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HENDERSON, J. BATTLE, EDITORS.

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HENDERSON & BATTLE,
"PROPRIETORS."

For the South Western Baptist,
Report for January 1863.

GAINESVILLE, Feb. 4th, 1863.
The Board Domestic Missions
S. B. C. Marion, Ala.:

DEAR BRETHREN: A few days ago I was compelled to return home, being threatened with Scarlet Fever, and suffering very much from Sore Throat. Through the mercy of God I am relieved and shall resume my work in a day or two more. My labors for the past month have been unusually trying in consequence of the severity of the season, but thanks be to God they have also been largely attended by the awakening and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. The following is my report: Sermons preached, 20; Addresses delivered, 11; Prayer meetings conducted, 15; Religious conversations, 156; Conversions, 10; Backsliders reclaimed, 5; Pages Tracts distributed, 11,600; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 125; S. W. Baptist weekly copies distributed, 12; Funeral services conducted, 9. The Hospitals and Camps at Meridian, Enterprise and Quitman on the M. & O. R. R., have been the principal field of my labors. It was my desire to go to Vicksburg, but the entreaties of the men, together with the utter spiritual destitution of this field have prevented me up to the present time. The meetings and services have been unusually solemn, and on many occasions deeply affecting. On Sabbath the 11th of last month I preached in one of the Wards at Meridian. The congregation was composed of soldiers, with one or two accepted, confined to their beds prostrated by disease. The text was Jno. 5:6; "Wilt thou be made whole?" The question at once aroused attention, and every eye was fixed on the preacher. As he drew the comparison between the diseased bodies and sin-stricken souls, their utter helplessness and inability to move; and then urged upon them the sovereign remedy, the Balm in Gilead, and the Physician there—that the moral disease although desperate when considered in connexion with all human aid, yet was curable by the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—the scene became painfully thrilling. Every eye was filled with scalding tears, and it seemed as if Jesus the sinners friend was indeed present, and saying of each poor suffering soldier as he did of the Centurion's servant, "I will come and heal him." Subsequent visits demonstrated that that one sermon was blessed to the conversion of several, and I have reason to believe the conviction of all. Such seasons make one forget for a time the toils of missionary life, and willing to spend and be spent in the service of our glorious Redeemer. Bro. W. J. Parker, who happened to be present, said that it was one of the most affecting meetings he ever attended, and yet it is only one instance of what is constantly occurring in missionary among our sick soldiers. It does seem to me that if our brethren and sisters could witness our services, they would never for one moment let this mission fail for want of funds. Every sacrifice would be made to sustain it, and fervent prayer would be offered in every household that the Divine blessing might rest upon it.

Among the conversions are three from Ala., two from Miss., two from Missouri, one from Tenn., one from Texas, and one from Ga. Thus it will be seen that several States of the Confederacy are represented.—Of those four Alabamians, one is from Coosa Co., a very bright and intelligent boy of about 18 years of age; another from Talapoosa Co., a man of family; the third from Chambers Co.

Among the reclaimed backsliders is a young man formerly of Perry Co., Ala., and who I have reason to believe will now become a decided and active Christian. Another one a few years ago was a preacher of the Gospel, but had sadly fallen. With bit-

ter tears he has promised God to live a new life, and gives every evidence of his sincerity. Two others are Confederate Surgeons and one a Lieutenant.

Besides the positive good thus accomplished, it is impossible to estimate the importance of those restraints which religious services are throwing around the men. It gives them something to talk about and think upon, and affords food for the mind after the occasion has past. This can only be appreciated by those who know something of the ennui of Hospital and Camp life. Preaching creates a desire for reading, and this desire is met by the distribution of God's Word and tracts. The various retreats of the army in Mississippi have caused our men to lose their copies of the Scriptures and you cannot imagine the gratitude with which they receive them. The interest with which they pore over their Testaments and tracts is to me a delightful evidence for good. Such reading awakens reminiscences of home and the sanctuary, with all their pure and hallowed associations, and will go far to counteract the evil agencies constantly at work. Habits will be fostered by means of which, when this unholy war shall cease, husbands and sons and brothers will return to bless their homes. But without these influences, habits of a contrary nature will be formed, and they will return only as a curse to their families and friends.

No instrumentality seems to be exerting a more favorable influence than the S. W. Baptist. Many persons will read a paper who will not read a tract. It is frequently the case that Baptists are found in our Hospitals who receive it and read it with tears of joy. Numbers of soldiers have requested me to thank the editors for the Hospital copies of their excellent paper.

Another incidental good accomplished by the missionary is the intelligence which he communicates to friends of the death of loved ones in the Hospital. I have already more than a dozen names of the revered dead, about whom their families in all probability would never hear, were it not for the agency of your missionary. Some from Missouri, others from Tenn. and Ark. and Texas. It removes a great burden from the mind of the dying to be assured that friends shall be informed how and where they died, and to have their wishes conveyed to them. Will it not be gratifying and consoling to wife and mother to learn that the last moments of their loved ones were soothed by the attention of the Christian minister, and their remains committed to the grave with appropriate funeral rites? Many a bleeding heart will thus be comforted, and many a weeping pilgrim may visit the spot where the sacred dust of relatives sleep in death.

Upon the whole then, in every view which can be taken of this noble work, it commends itself to the liberality of all classes. God grant it may be abundantly sustained.

Yours in Christian Bonds,
WM. HOWARD.

For the South Western Baptist.
Death loves a Shining Mark.

How often the above expression is used! It is very poetic; but at the same time very untrue. It teaches the doctrine that persons of distinction are specially chosen as its victims; when all the world know that death is the common lot of all mankind. And observation shows that no class of persons is particularly subject to death on account of their importance in the world. I suggest this to those who write obituaries about their deceased friends to confine themselves to the simple truth whether they use poetry or prose.

HINTS.
RICHES.—There is, too often, a burden of care in getting them, a burden of anxiety in keeping them, a burden of temptation in using them, a burden of guilt in abusing them, a burden of sorrow in losing them, a burden of account at last to be given up for possessing, and either improving or mis-improving them.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, FEB'Y 19, 1863

From the Child's Index.
My Wife.

It is night. Scarcely a voice is heard in the camps. The old year is well nigh gone. The sands of the last hour are fast running away. A distant band has just played "Home, Sweet Home." My heart is full. I know that "They miss me at home." One sweet watcher counts the hours of my absence. When I left her she said, with heaving bosom, "How can I bear it! but go, my husband, never falter, and may God bless you!" Half a year had I been away when the last new year came. Hope whispered in her ear then. "He will soon return to your bosom." Alas! I am far away yet. An eventful year has passed. The leaves of autumn have fallen on many new made graves, and the dark cypress has cast its shade over many widowed hearts. When the echo of a mighty clash of arms saddened Southern homes, she has asked God, a thousand times, "Is my husband safe?" and when with heaving heart, she has unsealed the lips of the little messenger which has said, "God is good to us, my wife; another victory is won, and your husband is yet safe," gratitude has filled her soul.—It is sweet to be loved by one so worthy. How anxiously I await the little messengers she so constantly sends me! I love her letters. They tell me a thousand sweet things. I have written to her to-night. Tomorrow morning I will close, early with "A happy new year!" She will fancy that she hears my voice, when she traces the lines marked by my rough hand, and her heart will leap with joy. Sometimes I can write but little but she can understand much from it. Little words are silently eloquent. The word need only be touched to awaken vibrations deep in the heart, and sweeter far than æolian strains. The paths of memory are strewn with love's sweetest flowers. She is a christian wife, too. We are far separated—mountains tower, and rivers roll between us—but to-night our petitions have met at the same throne, and we feel assured that, in spite of wars and partings, we shall soon dwell together in that house not made with hands. Let war demoralize, but most strenuously will I avoid every word or act that would cause my wife to blush if she were present. I have long loved her. When a little girl she gave me her heart. As she entered the dawn of womanhood we pledged our vow at the hymenal altar. Sweet vows! We have been happy together. No chilling blast of neglect or indifference has ever blighted the tender buds of our youthful love. Two little babes have been added to our number—

