

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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

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For Terms, &c., see third page.

BRO. JAY, in a recent letter, after alluding to some personal matters, and sending two new subscribers, whom he had just recently baptized, says:

CONCORD, CO., ALA., 15th August, 1862.

BRETHREN EDITORS: It seems to me—and hence the why it is done—that young Christians, immediately on entering this new sphere of life, should have the benefit of religious books and periodicals, in addition to the Bible—thus affording variety—by which a fondness for such reading might, the more easily, grow with their Christian growth. The S. W. Baptist is an excellent auxiliary, in that respect, combining as it does, with its religious matter, the most reliable news from the seat of war, as also all important movements of our new Government, in its onward march to independence. The three churches to which I am trying to preach the present year, to-wit: Olive Branch, Old Town, and Bellville—in the order named—held protracted meeting in July. The efforts of those meetings were much blessed. In consequence of a continued running out of the wind, after war news, coupled with the troubles of the times, our churches in this section, very generally, had fallen into a luke warm state. Such was the case at least, with those referred to above. From that condition, each Church became thoroughly aroused, during our meetings—warm brotherly love and solicitude for the welfare of sinners, supplanted their former apathy, and in addition to this incalculable blessing, nine happy believers, were added to the three churches besides some by letter.

Brother Thornton and myself, after a few days rest, not knowing exactly how to quit, concluded to commence a meeting, and be governed by circumstances as to its continuance, in our county Town Sparta; which was kept up until yesterday, from Sunday last, during which time two professed religion, and were baptized. This place, Sparta, is something of a novelty, there being no Church there; and that circumstance, coupled with others, has given the place some notoriety abroad for its wickedness; I can say, but that the facts, at some period of its history, may have, to some extent, justified such a charge, but certainly, that is no reason why such may be true of it now. And believing that it is not, more so, at least than other places, similarly circumstanced, I am disposed—for I think good will come of it, to place in a proper light before so many of your readers, as may see this article. In consequence of the close proximity of churches, in the surrounding country, at the time Sparta was settled, those who wished to go to meeting, or attack themselves to a Church, could do so. And from the fact that it has never been much of a business place, neither surrounded by large bodies of farming lands, the Courts of the county, and the attendance upon them, gave to the place both inhabitants and business. And some time since I have known the place—about twenty-five years—there has not been one leading active, thorough-going Christian, living in it or conveniently near it. And hence no one, who took much interest in anything of the kind. In the absence of the well disciplined Churches, and the gentle and beneficent influences which radiate from them such as an orderly membership, Sabbath-schools, prayer-meetings &c.,—as might be expected, there has been a less number of Church members, and a smaller proportion of piety than is usually to be found amongst a population of the same number and intelligence. Having enjoyed the relation of minister and congregation, with those people, during the last few years—though irregularly—which added to my other facilities for knowing them, which have been good, I think it can be truthfully said of them, that while they are lamentably irreligious, yet they are as respectful as attentive a

congregation, and circumstances considered, as susceptible of feeling, under the preaching of the Gospel as any with whom I am acquainted.—They have now a commodious Hall regularly filled up for religious services, and connected with it a well attended and well managed Sabbath school. They also have an excellent Male and Female Academy. A new and spacious building. I hope I will not be considered as advertising this place or school for secular ends, as I am in no way connected with either. But I desire as far as the facts will sustain me, to remove whatever of false impression that may have found its way abroad. Being, as I think an inviting field for usefulness, I hope that they may receive proper attention from those who have the interest of souls at heart.

Your brother in Christ

ANDREW JAY.

For the South Western Baptist.

WETUMPKA, Aug. 17, 1862.

BRO. HENDERSON: I have just returned from the river where I buried with Christ, in baptism, 12 willing subjects and 3 others are already received for the ordinance. Some over 25 have been received within a few past months, from among the colored people. They are enjoying quite a revival here. The chief instruments in this good work are, a large number of working colored members, lead by two godly colored ministers. Our bro. Pylant, whose working zeal is familiar to you, has, as one of the ministers remarked, helped to fire them with his good songs. I am sorry, however, to have to say, in candor, that the Christian owners of slaves here do not seem yet to be awake to their obligations, (spiritual,) to their servants. But God is caring for them, even while he is sending leanness into the souls of their masters. How long will God have to chastise us for this dereliction of duty ere we repent, and fulfill all our duty to these heathen committed to our gospel culture?—How inconsistent do we appear, to go to God's word for the justification of our slave institution, and hoard up the proceeds of their labor, while we fail to do them the spiritual service, which alone gives a Christian title to their works? We rightly defend the institution by Christian law, to hold slaves; but O! how sadly we have erred in setting up our temporal interests, over their spiritual welfare. I believe honestly, that the elevation of the banner of Jesus Christ, over the slaves of the South, is the only gospel hope, of the success of the Confederate States. God will not be mocked by us. If we take His word to defend slavery, we must submit the institution to its government. This proposition cannot be denied by any Christian.

We have around us here a pious slave population. And I will say, that a more loyal set of negroes cannot be found, unless among a more godly race. God binds the Christian conscience of the slave in obedience to his master as service to Him.—Christian brethren, God will save us from abolition misuse, if we will allow Him to regulate and rule us in connexion with our domestic slavery institution. But none can yet portray the horrors of Almighty wrath if we practice, or endorse the continued rejection of His authority over this institution. I have no doubt but God holds us accountable for all that His providence and word require at our hands, both as States and Churches, as well as families and individuals.—If they (the slaves,) should fall into the hands of the abolitionists, God knows they are ruined, soul and body, and we shall have to account for it, to our ruin. God help us do our whole duty to them, and then he will fight for us, and the world cannot harm us.

J. D. WILLIAMS.

THE PROMISES.—God hath strewed all the way from the gate of hell where thou wast, coming sinner, to the gate of heaven whither thou art going, with flowers out of his own garden. Behold how the promises, invitations, calls, and encouragements, like lilies, lie about thee. Take heed thou dost not tread them under foot.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, AUG. 28, 1862.

Rejecting Christ.

A few years ago, I was travelling in South America. "As I approached the base of a mountain which lay in my route, I found it covered with what I supposed to be an undergrowth of weeds. But I pressed my way onward, and climbed up its sides, till I reached the summit. When I had gained the top, I gazed around me with delight, and happened to look back upon the winding path in which I had ascended, and lo! my whole path was clearly marked out, to the very foot of the mountain. I found it was caused by my having walked throw a growth of the sensitive plant, as it is familiarly known to us, which grows indigenous there. It had left all my way plain before me so that I could trace my footsteps in all their curves and deviations, as I had struggled up the sides of that beautiful mountain.

A few months after that, I was reposing in my tent in California, at 12 o'clock at night, a man came to the door of an adjoining tent and called out:

"Are there any Christians here gentlemen?"

