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Six Squares...	6.00	12.00	18.00	24.00	30.00	36.00	42.00	48.00	54.00	60.00	66.00	72.00	78.00	84.00	90.00	96.00	102.00	108.00	114.00	120.00	126.00	132.00	138.00	144.00	150.00	156.00	162.00	168.00	174.00	180.00
Seven Squares...	7.00	14.00	21.00	28.00	35.00	42.00	49.00	56.00	63.00	70.00	77.00	84.00	91.00	98.00	105.00	112.00	119.00	126.00	133.00	140.00	147.00	154.00	161.00	168.00	175.00	182.00	189.00	196.00	203.00	210.00
Eight Squares...	8.00	16.00	24.00	32.00	40.00	48.00	56.00	64.00	72.00	80.00	88.00	96.00	104.00	112.00	120.00	128.00	136.00	144.00	152.00	160.00	168.00	176.00	184.00	192.00	200.00	208.00	216.00	224.00	232.00	240.00
Nine Squares...	9.00	18.00	27.00	36.00	45.00	54.00	63.00	72.00	81.00	90.00	99.00	108.00	117.00	126.00	135.00	144.00	153.00	162.00	171.00	180.00	189.00	198.00	207.00	216.00	225.00	234.00	243.00	252.00	261.00	270.00
Ten Squares...	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	50.00	60.00	70.00	80.00	90.00	100.00	110.00	120.00	130.00	140.00	150.00	160.00	170.00	180.00	190.00	200.00	210.00	220.00	230.00	240.00	250.00	260.00	270.00	280.00	290.00	300.00

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Give an Account of thy Stewardship.

"Do dear grandpa, grant me my request: it is my first and I assure you it will be my last, I wish to go to college that I may prepare for the ministry. It is my only wish, all others are swallowed up in it. I shall never be happy unless it is gratified."

These words were spoken by a tall and slender youth of some eighteen summers, with dark brown hair, which gave promise of a deeper shade: overshadowing a lofty brow, too prominent for beauty, and eyes—but I forbear, for none can describe those liquid eyes.—When engaged in animated conversation the pupils dilated until the surrounding color was lost in that of a deeper black than ever before was seen in human face, so beautiful in his pale face: robbed of its color to add vigor to the expanding intellect. His insatiable thirst for knowledge, had deprived all things else of their interest. He cared not for the intercourse of his fellow beings, save that they might add to his slender stock. His nights were spent in consuming the midnight oil. No, not oil, for he had none. The pine-knots which he brought from the neighboring forest were his only lamp.—Since the death of his father he and his mother had been deprived of many of the comforts of life. But that which weighed most heavily on her widowed heart, was that her only son—his lost father's cherished boy, was denied the school-room. He had pronounced him to be a genius, and said that he would one day astonish the world, if not crushed by poverty. That she now feared, and the thought so humbled her pride that she permitted her son to go to his grandfather, though she knew he had refused his father a similar request in his behalf, but she hoped the earnest face and eloquent eyes of her dear boy—the only one that bore the old man's name, would prevail. She allowed not his eagerness to be diminished by a knowledge of his father's ill success.—But did the old man lead him to the Pierian spring that he might quench his consuming thirst? "Ah, my son that is some of your father's foolish notions. It is a blessed thing that you have to leave that hateful school-house, for you already look like you did not have two drops of blood in you. Work my son, it will give you strength. See how old and stout I am: all because I was never caged in a dirty school-house, but worked day in and day out. Go, my son, and do likewise, that your days may be long in the land of the living," said the old man as he turned from the child to go in his room to feast his eyes on his glittering wealth. But the boy—old man you should have stayed to see that look, it would have melted your callous heart—so much of agony depicted on that sweet innocent face, which a moment before was so radiant with hope. But that hope, cherished from the years of infancy, was now crushed. He brushed the gathering tear-drop from those eyes, now darkened for the first time by disappointment's heaviest cloud, and whispered, perhaps it is all for the best: as he turned slowly and sadly to his mother's door for he knew her grief could only be surpassed by his. That night the mingled prayers of mother and son ascended more earnestly to heaven for strength, comfort and support. The next morning

the delicate student went forth to gather his father's plentiful harvest, resolving to seek the charge of the village school, the remuneration of which in two years, would enable him to enter college. Alas! for human hope! The great fatigue and the heat of a summer sun laid him prostrate on a bed of sickness. While the fever racked his brain he would repeat with trembling voice and parched lips, the sweetest songs of Israel's sweetest bard: "Oh, come and let us sing unto the Lord." But few days were allowed him on earth to sing the praises of his great Redeemer, for he was caught up into heaven to unite his angel voice in the mighty hallelujah of the blessed who had gone before.

Let us turn once more to the room of that aged parent. There stands the man of God alone by the dying bed.—As he lays aside the holy Bible from which he brought to read words of comfort, the sick man rises hastily, and with his withered hand, pushes the few gray locks from his bold forehead and adds huskily: "Yes, I must go to give an account, for I may no longer be steward. I, who have long been numbered with the Christian fold, whom none dared to call unjust, must give an account. The past! would I could hide it from my view. My talents which my merciful Master entrusted to my keeping, have all been spent in heaping higher the miser's glittering mound. A miser! O God forgive. Wealth was my only wish. How to gain it, employed all my faculties, engaged all my thoughts. Mammon's flag with a little more engraven on it, ever waved before my sordid sight. And I reached forth my eager hand and cried, give, give. And it was given. The talent of wealth was given in answer to my prayer, and with it many opportunities to bless my Master's pilgrim children. But where is it? and what has it done? Yonder it is in that iron-bound trunk, where it has lain buried for years. I put it not out to usury, for I feared the villainy of mankind. There it is, it has sent my only child to a premature grave. And his son—the lovely boy—would that I had granted his request, and he might now be standing by my bed with his sweet face to bless me."—It seemed that the very thought overwhelmed him, he fell back and cried with wandering eye: "Bring forth my gold. Lay it by my pillow and strew it by my bed, for I have no friends to take the place. I loved it best, and the world knew it. With it I held my sweetest converse day and night."—Then he added more composedly: "A pen, that I may resign the stewardship of this one talent, to her who should have long since wished me called to give an account. For I have robbed her of all her earthly happiness, have broken her widowed heart." As the minister supported the dying form, and guided the cold hand, the tears of sympathy so drowned his sight, he could not see the form of the letters. He withdrew his arm, but started back with terror. For the eye was set in death, which a moment before rolled in agony, and the dead hand clenched the pen.

The minister was alone with the dead. His mercenary friends had gone to different rooms to enjoy their gossip and many speculations. But the lone watcher raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed while the tears fell fast upon the floor. The wealth of a dying man! Is this what millions are so eager to gain? That it may be said they died sick. Then he thought of the poor boy, whose pleading face was the old man's greatest horror, and thanked God that such youths had now a bold champion. One who had bravely stepped forth, and bade them come. Yes, six or more came, and I will lead you up Mount Parnassus, and from these to the sacred heights of Mount Olivet. Saying by the act, if others heard their wealth, to mine you are welcome. God bless thee, Jerry Brown. May many know, and accept thy liberal offer. And may they weave for thee a crown of unfading laurels, to shed its richest perfume round thy dying bed, and glitter on thy brow when thou art called to give an account.

RECLURA.
Horace Walpole once remarked, "The world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."

Where will my enemies be before long? At God's bar, giving account; then let me leave them to him; he says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

Carlyle says: "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

R. Fuller on Baptism and Communion.

From the Home and Foreign Journal.

We condense the following from a letter received some time since from Brother D. P. Everett:

DEAR BROTHER DAYTON: In reply to your request for means to show what our Baptist books are doing, I attempt to relate an incident which I have long thought of publishing.

In the fall of 1850, Dr. John W. Patton, late of Dallas county, Alabama, stopped with me a short time to try the benefit of the mild and salubrious atmosphere of this place upon a constitution enervated by pulmonary disease. He was truly a most interesting guest, a highly polished gentleman, learned in his profession, deeply pious and delightfully sociable. One day on going into his room, he jumped up from the couch on which he reclined to read, remarking with peculiar emphasis and under obvious excitement, "This is certainly the most conclusive argument I ever read."

"What is it Doctor?" said I, and I discovered in his hand the lectures on baptism and communion, by Dr. R. Fuller. A short, friendly talk on our denominational differences ensued. I suggested that conviction should be followed by corresponding action. He said he had long been a devoted Presbyterian, and could not come into our close communion practice. He had not finished the book, and I said no more.

On his return home he addressed me a very kind letter which, after many compliments and thanks, went on in a strain like this:

"I do not think my visit to your beautiful site has been of any physical advantage to me. I was too far gone to be benefited by residence or climate, and but for the pressing influence of friends, and a sense of duty towards my dear family, I never should have made you the visit. But I never shall regret it—aye, I consider it one of the greatest providential blessings of my life. By it I was led to examine a Christian duty of infinite importance, and by the light of plain, unvarnished truth, and the force of irrefragable evidence, I learned what that duty is. I have been a Presbyterian eighteen or twenty years—my father and father's father were eminent members of that persuasion—my family and family connections belong to the Presbyterian Church, and I regard this denomination as embodying the most pious and learned people on earth. It will be like plucking out a right eye to sunder my religious connection, but with my views of duty I must do it.

"If the Lord should in mercy grant me the necessary health, I shall apply for Scriptural baptism as preached by your Church. I shall, if accepted, become a Baptist. I do not consider baptism essential to salvation, but it is a plain and positive duty imposed by the good Head of the Church, and it is at our peril that we neglect it. No Christian whose heart is right in the sight of God, and whose mind is properly informed on the subject, I think, can neglect it. If he importance of a proper understanding, and an implicit observance of this great duty were enforced on young minds, and cautiously guarded against every thing calculated to warp the judgment and pervert easy, natural conclusions, few would err as to what baptism is and the place it scripturally belongs."

