "People say I am very ugly; and how very ugly I am!"

We must not forget, however, that this looking into the glass is rather a dangerous thing, especially if people are not quite so ugly as our black friend. It would probably do him harm, but we think we know some young people who would be all the more agreeable, and the more hopeful characters too, if they did not so often look into the glass.

There is, however, one glass into which they cannot look too often—the Word of the Lord [James i. 23-25]. The more they look therein the more clearly will they detect their defects and perceive sinfulness; and this will tend to keep them humble, and to make them useful characters.

When you look at yourself in this glass you do not see your face, but your heart. It matters very little whether we are homely or ugly, like this African; but is the heart clean by the blood of Jesus and the spirit of the Lord? Do you know the reason why many young persons, as well as older ones, do not like to read and study God's word? Because it shows how ugly their hearts are.

Let us ask the Lord, who can change the hearts of all, to make us and the poor heathen clean and beautiful through the blood of our Saviour. *Sir's China.*

**THE WAY TO RISE.**

"I don't want to stay there. I don't do anything but go errands, and be at every beck and call. I am not learning anything."

Ephraim, a fatherless boy, had gone into a shop; and after being there a few months this was the complaint he had made nearly every day to his mother. One day his Uncle John heard him.

"You think you are fit for something higher, then?" he said to the boy.

"Yes, sir," said Ephraim; "I don't want to be doing errands all the time."

"But doing errands well is the only real step to promotion; by doing that branch of his business well, you will rise, and not till then."

"Pretty small business," muttered the boy with a discontented pucker on his forehead. "I don't care how I do it."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," said Uncle John, "for he only that is faithful in little things can be expected to be faithful in greater things. If you do not do your present work well, Mr. Barrow will have no reason to suppose that you will do anything else better. Boy, you must earn promotion, to have it. I will tell you a story."

Ephraim liked Uncle John's stories, though he sometimes wanted to quarrel with the moral. However, he looked up, as much as to say, "Please go on, sir;" and Uncle John went on:

"A young man once went into business with pretty fair prospects. The firm, however, did not go on well. It failed, I think. G—— then returned home with bare pockets, in quest of employment. He met his old Sabbath School teacher in the street, stated his case and asked him if he knew of any opening. 'Not just now,' answered the good man, 'but if you don't want to be idle and are willing to work, I should like your services in our soup-house; the pay won't be much, but you can be very useful.'"

"A soup-house," cried Ephraim proudly, "after being in a firm! I hope he did not stoop so."

A soup-kitchen, as some of you know, is a great kitchen, where soup is made and

served out to the poor during the winter, when food is dear and work is scarce.

"Let us see how G—— viewed the matter," said Uncle John. "Yes, sir, I will go," was his answer; for G—— was a good young man, and thought no situation beneath him where he could minister to the comfort of others. He went into the soup-house, dealt out the tickets and the soup, too, for aught I know; kept the books, and in a word, managed the business the best he could. When the gentlemen who were interested in the soup-house met to see what good it had done, they were very much surprised with the manner in which the books were kept. "Why, who have you here?" they asked. One of them was a keeper of a large hotel. "I must have that young man to manage my concerns." He found out G——, and offered him a handsome salary to become head clerk of his establishment. G—— earned the promotion you see. He went; but he had not been in the hotel many months before one of the boarders, the cashier of a bank, said to the hotel keeper, 'that clerk of yours is a noble fellow—how well he conducts your business.' And it was not long before the cashier offered him a better situation in the bank. G—— went. In the course of time the cashier resigned, and the directors said, 'We can't do any better than put G—— in,' and so he was promoted to that office. And he made as good a cashier as he did clerk. This gentleman is not cashier now, but he fills one of the most responsible posts in the country, and has a character shining with integrity and Christian worth. He did not despise lowly places, Ephraim."

"But he had what I call luck—good luck," exclaimed Ephraim.