Precious links in the golden chain,
That bind our heart no longer twain.
As the vine clings to the stately oak for support, so did she cling to me. As the oak is adorned by the foliage and rich clusters of the vine, so was I honored in the love and virtues of my wife. We dreamed of no separation this side of the grave, and even there—

We fondly hope that our mouldering clay,
Together would rest till the judgment day.
Cruel war has placed the bitter cup of absence to our lips. How much longer shall we drink its dregs? It is a sore trial; but we will not murmur. He who doeth all things well—who provideth for the raven, and taketh care of the sparrow, will not forsake us, if we trust him. May the new year which is dawning upon us, bring us better days. May the bow of peace soon span our Southern land, and speedily restore to the anxious wife him who is happy to be her.

HUSBAND.
Jackson's Army, Dec. 31, 1862.
There is a Saviour.
He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them. Isa. xix: 20.
Soldier, here is good news for thee. Good news from heaven. There is a Saviour.
God has become man; that he may be the Saviour of his sinful creatures. He came into our world. He took our place. He became a sacrifice for our sins. He wrought a work,

he offered a sacrifice on the ground of which you may be saved.

No matter who you are, or what you are, Jesus can save you. There are no limits to the merits of his blood. There are no exceptions in his invitations. He has love enough to save. He has mercy enough to deliver you from all your sins, and to justify you completely and eternally in the sight of God.

He has power enough to subdue your iniquities, to conquer your foes, and to render you more than a conqueror. Jesus is just suited to you, and you are just suited to Jesus. He can save you and render you eternally happy; and you can glorify His grace and praise His most blessed name forever.

Jesus can get honor by saving you and you can get an eternal salvation from Jesus. He sought the office of Saviour, and he obtained it. He was named Jesus because He came to save, and He has earned the name.

Remember you need not perish, for there is a Saviour; you will not perish, either because Jesus was unable or unwilling to save you. He can save you without effort. He will save you with joy, if you will go to Him.

He is God, and can save; He is God-man, and will save. He says, "Look unto me, and be saved all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else. I, even I, am the Lord, and besides me there is no Saviour."

"Call His name Jesus, for he shall save His people from their sins."—Mat. 1: 21.

An Argument for Resignation.

The Divine knowledge of mankind commends itself to the thoughtful mind as an argument for resignation under affliction or persecution.

The Scriptures assure us that all things, even those which wear the most adverse and threatening aspect—disarmed of their enmity, or defeated in it, by heavenly wisdom—shall work together for good to the believer. In respect of his ultimate and perfect felicity, therefore, there can be no misfortune, since every stroke inflicted on us in this proud and treacherous world must first pass the Divine scrutiny, and ensure to itself the Divine permission.

Unseen by God no storm can gather and descend upon us. No tongue can whisper in guile to us or in malignity against us, but His ear shall catch its faintest accents. No weapon can be forged to our injury, unless He determines that the fire which heats it shall glow—that the skill which fashions it shall not be confounded. No arrow can be aimed at us in such darkness and secrecy, that His shield may not arrest its flight, and cast it blunted or broken to the ground.

As Balaam was heard to curse Israel, yet constrained to bless him; as the exposure of Daniel to the fury of lions was designed for his destruction, but brought about the destruction of his enemies; as the death of Christ though plotted with an eye to His perpetual infamy, nevertheless elevated Him to a throne of glory;—so, let it be known, that all the sorrows which overgrow our path through life, sovereign Power and Love allow only to make them conducive to our improvement in virtue and consequently in happiness.

For this cause, Cyprian wrote, in his letter of exhortation to the persecuted and scattered Christians of North Africa: "If in desert places and on the mountains, a robber shall assault the fugitive, a wild beast attack him, or hunger, thirst or cold destroy him; or if, when he passes over the sea in haste, the fury of the storm shall his vessel; yet Christ in every place beholds His warrior fighting." Behold! That is enough to say. For if He sees, He will also succor, His saints. He will suffer nothing to befall them which does not work His will.

And shall we murmur against that which works His will? Is not His will best for us? Shall it not be ours?

WORLDLY PLEASURE.—The taste for them is the natural result of an unconverted state, and is quenched of itself in conversion.

Separation from God.

All dark and mournful things which may be said of men, lie summed up in the declaration that they are "without God in the world." To be severed from God is to live "having no hope." Nay, it is to be cut off from the fountain of true life, and therefore not to live. It is death, consciousness remaining; as if the process of corruption might go forward in the corpse, while yet the corpse retained a keen, writhing sense of the worm that preys upon it.

We do not always feel this. Pleasures and cares and false beliefs—dead the pain of separation from God; and we forget, we even deny, the curse of that outcast and orphaned state.

But there must be, for every man, a terrible awakening from this strange insensibility. Soon or later there must fall on us the overwhelming consciousness embodied in the wail of anguish from an old heathen, who "likened man, in his separation from God, to a child torn from its mother's arms, which nowhere could be well till it was back to those arms once more.

Happy they to whom this awakening come, while there is still time to retrace their wandering steps, and cast themselves into the arms of God!

Have you been wise with this only true wisdom? Have you found God—or rather, been found of Him?

To-morrow may be too late for return to God. To-morrow may consign you to eternal, conscious separation from Him.

Oh, seek his face to-day.

The Value of Brevity.

Ideas, like metals, are valuable in proportion to the brevity of space they can be made to occupy. A square inch of platinum, the heaviest of known substances, is more compact and hence more valuable than a square inch of gold. By the same law gold is more valuable than silver, silver than copper, and so on.—And so is an idea expressed in one line more valuable and striking than if made to cover two, three, or a dozen lines. It is also true that both ideas and metals are scarce in the exact ratio of their density or compactness. As a single lump of gold will enrich a man, so will a single weighty thought, briefly expressed, confer immortality on its author.—The 'Veni, Vidi, Vici,' of Cæsar; the 'England expects every man to do his duty,' of Nelson; and 'We have met the enemy and they are ours,' of our own Perry, are fine examples of condensation of thought.

The analogy between rare ideas and rare metals is furthermore shown in their extreme ductility, which permits, if need be, of their being elongated to an almost indefinite extent. It has been calculated that a piece of platinum, the size of the tip of a wire long enough to reach across Europe. So may a really valuable idea of a line's length be made to cover a page in its expression. But here the analogy stops between ideas and metals, and the former lose their value by enlargement unless drawn out by the hands of genius. The story of 'Shylock and Antonio' could be told in a score or two of lines, while the matchless skill of Shakespeare spun it out to the length of a five act play, preserving its purity, its value, and its compactness all the while.

We have been induced to touch upon this subject in order to call the attention of our correspondents to its consideration. Brevity of expression should be one of the first studies in composition; and we advise our young readers who feel the fires of authorship burning within them, to commence at once and master this great key move to success.—We recommend the study of Pope's 'Essay on Man,' Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' and Burns' 'Cotters Saturday Night,' as splendid examples of poetical brevity of expression, almost every line containing an 'entire and clearly defined thought.' Prose writers will be benefited by consulting the works of Addison, Johnson, Scott, Macaulay, Irving, and other classical authors.—Baptist Banner.