Dr. Patton died, I believe, before he obtained the health he thought necessary to baptism—at least I never heard of his joining the Baptists. He left an interesting family and many worthy relatives. His post office address was Richmond, Alabama.

D. P. EVERETT.

Triumph of Truth.

A brother, by the name of D. C. Marshall, a regularly ordained preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been holding a series of meetings about six miles from Oswego, N. Y., and his labors have been signally blessed of God. Many have found peace in believing.—To the surprise of nearly all of us except our pastor, W. H. King, brother Marshall and nineteen of his flock appeared at our prayer-meeting, and related their Christian experience, and asked for admission into our church. They were of mature age, heads of families, young men and women, and intelligent in the doctrines of Christ. Brother Marshall, with many of his brethren, had been studying the Bible for years, and for a long time had been convinced that the Bible nowhere teaches any mode of baptism except by immersion. When asked by some of the brethren how they came to change their views, the reply was, "The New Testament convinced me, by prayerfully studying its truths." Brother Marshall, in the relation of his varied experience, paid a beautiful tribute to the church with which he had been so long and so pleasantly connected, but he felt that he was sinning against light and knowledge by longer withholding his influence from the proper administration of that beautiful ordinance, which was made imperative by Christ and his Apostles.—God's presence was manifested at the water-side, as one after another was buried in baptism by our pastor. Brother Marshall returned to the field of his labors and preached in the evening the whole truth to a crowded house. The work is progressing. Many more who have long been members of that order, are studying the Bible, and will go forward with recent converts in the ordinance of baptism.—N. Y. Examiner.

The Death of Gen. Sir Henry Havelock.

At this moment when the East India Rebellion is very far from subdued, the most painful intelligence, the English could receive, is that which announces the death of that thorough man and soldier, Sir Henry Havelock. His name was fast becoming a terror to the rebellious Sepoys as his death will inspire them with new courage. He was a deserved favorite with the British soldiers under him, because he was not of the upper aristocracy, and knew not what fear was to shrink from duty. Sir Henry Havelock was born in Sunderland, England, in 1795. He was the son of a respectable tradesman of Bishoppore, who had amassed a fortune by his own steady business. Henry was sent to the Charter House School (where Thackeray received his education) and on leaving this Institution he studied law in London, but soon preferred the army as more in keeping with his taste. He was sent to India, and during the long genuine "filibustering" career for which England is so notorious by her conquests in India. Havelock always distinguished himself, and had been a "high churchman" or of "noble" birth, he would long since have been raised to the peerage. But Havelock was a Democrat by birth and moreover a "psalm-singing Baptist," as the English Episcopalians designated these dissenters.—Col. Havelock's deeds during the Sikh campaign should have ensured him a coronet, but it was only since his gallant exploits during the Sepoy Mutiny, that the Government made him Baronet. Lady Havelock, (the General's widow,) and his two daughters at present reside in London. The news of his death was received with sorrow in England. As will be seen by the telegraphic dispatches, he died of dysentery.

The Effect of Preaching Against Immersion.

From the Western Recorder.
SOUTH UNION, KY., Dec. 21, 1857.
Bro. Robinson: I constituted a Baptist Church on last Tuesday, in Butler county, Ky. The circumstance that gave rise to it was this: There was a man joined the Methodists, and wished to be immersed, and the preacher agreed to immerse him. The day was appointed, and the people met to see a Methodist immerse. He labored hard to prove that immersion was not baptism, and spent much time in abusing the Baptists. The man became so much disgusted at his course that he decided that he could not baptize him; and several others of his flock saw that theirs was a sandy foundation. The brother sent for me to come and immerse him. I sent an appointment to preach there on Friday before the second Lord's day in September, and some five or six brethren met me, and we opened the door of the Baptist Church; and that brother and six others came forward and joined. One old sister stated that she had been a Methodist for twenty years, and that her conscience had told her all the time that she never was baptized; but her husband would not let her obey the Savior. I immersed the other seven; and last Tuesday they and fourteen others were constituted in a church, calling themselves the Pleasant Prospect United Baptist Church of Christ. The Methodist preachers are very angry, and have been cutting up very much, but their thrust at the Baptists only serves to wound themselves. Truth is mighty and will prevail.

My prayer is, that Pleasant Prospect may be in that Pedobaptist region as a light in a dark place.

Your brother, in Christ,
R. T. GARDNER.

OPPOSITION.—"A certain amount of opposition," says John Neal, "is a great help to man. Kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm." Let no man was pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the

native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without finching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten.—He who but braces himself to the struggle when the wind blows, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.

The Rev. J. A. James on Preaching.

God's harvest must be gathered with His own implement—a full, unadulterated, undiminished gospel! Human nature may incessantly devise improved implements of labor. Our implement was invented by Omniscience 1800 years ago; it was made perfect, and no room left for skill to alter it! No reaping machine of modern invention can be supplied to us; the sickle of the gospel of Christ is still in our hands, and the world cannot alter it. We hear much now-a-days of adapting preaching to the age in which we live, and if by that be meant the sterner and more rigid Christian system of bygone ages, I say let us have it; but if by "adaptation" be meant more philosophy and less Christianity, more mystic spiritualism and less evangelical simplicity, may God, in His great mercy, save us from it? It is treason against truth, and against the God of Truth; it will destroy our churches, it will pull down our denominations, and every creed and free member of religion in them! You may as well attempt to reap a harvest with a lady's pair of scissors or a razor, instead of a sickle, as to save souls by some men's preaching! It may have the polish of eloquence and all the keenness of wit, but be as nothing after all. And then a man may be sound in his creed, and yet be an idler and loiterer notwithstanding, just as the laborer may have a right good sickle in his hand, and yet not cut down the harvest through want of energy. We want men that labor in the closet, which must be the spring of all our labor; we should all be better preachers, if we were holier men. We must sharpen our sickle on the whetstone of the Bible in our closets! We want men like Owen, Baxter, and Martin. These were the men!—Sermon before the Congregational Union at Cheltenham.

Times too Hard.

"I like your paper very much, but I must stop my subscription; times are too awful hard," writes a subscriber to us; and there is nothing left for us but to obey the orders of the good man.—His paper is stopped.

But, as we do not wish the notion to be a popular one, let us look at it for a moment:

What has he saved? Two dollars! and, with the postage, twenty-six cents—just about what he would give for a boot, (not a pair), a book, a hat, (not a very good one, either) or a few pounds of butter.

What has he lost? His religious paper for a year. Its fifty-two visits, its instructive correspondence, its hints and encouragements, its columns of news from the old world, its reports of the progress of Christianity abroad, of its trials and difficulties, its record of revivals at home, its stimulating appeals, its notices of the movements and controversies of the day, and its narratives for the family circle. The Missionary Societies to which he contributes, will hold their anniversaries and render their reports, but he will not hear them. Great religious movements in China or India may thrill the Christian world, but they will not reach him. The Churches of our towns or States will be revived, but the news will not awaken him. "The times are too hard," and to save the price of that one boot, he has lost it all. His family, too, will miss the weekly visits of their paper—but the times are too hard. We are sorry for it.—American Presbyterian.

CHURCH MUSIC.—Dr. Wayland is urging the Baptist churches to try anew their ancient practice of congregational singing. He says:

"Baptists were universally opposed to the introduction of musical instruments in the house of God. We had neither choirs nor organs. Nothing but the voices of worshippers were heard in hymning the praise of God, and in this service every devout worshipper was expected to unite.

"I do not pretend that in this singing there was any artistic excellence. This is never needed in popular music, or that music which is intended to move a multitude of people. All national airs are simple, and they strike upon those

chords which vibrate equally in the bosom of the common man and the amateur. When you hear a thousand Englishmen unite in the chorus of "Rule Britannia," or as many Americans join in singing "Hail Columbia," you forget every thing about the chords and discords, but you are deeply moved by the common feeling, and can hardly refrain from leaping and shouting from deep emotion. So in religious music. The tunes employed were perfectly adapted to religious sentiment, and blended the whole audience in one consciousness of solemn worship."

The following was sent us by a worthy Pastor, which he clipped from a Richmond paper. We suppose some of his flock was caught in the trap, and he wished to caution others. Read it. **Gambling in Disguise.**

A friend writes to us asking our opinion with regard to what are called "Gift Enterprises." We can tell him in a few words—they are among the meanest, because they are among the most masked and sly of all kinds of gambling. The usual pretence is to sell books, and very often good ones.—A purchaser buys a volume numbered, say 150, and the clerk reads from a list the gift which is marked to accompany the book so numbered. It may be a ring, a port-monnaie, a trifling bauble, or a gold watch. A. buys a book and gets a pencil, and is satisfied. B. is so unlucky as to get a brass breastpin, and is disappointed. But C. gets a handsome ring with his book, and is elated. All the crowd catch the spirit of adventure from C's "good luck"—the bidding grows brisk, book after book is knocked down—and thus excellent volumes are obtained no doubt—but what was the principle which prompted the bidding? To get a good book? To get a book of any kind? No. It was to get a prize. The excitement of the affair is in the risk—in the chance of getting a trinket worth more than the volume bought. This is the principle upon which the lottery is conducted—the principle of the roulette table, of all forms of gambling. The adventurer risks his money in the hope of getting more than an equivalent for his hazard. The trinket won in the "gift enterprise" is no gift at all. The whole matter is one of calculation on the part of the dealer. His books are worth so much, and his whole stock of prizes so much, and the prices for which the books are sold will cover all the expenses of the "gifts," even when they happen, now and then, to be worth more than the cost of the book.

