

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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

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

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For the South Western Baptist.

Nov. 9th, 1861.
DEAR C.—I feel that I have much cause to thank God that I was led to apply to you, and to thank you for the interest you have manifested in my case. Nothing has given me more courage to continue to trouble you than what you tell me of having experienced these doubts yourself.

When I first wrote to you on this subject, it was with fear and trembling; for I dreaded lest you should crush out the little hope that remained, and condemn me for having dared so long to elude myself with the people of God. Not that you had ever been otherwise than kind to me—kind as brother could have been—but I thought your faith had never for one moment wavered, and that you would have little sympathy with one who had strayed so far; and I felt, too, that I did not deserve to be kindly dealt with. So it was more desperation, than with any hope of help that I applied to you.—I had struggled so long, alone,—with my heavy burden, I felt as if it might be some relief to confess its existence; and perhaps, too, I thought this confession might be some atonement for the hypocrisy of which I had long, though unintentionally, been guilty. Now I feel that the hand of God was in it, as I have at last been led to feel that His mercy has directed every event of my life. I see now that, while I have been reeling against Him and calling in question His loving-kindness, He has been directing all things for my best good. Now, it is with a feeling almost of rest that I acknowledge that I am entirely in His hands, and must be completely submissive to His will. And I have learned, too, to trust others for whom I have prayed, entirely to His tender care. For this new feeling, of trustfulness I must thank you, as having been the instrument of God in bringing it about.—Long before your note came I had experienced it—ever since two sermons you preached, about three or four Sabbaths ago, on "Jesus wept," and "I will lead the blind," &c. I never knew exactly how it came about, but from that time there stole into my heart a confidence in the goodness and mercy of God to which I had long been a stranger.

Still I fear I cannot answer, with entire satisfaction, the tests of a true Christian, which you give me—"love for His name, His people, His cause, His word." And here again I am puzzled beyond measure at the state of my heart. I cannot help feeling as if I loved His name—it would give me greatly to think that I did not, and I feel as if in earnest I could exclaim "Thou knowest that I love thee." Still He Himself has said "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And this I feel I have not done. I am never conscious of performing a purely right action; for if the act itself is right, it is sure to be prompted by some wrong motive. To every temptation I yield readily; and moreover I have never done ought for the cause of Christ, and still feel utterly incapable of doing any thing for Him. And so, as much as it pains me to think so, I must conclude that I do not love Him.

Again, I am afraid I cannot say I love all Christians. When I already love a person, my love is much increased by the knowledge that the person is a Christian; but, at the same time, I must confess that I have an antipathy to many very good people. Often I cannot even give a reason for this. Sometimes it arises from an aversion to a species of cant to which they are given. From my earliest childhood I have dreaded every manifestation of this kind; and this is still the case now, when I ought to be governed by very different principles.

Still more doubtfully must I answer when I come to speak of His cause and His word. I am afraid I do not love them as I ought. I do not

enjoy the Bible, as I have seen some Christians do. Many passages are very precious to me, but much of it I fear I do not appreciate nor understand; for now that the novelty has worn off it wears me like a "twice-told tale." I know I ought to be ashamed of this confession, and I am sorry to make it, but it is nevertheless true. You tell me there is a remedy for all this—that Jesus is able and willing to save the chief of sinners. I know it—I could almost say I have felt it; but I am afraid I have no right to say so, after having acknowledged the failure of all these tests. Still, if I have not already gone to Him, I know not how to do it; for it does not seem to me that I have believed in Him and trusted only to Him for salvation. I know I long for a pure heart, and I cannot help feeling that I love Him!

I should be glad to see the book you speak of—"Grace Magnified"—and again I must thank you for your kind effort to help me. May God reward you, as I never can.

Your friend,
A.
I had almost forgotten what you said about doing some work for Christ. I wish I knew what I could do. The S. school is now unfortunately out of the question. I never willingly gave it up, for I always enjoyed it, though I am afraid it was of more use to me than I was to my scholars.

This field of usefulness being removed, to what other can I look? I hope I am not ashamed of Jesus, but I never have been able to speak for Him. And thus I feel I am doing absolutely nothing for His cause.

Nov. 18th, 1861.

DEAR A.—Your letter, making me glad, came to me in M—n,—but I was so busy while there, that I did not have time to reply. I may have as little reason to regret the delay in this instance as in the case of my last letter; for you must know that I have felt glad, since I received your last, that you were left for a time, to be solely under God's tuition. He "teacheth to profit." I have all the time believed that the hand of God could be clearly traced in this matter. I am glad that you have seen it.—To Him, the leader of the blind, be all the glory!

And you thought that my faith "had never for one moment wavered." We little know what is going on in the hearts of those about us—we little know their struggles—we are often not aware of their being moved, even when agitated to their profoundest depths. Yes, I pray God to deliver others from the fearful darkness in which I have sometimes been enveloped—from the bitter, agonizing doubts, destroying all peace and happiness—unless it be that He intends, by such a training, to prepare them for helping some other fellow-pilgrim out of the dark, deep sloughs which lie along life's pathway. And I doubt not that God intends that you shall be useful for Him in some such way; in a way, at least, for which your late experience will in some measure prepare you.

O when I look back at my past life, there are scenes in it of which even now it makes me shudder to think! Yet the Redeemer has been good and has, I think, by them brought me to trust more implicitly in Him—in Him only. I can despair of none, if I am saved; and I cannot but deal kindly with all, when I remember His great kindness and gentleness to me.

And now let me say that you seem to have made another mistake, very common, especially among those who make early profession of religion and who do not remember the true ground of acceptance before God, and the true source of holiness. I infer that you made the mistake, from what you say of your "never being conscious of performing a purely right action; for if the act itself is right, it is sure to be prompted by some wrong motive." Do you think that is peculiar to yourself? Alas! there is not a day passes over my head, not a service I perform, but I am obliged to confess the sins of even my best deeds; and I shall expect it to be so, to a greater

or less extent, until it please God to bring me to His sinless abode. "A purely right action." I know I ought to perform none other, but I have never performed the first one that I know of. A purely right prayer—did you ever pray one? I never did, that I can remember. And it is this deep, penetrating conviction of this, that makes the gospel so precious to me in revealing a perfect righteousness which may be mine, and an accepted and glorious Mediator between God and man, who presents all our sacrifices, purifying them from all their imperfections and adding the incense of His own most holy will to our poor, worthless prayer. And thus they become acceptable in His hands and for His merits. Eph. 3: 20. Heb. 13: 15. 1 Pet. 2: 4-5.—You will wait a long time, if you wait to do a purely right action in order to conclude that you are a child of God. Jesus is our righteousness—He is our all. 1 Cor. 1: 30-31. We are accepted in the Beloved.—Eph. 1: 6. And I will tell you that you will continue to "yield readily to every temptation," until you distinctly apprehend the true source of holiness. It is not in faithful resolutions. These may and will be made and broken a thousand times, to the mortification and discouragement of whoever makes them, until it is received that the way to be holy is to realize the fact of your forgiveness—the blessed declaration of God that, whatever may be your personal unworthiness and guilt, if you do but put your trust in His Son—if you will rely on Him, alone, for salvation—you are forever free from the guilt of sin and can never come into condemnation.

You cannot deny that you love the Saviour:—Your love may be weak and imperfect, but it is real. This you admit. You cannot deny that you trust in Him for salvation, and that if He fail you, then all is gone. Then, to be holy, to be happy, to serve God, do what He commands you. "Reckon you," &c. Rom. 6: 1-14. You have for long years been trying to make yourself worthy of acceptance before God. You have tried the working plan long enough—now try the believing plan. Rom. 4: 4-5.

