

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, EDITORS.
A. J. BATTLE, PROPRIETORS.

"Whether it be light in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, Judge ye."

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The South Western Baptist,
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HENDERSON & BATTLE,
PROPRIETORS.

Lukewarmness.

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Rev. 3:15-16.

We endeavored last week to show that the terms *hot*, *cold* and *lukewarm*, must all describe the spiritual state of believers, in order to give a consistent interpretation to this passage. We shall now attempt to give an interpretation which appears in all respects to be satisfactory, bearing in mind that the words are used directly with reference to a church. We will first consider them in this connection.

1. A *hot* church. This we understand to be, not necessarily one in which there are no sleeping Christians, no self-deceived professors, no real hypocrites, but a church of which the general character is that of activity, earnestness and zeal in the service of the Master; a church which, as a body, is alive to its responsibilities, and really engaged in its great work; a church in which, manifests His presence and operation in the fruits which it brings forth.—Such a church, we apprehend, was that of Smyrna, in which the faithful and true witness found nothing to condemn, but devoted His epistle only to her counsel and comfort.

2. A *cold* church we believe to be one, in which, as to its general character, this spirit of true earnestness and zeal is wanting; spiritual life and joy do not prevail. The church perhaps has wandered from the path of duty—perhaps has been subject to evil influences, or some severe trials, and the Spirit has thereby been grieved and caused to withdraw His enlivening influences for a season.—But the church is conscious of its condition—deplores its wretched, unhappy state, and longs for the return of the blessed Comforter; is willing to receive counsel, and wishes only to see the path of duty, in order to walk therein. Was not the church in Pergamos just such a one as this? She dwelt where Satan's seat was, and evidently had to contend against great difficulties; and though she had held fast the name of her Lord, and had not denied His faith, yet she had erred in permitting to remain in the midst of her, those who held the doctrines of Balaam and of the Nicolaitans. She must, therefore, repent—correct her conduct—or else be sorely chastened.

3. A *lukewarm* church, we regard as one which may have in it some earnest and active Christians; possibly, some who are painfully conscious of coldness, but, as to its general character, does not belong to either class. It is, however, properly a church. Perhaps, enjoys regularly the administration of God's ordinances; it may be, has eloquent sermons, fine music, and large congregations, and is, upon the whole, an influential church; yet, while it thus "has a name to live," it is dead. Not dead absolutely, but only relatively—gives forth little or no signs of spiritual life. Its worship is mostly formal. The house of God is attended rather by force of habit or from carnal considerations, than for the true worship of the Most High, or the expectation of real spiritual benefit; the sermons are listened to principally to please the intellect, or gratify some fancied notion, and are little thought of after the hour of worship is past; when the truth is pointed, it is charitably assigned to some one else. During the week, the professors cannot easily, if at all, be distinguished from the world, so closely are they conformed to it; they are of your liberal sort of Christians, who do not like to make religion offensive in the eyes of the unconverted. They desire, too, to take along with them as much of the world as possible.

But, worst of all, the church is not aware of its dreadful condition.—Satan has deceived them, by holding

up their outward works, and persuading them that these gain for them favor in the sight of God. And, very naturally, they are scrupulously attentive to their outward behavior, upon which their comfort and joy depend. They are, therefore, in a manner satisfied with their state—boast of their strength and influence, and proudly reject the truth when presented to them.

Nothing but severe rebukes and chastisement will awake them from their slumbers, and cause them to arise and open to Him who standeth at the door knocking. Such was lukewarm Laodicea, who said, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," who knew not that she was "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked;" such was she whom our Saviour tenderly counsels to buy of Him "gold tried in the fire, that she might be rich; and white raiment, that she might be clothed, and that the shame of her nakedness might not appear; and anoint her eyes with eye-salve that she might see." And alas! how many such do we see in our day!

Apply now these several descriptions to the religious life of the believer, and we have what nearly every Christian, at one time or another, experiences in his spiritual course.—There have been times, no doubt, in the history of each one of us, when we felt and manifested the power of a living godliness—when we felt the Spirit's presence, our hearts overflowing with love, burned with zeal in our Master's cause. Then again, there, have been times when we were cold and inactive—when there was a sad and painful void in our breasts. Times when, oppressed with darkness, our souls like David's panted after God, even as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. Then, too, have there not been times—and have we not seen many instances in the case of others, when we were equally lifeless, if not more so, when our religion consisted mostly of outward forms, but when we, alas! were little troubled about our spiritual state; yielding to the influence of the deceiver, fancied that we were doing well? This, dear reader, we understand to be *lukewarmness*—that dreadful state which our Saviour, who ever faithfully watches His people, regards with such utter abhorrence. God grant that yours may not be that unhappy condition.

Communion with Christ.

"Art thou any kind of tree?" said an eastern sage to a lump of odoriferous earth, which he picked up in a grove; "thou charrest me with thy fragrance." It answered him, "I am only a vile piece of clay; but I dwell for some time with the rose." How strikingly does this fable illustrate the influence of fellowship with Christ, "the Rose of Sharon!" We dwell near Him through His word, nearer through His Spirit, nearer still through His own personal divine presence; and this intimate communion imparts to us the fragrance of His holiness, love, meekness, long-suffering, zeal for the Father, hatred of sin, and deadness to the world. We grow like Him. We come more and more to think as He thought, to feel as He felt, to live as He lived. Such is the exalted privilege of the believer; and happy they who do not willingly fail of the grace of God in this regard.

On this subject, Jeremy Taylor says, in his characteristic style: "As those creatures that live among the snows of the mountains turn white, with their food and conversation with such perpetual whiteness; so our souls may be transformed into the similitude and union of Christ, by our perpetual feeding on Him, and conversation, not only in His courts, but in His very heart, and most secret affections, and incomparable purity."

Are we writing a page from your experience, reader? How we pity you, if we are not? How we rejoice with you, if we are!

ARMY BAPTISMS.—The night before the 12th South Carolina regiment marched out to take its place on the heights near Fredericksburg, the chaplain baptized five young men.

The Sacred writers.

From Rev. Dr. Howe's Sermon before the State Bible Convention of South Carolina. (Pages 21 and 22.)

"For fifteen hundred years, till John closed the canon with the Apocalypse, and sealed up the prophecy, did God continue from time to time to reveal His will, and move men to write it down. No less than from thirty-five to forty men whose names are mostly known wielded the pen under the Holy Spirit's guidance, and have given us a book of various contents: laws, histories, psalms, proverbial philology, prophecies, biography, epistles. They were men of various tastes and tempers of mind. They were priests, poets, prophets, warriors, herdsmen, fishermen, scholars. They wrote in the deserts, in the schools of the prophets, in the temple, in the courts of kings, in Western and Central Asia, amid Grecian and Roman civilization.—They wrote in purest simplicity, in strains of unutterable tenderness, and again with a stately and magnificent march of thought and language, in gorgeous imagery, in awful sublimity.

"The Bible, therefore, is a book of endless variety, of undying freshness, of constant surprises, of which, if we enter into its spirit, we never tire.—It is written, for the most part, in two remarkable tongues, the Hebrew, full of passion, full of feeling, and full of movement and life; and the Greek exact, copious, and eminently suited to convey definite and clear views of abstract and philosophic truth. The one was the language, for the most part, of a pastoral people, of limited domain, suited to receive a divine revelation, while it was to be perpetuated and held in reserve till He who should stretch forth the rod of His strength from Zion, and carry forth truth unto victory, should come; the other, a language more widely diffused over the civilized world, through which the truth could reach men of many races, in one generation.