A HUSBAND'S COMPLIMENT.—The wife of Scott the commentator seems to have possessed an unusually meek and gentle spirit. On one occasion, when something had occurred to ruffle the smoothness of her temper, her husband said "My dear, a frown on your brow is like a dark cloud across a bright summer sky."

Major A. M. Lee and his Son.

One of the most affecting incidents of the brilliant and successful recapture of Galveston by the forces under Maj. Gen. Magruder was the meeting (already briefly alluded to) between Maj. Lee, of our army, with his oldest and fondly loved son, who was First Lieutenant of the Harriet Lane. Nearly two years ago, the father, then residing in Texas, had written repeatedly to the son, then on the coast of China, suggesting the principles that should determine his course in the then approaching struggle between the North and the South of the United States, and saying that he could not dictate to one so long obligated to act on his own judgment; and that—decide as he might, such was his confidence in his high conscientiousness, he would continue to regard him with the respects of a gentleman and the affection of a father; but that, if he should elect the side of the enemy, they would probably never meet on earth, unless perchance they should meet in battle.

The father has served nearly eighteen months Eastward of the Mississippi, and through unsolicited orders, arrived at Houston, en route for San Antonio, late at night of the 30th ult., when hearing of the intended attack on the Harriet Lane, aboard of which he had heard was his son, also placed there simply in the order of Providence, he solicited permission to join the expedition in expectation of nursing or burying his son, whose courage was obliged to expose him fatally to the equal daring of our Texas boys. During the fight, Maj. Lee was ordered by the General to keep a look out from a house top for all movements in the Bay. As soon as daylight enabled him to see that the Lane had been captured, by permission of the General, who knew nothing of the expected meeting, he hastened aboard, when he was not surprised to find his son mortally wounded. Wading through blood, amidst the dying and the dead, he reached the youth, pale and exhausted. "Edward, 'tis your father." "I know you father, but cannot move," he said faintly. "Are you mortally wounded?" "Badly, but hope not fatally." "Do you suffer pain?"—"Cannot speak," he whispered. A stimulant was given him. "How came you here, father?" When answered, a gleam of surprise and gratification passed over his fine face.—He then expended nearly his last words in making arrangements for his wounded comrades. His father knelt and blessed him, and hastened a shore for a litter, and returned just after life had fled.

When told by the surgeon that he had but a few minutes to live, and asked to express his wishes, he answered confidently, "My father is here," and spoke no again. He was borne in procession to the grave from the headquarters of Gen. Magruder, in company with his Captain, and they were buried together, with appropriate military honors, and in the presence of many officers of both armies and many generous citizens, all of whom expressed their deep sympathy with the bereaved father, who said the solemn service for the Episcopal Church for the burial of the dead, and then added this brief address:

"My friends, the wise man has said that there is a time to rejoice and a time to mourn. Surely this is a time when we may weep with those that weep. Allow one so sorely tried, in this his willing sacrifice, to beseech you to believe, whilst we defend our rights with strong arms and honest hearts, that those we meet in battle may also have hearts brave and honest as our own. We have here buried two brave and honest gentlemen.—Peace to their ashes! tread lightly over their graves. Amen."—Sav. Rep.

A HUSBAND'S COMPLIMENT.—The wife of Scott the commentator seems to have possessed an unusually meek and gentle spirit. On one occasion, when something had occurred to ruffle the smoothness of her temper, her husband said "My dear, a frown on your brow is like a dark cloud across a bright summer sky."

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Thursday, Feb'y 19, 1863.

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

Notice the Red Cross (X) Mark.

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

"Have the Workers of Iniquity no Knowledge?"

When the events of this revolution shall come to be viewed in the sober light of history, nothing will astound the world so much as the last desperate, maddened, and barbarous design of the enemies of the South, in their vain attempt to subdue us by inciting a servile,urrection amongst us. Aside from the great fact which it embodies, that they are unable to achieve that result themselves, it betrays a depth of unmixd hatred and revenge, which must sink them beneath the dignity of contempt. What faith can ever be placed in the covenant stipulations of a people, who first purjured themselves by violating the Constitution of their own government, and then sought to make a virtue of the blackest crime that ever stained the pages of history?

Under the specious plea of philanthropy, the Northern government and people have undertaken a measure, which, if they had the power to execute, would end in the extermination of the colored race in the South. For the most stupid dunce that ever yelled huzzas for Abraham Lincoln cannot but know, that if they could inaugurate a war of races in the South, it would doom the negro population to extirpation. Thanks be to God, they are powerless to carry out the fiendish purpose. The simple effort, however, puts them upon the record of infamy for all coming time.

What is it they are seeking to accomplish? Take a single fact by way of illustration: Out of a population of say four millions of slaves in the Confederate States, there are nearly or quite five hundred thousand who give evidence of earnest and sincere piety, and who are connected with the several churches in the South. This is a much larger number than the entire aggregate of converts made among all heathen nations within the last half century by the combined missionary efforts of all Christendom. And when it is considered that all this has been accomplished under God by Christians in the Southern States, and that these converts to Christianity have been made among a race of people, who, in their native wilds, are the most degraded of all heathen nations, we feel that we have some right to the sympathies of the Christian world in our efforts to preserve an institution which involves the temporal and eternal well being of the sons of Ham. And yet in the name of philanthropy, our enemies are not only seeking the destruction of an institution thus brilliant with hope for this race, but also to remand them back to a condition even worse than it was in their native land, by designedly provoking a state of things, which, if they could succeed, would result in their indiscriminate slaughter!

To form an adequate conception of this crime against God and man, against civilization and patriotism, let it be further considered that this brutal measure of our enemies is not a defensive but an offensive measure. We can well conceive how a nation of people, struggling for existence against a superior invading foe, could resort to many extreme measures, measures not sanctioned by a simple state of war as between two independent nations, but which are essential to put the weaker party upon something like equal terms with its antagonist. This has not unfrequently been done with the approbation of surrounding nations. But when one nation is waging a cruel war upon another, and simply because the one has not the power to subjugate the other, by any system of legitimate warfare, to resort to a policy which involves the indiscriminate slaughter of tens of thousands of innocent victims, this must stamp that nation with being actuated by motives no higher than murder and revenge. We have never sought to disturb them—we have never attempted to interfere with their rights—we have simply asked them to "let us alone"—to permit us to enjoy our rights. They have scorned this proposition, so reasonable in itself, and so fraught with advantages to themselves and to us; and have dared the hazards of an experiment, which, could it prove effective, would prove the ruin of both parties.

But "the Lord reigns!" and we re-

joice to believe that He has better designs for us and our servants. We believe that He is working out the problem of Africa's evangelization, and that He has chosen the mild and humane institution of slavery as it exists in these Southern States as the most effective means to accomplish so benignant an end. The seal of His approbation upon this malignant, traduced and misunderstood institution is as plain as a sun beam. The best friends the Africans have on this continent are their masters. Let us do our duty to them as to ourselves, and leave the balance to God. Contenting ourselves to bear the momentary reproach of an institution which constitutes the brightest page in the history of a doomed and degraded race, let us calmly await the time when God shall throw around it the most triumphant vindication. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Prov. 16: 7.

Southern Baptist Convention.

