

# 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."

\$3 per Annum, Invariably in Advance.

VOL. 14—NO. 41.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1863.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.

**The South Western Baptist,**  
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
**HENDERSON & BATTLE,**  
PROPRIETORS.  
For the South Western Baptist—  
**The paper for the Army.**

A soldier wants something to read. And many soldiers would like to read the South Western Baptist. Now reader, I make you this proposition: If you will subscribe for the South Western Baptist to be sent to some soldier in the army, I will do the same. What do you say to this proposition? Will you accept it. I send three dollars enclosed which the editors will use as above proposed. Now Reader send yours along without further delay—and we shall both be doing good. HINTER.

### "As it was in the Days of Noe."

We are often reminded, by the scenes we witness and by what we learn of passing events throughout the country, of that forcible illustration, from which the above words are quoted, which our Saviour gives of our reckless disregard of threatened danger, and of our persistence in sin in despite of all warnings, until ruin has overtaken us. It ought to be expected that now, if never before, our people would be serious, mindful of Divine law, putting restraint upon vicious propensity, cultivating the spirit of justice, mercy and charity—more ready to worship God, than to seek pleasure or to serve the flesh and the devil. This course would seem reasonable, because we are just now holding at immense risk every earthly fortune we possess, and nothing but God's goodness and intervention can keep us all from ship-wreck, with our families, our property, our human hopes, our country's liberties and all else, that has constituted the value and enjoyment of this lower life. Wise men do not riot and gamble and dance, while their vessel is driving upon the breakers or when the earthquake is heaving beneath their feet. Why then should men defy God, when it is only His mercy that can save them from a worse ruin—when if His anger be kindled and he serve the arm of our enemies, we shall be forever undone?

We have time and again deprecated the sins of the people—we have thought of times that there were tokens of public reformation—but we are satisfied that God is not yet sufficiently honored among us, to secure us against impending wrath. Our chief magistrate acknowledges God, and calls upon us to pray. The secular press echoes the call, and takes a holiday; and yet it will sell its columns daily and give its influence to encourage the masses—especially the young to attend amusements, that whatever innocent phase they may sometimes take, have on the whole been considered the most corrupting to public morals that the devil ever invented—and while Churches are empty, the haunts of vice are crowded to suffocation. Thus the wicked are betrayed into grosser sin, the minds of a people for whom the "house of mourning" is now a more fitting resort "than the house of feasting" are dissipated, and the morals of the rising generation, to whom presently we are to entrust our fortunes—if God's wrath leaves any thing to the country—are corrupted and their lives depraved. Are nominal professors in no way responsible for this public depravity? Do they not by their doubtful expedients of raising money even for a good cause and their participation in worldliness, folly, make broader and stronger that current, which is to sweep all to ruin?

But besides the schools of worldly folly and forgetfulness of God which are every where open, with the press for their ushers, and sometimes nominal Christians for their janitors, there are found all over the land those dens of festering and contagious pollution where drunkenness and gaming and lust and riot and murder find their victims, and hurry them by a precipitous descent down from one steep of iniquity to another, until they have reached the pit that opens its devour-

ing jaws to receive them. And into these ante chambers of hell our young men are insnared, and there is no law rigid enough or government strong enough to avert the ruin, and the earnest remonstrance and warning of the unheeded pulpit or of the despised religious paper are in vain poured out upon the empty air.

Meanwhile, too, the worldliness of the merely worldly-minded is assuming more terrible proportions. Never were our people upon a keener scent for money-making, and wherever they detect, they detect the smell of gold, there they raven like wolves for their prey. It may be the food and clothing of poverty—or the means of our defence—or the necessities of war—or the supplies needed for our brave defenders—or the very life's blood of their families—no matter what it is from which gold may be coined, that the harpies clutch in their vice-like grasp, that they may build up their fortunes. We have been asked why we have not said more in condemnation of extortion. We have answered where is the use, when almost every body who has articles to sell has become an extortioner? Whether it be a wheat-crop or a corn-field, whether salt or sugar, meat or merchandise, a pair of shoes or a dozen eggs, all are asking for their commodities whatever they think the consumer will consent, or will be obliged, to pay. Who that sells does otherwise, except that here and there a noble exception is prominent? Who is there whose income has not increased, except that of the poor man or of those out of employment, or fighting for our liberties, or living, as heretofore, upon a fixed salary? Why then should we waste words upon extortioners? If we would advise any thing, it would be that every man in the land who offers public prayer should pray, that they who originated and are perpetuating the system of monopoly and extortion that is bringing so much wretchedness and destitution on others, should "eat the fruit of their doings," by God's direct judgments upon them. But even this is unnecessary. God has set their names down in His book. The Scriptures have fixed their place among the most notorious of sinners to be cast into the lake of fire. There may be no justice on earth that can reach such men, but there is a hell. They may eat and drink and make merry now—they may buy and sell, marry and give in marriage as in the days of Noah, but the floods are out—the waters are rising—their wealth can buy no shelter in the ark—and God will see to it that justice is done, and His truth vindicated.