"The Bible is equally interesting for the opposition it has encountered.—The powerful and the weak have risen up against it. Learning has sought among its ample stores to prove its declarations at fault, philosophy, with her boasted discoveries, to prove it inconsistent. It has shamed its enemies and sent them back to correct their facts and harmonize their testimony. It has been ridiculed, insulted, torn, and burned. But it still lives, and exerts its blessed power upon the world. We regard it with that curiosity and veneration with which we view the battlements of some renowned city which has sustained a siege after siege, and remains unconquered. It has, in turn, assailed its assailants, and ground them to powder. In every attack upon it, they have been vanquished."

[From The Soldier's Friend.]

Heaven—Happiness.

Heaven is the dwelling place of God: it is also the habitation of all the good of earth. Heaven is a place of happiness. Sin makes unhappiness, wherever this exists, there we find no happiness, and wherever it does not exist, there is happiness in all its plenitude.

Death creates unhappiness; in Heaven there is no death; therefore its inhabitants are happy. Crying sorrow, pain, and affliction, result from unhappiness; in Heaven all these things are passed away. This world is cursed, it is therefore not a place of perfect happiness, but in Heaven there shall be no more curse. Readers, would you seek for Heaven, do you desire interminable happiness, glory, immortality, eternal life; then remember that Heaven is a place of holiness, and if you would dwell there you must live a life of holiness on earth.

"O, it is worth a life-time of trouble and sorrow, to be permitted to have a mansion in heaven."

Earth, I am tired of thy hard service Heaven, I desire a seat in thy bowers a note in thy songs, a spark of thy joys; and a sight of thy King, and my Redeemer.

Dalton, Ga. J. M. S.

A Disciple in a Blaze?

I know that the cruel Nero wrapped many a Christian in a garment of pitch and then set him on fire.—But I fell in lately myself with a disciple in a blaze. Sure enough, he was all on fire. There was little or no smoke. It was too hot for that. I looked about for some Nero who had done this, but I did not see any.

It was a very sad sight. I do not know how long the fire had been burning, when I saw him; but I was afraid it had been some time, or else it had burned with great fierceness, for there was never more decisive and painful marks of fire on a human being. He had been very handsomely dressed up to the time he took fire. But when I saw him the beautiful robe of charity, was burned to a cinder. It had been the "bond of perfectness," but was all ashes when I saw it. A very valuable girde called faith, was shockingly scorched. And you can judge of the severity of the heat, when I affirm that a breast plate of righteousness, which he had worn, was melted down, and had totally disappeared. He had before been "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace," and capital shoes they are which are made of that article, but these were all crisped by the fire. You would not suppose anything like peace had ever had anything to do with them. And I could not but notice, too, that the shield of faith I had often seen him have, was pretty much reduced to a nonentity. It had been given "to quench the fiery darts of the wicked," which made it the more painful to see it perish in the flames. And the "helmet of salvation" had grown brighter in the heat, and was shivered; and the "sword of the Spirit" shared the same fate. In short, there was next to nothing left of that comely array, in which, as "a strong man armed" he was wont to move in the various scenes of the community.—The fire had made such havoc, that there was scarcely any appearance of a man about him; certainly very little likeness to a Christian man.—I did think, on close inspection, that there were some faint outlines of such a likeness. I did not quite like to give up that there were none.

The active use of an engine famous for putting out fires of this kind, called the "lively oracles," soon subdued the flames. The disciple had not suffered much up to this point, for the heat had very much blunted his sensibilities; but, as he now began to look about him, and especially upon himself, and began to see in what a blaze he had been, and what little there was left of his goodly apparel, then did sensibility return, and it was clear that some of the finest and most tender nerves of his moral nature had felt the violence of the fire; and he wept bitterly.

Inquiring about the matter, I learned that he had sometime carried a large quantity of an explosive powder about him called passion, but he had not obeyed the Great Captain's orders to pitch the whole of it over board, and there was enough to fall upon and do mischief. Such a spark came that way, hence the blaze above described.

A Desirable Disease.

The pious John Newton closes a letter to a friend in the following truly instructive language: "You kindly inquire after my health; myself and family are, through the divine favor, perfectly well; yet, healthy as I am, I labor under a growing disorder, for which there is no cure—I mean old age. I am not sorry it is a mortal disease, from which no one recovers, for who would live always in such a world as this, who has a scriptural hope of an inheritance in a world of light? I am now in my seventy-second year, and seem to have lived long enough for myself; I have known something of the evils of life, and have had a large share of the good. I know what the world can do, and what it cannot do; it can neither give nor take away that peace of God, which passeth all understanding; it cannot soothe a wounded conscience, nor enable us to meet death with comfort. That you, my dear

sir, may have an abiding and abounding experience that the Gospel is a catholicon, adapted to all our wants and all our feelings, and a suitable help when every other help fails, is the sincere and ardent prayer of your affectionate friend."

Thinking and Writing.

"I resolve," wrote Rev. J. M. Winchell, in the maturity of his Christian experience, "I resolve, as far as possible, not to walk the streets, or any other place, without thinking on some subject that will be of use to myself or some one else."

This was the wisdom of a saint ripening for the skies—this husbandry of the thoughts for Christ and for His kingdom. Without it, can we hope to reach the higher style of usefulness in life, or the more unshaken sense of safety and repose in death?

"When I have no particular object in view," he continued, "I will try to think of something for the assistance of our cause as a denomination, and offer it to the *American Baptist Magazine*."

This was the wisdom of a saint anxious to bless the world beyond the narrow sphere of personal effort, and in forms which might remain to wield an influence over men after he had passed into the skies. By what means do many patrons of the *Herald*, to whom God has granted "the pen of the ready writer," close their eyes against this privilege and duty, and refuse to preach through the press to thousands—to preach where their words may live to be gathered up for the instruction, warning, or comfort of another generations?—*Religious Herald*.

COME AS YOU ARE.—It is said that a poor heathen woman, when entreated by a missionary to come to the Saviour, replied that she would do so as soon as her heart became good enough. "Ah," returned the missionary, that is like saying you will go to the fire after you get warm, or that you will seek for food as soon as your hunger is assuaged." It would be a great mistake to suppose that such an error is confined to the heathen. It springs from the self-righteousness natural to the human breast, and is to be found in all lands, and not rarely among those who, from their youth up, have enjoyed the most careful and discriminating instruction. Indeed, nothing ever overcomes this deep-rooted propensity but the effectual teaching of the blessed Spirit. It seems very easy to understand the doctrine of a gratuitous salvation, but experience shows that it is very hard.

ADAM CLARKE ON DANCING.—I long resisted all solicitations of this enjoyment, but at last allowed myself to be overcome. I grew passionately fond of it. And now I lost the spirit of subordination, did not love work, imbibed a spirit of idleness, and in short, drank in all the brain-sickening effluvia of pleasure. Dancing and company took the place or reading and study; the authority of my parents was feared but not respected, and few serious impressions could prevail in a mind imbued with frivolity. Yet I entered into no respectable assembly, and in no case kept improper company. Nevertheless dancing was to me a perverting influence, an unmixed moral evil. I consider it a branch of that worldly education which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who will, I know it to be evil and only evil.—"No man in his senses would dance," said Cicero, a heathen. Shame, then, on those Christians who advocate a cause by which many sons have become profligate, and many daughters have been ruined.

GAMBLING.—"What harm is there," says the young man, "in playing a game or so for amusement?" Not much—only it is attended by loss of time, loss of health, and loss of reputation. It leads to the formation of bad habits—gambling, drinking, swearing; and is then attended by loss of peace, loss of fortune, and loss of both soul and body. That's all.

Worldly Amusements—Immortality.