We say this is one of the meanest forms of gambling, because thereby persons are tempted to make ventures who would not buy a lottery ticket, or throw a card. The offer of religious books takes in religious people—when they are verdant—and many of them are. This is the most objectionable feature of this species of gambling, that it catches the weaker vessels, and makes them leaky.

The Boldness of Faith.

To be permitted to enter the holiest—the presence of God—at all, surely ranks among the highest of the privileges which man can enjoy. But to be permitted to enter with boldness—to come without slavish fear, but animated rather by the spirit of adoption, and confiding in the Holy God who cannot look on sin, constitutes one of the chief wonders of redeeming love, yet one in which the contrite soul may most assuredly rejoice. Nay, more; the more boldness he displays the more is God glorified. To come as if He grudged a pardon, as if He were reluctant to blot out iniquity, or admit us into the holiest, is to grieve His Spirit, or undervalue His love. But to come perfectly abased as to ourselves, yet confiding in the finished work of Christ, and understanding that God is more glorified in forgiving through Him, than in condemning our race had no Mediator appeared—that is the right evangelical ground, and the right evangelical spirit. As long as I think salvation in any degree depends upon me, I cannot but come before God with fear and trembling.—But when I see that the work was finished in the Divine counsels before the world began, and actually accomplished at Jerusalem in the fullness of time, then the spirit of bondage disappears. The soul glories now in the Lord; God is honored, and man is at once exalted—abased as a sinner, exalted as one to whose conscience that blood which cleanses from all sin has been applied. And how is the case with my soul? Let every one who would deal faithfully

regarding his eternal concerns solemnly say, Have I learned to come boldly through the blood of Jesus? Then my religion is the religion which God has revealed, which came from heaven, and which guides us to it. But do I still come haunted by fear, as if God would not hear and answer, even for Christ's sake? Then my religion is not God's; I need the unction of the Holy One to show me the liberty which the Son of God imparts.—Wonders of Redeeming Love.

Olshausen.
[The N. Y. Observer, one of the most thoroughly orthodox of the Presbyterian presses, thus speaks of the doctrinal soundness and evangelical tone of the Commentary of Olshausen, now issuing from the press of Sheldon, Blake-man & Co.]

"The fourth volume of the celebrated commentary on the New Testament by Prof. Olshausen, has made its appearance from the press of Sheldon, Blake-man & Co., of this city. It gives us great pleasure to notice the handsome style and the rapid enterprise that mark the publication of this great work requiring as it does so large an investment, in the midst of a comparatively dull season for the sale of books. But this Commentary has made a sensation. It has attracted the attention of Biblical scholars in all parts of our country, and the number of its readers is constantly enlarging, so that the demand is justifying the issue of the successive volumes. One more we presume, will complete the series.

"The fourth, now out, extends from Romans to Galatians. This ground is the most difficult for the commentator that he finds in the whole range of Biblical study. It is not likely that the views of this independent thinker will harmonize in all points with those of any other, yet we cannot, without calling thereto special attention, read such remarks as these in a German Commentary:

"What the law could not do, Christ can. The law was not able to take away the condemnation; it served rather only to increase it; but Christ takes it away, in that he takes it upon Himself; this comes to pass by the vicarious atoning sacrifice of his death."

"Such views of the cardinal doctrine of the Christian system, pervading a system of Biblical instruction, cannot fail to make the whole most salutary in its general influence upon the student's mind, and we are therefore more and more pleased with the popularity of the work."

Good Thoughts.

When a person inquired of Appelles, the illustrious Grecian painter, why he touched and retouched his pictures with so much care, the reply of the artist was, "Because I paint for eternity."—And should not ministers of the gospel, parents, and Sabbath-school teachers, preach earnestly, pray fervently, and labor faithfully, because the fruits of their labor are eternal?

"If ever I reach the kingdom of heaven," said an aged and devoted servant of Christ, "I think I will try to find the thief who died on the cross, and take him by the hand, and say, Come my brother, let us go aside, and see if we can find out which of us is the greatest debtor to the grace of God."

If the light of God's countenance is withdrawn, there is a cause for it; and if the cause is searched out, it will be found to be in ourselves. The clouds which obscure the sun come not from the heavens, but from the earth.

As the gay and brilliant colors with which the forests are arrayed in October are caused by the sharp sting of the frost, so some of the loveliest and brightest virtues which adorn humanity are caused by the sting of affliction.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.:
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1858.

Proposition:
From all who will pay up by the end of the present volume, which will be about the 1st of May, 1858, and continue their subscriptions, we will receive Two DOLLARS a year for all past liabilities. Those who do not comply with this proposition, will be charged at the usual rates—two dollars and fifty cents per annum. It seems to us that this is as liberal a proposition as we could be expected to make; and we do hope there will not be a single delinquent on our list at the expiration of this volume.

Elder W. S. BARTON has been elected Financial Secretary of Howard College. Brother Barton is also authorized to act as Agent for the S. W. Baptist.

Thanks to elder J. P. THOMPSON, for continued efforts to circulate our paper in Tuscaloosa county.

The senior editor was mistaken in saying that elder THOMAS RAMBAULT, of Cherokee College, Ga., had been called to the pastorate of the Selma Baptist Church. They have not, we learn, elected a pastor yet.

Thanks to Hon. J. F. DOWDELL, for valuable Public Documents—quite an acquisition to our office library.

Tuskegee—Chehaw.

Travelers wishing to visit the beautiful and thriving town of Tuskegee, must leave the Montgomery and West Point Railroad at Chehaw, and take Adams' splendid line of Omnibuses and Coaches, which they will find ready for them at every arrival, night and day, and in a short time, five miles distant, they will be in Tuskegee. Mr. Adams has gone to the expense and trouble of meeting every train, for the accommodation of the public, and should be patronized so that he will be enabled to carry out the liberal policy indicated in his advertisement, which may be seen in another column.

Worthy of Imitation.

A minister of the Gospel in another State, out of his salary, having no other means, sends us annually the money to pay for two subscribers who are too poor to take our paper. Who will say that is not a good work? To send a religious paper into two families to cheer them in their poverty, and to direct them in the path of Life, is a work worthy of a Christian. Will not many of our private members, out of their abundance do likewise? Let them decide upon the number of papers they will gratuitously distribute, name the families themselves, or allow us to send them to such as need them. What say you, brethren? Several ministers and brethren are now paying for such papers. We want more of such generous and benevolent men. It will aid your paper, also.

Graphic.—We received lately a note from a Postmaster, informing us that a certain subscriber did not take his paper out of the office. Here is his language: "He was born a fool, nursed a fool, educated a fool, and now can't read his own name."

We erased his name.

We see in many of our exchanges quite a number of revivals reported from different sections of our country.

Resignation.—We regret to learn that R. F. MATTHEW, pastor of the Baptist Church in Butaw, Ala., is compelled from ill health to resign his beloved charge. He has done a good work in that town, and desired to continue his labors. He intends in a few days to leave on a tour to Arkansas. Will he favor us with some communications during his tour?

Wringing and Twisting.

Our Greenville American Presbyterian friend looms in his last paper. We have some sympathy for him in his "bad fix." He had Baptists, many of them, "plunging" head and heels into "Open Communion"; but when called on to locate them he could not do it. He is now trying to make his retreat, but he is no Xenophon in the art of retreating. He snaps, snarls, wrings, screws and twists—nothing graceful in his movements.

We will make one suggestion to our cotemporary, and tease him no more.—We once heard of a cunning workman in iron, who made screws of various kinds. He put up a sign over his door expressive of his business. A craftsman in the same trade, erected a sign a little more expressive. Our hero was determined not to be outdone, and put up the following in bold capitals over his door: ALL KINDS OF WRINGING AND SCREWING, AND TWISTING DONE HERE. Friend Donson, put up the same sign over the door of your Office, for you are worthy of it.

Editorial Correspondence.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 1st, 1858.
On yesterday (Lord's day) I had the pleasure of preaching for the church and congregation worshipping in the first Baptist meeting-house, under the pastoral charge of Dr. HOWELL. Since bro. Howell's arrival in the city, the Baptist cause has assumed altogether a new interest. From the verge of "utter ruin," as an excellent brother in the city expressed it, "he has, under God, conducted it to a position of comparative power and influence." Indeed under the joint labors of brother FORD of the second church, and bro. H., the cause bids fair to regain its former stand. Before preaching I visited the

Sabbath School, and truly it was refreshing to witness the high degree of interest manifested by pupils and teachers in its exercises. The basement room in the building was filled to its utmost capacity with the happiest company of almost all ages and sexes, each vying with the other in imparting and receiving the "unspeakable riches of Christ," the truths of the gospel. We saw some teachers who had three seats of pupils under their charge—say fifteen or twenty! The average attendance is over two hundred. It had been considerably over this, but other Sabbath Schools have opened in the immediate vicinity, and taken about forty or fifty of its children. After short and spicy addresses from the pastor and bro. W. J. PARKER, of our State, who together with bro. F. L. SEWARD, of Miss., accompanied us from Murfreesboro to Nashville, the school sang a hymn with a degree of energy that reminded me of a "negro camp-meeting" in Alabama! It seemed to me there was not an idle voice in the house. Such music is soul reviving! Punctual to the hour, the house was filled with as interesting a church and congregation as I have ever preached to. What struck me as quite remarkable was the unusual proportion of young people in the assembly. And then the degree of respectful attention paid to the minister, indicated no little of interest upon the great absorbing theme of salvation. I cannot doubt that a rich harvest of souls will soon be reaped in this portion of the Master's vineyard. Indeed, evidences of a coming season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord already exist. Some have professed conversion, and others are inquiring. Quite a number have been added to the church by letter and baptism within a few months.