Or are the buyers wholly without sin? There are thousands who will deny themselves nothing—who will give whatever is demanded for what they should learn to do without. They thus keep up prices, that would otherwise so come down that the soldiers would be supplied with what is necessary to health, and the sick and infirm could command what failing nature and age require.

This is no time for rustling silks or shining satin—for gewgaws and trinkets—for splendid equipage or luxurious living. Having a shelter a crust, a cup of water, a life of comparative and slothful ease, should satisfy us, when we think of our brave barefoot boys marking their victorious way with bloody steps—half fed, half clothed, and wholly comfortless, exposed to sun and rain and cold—to sickness and to death—and all, that we may retain what we now possess and enjoy. Let us repudiate all luxury, all self-indulgence, and for their sakes, learn to live as they do, so long as they cannot live as we do but are suffering want of all things. Both Christianity and patriotism require of us all, in these days, one long lenten fast, one continuous life of studied self denial.

Will we learn to do better—will we ever learn to fear God and keep His commandments? He has enforced the lesson for years upon a disobedient people from the pulpit and the religious press—in His providences and by the voice of the living ministry. We would not heed it.—One turns to gain—another to power—another to pleasure—each

his own way—only a few to God's way. He is now enforcing the lesson in another and a terribly severe manner. We are now reading it in the light of our burning homes or as it is written on desolated districts. We are hearing it amid the roar and cries of battle—we are learning it beside the graves of our household idols.—Gracious God! how long shall it be before we have learned it—how many more homes shall be laid waste, how many more cities and towns trodden under foot by a merciless foe, how many more plains drenched with our richest blood, how many more graves opened for our patriotic sons, before we have learned that God has a controversy with us for our sins, and demands repentance and obedience from all the people.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

### Religious Anecdotes.

A minister calling to visit a lady, was detained a long time while she was dressing. At length she made her appearance, bedizened in all the frippery of fashion and folly. The minister was in tears. She asked the cause of his grief; when he replied, "I weep, madam, to think that an immortal being should spend so much of that precious time, which was given her to prepare for eternity, in thus vainly adorning that body which must soon become a prey to worms."

The Rev. John Elliot, styled, "The Apostle of the Indians," was once asked by a pious woman, who was vexed with a wicked husband, and bad company frequently infesting her house on his account, what she should do. "Take," said he, "the Holy Bible into your hand when bad company comes in, and that will soon drive them out of the house."

A colored woman of Barbadoes, who had been a member of the Moravian church for more than half a century, gave to her pastor a sum of money, to be returned to her whenever she should want it. When he relinquished his charge, he transferred the deposit to his successor, Mr. Hartvig. The latter perceived that the poor woman was evidently in want of pecuniary aid, informed her that he had money in his possession which belonged to her. At first she could not believe him: the remembrance of the deposit had apparently faded from her mind. She finally consented to receive enough for her immediate necessities; but Mr. Hartvig wished to know what should be done with the remainder, in case of her death. Her answer was, "O me belong to the church and me money too!" There is a volume of instruction in this simple reply. How few Christians seem to feel that they have given their property, as well as themselves, to the Lord Jesus Christ!

**APOLGY FOR LONG SERMONS.**—Mr. Grimshaw once apologized for the length of his discourses to this effect: If I were in some situations, I might not think it needful to speak so much; but many of my hearers, who are wicked and careless, are likewise very ignorant and very slow of apprehension. If they do not understand me, I cannot hope to do them good; and when I think of the uncertainty of life, and perhaps it may be the last opportunity afforded, and that it is possible I may never see them again, till I meet them in the great day, I know not how to be explicit enough; I endeavor to set the subject in a variety of lights; I express the same thoughts in different words, and can scarcely tell how to leave off, lest I should have omitted something, for the want of which my preaching and their hearing might prove in vain; and thus, though I fear I weary others, I am still unable to satisfy myself.

**NOTHING MINE BUT GOD.**—In the memoir of Mrs. Savage, the sister of Matthew Henry, the Commentator, is this entry on her duty: "Resolved, To call nothing but God." How forcibly does the expression remind us of the Saviour's requirement, "Whosoever he be that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple," and in the same time, of the Apostle's inventory of the Christian's possessions: "All things are yours." Truly, if this be so, "He that loseth his life shall find it."

### To the People of Missouri.

It is my painful duty officially to announce to you the death, in December last, of our distinguished chief magistrate, CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON. His ability, integrity and patriotism, and his services and sacrifices in our cause, will honorably perpetuate his name in our history.