**Lessons Taught by the French Revolution.**

The student of history, as he scans the record of the past, will be able to trace the hand of God in every great revolution, restraining the wrath of man and making the remainder of wrath to praise him. Our readers are familiar with the story of the celebrated French Revolution; the bloodiest and most terrible tragedy ever enacted in the world's drama. The following eloquent extract from the writings of Robert Hall will show one of the important lessons which it teaches to mankind:

It had been the constant boast of infidels, that their system, more liberal and generous than Christianity, need but to be tried to produce an immense accession to human happiness; and Christian nations, careless and supine, retaining little of Christianity but the profession, and disgusted with its restraints, lent a favorable ear to their pretensions. God permitted the trial to be made. In one country, and that the centre of Christendom, revelation underwent a total eclipse, while atheism, performing on a darkened theatre its strange and fearful tragedy, confounded the first elements of society, blended every age, rank, and sex, in indiscriminate proscription and massacre, and convulsed all Europe to its centre; that the imperishable memorial of these events might lead the last generations of mankind to consider revelation as the pillar of society, the safeguard of nations, the parent of social order, which alone has the power to curb the fury of the passions, and to secure to every one his rights; to the laborious the reward of their industry, to the rich the enjoyment of their wealth, to the nobles the preservation of their honors, and to princes the stability of their thrones.

**SENTENCED TO BE HUNG.**—Louis Napoleon, the Italian, convicted of counterfeiting and passing bogus Confederate Treasury Notes, was carried before the C. S. District Court, and sentenced in accordance with the terms of the law, to be hung. The execution of the sentence was postponed until the 9th of May ensuing. *Richmond Examiner.*

**RICHMOND TYPE FOUNDRY,**  
The only Manufactory of Type on Southern Soil  
SOUTH OF BALTIMORE.

The Proprietors of the above Foundry have also united with it a complete  
**PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,**  
Having on hand, or furnishing to order, every article requisite for a Printing Office.

**FROM A BODKIN TO A TEN-CYLINDER PRESS.**

We can and will manufacture in Richmond as good an article, and at the same specimen prices, as any Foundry North. We respectfully solicit the patronage of the South.

**HENRY L. PELOUZE & CO.**

We refer to every Printer in this city. We also desire every Newspaper in the South to copy this advertisement for one month, sending us one copy of their paper, and receive their pay for such advertisement upon purchasing five times the amount of their bill from us.

**H. L. P. & CO.**  
Richmond, July 8. 62-19

**FOR THE LADIES.**

**PHALON'S** Paphian Lotion, for removing freckles, tan, sunburn and pimples, and making the skin smooth and soft. Also Pettigree's Balm of a Thousand Flowers, for sale by  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
February 7. 28—

**Spaulding's Prepared Liquid Glue.**  
THIS is the best article known for mending all kinds of Furniture. As it is in a liquid form it is always ready for use. For sale by  
**J. C. TURRENTINE & SON.**  
February 7. 28—

**CONFEDERATE DEPOT**  
AND  
**General Commission House,**  
HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that their stock is now complete, having in store Thirty Thousand Dollars worth of Goods, selected for this market, all of which we offer for sale at a small advance on city prices, or on to-day's price at head-quarters for such goods.

JUST RECEIVED  
2 bbls. Lamp Oil, 6 bbls. Train Oil, Molasses, Syrup, Black Emeled Canvas, and Alligator Skins.

The above business will be conducted on the "Cash System" alone—  
We will buy for cash and sell for cash.

They will pay the cash market price for  
Hay, Oats, &c., Wheat, Flour, Corn, &c., Butter, Eggs, &c., Junes, Woolen, and Woolen and Cotton Cloth, of all kinds, Flax and Tow Cloth, Flax Thread, all kinds, Flax Seed, &c.  
Home made Shoes, Onions, Hops, and Potatoes.

We may say, any thing the product of the South. We will pay cash for the same, or Goods at the cash prices.

Thirty days grace will be given on all orders and large bills; if not paid at that time the account will not be increased. We go on system.