It is time we were agitating the question whether we shall attempt to hold this meeting at all this coming spring, and if so, where. We suppose there can be but one opinion as to the impracticability of holding it at the place appointed, to-wit: Columbus, Miss. Would it not be well for the Vice President in connection with the Board at Richmond and Marion, to have some correspondence on the subject? A meeting certainly ought to be held at some point, to preserve the organization. All the Boards and officers of the Convention go, out of office by limitation, at the time appointed for the next meeting of the body. We respectfully suggest to the brethren authorized to act in the premises, that they appoint some central and accessible point, say Montgomery, Ala., or Macon, Geo., for that meeting. We think if some such course was adopted, a good attendance could be secured. At least whatever is done, ought to be done quickly.

The voters of Russell county will find John P. Walker every way worthy and well qualified for the office of Tax Assessor.

See new advertisement of Field and Fireside.

For the South Western Baptist Virginia Correspondence.

CAMP NEAR GRACE CHURCH, VA.
Jan. 30th, 1863.

DEAR BAPTIST: The year is gradually floating on to be numbered with its predecessors, and the army of Virginia have not been called upon to enact another tragedy similar to the one of Fredericksburg. Everything seems to be a calm—but we know not at what hour the *infidels* may create a Hurricane that will make our young Republic tremble in every fibre.

On Monday night last, while our men were quietly standing by our Bivouac fires, detailing interesting narratives of home and friends left far down in Dixie, we heard the Sergeant call at the Colonel's tent. As you may suppose, all were on the *qui vive* to learn what was on hand. The universal question of every man of the T. L. I. was, Jim, what was that call for? James M. Tate, acting O. S. responded by ordering us to pack Knapsacks, Blankets and Haversacks preparatory to a moments order for marching and breaking up our present camp. The men went to work with elacidity—they went quietly about making every thing ready for the order. Many spread themselves down upon the leaves which they had accumulated in their tents, in view of straw, awaiting further orders, and slept soundly for the night, regardless of the chilling air. But no orders came for marching, and the next morning curiosity was considerably excited—when we learned that the Yankees intended to arouse the Bivouac the night before—but on account of disagreement among their officers, and the backwardness of their men they could not place their Pontoons. The *infidels*, both officers and privates of rank and file, are frightened at the enormous preparations they must see and know that is going on for their reception. If we are to have another fight, in God's name let it come off here, for we will be in better condition for an attack now than we have ever been since the war first began.

Wednesday morning broke upon us rather leaky from the heavens—during the day the snow commenced falling—and fell to the depth of about two feet that day and night. Yesterday, the third Ala. were considerably surprised at discovering skirmishers crossing the hill, in the old field, immediately in front of our encampment! From the Bugle blast—we soon discovered it was a "snow balling party" of the balance of the Brigade—but they had only thrown out a skirmishing party in front—and our boys of the Regiment did not turn out as they should—only a few left the camp fires to meet the skirmishers—and the consequence

was that the 3rd Ala. were defeated in the fight. They were literally rolled over in the snow and covered up. I think there were at least a thousand men engaged in that snow ball fight. Oh! it was a magnificent sight to see the defenders of our common cause, uniting in one scene of pleasant excitement.

Your humble correspondent had just returned to his tent after standing guard at a citizen's (Dr. Washington's) house—to protect his property against those of our soldiers who think because they come to Virginia, they have a right to plunder her citizens; thank Heaven our army has but few such men in it—and they, if I had my way, should be shipped to the *Grand Thief* of the American Continent, Abraham Lincoln. I had of course a delightful time of it—sometimes up to my knees plunging through the snow and looking through the fields at the distant trees and thinking how beautiful all this would look upon canvass—but when it comes to the *reality*, my enthusiasm completely played out. While trudging on my way, I could not help thinking of "Home, sweet home." Yet I feel that I am my country's servant, and should not desire to return home and leave others to fight for my liberty.

I am compelled to believe military operations will cease for the present at least; the roads are at this time almost impassable—and when this snow melts—there cannot be any moving of artillery at all for some time to come.

I saw our brave Colonel (C. A. Battle) on yesterday, and he looked radiant with health. W. T. Bilbro, our first Lieutenant returned to his post a few days ago, after an absence of some days. The second Lieutenant S. A. Eetheredge, who has been in command of our company for some time, is in excellent health, and in fact, the Regiment is distressingly healthy for this kind of weather.

I attempted once, as promised myself, to give you readers a prices current of this army, to-wit: Rio Coffee, per lb. \$5.00; Butter, (a very poor article) per lb. 2.00; Dog Sausages, per lb. \$1.00; Sugar, N. O., \$1.50; Tobacco, (good) per lb. \$3.00; Honey, \$2.00; Dried Apples, per lb. 50 cents; Dried Peaches, 75 cents; Tallow Candles each 25 cents; Candy, per lb. \$2.50; Letter and Commercial Note paper, quire, \$3.00; and every thing else in proportion, with the exception of a soldiers pay.

I have no disposition to grumble, but I think our government is doing the soldiers a decided wrong. The Commissaries are giving to each man per day only one-fourth of a pound of Pickled Pork—and nothing else; no Beans, Peas or Coffee, or Rice, or Molasses—when the regulations allow us all these things besides Meat; however, this war cannot last always, and we are fighting and suffering for a noble cause. I cannot say whether it is the fault of the Commissary or not—but is rather tight upon the Southerners to put up with such fare.

A major portion of our Regiment have built chimneys to their tents—some have built huts, and all, are in better quarters than they have been before this Winter at any place where we have stayed for any length of time. I am writing this communication in Thos. B. Jones' hut—two feet under the ground and five by eight—with a fireplace to it, which makes it decidedly comfortable.

Respectfully yours &c.,
B. H. KIESER.

For the South Western Baptist.

MESSRS EDITORS: Besides performing the arduous duties of pastor of a Church in this city, I have been laboring for the last nine months among the soldiers in this department of our army. I am satisfied that my fast declining health will soon compel me to retire from the field. It seems that Providence has decreed that I should be relieved from the most interesting and delightful post of duty that I even have filled, or expect to fill again. It may be gratifying to our denomination to know that the Mission Church, constituted in this city about six years ago, under the auspices of the Domestic Mission Board, is now able to sustain itself. It has a membership of one hundred and eighty whites, and about the same number of blacks. Its large and neatly finished house of worship is filled every Sabbath by an intelligent and attentive congregation. The complete success of this enterprise should stimulate the denomination to assist the Board in commencing and fostering such interests in other places.

The army of Mobile affords a most delightful and fruitful field for ministerial labor. Every day that I am able to go my usual round, I find something to encourage my soul. The most interesting part of my work is visiting the sick of our hospitals. We find but few men who refuse to listen to religious advice in the dark hour of affliction. However reckless and obstinate they may be at other times, when they find themselves stricken

down by the "mighty hand of God," drawing near to the borders of the eternal world, they are generally serious, and as humble and teachable as little children. I have often heard our sick and wounded soldiers confess that their afflictions were the merciful visitations of Providence; that they had never before had any adequate conceptions of the wretchedness of their state and their need of that "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." While they are in this state of mind, it is an easy task, one which affords much pleasure and satisfaction to break to them the bread of life.

An incident occurred in the hospital a few weeks since well worthy of remembrance. I was called there to see a soldier only about fifteen minutes before he expired; but in that short time he gave abundant and eloquent testimony to the truth and power of christianity. As soon as I approached his bed-side he recognized me and requested me to pray for him. I knelt a few moments and prayed that he might die at peace with God, and be received into glory. Seizing my hand with a firm and icy grasp he then bade me farewell, assuring me that that Jesus who had long been precious to his soul was near him in the last bitter struggle and that upon his bosom he had pillowed his dying head, said he, "I hope my brother to meet you in Heaven. Oh yes, I hope I hope I hope!" and until his lips were sealed in death he continued to exclaim "I hope I hope I hope!"