Elected in 1860 Lieutenant-Governor of our State, I am called by its constitution to the executive chair. Confident that my authority is acknowledged by an overwhelming majority of the people, I have assumed the position of Governor of the State of Missouri. This announcement has been delayed in order that an examination of our affairs might enable me, at the same time, to address you more understandingly concerning them. Their condition is hopeful, but imposes on me a responsibility to which I am wholly unequal, unless sustained by the zealous and confiding support of every loyal Missourian, and favored by the Almighty Ruler of Nations, whose protection and guidance I reverently invoke.

Many of the inconveniences produced by the failure to elect a legislature in August last, will be obviated by the Act of our last General Assembly, "to authorize the Governor of the State of Missouri to suppress rebellion and repel invasion," approved May 10th, 1861, and authorizing him, for these purposes, "to take such measures as, in his judgment, he may deem necessary or proper."

The ruling principle of my official conduct will be a regard for the interests, and dignity of the whole people of Missouri; as well as those within the State as those exiled from it. That principle enjoins harmony with the Confederate government, and a zealous, energetic and trusting support of its efforts to secure the independence of all the Confederate States.

The enemy has persistently endeavored to inspire our citizens with distrust of the intentions of that government towards Missouri. The most solemn public pledges have been given by the President and Congress of the Confederacy that its utmost powers will be exerted to maintain the territorial integrity of all the thirteen States composing it. The President will direct those powers to that end. Cordial, personal and official relations with him for nine years past enable me to assure you that, among his many great qualities, the most perfect sincerity is conspicuous. His pledge he will certainly redeem.—Could you have witnessed the emotion with which he has heard the recital of your sufferings, you would know that no object lies nearer his heart than the liberation of Missouri. A friendship of twenty years, standing with the Secretary of War, justifies me in placing the most implicit trust in his assurances that his department will do its full duty towards our noble State. From his energy and administrative ability the best results may be expected.

Some timid friends apprehend that in a treaty of peace Missouri may be wholly or partially sacrificed to some supposed military necessity. These fears are ill-founded. During the existence of the armistice preceding a treaty, the voice of the people in every State will make itself heard on the question of a boundary between the North and the South. Community of interest and affinity of race will interpret the diplomatic jargon of the *status quo* and the *uti possidetis*; and the question to be settled by negotiation may be, not whether all the slaveholding States shall belong to our Confederacy, but whether non-slaveholding communities, not of New England origin, shall be admitted into it.

But we must not fold our arms and expect others to fight our battles.—All Missourians should strain their utmost energies to increase our power, both moral and physical. They should recruit the Confederate army by tens of thousands, so that on the conclusion of an armistice, the general result of military operations may enable our negotiators to claim, with

firmness, the limits which community of race and institutions naturally assign to our Confederacy.

Missouri should be subjected to the evils of war only so far as they are unavoidable in the attainment of final success. As I advised you eighteen months ago, "partial uprisings, in defenceless positions, or without due concert of action, are worse than useless." While our right to raise troops throughout Missouri will be maintained, mere rambling predatory warfare should be abandoned. The right of our citizens to self-defence against an actual aggressor is sacred, but retaliation on the innocent for the acts of the guilty, should be regulated by the calm judgment of our highest authorities. The return of the Confederate troops to our State will take place as soon as the military position of affairs shall give a well-grounded hope that they will remain there permanently. I have great confidence that such a return will begin at an early period; but, to hasten it, all patriotic Missourians, able to do so, should speedily join the Confederate army, and those compelled to remain at home should quietly prepare to give it that support in reliance on which its return will be made.

Our enemies have begun a system by which we are compelled to carry on war at the risk of losing all our property; to make the contest fair and equal, they should incur a like risk. Accordingly, in obedience to the general wish of our loyal citizens, and by virtue of the powers vested in the Governor of Missouri by the statute before mentioned, I have today issued an order of sequestration, (subject to future modification under the executive power of pardon and amnesty, and to the final action of the people), embracing all property, real and personal, now or hereafter owned by any person willingly supporting anywhere, at any time since May 10th, 1861 or hereafter, the government of the United States, or the rebellion in Missouri headed by Hamilton R. Gamble. This sequestration is for the purpose of indemnity to loyal citizens or residents of Missouri, for damages received anywhere, and to loyal citizens or residents of any other of the Confederate States, or Maryland, for damages done in Missouri to their persons or property; also for the purpose of securing support to Missourians disabled, and the widows and orphans of Missourians dying from injuries; provided the damage, disability or injury be caused by the act of the enemy, or incurred in the service of Missouri or of the Confederate States, in the existing war. The property sequestered is, for the moment, beyond our power, but the order is needed to define and simplify the terms of the contest, and assure our oppressed citizens of the intention of the State authorities to avenge their wrongs; it will also preclude future fraudulent claims of pretended innocent purchasers without notice, to whom portions of such property may be transferred. It is made extensive, because the amount of compensation required will depend on the future course of the enemy. Should that course be just and moderate, the estates of a few persistent malignants might suffice to balance the account, and a liberal amnesty would be granted to all others.