One man sprang from his bed.

"I love my saviour," said he.

"Come with me, then," said the stranger "There's a man dying out here, just beyond the walls of Captain—'s fort; and he says he wants to talk with a Christian."

They ran out together, although the rain poured down in torrents, until they came to where the dying man lay. He was stretched on a couch, I was going to say, but I hardly know what to call it, for it was made up of broken branches. On these he lay, while a few bed-spreads were thrown over him. He was dying. Let us hear his testimony:

He said to my Christian friends who gathered around him,—

"I have now reached a point at which the whole scene of my life seems to lie visibly before me. Every action that I have committed, every sin, every crime that I have perpetrated before God, seems to stare me right in the face. I can see my way clear back to my youth; and as I look, the scenes of iniquity and guilt in which I have engaged pass one and another before me in terrible review."

They sang with him, and prayed with him, and endeavored to console him, and point him to Jesus; but said he:

"It's all over now—all over! I have rejected Christ, and there is no salvation for me."

He ceased speaking. They sang and prayed with him again; and whilst thus engaged, he closed his eyes in death. His immortal spirit passed into the presence of the God whom he acknowledged to have sinned against and rejected all his life.

Unconverted friends, you will reach that point by-and-by, when every scene of your life, like the life of this dying man, or like my path up the mountain, will pass in terrible review before you. Then your anguish and your agony will be terrible to witness when you reflect that you have rejected Jesus Christ, and that He is about to leave you to perish in your sins!

Macon Georgia.

To Christian Ministers in the Confederacy:

The watchmen upon the walls of Zion should cry aloud against every violation of the Divine law.

While we are rallying our Churches to invoke the Divine benediction upon our arms, there are two palpable evils winked at by the authorities—drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking. Either of these is enough to bring down the Divine anathema upon us. Can we do nothing to arrest these evils, and avert the anger of our insulted King?

Our good President has called on us and our charges to humble ourselves before the mighty hand of God, and by fasting and prayer, beseech Him to bless our land and prosper our arms. We have done so. Now let us call on our wise and Christian President to dismiss every drunken officer who will not abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, and to

put an end to all drills and reviews on the holy Sabbath. So long as the former continues, the demoralization of our armies will place them out of the pale of God's favor and protection, as well as unfit them for the trusts, sacred and holy which have been committed to them. The latter is placing us as a nation in defiance to the authority of Heaven.

I would propose that every Minister in the Confederacy, of every name and order, who is willing to sign a petition to the authorities at Richmond to have these evils removed, send their names to [the proper authorities]. Let us act, and act at once, and the evils may be removed.

E. W. WARREN.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF SATAN.—It is usual with the devil in his temptings of poor creatures, to put a good and bad together, that by show of the good the tempted might be drawn to do that which in truth is evil. Thus he served Saul; he spread the best of the herd and flock, under pretence of sacrificing to God, and so transgressed the plain command. But this the apostle said was dangerous, and therefore censured such as in a state of condemnation. Thus he served Adam; he put the desirable-ness of sight and a plain transgression of God's law together, that by the loveliness of the one they might be brought to do the other.—O, poor Eve, do we wonder at thy folly? Doubtless we had done as bad, with half the argument of thy temptation.

BLESSED TO BE A BLESSING.—A correspondent of the "Biblical Recorder" relates the following incident: "Yesterday when I was distributing tracts in a military hospital a sick soldier, selecting one tract of each sort from the bundle I laid by his side, handed me twenty-five cents, saying, 'Here, take that, if you please for the tract cause. A tract was the instrument under God in the conversion of my soul, and ever since I have been a regular contributor to the Tract Society. It is a great work, and I hope you will do much good among us here.'"

HOW TO PRESERVE PEACE.—Mr. Johnston of West Africa, in one of his late journals, relates the following very pleasing and instructive incident:—"In visiting a sick communicant, his wife, who was formerly in our school, was present. I asked several questions, viz. if they prayed together, read a part of the Scriptures, (the woman can read,) constantly attended public worship, and lived in peace with their neighbors. All these questions were answered in the affirmative. I then asked if they lived in peace together. The man answered, 'sometimes I say a word my wife no like, or my wife talk or do what I no like; but when we want to quarrel, then we shake hands together, shut the door, and go to prayer, and so we get peace again.' This method of keeping peace quite delighted me."

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—HALLOWED ARE THE USES OF AFFLICTION.—One design, which a merciful father has, in sending us bereavements, unquestionably is to convince us that we need a Divine helper. I had once planted a few vines, and had raised by them a substantial frame work, upon which they might find a support in the storm, but they clung to each other; and, after rising a little distance from the earth, they fell to the ground, and their growth was dwarfish, and their fruit rotted; and I said to my beloved: Here let us learn a lesson. These vines are pictures of ourselves! We foolishly and fondly cling to each other, our affections fasten their tendrils upon beings as frail destitute of strength as ourselves, and, when calamities befall us, like the plants, without the protection and support of the frame work, we sink together in our weakness. If we will, mutually, lay hold upon the rock of our strength, and send our affections on the wings of ardent prayer and faith, to the throne of God, they will twine their tendrils around its eternal base, and we shall stand to show forth his praise, when the universe falls.

What Shall I do to be Saved.

"Sirs, What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi. 30, 31.

Few questions can be more important than this. It implies that man is lost—that he cannot save himself—that he desires to be saved—and that he is willing to be saved in God's way.—This being the case, salvation is possible,—more, salvation is certain. For this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.—He came in our nature, to labor, suffer, and die in our stead. On this earth he did all, and he suffered all, that is necessary in order to save sinners. Justice has received all it requires, the law has obtained the whole of its demands; and now all that a sinner has to do, is to credit God's testimony, renounce all dependence on self, and rely alone on the person and finished work of Jesus. Faith is trusting Jesus to do all and provide all, and so save us freely, or by his grace. When we trust in Christ alone, his honor becomes engaged for us; he has undertaken our cause, and becomes responsible for our salvation. We commit our souls to him, cleansed in his blood, clothed in his righteousness, purified by his Spirit, adorned with his graces, and admitted into heaven for his sake. He becomes our Savior. He undertakes for us.—His word is pledged to us, for he has said, "Every one that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life, and I will raise him up again at the last day." He cannot break his word, or fail in any one case. Every believer is safe: for him, God's justice is satisfied; for him, God's law has been magnified; for him, Satan has been rendered powerless; for him, death is abolished; and to him the gates of glory are set wide open.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God has raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."—Romans x. 9.

How Shall we Escape.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—Hebrews ii. 3.