You find that you "have an antipathy to many very good people." This is not because they are good, I know; but because of their faults.—If they were free from these your antipathy would cease. What you have an antipathy to, therefore, is their ways more than themselves.—Now I have no idea that we are expected to love all the ways of even very good people—so long as they are not altogether perfect. We ought to do the contrary, very often. If you do not distinguish between persons and their ways, I do not wonder that you have an antipathy to some very good persons, even: especially, if they are given to a species of cant—a thing from which I shrink with perfect abhorrence, wherever found. I know a number of persons whom I believe to be Christians; but very many of whose ways I never can, never wish to like. But I am sure I desire to love piety wherever found, though in the humblest and lowest person in the land, and to love him for his piety. And I try to love these persons, in spite of their imperfections, remembering my own—to avoid their errors and copy their virtues. I believe you do, too.

I am not at all surprised that you have not relished God's word, and that it has wearied you "like a twice-told tale." How could it be otherwise, so long as you had that slavish spirit towards God? Ah! A—, you have been working up hill—and yours has been, for the most part, a tread-mill progress. You took many steps, but made no advance. May God sanctify your tedious journey to you, in making you willing to be wholly saved by Christ alone. The moments of rest you may have occasionally had, were given you because God has loved you all along, and they were in spite of your constant distrust of Him.—Like Noah's weary dove, you have sought rest—you have found nothing

permanently satisfying, nor can you, out of Christ. It is through God's tender mercy that you have not been permitted to rest on a false ground of hope, which should finally prove to you the source of confusion. Now, cease this restless pursuit—Jesus calls you to save you, all by Himself. It is time, now, to rest.

"Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
O haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, and rove no more.

There and thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest."

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

I send you "Grace Magnified." It will do you good to read it. I do not know what to tell you to do, in the way of active service for Christ. If you ask Him, He will show you what you ought to do.

As ever, yours,
C.
[To be continued.]

The American Question in Europe.

SPEECH OF MR. G. W. BENTINCK, M. P., ON THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION, &c.

MR. G. W. BENTINCK, in the course of a speech at King's Lynn, on the 30th October, expressed himself as follows: I contend that the question of slavery has nothing whatever to do either with the feud which is now going on between the Northern and Southern States, nor has it, nor ought it to have, anything to do with the light in which that feud ought to be regarded by the people of this country.

There is a very distinguished statesman who now holds the portfolio for Foreign Affairs, who on a former occasion, in talking of the feud between the Northern and Southern States, describes their position in these words: "That the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence." I quite accept the latter assertion, but I deny that the North is fighting for empire.

The men of the North are fighting for what most men fight, and for what unfortunately, most men fight with the utmost zeal—they are fighting for dollars. (Hear.) Their position now is exactly the reverse, in my humble opinion, of what their position was in the days of what was called the American rebellion, when they were themselves fighting to evade the taxes imposed by the mother country.—They were described in those days by one of the greatest poets in this country—a man equally remarkable for his talents as a poet, and for the extreme liberality of his opinions.—He went over to America fully impressed, as many others have been, with the perfection of American institutions. He remained there a few months, and he described them in these four short lines:

"Those vaunting demagogues, who nobly rose,
From England's debtors to be England's foes;
Who could their monarch in their purse forget
And break allegiance but to cancel debt."

(Laughter and cheers.) That was the opinion of an ultra Liberal poet many years ago; and therefore you will not wonder, perhaps, that people less liberal may not think very highly of their position at present. But what is relative position of the North and the South? Why, the Southerners owe their very existence to successful rebellion. They would have been, like any other colony of this country subject to the government of England, subject to the taxation of England, and virtually subjects of England, as I am happy to think we all are. I don't envy their separation; but if the North—if the United States of America—were justified, as doubtless they conceive that they were, in the act of rebellion which successfully separated them from the dominion of this country, I would ask, in the name of common sense and reason, upon what grounds can the Northern States object to the Southerners following precisely the example which they themselves set not seventy years ago?

Why is it that wherever one goes, in all parts of England, one always finds, thoroughly as I believe the institution of slavery is detested in this country, every man sympathizing strongly with the Southerners, and wishing them all success? (Cheers.)

I do not beg the question, but all I can say is that so far as my experience goes, throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever I have traveled, I have never met the man who has not at once said, "My wishes are with the Southerners." Why is that? I think there is more than one reason for it. In the first place, the good sense of Englishmen has shown them that the question of slavery must be entirely eliminated from the discussion; that it is altogether a thing apart; and that it is mere hypocrisy and fraud to try to introduce it. There is no reference to the question whatever in considering the relative position of the North and the South, or the relative position of this country with reference to these two belligerents.

Then, why is it that we sympathize with the South, as I venture to think from the way in which you have ranked, you agree with me that we all do? We do so for these reasons—first, they have fought, to do them justice, with a degree of gallantry almost unexampled, under circumstances of the utmost difficulty, under every description of privation; they have fought like heroes for their homes, their wives and their children (Cheers.) That alone is enough to enlist the sympathies of Englishmen, and I trust in God the time will never come when it will not enlist their sympathies. But there is still a stronger feeling. The turn of events have resolved into this—Englishmen love liberty, and the Southerner is not only fighting for life, but that which is dearer than life—his liberty.—(Hear, hear.) He is fighting for his home, for his liberty; he is fighting against one of the most grinding, one of the most galling, one of the most irritating attempts to establish tyrannical Government that ever disgraced the history of the world. (Cheers.)

I venture to think that in itself is sufficient ground for what I believe is the universal sympathy, with one or two exceptions, which is felt on the present occasion toward the men of the South. This frightful struggle has been going on for nearly two years, and I would ask whether it is possible in history to find records of such attempts at the establishment of an individual tyranny as is to be found in the history of the last two months of the Northern States. There is no doubt that the great mass of Englishmen loath tyranny in all its shape, but they loath more especially the description of tyranny which has been practised on the inhabitants of the Northern States during the last two years by what is called a Republican Government. And if that alone were not sufficient to explain the strong feeling in favor of the South which exists in this country, there is a tenfold stronger reason for it, and that is in the downright barbarism and brutality—I use strong words, but I contend that they are justified by the circumstances, and I am prepared to abide by them—which has characterized those who have had the conduct of affairs in the Northern States.

I have already adverted to the proclamation which was lately issued as a tardy and lame attempt to induce the people of this country to believe that this is an "Abolition" war, because, after all, their legislation and all their acts have reference to us and our opinion of them. They think of nothing else. The only idea they have is what is said of them in England and they have not heard much that will please them, I should think, for some time past. (Laughter.) The proclamation really was a piece of clap-trap in the first place to catch the people of England. Look at its real meaning and its real bearing.—The object of it was to encourage and arm the blacks, to infuriate unfortunate and misguided people, to put arms into their hands, and to generate, merely for purposes of aggression upon men whom they cannot defeat in fair fight, one of the most horrible massacres of old men and women and children that ever disgraced the annals of the world. This is the proclamation which has made such a sensation during the last few weeks; and that is enough in itself to disgust every honest man with the author of such a

document. But there is worse than that.

I ask you, is there anything upon record that can be compared to the barbarities practiced by a certain General Butler (hear) upon the defenseless inhabitants of New Orleans? Recollect that the inhabitants of that unfortunate town are reduced to the old men, the women and children.—Surely in the nineteenth century, and in a country that claims the slightest right to call itself a civilized nation, the position of old men, women, and children would have established some claim to sympathy and tolerance at least if not to kindness. But what has been the effect on this barbarian? Why, there is no act of brutality which he has not been prepared to advocate and practice against defenseless women, and he has followed that up by encouraging in every possible way, the butchery of the whites by the blacks. This has been done in cold blood, and in open defiance of all humanity, and of all civilization; and I say that so long as such acts are performed and are avowed by the Government of the Northern States, they cease to have a claim to be remarked among civilized nations.—(Hear, hear.)