Call and try the System Store—the One Price House—the Barter Store—Try us, if you think we will do you up right; we do not want any others to call.

**HENRY N. BROWN & CO.**  
Hillsborough, January 28. 28—

**Calendar for 1862.**

	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
<b>JANUARY,</b>				1	2	3	4
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<b>MAY,</b>						1	2
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<b>JULY,</b>				1	2	3	4
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<b>AUGUST,</b>							1
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<b>SEPTEMBER,</b>							1
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<b>OCTOBER,</b>							1
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<b>NOVEMBER,</b>							1
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<b>DECEMBER,</b>							1
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**TRACTS FOR THE SOLDIERS.**  
Reprinted at Raleigh, N. C.

A voice from Heaven, 4 pages.  
Don't put it off, "  
All sufficiency of Christ, "  
Self Dedication to God, "  
Private Devotion, "  
The Act of Faith, "  
The Sentinel, "  
Motives to Early Piety, "  
Come to Jesus. (formerly 64 pages,) now in 32, and in 8 four page tracts.

Approved by all the Pastors of this City.

A large edition of the above should be printed before the type is distributed, as it will cost \$40 to reset them. The number and variety will be increased as funds are given. \$100 pays for 15,000 pages; \$20 pays for 30,000 pages, and \$1 pays for 1500.

Donations to be sent to the Agent, which he will acknowledge by letter, and report to each of the Pastors of this City. More than 50,000 pages of new tracts have been sent to our soldiers in Virginia.

**WM. I. CROWDER, Tract Agt.**  
July. 60—

**Fall Stock of Shoes.**

**WILSON, McILWAINE & Co.,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**Boots and Shoes, Trunks, &c.,**  
66 Sycamore Street,  
PETERSBURG, VA.,

INVITE attention to their FALL STOCK, which is very large and complete, and unsurpassed in variety. Their own make of  
**STICHDOWN BROGANS,**  
are not excelled in style and durability.

Close buyers, whether for cash or on time, will find it advantageous to examine this stock when in market. Prices and terms will be found at least as favorable as can be had elsewhere.

Orders will meet with prompt attention.  
September 12. 59—

**AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!**  
For the Cure of  
**CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS COUGHS AND COLDS.**

**THE MAKORA ARABICA,**  
Discovered by a MISSIONARY while traveling in Arabia.

ALL who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a Missionary in Arabia.

All who are threatened with Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a Missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a Missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a Missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Asthma, Scrofula and Impurities of the Blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a Missionary in Arabia.

It cures Consumption.  
It cures Bronchitis.  
It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds.  
It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and Impurities of the Blood.

This unequalled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.

It was providentially discovered by a Missionary while traveling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use, after his case had been pronounced hopeless by learned Physicians in Europe.

He has forwarded to us in writing, a full account of his own extraordinary cure, and of a number of other cures which have come under his observation, and also a full account of the medicine.

At his request, and impelled by a desire to extend a knowledge of this remedy to the public, we have had his communication printed in pamphlet form for free distribution. Its interest is enhanced by an account which he gives of some of the scenes of the Syrian mountains, which he obtained from those who were sufferers in that awful tragedy.

This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it.

We import the MAKORA ARABICA direct from Smyrna through the house of Cleon & Gylippus, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, and 24 cents for postage.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by  
**LEEDS, GILMORE & CO.,**  
Importers of Drugs and Medicines,  
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Also, by Druggists generally.  
March 19. 64-12m

**COFFINS! COFFINS!**

**K. B. WAITT,**  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,

HAVING obtained the exclusive right for Orange County, to sell  
**Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases,**  
would respectfully announce that he is now prepared to fill all orders for these air-tight, indestructible Burial Cases. All descriptions and sizes of Common Coffins also kept on hand.

The Metallic Burial Cases will also be kept for sale in Hillsborough by Mr. HARGIS FARTHING.  
August 8. 54—

**BLANKS for Sale at this Office.**