God has provided a great and glorious salvation,—a salvation for sinners who are lost, ruined, and undone. This salvation is revealed in the everlasting gospel, and is to be received and enjoyed by simple faith. It is a salvation from hell with all its horrors, and which is perfected in heaven amidst the glories of beautified. It was devised by infinite wisdom in the covenant of peace; it was procured by the life, labor and death of Jesus: and it is now offered to sinners without money and price. Whosoever will, may come and receive this glorious salvation. But many neglect it. They trifle with mercy, let the most glorious opportunity slip, and then in intense agony have to exclaim, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." To prevent this, the apostle propooses the question, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" If we neglect to secure an interest in it now, how shall we escape the terrible storm of wrath that shall fall on the ungodly? or how shall we endure the punishment due to our transgressions? A slighted Savior, a neglected salvation, a lost heaven, will embitter beyond the powers of calculation the pains of hell. That we might have been saved, and would not,—that we were offered salvation, and refused it,—will fill us with the bitterest regrets and most tremendous agony.—Oh! my soul, if found among those who neglect Jesus, slight the gospel invitation, and treat God with contempt, what wilt thou do? Art thou safe? Safe now, and safe forever?—Remember you can only perish by your own act and deed: hell is but the just wages of sin.

FEAR NOT.—Should I be asked, what is the grand remedy against undue fear of every possible kind? I answer in one word, Communion with God. "He," says good Dr. Owen, "who would be little in temptation, must be much in prayer." Ply the mercy seat. Eye the blood of Christ. Cry mightily the Spirit of God: To which I add, wait at the foot-stool in holy stillness of soul; sink into nothing before the uncreated Majesty. If he shines within, you will fear nothing from without. What made the martyrs fearless?—Their souls were with Christ—Jesus lifted up the beams of his love upon them, and they smiled at all the fires which man could kindle.—T. Kelly.

How to do More.

More "doing" for Christ is the universal demand of all the churches.—It is the one point on which all are agreed. All desire to see among Christians more good works, more self-denial, more practical obedience to Christ's commands. But what will produce these things? Nothing, but love.—There never will be more done for Christ till there is more hearty love to Christ himself. The fear of punishment, the desire of reward, the sense of duty, are all useful arguments, in their way, to persuade men to holiness; but they are all weak and powerless until a man loves Christ. Once let that mighty principle get hold of a man, and you will see his whole life changed.

Let us never forget this. However much the world may sneer at "feelings" in religion, and however false or unhealthy religious feelings may sometimes be, the great truth still remains behind, that feeling is the secret of doing. The heart must be engaged for Christ, or the hands will soon hang down. The affections must be enlisted into the service, or our obedience will soon stand still. It will always be the loving workman who will do most in the Lord's vineyard.—Ryle.

Wounded and Killed.

It takes but a little space in the columns of the daily papers; but O! what long household stories and biographies are every one of these strange names, that we read over and forget! "Wounded and killed!" Some eye reads the name to whom it is dear as life, and some heart is struck or broken with the blow made by that name among the list.

It's our Henry, or our John, or our James, or our Thomas, that lies with his poor broken limbs at the hospital, or white, still and ghastly face on the battle-field. Alas for the eyes that read; alas for the hearts that feel!

"He was my pretty boy, that I've sung to sleep so many times in my arms!" says the mother, bowing her head in anguish that cannot be uttered. "He was my brave noble husband, the father of my little orphan children!" sobs the stricken wife. "He was my darling brother, that I loved so, that I was proud of," murmurs the sister, amid our tears; and so the terrible stroke falls on homes throughout the land.

"Wounded and killed!" Every name in that list is a lightning stroke to some heart, and breaks like thunder over some home and falls a long black shadow upon some hearthstone.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.—The following is a good illustration of the fulfillment of this petition of the Lord's prayer: "Three Indians in the vicinity of Green Bay, became converts to the Temperance cause, although previously addicted to putting the enemy in their mouth that stole away their brains. Three white men formed the charitable resolution of trying their Indian sincerity. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they hid themselves in the bushes to observe the motions of the red men. The first one recognized his old friend with an "ugh!" and making a high step he passed on. The second laughed, saying, "me know you!" and walked around. The last one drew his tomahawk, and dashing it to pieces, said "ugh, you conquer me, now I conquer you."

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.—"Do you think the missionaries have done any good in the Pacific Ocean?" was once asked of a sailor, after cruising in those seas. "I will tell you a fact, which speaks for itself," said the sailor.—"Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands where I knew that, eight years before, a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive for only a more cruel death.—When day broke, we saw a number of canoes pulling for our poor ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress, and heard some of them speak in the English language. On that very island the next Sunday we heard the gospel preached. We went to the communion table, and sang the same psalms I used to sing in old Scotland. I do not know what you think of missions, but I know what I do."

Sin and sufferings always go hand in hand; they never were separated nor will they ever be.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Thursday, Aug. 23, 1862.

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

Trip to Talladega.

Perhaps we could not more profitably entertain our readers this week, than by opening a little budget of sundries we picked up on a recent jaunt to Talladega. And first of all we will proceed to speak of

THE CROPS.

We passed through the eastern part of Macon, the southern portion of Tallapoosa, and through the centre of Coosa and Talladega. It is not to be disguised that the drought has materially affected the crops in many portions of these counties. The wheat and oat crop is an entire failure. Scarcely any farmers have made more than will supply them with seed. The corn has suffered greatly in places, particularly in Tallapoosa and Coosa. True, there are portions of these counties where the people will make an abundance and to spare; but then there are other sections where they will barely make a support, and in some places they will not make this. On the whole, it is thought by intelligent men, that these two counties will about make what will do them. In Talladega the prospects are much better. Indeed, with the exception of one or two streaks running east and west, the corn is quite promising. There will be doubtless an excess made in this county. We understand that in Calhoun and other northern counties the prospects are still more flattering. It is apparent to all that nothing has saved the country from famine but the immense breadth of land planted in corn. No cotton of any consequence has been planted in any of these counties, and we are happy to state that what little is planted is promisingly so. Hogs are abundant, and look well; and the prospect is, that there will be plenty of meat for all purposes.

CHURCHES—REVIVALS, &c.

The great number of our ministers and private members who have gone to the war, has left its sad influence upon many of our churches. Still, the light burns brilliantly in some of them. At Poplar Springs and Rocky Mount, brother Stealy, the pastor, has recently held meetings, at which the Lord has graciously poured out his Spirit. Five have been baptized at each of these churches, others are likely to follow, and some have been added by letter.—At Harmony, brother Canly has lately baptized fourteen, and several others have been received for baptism. There are also indications of better times in some other churches. Why should we not pray and labor for, and expect the blessing of God upon his churches? O let Zion arise from the dust, as in bygone days, and prove the Lord, and see if He will not open the windows of heaven, and pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it! In the darkest period of the revolution of '76, the greatest revival broke out in the Colonies that had been enjoyed for more than half a century. Why should we not enjoy such a visitation? Let us commit our country to our God, and give his blessed cause the attention it deserves. Rest assured that this will prove to be the wisest exhibition of Christian patriotism.—"Them that honor me will I honor."