The Conscrip. Acts, clearly constitutional, with their provisions for filling up old regiments and organizing new, apply to all Missourians within any State which is not exempted in accordance with law; and all members of our State Guard, still in actual service, should at once enter the Confederate army. Unity of command is essential to military efficiency, and all our troops in the field should be under direct control of our illustrious President, in whose consummate leadership we may all confide.

Except where important State interests are involved, I shall abstain from recommendations for positions under the Confederate government. Applications for them should be sent direct to the proper department, or presented for the consideration of our Congressional delegation, with

which I desire to act in entire harmony.

A proper attention to my executive duties will not permit frequent visits to the camps. Business of the State will detain me here two or three weeks longer; after the lapse of that time, and until a location of the executive office shall have been made west of the Mississippi river, communications to me should be directed to Jackson, Mississippi, from which place they will be forwarded to me.

**Soldiers of Missouri!** Your chief magistrate fully shares your longing to return to our suffering State. He admits in no one greater cause to be impatient; for, in addition to nearly every motive which can actuate others, he is impelled by a natural ambition to be restored to full possession of the first place in the government of a great commonwealth. The experience of exile, though among sympathizing friends, has but intensified our love for the metal hills, the verdant prairies, the majestic forests, the noble rivers of our Gem of the Valley. But let not that longing engender discontent or dependency. You have already gained what heroic men are ever willing to die for—a brilliant fame in history, a priceless heritage for your children. Add to it by serving your country with increased zeal, unumbrating and unquestioning. It is only by God's favor that man succeeds in his efforts. Deserve that favor by fortitude, patience and discipline. If, in some moment of weakness, any one of you is tempted to regard his hardships as too great to be bore, let him recall the sound counsel given by your gallant leader, Sterling Price, that "no past services, however glorious, can save from dishonor him who meanly deserts his country and his comrades in the hour of danger."

Indignantly frown down any attempt an insidious foe may make to diminish your affection for the Confederate government. It has extended to us support and favor with a liberal hand. While we have been unable to contribute to its revenues, it has supplied our State treasury with millions. The first major-general, not belonging to the military profession, who has been appointed by the President, was the distinguished chief officer of our State Guard. A witness of our soldiery qualities, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies fully appreciate your merits; confide implicitly in his desire to do you justice. It is rarely safe to depart from the wholesome military principle that troops should not know their destination, but should cheerfully go wherever ordered.—But I am authorized to assure you your re-union on our own side of the Mississippi, under General Price, has been contemplated by the Confederate executive, whose continuing purpose is that it shall take place as soon as you can be spared from the important positions you now defend; you should not desire it sooner.—Meanwhile, hasten it by assisting your fellow countrymen to drive back invasion, and the turn in the tide of war will float us all back, on its foremost waves, in triumph to our homes.

**THOMAS C. REYNOLDS,**  
Governor of Missouri.  
RICHMOND, VA., Feb'y 14th, 1863.

**A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.**—"O Lord, if I forget Thee in the heat of battle, do not forget me." Thus prayed a Christian soldier as he entered the battle. God heard and answered his prayer. For while many of his comrades fell around him, he came out unharmed. Soldier, would you come out of battle safely? then put your trust in the Lord, for He has promised to protect those who put their trust in Him.—The missiles of death may fly thick around you, a thousand may fall at your right hand, but not one shall harm you. O that men would trust in the Lord, for His mercy endureth forever.

In every dispensation towards us, God aims at our sanctification.

In doing the Lord's work, we may expect the Lord's smile.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, A. LA.  
Thursday, March 12, 1863.

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

Read This!

From and after the 20th day of this month, (March,) we will receive no more Change Bills issued by persons or corporations unauthorized by law. State or Confederate money only will be received.—Of course the change bills authorized by our last Legislature will be received.

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.

A Day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

Our Chief Magistrate, whose sense of dependence upon God for final success has been earnest and consistent from the commencement of this fearful struggle, again calls upon the good people in the Confederate States to observe Friday the 27th day of this month as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. We are persuaded his proclamation will meet with a general response from every part of the Confederacy. We have the most affecting cause to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and repent of our personal and national sins in dust and ashes. A war of such fearful magnitude as the one in which we are now engaged, opens the flood gates of crime to an extent that may well excite the alarm of every Christian patriot.—Profanity, Sabbath-breaking, murder, theft, extortion, will, unless restrained by the virtue of the country, achieve results over which we may well weep. It is well, therefore, that our people should pause at this crisis of our affairs, and betake themselves to the only expedient that can arrest this tide of evil,—fasting, repentance and prayer.