The bitter sufferings and patient endurance of our soldiers should excite within us the deepest emotions of sympathy and gratitude. Many of them this cold stormy night, half-naked and half starved, are keeping faithful sentry on our lines; and many more perhaps are expiring upon some gory field, or in some gloomy hospital where no kind mother's or sister's hand can place the soothing cordial to their lips, or wipe the cold dews of death from their brows. The man who is not moved by such reflections must have a heart of stone. Let us manifest gratitude and love to our noble and heroic defenders by providing for them such comforts as our country affords, and especially by sending christian ministers to console them amidst their distress, and to point them to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." I am proud to know that the Baptists have taken the lead in the great enterprise of supplying our army with intelligent and faithful missionaries. If our brethren will continue to contribute to this good cause as liberally as they have already done, our denomination will ever be cherished in the hearts of brave soldiers thousands of whom we shall at the close of this war, has been instrumental in delivering from the dominion of sin and death.

Yours in Christ, J. B. HAWTHORN.
Mobile, Ala., Feb. 6th, 1863.

From the Watchman of the South.

Sketches for Prayer Meetings.

Return, ye backsliding children, and I will return unto you.—Jer. iii. 22.

The Apostle in writing to the Hebrews, says: Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God, but exhort one another daily, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." We are at all times in danger from the deceitfulness of unrighteousness, and we ever have need to be guarded against backsliding—a sin of the heart, a departing from the Lord, and the sin by which many are hardened against the Lord. It is a prevalent sin—one which easily besets each of us at all times; it is a great sin, and the fruitful parent of many sins.

1. The nature of the sin of backsliding. It is going back from engagements voluntarily made; it is transferring our affections from the one to whom already they are due and pledged. Hence it is linked to the crime of breaking wedlock—"As a wife treacherously departeth from her husband, so have ye dealt treacherously with me."

11. The greatness of it. It is aggravated by its being the result of the love of sin. It is not from provocation that the heart forsakes God—much less is it from necessity, but wholly out of love of sin. It proceeds from a corrupt affection; it is returning back to the feelings of our impotence. As the man who has laid aside intemperate habits, resumes his destructive habits because of his hankering after accustomed indulgence, so the backslider is moved by the desire for what he has renounced to turn away from God.—His criminality is increased by its being a decided preference of sin to holiness—of the world to God. As the wife who had been received back and forgiven by the husband whom she had despised and dishonored, would be deserving of infamy and neglect should she again prove false, so the believer who has been forgiven and reinstated in God's favor, has no palliation of the monstrous crime of loving the creature more than the Creator.

12. The danger of it. It is a secret

sin. We do not readily suspect ourselves of it, and we are slow to believe it can exist in us. Conscience warns us not of speaks out loudly—but of the obedience of the heart, it feels slightly of the obligation, and hardly at all of the sinfulness of its neglect. Like a deep-seated disease, it may long have preyed upon us—but no eye perceives it, and we are loth to credit its existence. Herein is our danger.

2d. It is the fruit of sin. It is not matter of direct consciousness as a desire; it is the effect of evil desires upon the soul, and as we do not, except our attention be specially called, notice the silent, gradual and uniform effects produced upon ourselves, we are in great danger of being completely hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. When the heart is set upon a thing other matters of far higher importance will be neglected and we shall not even notice our neglect.

3d. It is the fruitful parent of sin. As it springs from the cherished love of sin, it unites the heart for spiritual obedience, either the performance of it or delight in it. It indisposes the mind to reflection in regard to God; it benumbs the conscience; it makes all religious services barren and burdensome: it views them as barriers to worldly pleasures and allowable indulgences. It renders the preaching of the word ineffectual, making the heart like the beaten way side, it causes careless hearing, filling the mind with thoughts and desires of other things. It excites to vain attempts to gain relief—to the putting away of serious thoughts, frequenting unprofitable company, immersing one's self in business, and talking in a forced, trifling or wicked way. It especially disposes one to go very far to hide his convictions, and to make his former conduct forgotten. It makes the return of God very difficult—it awakens the feeling of pride and false shame—it occupies the heart, and makes every step seem wearisome, and discourages from hoping in Christ.

4th. It is the unsuspected parent and patron of false and blameable zeal in religious matters. It causes "the backslider in heart" to make great outcry against the coldness of the brethren and the lukewarmness and inefficiency of the preacher—to declaim on the hardening effect of the common way of preaching—to insist upon the need of having a more devoted minister called in, and having more powerful methods adopted to awaken sinners. In real backsliding, begins to call for a more vehement style of preaching and praying. It is to cover the guilt of having misused Christ's appointed means by seeming the most earnest in all. It was Satan who wished to purge the ancient Church of concealed hypocrites, and he singled out Job to begin with; and many backsliders—perhaps apostates—feelingly complain of the coldness of the one and the lifelessness of the other while they themselves are in reality "neither cold nor hot!" "having the form of godliness," and determined by the strenuous opposition to the coldness and formality of others, to free themselves from all suspicion of having in heart drawn back from the living God. True zeal humbles itself, but false zeal is very earnest to humble others: true zeal blames itself for all its defeats—false zeal blames those who preach and those who pray, as the sole causes of its failure in duty.

Reflect, God calls upon you to return to him. You owe it to him—but he adds, to encourage you and to allure you, "I will return unto you." Is it thus we act when we are injured and our confidence betrayed? Are we not cold, waiting till the offender stes for pardon, till he shows hearty sorrow, and even then twitting and fearful to put reliance upon him? Let this graciousness of God quicken our sense of our sin, and move us to a speedy return.

Return with your whole hearts—return as you came at the first, repenting, amending, inquiring your duty—return with full purpose of heart to cleave to the Lord,—return humbly, relying on the promises. And He will return unto you with mercies,—with his sure mercies of forgiveness, of grace, and of comfort.

Reflect here lies your misery. Your sins separate between you and your God. Return O ye backsliding children and I will return unto you. K. H.

FASHION.—Avoid the fooleries and sin of fashion. You never have seen, nor ever will see, a truly sensible, unworldly-minded person an extreme devotee of fashion. If good people are sometimes found among fashionables, it is to be attributed to a weak point in their characters, and is a demerit in them. Fashion is certainly in opposition to sober-mindedness and piety.

Be earnest, natural and virtuous.—You should endeavor to reach solid excellence, not stoop to the practice of those things which are frivolous and vain.

"We have no time to sport away the hours; All must be earnest in a world like ours."

The Cross of Christ.

The Cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bare; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or a sail to a ship to carry me forward to my desired haven.

Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, but they part at heaven's door, for there is no room for crosses in heaven. Sorrow and the pain are not married together, but were it so, heaven will make a divorce.

To be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted by us as it should be. How heavenly a thing it is to be dead and dead to this world's sweetest music! It is little it can give me.

I exhort you in the Lord to go on in your journey to heaven, content with such fare by the way as Christ and his followers have had before you. The Lord hath not changed the way to us, for our ease, but will have us to follow our blessed Master.

Those who by faith see the invisible God and the fair city, make no account of present losses and crosses.

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put Christ's love to the trial; put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed, we have no recourse to his love, and therefore we know it not.

Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; 'tis the highway to glory, but when you see him in his own country at home, you will think you never saw him before.

More than Christ I can neither wish, nor pray, nor desire for you. I am sure the saints are at best but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ.—We know not the half of what we love, when we love Him.

That Christ and the sinner should be one, and should share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation; what more could love do?