While in Talladega, we preached to the church in the town and the old Talladega church, of which brother WELCH has been pastor nearly thirty years.—For the last six months bro. W. has been greatly afflicted; but we are glad to state that his health is now improving. He has now about reached his three score and ten years, and up to last winter, it could be said of him that "his eye was not dim, nor was his natural strength abated." We also learned that our beloved and venerable bro. Elder Wm. McCain, was well nigh laid aside by affliction. He has recently also buried his wife, and has not been able to preach for some time. We suppose that these two brethren—WELCH and McCain—have been as extensively useful as any ministers in Alabama.—Their record is on high—"their works have gone before them to judgment"—and in God's own good time, they will reap a rich and glorious reward. May they live to see our beloved country delivered from its perils, and firmly established on the principles of eternal truth!

Bro. Mays now preaches to the Good Hope Church, in the town and to the Talladega Creek Church. He is much encouraged in his labors. Bro. Renfro, the former pastor of the town church, is now preaching to several country churches with great acceptance. We trust that he will be abundantly blessed in his fields of labor.

THE WAR.

If the reader could have seen what we saw during our brief stay in Talladega of ten days, he would, as we think, arrive at two conclusions at least—first,

that there is no lack of energy in our authorities—and secondly, that somebody will have to run or be hurt ere many days. What we saw, how many men we saw, and whether they were going, it becomes us not to say. A little time will satisfactorily answer all these questions. Be patient, prayerful and hopeful. Our deliverance draws nigh. We did not hear of half a dozen "croakers and fault-finders" during our entire trip. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," is the motto of every man, woman and child in the country. The women in places have literally cultivated the crop, and will gather it. We heard of one instance of the kind that we must mention. A woman, the wife of a Confederate soldier, and the mother of several small children, has ploughed in the field through the entire summer, and when waited on by a benevolent gentleman to know if she needed anything, answered, "No! I can support my family during the war! and I never wish to see my husband's face until the last Hessian shall be driven from Southern soil!" Talk about subjugating such a people!

We must add in conclusion that the aid and comfort we received from many brethren and friends encourages us in the belief that the South Western Baptist will yet weather the storm. We have a most irrepressible desire, with the divine blessing, to keep our banner to the breeze, until day dawns upon our afflicted land, and we can with adoring gratitude to God, inscribe upon its folds, "The right arm of the Lord hath gotten us the victory!"

Defences of our Rivers.

It is high time that we were beginning to look to the condition of our river defences in sober earnest. The experience of last winter and spring ought to teach us a lesson never to be forgotten. If we are correctly informed, our preparations on the Alabama river are wholly inadequate to hold it against the formidable armament which will most certainly be brought to bear upon us so soon as there is a sufficient swell in the waters. This is now a comparatively leisure time with our farmers. As there is scarcely any cotton to gather, and as one half of the force on each plantation is amply sufficient to gather the grain crop, any number of laborers can now be commanded without serious detriment to our planters. Let the opportunity be improved by the employment of suitable engineers, overseers, and laborers at once; for we have no time to lose. It is madness to doubt the ability of the Northern Government to throw their last levy of troops into the field time enough to occupy every point their gunboats can reach during the winter campaign. It behooves our authorities to be on the alert, and anticipate the very worst that our enemies can do. If we are caught napping this time, we shall have none to blame but ourselves. The experiment at Vicksburg and Drewry's Bluff abundantly proves that we can defend our rivers against any armament which our enemies can bring. The people will cheerfully respond to any requisition for help which the exigency demands. Let our authorities move in this matter promptly, and all will be well.

For the South Western Baptist. A Good Example.

MARION, August 19, 1862.
On the second Sabbath in this month I was invited by brother Wm. N. Wyatt to preach to his black people at his quarter on the Cahaba river, about six miles east of Marion. When I arrived at the place, I found a very neat, comfortable, and roomy house, newly erected for the worship of God.

The house is ventilated with four large windows, two on each side—elegantly seated off in good style—a large door in one end and a slightly elevated stand in the other, on which was placed a small table with a large Bible and hymn-book on it. Every thing had the appearance of the sanctuary of God.

The minister felt, and I have no doubt but all, as they entered the house were made to feel, that it was the house of God, a place set apart for his holy and divine service. It is the purpose of brother Wyatt to have his servants preached to here at least one Sabbath in every month. The black people belonging to other persons living near by are permitted to meet and worship with his. This is a worthy example, who will imitate it? J. S. FORD.

For the South Western Baptist. Revival of Religion.

August 18th, 1862.
DEAR BRETHREN: We have just closed an interesting meeting at Sardis Church. Several were converted, and quite a number were left on the anxious seat. Nine were added to the Church—five by baptism and four by letter. Some who were converted are remaining over, and two or three will probably connect themselves with the Church at Union Springs. Yours, &c., J. J. CLARK.

For the South Western Baptist. Still they Come.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: It affords me great pleasure to lay before you and the readers of the S. W. Baptist, some of the particulars of another glorious meeting just closed with the New Prospect Baptist Church, in Buttler Co., Ala. I have served the Church for nearly three years, as her Pastor; and I can truly say that God has greatly blessed us. The first year of my labors with that people, 26 were added to the Church; the second year 30, and the present year, up to this time about 30. But the meeting referred to above, commenced on Friday before the first Sabbath in this month (August) and continued ten days, with increasing interest; and I must say that, notwithstanding I have witnessed a greater number of conversions at meetings, I have never seen a meeting characterized by greater unanimity of feeling and desires, and oneness of effort.

Christians, I think, generally enjoyed as great comfort and consolation from the series of sermons delivered, as perhaps could be desired. We were not only strengthened in Baptist faith, but our hopes and prospects were greatly illustrated. If we had had no conversions, the feelings stirred up among the people of God, would have paid both preachers and members of the church. But thank God, we did have, not only conversions, but many accessions to the church; 25 were added to the church during the meeting; 21 by experience, and 4 by letter; the last day of the meeting, (Sabbath) I had the pleasure of baptizing the young converts in Long Creek, in the presence of many witnesses. Among those baptized, were 5 or 6 who had formerly been Methodist—think I have baptized this year 16 persons who had been members of the Methodist Church. Thus, they come.

I had the faithful labors of Elder R. Gentry during the meeting to help me, and part of the time Elders J. P. Myres and P. L. Milner.

Trusting that God may continue to abide with us, I remain

Yours in Christian bonds,

Geo. L. LEE.

BURST CORN, August 13, 1862.

The Soldier's Prayer and What it has Accomplished for Him.