Amusements have always remarkably prevailed in times distinguished for immortality.

Isaiah and Amos were contemporary prophets. They both lived in the years immediately preceding the captivity of the Ten Tribes under Shalmanezar. That captivity was the punishment of exceeding great wickedness. Irreligion and vice overran society, to an extent absolutely amazing. And both of these prophets draw the darkest portraits of the moral condition of the people in their day. Be it borne in mind, also that both make special and pointed reference to the prevalence of amusements on every hand. There were feasts; and wine and strong drink abounded. Men invented to themselves instruments of music; and the harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe were in their feasts. The sense of national calamities was lost in these rejoicings with revelry; and the work of the Lord sank into disregard. Let this coincidence be noted. Excess of immortality and multitude of amusements took their rise and held their sway at one and the same time.

Look now on another and a later scene. Come down to the Reign of Terror in Paris. Then literature taught that there was no such thing as moral obligation. Then shameless courtesans were crowned with flowers, and honored with all the show of devoutest worshipping, as goddesses of reason. Then "whatever was most obscene in vice and most dreadful in ferocity"—lewdness, perjury, murder, suicide—swept over the city, a storm of ten years' continuance. Now, during this time, theatres increased in Paris from six to twenty five in number. Sometimes a hundred balls were held of a Sunday, and dancing became a mania. Levity, merriment, diversion were the order of the day. Why was this? Why was the reign of crime and the reign of terror all the Reign of Amusement? Why?

A kindred state of things meets us in England, while Charles II. sat on the throne. But we will not dwell on other instances.

The fact is before you. Times distinguish for immortality have been times when amusements have remarkably prevailed. How will you explain it? What ties bind them together? Do they in any measure spring from the same root? Do the same influences foster them and help on their growth? Why should they come together, continue together, pass away together? No answer can be returned to these questionings which will not serve, in the thoughtful bosom, as a dissuative from worldly amusements.

"BAPTIZE THE WHOLE ARMY."—When General Havelock, as Colonel of his regiment was traveling through India, he always took with him a Bethel tent, in which he preached the gospel; and when Sunday came in India he usually hoisted the Bethel flag, and in fact, he even baptized some. He was reported for this at head quarters, for acting in a non-military and disorderly manner; and the Commander-in-Chief General Lord Gough, entertained the charge, but with the true spirit of a generous military man, he caused the state of Col. Havelock's regiment to be examined. He caused the reports of the moral state of the various regiments to be read for some time back, and he found that Col. Havelock's stood at the head of the list; there was less drunkenness, less flogging, less imprisonment in it, than in any other. When that was done, the commander-in-chief said, "Go and tell Col. Havelock, with my compliments, to baptize the whole army."

CHINESE CHRISTIANS.—"There are from three to four hundred native Christians in Shanghai, China. In various parts of the country, native Christians can be found, who have formed pious associations among themselves for the promotion of their own spiritual knowledge and benefit."

We can only walk with God in comfort, as we view him as our Father in Christ Jesus.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA. Thursday, March 5, 1863.

AGENT. B. B. Davis, of the "Book Emporium," Montgomery, Ala., is our authorized Agent, to receive subscriptions and dues for our paper.

Notice the Red Cross (X) Mark.

Those whose terms of subscription are about to expire, will find on the margin of the paper a red cross mark. We adopt this plan to save the expense of writing and forwarding accounts. We will give some two or three weeks notice in this way, so that subscriptions can be renewed. Look out for the Red Cross Mark.

To the Friends of Soldiers.

Persons who wish to send copies of the S. W. Baptist to the Hospitals in Virginia are hereby informed that by sending them to any of the following persons, they will be judiciously disposed of and placed in the hands of the Alabama soldiers: Rev. James B. Taylor, D.D., Richmond, Va.; Rev. T. Home, Petersburg, Va.; Rev. W. F. Broadbent, D.D., Charlottesville, Va.; Rev. G. B. Taylor, Staunton, Va.; Rev. J. L. Johnson, Lynchburg, Va.; Rev. C. O. Chaplin, Danville, Va. These brethren are laboring in the hospitals of their cities, and are very anxious to be supplied with religious papers.

A. E. DICKINSON, Supt., &c.

Congress.

We are pained to see the unkind allusions of some of our cotemporaries to the proceedings of our Congress. That such a body of men called together to deliberate upon the gravest questions at such a time as this, should commit an occasional blunder, is not to be wondered at; but that they should be berated for not possessing the attributes of prophets, is lamentable. If any sensible man will take the trouble to reflect upon the enumerable embarrassments which have met the Congress at every stage of its proceedings from the time they first assembled in Montgomery until now, we are persuaded that the wonder with him will be that they have accomplished so much. They had literally to create an army, a navy, a currency, and all the munitions of the most stupendous war of this century. What if their proceedings are somewhat thrown into the shade by the clash of arms all around the Confederacy, does it therefore result that they are doing nothing? Is it nothing that they have thrown into the field an army of half a million of soldiers, and that they have provided arms, equipments, clothing and food for such an army? Is it nothing that they have provided at least the nucleus of a navy, which has already struck terror into the whole commercial circles of the abolition government? Is it nothing that they have so managed our finances, as that to-day the Confederate government has a better credit in Europe than the United States?

The abolition Congress is working with a vengeance. They have passed more laws and resolutions than any similar body of men that ever assembled on this continent in the same length of time. And what is the result? Despotism and bankruptcy! They have legislated better for our cause, than our own Congress could have done. All their principal measures have only served to unite us in a more determined resistance.

The difference between the two governments is this:—The most of their activity is in their Congress—the most of our activity is in our army. They suppose that they can subdue us by proclamations, laws and resolutions—we think we can achieve our independence by the blessing of God and our own right arms, and stout hearts. Results have shown which is the wiser policy.

We kindly suggest to all discontented spirits, that they set about inventing some instrument by which to ascertain who has brains enough to fill the bill, in Congress and in the field, and save the country. Meanwhile we venture to say to that honorable body to go on, and do the best they can until their superiors can be identified.

"The Sentinel."

The reader will not overlook the prospectus of the Sentinel, a new paper to be issued in this city. We have already, in many regards, an excellent metropolitan secular press. But there is room for yet higher excellence. The Sentinel, if we mistake not, will attain to it. Mr. Bailly is just the man to ensure typographical, and Mr. Smith just the man to ensure editorial, excellence. The one thoroughly versed in the printing art and in business details, the other by sound judgment and a conservative spirit, eminently fitted to hold the helm of a public journal in stormy times—they will leave little to be wished for in their respective departments. We desire and anticipate the fullest success of the enterprise.—Religious Herald.

The Duty of Farmers.

Events have demonstrated that our country has been saved by the immense breadth of land planted last year in corn. If the usual amount of land had been planted in cotton, the people in many sections of the Confederacy would now have been suffering for bread. Even as it is, it will require a wise economy and an efficient administration of the provision fund of two millions of dollars, appropriated by our last Legislature, to supply some portions of the State. The Legislatures of most, or all the cotton States have passed the most stringent laws in regard to the planting of the next crop; and let no man promise himself that these laws will not be executed. South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi have passed laws levying a penalty of five hundred dollars upon every acre of land planted in cotton over three acres to the hand. Our own Legislature has passed a law levying a tax of ten cents upon every pound of seed cotton over every twenty-five hundred for each hand. This law will be executed to the letter. Bread and meat constitute now the only problem of our independence; and he who fails to do his duty in this respect is virtually as great an enemy to his country as if he were in the ranks of the abolition army. To acknowledge our allegiance to "King cotton" now, is as rank treason as if we were to take the oath to "King Abraham the 1st."