Early this morning (Monday) brother FORD, Pastor of the SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, situated in South Nashville, called on me, with whom I had a most pleasant and profitable intercourse. When he commenced preaching in this portion of the city, one month ago, the Sabbath School connected with the second church numbered fifteen pupils—it now numbers about one hundred and thirty! At his first appointment the congregation was so inconsiderable, that he was greatly discouraged—now the house is filled at every appointment to its utmost capacity, and in many instances, persons have to leave the house for want of seats. Our brethren and friends connected with that church and congregation are resolved to have a new meeting house soon. Brother FORD declared to us that South Nashville presented at this time the most inviting field for ministerial labor he ever saw. In view of all these facts, we ask our brethren of the Domestic mission Board at Marion, if they cannot appropriate as much as five hundred dollars this year to sustain brother F. as a missionary at this point? We are satisfied they would not hesitate one moment if they could see the crying destitution which has existed in this part of the city—and the present encouraging aspect of the mission. Brethren, do this! I and Nashville will soon repay you thirty, sixty, or perhaps a hundred fold.

To day I have also made the acquaintance of elder E. P. WALTON the laborious corresponding Secretary of the State Mission Board of the General Association of Tennessee and North Alabama. The Board meets to-night to receive his first months report. He has secured nearly five hundred dollars the first month. The intention of the Board is to furnish assistance to weak and destitute churches throughout Middle Tennessee, and North Alabama. Bro. FORD of South Nashville, is sustained in part by this Board. Other important points are looking to it for assistance, both in Tennessee and North Alabama. The day has been so unpleasant that I have had but few "calls" upon the good brethren of Nashville—and tomorrow I am to return to Murfreesboro to finish my course of lectures to the theological students in the University; so that the Sabbath school and preaching hours yesterday furnished my only chance of extending my acquaintance. I have not even visited the Legislature now in session.

Other topics of interest may be referred to hereafter.

On the whole, bating the weather, my trip to Nashville is interesting. I am sharing the hospitality of Dr. HOWELL and bro. SHANKLIN, to whom I there by tender my thanks for making my stay in the "city of rocks" so agreeable. I shall long remember their kindness.

S. H.

P. S. This evening I attended the meeting of the Mission Board, and heard the report of bro. WALTON. He is much encouraged in his work. A vast field is to be occupied by this Board. Perhaps in no part of our country is the destitution so crying as in that which comes within the jurisdiction of this Board. May they be abundantly prospered in their labors of love.

A Small Scrap-Book.

A large body of Northern Baptists are upon the verge of the plunge into open communion at the table, as well as in baptism and in the pulpit.—Tennessee Baptist.

Won't there be one grand splash?—The leap of Sam Patch over the Falls of Niagara dwindles into nothing.—Western Watchman.

Was it the Falls of Niagara or those of the Genessee, brother Watchman?—Christian Times.

We believe both, brother Times, but it is to be presumed that he made a greater "splash" at Niagara than at Genessee. What is your opinion?—Western Watchman.

Doubtless. By the way, would it not be well to advise our friend of the Baptist, to arrange a new department in his paper, with the heading "Patch-work," under which shall be recorded all the instances that may occur of this desperate plunge of Northern Baptist Churches into Open-Communism?—Christian Times.

Gentlemen, as the South is accused of being ready to take the same "plunge," allow us a word. We will not debate the question, whether Sam Patch splashed over the Niagara or Genessee Falls; but we will inform you where Baptists, North and South, will take the "plunge" into Open Communion: into the river Nowhere, where it empties into the gulf of Nothing.

No Sympathy.—The late Oregon elections run thus:

The majority against slavery, in Oregon, was 5,000; the majority in favor of the Constitution was 4,000; the majority against the admission of free negroes was 1,500.

After all, the poor free negro cannot find a resting place for the sole of his foot on "Freecol." If he is a runaway he has any amount of sympathy till his freedom is wrested from his owner, then alas! for the poor fellow, soul and body.

Monuments to Luther.—During the past year as many as four monuments to LUTHER have been projected, and are being carried forward towards completion. Why all this? Is not Luther's monument in History? Is it not in the mind of every intelligent reader? A great man does great deeds; those deeds are recorded on the mind by the magic power of the press, and he and his achievements will live when monumental stone has crumbled to dust.—Were Luther alive, and had the ambition to transmit his name to posterity, he would prefer his chances in D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, to all the sculptured stone of Germany.—But what is all this to the monument, the record on high.

Her Destiny.

In the Aurora, of Murfreesboro', Tenn., is a very impressive charge delivered to a Pastor's wife at his ordination, which, if carried out, would make her life as laborious and active from home as her husband's. Very good. But when we read it, we could not help thinking of the sound, practical sense there was in the prayer of a quaint old preacher, at the ordination of a young minister. He delivered no charge, but he prayed for her, "that she might have grace to stay at home and take care of the stuff, while her husband went out and preached the Gospel." Charge what you may, that staying at home and taking care of the "stuff," is generally the destiny of a preacher's wife.

Progress.—The Texas Baptist, of Jan. 13th, has reached us in a new dress from head to foot, looking "bram new." Now is the time for the Baptists of Texas to rally to their State paper, and permanently establish it. If, to do this, it becomes necessary to abandon religious papers from other States, let them go, and sustain the Texas Baptist.

Dedication.—From the Petersburg Daily Express, of Jan. 25th, we learn that the new Baptist Church on Washington Street, which cost \$40,000, was dedicated on the 24th ult. The ministers officiating were T. G. Keen, formerly of Mobile, and pastor of the new Church; J. L. Burrows, of Richmond; and T. O. Boston, of Petersburg. The Sermon was preached by T. G. Keen. We are glad to learn the success of our old friend and brother. Alabama has lost, from some cause, some able ministers who have gone to other States.—While we deplore the loss, the comfort is, they are doing well in other sections of the Master's vineyard.

British India.

British India is so commercially connected with civilized nations, that there is a general desire to know something of its history. This, of course, we can not give in the columns of a newspaper; but we will give a few chronological events in its history, which will impart some information.

The first expedition sent from England, was a commercial one, in 1591.

Encouraged by this exploration, the first British East India Company obtained a Royal Charter in 1600.

The Company saw that manufactories would be profitable, and the first they established were at Surat in 1612.

A large commercial city was important to the interests of the Company, and they settled at Calcutta, on the Ganges, in 1690.

The commercial interests of the country increased, and a new Company was incorporated in 1698.

To strengthen their hands and forces the old and new Companies united in 1702.

Their business increased so that they built a house in London, called the "East India House," in 1726.

The French established themselves in parts of that country, and jealousy and rivalry, resulting in war, lasted from 1748 to 1756.

The Hindoos saw the power of the English increasing, and Serajah Dowlah, with an army of 70,000, besieged and took Calcutta; shut up the garrison and some of the residents in the "Black Hole," where 123 out of 146 perished. This atrocious act was committed in 1756.

Colonel Olive defeated Serajah Dowlah, though the Hindoos under the latter were twenty to one, and Calcutta was retaken in 1757. The supremacy of British power in India dates from this Battle of Plassey. Between 1757 and 1772, the British by conquest and otherwise, added much territory to their possessions.

The celebrated Warren Hastings was appointed Governor of Bengal in 1772. Hastings' administration lasted from 1772 to 1785, and was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis, of American memory. Hastings' Government was an active one. He made money for the Company and for himself, and greatly enlarged the British power. He was impeached in the British Parliament, for mal-administration in 1788. The trial lasted seven years and three months, and he was acquitted.

From 1785 to 1845, the commencement of the Sikhs war, the British kept enlarging their territories by war and purchase. The Burmese war, during which Judson was imprisoned, lasted from 1824 to 1826, at the end of which the Burmese conceded a large tract of land, and paid a million of money.

The Sikhs war lasted from 1845 to 1846. It was soon renewed, but finally terminated in 1849.

We are now within the recollection of our readers, a painful recollection, too, from recent events in that country.—When? Where? How will it end?

The address of elder WILLIS BURNS, is changed from Pickensville, Ala., to Columbus, Miss.

Alabama Legislature.

The Alabama Legislature adjourned sine die on yesterday, the 8th inst., after a session of three months.

For the South Western Baptist.

Adopted by the Selma Baptist Church at a regular Conference, Feb. 4th, 1858.

WHEREAS, the relations existing between our Pastor, Rev. A. G. McCraw, and the Selma Baptist Church have ceased by the resignation of Bro. McCraw of his pastoral charge, and whereas this Church are unwilling to see those relations severed, which have existed so pleasantly for seven years, without giving an expression of their appreciation of the services so well and so faithfully rendered for so long a time, therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That the thanks and gratitude of this Church are ever due Bro. McCraw for the efficient, zealous and christian efforts made by him during the past seven years, for the building up of this Church and the advancement of the cause of Christ in this city.

2. That he and his beloved wife, sister S. S. McCraw, carry with them the love and affections and prayers of the people for whom they have so long labored; and we hereby tender them our warmest Christian regards and our best wishes for their comfort and happiness and that of their family in life, and our hopes and prayers for their happiness in the life that is to come.

3. That we earnestly request Bro. McCraw to supply our pulpit till we can procure a permanent supply.

4. That these resolutions and preamble be spread on the Church records, a copy sent to Bro. McCraw, and one sent to the South Western Baptist, for publication.