It were vain and foolish—nay, it is madness in the extreme, for us to make light of the dangers which threaten us. Let us not cheat ourselves with the delusive cry of "peace, peace, when there is no peace," and when there is no likelihood of there being peace during this or the next year. The entire militia of the whole Northern States has been placed at the disposition of Lincoln; and although he may not succeed in organizing this full force, yet he may be able to replenish his army to such an extent as to carry on this war efficiently until the close of his administration. It becomes us, therefore, to gird ourselves up to this terrible contest, not only by resorting to every possible measure of defense, but by constantly invoking the divine favor upon our cause.

And have we not abundant encouragement to expect great things from God, if we but call upon him in truth? Can any man look back upon the series of brilliant victories with which our arms have been crowned, and not feel that the Lord has been on our side? And if He has espoused our cause, and fought for us up to this time, may we not hope that He will not change sides? At least, we are authorized to believe that nothing but our sins can induce Him to forsake us. And with the Lord of hosts with us, we are invincible.

Think of the fearful emphasis with which the proclamation of our President is enforced by our present dangers. The most formidable naval armament of modern times is now thundering at our sea port cities, and around the hills of Vicksburg. The best appointed and equipped army our enemy has is now pressing us at the very heart of the Confederacy in Middle Tennessee. Success at any of these points, on the part of the abolition army, will crush out any cry for peace which may be attempting to develop itself in the Northern States. Disaster at all of them may satisfy them that further attempts at our subjugation is useless. We repeat, therefore, that much depends upon the events of the next few weeks. Let nothing be left undone which a Christian people can do to roll back the tide of invasion that now threatens us both by sea and land.

It is to be hoped that every church in the Confederacy will be filled on that day with crowds of penitent and prayerful worshippers, and that our enemies will see what Baalam saw when he was employed to curse ancient

Israel, that "the shout of a King is in our camps." We are persuaded that if our people at home would do their duty as faithfully as our soldiers in the field, it would soon throw a different aspect upon the state of our affairs.—If we can crush that accursed "greed of gain" at home, that now seeks to sacrifice country, liberty, every thing dear to us, to the shrine of mammon, and inspire a lofty spirit of devotion to God and the cause, we will have made a sensible advance toward the end of this contest. We need not look for peace until God's controversy with us is settled. He has undertaken to chastise us for our sins, and not until He sees the evidences of sincere and hearty repentance, will He remove the rod. It is as much our duty and privilege to pray for the divine blessing upon the rod of affliction as for our daily bread; for the one is no less necessary to our spiritual, than the other is to our temporal, interest.

A Sad Day in Tuskegee.

It becomes our melancholy duty to announce the death of two of our most useful and distinguished citizens. On Wednesday night the fourth day of March, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, the Hon. WM. K. HARRIS, Judge of the Probate Court, and THOMAS L. MCGOWEN, Sheriff of Macon county, died at their respective residences in this place within half an hour of each other. We know not when our community has been so shocked; Judge Harris had been elected not quite a year to the position he was filling.—Mr. McGowen had been for many years in public office, and was without doubt one of the most faithful and efficient officers we ever had in the county.—Judge Harris died of inflammation of the bowels.—Mr. McGowen of congestion of the brain. The latter had just returned from a trip to the army of Tennessee, whither he had been called to look after a sick son, who had died before he reached the army—was taken sick at once, and died within a few days. They were both buried in Tuskegee on Friday morning, after suitable funeral exercises at the Presbyterian church, conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Nall.

Pastoral Settlement.

Rev. George W. Selvidge, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church in Dalton, Ga., has again been called to the care of that Church, and is now in charge. He was pastor of the Baptist Church at Corinth, Miss. before the Abolitionists occupied that place, and, like many other Southern pastors, had to leave or be Basted. We wish him great success in his renewed connection.—We know his labors were greatly blessed in his former charge. We thank him for his kind offer to act as agent for us.

Child's Index.

The reader is referred to our advertising columns for information in regard to this excellent Sunday School paper. We cannot too highly recommend it to all our churches, and every Christian family, as an invaluable auxiliary in the moral and religious training of the young. No Sabbath School should be without it. It is edited with marked ability and elegantly printed.

For the South Western Baptist, CARLOWVILLE, Feb. 14, 1863.

DEAR BRETHREN: I have been waiting since the tenth day of January to see if I could summon resolution to communicate the sad intelligence of another affliction that has fallen upon our family circle.

The loss of our dwelling by fire we have been made to feel is hardly to be regarded as a calamity. Such kindness as we have received I did not expect, and could those friends who contributed to the rebuilding of our house but look into my heart and see what an intolerable burden has been lifted from my mind by their well-timed and considerate action, I am sure they would be repaid. On our part we have realized the force of the adage: "He gives twice who gives promptly." And here I wish to say, that there are two requests I make at the throne of grace for them. The first is, that they may never be made to feel the overwhelming emotions that pressed me down when I looked upon my ruined house and houseless family; and the second is, that God may richly reward them in spiritual things for their kindness to us in temporal things.