Besides if we were to have peace in three months, or three weeks, it would be suicidal to plant cotton. When our soldiers return to their families, they must find provision in the country to support them at least one year, and this provision must be in such abundance as will supply all such demands at reasonable rates, or it will be taken by force. Men who have been accustomed to the arbitrary rules of war for years, will not stickle to apply them when wife and children are suffering for bread. We repeat, it is ten thousand times more important to have a full years provision on hand at the close of the war than to have twenty crops of cotton, and tobacco on hand. We certainly owe our soldiers a debt of gratitude infinitely more profound, than we do to foreign nations, who have shown a heartlessness towards us which is unparalleled. By how much, then, we esteem our only friends, the noble and gallant men who achieved our independence, by so much does every consideration of patriotism and affection appeal to us to supply them even if the end of the war should not find so much as a bag of cotton in the whole Confederacy.

And still further, if the despicable "greed of gain," were the highest motive that actuated our people, it must be clear to every man that provisions, at such a time as this, will more likely demand a good price than any thing else. We have already enough material for clothing in the Confederacy to last us ten years if not another bale of cotton were raised in that time. But bread must be supplied day by day—year by year. We cannot but think that the patriotism of our people is in advance even of our Legislature; and that instead of planting the amount of cotton prescribed by legislative enactment, our people will plant less. Interest and patriotism both conspire to dictate to us our line of duty at this crisis; and if any thing can doom us to ruin, it is that blindness and fatuity which repudiate their solemn lessons. If the soldier neglects to strike at the right time and the right place—if he has not the sagacity to see when and where he can inflict the heaviest blows, nor the courage to deal them—the whole country is down upon him with unmeasured reprehension. Now, if the "home army," those who are solemnly charged with the duty of feeding the soldiers in the field and their families at home, should falter just at the crisis when a glorious success or ignominious ruin are the only alternatives, what language can portray the terribleness of this crime against God and our country? How will the wayworn soldier feel as he returns and finds empty cribs, empty larders—all the pledges made to him when he took his life in his hand, and went to defend not only his own humble home, but those of the rich as well as the poor, violated, and starvation staring him in the face? Will it mitigate his feelings of honest indignation that the gin houses, depots, and warehouses of the country are filled with cotton bags, awaiting the rich markets of the very nations who never deigned him a smile of approbation in the darkest hour of his trials? He might be induced to apply the torch to these idols which consign him to the cheerless huts of poverty and ruin.

But we are persuaded better things of our fellow countrymen, though we thus speak. We believe that our Legislature but uttered the sentiments of our people in the passage of the law to which we have referred. We believe they will rather fall under than

go beyond the limit prescribed. We believe that with the blessing of God, there will be such a crop of provisions raised this year as never has been in the history of our State. Let every man labor to this point—make all the provision he can, and save all he makes—and God will crown our efforts with success; and we shall stand before the world, vindicated alike by heaven and earth, a free and independent Confederacy of sovereign States.

[The following will explain itself. It is addressed to ministers of the Gospel, in the form of a Circular and we transfer it to our columns. Eds. Bar.]

MOBILE, ALA., Feb'y, 1863.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

A Daily Prayer Meeting composed of members of different Churches, and having for its object the success of the war for our independence and the security of our city against an attack by the enemy, was formed in this city soon after the war commenced, and has been in existence ever since. At a meeting held on the 6th day of this month, the undersigned was requested to address a communication to the Editors of Religious Newspapers and Pastors of Churches in our chief cities, and obtain information on the following subjects:

1st. Is there a prayer meeting held in your city, daily or otherwise, having for its object the state of the country, composed of your own or other denominations?

2nd. Will you propose to such meeting that they assemble at the hour of 12 M., if such is not their custom, so that we may have continuous prayer for the salvation of our country?

3rd. If no such meeting is in existence near you, will you take measures to have such a meeting established at the above named hour?

I request that you will address me immediately on this subject, and remain yours in the service of the Gospel. Jos. D. PORTER.

For the South Western Baptist. BIVOUAC NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Feb'y 15th, 1863.

Messrs. Editors: Enclosed find \$20, subscribed by those whose names are sent herewith, for which you will please send, to my address as below, as many copies, postage prepaid, of the S. W. Baptist as your means will allow, for distribution among the members of my company. A large amount might have been raised, but I only asked for \$20, in view of the fact that the boys had, only a few days ago, raised \$71 as a present to the widow and orphans of a gallant brother soldier—a member of a different company, who fell nobly at his post, with his face to the foe, in the great battle at Malvern Hill, on the memorable 1st of July, 1862. I doubt whether any better thing can be done for our army than to supply it with religious reading. Supplied with good books, tracts or pages, temptation to vice and immorality would be more easily resisted. The soldiers are all fond of reading, and gladly read everything they lay their hands on.—How important is it they should be supplied with proper reading? What more full of rich promise, could their hands at home do than to see they are so supplied?

I have the pleasure of distributing, weekly, in my company ten copies of another religious paper, and will be happy to circulate at least as many of the Baptist.

Very truly your obliged friend, R. B. POWELL. Capt. Co. D. 3rd Ala. Regt., Rhodes' Brigade, Richmond, Va. Editors S. W. Baptist, Tuskegee, Ala.

The Prayer-Meeting of Eight and What Came of it.

The following instructive incident is related by the Richmond correspondent of the Christian Index. May other languishing churches be encouraged by it, to pursue a similar course.

The revival in the Manchester Baptist church, to which I have several times referred, possesses an instructive and encouraging history. The pastor who had fallen sick while in attendance on the district Association, was still absent recruiting his strength. The congregation had dwindled away until only eight persons were found in the weekly prayer-meeting; and there were not wanting those who questioned whether it might not be wise to dismiss the pastor and suspend religious service during the war. But that prayer-meeting of eight, like "the ark, wherein a few that is, eight souls were saved" became the seed of a new and better state of things. The handful of brethren resolved to keep it up; to hold, in addition a second meeting every week; and to urge the attendance not only of their fellowship members but also of their friends who were not of Christ. The first night after the adoption of this mutual covenant, the congregation grew to fifty. It continued to grow steadily and rapidly; and the pastor, on his return, several weeks after, finding the lecture-room two thirds full of worshippers, invited those who had experi-

enced awakening grace to give the usual tokens of serious concern—an invitation which was accepted by eight persons. (Eight for eight! The work beginning in the church among eight, and beginning in the community outside of the church eight!) From that date, the meeting has been maintained, almost without help from abroad; has preserved its interest and power through the year—the most irreligious week of the year—Christmas week; has gathered one hundred and fifteen souls into the kingdom of Jesus; and betrayed no symptoms of abatement in effective ness. Is there a church, among your constituency, which finds a counterpart to first stage of this narrative, in its own languishing condition? Then let that church ask, whether, if it hearkens to the counsels of belief, and intermits faithful effort for the glory of God and salvation of souls, it may not be cutting itself off from a work of grace, as marked and memorable as that which renders the last stage of this narrative delightful to every believer? Nay, let all our churches prove the Lord of hosts if he will not open to them the windows of heaven, and pour them out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

How are our Pastors to Live?

This question deserves the serious consideration of the churches. One dollar now does not buy as much bread and meat as twenty cents did two years ago, while other things needful for one's comfort are at still more fabulous prices. The "men of this world," being "wiser in their generation," are adapting themselves to this state of things. All corporations have raised the salaries of their agents and clerks from 25 to 50 per cent, while many of the churches are paying less than in former times. There is an abundance of money in the country. Many of our church members bid fair to lose their soul because of the untold wealth that is pouring into their coffers. Never was there greater need for the public proclamation of the gospel and pastoral labors. Why, then, should not the salaries of our pastors be raised? Some churches are moving in this direction, and if the matter is seriously considered, many more will see not only the propriety and justice, but also the pressing necessity of immediate and earnest effort to increase the salaries of our pastors.