It is stated in an old magazine that in one of the companies that helped to constitute an army in the days of Cornwallis, there was a pious soldier, an obscure Irishman, a private in the ranks. Such was his marked piety, that it secured him the hatred of the wicked around him, and such his constant attendance on his secret hours of prayer as to cause his enemies to suspect, arraign and try him for interference in a clandestine manner with the enemy at the hour of twilight on each day. In vain did this man declare his innocence—in vain assert that he was simply in communion with his God, and that he was a loyal soldier and subject to the King. The malice of his enemies raged very high; they demanded and secured his condemnation to death as a traitor on some day yet to come.

When the strange circumstances of this case were made known to Cornwallis, he determined to investigate the matter himself, and had the man summoned to his presence. Again he declared his innocence, and in his simple earnestness told how he desired communion with his God, such as could not be enjoyed in the crowded tent, but might be in the deep retirement of the forest, at the solemn hour of twilight. "Well sir!" then said the marquis, "I suppose if you have practiced so much you are now quite able to pray."

As to ability, said the humble man, "I cannot boast of that."

The Marquis insisted that the man should pray aloud before him. On his knees before the man, but to his God he poured out his soul in such strains of earnest entreaty, and melting tenderness, as to reach the heart of Cornwallis himself. When the prayer was ended, he took him by the hand, and said he knew that no man could thus pray, who was not in habitual communion with God. He not only reversed the sentence, but took the man into his confidence, and advanced him among his personal attendants.

Soldier! what this man did, you can do! You can find time, if you have a heart to pray.

You can, if you have a will, find some place even for secret prayer.

You may suffer persecution, and endure sore trial, because you will pray. Yet God will hear and deliver you.

Soldier, prayer will always pay! 'tis true, "praying breath was never spent in vain."

"Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exercise to faith and love; Brings every blessing from above."

Christian Index.

To-morrow may be eternity with you; therefore live as on the margin of eternity, as next door to heaven.

An Answer to Prayer.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

During the period of the late distressing wars on the continent, many persons of failing fortunes, and declining health and hopes repaired from the city to remote and sheltered retreats where they might lose sight of the universal misery, and more safely and quietly enjoy their home and fireside. In one of these insulated spots, dwelt a family of the well-known name of Caradeaux, on a little farm, where they endeavored to believe themselves entirely removed from the dreadful din of arms. In this distant solitude they began to revive from their sufferings, and to sow and reap their fields. It was, however, a repose of but short duration. Soon they were compelled again to feel the fallacy of all earthly plans. A road was opened in the very border of the forest where their farm lay, for the approach of the invading army. The dread array of opposing squadrons was no longer distant. Every successive hour lessened their sense of security, brought new cause of alarm. There was no alternative. The rigors of the season, and the rapid movements of the enemy forbade them to fly for safety. At last, one tempestuous night, when the snow darkened the air, and the wind was rending the stoutest oaks of the forest, their anxiety became frightful. The march of the hostile troops was heard rapidly advancing.—The distant boom of artillery began to sound in their ears, as they pursued the flying soldiery in the immediate direction of Caradeaux's farm, and now the whole western horizon was lighted up with the flames of war, and fire, and sword, combining to erase the vestiges of humanity wherever they passed.—The good people of the farm house heard with an agony of dread the perilous notes of war, and now could almost count the foot-fall of the approaching army, and were expecting that the next awful hour might see the inmates of their dwelling consigned to the murderous legions who were invading their soil. At this terrible juncture, the parents, and grandparents, and children, all clinging to each other, rushed toward an upper chamber, barricaded and secured as well as they could, the windows and doors, and all knelt down to put themselves into the hands of their Maker. The pious grandmother presided over these soul felt invocations and read with a high and solemn voice, the prayer for the dread time of war, which has these words: "O God of might, raise a protection wall around this dwelling, to defend us against the terrible power of the enemy." One of the young sons, who had most devoutly joined in the petition, exclaimed instinctively, "May not this be too much to ask?" Meantime the night had been wearing on. The army seemed not to be gaining in approach toward the farm, which lay exactly in their expected route. The inmates of the little chamber remained in silent astonishment, and doubt as to the cause of this suspense, but when the dawn began to shed its feeble light, greater still was their astonishment! The wind had drifted the snow during the night to such a height as entirely to overtop and conceal their mansion from the road, and indeed, the surrounding country. All the family of Caradeaux again knelt in devotion, and poured forth tumultuous expressions of praise and thanksgiving; and said the good grandmother, "Behold, my children, the wall which the Lord built last night around this house!"

When the next Sabbath comes, you meet that same bystander in the house of God. Around you are a large company of travelers to eternity. Some of them are ignorant. Some of them are careless and indifferent. A large portion of them are enemies of God, with the whetted sword of Almighty wrath already hanging over them. As the minister of Christ casts his eye over his audience, he sees many who are utterly "without hope," and if death were suddenly to overtake them, he knows that they must sink to eternal darkness, and the undying worm.—Even to-morrow some of those hearers may be wrapped in their shrouds, and their souls be in another world!

Weighed down with the tremendous responsibility that rests upon him, the herald of the cross proclaims his message, with strong crying and tears.—Every argument that could be drawn from thundering Sinai or darkened Cavalry, from an open heaven or a yawning hell, is presented from a soul breaking with solicitude for dying men. And when the message of love has been delivered, and the minister of Christ has returned to his closet, to mourn there that he did not plead his Master's cause yet more earnestly, where are his auditors? How many heard his message? How many gave any heed to it? How many remembered it until they reached their own dwellings? Well will it be if some did not retire to mock and sneer at it all as the effusion of crazy enthusiasm, or a fanatical bigotry. The modern Fustus, who applauded the eloquent advocate in the court-room, pronounce this man "mad," and even many a frigid professor thinks that the worthy preacher was somewhat "beside himself" from the ardor of his emotion.

If such painful contrasts sink the souls of God's ministers here into sorrow, and well nigh to despair, how must they appear to those who behold them from another world! How they must appear to a saint in bliss, or to a lost soul in the world of woe!

Hon A. H. Stephens in a speech nearly a year ago, said: "My friends, forget not the soldier!—send him contributions to make him comfortable while he is in the service. Take care of his family while he is absent. Employ your hands and your substance in doing works of charity in this day of your country's trial. If any should fall in the battle remember the orphan and the widow and take care of them. God will bless you in such noble performance of a patriotic duty."

1. It aggravates the present distress. Much of the excitement and alarm are premature and groundless, and the divine truth which would serve to allay them—to allay them even when timely and necessary, is to a great extent, overlooked, and not brought to bear on the mind of communities and households.

2. It serves no good purpose. It does not diminish danger, or conduce to security. There is not even a shadow of military strength in it.