I find that when the saints are under trials and well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity, conscience is a pope that gives dispensation and great latitude to our hearts.

Not a Reason for Impenitence.

A gentleman on being expostulated with, on his own neglect to seek earnestly the salvation of his soul, excused himself on the very common but in sufficient plea, "That the christian world was divided into so many sects that he should be at a loss to decide with which one to unite." The reply he received was substantially as follows: "You greatly deceive yourself if you regard this as a satisfactory excuse for an irreligious life. You make that a primary which is only a secondary question. There are various sects which have distinguishing peculiarities, but there is a great foundation—'repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ'—on which they are agreed. Now, your first consideration should be to get a safe standing on that foundation, and then you will be able, without danger, more deliberately to determine with which sect to unite. You may lose all, even the precious life of your soul, if you wait in your present perilous situation to settle this really secondary question. Look at that vessel trembling under the power of the gale, her sails rent, her seams opening, her rudder lost, and she driven hopelessly toward the rocky shore.—Of what are her crew thinking? Is not the main and absorbing object with every one to secure a safe footing on shore? Suppose one of them, with death staring him in the face, should refuse to make an exertion for his safety because he had not determined whether he should be entertained at this house or that which he describes on the land. This is your case. Get to shore first, set your foot firmly on the rock, then you may safely take time to decide which house you may repair to."

FULLNESS OF CHRIST.—There is in Jesus Christ and infinite fullness; for it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell. There is in him the fullness of moral goodness—the fullness of divinity—the fullness of atonement—the fullness of the Spirit—the fullness of grace and truth—the fullness of glory—the fullness of all perfection. And it is in Him the fullness of adoption to the wants, the necessities, and circumstances of man. Do we feel ourselves miserable, guilty and undone? There is a fullness in Christ for our guilt and misery; he can raise us up from spiritual death and cause us to hope in his salvation. Or are we in darkness? In his light we shall see light. Are we in trouble, in affliction and distress?—He is a very present help in trouble; he is a support in affliction, a refuge in distress. Be our wants what they may in Christ they may be supplied; be our miseries what they may, in Christ they may be sanctified and work together to our good. Now on this inexhaustible fullness of sufficiency and adaptation which there is in Christ, rests the unlimited offer of salvation. If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.—John 1: 14-16; and vii: 37.

Poetry.

For the South Western Baptist.
 "Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning."
 Oh, weary heart, and tempest tossed;
 With anguish rent—by trial crossed;
 That ever mourneth on thy way,
 Without one gleam of hope's bright ray!
 Tear-dimmed eyes, in sorrow weeping—
 Lone hours of watchful vigils keeping;
 Still gazing downward, through the gloom
 Upon the darkness of the tomb!
 Thy grief shall end—thy mourning cease—
 The Saviour's voice still whispers—"Peace!"
 Thy God will bring thee promise's day,
 His hand will wipe thy tears away.
 Long thy night of weeping seemeth,
 Yet the morning surely dawneth;
 Look up! the day-star o'er thee beams,
 Heaven's radiance round thee gleams.
 Blest faith shall hail the new-born day—
 And light shall chase thy gloom away—
 Bright glory gild the rising sun,
 And joy proclaim thy triumph won.

The Family Circle.

The Heart's Door.
 "I'll not forgive Fred as long as I live," said Dora angrily, as she came into the parlor, holding up before her mother the fragments of a beautiful little sofa, a piece of the set of furniture her uncle James had given her a few days before.
 "Dora my daughter!"
 "Well, I mean just what I say," continued the excited little girl. "Fred came rushing into the summer-house just as he always does, and trod on it with his great boots; and when I spoke to him about it, he said he didn't care, and wished he had broken the chairs too."
 "Think before you say more, my dear. Perhaps you vexed Frederick by your manner of speaking."
 "I only told him he was careless and ugly, and so he was. It's too bad. No, I will never forget nor forgive it; and as she turned over the pieces of the ruined toy in her hands, her face grew dark with revengeful feelings.
 "Hark, Dora! Listen; some one is knocking I am sure."
 Little Willie, a three year old young brother stopped playing with his blocks on the floor, and looked at the door as if expecting a visitor.
 "What do you mean mamma? I don't hear anything," said Dora.
 "Have you forgotten, my daughter that there is a door to your heart? You have opened it once this morning and let in an evil, hateful thing. No picture that could be made of it would be too dark to represent what is now in your heart."
 Dora hung her head, for she began to understand her mother.
 Dora's heart was softening. The tears came into her eyes. She opened the door of her heart a little way. Willie, who had been listening, came, and putting his chubby arms around her neck, kissed her, but said nothing. Her heart's door swung wide open now, and Jesus entered.
 "Yes, mother, I will forgive Freddy," sobbed Dora. "I was as much to blame as he, and I know I spoke spitefully or he would have felt sorry when he did it."
 "Then my darling, thank that dear Friend who has found the way into your heart with his love, and go now to Freddy and make up with him."
 Dora laid away the fragments of the sofa, and went out with sunshine in her face and joy in her heart, for its door was closed again, and her Friend was within.—*Child's Paper.*
"I will give you rest."
 How often does a Christian's heart sink at the thought of possible calamities that may befall him: Who has not thought in the wakeful midnight, "O if God should take such a friend from me,"—perhaps the strong friend on which you rely next to God, or the fair golden head which nestles in your bosom—"how could I live another hour? What single ray of joy could the world ever again afford me?"
 Perhaps you have stood beside the bed of one who has lain for years a great sufferer from acute disease, with no hope of release except that which death shall bring. Such a sufferer we laid a few weeks since in the narrow house of our little village graveyard. He was a man in middle life of strong, muscular frame, and yet he had lain for thirteen years almost helpless as an infant. For years he had seemed ripe for heaven; still his days of pain were lengthened out.
 Who does not shudder at the thought of such an affliction befalling them? Yet God could make it lighter than a feather's weight by giving us Himself in place of the comforts he removed. God can make us happy without anything else.
 Said Dr. Payson, "God has been depriving me of one blessing after