An Old Fashioned Baptist.

The Law of Happiness.

"What ought I to do?" is a question which every man should often ask himself. The creatures of God, dependent upon Him for life with all its blessings, we are subject, whether we feel it or not, to the laws of our Creator. Having created us, He had the right to give laws for the government of our conduct, and to make such exertions of us as are compatible with the mental and moral powers with which He has endowed us.

He has so constituted us that it is impossible for us to be happy, unless we shape our affections and conduct according to the Divine law. We may dream of happiness else where found, but it is only a dream. The man that revels in scenes of dissipation and vice, may, for the moment, feel his fleshly heart swell with exultant emotions; but these emotions are carnal, sinful; and if he suppose that what he enjoys is happiness, it shows that he is not only deluded, but that he has no just conception of what happiness is. If the above principle be true—that happiness is found in obedience to God's law—if it follows: 1st, That the man who lives most nearly up to the Divine requisitions, is happiest.—2d, That he is most wretched who lives most in neglect of God's law.—3d, That there is incalculable good arising to him who cheerfully heeds one of the claims of God on him. 4th, That for every transgression, the transgressor inflicts upon himself incalculable injury. And, 5th, That we do our best as associates unspeakable good, when through our influence they are led to obey God's law; or untold injury, if we are the means of their violating His law. Reader, take these solemn inferences, and store them away in your mind. When you are tempted to do wrong—when the gratification of some sinful appetite or passion, promises a momentary, but sinful pleasure—remember the eternal disgrace you are about to bring upon your soul.—When you begin to entice your associates, or any one else, to violate God's pure and holy law, remember, that you are engaged in that which may bring upon him and yourself a dying shame and infamy.

There is infinite good accruing to him who does good; there is infinite advantage to him who, when tempted, resists the temptation; and infinite shame to him who yields to temptation, or tempts others to violate the law of happiness.—Soldier's Friend.

Christians in the Army.

There are many Christians in the Confederate army. And there as well as any other place, they may do much good or evil; good if they let their lights shine, and seek to glorify God, and evil if they fail to do these things. My Christian brothers, suffer me to advise you a little. Read as much as possible the Word of God. Make it convenient, often to go to the throne of grace in prayer. Whenever it is possible attend the preaching of God's Word, and try to influence others to do the same.

Remember, in the service of Christ, there are no farthings grand; always to be on duty while you live, is both your duty and privilege. And when the war is over, you will be discharged from your present duties and be permitted to return home. And, above all, when life's warfare closes, you will be discharged from all the cares of this life, and be taken home to Heaven; then you may sing,

"I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I have glorified thee on earth." J. M. S. Dalton, Ga.

Preaching on Duties.

This, of all kinds of preaching is generally the least acceptable. Hence it is too much neglected. As it is much pleasant for persons generally, to listen to some argumentative discourse on a scripture doctrine, or to some graphic Bible narrative, or to be comforted by the unfolding of some divine promise, than to be urged to do something, to feel the urgent pressure of God's requirements in the every day business of life, and habitually and cheerfully yield thereto,—so ministers are in danger of neglecting to inculcate as frequently and earnestly the Gospel precepts.

But it should be remembered that religion is something more than orthodoxy, something more than excited feeling—that it is inseparable from a correct practice, and that "faith without works is dead, being alone." An individual is not converted simply that he may be theoretically right, or that he may publicly avow his belief in Christ, or that he may be happy; nor yet simply that he may go to Heaven; but that he may act as a Christian in the world,—show what genuine piety is, and make the world better by carrying religion into all matters with which he is concerned. There are too few sermons on the application of human relations, and worldly transactions; and by far too many professing Christians' religion is thought to have little to do with the ordinary affairs of life—with society, as a living, regulating, purifying, effective force therein.

A writer on this subject says: "The imagination has sometimes prevailed—to a limited extent—that ministers overstepped, not only their duty, but also the limit of propriety and rectitude, when they applied the Gospel to the affairs of life. But if the Gospel is not to be applied where its practical value? It is surely something more than a theory; it is also a rule; and we must live according to the Gospel, who fails to observe its law in his life." No minister, therefore, adequately presents the Gospel, who omits to inculcate its precepts, or to show their applications to ordinary human experience, and, especially, to those particulars wherein at any time, the people are most inclined to transgress. If any sin is general, that is the sin that most needs to be exposed; if any duty is universally neglected, that is the duty that particularly requires a faithful and frequent exhibition. Undoubtedly, great wisdom is demanded in the handling of the word of life; but this is true of all instruction, in doctrine, as well as in duty. If we would have a living Christianity, we must not fail to mix it up with the very life blood of all human action, whether of individuals or of society."

Remarkable Conversions.

It is stated in the biography of Adelaide Newton, of Derby, that she first became convinced of her state, as a sinner by a solemn emphasis placed upon one very short word. Dr. McNeill was leading the morning devotions in her father's family. The Scripture portion was Colossians 3. The reader will find in the chapter: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." A ray of spiritual illumination entered Miss Newton's soul. She saw clearly that this was not her state of character. The Holy Spirit moved graciously upon her heart.

"He drew her, and she followed on, Charmed to confess the voice Divine." "Well do I remember," says the writer of "The Pearl of Days," "my brother finding a turn leaf of a little school book in a bush. It had been caught there when the stream was swollen by heavy rain. What a prize

it was! One by one we committed it to memory, when stretched upon the daisied sward, during the sunny hours of a summer's day; and I do not believe that there is one of the young group who then learned the beautiful hymn that stray leaf contained, who does not retain its simple words indelibly impressed upon his memory, and feel in a renewed heart, the influence of the blessed truths taught in its lines."

Remarkable Sermon from Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island.—Lent Prayer for Peace.

As an evidence of the change of tone that is noticed in such political sermons as are now prepared, we present to our readers the following extract from a sermon, delivered a few weeks ago by Bishop Clark, in Grace Church, Providence, before an immense congregation. One year ago the Bishop, like many others who forget their calling, was fervent for war. Similar clerical changes of feeling in regard to the war are observed herewith.

Bishop Clark's text was from Lamentations, v. 16: "The crown is fallen from our heads. We weep to us, for we have sinned." After a reference to the sad picture of reverses which the prophet describes in the Book of Lamentations, the Bishop proceeded to show the application of his language to the condition of our country.

We have fallen upon evil days and the heart of the nation beats with agony. I do not wish to say a word that shall deepen the gloom—we must look the facts in the face, we must be willing to see where we stand, and what dangers threaten us. The crown of prosperity has fallen from our heads. There is a suspension in the operations of business. There are many who are making money as they never did before. By a single turn of the wheel some find themselves rich who were poor yesterday. There could never be a better time for shrewd and daring speculation.

Money is a drug, and when a man has made his half a million, he does not know what to do with it, for he feels that there is no paper which may not rags in a year, no stock which may not have a stand still. Nothing is safe but gold and land, and the former can be had only at ruinous rates, and the latter may yield no income. We have a sort of hectic prosperity, but the vital organs are diseased. We have an abundant currency—because it is fictitious, a "promise to pay," which every one knows is a lie. The show of prosperity that we have cannot last long. We are blowing the bubble larger and larger every day, and it grows thinner as it expands. It glitters gloriously in the sunshine for a moment, but it will burst suddenly and vanish into space. We have ceased to accumulate the true material of prosperity, producing and manufacturing abundantly. Every one knows that soon the supply will be much larger than the demand, and we are speculating upon the impending calamity.