3. It dishonors the religion of Jesus. Does that religion leave us without support in times of trouble? Has it no anchor when the storm is on the waters—no light when darkness shrouds the earth—no promise, no power, no peace, when war afflicts the land? Are the labors it requires of us worthy to attract our hearts and occupy our hands, only when the interests of the present life are prosperous?

4. It offends God. If He be angry with us and has sent war as His scourge, can we hope that His anger will not be greatly increased by forget-

fulness of His word, by neglect of His service, by distrust of His providence and grace? If what concerns the safety of our persons and possessions is suffered to usurp the place due to Him and to His cause, He will smite the idol until it is broken in pieces and He sits again without a rival on the bosom-throne.—Religious Herald.

The Difference.

A court-room in one of our large cities is thronged with a dense mass of spectators. From floor to ceiling rises one crowded array of anxious faces.—The room is as silent as death. A human being is on his trial for life, and his advocate is just rising to make his last defence. Mark the carefulness with which he reviews the testimony. Mark the intense solicitude with which he avails himself of every symptom of feeling in the jury box. And as he draws near the close of his argument, see how his hand trembles, how his face is flushed, how his whole frame is shaking under the weight of an overwhelming solicitude too great even for utterance. Is he too earnest? Is his appeal too impassioned and fervid?—Look at that wretched criminal with his quivering lip, and let him answer! Look at that pale wife, and that group of children, all waiting in agonizing suspense for the fate of a husband and a father! Ask that breathless bystander, and he will answer, "No! he cannot be too earnest; the life of a fellow being is at stake, if he manifested any less solicitude, he would not only be wanting in professional fidelity, but even lacking the ordinary feelings of humanity."

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Secular Intelligence.

MOBILE, Aug. 25.
A special dispatch to the Advertiser and Register from Tuskegee, 24th says, Louisville papers of the 18th, and Cincinnati, of the 19th have been received. Several new points in Kentucky have been occupied by Confederate guerrillas. Richmond, twenty-five miles from Lexington, is now occupied by three thousand Confederates.

Eighty Confederates, supposed to be on their way to join Col. Morgan, had been captured at Mammoth Cave.

Bodies of cavalry, supposed to be the advance of a large force, have appeared at London and Somerset.

Gen. Bull Nelson was at Nashville on the 18th.

Trains are running through to Nashville, on the Chattanooga railroad.
A large body of Confederates are collected in Jackson county, Missouri, who are threatening to attack Kansas City. The Kansas militia have been ordered out en masse.

A dispatch from Jackson, 24th, says several gunboats were ascending the Yazoo river that morning, probably on a pillaging expedition. Thirty negroes who had been stolen from Louisiana planters, near Milliken's Bend had returned, each bringing a horse or mule.
Gen. Tilghman is here, on his way to Vicksburg to receive exchanged prisoners.

MOBILE, Aug. 24.—A special dispatch to the Advertiser, dated Jackson, 23d, says, official information has been received there that the Federals have evacuated Baton Rouge, going down the river.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 24.—The enemy at Battle Creek on Thursday night, made demonstrations as if to advance on Jasper. But last night it is supposed they evacuated Battle Creek, and are retreating or reinforcing Nelson at McMinnville.

The Chattanooga correspondent of the Mobile Register, speaking of returned Confederate prisoners from Tennessee, says:

One of the prisoners had a young and beautiful wife with him, who had followed him to share his fate all the way from Vicksburg. During the fight at Donelson, she was at Chattanooga, and on the surrender and capture of the prisoners, she followed her husband through Kentucky, Ohio, and on to New York and Boston, where she remained until he was released, and then joined him and returned back to Tennessee, where the gallant soldier, with his devoted and romantic wife, has again joined his regiment. This is patriotism, love and romance most admirably blended.

RICHMOND, Aug. 24.—The retreat of Pope's army is confirmed. A guard of 150 men, led to blow up a railroad bridge across the Rappahannock river, after the Yankees had crossed was surprised by our men on Thursday captured. There were taken at the same time the two splendid new locomotives and tenders, and five or six cars, which were to have been used by the guard in making their retreat after the work was finished.

The situation of affairs along our lines on the Rappahannock is said to be most encouraging to the Confederate cause.

Communication has been re established to the Nashville and Louisville railroad, the river being crossed in boats. A strong force is stationed at Mumfordsville and Bowling Green.

The guerrilla Morgan will be taken certain in his next raid.

Three thousand guerrillas under Quantrell attacked a large body of Missouri militia near Lexington, on the 19th, killing 300, and capturing the balance, with many arms, stores, &c. The Yankee commander, Maj. Emery C. Foster, was mortally wounded. Great excitement exists at Lexington and St. Louis. Many guerrilla bands are hovering about within twenty-five miles of St. Louis.

RICHMOND, Aug. 23.
The Senate was not in session to-day.

In the House bills were introduced authorizing the granting of medals for courage and good conduct on the field of battle, and to change the organizations of the engineer corps.

A resolution was passed, tendering the thanks of Congress to Col. Thomas G. Lamer and commander for the defense of Sevensville, S. C. Also a resolution of thanks to Gen. John C. Breckinridge and command for gallant conduct at Baton Rouge. Also resolutions of thanks to Gen. Van Dorn and command, and to citizens of Vicksburg, for their defense of the city. Also, a resolution requesting the President to use all means in his power for the release of Pierre Soule, of Louisiana.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 23.
The enemy at Battle Creek made demonstrations on Thursday night as if to advance on Jasper; but last night, it is supposed, they evacuated Battle Creek, and are retreating or reinforcing Nelson at McMinnville.

Yankee Barbarity.
Mr. Eustice, of Nicholas county, has handed me a statement, of which the following is the substance. Would it not be well to publish it, so that our people may know the atrocities which the Northern rascals will commit if permitted to domicile in our midst?

Mr. Lewis Jones, of Nicholas, had been forced to fly from his home simply because his sympathies were with his native State. He loved Virginia, and therefore the Yankees hated him. Mrs. Jones was left in charge of a little son, Foster by name twelve or thirteen years of age. Failing to secure the father, the wife of the Northern scoundrel turned against the child. Marshall Dorsey, a Union traitor helped them in their bloody work. Mrs. Jones was poor, and the little boy tried to aid in mother in obtaining an honest living. A let who knew little Foster Jones well, tells me that he was amiable, gentle and industrious. The father had escaped, and the traitor Dorsey helped the Yankees to a victory in the person of this child. They took the little boy from his mother, and in full hearing of her cries wrapped a blanket around his head, and fast to a tree, and then shot the child nine bullets. They then gathered around the body, like devils incarnate, and pierced it with bullets. The soldiers then came back to a village, and boasted of their infamy in the presence of Yankee officers, and met not a syllable of proof. J. M. S.

FINGSTALE, July, 1862.
[Central Presbyterian.]