another; but as every one was removed, He came in and filled up its place; and now when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am not happier than I ever was in my life, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety."
 Then do not spend the hours in anxious painful forebodings, but let every threatening cloud of sorrow drive you to the feet of Jesus. Keep close to his dear cross; then all the afflictions of this life will fail to overpower your soul. The heavenly shore will seem forever in your view, and you will not greatly grieve to see the bark which bears your treasures, pushing out a little while before you, and though they may never return to you, yet you shall surely go to them.
The Best Chamber.
 During an examination of a newly-built house, Gotthold inquired of some friends who accompanied him, which of all the apartments they esteemed the best. One answered that he preferred the parlor, as being lofty in the ceiling, well lighted and capable of being upon the kitchen, the business office, and the bed-rooms. Gotthold replied: No doubt these chambers will be favorites of many. But what I meant to ask was, which of them the pious and godly Christian will prefer; and there can be no doubt that that is the chamber set apart as the place of prayer, and of which our Saviour says, "when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." That chamber is the sanctuary of the house. From it, as from a fountain, the stream of blessing flows, from a fountain, the stream of blessing flows, and is conducted into every corner. On it the heavens are open. There stands the celestial ladder, upon which the angels of God ascend and descend. There man speaks with the Most High, as with a friend, pours out his heart before him, confides to him all his concerns, and obtains from him comfort in tribulation and joy in the midst of sorrow. There stands the ark, for whose sake the whole family, like that of Obedom, is blessed. Happy he whose house has such a closet, well furnished and well employed. The meanest hut, whose inmates abound in prayer, is preferable to the costliest palaces of those who despise God.
 My God, my place of prayer shall be wherever I can lift up a devout heart in faith to thee. I, too, have a chamber appropriated to his holy duty. But I know that my goodness is confined to no particular spot, and, therefore, I can build myself an oratory anywhere.
Learn Hymns
 A good hymn is a blessed treasure. Every such hymn in your mind, at command when it is needed, will be worth vastly more to you than so many dollars in your pocket. It is capital that bears repeated and continued investment, always re-paying at compound rates. A good hymn, like a good plough, becomes all the brighter from using, but, unlike the instrument, use does not wear it out or weaken its power. Like the "Pama" of Virgil, "vires acquirit eundo," the hymn gathers strength from repetition, and with something of mercy's quality, "it blesses him that gives and him that takes."
 A hymn committed to memory becomes a little perennial fountain, for good in the soul of the young Christian. It affords a substantial refreshment. It does not interfere with his duties, for it is a sweeter of toil. It helps to make heavy burdens light, and dull hours cheerful. It either drives away care, or lessens its anxieties. It brings a gleam of sunshine into the cloudiest and darkest day, and aids in development of right feeling under the most unfavorable circumstances.
 If any one doubts this, let him fill his heart and mind with such a hymn as
 "Jesus, lover of my soul
 Let me to thy bosom fly,"
 or Cowper's—
 "Thy happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross,"
 or Watt's—
 "Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?"
 and see how much such trains of thought, thus expressed, can be made to for him in the appropriate circumstances.
 He will sing it over to himself in the store or shop, or office, and even in the street, though his lips may be silent, the hymn will be found springing up a little fountain of melody in the heart unto the Lord.

Parting.
 Of all our allotted trials, not the least difficult to endure are the separations between loved ones which are daily, hourly, and momentarily taking place in every quarter of the universe. It is the one thing to which we never get accustomed. Frequent repetition is not sufficient to dull the sense of pain.
 Even though the separation is designed to be but temporary, life is so uncertain, and the anxious heart goes over the distance with the departing one, watches the hours increasing to days, hopes and desponds alternately, and is not happy until the way-faring one has returned to the "single side."
 How apt we are to treasure the remembrance of the clasp of the hand, and the few words of friendship which may be given at the moment of parting.
 The ocean or the land may separate us; we hope to meet again. God alone knows what is in store for either, and one may yearn and wait for the coming of the other, and still have nothing more tangible to cling to than a sweet memory kept ever green.
 But what if the parting was in anger and the separation final!
 What a host of saddened memories must harrow the soul of the bereaved! Every tone and gesture of his own seems greatly aggravated when he considers the virtues of his friend. Death sweeps away all our animosities, and we can regret the loss of those who have been even less than friendly to us, while with a sigh of pity we exclaim "poor fellow!"
Sensible.
 "Ma," asked little Susie, "will I remember everything I have done and said in this life, when I am dead?"
 "Yes, daughter, you will remember it all. And you will remember all the feelings and thoughts that have ever been entertained by you since you became old enough to know right from wrong."
 "How I wish I had never done or said anything bad, or entertained a bad thought or feeling! Is there no way, Ma, by which I can forget them?"
 "No, my child; you can never forget them."
 "Well, then I must be miserable as long as I continue to exist!" Saying this, she burst into tears, and sighed as if her little heart would break.
 "If you will believe on Jesus," tenderly said her mother, "He will remove all the sorrow you would feel on account of your sins—you may yet be happy."
 "Then I will believe on Jesus at once," exclaimed the little girl.
CALLING AND ANSWERING.—Mr. Sandford went into the woods with his son Arnold. While Mr. Sandford was busy in selecting some trees for timber, Arnold wandered about in search of wild flowers. When his father got ready to go home, Arnold was not in sight. He called him. Arnold heard him distinctly, but took a notion not to answer. Mr. Sandford concluded he had gone home.
 The consequence of Arnold's folly was that he was left in the woods. He got lost, and became very much frightened. He did not find his way out of the woods for a long time.
 When a parent calls, the child should answer. When God calls, the soul addressed should always answer and come at the call. Many hear God's voice calling them to come home to him, but refuse to answer, and get lost and perish in the wilderness of sin.
"Is your soul safe?"—Such was the question addressed recently by a young Christian officer, well known to me, to a brother in arms, who was running eagerly in the path of folly and sin. The question was put under the canopy of heaven, at night as they walked together. It was an arrow from the Spirit's quiver. It led to repentance, faith, newness of life; and now the young convert and Christian soldier is seeking the salvation of others once his associates in evil.
 Answer, then, O reader, the question now: "Is your soul safe?" Yea or nay—is your soul safe? Are you in Christ by living personal faith? Have you the evidence that your sins are forgiven you through his blood, that his robe of righteousness covers you, and that His Spirit has made you a new creature? If not—seek salvation now—even now! Believe, and live. And if you are safe your self, go forth as Christ's ambassador, and gently, lovingly, tearfully, earnestly, faithfully, say to brother, sister, acquaintance, neighbor, "Is your soul safe?"

Massacre of the Huguenots.
 The grand victim of the night was Coligne. The Duke of Guise hated him as an enemy, feared him as a rival, and was resolved to have his blood as a man whose religious habits showed the great impurity of his own. Still, with all those strong stimulants to the passions of an arrogant and sanguinary spirit, it gives a dreadful idea of the furies of a persecuting time, to see the first subject of the country like France, the chief leaders of her armies, a prince by birth, and standing in the first rank of eminent men of Europe, not merely countenance the assassination of a brave nobleman resting unsuspectingly on the pledge of faith of the king, but actually to covet being the assassin—On the fatal night, the Duke of Guise sat up waiting for the tolling of the bell. And the signal had no sooner been given, than he rushed into the street with his brother, the Duc d'Alme, the Duc d'Angouleme, and a crowd of men of rank, all prepared for murder. The house where the Admiral lodged was instantly beset, and, by an act of that consummate perfidy which makes the whole transaction infamously renowned, the man employed to break open the door, was Casseuino, the officer of the guard. The whole number now poured into the house. The Swiss attendants on the stairs were the first stabbed, and in the melee two men Besme a Lorrainer, and Pistruce, an Italian, both the Duke of Guise's retainers, sprang up stairs, and attempted to force the doors of the suit of chambers where Coligne lay. The noise awakened him and he called to one of his attendants to know the cause—the household were already out of their beds, and from the clash of arms below, and the outcries of the soldiers coming from the street, they knew their fate was at hand. The man's singular but expressive answer was, "My Lord, God calls us to Himself."
 The Admiral then rose, threw on his night gown and bade Merlin, his secretary, read prayers to them. But his terror rendering him scarcely able to articulate, the Admiral calmly turning to his attendants, said;
 "Save yourselves, my friends, all is over with me. I have been long prepared for death."
 When they all had left the room but one he knelt down and committed his soul to God. The doors were successfully broken open, and Besme sprang into the room. Seeing but an old man on his knees, he thought he had been disappointed of his prey, and hastily asked, "Where is Coligne?"
 "I am he," was the heroic answer.
 "Young man, if you are a soldier, as you seem to be, you ought to respect my grey hairs. But do what you will, you can shorten my life only by a few days."
 The Russian instantly drove the sword through his heart. The soldiers now filled the room, and the corp's was hacked by every mans sword or dagger. Besme then went to the window, and cried out to Gnie and D'Angouleme, who were standing in the street that the murder was done.
 "Very well," was the chief murderer's answer. "But M. D'Angouleme here will not believe it unless he sees him at his feet."
 The proof was soon furnished. The corpse was thrown out of the window to the feet of M. D'Angouleme, and by the force of concussion, the blood started out on the clothes and faces of the party. But Guise was still unsatisfied, and to obtain full conviction, he took out his handkerchief cleared the blood from his countenance. The features of his old, noble antagonist were there, and as the last triumph of an ungenerous and cruel heart, he ordered him to be decapitated. The body was left to the indignities of the rabble, and they acted up to their full measure.
 After mutilating the senseless flesh, till they were exhausted, they fastened ropes to it, and then dragged it through the streets for several days; they then threw it in the Seine. But they now wanted an object for their horrible sport and after some time, they drew it out again, hung it up by the heels to the gibbet of Montfaucon put a fire under it, and roasted it! As if to leave no rank of France unstained, not merely by the general sweeping crime of the massacre, but even by its lowest abomination, the king hearing that the body of the man was roasting whom but a few days ago he had courted and flattered, nay, called the ornament of his court and kingdom, his father! came