This is not the worst. The temptations to fraud are irresistible, and many men, of whom we had expected better things, are yielding to the temptation. The most discouraging thing in the present alarming crisis is the fact that so many loyal citizens are improving the opportunity to amass enormous profits by fraudulent speculations upon the miseries of the country. I have seen the results of this in forms that made men's blood curdle with indignation. I have seen sick and dying men in our hospitals furnished with supplies for which the contractors were paid a generous price, and the poor creature turned away with loathing from the nauseous substances laid upon their hot and fevered lips.

Here at the North we abolished slavery when it ceased to be profitable; but down to the present time the very name of African is a term of indignity and reproach. We cast contempt on him because he is weak. We exclude him from every station of responsibilities, no matter what his qualifications may be, and we would be glad to get rid of him altogether, if we could.

I hold no Utopian views upon this subject. I never believed that the relation of master and slave is of necessity a sin. I always thought that the evil needed to be carefully and judiciously handled.

Again, we have sinned as a nation, in the persons of our representatives and rulers. Is it the wise forethought and sober judgment and deliberate wisdom of the community which determines who shall be our rulers? How are they nominated? How are they elected? How do they conduct themselves after they are elected? Do they represent the country or the party which elects them? Do they decide every question by its merits? Are they always sober, temperate, chaste, free from all obscenity and profane-ness? Do they always utter their honest convictions? Whenever a measure is proposed for action, do they ask, "is it right?" and so determine how they will vote. Alas! the crown of glory is

Poetry.

Death of Wm. J. Dennis.
Gone, in the flush of youth;
Gone, ere thy heart had felt earth's withering care.

The Family Circle.

How to reach Heaven.

A dear lover of all that is beautiful is little Lucy Lee. A gleam of sunlight is herself, wherever she goes;

Perhaps one reason why Lucy always seems so happy is, that her mother never looks cross, and she has been taught from infancy that nothing is worth a cross look or angry word.

Not that Lucy never does wrong. I do not think she means to be naughty—for if she is, one sight of her mother's grieved face will almost break her heart, and she is not satisfied until her mother's kiss and a promise that she "will not feel badly any more" tells her she is forgiven—but she always seems so happy, I feel she cannot be often naughty.

She has had her ramble out of doors, and has finished her lessons with mamma, and now the little fingers are busily stitching a garment for Dolly whose summer wardrobe is "all out of order." Lucy says, having been very much diminished by the gifts she has sent from it to other dolls not so well provided for. She has climbed up into the window where she loves to sit, not forgetting the hyacinth which she carries with her from room to room, that she may lose nothing of its sweetness; and busy you see her as any young mother who is aroused to the wants of her little family by the soft faint-away air of the coming spring.

"O, mamma, do you see this dear little robin so close to the window? I do believe it is the very one that built his nest here last year, and he has come back to see if it is ready for him. Do you remember how Jamie used to watch him picking up straws, and sometimes the threads and bits of cotton we throw out to him? Oh, I am so glad spring has come!" and then without awaiting any reply, she went on thinking aloud: "How Jamie would love to see them now! He used to say, 'birdie' so cunningly, and listen for their singing, and make his hands go so fast, laughing to see how quickly he could make them fly away! Oh, I do wish he was here now mamma! Do you think there are birds in heaven?"

Her mother was silent; and in a moment Lucy dropped her work, and jumping down from the window, she clasped her mother lovingly as she saw her tearful eyes saying, "I am very sorry I said so. I didn't mean to make you cry, but I only thought how Jamie used to love the birds.—That was not wrong, was it mamma?" "Oh, no, my daughter, but you brought him so before me as I used to see him standing and begging to get up to the window; and then I felt how we had missed him."

"Please, sister please," he used to say, and stamp his little feet as if he could not wait a minute. Don't you wish he was here?" she added earnestly.

"No, Lucy, I cannot say that, for he is where he will never be sick any more nor tired."

"But mamma, won't he be very lonely away from you? He was always shy of strangers, and there is no one in heaven who knows Jamie."

"O yes, dear grandma is there, and Aunt Martha, and there are many little children there too, and Jesus who loves Jesus better even than

we could, and there is music there." "And Jamie loved music. I used to think I should never want to go to heaven without you and papa; but now he is there, it seems more home-like and not so far off."

"That is one reason why Jesus took Jamie to himself, I suppose, to make us think more of heaven."

Lucy sat thinking. "Do you suppose I should go to heaven?" she said in a tremulous voice. "You have often told me none but good people could go there, and I know I am not always good, for I sometimes make you sorry; but I am so glad I was kind to Jamie, I don't believe I ever hurt him."

"No, Lucy, I don't think you ever did, and that will always be pleasant for you to remember, but that would not take you to heaven. You could not go there unless Jesus had come to this world and died for you."

"Is that why I always say, 'for Jesus sake,' when I ask God for anything?"

"Yes we could none of us go to heaven it were not for what Jesus has done for us. You are too young yet, to understand how it is, but you can remember that He is your best friend and thank Him for opening for us the way to such a happy home."

"I'm sure I ought to love him very much and do something for him.—Could I mamma?"

"Yes, Lucy, you can do what He most wants you to do. You can give Him yourself, and that means to give Him, your love and your service, to live to please him instead of pleasing yourself, and He will help you to do this."

Lucy went to her room with a softened heart, and prayed more earnestly than ever before, that Jesus would take her for one of His loving little friends, and make her very good and very useful.

Dear little reader, will you not do so too?—Child's Magazine.

REMEDY FOR THE EVILS OF SOCIETY.

The extravagance of mere display, that brings evil upon families and communities, midnight parties so irrational, and unhealthy to society; the adoption of modes of dress that destroy the symmetry of the human form, and its vitality, and other popular evils, may be prevented or remedied by a pure elevated literature and a correct personal influence.—These are some of the hidden springs, the secret machinery that give motion to society, that guides its incipient streams into the channels of virtue, of religion, of glory and renown.—Or if unhealthful as impure that draws them away into the dark and turbid waters of infidelity, licentiousness and crime, withering all that is beautiful, and annihilating all that is sacred in its fearful course.

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.—The Saviour said that one must become as a little child, in order to enter the Kingdom of heaven; and when we witness the clear and unwavering faith of childhood, believing God's promise notwithstanding great difficulties which seem to be in the way of their fulfillment, older persons may receive admonition and instruction from their example. Can anything be more beautiful than the following record of childhood's faith? "What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had none; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me who to go to before she died," answered the little orphan: "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was mother's friend, and He's mine."

Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely that he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know, He says He will and that's enough for me."

"O Lord if I forgot thee in the heat of battle do not forget me."

This prayed a Christian soldier as he entered the battle. God heard and answered his prayer; for while many of his comrades fell around him he came out unharmed.

Soldier, would you come out of the battle safely, then put your trust in the Lord, for he has promised to protect those who put their trust in him. The missiles of death may fly thick around you, a thousand may fall at thy right hand, but not one shall harm you. O that men would trust in the Lord for his mercy endureth forever.

J. M. S., Dalton, Ga.

Your Mother.

Young man, have you a mother living still on God's earth? What is she to you? An old woman with wrinkled face, and gray locks, and rustic, high-wasted dress, and form bowed and crushed together with the weight of years altogether uncomely to your fastidious eye. Ah, look again. Each of those wrinkles is a sunshine poem of self-devotion; each furrow on that face, some long enduring care has ploughed; the silver lines in those dark locks have changed their hue and busy household thoughts, the patient toil of day, the wearying nightly vigils, and burdens born for you, as well as others, have lain more heavily on her head than the pressure of years.