The house is progressing as well as I could expect, and but for the item of nails, so expensive at this time, would soon be completed.

But I alluded to another severe affliction, viz: The removal by death of our youngest child, DAVID BOARDMAN. Parental fondness might dictate many things concerning this precious little one, "the lamb of our flock," but words can give no adequate utterance to the feelings of our hearts. Dear little one, he was not permitted to go with us into the new house provided by the kindness of loving Christian friends, but he has entered into that house not made

with hands eternal in the heavens, of which our loving Redeemer spoke.—John 14:1-3.

While his little body lay in our midst I gathered my family around and read the 21st and 22d chapters of Revelation, and told my remaining children of the far better accommodations our dear little "Boardie" had provided for him by his Heavenly Father.

At another time I may furnish a short obituary notice of our little one; I have no heart to do it at this time.

Yours in Christ Jesus,  
C. F. STURGIS.

For the South Western Baptist.

POPULAR SPRING, COOSA CO., ALA.  
DEAR BRETHREN: At our January meeting with the Baptist church at Poplar Spring which embraced the 1st Sabbath, a presbytery was convened, consisting of Elders Steely and Bearden, for the purpose of ordaining brother Hardy Jones. After the usual manner of examining, brother Jones was set apart to the work of the Gospel ministry.

By order of the church in conference, January Term 1863.

JOHN R. STEELY, Mod.  
JOHN A. LOGAN, Clerk

[From the Christian Index.]

Ordination.

I send you an extract from the proceedings of Mount Pleasant Baptist church, Pike county, Ala., the 20th of Dec. 1862.

After due enquiry into the evidences of bro. J. M. Landrum's divine call, and the doctrines which he holds and purposes to teach, and being satisfied that they are in accordance with the Holy Scriptures, and, moreover, that he professes gifts and qualifications for usefulness in the work of the ministry, we, by prayer and the imposition of hands, solemnly ordained our said brother to the sacred office, in the presence of the church, and do hereby recommend him to favor and respect.

T. G. MILES,  
J. J. HARRIS,  
R. W. PRIEST,  
R. C. STEWART.

Resolution of the Baptist Church of Macon, Ga.

Feb. 27th, 1863.

Whereas, the Southern Biennial Convention is appointed to meet at Columbus, Mississippi; and

As that place is manifestly unsuitable at this time, owing to the war; and

As we understand that the church in Columbus, Miss., thinks it best for the Convention to meet elsewhere, and

Believing that the Vice Presidents, with the advice and consent of one of the Boards of the Convention, may appoint a more suitable and convenient place at which the Convention may meet; and

As it is very important for the interests of the Baptist denomination, that the Convention should hold its regular meeting, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Baptist church at Macon, Ga., do cordially invite the Southern Biennial Convention to meet with her in the city of Macon, Ga., at the appointed time; and

That this resolution be published forthwith in the Christian Index for the information of the Boards and Vice Presidents, with the request that all denominational papers will copy.

E. W. WARREN, Mod.  
G. S. OBEAR, Clerk.

From the Camp and the Hospital.

From a number of encouraging letters received of late from our friends in the Army, I select two for publication. Lieut. Jno. R. Bagby, of the Powhatan Artillery, writes from Camp near Bowling Green as follows:

"When your books, tracts, etc. came, and I opened them in front of my tent, the men rushed to them with almost the same eagerness and zest that they would to a table laden with the most inviting eatables. They would pick out a Testament, hymn book, etc., and ask me, what shall I pay you for these, sir? To which I did my heart good to respond, 'Only that you take care of and read them.' In passing through the companies distributing tracts, I found the men not only willing to receive them, but expressed the profoundest gratitude to me for bringing them round, and beckon to and call me lest I might pass them unnoticed.

Every father and mother who has read any or all of the following tracts, viz: "A Mother's Parting Words to Her Soldier Boy, The Soldier, The Sentinel, Havelock, Friendly Conversation, You Must Labor for Salvation, A Voice from the Austria, etc., must feel happy when they know that their sons and relations in the army have them in their hands.

I have the happiness to know that these good books and tracts do exert a most wholesome influence upon our soldiers. Their evident tendency is to stay the tide of demoralization which seems at times almost ready to eradi-

cate the last vestige of morality and religion. Then do let us have them at any sacrifice.

To illustrate what I have said, I will simply mention one fact. Since I distributed your hymn books, etc., instead of hearing day and night the foolish, demoralizing songs which are so common in camp, the woods are rendered vocal by the religious song, emanating from nearly every hut and tent, and men are seen sitting about camp reading their Testaments and tracts. Who will say that this is not significant of good? These good old hymns must call to the soldier's mind that pious mother's voice around the hearth-stone, and those church associations which he once enjoyed. Tell me not that this does no good. Anything that will make men reflect upon their state is good. I must conclude by begging a few more Testaments, hymn books, etc., for our regiment. May God still increase your usefulness and success.