MERRITT BURNS,
Ch. Clerk, pro tem.

The Holy Spirit can find no home in the heart of a professor who loves and lives in sin.

Communications.

For the South Western Baptist.

BRETHREN EDITORS: May I call attention to an important suggestion, at this particular crisis. It is this: "But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed, one of another." Has any past age equalled the present, in furnishing Baptist ministers and Baptist editors, with the same asperity of temper.

My reflections may be rather sombre, but it really occurs to me, that the disposition, so rife, to take up a reproach against a brother, in the same communion, must lead observers to think that the Apostle John's Godly admonition, "Little children love one another," had by some authoritative ecclesiastical council, been changed so as to read, "Little children take up a reproach one against another."

One might infer that private offences are of rare occurrence in these days, or that the mode of treating them is radically changed from the directions given in the 18th of Matthew.

If, perchance, an unguarded expression falls from the lips of a brother, ere he is aware he is arraigned in the columns of some public journal, and his follies magnified with a speed which fully corresponds with this fast age.

A worldly maxim seems to have overshadowed the spiritual. "Tit for tat," appears to be the ruling maxim of the age. A newspaper war ensues, and if political combatants can excel these Christian ministers in traducing each other one would suppose they must rise before day to do it. Private conversations are reported—motives are canvassed. A man may believe himself influenced by pure motives in his movements. But his eagle-eyed antagonist perceives his motives to be base. I am deeply impressed that Bible maxims remain unchanged and should govern Christians, in preference to the maxims of the world. Are we not in danger of being consumed, one of another? Many have fallen, in these newspaper conflicts, if not entirely killed, their influence greatly injured.

I would rejoice to witness the practical carrying out of the old Bible maxim, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." No doubt Gospel truths may be elicited by controversy if conducted with a spirit that is thirsting for truth, but not otherwise.

Yours truly, A. G. McCRAW.

SELMA, Feb. 1, 1858.

For the South Western Baptist.

Ministerial Support.

MONTGOMERY, Co. Ala., Feb. 4 1858.
MENSTRU EDITORS:—Much has been said on the subject of ministerial support, and it appears to be generally admitted that there is a lamentable deficiency in the performance of the duty.

That in an age so prolific in schemes of reformation as ours is, where deeds of benevolence spring up as luxuriantly as the indigenous growth of the soil, there should not one be found who with enthusiasm espouses the cause, is to be accounted for only on the supposition that this is a hobby that will not ride well, and that Pharisees have not yet ceased to do their work to be seen of men.

The good will of worldly minded men is much more easily secured by flattering their vanity, than by plainly discoursing to them on the subject of delinquency in duty; but this was not the way of Christ and we profess to be his followers. Paul also tells us that he came not with enticing words of man's wisdom. Is it not to be much feared that in their anxiety to become popular, ministers neglect that plain dealing which is so much exemplified in the scripture! Jesus Christ evidently alluding to this thing says the laborer is worthy of his hire. But who ever hears the subject of ministerial support mentioned from the pulpit, well if it is a duty to support the ministry, it is a corresponding duty on the part of the minister to remind the people from time to time of its performance. To say that every member of a church ought in this respect to understand his duty will not suffice as an excuse for not reminding the churches of it, because what may be said in regard to the neglect of one class of christian duties may with the same propriety be urged as an excuse for the non performance of another and so there would be an exemption from all. But to suppose that people need no instruction on this subject because they know it is at variance with the plainest teaching of the scripture. For Peter in one of his epistles uses this language "I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things though ye know them." It may be said that this plain preaching is not in accordance with the taste of the present day, yet if it harmonizes with the command of him whom we profess to follow who can be mistaken in regard to the path of his duty? To deliver an oration in fair and studied language merely to gain the admiration of an audience is much better adapted to the confines of a theater or a legislative hall than to a house dedicated to the worship of the most High God,

Many of the plaintive notes sounded throughout the land have their foundation in unbelief. If a laborer were hired, who would always be uttering his complaints in the face of his employers, it would not only create dissatisfaction but prove his dismissal.—But ministers are the Lord's laborers. Continually complaining is nothing but to say in other words they do not believe that he will fulfill his promise.—There is danger of the Lord's removing those husbandmen and letting out his vineyard to others. Let him that is called to preach be fully persuaded in his own mind and wait on the ministry according to the measure of faith given firmly relying on God's fidelity, and girding on the whole armor of God as a good soldier, not entangle himself with the affairs of the world. When he arrives at his journey's end it will not matter whether he slept on down or straw, whether he was fed on bread and water or dainties. God has nowhere promised that his people should be clad in purple, but what he has promised he is able to perform. Let him that has laid his hand to the plough not turn back.

Very respectfully

A Reader of the S. W. Baptist.

For the South Western Baptist.

MENSTRU EDITORS:—I presume that it is a conceded point, that there are to be no privileged orders amongst men in our country, either as individuals or associate, or corporate companies. The race for dignity and honor is open and free for all. No honor or emolument conferred, only upon merit and the confidence of the people. These, in short, are the principles upon which our government is based.

The question arises: Are the principles just and equal? This is not a mooted question, for all parties in politics have given assent thereto. It would not show much good common sense to dispute the wisdom and patriotism of the great men who were the actors in building up the government. Experience clearly proves their wisdom in one particular, viz: the matter of education. The far seeing patriots no doubt, prevented a great deal of evil, by making provision for a general and regular system of education. The thousands of acres of the public domain bestowed for these purposes were not thrown away idly. If no other benefit accrues therefrom, the government and people are amply repaid in the fact that the schools thus provided for, are kept free from the influence of bigoted sectarians, ambitious of ruling power. There are such in our land.

In a former communication, I called attention to the writers in the Nashville Christian Advocate, in reference to this particular subject. Now I call attention to the same paper of a later date, January 21, 1858.

The "Book Editor" in reviewing the "Quarterly Review of the M. E. Church, South," uses the following language:—"The fifth article bears the title, 'Is Education the Prerogative of Church or State?' It is from the pen of Prof. W. A. Harris, of LaGrange College, Ga., which we hope will not be allowed to remain idle. It takes the right side of a grave question, and cogently argues that education ought to be controlled by the Church, not the State.—We fear however, that the disease which the Professor wants to cure has become chronic, and that it will run its course, despite the efforts of those who are trying to arrest it. There is not enough religion in the Church to allow us to hope for any reversal of the present tendencies. To us the prospect is gloomy indeed; nevertheless, we must do what we can to correct the evil in question; and we accordingly commend to those who will take time to consider the subject, the present paper, which should be read in connection with those portions of Professor Sarnett's 'Progress' which are of kindred character."

Now, a few words to the "Book Editor and Professor Harris" as well as to all whom it may concern. The fact is before our eyes, that denominational and sectarian schools are rife and thick all over our country. The most fastidious bigot in the land has opportunities to satisfy to the utmost his sublimated taste in this respect. Then why desire any further latitude or privilege?

There may be a little secret—very little—just under the surface, which if fully developed might prove a more serious evil and disease than the one now deplored. They want to have the handling of the public school fund. Give this to the Church. But what Church? The mystical body of Christ? Where is that to be found exclusively? The Catholics have long ago set up their claims, and been somewhat clamorous for, at least, what they claim as their share of the public school fund. The M. E. Church South is getting hungry for the same kind of food, and are too, becoming noisy.

Divide out the fund and what will be the result? Just this: Sectarian schools will be the only ones known in our land, and then confusion, contention and bitter strife will spring up in every school district in the country. Heart-burnings, jealousies, and neighborhood wars in abundance. Fellow-countrymen and christians, keep to the old landmarks and let the State hold the fund and disburse it according to law, and if bigots want to do otherwise let them bear the expense of their own peculiar operations in education. What denomination can be trusted with this business? The Catholic and Methodist Episcopal, I believe are now the only competitors for this high function. Can they be trusted? I fear not. But think on it.

Feb. 1, 1858.

For the South Western Baptist.

MOBILE, Jan. 18th, 1858.

BRETHREN: The Baptist meeting-house in this place is a good building. The congregations on yesterday and last night were large, yet they did not quite fill the building. The number attending on brother Collins' ministry, is gradually increasing. When we consider how large is the population of Mobile, and how few, comparatively, attend Baptist preaching, we seek for the causes. Among these may be reckoned the forgetfulness among our rich brethren of their own responsibility. The stream of business drives them along, and they seem to forget that the stream of time is hurrying them from their places. I wonder they do not, now in the day of their prosperity, engage in the noble work of building up the Baptist cause in this city.

Mobile seems remarkable for its quietude and good order. On yesterday I saw no drunkards, heard no noise. The people were quietly passing to and from church, and the whole city seemed conscious that the day was the Lord's.

I have just read the questions of brother H. Adams, of Pine Hill, Ala. I must respectfully decline answering them. They are too numerous and too indefinite. One will serve as an example: He asks me to give a catalogue of dangerous controversial books, and another of safe ones. These catalogues would fill all the columns of the South Western Baptist for many weeks. Rather dryer reading than the letters, either of brother Adams or myself.

Yours truly, D. P. BARNES.

For the South Western Baptist.

The Fathers of the Church.

Things of which we have heard much, but know little, are invested by the mind with a kind of misty greatness. This is eminently true of those "potent, grave, and reverend signiors," styled the "Fathers of the Church." Not a religious work, not a theological discussion, from the voluminous controversy on the real Presence, to the inquiries about the relation of "baptized children" to the Church—excepting, perhaps, the famous "wandering mazes" of the Stygian council—but teems with quotations and "unanswerable arguments" from the writings of these worthies. Yet, after all, we know very little about them.