Can there be another face that can match that wrinkled face in spiritual beauty? Could painter limn, or sculptor chisel a form that should wear such grace in your eye, as that no longer youthful form? Do you touch any hand with such tender deference as that with which you lift that trembling clasp of age to your heart? Where dwells this mother of yours? In the old early home, with but few of the voices that have once been musical there; left to cheer her gathering loneliness. The ashy gray evening is coming upon her. What lights do you keep burning there to drive the gloom away? Does the frequent post carry her filial greetings from you? Do little tokens, precious to her heart, not because of the cost, but of the loving remembrance they attest, go from your hand to hers? Does she know she is forgotten in your bright, busy career? As oft as Providence permits, does your face break upon her solitude? Are you repaying her uncheered age, the debt your early years contracted? The dear friends of long ago have most of them left her side; do you feel that, and feel it for her? Does she have it to muse upon in the brooding hours of her long twilight, how thoughtful this great grown boy of hers is for her comfort?

She never complains of you I know. That she would not do. But silently like a cancer, neglect, your neglect, would eat into her heart, is she beneath your own roof? Has she the seat of honor the largest convenience there? Are you more deferential to her will than even in childhood days? To her does your voice ever utter impatience, your eye look reproach or anger? Oh, how soon will the inexorable gate ring its sharp clang between you! Then memory will sit down with you every evening to rehearse to you the story of your filial life—what you have been as a son! If you have brightened and gladdened that life's decline, that evenings recital will be as celestial minstrelsy to your spirit. If there is one painful recollection, no grief can be so bitter as that in which you groan out, 'oh, if she could but return!'

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.—Christian cheerfulness is honorable to God, and of happy influences on man. Let the cheering and tranquilizing power of the gospel break forth and shine from your character. Jeremiah sung psalms in the dungeon; Luther translated the Bible in prison; John beheld the brightest vision of the New Jerusalem in Patmos; Bunyan, in later days, composed his Pilgrim in confinement. There is a very impressive power in Christian happiness, on those who see it without. It is a sunshine amid dripping clouds—a Sabbath heart in a week day body, and Sabbath speech amid the dialects of Babel. It is brightest when all around it is blackest. When our natural affections cease their music, we then hear, sung out of the sky, unutterable melodies which ear hath not heard, when the world is all gloom, as regenerated soul treads glories out of every pebble, and sees the stars as arteries along which pulsations of felicity reach him. He can say with Habakkuk, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruits be on the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and fields shall yield not meat, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

CHOICE OF FRIENDS.—Antisthenes used to wonder at those who were curious in buying but an earthen dish, to see that it had no cracks nor inconveniences, and yet would be careless in the choice of friends—to take them with the flaws of vice.

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.—As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, no knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.

The Fruits of Disobedience.

"But Mamma, why can't I go? John Smith, Charley Wilson, and all the boys are going; we will be back before ten o'clock, so please say yes, quickly, or I will be left."

"My son, mother has said no already, and she means to keep her word, I am sorry to deny you any pleasure, but it is too far for you to walk? I cannot allow you to ride the pony until he has been broken in, you know he ran off with James, and if a strong man could not hold him in, you certainly will not be able to do so. Come Willie, give up cheerfully, and remember mother knows best."

Willie Lee was the only child of his widowed mother. Their home was a neat cottage in the pleasant town of C—. Mrs Lee was a Christian woman, and she had trained up her son "in the way he should go." She was very proud of her bright manly boy, for Willie had thus far fulfilled her fondest expectations.

But I must hasten and tell you for what Willie was pleading so hard on this particular afternoon. A circus was exhibiting at a neighboring village, and the boys of C— had made up a party to attend. Willie's boyish heart had been made to glow with delight when told of the many wonderful feats performed by the actors, and he had been begging his mother to let him join the party.—For good reasons she had refused; but Satan entered Willie's heart, and whispered to him go secretly, "he could say he was going to spend the evening with his cousins, and then his mother would never know anything about it." Disregarding the murmuring of that "still small voice" which was urging him to stay at home, he crept round to the stable, saddled the pony and joined the merry party which awaited him. A few miles ride brought them to the circus encampment, and for a little while the music and gay crowd made Willie forget his disobedience, but as soon as they got quietly seated his thoughts went back to his kind mother, and he could not enjoy the amusing scenes which were all so new and strange to him, and which drew forth shouts of laughter from the merry boys of his party. Poor Willie thought the performances would never end, and his heart was lighter when he mounted his horse to return home than it had been at any time during the evening. His happiness, however was of short duration, for as they turned a bend in the road, on the way home the pony took fright and ran with such speed that the little hands gave way, and Willie fell heavily against a stone lying in the road. In a bleeding and apparently lifeless condition, he was taken home to his mother. Skillful physicians were summoned who pronounced the wound severe, but not serious. Days and weeks of great suffering followed but at length he was permitted to leave his room, and on one bright April day they carried him down to the pleasant sitting room, where alone with his mother, he confessed his fault, and promised that never again would he willfully disobey her. And he never did; years passed and Willie Lee grew up a Christian man, beloved and respected by all who knew him, but the memory of that simple act of disobedience caused him many unhappy moments.

Little ones, remember the Bible command "children obey your parents," and pray that God will help you to keep it. If you pray earnestly He will answer your prayer, and then how happy you will be in knowing that you are obeying the command of the dear Saviour, who was crucified for you. Remember Willie Lee, and when you wish to disobey your father or mother, pause and think, they may not see you, but there is One who sees all things," and it grieves the "good Shepherd" to see His little ones going astray.

I earnestly hope that all of my little readers will grow up to be Christian men and women.—Louise.

DIFFERENCE OF WIVES.—It is astonishing to see how a man may live on a small income, who has a hardy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars per week, than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but the wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as his neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat capable, and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the contrary is a whirlpool, into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water remain unchanged.

Subject of Thought.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—What sweet poetry is contained in those three little words Is there a sentence to be found in any language that is more replete with sentiment, beauty, grace or finish? A mother's love? How self-sacrificing! What privations will she not encounter for the sake of her "loved ones?" From our earliest infancy 'tis our mother who watches over us with untiring devotion; who notes every change in our looks, both in sickness and health and with loving arms twined around bids us nestle close, close up to her breast. And oh! with what perfect confidence we nestle there, fearing nothing, caring nothing, only to be folded more closely and feel the warm pressure of her lips upon our cheeks.

How our hearts bound beneath the loving glances of her soul-lit eyes, as she bends them upon us, beaming with a light so pure and holy—childless prattle, and observe each winning grace. How fondly she gazes upon us and what a glorious future she paints for us. Then, as the thought comes that, as we advance in years she may be taken from us and we be left to the cold charities of this world, her heart-felt prayer ascends to the Throne of Grace, beseeching him to guide and direct our steps, so that we may be prepared to meet her in a brighter and better world.—Sorrow may come upon us, friends may forsake us, and the world present not one cheering ray, yet will our mother cling to us with a love so abiding that her cheerful tones and loving words make us forget the world's rude and bitter jests. Never, on this earth, can we find a friend so steadfast, and one in whom we can repose such perfect confidence as our mother. How holy is a mother's love!

Corned Beef.