I am not asserting that there are not hundreds and thousands of men in the Northern States who are men of education, of right, and of Christian feeling, of civilized habits and ideas. Far be it from me to make so unfounded an assertion. But there is a further lesson to be learned. The result of these much vaunted institutions which we had heard praised before and which we shall again hear praised by the hired spouters of associations, is this—that the nation becomes, so brutalized that the civilized man disappears; he is afraid to put himself forward; he is ashamed of his country; he has no voice in the common affairs, and the whole nation is turned over to the control of men such as Lincoln and Butler, whom I do not hesitate to denounce, after their conduct in the last few months, as men who are a disgrace to civilization. (Hear, hear.)

I have ventured to think that there is but one rational, one just, one beneficial course for this country to pursue, and that is at once to recognize publicly and officially the independence of the Southern States. It appears now to be perfectly hopeless that the North should ever conquer the South. There is no prospect of a termination of this horrible sacrifice of human life, except by the recognition of the Southern States by this country and France; and therefore upon that ground alone I venture to urge it. What has been the effect of this war in America upon an immense portion of the population of the country, and what is the amount of the distress which is now endured, and that with an amount of patience, forbearance, sound judgment and good feeling, which I say reflects honor upon the people of this country generally.

What is the amount of distress which is being endured, and which can be attributed solely to the effects of this war? Why, it is incalculable. We are told day after day that the numbers of those who are suffering are increasing. There seems to be no limit to the extent of it. We are told that if Cotton were once introduced that distress would cease. I say again, with precedent in our favor, with the existence of enormous distress in this country, and putting aside, as I do, a mere piece of hypocrisy and absurdity, the introduction of the element of slavery into the discussion I say without reference to party, without reference to anything but what I believe to be indispensable to the welfare and character of this country that we are bound at once to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy of America (Cheers.)

Goliath of Gath.—The following account of this giant, is extracted from Malcolms Bible Dictionary: Goliath of Gath was 11 feet 4 inches in height; his brazen helmet weighed 15 lbs.; his target or collar affixed between his shoulders to defend his neck, about 30; his spear 26 feet long, and weighed 58; his head weighing 20; his sword, 4; his greaves on his legs, 30; and his coat of mail, 135; making in all, 323."

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Thursday, Dec. 13, 1862.

AGENT.

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

Rev. Basil Manly D.D.

This venerable servant of God, who, for two years past, has ministered to the church in Montgomery, has resigned the pastoral office there, to assume control of the Alabama Central Female College at Tuskegees. His numerous friends and brethren in East Alabama will contemplate his departure from this portion of the State with profound regret. The church he leaves will, especially, feel their loss. They will greatly miss his earnest zeal, his sage counsel, his benevolent attentions, his genial conversations and his deep-toned piety. They will feel sensibly the loss of those pulpit discourses, so replete with the unction of grace and prayer, so fraught with practical wisdom and scriptural knowledge and so characterized by that mild, persuasive, subduing eloquence which none could resist. As a pastor we regard Dr. Manly as unequalled; and the church gaining him will be most happy, while the one that loses him will be a loser indeed. May his abundantly useful life long be spared, for service in the church militant.

Alabama Central Female College.

It will be seen, from the advertisement of this institution, that Dr. MANLY has been secured as President, his labors to commence on the first of January. The College is fortunate indeed. It needs no statement from us to inform the people who Dr. Manly is, nor any eulogium to procure him a favorable reception. His long and useful labors in, and for our State, are his best encomium. To the position he will soon occupy, he brings an extensive and mature experience as instructor and governor of youth having served, eighteen years of his prime, as President of the State University. No better tuition can be found on the globe, for our daughters, that they may be "polished after the similitude of a palace," than is to be secured under the kindly and genial care and the thorough instruction of the venerable and distinguished President.

Lincoln's Message.

We have not seen the rare document. A synopsis is all that has appeared in the Southern papers, with some reviews. The Southern papers that have noticed it all, pronounce it without interest, and unworthy of publication. They all agree in this: it is the production of the Western boosier. It is but just to Abraham to say, he is the author of all the documents that appear in his own name. The ear marks can not be mistaken. He is making a literature and shibboleths for his party; as clearly defined as the cant and shibboleths of the Puritans in the Cromwellian age. He has a style and a grammar of his own, utterly setting aside the former rules of rhetoric and logic, and the Queen's English. Here is a specimen of style and grammar taken from his late message.

It is not so easy to pay something as it is to pay nothing; but it is easier to pay a large sum than it is to pay a larger one; and it is easier to pay any sum when we are able, than it is to pay it before we are able.

We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.

An English Standpoint.

On the first page may be seen the views of an English statesman on the American question. When Southern Statesmen, and the Southern press, give warning of the state of ruin and vassalage that would follow the subjugation of the South, many think they are merely intended to arouse the South to arms, and that such consequences would not occur. Let such read the views of Englishmen upon the subject. The language of Mr. Bentinck in his speech is the sentiment of the British press as well as their statesmen. It is the unbiased judgment of people, who, from their standpoint, can render a correct opinion in the premises, as to the results which would follow subjugation. If Southern people will not listen to their own watchmen, let them heed the voice of the English and French, who testify to the same results that would follow, either subjugation or reconstruction. To gain our independence at the sacrifice of everything we now possess would be gain, almost infinite. Should we yield to gain, the folly would soon appear in the loss of everything dear to a man, worthy of the noble designation. We cannot recede without ruin, if we would. Liberty, or a bondage worse than slavery, is our doom, is the voice of Southern watchmen, and the voice of Europe.

Look well to it.

There are many things now passing under the sun of this Confederacy that should be sternly retaken. The extortioner we despise, but it will not do to gaze constantly at him, and spend all our rebukes upon such a monster, and let ruin come in from other quarters. One of the most fearful things now beheld, is the universal desire and effort to get out of the army. Nearly every man that can get out of the service is getting out, and returning home. Rich men are hiring substitutes for their sons, and men who are exempted in any way are leaving the volunteer service and returning home, and many come home without leave. And when men come home on sick furloughs, or wounded, physicians, friends of theirs, are too liberal in the extension of their furloughs, hence they tarry at home often when they should be in the army. No wonder the commanders at various posts refuse to give furloughs on every application, and many times when they should, no doubt, because when many get away from the service they will not return if they can avoid it. And thus many well deserving soldiers who are sick in hospitals are not allowed to come home, on account of the unjustifiable absence of so many from the service. In the name of liberty, patriotism, and everything that is dear, we protest against these demoralizing and ruinous practices. Sall our armies be depleted in this way till the enemy shall come in like a flood, and overflow and pass over? After having nearly perfected the revolution, shall we yield by giving up our endurance? Are the endearments of home for a few months worth more than our liberties for life, and the liberties of our children's children?

The greatest fear we have, ever had of failure in this revolution has been, the endurance of Southern people would give way. We fear not the enemy as long as our people are willing to sacrifice and endure, but if these give way, all is lost. And there are many evidences of impaired endurance, and the most fearful are those named above. All the hope we have is in the army now in the field, and to see so many evidences of impaired endurance from that quarter is sad indeed. We call upon all to exert their influence to the utmost to stop this growing evil. We allude to it with delicacy, lest we should be accused of personality. But ruin must not come without a warning voice. We wonder not that men should wish to come home; we know the endearments of home; but what will home be worth, if we lose our liberties, which will be the result if this thing is not checked. We need all the men we have in the field to meet the countless legions of the foe, and they must be kept there or the sad consequences will soon appear. The soldier's lot is a hard one, we know, but a harder lot awaits us, unless he is kept in the field.

The News.

There has been a good deal of skirmishing at various points, mostly to our advantage. At Fredericksburg has been the severest conflict. The enemy at that point has received a severe repulse. Our telegrams will give the general result. The enemy have made no attempt to advance since the fight on Saturday 13th. The battle may be resumed any day. May God defend the right!