with a showy cortege of his nobles to enjoy the spectacle.
 He was worthy to enjoy it. On some of the cortege turning away, half offended by the smell, Charles laughed at their squeamishness, and said as Virgil had said before him; you see gentlemen, I do not turn away. The smell of a dead enemy is always good."
 The miscreant remains were afterwards taken down by the humanity of Marshal de Montmorency during the night, but as he was afraid of the renewal of those barbarities if he brought them to the Chapel of Chantilly, he had then hidden for awhile, until they could be entered at Montauban. Long subsequently they were removed to the place Coligne family, and publicly buried at Chateaufort sur Loire. The head on being cut off in the street, was sent to the Queen mother. With what emotion must not that arch-fiend have gazed on her hideous trophy! It was next transmitted to the next fitting place for such a triumph, Rome!
Love is the diamond. among the jewelers of the believer's breast-plate. The other graces shine, like the precious stones of nature, with their own peculiar lustre and various hues; but the diamond is white—now in white all the colors are united; so in love is centered every other Christian grace.
A WINTER THOUGHT.—Later and less densely than his wont, night shuts down on the earth when wrapped in snow: her new witness postpones and relieves the gloom of the dark hours. Thus on the soul which wears a robe of purity, sorrow falls not so soon, hangs not heavily, as on the sin-stained, the stain-loving. In both cases, too, that which cheers, when it cannot chase the shadow, comes from above: only the heavens have power to clothe the earth or soul in white.
WINE.—When an excommunicated person dies among the Greeks, his relations, to prevent the devil from entering into the lifeless corpse, put it in boiling wine. This is the complete reversal of one among the most potent methods by which the devil effects an entrance into the living body; namely—by putting wine and other intoxicating drinks into it, until its lusts and passions boil!
 We are as much indebted to, and dependent upon, the Holy Spirit, to enable us to understand God's will, as though there were no Bible; and yet as bound to search the Scriptures, to ascertain that will, as though there were no Spirit: "Search the Scriptures."
A WISE PLAN.—If pastors would gain parents, let them take hold of the children. Often we may uproot a whole tree by drawing it only by a single branch.
Business Cards.
N. GACHET,
Attorney at Law,
 TUSKEGEE, ALA.
 Office at the old stand east of Brewer's (now Kelly's) Hotel.
 July 24, 1862.
G. W. GIBBS, R. L. HAYES, N. H. 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—
 July 15, 1862.
G. W. GIBBS, R. L. HAYES, N. H. ABERCROMBIE,
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
 Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, Chambers and Tallapoosa Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court at Montgomery. Prompt and careful attention will be given to all business entrusted to them.
 Brick Office next the Presbyterian Church—
 Tuskegee, Ala., Jan. 10, 1860.
J. H. CADDENHEAD,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala.,
 Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Russell.
 June 15, 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 Chehaw at 3.27 a. m., for Montgomery.
 G. W. STEVENS,
 July 24, 1862. 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 & Ecclesiastical 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 ladies will be admitted next session to pursue an irregular Course of Study, or a Course preparatory to a regular Course, provided the applicant has sufficient maturity 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 months, in advance..... \$25 00
 Incidentals..... 5 00
 Room and Board..... 10 00
 Coal..... 5 00
 Board, per month..... \$12 00 to 14 00
 Washing..... 1 00
 J. W. GARROTT,
 President Board Trustees.
 J. B. LOVELL, Secretary.
 Marion, Aug. 29, 1861.
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 due 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 each.
 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, French, Latin, Elementary Algebra, Latin common, 14 00
 Latin, Classical, Algebra, Geometry, History, 16 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.
Medical College of Georgia, AT AUGUSTA.
 THE Thirtieth Session of this Institution will open Monday, the 4th November next.
 Anatomy, M. F. BRIDGES, M. D.
 Surgery, L. A. DAVIS, M. D.
 Chemistry, J. J. JOHNS, M. D.
 Materia Medica and Therapeutics, L. P. GARVIN, M. D.
 Institutes and Treatise, D. F. FOSTER, M. D.
 Physiology, H. V. M. MUMFORD, M. D.
 Ophthalmology, J. A. EYRE, M. D.
 Adjunct Professor, Dr. J. R. ROBERTSON, M. D.
 W. H. DORRANCE, M. D., Clinical Lecturer at City Hospital.
 S. B. SIMMONS, M. D., Practitioner to Professor Anatomy.
 H. W. D. FORD, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
 Lectures, (full course) \$105.
 The College building has been thoroughly renovated, and many additions made to former facilities for instruction.
 I. P. GARVIN, Dean.
 September 18, 1861.
IMPROVED NON-CORROSIVE, CONFEDERATE WRITING FLUID
 Manufactured Wholesale & Retail, BY
W. S. BARTON,
 TEACHER'S EXCHANGE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
 Sept. 11, 1862. 31
ALABAMA MARBLE WORKS,
 MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.
NIX, YOUNG & NIX,
 (SUCCESSORS TO E. W. SIMMONS)
 MONUMENTS, MANTLES, TOMBS, Railings, GRAVE STONES, Furniture Work, and Tablets. GRAVES, &c.
 All Work Warranted to give Satisfaction.
 Feb. 22, 1861.
NO TASTE OF MEDICINE! BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERMIFUGE.
 Children dying right and left! Mothers not as yet bereft! Know that little worms move forth and kill! Than each other mortal ill! But the Vermifuge will save Your pale child from the grave.
 Mothers, MARK YOUR CHILD—Shall the Child die, at the Worms? Remember, a few Boxes of Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge will destroy any number of worms, and bring them away without pain. Price 25 cents. Grant Ross Proprietor, 15 Beekman Street, New York.
 Sold by
 July 26, 1860. C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, Ala.
NEW BOOKS,
 E. L. FURETIDIS, by the author of The Lamp-lighter, &c. Fifty Years Out of the Senses, by Major John Downing.
 The Marble Faun, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. A novel, of a novel kind.
 Tales of the Arabian Nights, by J. S. Arthur.
 The Habits of Good Society, a hand book for ladies.
 The Private Correspondence of Alexander von Humboldt. The Bull on the Flow, by the author of Adam Bede. A Life for a Life, by the author of John Halifax. Art Recreations.
 Reminiscences of Rufus Chilton, by Edw. G. Parker. Tynley Hall, by the author of Grace Treman.
 Mary Hudson, by the author of Grace Treman. And many other new books, just received and for sale by
 B. B. DAVIS, Montgomery, Ala.
 July 5, 1860. No. 20 Market.