A lady asks us how to cure beef for plantation use, as the "cattle upon a thousand sand hills are about to be sacrificed on the altars of secession." An unexpectation recipe for corned beef is the following which we have always used:

To every twenty-five pounds of beef put one ounce of saltpetre, one pound of brown sugar, and one quart of salt M masses will do as well as sugar.—Rub the beef well with the mixture, and place it in a barrel so that the liquor exuding from the beef will cover it. Turn it every day, and in a week pour off the liquor; boil it a short time, until the scum arises, remove that, and when cold, pour it again upon the beef. Beef so prepared will keep for many months, and be equal to the best "Boston Mess." For family use there is no better recipe than the above; for plantation use a little more may be added.—Beef so prepared may be kept for a long time without becoming hard.—Columbia South Carolina

NEW TRACTS.—The Sunday School and Publication Board has issued two excellent tracts: "In the Hospital," by Rev. G. B. Taylor, post chaplain at Staunton, and "The Wounded Horse," by Rev. F. McCarthy, chaplain of the 7th Virginia infantry.

DIVINE PROTECTION.—Let Sodom be all on a flame not a hair of Lot's head shall be singed.

GENTLENESS.—A golden no is often better received than brutal yes.

Business Cards.

N. GACHET, Attorney at Law, TUSKEGEE, ALA. Office at the old stand east of Brewer's (now Kelly's) Hotel. July 24, 1862.

G. S. GRAHAM, E. L. MAYES, S. H. ABERCROMBIE, GRAHAM, MAYES & ABERCROMBIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tuskegee, Macon County, Alabama. Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, Clay and Tallapoosa Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court, at Montgomery. Office at stairs in School's new building. December 15, 1859.

G. W. GUNN, L. STRANGE, JAMES ARMSTRONG, GUNN, STRANGE & ARMSTRONG, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, Clay and Tallapoosa Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court at Montgomery. Prompt and careful attention will be given to all business entrusted to them. Brick Office next the Presbyterian Church. Tuskegee, Ala., Jan. 19, 1860.

J. H. CADDENHEAD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala., Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Russell. June 13, 1861.

MEDICAL NOTICE. DR. W. R. DRISKELL has located at his father's residence, where he can be found at all times, when not professionally engaged.—He respectfully tenders his services, as a Physician and Surgeon, to the surrounding country July 10, 1862.

HOWARD COLLEGE.

Faculty for the Year 1861-2. REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., President and Professor of Moral Science. A. B. GOODHUE, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy. D. G. SHERMAN, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature. REV. T. W. TOBEY, A. M., Professor of Intellectual Philosophy.

Professor of Chemistry and Natural History. THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT. REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., Prof. of Pastoral Theology & Eccles. Hist. REV. T. W. TOBEY, A. M., Brown Professor of Systematic Theology.

THE NEXT SESSION. The next session will open on Tuesday first day of October, 1861. In order to qualify for the admission of the young men and ladies will be admitted next session to pursue an irregular Course of Study, a Course preparatory to a regular Course, provided the applicant has sufficient maturity of attainments to do so with profit to himself. Daily instruction in Military Tactics, by Dr. and Lectures will also be furnished. The present elevated standard in the English, Classical and Scientific Courses will be maintained.

EXPENSES. Tuition, per term, of 4 1/2 months, in advance \$25 00 Incidentals 2 00 Room and Board 20 00 Coal \$6 00 to 8 00 Board, per month, \$12 00 to 14 00 Washing 1 00 L. W. GARROTT, President Board of Trustees. J. B. LOVELACE, Secretary. Marion, Aug. 29, 1861.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

ON Monday 6th January 1862, JAMES F. PARK will re-open a School for Boys, in Tuskegee. Only a limited number of pupils can be received, as there will be no Assistant. The Scholastic Year will be divided into three Sessions of thirteen weeks. Tuition will be at the following rates: Session: First or Lowest Class \$10 00 Mental Arithmetic, Primary Geography with Spelling, Reading and Writing 12 00 Geography, Grammar, English, Written Arithmetic, Elementary Algebra, Latin composed 14 00 Latin Classics, Algebra, Geometry, History, and the Elements of the Science of Logic 18 00 Higher Mathematics, Physical Science, Latin, Greek or French 20 00 Parents and Guardians will confer a favor by making application for admission into the School previous to the commencement of the Session. Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 26, 1861.

Medical College of Georgia, AT AUGUSTA.

THE Thirtieth Session of this Institution will open on Monday, the 4th November next. Anatomy, H. F. GARLAND, M. D. Surgery, L. A. DEWEE, M. D. Chemistry, JOSEPH JONES, M. D. Materia Medica and Therapeutics, I. F. GARDNER, M. D. Institutes and Practice, L. H. FORD, M. D. Physiology, H. V. M. MIXEN, M. D. Ophthalmic, J. A. EVANS, M. D. Obstetrics, Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics, ROBERT CAMPBELL, M. D. W. H. DOUGLASS, M. D., Clinical Lecturer at City Hospital. S. SIMMONS, M. D., Professor to Professor Anatomy. H. W. D. FORD, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy Lectures, (full course) \$150. Matriculation Fee, \$5. The Collegiate building has been thoroughly renovated, and many additions made to former facilities for instruction. September 19, 1861.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST.

THE undersigned hereby propose to publish, in the city of Columbia, S. C., a weekly religious paper, to be called "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," and to be edited by Rev. J. I. Reynolds, D. D., and Rev. J. H. C. Brewer. We have been induced to undertake this enterprise by conviction that the time has come when the demand for such a paper by our own denomination is the State, numbers of our members, and fifty thousand members, ought to be supplied. It will be the duty of the Proprietors and Editors to make this paper a faithful watchman on the walls of our Church, a messenger of good tidings to its readers, and worthy in every respect of its patronage. All who may receive copies of this Prospectus are sincerely requested to obtain subscribers, and to forward their names immediately. As soon as a number sufficient to insure the success of the enterprise is received by us, the first number of the paper will be issued. The subscription price—Two Dollars—in all cases to be forwarded by the subscribers immediately on their receipt of the first number. All communications must be addressed to "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," Columbia, S. C., or to either of the Proprietors. A. K. DURHAM, Proprietor. COLUMBIA, S. C., August, 1862.

IMPROVED NON-CORROSIVE CONFEDERATE WRITING FLUID

Manufactured Wholesale & Retail, by W. S. BARTON, TEACHER'S EXCHANGE, MONTGOMERY, ALA. Sept. 11, 1862. 31 ALABAMA MARBLE WORKS, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

NIX, YOUNG & NIX, (SUCCESSORS TO R. W. HITCHCOCK)

MONUMENTS, MANTLES, TOMBS, Railings, GRAVE STONES, Furniture Work, and Tablets. GRAVES, &c. All Work Warranted to give Satisfaction. Feb'y 22, 1861.

NO TASTE OF MEDICINE! BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERMIFUGE.

Children dying right and left! Mothers and aunts! Beware! Know that worms kill more infants than such other mortal ill! But a VERMIFUGE will save them! Year pale deaths from the grave. Mother, MAKE YOUR CHOICE.—Shall the Child die, or the Worms? Remember, a few doses of Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge will destroy any number of worms, and bring them away without pain. Price 25 cents. Great North-west Proprietor, 15 Beekman Street, New York. Sold by W. C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, Ala. July 20, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

F. FURRIS, by the author of the Lampbrush. My Thirty Years out of the Senate, by Major John Downing. The Marble Pass, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Rutledge, a novel of deep interest. Tales of Married Life, by T. S. Arthur. The History of Good Society, a Land Book for Ladies. The Private Correspondence of Alexander Von Humboldt. The Mill on the Floss, by the author of Adam Bede. A Life for a Life, by the author of John Halifax. Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by Edw. G. Parker. Tynley Hall, by Thos. Hood. Mary Bunyan, by the author of Grace Truman. And many other new books, just received and for sale by July 5 1860. B. B. DAVIS, Montg'mery, No. 20 Market.