For the South Western Baptist.

The Work of God among the Soldiers.

Rev. D. P. GOLD, GOLDSBORO, N. C.—"Many a sick man tells me that he 'is trying to pray to God for help.' A soldier deeply penitent said he wished to talk with a minister. I gave him tracts and such advice as I thought best for him. The next visit I paid him found him rejoicing in Christ and desirous of being baptized. The poor sick men are glad to get tracts—as glad as a thirsty man is to find a cooling stream of water. If tears in their eyes as they reach out their trembling hands can express thanks, then the soldiers are grateful for the tracts and Testaments we carry them. If such words as 'do sit down and talk with me,' 'do pray for me,' mean any thing, then this matter is worthy of the sympathy of Christian people. Many read and reread what I give them and then enclose it to their friends at home, while others return the tracts to me saying they have done me good now please give them to some one else.' One came to me with a donation to aid in the work saying, 'I was in a regiment that for months has been destitute of a chaplain and thus I have learned to appreciate your efforts.' Another said that he felt that 'camp life had driven him nearer to the Saviour and made him a better Christian.'

REV. J. H. MARTIN, KNOXVILLE, TENN.—"The tracts you sent have been received, a portion of which I distributed in the two hospitals at Chattanooga, and the remainder I gave to Col. Mor-

gan's Adjutant for his men. Besides, I have supplied the soldiers encamped near this place, Texans, Georgians, Kentuckians and Tennesseans. I met with many cases of religious interest. While opening the box I gave 8 or 10 to as many soldiers standing near by, and while transferring them to the shelves of the book-store where they are kept, a bright eyed little fellow in soldiers dress came up and asked if I would give him four or five—said that he had two 'Why will ye die?' and 'Come to Jesus,' but wanted others. He belongs to the 20th Ala. Regt., is only 14 years of age, and his father is the manager of a theatre in Nashville.

REV. G. C. TREVILLAN, LYNCHBURG, VA.—"Of course it is not for me to know to what extent the blessing of God is bestowed on the labors here sent forth for the salvation of the sick and wounded, eternity must disclose that. But frequently things occur which encourage us very much. I was requested to visit two men who seemed very deeply concerned about their souls—but told me that he had read the Old Testament through once and was now nearly through again, within the five weeks he has been in the hospital—that often times in long marches he had thrown away his clothes but that he felt that under no circumstances could he dispense with his Bible from which he had derived so much comfort and instruction."

REV. WM. HUFF, WESTERN VIRGINIA.—"There is a great demand here for tracts—Chaplains, Pastors and pious ladies visiting hospitals desire to be supplied with them. You know that I have collected from this region over \$2,000 so that is specially our duty to appropriate something to this field.—The Episcopal and Presbyterian churches in Liberty, Bedford Co., gave me \$40. The Post Chaplain who is a Presbyterian clergyman expressed himself as greatly pleased with our publications."

REV. P. OLIVER, RALEIGH, N. C.—"I have been engaged in the work of Colportage one month visiting the soldiers around this place. On Monday last I had the pleasure of witnessing the conversion of a sick soldier. He exclaimed with joy, 'Jesus has conquered the Dead and I am free.' Pointing to some tracts I had under my arm he said, 'These are sweet little things.'"

Rev. B. B. ROSS, writes from Clarke, Miss.—"It has been a subject of serious regret with me that my health has been such as to forbid my acting as Colporteur in the army. I love the work, love it devotedly and would gladly give it all my time and strength.—Your colporters out here seem delighted with the work. They find the great want of the soldiers to be the Bible.—'Testaments, Testaments' is the cry. Cannot this demand be supplied?—Shall these sons perish crying for the true bread that cometh down from heaven. We have no organization in the West for carrying on army colportage and hence our appeal is to you."

A. E. D.

For the South Western Baptist.

Army Missions.

Extracts from letters of our Missionary Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, in and about Mobile.

April 14th During the month of March I have preached 2 sermons, held 78 conversations on the subject of religion, made about 50 visits to the sick, distributed 400 tracts and 10 books. I cannot say that any conversions have taken place through my instrumentality, but I believe some good impressions have been made. At Hall's mills, a camp about 10 miles from the city I preached on one occasion to probably 800 soldiers and more solemnly and feeling I have hardly seen manifested by any congregation before."

JUNE 4th.—"During the month of May I spent a part of 2 Sabbaths in the camp of Col. Gracie's (Ala.) Regiment the first day it rained almost incessantly for eight hours and of course I had no opportunity to preach.—However the time was not lost as I had an opportunity to converse freely with some of the soldiers upon religious subjects. A captain of one of the companies solicited an interview with me upon the subject of the evidences of regeneration. He seemed to enjoy and to endorse my views. He was a professor of religion, but was not free from doubt. His hopes seemed to brighten as I endeavored to unfold the beauties of the gospel."

The next Sabbath was a beautiful day and had an opportunity to preach. I addressed a large, attentive and very solemn congregation. I have great reason to hope that some good was accomplished. Quite a number from this Regiment attend our church on Sabbath. I have made many warm friends among the soldiers in this vicinity. If the number that attend our church continues to increase much longer our house will hardly hold our congregation. Some of them walk 4 or 5 miles.

A few weeks ago a noble young man who was wounded in the battle of

Shiloh died in the triumphs of faith.—For more than a month I watched around his sick bed, and urged him to seek peace with God. At first he told me he had no hope. But a few hours before he took his departure, he said, "all my trust is in Christ." I have visited others of the wounded who are recovering. Some of them I hope, have been deeply concerned about their souls. There are not less than a thousand sick soldiers now in the city."

JULY 3rd.—"During the month of June I have spent a part of too Sabbaths in the camp. My first visit was to the Regiment commanded by Col. Ritchmon and stationed about 3 miles from the city. The Captains formed the companies into line before their respective quarters, and marched them in regular succession to the place of worship, my congregation therefore embraced the entire Regiment except the few on guard. The Lord met with us, and we had a precious meeting, I have never seen a congregation so miscellaneous seem to appreciate the gospel as much. I could see no mark of inattention on the part of any one throughout the large assembly. The Col. thanked me for the visit, and gave me a very hearty invitation to come again soon. I was introduced to many of the captains lieutenants and privates. All insisted that I should come to see them. I found many lovers of the Saviour among them."

Last Sabbath our church was nearly full filled with soldiers. The number increases every Sabbath. Oh! how I delight to unfold to them the beauties of the glorious gospel of the blessed God! My principle labor during the month has been bestowed among the sick in our hospitals. Such scenes of suffering I pray God I may never witness again."

AUGUST 3d.—"Among those now confined in the hospitals there are many professors of religion, and three fourths of them are Baptists. In our room where there are about twenty all are Baptists, occasionally I distribute tracts among them, which they always read with pleasure. I find but few who do not appreciate religious conversation. Besides attending to their spiritual wants, I endeavor to render myself useful by corresponding with the families of those who are too feeble to write. After performing such acts of kindness I find it much easier to bring their minds under the influence of religious truth."

NOV 4th.—"I have been assisted by a young Presbyterian minister, one of the most pious and amiable men I have ever met. It is a delightful and glorious work. Though my sympathy and physical strength are often over-taxed, I never leave those places of suffering (the hospitals) and distress without having my thoughts and affections purified and elevated, my faith strengthened and my soul made happy.—To see those to whom I have broken the bread of life meeting death with joy and triumph is not uncommon. I shall preach every Sabbath at some point to the soldiers."

M. T. S.

MARION, ALA. Dec. 6th 1862.