RICHMOND, Aug. 23.
In the Senate a bill was reported from a committee on Military affairs, making an important modification in the law for granting the reception of substitutes in the army. One provision is that when the substitute deserts the person who offers him shall be liable to service.

Resolutions inquiring into the expediency of separating the paymaster's department, the army from the quartermaster's were adopted. Also a resolution calling for official reports engagements with the enemy, which have been heretofore communicated.

Mr. Yancy a proposition to amend the act so as to provide that motions to go into session legislative session be voted in open session, determined by a majority, was discussed for hours and finally rejected. Yeas, 4; Nays, 16. The Senate then adjourned until Monday.

In the house resolutions were adopted tendering the thanks of Congress to Col. N. B. Forrest, and the officers and men, under his command, for service rendered in the brilliant and successful expedition into Tennessee.

Gen. Pope has retreated to Brandy Station about 5 miles below Culpeper. C. H. H. is positioned at least accounts—some about midway between the Court house and the Rappahannock river, and an impression prevails that he would make a stand near that stream, while others think he will continue his retreat to Manassas.

[From the Mobile Register and Advertiser.]

The Convening of Congress—Proceedings in the House and Senate.

RICHMOND, Aug. 13.—The Congress of the Confederate States convened yesterday.

Among the papers submitted to Congress President Davis is the correspondence between Gen. Lee, C. S. A., and Gen. Halleck, U. S. A. Gen. Halleck states that he has no account of the execution of Manassas in Orleans by Butler, nor of the execution of Owen, but will inquire into it and will General Lee about it. Halleck expressed the hope that the war will be conducted according to civilized usages, but he declines to receive General Lee's letter touching Pope's atrocious orders and the enlistment of negro regiments, being insulting to this Government. He therefore returns the letter to Gen. Lee.

Poetry.

Jesus and the little Child.

SAVIOUR I am very weak,
Will thou hear me when I speak?
May I come and tell the all,
Though I am so young and small?

SAVIOUR,
Fear not, my child, to come to me,
For I was once a child like thee;
And though I reign in glory now,
I still have love for babes below.

CHILD,
Lord, wilt thou take my sinful heart,
And make it pure in every part?
Help me to grow a loving child,
Like thee, obedient, meek, and mild?

SAVIOUR,
I died, my child, to set you free
From sin, and hell and misery;
And none of all the childlike train
Shall ever seek my face in vain.

CHILD,
Dear Saviour be my constant guide,
Nor let me wander from thy side;
Oh, fit me for thy throne on high,
And take me to thee when I die.

A Spoiled Boy.

Who was he? He was Adonijah, one of David's sons. How was he spoiled? By having his own way, and not being corrected by his father when he did wrong. The record is, "His father displeased him not at any time, in saying, Why hast thou done so?" How do you know that he was spoiled? His conduct shows it; he was puffed up with vanity and pride, was headstrong, and disobedient, and profligate. He aspiring after the throne said, "I will be king, and prepared his chariots, and horses, and fifty men to run before him," and treated his royal parent with contempt. To what end did he come? To no good end. Such self-conceited arrogant, wicked boys never come to a good end. Hedied the ignominious death of a traitor. He was executed. Mathew Henry, commenting upon the course of this spoiled boy, says: "He in return made a fool of his father.—Because he was old and confined to his bed, he thought that no notice was to be taken of him, and therefore exalted himself, and said, 'I will be king.' Children that are indulged learn to be proud and ambitious, and that is the ruin of a great many young people."

And we regret to be forced to add, that in our judgment, it is the ruin of as many young people now as it was in the days of King David, and in the seventeenth century when good Mathew Henry flourished. "A child left to himself brings his parents to shame," has been true in all past generations, and is true now.

Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all round it is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of other charm. In no situation does the love of women appear more beautiful, than in that of wife; parents, brethren and friends have claims upon the affections; but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct are not such as those which lead a wife to follow the husband of her choice though every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband. When we behold her in her domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments and prized for the extreme joy which that presence and those endearments are calculated to impart, we can scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold her existence by a thread is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of many sinks beneath the weight of agony, that she should maintain her pristine powers of delight and by her words of comfort and of patience, lead the distracted murderer to peace and resignation.

"Jane, go into store-room closet, and fetch me the large blue jar," said her mother to her little girl. Jane put down her books, for she was going to school, and ran to the closet, where the first thing she saw was a basket of large red apples. "I should like one of those to carry to school," she thought, but she did not know whether her mother would think it best for her to have one; so in stead of asking, she slipped the biggest she saw into her pocket, and covered her pocket over with her shawl, lest her

mother should see it. Jane then took the jar to her mother, and went to school with the apple which proved to be a hard winter apple, unfit to be eaten.

By and by Jane's class in history was called up to recite and Jane was quite particular about getting her seat behind the stove, rather out of the way of the teacher's eye. Jane had her history in her hand, with the pencil between the pages of the lesson and every now and then, watching her chance, she peeped into the book, but when the teacher glanced that way, she looked up innocently as could be.

School was dismissed a little earlier than usual, and Helen Brewster went home with her to get a book which Jane promised to lend her; but she did not want to let her mother know that school was done, lest her mother might want her to play with baby or to help her in some way. So she opened the door very softly, and crept up stairs on tiptoe.—A call from the sitting-room, "Jane is that you?" It was her mother's voice, but Jane made believe she did not hear her. She crept down and out again and did not get back for some time. "I thought I heard you come in some time ago, said her mother; "I wish I had been you, for I have needed you very much. Willie has been very sick." Jane said nothing and how she felt you can perhaps imagine.

We have followed Jane through a part of a day, and seen her just as she was, not as she seemed to be, her mother and teacher; and what do you think of her? There are many children like Jane, and perhaps they will see themselves in her. Jane you see, was not a truthful child. "But she did not tell any lie," some one will say.—No, but she acted lies, and you see in how many things she deceived in half a day's time. "Little things," perhaps you will say. But it is little things which show what we really are, and which make up the character. There is no habit more dangerous than a habit of deceiving in little things because so easily fallen into.—All deceit is displeasing to God. He desires "truth in the inward parts." He is "a God of truth and without iniquity." The "paths of the Lord are mercy and truth;" and his paths should be our paths, for he has told us to follow him. Let our prayer be the prayer of good David, "Remove from me the way of lying."—*Flowers of Spring Time.*

THE STICK OF CANDY.—Two boys who lived in Rhode Island, were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving a hoop. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boys running one behind the other, and both driving the same hoop, are liable to run on each other and fall. As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Gerald, the younger, being behind, Thomas hit his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground—coming down with violence upon his bear hands and face.—Gerald, being close behind, and running fast could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas. This hurt Thomas still worse.—He was angry at Gerald for falling on him. They both rose. Thomas in his wrath, began to scold and to beat him. What did Gerald do?—Did he cry out, and strike back? He did no such thing. He put his hand into his pocket hurriedly, fumbled about, and soon drew out a stick of candy, and thrust it into his brother's mouth, as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped and looking ashamed. His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it and began to eat—sorry enough that he had struck his affectionate and generous brother.