Rev. W. M. Young, post chaplain at Petersburg, Va., writes as follows: "Had not this mighty influence been put in operation, had our army been entirely neglected, we would have seen a vast deal of wreck and ruin where now virtue, morality and piety prevail. All tracts have done good, but I may refer to some few instances, by way of encouragement.

Among the army on the Peninsula nearly one hundred professed conversion from reading 'A Mother's Parting Words,' etc.; while from twenty-five to fifty also declared their interest in Christ from reading, 'Bethel,' and other tracts published by your society.—Many interesting and affecting facts came under my own observation. I gave the tract, 'A mother's Parting Words,' etc. to a very promising young man last year in the College Hospital, Williamsburg. His mother came to see him. I heard him tell her what the Lord had done for his soul by reading that tract. She gave the same tract to a second son, who left for his home. When she reached her home with the remains of her pious son, she found her second son converted, and he died. She came to Williamsburg but to carry her third son away. She had sent him the very same tract. I was with him when he read it. Having prayed and conversed freely with him, he soon professed faith in Jesus Christ. Poor woman! she saw him die, but happy in his God, and willing to depart.—She took the tract with her. The next time I met her was in this city, seeking for her fourth and only son, to give him the very same tract which his brothers had read before him. He read it, and I have reason to believe he read it with profit, and I hope still lives. You cannot, my brother, be too earnest in your work. It is a great work."

Surely the above is well calculated to encourage the heart of God's people. Why should we be weary in well-doing, when the blessing descends so richly, even while the labor is being performed? A. E. D.

[From the Recorder.]

War, the Consequences of Sin.

However much we abhor the wicked invasion and evil designs of our present formidable enemy, and however strongly we believe in the justice of our cause, every thinking man of christian disposition will acknowledge the hand of Omnipotence in the calamities that now disturb the peace of our country.

Ever since the temptation of Eve by the Serpent, punishment has followed sin. Nor is there yet any change in the great designs of God. This fact, which none but infidels presume to deny, is fraught with abundant matter for serious meditation, and demands the attention of every rational being. On account of the common wickedness of antediluvians, God did not hesitate to destroy both man and beast from the face of the earth, reserving himself a single family. For disobedience of the Israelites to the divine injunction while sojourning in the wilderness, that whole generation was forever debarred from entering the land of promise, save only the faithful Joshua and Caleb.—Even the righteous Moses, for the arrogance of what appeared to be a slight degree of power to himself at the rock of Meribah, was forbidden to set his foot, so polluted, upon the soil of the desired Canaan. When Achan concealed the accursed thing, the army of Joshua suffered the most disastrous defeat. Thus we infer that our present calamities are the consequence of transgression and disobedience: *Fas losus*, that gaudy prince of Pandemonium, with all his black host of colleagues, has reigned with too much power over the highly favored people of both sections of the now divided United States; and we have evident reasons to think he now holds too high a commission in this day of trouble. The time seems long since when many of us were the happy recipients of the comforts of home and friends; but it pains the heart of the pious soldier still more to

look out upon the wickedness prevalent in camp, and many express the fear that the curse of war will continue to be visited upon us until our people become more fearful of the consequences of pride, pollution and avarice.

The unconverted may talk of these things, but the wicked generally take no notice of them. The great work of "turning to God" devolves upon those who are the "light of the world." For the sake of ten righteous persons, the Lord promised to spare the city of Sodom. Is not this fact an encouragement to those who are in the habit of appealing to God for deliverance in times of affliction and distress? "The prayer of the righteous man availeth much," and it is the duty of all Adam's race, as well as the inestimable privilege, to pray for deliverance from sin and punishment. But the import of the present crisis, the evil likely to be generated in time of war, and the education and proper training of the rising generation suggest that this is a time of special labor to the christian. When dissensions arise among men, and party savagely contends against party, Satan discerns the advantage, and marshaling all his forces rushes to the contest with redoubled energy.

Professing Christians, many an eye is watching you for good or evil. And now, when war rages and wickedness seems to increase, when the hypocrite turns loose his unrestrained passions, and Deists boast of success, when the hearts of men are more strongly set in them to do evil, then let light shine as a brighter beacon, that you may improve the world of sin, and that others seeing your good works may be constrained to glorify your Father which is in heaven.

G. D. SHERILL,  
Co. F. 26th N. C. Troops.

Trouble Blessed.

When I was a young man, my father made an exchange of farms. In our new locality stood several thrifty plum trees. In the spring they were richly laden with blossoms, but brought no fruit to perfection. The next year was a repetition of the same display of beauty and of promise, only to end in disappointment. The third season I took my father's axe and used it vigorously upon the trunk and limbs of the barren trees. So thoroughly did I bruise them, a mere spectator seeing me at work, might have concluded that my object was destruction rather than salvation. The next fall they bent beneath a generous load of ripened fruit.