P. S.—Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, and Rev. S. A. Creath are the missionaries of the Domestic Board, laboring among the soldiers in Alabama. Bro. Creath is authorized to receive funds and make collections for army missions within the State of Alabama. Brethren will remember that funds are necessary to sustain this work of love among our soldiers.

M. T. S.

For the South Western Baptist.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Please acknowledge the receipt of \$25 from Hayneville Baptist church, Lowndes Co., and \$18 from Bethesda Baptist church, Montgomery Co. for Army Missions, to aid in carrying out the resolution passed at the last Alabama Baptist Association "to sustain a missionary to our soldiers." These sums were collected by Rev. T. M. Bailey and forwarded by him.

Yours truly,

M. T. SUMNER, Cor. Sec.

December, 1862.

P. S.—Rev. Mr. Howard of Gainsville, Alabama, was appointed Missionary of the Domestic Board at its last meeting. He enters at once upon his work. His field is Mississippi, to the soldiers of our army there.

M. T. S.

FAITH AND LOVE.—Faith comes by hearing, hope by experience. Faith comes by hearing the word of God, hope by the credit that faith has given to it. Faith believes the truth of the word, hope waits for the fulfilling of it.—Faith lays hold of that end of the promise that is next to us, to wit, as it is in the Bible; hope lays hold of that end of the promise that is fastened to the mercy-seat. For the promise is like a mighty cable that is fastened by one end to a ship, and by the other to the anchor. The soul is the ship where faith is and to which the hither end of this cable is fastened; but hope is the anchor that is at the other end of this cable, and "which entereth into that within the veil."—Bryan.

Too Pathetic?

Not long since I listened to a sermon, which abundantly justified the adage that one may have too much even of a good thing. It was too pathetic. The occasion was not mournful, the subject was not sad, nor were the remarks themselves more than ordinarily of a melancholy cast. Yet from beginning to end the strains were dirge like; the intonations were so pathetic, as if the speaker was persuading the people to be affected and shed a few tears. But they were hard hearted, doubtless, and refused to weep.

It is surprising what unnatural and false styles of address many preachers acquire. They can talk well and naturally enough before going into the pulpit, and after leaving it. But the moment they stand up to preach, they adopt some uncouth, artificial style of address the consequence of which is, to prevent the words spoken from having their desired effect. Some can go through the preliminary services very naturally, but as soon as the text is taken, dash off in preaching strain.—The congregation watch them for a time, as they would a balloon, beating about with contending currents, until tired of looking up, they compose themselves to sleep, or to the pleasures of hope for a speedy close. What a world of good preaching is lost or made tedious, especially to the young, by bad habits of speaking.

The preacher above mentioned read his hymn with what to a stranger, might have seemed a touch of affection; reading the Scripture followed, so as not distinctly to give the sense; the prayer was good, was evidently an approach to the mercy seat; the text was read in a woe-begone tone, and then he launched out upon the tide of emotion, rising and falling with the heavy swell, plaintively minor from first to last, with long drawn cadences, mournfully as the chanting of winter winds, exhausting the lungs of the speaker, and the interest of his hearers. Deeply pathetic, not the words spoken, nor the subject discussed,—but the intonations of the voice. He seemed ready to dissolve in tears, and be borne away by the lacrymose tide. Tears filled his eyes, and mournful expressions distorted his countenance, seconded and emphasized by solemn gestures. But still the people did not weep. Whatever they saw that disposed them to tears, they evidently did not feel like weeping.

Thus continued the pathetic. How I longed to hear some simple, naturally spoken sentence, some rough, stern word come in with startling energy, to break the plaintive monotony. If some sleeper had shouted from his dreams, if a dog had barked,—provided he had barked in a major key—it would have seemed like casting a large, rough stone into the tide of emotion, breaking up the long swell of pathetic cadences, and giving the speaker a chance to breathe, and the people a chance to think.

I said to myself, "My dear brother, why in the world don't you talk to the people? Come down off those high stilts and talk to them. They can understand common conversation. Tell them what you have to say; and if there is anything to call for tears, we will weep too." It might, or it might not have done good, to have said it to him. He was a man of good abilities, of excellent spirit, and possessed of a voice of good qualities. Yet when the service ended he was exhausted, because they had not been interested, though the speaker possessed every ability necessary both for interesting and profiting an audience. But an unnatural habit spoiled all. He was too pathetic.

Pathos, nevertheless, in the preacher's discourse, is an excellent thing.—And none has such strong incitement to it, in the daily experience of his life, and the nature of the theme he discusses. Only let it be the gushing out of waters from a hidden fountain that can not be restrained. Then it will be felt.—Then it will be pathetic in the sincerity of a true spirit, and not in the pretence of an artificial habit. Ministers cannot cry down congregations, nor conquer them to penitence and faith by dolorous tones, and the dispensation of words of mournful sound.

The Joyfulness of the Gospel.

Oh, the gospel is joyful. It found the race cowering in despair by the forbidden trace, under the threatened vengeance of Jehovah; and it will not leave them, till the last of the chosen seed are exulting in eternal song before their Father's throne. When it first visited our world, the earth was groaning and travelling in the bondage of corruption. But the Redeemer shall one day break these chains, and introduce the burdened creation into the glorious liberty of the children of God. It is already waiting for their manifestation, and leaning forward in eager hope of its own deliverance.

The gospel gloomy! It is an anthem

from the harps of heaven, the music of the River of Life washing its shores on high, and pouring in cascades upon the earth. Not so cheerful was the song of the morning stars, nor the shout of the sons of God so joyful. Gushing from the fountains of eternal harmony, it was first heard on earth in a low tone of solemn gladness, uttered in Eden, by the Lord God himself. This gave the key note of the gospel song. Patriarchs caught it up, and taught it to the generations following. It breathed from the harps of Psalmists, and rang like a clarion from tower and mountain top, as prophets proclaimed the year of jubilee. Fresh notes from heaven have enriched the harmony, as the Lord of Hosts and his angels have revealed new promises, and called on the suffering children of Zion to be joyful in their King. From bondage and exile, from dens and caves, from bloody fields and fiery stakes, and from death beds, have they answered, in tones which have cheered the disconsolate, and made oppressors shake upon their thrones; while sun and moon and all the stars of light, stormy winds fulfilling His word, the roaring sea and the fullness thereof, mountains and hills, fruitful fields, and all the trees of the wood, have rejoiced before the Lord and the coming of His Anointed, for the redemption of His people and the glory of His holy name.

The gospel gloomy! If the benighted and the only right to be glad on earth, with the assured prospect of eternal blessedness in heaven; if the light of morning with its fragrant breath and its singing birds; if health for the sick, return for the banished, pardon for the doomed, and life for the dying; if harp and crown and waving palm, and the everlasting vision of the Redeemer's glory, be gloomy, then is the gospel gloomy!

The Mountaineers of Virginia.

In an appeal to the people, published by Colonel Imboden, commanding the Confederate forces in the neighborhood of Staunton, this officer relates some characteristic anecdotes of the patriotism, hardihood and simplicity of the mountaineers of Virginia.

"On a certain occasion," says Colonel Imboden, "I halted near sunset, by a cabin in one of the wildest gorges on the Dry Fork of Cheat. An aged mother and several daughters were the only members of the family at home. The father has been in Camp Chase over a year on the charge of being a rebel, as only son is a soldier in one of my companies. I asked for corn to feed over 300 horses. The old lady and they only had a little, raised by herself and daughters, but I was welcome to it if I needed it. I took half she had and paid her for it, when she seemed to doubt the propriety of receiving money from a Southern soldier, as she thought it a duty to give us what we wanted.—Her son's company was not along and she did not see him. The eldest daughter said, 'Colonel, tell brother we are well and doing well. We expect a papa will soon be released from Camp Chase and come home. Tell him to be contented in the army, and to write to us if he can. If we had known you were coming we would have had his winter clothes ready to send to him, but we will have no other chance when you leave. Tell him we have made enough corn to do us and have plenty of meat. We have caught five large bears in a pen and salted them down for winter. The Yankee sheriff came with five soldiers along to collect the taxes and wanted to take the mare, but I had sold the bear skins for money enough to pay him, and I hope it is the last time I will ever have to pay Yankee taxes. I thought as I rode away into the wilderness that the strapping soldier, but seventeen years of age, whose home I had but just left, would hereafter, in the eyes of a just impartial posterity have a prouder claim to honor than the son of any heartless speculator, though he inherited millions of his father's ill gotten gains."