Thus his wrath was disarmed, and his blows stayed, by his gentle-hearted brother.

What boy or girl does not know that a stick of candy is better weapon to fight with, and more sure to gain a victory, than a stick of wood, or a fist?—*A Kiss for a Blow.*

and find a Friend who cannot die; one who will never leave nor forsake you, in life or death. You have found that treasures laid up on earth make to themselves wings and fly away—come, then, to me, and I will give you treasures which never fail, and make you heirs of the heavenly inheritance. No longer spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not; but hearken diligently to my call and come unto me; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

WILL IT MEND THE MATTER.—"Will your putting yourself into a passion mend the matter?" said a grey-headed old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. "The dog barked at you in playfulness, and had no intention of biting you."

"Yes! it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy, and immediately dashed the stone at the dog. The animal thus enraged sprang at the boy, and bit his leg; while the stone bounced against a shop-window and broke a pane of glass. Out ran the shop-keeper and seized the passionate boy, who had mended matter finely for not only had he been bit by the dog, but obliged to pay several shillings before he was set at liberty.

It was but the other day that I saw a youngster fall down; and I should have helped him on his legs again, but he set up such a bellowing and blubbering that I left him to himself, that he might find out whether bellowing and blubbering would mend the matter.

To make "the best of a bad bargain" is a wise course to take; for the proverb says, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire!" and very often do we exemplify the proverb by our rashness under trial.

But I know, boys, that, in spite of all I can say some of you will be impatient. If then you happen to fall into a scrape, and in vexation are determined to run your head against a wall;—to break your shins against a post, and to tear the hair from your head;—why, I shall by no means object to it, providing that you do not begin to do either the one or the other before you have coolly considered whether it will mend the matter.

The child who throws down his bread and butter because it is not so big as he wishes it to be;—the boy who tears his kite in pieces because it has not flown exactly to please him;—are equally silly, and richly deserve that addition to their troubles which they bring upon themselves. Try then to be calm in trifling vexations; and when greater troubles arrive, why then my boys, bear them bravely.

A Soldier's Moral Courage.

A missionary in Burmah tells of a case among the soldiers at a military station.

Another pleasing feature of these men's piety, is their prayerfulness.—Thy attend the Union Prayer-Meeting regularly. Besides these, they got permission from their officers to use a small private building in their "lines" for religious meetings. They assembled in this place as often as they can, for reading and prayer. In these meetings they are unmolested.—But when the poor fellows attempt to read or pray in their barracks, they are sorely tried. At first none of them had courage to kneel down in the presence of their ungodly companions to pray before going to bed. One man told me that he was in the habit for awhile of waiting until all the lamps were put out, and then kneeling down in the dark. But after a while, his comrades, he said, began to suspect him. So they challenged him one night; and a number gathering around, swore they would not go to bed nor put out their lamps until he did. He told them he was a praying man, and that he would pray whether they put out the light or not. He said (and I have every reason to believe him) that this was the signal for a general hurrah and a storm of oaths; and that when he knelt down they kept up a bellowing and mockery, throwing their boots at him, and pelting him with balls of dough, until he had finished. He continued, however, night after night; and at last they ceased to scoff, and left him in peace. Some of his brethren followed his example; and although persecuted at first, they too are now left in peace.

Knowledge and love, like the water and the ice, begot each other.—Man loves Christ by knowing, and knows Christ by loving.

The Blood-Stained Leaf at Lucknow.

While spending the Sabbath amid the Waldenses, I met an English lady who related to me the following story of Lucknow. A Christian lady of India, during the late war in that county, while reading to the soldiers in the hospital, was interrupted by the entrance of several Highlanders, who came to bid adieu to some sick comrades. Before they left she addressed to them words of encouragement and sympathy, and reminded them of their dangers and of the importance of having a personal interest in great salvation. Giving to one of them her Bible she selected the twenty-third Psalm and read it, after which he prayed with them. As they were about to leave, they ask her for some token of remembrance. Opening her satchel, she presented each with a book or tract, except one, for whom none was left. Going to the apothecary, she procured a pen and paper, and wrote upon it six verses from 2 Cor. v., selecting the 1st, 7th, 10th, 14th, 15th, and 17th, and adding thereto the hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear."

This she gave to the remaining soldier, telling him that she should look for him in heaven.

Many months passed away, during which the regiment to which these men were attached had passed through the thrilling scenes of relief of Lucknow. One day while the same lady was going her rounds through the hospital, she was told that a newly entered patient desired to speak with her. Approaching his bed, she found a man whose face she did not recognize, but who assured her that he had often heard her name mentioned; and pulling out from the breast of his shirt a half sheet of note paper, stained with blood, showed her the leaf on which, months ago, she had written these texts of Scripture and the hymn, for the Highlander soldier. He had been his companion in march from Cawnpore to Lucknow. whenever they halted that paper was taken out and read. He had been led to Jesus, and these words were learned by heart. In one of the dreadful conflicts a ball struck him and he fell. His companion bore him to the surgeon, but it was all in vain; his life was ebbing fast away.

"Dear brother," said he to his comrade, "I am going home first.—We have love to talk of home together; don't be sorry for me, for I'm so happy! 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!' Read me the words she wrote." His friend pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with blood, and read; "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God—an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead." "Yes," said he, "the love of Christ constraineth us." "I am almost home. I'll be there to welcome you and her. Good bye; dear"—the word died upon his lips, and he was gone.

His comrade knelt by his side, and taking that torn and bloody leaf, put them in his own bosom, and then went and laid his friend in the grave. After undergoing many hardships and exposure, he found his way to the hospital, to die. Kneeling by his side, that lady prayed for him commended his soul to God. As she rose and was about to leave him, he said, "I feel that I shall not be able to think much longer. I have seen such frightful things! Thank God I have a sure and blessed hope in my death. But I have seen so many die in fearful terror!" As she was turning away he detained her for one last and dying request. "Dear madam, when I am gone, promise me that this paper shall be put into my coffin. It gave me a friend on earth, and he led me to a Savior in heaven."—She gave him her promise and left him. The next morning on visiting him again, she found him almost gone. She took his clammy hand in hers, but it gave no pressure in return. She looked into his eyes, but the film of death was upon them, and a few moments all was over. The men who had watched with him told her that until sense left him he was talking of a home with Jesus. Taking this torn and bloody leaf from his pillow, she placed it in the hands of the corpse, and that evening saw it laid in the grave.—*Rev Dr. Leyburn.*

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