For this there are several reasons. The first and most potent is—nobody reads them. They form a hundred huge folios, very heavy, very musty; and, as they have never been translated, very hard to read. I know we frequently see extracts from them in our own tongue. Enough has been translated "to point a moral or adorn an argument. Let any one inquire among his acquaintances who has read them.—Archbishop Usher spent eighteen years reading them!

Another reason is, they are regarded with a superstitious awe, which in a vague way mixes them up with the Scriptures. This is partly owing to their antiquity, and partly to a remnant of Popery, still lingering in the religious world. The Council of Trent, which figures so imposingly in the annals of the sixteenth century, promulgated a solemn edict, that the Traditions of the Fathers should be received with reverence and belief not less implicit than the Bible itself. A superstitious veneration, the result of this edict, is one of the "traditions," which in spite of our boasted Protestantism, we continue to transmit to our children.

Now I would not be understood as detracting from the merits of these time-honored men. Their works are of great value. Not in elucidation of the Bible: for we are as capable of comprehending the plain meaning of the Holy Book, and of drawing our duty therefrom, as the most ancient of the Fathers could be. One hundred years after the events recorded in the New Testament, there existed no means of discovering any thing relative to those events of which we are not now in possession. But they give their testimony to the important fact of the existence of Christianity. They impart much valuable information concerning the customs of the early Churches; and throw considerable light upon the insidious entrance of error. They show that the Christianity of that day was the Christianity of our day—actuated by the same hopes—holding and battling for the same great principles. They show that the same diversity of construction, and belief, obtained then, as now. They furnish us noble examples of strong, bold, virtuous men, spending their energies and their lives for the Faith. By quoting largely from

the New Testament, they have helped to preserve its purity. It has been estimated that had that sacred repository of our hope been lost, it might have been entirely restored from their writings.

For these things they are entitled to our warmest gratitude—to our deepest reverence; but not to that sort of ignorant demi-worship, which they often receive, and which they themselves would have sternly contemned.

D. P. BOSTON.
GAINESVILLE, Jan. 5th, 1858.

For the South Western Baptist.
Thoughts Worth Pondering.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Recently in reading a very valuable book, (Gausson on Inspiration,) the following language made such an impression on my mind that I thought it worthy of a place in your valuable paper:

"Everything in a nation may be measured by one standard; the height of their heaven. If their heaven is low, everything here on earth feels its debasing influences; everything at once becomes more limited and more grovelling; the future becomes more circumscribed; patriotism is materialized; generous traditions are engulfed; the moral sense becomes effeminated; the worship of self is alone exalted, and all conservative principles depart, one after another."

What is said in the above extract is equally true of denominations and individuals.

RENN.

For the South Western Baptist.
Winter.

"Do not count
My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use.'"

WINTER, in all its gloom and sadness, is now upon us, and we are ready to exclaim, why so desolate! For what purpose does dread winter spread so much gloom! I see how dead the vegetable kingdom! How dumb the tuncful! Hark! how the winds are heaping the snow-drifts cold and white, withering every green and gladsome grove. How dark the world! Yet amid all this gloom, winter has its use. These winds are God's blessed ministers; they whisper to the heart messages of his mercy and goodness, in sweeping away all gross exhalations from the earth. The frost and snow purify the air, and kill all infectious damps—storing fresh the earth with elemental life. The inhabitants of our cities, after having been visited by one of those dreadful scourges, know well how to appreciate the first crisp frost, and the snows of winter. The chilling blasts of winter—as the chilling cold of the world that pierces our hearts, has its use in subduing the ardor of our animal spirits and worldly aspirations—and teaching us we are not of this world. The faded leaf, and the dreary aspect without, remind us of life's last day, and of that future world to which we are all hastening. But let us turn to the pleasures of winter, and in the language of Cowper,

"Crown the king of all intimate delights,
Every heart thrills with pleasure as we
remember the long nights and cheerful
firesides; the happy associations of
Christmas and its holidays. All home-
born happiness of undisturbed retire-
ment and long uninterupted evenings,
come vividly before our minds. These
recollections, as a bright star of a dark
night made brighter by the darkness
that surrounds it, will be remembered
as winter's jubilee.

Winter has its beauties: "The feath-
ery snow that comes floating down
like blossoms on the air." The snow-
drift hills; "the skeleton trees all fringed
with silver drapery," and the "diamond
glances playing in ceaseless blaze
all over tree and field," are some of the
beauties of winter.

Winter has well been compared to
old age. If we spend aright the bright
seasons of the year, we will be prepared
to withstand the blasts of winter. And
such is life. A well-spent youth will
give us a cheerful and happy heart in
old age.

THOMAS.

For the South Western Baptist.

DEAR BRETHREN: On Saturday last, I
assisted Elders J. D. Kendrick and Gen-
try in constituting a Baptist Church in
Butler county, Ala., of thirty-four mem-
bers. Bro. J. D. Kendrick delivered an
appropriate sermon for the occasion, in
a school-house; after which, the congrega-
tion retired to brother Smith's, a faith-
ful and good old brother—who being
sick and unable to go to church, sent a
special message to the Presbytery and
congregation to go to his house to trans-
act the business—he being anxious to
be present when the church should be
constituted, believing he should never
be present at the constitution of another
church. O, the interest that was man-
ifested by the good old brother as he
lay upon his bed suffering much pain of
body! O, the feeling and appropriate
remarks that were made by him! Shall
I ever forget them? Never, while I
live.

The members received were mostly
young men and women, with a few vet-
eran soldiers of the Cross, to lead them
on their way. I never witnessed a more
interesting meeting of the kind. Much
interest and deep feeling appeared to
pervade the entire congregation. The
members are generally intelligent, and

promise to be useful—some real work-
ing go-ahead members. The church at
once agreed to have prayer-meetings
regularly; also agreed to meet soon to
organize a Bible-class and Sunday-
school, which are highly commendable.

Would that every church would have
its Sunday-schools and prayer meetings.
I think, if such were the case, that the
churches would not complain of so much
coldness and barrenness. I think the
little church, Georgiana, that is just
constituted with thirty-four members,
will soon double, and perhaps triple
that number. I think she will grow
and flourish as the green bay tree. O!

may the church Georgiana be wonder-
fully blessed, and prosper long! The
pastor, P. S. Milner, I believe to be a
zealous and good man; but few such.
I believe that his ministerial labors will
be greatly blessed in the portion of
country where he resides.

For some months past, brother Mil-
ner has not been able to preach much,
owing to his ill health, but I hope he
will soon be able to be at his post again,
able and ready to work. I regretted to
learn, on my arrival at brother Milner's,
that he had only a few days previously,
lost a lovely little daughter, about two
and a half years old. She was drowned
in a hole of water near their spring—
supposed to have fallen accidentally
head foremost into the water; was not
discovered until she had been there per-
haps for several hours, when she was
found by her kind father a lifeless corpse.

Oh! the feelings of that fond parent,
who can tell, as he drew the lifeless
body of the little innocent from her wa-
ter grave! The little girl is gone! Her
fond spirit has taken its flight into the
world unknown: yes, it has gone to
God, who gave it!

Fond parents, dry your tears—weep
not, do not mourn as those who have
no hope. The little angelic spirit may
be to-day in the arms of dear Jesus,
singing sweet anthems of praise to the
Most High! Parents and friends strive
to meet the little innocent one in heaven.

"Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight;
Lay long, before life's brilliant noon,
May come death's gloomy night."

White pills prompt the rising sigh,
O, may I never, may I never sigh
With awful power, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast.

O, let us try—O, let us try—
Those powerful arms can save:
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave!"

GEORGE L. LEE.

Indian Missions.
Receipts from 19th Dec. 1857, to the 14th
January, 1858.

GRONDA—Rec'd of Ebenezer Asso., by G.
McCall, \$50; rec'd of John W. Thompson,
Treas. of Columbus Asso., to support native
preacher to Creeks, \$109 52; Total \$159 52.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Rec'd of Charleston As-
sociation, by J. T. Jones, \$133; by J. C. Presley
by J. T. Jones, \$30; rec'd of Jno D. Plunkett,
Treas. of Edisto Asso., \$34; Total, \$197.

MISSOURI—Rec'd of P. Ustick, collected for
Protestant draft as damages \$4 66.

ALABAMA—Rec'd of E. B. Woodin, by Rev
W. H. McCall, \$25.

Grand total, \$386 18.
WM. HORNBACK, Treas.
Treas. B. I. M. S. C. Cov.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED, on the 3d of December last, by Elder J. T. S.
PARK, Mr. P. L. ETHERIDGE and Miss MARGARET R. SAL-
TER, all of Pike county, Ala.

On Thursday, the 21st of January, by the same, Mr. J. F.
WILSON and Miss MARGARET R. SALTER, all of Pike county, Ala.

On Tuesday, January 26th, in Fairfield, by the same, Mr. L. C.
TOWNSEND and Miss LAURA F. WILLIAMS.

Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative.—In our adver-
tising columns is to be found an advertisement of this
popular restorative. We know nothing of its merits or
what we read, but that is sufficient, particularly when we
see such testimony of its efficacy as the following, which we
clip from the Ottawa Free Trader:

"Having tried successively sundry highly recommended
preparations for the purpose of restoring my hair, and
lost all confidence in nostrums of that sort, until a week
ago I met a distinguished politician of this State who
had used three years with this hair, and he gave me
as a rest, but now boasting as fine a head of hair as any
could wish. We demanded the secret of his improved
appearance, when he readily accounted for it by ascribing
it to the virtues of Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative. We
shall try that next."—High River Democrat.

Business Department.

Receipt List.