The Colonel refers in another place to an old mountaineer, sixty-five years of age, who has "killed more Yankees than any man in command since the war began." He hunts them as he does large game, and rarely fails to bring down his man at 200 yards with a long old rifle. He got two shots last week and says at the second shot "the Yankee behaved mighty curious; he put his hand to his side at the crack of the gun and laid down on the horse's neck like he was sick, and then fell off." Such was the old man's simple account of the fate of one of the invading scoundrels.

—Richmond Examiner.

Speculators.

Any one who consults Mark 6: 27, in the original, will find that when Herod wished to have John the Baptist beheaded in prison, he sent a "speculator" to discharge the cruel function. The inspired writer uses the very word, in its Greek form, ("speculator.") In that day, then, a "speculator" was one whose office called him, or whose spirit fitted

The Family Circle.

The Enchanted Pot.

A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

As a fancy illustration of the way Providence sometimes takes to protect the week against the strong, the following story has an interest beyond the imaginary scenes which it describes:

There was once a baron who was a very hard and cruel man, quick to get and slow to spend; greedy of gain and loth to give; an oppressor of the poor and spoiler of the needy. On this property lived a poor widow with an only son, whom, little by little, he had reduced to the lowest depth of poverty; so that at last she was unable to pay the rent due for her poor hovel of a house; and although it was by his own extortion and injustice that she was reduced to such straits, he refused to wait a single day for his money, threatening to turn her and her son out of the house, and seize the miserable remains of the furniture. The poor woman returned home and sent out her son to try and borrow some money from her friends; but one and all began to make excuses, for no one would help them for fear of the baron. So Holgar, for that was the name of the widow's son, returned home quite out of heart. By-and-by his path led him across a little stream of water; and when he approached the banks he saw a feeble old man standing beside it, who, as soon as he saw Holgar, asked him to help him over—he was too weak to cross by himself. So Holgar took him by the hand, for he was a very good natured lad, and led him safely over the wet slippery stepping-stones; and then wishing him a kind good morning, was walking away, when the old man called him to stop, and said, "Do not go away until I have thanked you and paid you for your trouble."

"I don't want to be paid," Holgar said; "I am not such a churl as to refuse to help a fellow creature in distress; so good-bye."

"Nay," said the old man, putting his hand in his sack and pulling out a three-legged copper pot, "but take that with you."

"I am very much obliged," answered Holgar, "but the pot will be of no use; for the truth is, we have nothing to boil in it."

"Never mind you about that," said the old man; "you just put it on the fire and see what will happen."

So Holgar took the pot, which was for all the world like any other copper pot, and went home to his mother and showed her what he had got, and told her how all their friends had refused to help them. But the mother kicked the pot away with her foot, and rocked herself backwards and forwards in her chair, lamenting the unkindness of their friends; and Holgar said: "Mother, I shall do as the old man told me—I shall set it on the fire."

So he set it on; and no sooner did the pot feel the smoke and flames curling about it, than it called out, "I run! I run!"

"Where do you run to?" asked the widow suddenly stopping in her lamentations, and starting up; but the pot only cried, "I run! I run!"

"Well, run, then!" quoth the woman, "and fetch us some of the good soup, such as I saw on the baron's kitchen gate."

Scarcely had she spoken when the pot flew out of the cottage door, and presently returned filled with the most delicious soup. Oh, it smelt so nice! For a moment or two the mother and son stood quite amazed, but soon recovering their senses, they fell to and ate it up.

But Holgar said, "Let us see if it can bring us anything else but eatables; for food is a good thing, but money is better." So he put the pot on the fire again, and stirred the fire to make it burn brightly, and as soon as ever the pot felt the flames, it called out as before, "I run! I run!"

"Run, then," said Holgar, "and bring us the ten pounds we owe the baron."

So the pot flew off, and when it came back—there lay ten golden sovereigns in the bottom.

"Now the baron being a great miser, went every day to his money-box and counted his money, and sorely vexed every day when he found something wrong. There must be some one who has a false key he thought; so the next night he hid himself behind the curtain and watched. Presently he heard a low knocking, and peeping out, he saw the window open of its own accord, and a little copper pot on three legs come in. It knocked with its handle on the money-box, and the lid flew open and the pot scraped into itself some money, and and jumped out of the window, and the lid and window shut of their own accord.

"Well," exclaimed the baron, "this beats Gaffer Clinch's cat!" But the next night the baron was on the watch again, and as the pot had collected the money it wanted, he laid hold of it by one of the legs, and thought now the thief was caught. But lo and behold! the pot was stronger than he was, and dragged him across the room up to the window, and had he not let go its leg, would surely have flown off with him. "O, well, just you wait, my good pot," said the baron, "you have got away this time; but you shall not make a goose of me again."

The next night, as soon as ever the pot had entered the room on its three copper legs, and scraped together the money, the baron, who was a stout, heavy man clapped himself down upon it, and bursting out laughing, said in a taunting tone, "Now my lad, let us see what you can do." But the pot minded him no more, than if he had been a feather, and, while the baron was fain to hold tight on its sides, flew out of the window with him over the field and meadow, over stock and stone, and did not stop until it stood below the widows chimney-piece.

"Why, what's come to the pot?" cried the widow; "it has brought the baron." And she and her son were frightened when they saw the lord of the manor sitting there amongst the ashes.

As soon as the baron had recovered breath enough to speak, he exclaimed, "Oh, you wicked woman, I will have you and your son hung and burnt. So it is your pot that has been robbing me every day, and breaking open my money-box."

In vain the widow and Holgar protested they knew not where the pot got the things it bought them.

There the baron sat, boiling with passion and refusing to listen to a word.

"Hold him fast, Pot," said Holgar, when he saw the baron trying to get up; "if you mean to revenge yourself in that manner you shall sit there forever."

No sooner had he said it when the baron found himself so tightly glued to the pot, that he could not, though he tried with all his strength, get free from it. He tugged and tugged until he and the pot both rolled over on the floor together, and Holgar and his mother stood by, laughing until their sides ached. When the baron found that his strength was of no use, he stopped rolling about and said, "Let me go, good people, and I will not punish you at all."

"That will not do," said Holgar; "I will have the leases of my father's former house, and you must supply me with horses, cows, and sheep, and all things necessary for a farm."

"No, no!" roared the baron writhing and twisting himself about as he spoke—"No! that I never will I will die first."

"Ah, well," said Holgar, "never is a long day. You may sit there and think about it." So he put on his hat, and went out of doors. But he had hardly been gone above a quarter of an hour, when his mother came running after him, and called him back; and as soon as the baron saw him he told him he would consent to all he asked. Then Holgar sent for some of the neighbors, and put it all down upon a paper, and made the baron sign it, and then told him he might get up and go home as soon as he pleased. So he arose and slunk home quite ashamed of himself, grinding his teeth for very anger, and vowing vengeance. However, he was so afraid of Holgar and his pot that he thought it best to keep his word, and let him and his mother alone for the future. Perhaps, had he known the truth he might have behaved less will; for the very day that he fulfilled his contract, and put Holgar and his mother in possession of the farm, the copper pot, greatly to Holgar's grief, disappeared. But no doubt he was better off without it, for odd ways of getting things are generally wrong.

ways, and the enchanted pot might not always have been so discreet as to have taken only just what belonged to his mother, and so might in the end have brought them into sad trouble and disgrace.