Paid to Volume No. Amount.
Dr. S. W. Smyth, 10 10 52 00

Dr. S. W. Smyth, 10 10 17 00
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OBITUARY.

Susan Stanley.
Died, in the town of Sparta, Ala., Jan. 28th, 1858, SU-
SAN STANLEY, aged 12 days. Little Susan was the
fourth child of H. S. and Sarah W. Stanley. She was
died by her parents, whose hearts had been often
sorely afflicted by her joyful smile. They could anticipate
the future, when their little girl should grow up to woman-
hood, and even become a useful member of society. But,
alas! how soon is she taken from them—how soon are
they called to mourn her absence! O, surely all things
connected with this life are uncertain! But there is a
consolation in the assurance, that the grave is not the
loved one's prison; that though the body lies sleeping in the
cold, cold grave, near a number of relatives,
who have gone before—yet her immortal spirit has
gone to God, who gave it. And of will not her parents
prepare to meet the little innocent babe in heaven?

Geo. L. Lee.

Special Notices.

Elder Jas. Barrow.
Will preach at Bonaventure, Randolph county, on second
Sabbath, and Saturday before, in March; Monday after
at Bethel, Chambers county; Tuesday at Good Hope; Tues-
day night at La Fayette; Wednesday at Providence; Thurs-
day at Cass; Friday at Friendship; Saturday and Sun-
day at County Line; Monday at Concord, Russell county.

Rev. F. Callaway's Appointments, for Feb'y.
At Cassata, Chambers co., Saturday night, 13th Febru-
ary; Monday, 14th, at Friendship; Tuesday, 15th, at Bethel;
Wednesday, 16th, at the Church near Bro. Howell's;
Thursday, 17th, at Good Hope; Friday, 18th, at Good Hope;
Saturday, 19th, at Good Hope; Sunday, 20th, at Good Hope;
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Friday, 25th, at Good Hope; Saturday, 26th, at Good Hope;
Sunday, 27th, at Good Hope; Monday, 28th, at Good Hope;
Tuesday, 29th, at Good Hope; Wednesday, 30th, at Good Hope;
Thursday, 31st, at Good Hope; Friday, 1st, at Good Hope;
Saturday, 2nd, at Good Hope; Sunday, 3rd, at Good Hope;
Monday, 4th, at Good Hope; Tuesday, 5th, at Good Hope;
Wednesday, 6th, at Good Hope; Thursday, 7th, at Good Hope;
Friday, 8th, at Good Hope; Saturday, 9th, at Good Hope;
Sunday, 10th, at Good Hope; Monday, 11th, at Good Hope;
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The Family Circle.

The Fairer Rose.

The following sweet allegory is from the German of Hans Christian Andersen.

A great queen once reigned, in whose garden bloomed the loveliest flowers from all parts of the world, at every season of the year. But above all other flowers she loved roses; and therefore she possessed the greatest variety of these, from the wild hedge rose, with green, apple-scented leaves, to the most beautiful rose of providence. They grew on the castle walls, twined round the pillars and over the casements of the corridors and saloons, and the roses varied in scent, form and color.

But care and sadness dwelt in that palace; the Queen lay on her sick bed, and the physicians said she must die. "There is however a remedy for her," said the wisest among them. "Bring to her the fairest rose in the world—the one which is the expression of the highest and purest love, if that comes before her eyes she will die, she will not die."

And the young and old came from all lands with roses, the loveliest that bloom in every garden, but none was the right one. The flower must be brought from the garden of love; but what rose could be the expression of the highest, purest love?

And the poets sang of the fairest rose in the world, each one named his own. And messengers were sent through all the countries round, to every heart that beat with love—to every rank and every age.

"No one has yet named the flower," said the wise man. "No one has shown the place from whence it springs in its beauty. It is not one of the roses from the bier of Romeo and Juliet, or from Walburg's grave, though these flowers will ever bloom in legends and songs. It is not one of the roses that bloom forth from Winkler's blood-stained lance—from the holy blood which flowed in death from the breast of the hero for the fatherland, though no death is sweeter, no rose is redder, than the blood which then flows. It is also, not that wonder-flower, for the cultivation of which man gives his fresh life away in years and days—the magic rose of knowledge."

"I know where it blooms!" said a happy mother who came to the Queen's couch with her tender babe; "I know where the fairest rose in the world is to be found—the rose which is the expression of the highest, purest love. It blooms on the blushing cheeks of my sweet child, when it opens its eyes refreshed by slumber, and smiles at me with its whole love."

"Lovely is that rose, but there is yet a fairer one," said the wise man. "Yes, a much fairer one," said one of the women. "I have seen it—a holier rose blooms not. But it was pale, like the petals of the tea-rose. I saw it on the cheeks of the Queen; she had laid aside her royal crown, and was nursing her sick child in the long, sad night. She wept and kissed it, and prayed for it, as a mother prays in the hour of anguish."

Holy and wonderful is the white rose of sadness in its power; but it is not the one sought for."

"No, I saw the fairest rose in the world before the alter of the Lord," said the good old Bishop. "I saw it shine as though an angel's face had shewn itself. The young maiden went to the alter of the Lord, having renewed the vow of her baptism, and roses came and went on her fresh cheeks. The young maiden knelt there; she looked up to God with her whole soul full of purity and love. That was the expression of the purest, highest love."

"Blessed is it," said the wise men; "but no one has yet named the fairest rose in the world."

Then stepped a child into the chamber, the little son of the Queen. Tears stood in his eyes, and on his delicate cheeks. He carried a large closed book, bound in velvet, with large silver clasps. "Mother," said the little one, "oh, hear what I have read."

And the child seated itself on the bed, and read out of the book of Him who gave himself to die on the Cross, in order to save men and even unborn generations. Greater love is there not!

And a rose blush spread over the Queen's cheeks; her eyes became so bright, for she saw the fairest rose spring forth from the leaves of the book—the likeness of the one which bloomed from the blood of Christ on the Cross.

"I see it," said she. "They never die who look on this rose—the fairest in the world."

The Poor Man's Home

In every household, affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; his associations with them are associations of pride and wealth and triumph; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rage and

toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place.—*Dickens.*

The Two Ships.

Some few weeks ago, on the coast of a small sea-port town in the north of England, there was a tremendous storm. The wind blew furiously, the waves rolled high—the sea swelled and dashed about dreadfully. There was a great number of persons standing on the beach, all of whom were eagerly and intently gazing on some apparently interesting object. They were evidently in breathless suspense. They were looking at two ships, which stood some one or two hundred yards off at sea. The ships were in the greatest danger, either of being swallowed up by the waves, or dashed to pieces on the rocks. Yet the people seemed to make no movement in order to render assistance to them. None, indeed, could be afforded. The life-boat was brought forth; but the sailors dare not venture in it knowing it would be quite useless amid such a storm. What, however, was to be done? There were the two ships, not many more than a hundred yards from the shore. Hundreds of people were watching them; yet not one could help to rescue them. They were almost given up for lost. In a little while, however, a rocket was procured, to which was attached a rope. It was then fired; it went directly over one of the ships, was caught hold of, and made fast. By this means, all the people belonging to that ship were saved. The same experiment was tried with the other ship; but the rope was carelessly neglected, the people imagining they could save themselves without its assistance. In a few moments, that ship was wrecked, and all on board perished. Thus the crew of one ship availed themselves of a means of escape, and was saved; the other neglected the means, and was lost.

What a striking resemblance there is between these two ships and mankind!

1. *Mankind are in danger.* They have broken God's holy and righteous law, trampled upon His authority, and have not wished Him to reign over them. So that they are in great danger, in danger of being lost for ever; they are in imminent danger, in danger of being swallowed up by God's wrath and vengeance; in a fearful danger, in danger of being dashed to pieces on the rocks of God's eternal justice. But

2. *They may be saved.* There is a revelation from God—there is a blessed and glorious gospel which contains good news to sinners, shewing how they may escape the wrath of God, and telling how they may be saved. Jesus Christ is set forth in Bible as having come into the world especially to save. And all who believe in Him, and accept Him as their Saviour, shall never perish, but shall be eternally happy.

My dear reader, do you see your lost condition? Are you aware of your great danger? Salvation is offered to you in the Gospel. Will you accept it? A way of escape is made known to you. Will you avail yourself of it? If you will be saved, you may. If you will be saved in God's way, God will save you. But if you refuse, oh, remember the warning. You will be lost for ever more. You will be swallowed up in God's wrath and fury. You will be drowned in His displeasure.

"Oh, hasten, sinner, to be blessed, And stay not for the morrow's sun, For fear the curse should there arrest, Before the morrow is begun."

Indians at the Smithsonian Institute.

On Monday morning, 4th inst., about twenty of the Indian chiefs and warriors now in the city visited the Smithsonian Institute, and were conducted through the various departments where they evinced their surprise and delight, after their wild fashion. In the picture gallery (Stanley's Indian paintings) they were particularly interested by the representation of a war-dance around two captives—a woman and child. They were much disappointed at not finding the portraits of any of their own tribes in the gallery.

In the apparatus room, a number of them were induced to join hands, and a severe galvanic shock was given them. Some of them gave vent to the significant "Ugh!" indicating their surprise, and turned fiercely about to discover the person they supposed had struck them; others rubbed their arms and elbows, and from the general talk in their own language, one would suppose they had entered upon a scientific discussion of the nature of the singular manifestation.

Afterwards several of them took shocks singly, and it was curious to witness the grim determination with which these stoics of the wilderness undertook to assume that air of impassiveness which tradition asserts they maintain when undergoing torture as captives. But it was no go; they had to kneel to science, and, as one after another of the astonished braves was doubled up, tumbled upon his knees, and knocked into a heap generally by the powerful battery, he was saluted by most uproarious jeers and laughter by his fellows.