The Star of Bethlehem.

A traveler over the desert left his tent one evening, alone, for the purpose of obtaining a view of the sea, which his Arab servant told him could be seen from a little elevation in the distance. On reaching the point indicated, the view was truly sublime. The sea in all its grandeur lay before him, its restless billows dashing on the shore, while the interminable waste of sand stretched almost as far as the eye could see, save where the lofty mountains reared their snow-covered summits to the skies.

The exceeding beauty of the scene so captivated him that all else was at the time forgotten, until the shades of evening admonished him to return. But the sudden gusts of wind, which swept over the desert, here raising the sand in mounds, then depressing the surface like the gently undulating of our own land, had so much changed the appearance of the spot, that the terrible conviction came over his mind that he was lost. He wandered about for some time in vain; wearied and sad, he resolved to lie down until morning should come to his aid.

But as he lay thoughts of the fierce Bedouin, that scourge of the desert, came across him. Then fears of the terrible beasts who select the darkness of the night to seek their prey, overcame all other considerations, and he determined to make one effort more; and what was his joy on reaching one of these sandy elevations, to see the faint glimmering of a light!—Could it be an Arab tent? no matter, at all hazards it must be reached. But no sooner had he descended from the spot where he stood than the billowy surface hid it from his view. Here was a new difficulty—how was it to be overcome? Again he reached the rising ground, and, fixed on a star in the direction he sought; he followed it like the Magi of old, till it brought what proved to be his own tent.

Traveler to eternity! in gazing on the pleasures of this fleeting world, in thus suffering its cares to engross so much of your attention, you have lost your way. Allurements are on every side to ensnare you, and Satan goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Arise! the star of Bethlehem shines on thee.—Follow its guidance; it shall lead thee to thy home.

Christian bearing the burden and heat of the day, has thy faith grown faint? Dost thou see no reward for thy labors? Are thy prayers unanswered? Has Christ's service become a task? Is the yoke grievous? Or do the corruptions and deceitfulness of thy heart cause thee to falter? Art thou oppressed and wearied with thine earthly allotment? Look up! The day star beams on thee! Soon shall it guide thee to thy Father's house!

Paid in Your Own Coin.

"Grandmother, I hate to go away from you; you like me, and nobody else does. Last night George Reddin and I had a quarrel; I struck him, and he struck me. Nobody likes me." Peter Jones said this as he was sitting on his trunk ready to start for home.

"He only paid you in your own coin," said grandmother; "people generally do—a blow for a blow, cross words for cross words, hate for hate." "I don't know but it is so," said Peter, looking very sorry, "but it is a poor sort of coin."

"How different it would be if your pockets were full of the right sort of coin," said grandmother. "What kind?" asked Peter. "The coin of kindness," said grandmother. "If the great pockets of your heart were full of that sort of coin, the more you paid away, the more you'd get back, for you are generally paid in your own coin, you know, then how happy you would be."

"The coin of kindness," repeated Peter, slowly; "that is a good coin; isn't it? I wish my pockets were full of it, grandmother. If I'd be kind to the boys they'd be kind to me." "Just so," said grandmother.

Peter's own mother died. After that he was sent to grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve himself. Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. Peter did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like

his new mother, and that she would not like him. "That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother; "carry love of kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty." The idea struck the boy favorably.—He wished he could, hesaid.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind, and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The next morning he arose early, as he was used to do at grandmother's and came down stairs, where every thing being new, he felt very strange and lonely. "I know I shan't be contented here, said he to himself, "I know I shan't. I'm afraid there is not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter went up to her and said, "Mother, what can I do to help you?" "My dear boy," she said, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help you? for I am afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother."

What a sweet kiss was that. It made him so happy. "That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter. Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

A Paying Business.

At the close of a great meeting in Mississippi, a Presbyterian minister gave notice that a collection would be taken up for gospel purposes in the neighborhood. A Methodist preacher also present, and who had just preached the sermon, it being his regular Sabbath at this place, then rose and remarked that very little had been done toward the proper support of the gospel, or of himself. That he had begun his circuit with two horses; one was used up; he expected the other would soon go, and he would have to go afoot. Charity began at home; and besides, brethren, Christianity is a paying business; it pays; a profit even in this world. Did you ever hear the story of the infidel in the Tennessee camp meeting?—Well, I'll tell you.

"Up in Tennessee once there was a camp meeting held in a notoriously bad neighborhood; and when, at the close of exercises, the hat was sent round, a roll of notes, about fifty dollars, was found. The brethren in those parts; in those days, being rather poor, considerable speculation was had as to where that fifty dollars came from; and next year it was decided to keep an eye on that hat, and see if it was done over again. Sure enough next year's meeting there was another fifty, just as before, and it was traced to an infidel, reviling, country store-keeper near the camp, and who was never known to say or do a good thing for God's people.—So the elders called the man aside, and said,

"Did you put that 'ere fifty in that hat?"

"Well, I did."

"Mistake, aint it?"

"No sirs; I never makes mistakes. It is all right. Afore you chaps cum round these diggin's preaching, I couldn't keep 'ere a pig; ne'er a yearling, no where, and I lost a powerful sight of truck; and now, gentlemen, I keeps the most of 'em. It's a paying business to keep you here, and I goes in for it."—Western Christian Advocate.

BEARING THE CROSS.—Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, was at one time an object of much contempt for Christ's sake and the gospel's. And, though usually bore up bravely, it was trying to know that nobody liked to be seen in his company; and one day, as he walked along with his little testament in his hand, he prayed that God would send him some cordial in his word. Opening the book his eye alighted on the text:—"They found a man name simon (or simeon) by name; him they compelled to bear his (Jesus) Cross." "And when I read that," he tells, "I exclaimed;—'Lord lay it on me; lay it on me; I will gladly bear the cross for thy sake.' And I henceforth bound persecution as a wreath of glory round my brow."

Wicked hopes, like unskillful guides, mislead the unwary.

DR. LITTLE'S
VERMIFUGE.
In LARGE Bottles and Vials.
Nothing else is required to relieve children of Worms; and besides being one of the cheapest and best Vermifuges ever offered to the public, its frequent use in families will save much trouble and expense, as well as the lives of many children—for eight out of every ten cases generally require it.

A CARD.
DR. J. B. GORMAN having extensively used LITTLE'S VERMIFUGE, takes pleasure in saying it is the most valuable remedy to cure children of WORMS he ever knew. A dollar bottle is quite sufficient for 25 cases.
TALBOTTON, Ga., Feb. 2, 1862.

LITTLE'S
ANODYNE COUGH DROPS.
A certain cure for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pain in the Throat; also Croup, Whooping Cough, &c., &c.
This is a pleasant medicine to take, producing immediate relief, and in case of ten cases a prompt cure. It exercises the most controlling influence over Coughs and Irritation of the Lungs of any remedy known, often stopping the most violent in a few hours, or at most in a day or two. Many cases thought to be decidedly consumptive, have been cured by using a few bottles. As anodyne expectorant, without straining the bowels, it stands paramount to all cough mixtures.

LITTLE'S
FRENCH MIXTURE.
This is prepared from a French Recipe (in the form of No. 1 and 2; the first for the acute, and No. 2 for the chronic stage), and from its unsurpassed success in likely to supersede every other remedy for the cure of diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gonorrhea, Rheumatism, and Leucorrhoea, or Fluor Albus adfectus. This extensive compound combines properties totally different in taste and character from any thing to be found in the United States Pharmacopoeia; and in point of safety and efficiency is unrivaled in America.