Some of the party mounted the high north tower of the Institute; but when at the top, only one of them could be prevailed upon to approach the edge and look down the dizzy height—most of them squatting down as soon as they reached the summit.

One of them was observed placing small pieces of tobacco on the parapet. The interpreter explained that this was intended as an offering to the Great

Spirit, as the Indians believed that at this height they were nearer the Deity than they had ever been before, and accordingly improved the opportunity to pay their worship.

On descending, the Indians had a grand war-dance, with singing, in the lecture-room, and shortly after concluded this visit, most interesting to both the Indians and the "pale faces" present.—*Wash. Star.*

Smart Children.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* thus discourses on the habit of trying to stick "book larin" in the heads of children while they are yet "babies."

"How have I heard you, Eusebius, pity the poor children! I remember you looking at a group of them, and reflecting, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and turning away thoughtfully, and saying, 'of such is the kingdom of trade.'"

"A child of three years of age! What should a child three years of age—nay, five or six years old—be taught?—Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery hymns."

"I would say to every parent, especially to every mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is much akin to us all, and in children's out-door play soils them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes."

"Let the children have free, open-air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkey, and the chickens—they may form more friendships with wiser looking ones; encourage familiarity with all that love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children love them."

"Above all things make them loving—then they will be gentle and obedient; and then, also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees will never shut the door upon you, and point where they would have you go."

The Religion of Epitaphs.

I spent some time in the churchyard, spelling out the names of some of the old inhabitants of our early days, and beholding with pleased surprise, from the (as usual) truthful epitaphs, that many of them were garnished and decorated with virtues of which, while they lived, I had not the smallest suspicion; so artfully had the Christian humility concealed their excellences!

Superstition no longer deifies the dead, but affection angelizes them. For my part I think if I were bedazzled and bedazzled with one of the tawdry epitaphs I have sometimes seen in a country church-yard, it would be enough to make me get up in the night and scratch it out. There was our old acquaintance, Farmer Veesey's fat wife, who resembled (as some one said of her) like "a fillet of veal upon castors." I looked at her in a suit of virtue which might not have misbecome a seraph. Several others of our old acquaintances I found were such wives, mothers, neighbors, friends; so charitable, gentle, forgiving! Surely the parson in our time must have had an easy time of it, an absolute sinecure, with such a flock.

It is really odd to see so much wickedness above ground, and so much goodness under it. Ah! if they could but change places, what a world it would be! Or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, "Who can wonder that so much iniquity is left among the living, when such car-load loads of all the cardinal and other virtues are thus yearly shoveled into the earth by the undertaker? Any way, however, it is a pleasant thing to find our old friends improved by keeping, and looking better in their winding-sheets than they ever did in silks or satins.—*The Greyson Letters.*

A NOBLE BOY.—"Why did you not pocket some of those pearls?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."

"Yes, there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do such a thing."

I looked at the boy who made this noble answer; he was poorly clad, but I thought how God was always there to see yourself and your sins.

"He that observeth the winds shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." Those that are either to do good or to get good must not be frightened with seeming difficulties or discouragements. Our work is to sow and reap, to do good and to get good; let us mind that, and let who will mind the winds and clouds. "A lion in the way, a lion in the street," a very unlikely place, we would say, for lions to be in, and yet it serves the sluggard for an excuse.

Do not conclude the Lord is not with you, because things go very contrary, and He does not appear for you: He was in the ship notwithstanding the storm, and the disciples thought of perishing.

THE RIGHT VIEW.—To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, a successful tradesman of humble origin observed, "You, my friend, are proud of your descent: I am proud of my ascent."

If no sin were punished here, no providence would be believed; if every sin were punished here, no judgment would be expected.

Origin of the Names of States.

MAINE was so called as early as 1623, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company, to Captain John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7th, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

VERMONT was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, Jan. 16th, 1777, from the French, *vermont* (the green mountain).

MASSACHUSETTS was so called from Massachusetts bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe in thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I had learnt" says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills."

RHODE ISLAND was so called, in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

CONNECTICUT was so called from the Indian name of its principal river—Connecticut is a Mohegan word, signifying *long river*.

NEW YORK was so called, in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

NEW JERSEY was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted.

PENNSYLVANIA was so called in 1681, after William Penn.

DELAWARE was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la War, who died in this bay.

MARYLAND was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

VIRGINIA was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, virgin Queen of England.

CAROLINA was so called by the French in 1664, in honor of King Charles IX, of France.

GEORGIA was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

ALABAMA was so called in 1814, from its principle river, it being an Indian name, signifying *here we rest*.

MISSISSIPPI was so called in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the *whole river*, i. e., the river formed by the union of many.

LOUISIANA was so called in honor of Louis XIV., of France.

TENNESSEE was so called in 1796, from its principle river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a *curved spot*.

KENTUCKY was so called in 1792; the word is of native origin, and signifies the *dark and bloody ground*.

ILLINOIS was so called in 1809, from its principle river. The word is said to signify the *river of men*.

INDIANA was so called in 1809, from the American Indians.

OHIO was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

MISSOURI was so called in 1821, from its principle river.

MICHIGAN was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border.

ARKANSAS was so called in 1812, from its principle river.

FLORIDA was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.

COLUMBIA was so called in reference to Columbus.

WISCONSIN was so called from its principle river.

IOWA was so called from its principle river. So also was—

MINNESOTA; or, the Wandering Water.

Every Child can do Something.

Mr. Sargeant says:—Do not say or think, then, my dear young children, children in Sunday-school—that because you are young children, you can do nothing for the perishing heathen.

"What if a drop of rain should plead, 'So small a drop as I Can never refresh the thirsty mead? I'll tarry in the sky?'"

What if the shining beam of noon Should in its fountain stay, Because its feeble light alone Can not create a day?

Does not each rain-drop help to form The cool, refreshing shower? And every ray of light to warm And beautify the flower?"

"To be sure they do; and your penny, dear child, given out of gratitude to the Saviour and love to the poor heathens, will help to save a starving, perishing soul."

Five Rules.

The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the following rules, which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters.

1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.

2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.

3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

4. Always to moderate as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed to others.

5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

EAST ALABAMA FEMALE COLLEGE, TUSKEGEE, ALA.

DURING the whole period of its existence, and at no time more than at the present, this institution has enjoyed, in a very high degree, the confidence and support of an intelligent public. Its patronage has been from a class of persons whose opinions in matters of education especially, command the highest respect. For their maintenance, comfort and health, and the facilities for the acquisition of knowledge, are afforded in every department. The exercises of the College are conducted with marked efficiency by the following:

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Miss L. A. ROOT,
Miss S. A. STOUT,
Miss J. E. DAWSON.

THE NEXT TERM WILL BEGIN JANUARY 7th, 1885.

HILLVILLE ACADEMY, CARROLL COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

THE 25th session of this institution will commence the first Monday in January, and close on the fourth Thursday in May, 1885.

Board can be had in town at six dollars per month. In good families, Hillville is a small village near the top of the Blue Ridge, commanding a view of the surrounding mountains. It is a healthy, pleasant, romantic and sublime scenery. It is well supplied with wholesome water and pure air from the surrounding mountains. It is a desirable place for society as our smaller towns generally. It is situated on the main thoroughfare from Tennessee to North Carolina, and is within a day's ride from the great travel of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad.

The last school year numbered one hundred and fifty students. An annual Catalogue is issued, which will be sent to any person, at any time, desiring further information about the school.

Assisted by a full corps of efficient teachers.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, SIR JAMES CLARKE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS.

Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

This invaluable medicine is unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases, which the female constitution is subject to. It moderates all excess and removes all obstructions, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

IT IS ESPECIALLY WILLING TO BRING ON THE MONTHLY PERIOD WITH REGULARITY. Each bottle, price One Dollar, bears the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeiting.

These Pills should not be taken by females during the FIRST THREE MONTHS of Pregnancy, as they are sure to bring on Miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Headaches, and Whites, these Pills effect a cure in all other means have failed, and although a powerful remedy, do not contain any calomel or other dangerous or hurtful to the constitution.

Full directions accompany each package. Sole Agent for the United States and Canada, J. W. WEBB, (late J. C. Bulfinch & Co.) Rochester, N. Y.

N. B.—\$1.00 and 6 postage stamps enclosed to any thorough agent, will insure a bottle of the Pills by return mail. For sale by C. F. FOWLER, Wholesale and Retail Agent, FARMINGTON, NICKOLLS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Columbus, Ga. (Jan. 21, 1885.)

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(Successor to I. M. Thorne.)

Invites the attention of his friends and the public to the following facts:

1. That he has been constantly on hand the Publications of the Baptist Denomination. Also, the Publications of other Denominations. He desires to make the leading feature of his business A RELIGIOUS BOOK-STORE.

2. That he will keep a general stock of Literary and Miscellaneous Books, and will receive orders for them.

3. That he will keep School Books, Blank Books, Paper, Envelopes, Gold and Silver Pens, Ink, Pencils, &c. All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

4. That the Books of the *Middle Bible Society* will be kept by him at the lowest prices.

5. That the Books of the *American Sunday School Union* will be kept constantly on hand, and sold at Publisher's Price.

6. That the religious community in general, and particularly the Baptist Denomination, have long felt the want of such a Book-Store in the City of New York, and as a result, endeavor to supply the wants of Churches, Sabbath Schools, Bible Classes, and other religious bodies, and Literary public in general. I earnestly solicit and hope to receive such a patronage from my friends and the public, as will enable me to continue the business, and to be able to do so.

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