LITTLE'S
RINGWORM & TETTER OINTMENT.
FORTIS, No. 2.
Hundreds of cases of Chronic Tetter, Scald Head, and diseases of the skin generally, have been cured by this remedy; and since the introduction of the same it is likely to supersede every other remedy for the cure of these diseases. This ointment has been found that it will not effectually eradicate in a short time. For the cure of Catarrhs of the Eyes and Ears it is applied in the form of plaster, and is almost infallible.

Wm. J. Little
and also his name blown into the glass of each bottle.
All orders and letters to be addressed to
LITTLE & BRO.,
Wholesale Druggists, Macon, Ga.

Business Cards.
N. GACHET,
Attorney at Law,
TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Office at the old stand east of Brewer's (now Kelly's) Hotel.
July 24, 1862. 1y

G. W. GUNN, R. L. MAYES, R. H. ABERCROMBIE,
GRAHAM, MAYES & ABERCROMBIE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Tuskegee, Macon County, Alabama.
Will practice in the Courts of Macon, and the surrounding Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court at Montgomery.
Office up stairs in Echols' new building.
December 15, 1859. 25-17

JOHN D. CUNNINGHAM,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell and Tallapoosa counties.
Particular attention paid to collecting and securing claims.
Office over the Post Office.
Tuskegee, Ala., February 6, 1862.

W. P. CHILTON, JR.,
W. P. CHILTON & SON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Solicitor in Chancery,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and the surrounding counties; in the Supreme Court of the State, and the Confederate States District Court for the Middle District of Alabama.
Office on Market St., in Masonic Building.

G. W. GUNN, L. STANAGE, JAMES ARMSTRONG,
GUNN, STANAGE & ARMSTRONG,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery,
Tuskegee, Ala., Jan. 19, 1860. 1y

SMITH & POU,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Practice in Macon and adjoining Counties.
Office up stairs in Echols' new brick building.
BRYAN R. SMITH. ED. W. POU.
Mar 17 1860. 1y

FERRELL & MCKINNE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Tuskegee, Ala.
April 19, 1860. 1y

J. H. CADDENHEAD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala.
Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Russell.
June 12, 1861.

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

SCHEDULE
OF
Tuskegee Rail Road.
FIRST TRAIN leaves the Depot in Tuskegee at 9.15 a. m., connecting with a Train for West Point and Columbus.
Second Train leaves at 11.15 a. m., connecting with a Train for Montgomery.
Third Train leaves at 5 o'clock p. m., connecting with a Train for West Point.
N. B.—No Train on this Rail Road connects with one passing Cheshaw at 3.27 a. m., for Montgomery.
July 24, 1862. G. W. STEVENS, Superintendent.

HOWARD COLLEGE.
Faculty for the Year 1861-2.
REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., President, And Professor of Moral Science.
A. B. GOODHUE, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Nat. Philosophy.
D. G. SHERMAN, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature.
REV. T. W. TOBEY, A. M., Professor of Intellectual Philosophy.
Professor of Chemistry and Natural History.
THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.
REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., Prof. of Pastoral Theology & Ecclesial History.
REV. T. W. TOBEY, A. M., Brown Professor of Systematic Theology.

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

EXPENSES.
Tuition, per term, of 4 1/2 months, in advance \$25 00
Incidentals 2 00
Room and Servant 9 00
Coal \$12 00 to 8 00
Board, per month \$16 00 to 14 00
Washing 1 50
I. W. GARROTT,
President Board Trustees.
J. B. LOVELACE, Secretary.
Marion, Aug. 29, 1861. 3m

HOWARD COLLEGE.
DEAR SIR:—Your attention is respectfully invited to the following resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of Howard College at their annual meeting, viz:
"Resolved, That the Treasurer of Howard College be authorized to receive the Coupon Bonds of the Confederate States in payment of the Principal of all Subscriptions or Debts to the Endowment Fund of the College, and that he be instructed by circular letter and advertisement, to notify the Debtors to the College of this resolution of the Board."
In accordance with my instruction, in the above resolution, I address you this Circular, in the hope that you may find it convenient at an early date to liquidate your indebtedness to the Howard College. Any communication addressed to me at this place will receive attention.
Respectfully yours,
D. R. LIDE, Treas. H. Col.
Marion, Ala., Sept. 26, 1861.

SCHOOL NOTICE.
ON Monday 6th January 1862, JAMES F. PARK will re-open a School for Boys, in Tuskegee. Only a limited number of pupils can be received, as there will be no Assistant. The Scholastic Year will be divided into three Sessions of Thirteen weeks. Tuition will be at the following rates per Session:
First or Lowest Class \$10 00
Mental Arithmetic, Primary Geography with Spelling, Reading and Writing 12 00
Geography, Grammar, English Written Arithmetic, Elementary Algebra, Latin comm'd 14 00
Latin Classics, Algebra, Geometry, History, with any of the above studies 18 00
Higher Mathematics, Physical Sciences, Latin, Greek or French 20 00
Parents and Guardians will confer a favor by making application for admission into the School previous to the commencement of the Session.
Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 26, 1861. 1y

Medical College of Georgia,
AT AUGUSTA.
THE Thirtieth Session of this Institution will open Monday, the 4th November next.
Anatomy, H. F. CAMPBELL, M. D.
Surgery, L. A. DODGE, M. D.
Chemistry, JOSEPH JONES, M. D.
Medicine, J. A. EVANS, M. D.
Physiology, H. V. M. MILLER, M. D.
Obstetrics, J. A. EVANS, M. D.
Alumni Professor of Obstetrics, GEORGE CAMPBELL, M. D.
W. H. DODGE, M. D., Clinical Lecturer at City Hospital.
S. B. SIMMONS, M. D., Professor of Professor Anatomy.
H. W. D. PEARSON, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
Lectures, (full course) \$105.
Matriculation Fee, \$5.
The College building has been thoroughly renovated, and many additions made to former facilities for instruction.
I. P. CAMPBELL, Dean.
September 10, 1861. 2m

IMPROVED
NON-CORROSIVE,
CONFEDERATE
WRITING FLUID
Manufactured Wholesale & Retail,
BY
W. S. BARTON,
TEACHER'S EXCHANGE,
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
Sept. 11, 1862. 3t

ALABAMA
MARBLE WORKS,
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.
NIX, YOUNG & NIX,
(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. BETHUNE)
MONUMENTS, MANTLES,
TOMBS, Railings,
GRAVE STONES, Furniture Work
and Tablets. GRATTY & CO.
All Work Warranted to give Satisfaction.
Feb. 22, 1861.

NO TASTE OF MEDICINE!
BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERMIFUGE
Children of every age and both
Males and Females will
Know that worms are infested all
Than each other mortal ill!
But the Vermifuge will not
Your pale darlings from the grave.
MOTHER, MAKE YOUR CHOICE.—Shall the Child die, or the Worm? Remember, a few doses of Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge will destroy any number of worms, and let them away without pain. Price 25 cents. (Gross) \$3.00. Proprietor, 18 Beekman Street, New York.
Sold by
July 26, 1860. C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, Ala.

NEW BOOKS.
E. L. FURBES, by the author of The Lampbrush, &c.
My Thirty Years Out of the Senate, by Major J. A. Downing.
The Marble Faun, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Raffles, a novel of deep interest.
Tables of Married Life, by T. S. Arthur.
The Habits of Good Society, a hand book for ladies.
The Triumphant Conquest of Alexander Von Humboldt.
The Mill on the Floss, by the author of Adam Bede.
A Life for a Life, by the author of John Halifax.
Anti-Negations.
Resurrection, or the Rafter's Ghost, by E. C. Parker.
Tilney Hall, by Thos. Hood.
Mary Bunyan, by the author of Grace Treman.
And many other new books just received and for sale by
July 5, 1860. B. B. DAVIS, Montgomery. No. 20 Market St.