Thus sternly, harshly, severely, God, the great spiritual husbandman, is sometimes under the necessity of dealing with the branches that have been grafted in Christ, that they may abound in fruit. How many a Christian has bowed down beneath the stern chastisements of a father's hand, to rise again with a chastened spirit and a humbled heart!—with a strength of faith, an ardor of zeal, a blessedness of joy, a burning intensity of love, no days of prosperity, however protracted, could possibly have produced!—How many a christian has had reason to thank God for this apparently harsh husbandry!—to say, like David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

Old Disciples.

There is something very attractive in the old disciple, when the maturity of his Christian character is in proportion to the length of his discipleship. We do not know anything more beautiful to behold than the fruits of grace in such a man or woman.—Not long ago we had the delight and enjoyed the edification of such a sight. It was an aged mother, whose first-born and beloved son was brought home dead from a hospital in Virginia. Oh, what tender and fond hopes were all crushed! What a bitter cup was given her to drink! But not a murmur escaped her lips. Not one inclination did she manifest to exaggerate her loss. On the contrary, her only observation in the midst of the tears that would flow was, "Other mothers have had to bear this, and why should I be exempt?" Beautiful submissiveness! Sweet grace of the Spirit, how it did adorn to our eyes, on that occasion, the hoary head and the wrinkled face of this aged disciple. She had not learned that lesson in a day, nor in a year, but in many long years, and by means of many trials. Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope. It is a great thing to be an experienced believer. It is a high class, such compose in the school of Christ. The novice is not prepared for it. He is untamed and restive. It takes discipline to bring him down and to break him in. He may exhibit much ardor of zeal, and of love, but his wine is not mellow of age. He lacks the sweetness, which only trials and sorrows sanctified can give. A blessed privilege it is to go to school to such a teacher as the Holy Spirit!—*Southern Presbyterian.*

God at the Helm.

On the coast of Norway, there is a fearful whirlpool, known as the Helmsstrom, which at certain stages of the tide, rages with terrible violence, and sweeps into its vortex the vessels which approach it unwarily. For many years it was supposed that it was impossible to pilot a ship safely across this whirlpool, but skilful pilots now at certain conditions of the tide make the passage with safety. To the voyager bound to its dangers, however, the passage, though under the guidance of the most accomplished helmsman, seems full of horrors; on one side yawns the dark abyss, toward which the circling ship seems hurrying him before and on either side, are huge black rocks, against which the waves break with terrible violence, and the contact with which would hurl his ship to swift destruction; around him, too, the waves madly, while the vessel, cowering before the force of the current, seems ready to plunge headlong downward; if now the pilot's grasp upon the helm relaxes, or the ship yields not instantly to the death is inevitable. But while he gazes thus almost transfixed with terror, the waters suddenly grow smooth; the roaring of the waves ceases, and his vessel, righting itself imperceptibly, glides out upon the smooth, unruffled sea.

So is it in the affairs of our mortal life. There are times when we seem ready to go down into the depths of woe and anguish; when before us is the abyss ready to swallow us up, and around on every hand, obstacles oppose our progress and threaten us with destruction. Our souls are almost pained with affliction, for it seems as if the very next moment we might be ruined in time, and perhaps for eternity. All the precious freight of hopes we have so long borne in our bosoms, now burdens our spirits, and almost in despair we exclaim, How shall we escape from these impending dangers? Who shall guide us amid such perils? Fear not, saint of God, thy Father is at the helm. He knows every obstacle every danger. His eye never grows dim.—His hand never falters, and both the winds and the sea obey Him. Even while thou art gazing in terror on the dangers around thee, His hand, shall guide thee to the still waters—and spanning the gulf thou hast dreaded, thou shalt behold the bow of the covenant, the token of His fulfilment of His promises.

Family Prayer.

It is admitted, I believe, to be the will of God that we should pray to him socially. The Lord's Prayer was constructed for social use. The disciples were directed to use it when they should pray together; and it is accordingly in the plural number; not my Father, but "our Father." Now, is God to be socially worshipped, and yet not worshipped in that first, most permanent, and most interesting form of society, the form of society instituted by God himself, the family? Is it to be believed? But the Lord's Prayer seems not only intended for social, but for daily use. "Give us this day our daily bread," is one of its petitions.—It does not contemplate the morrow.—It asks supplies but for one day. Now if, as appears from this reasoning, social prayer should be daily, where, but in the family, the society which is abiding and a single roof covers, can it with propriety be daily? Should there be public religious services daily prayer-meetings for this purpose? Then how suitable is it that those who together share their daily bread should together daily ask it.

How seasonable and comely is household religion, family worship! Common blessings, such as families daily share, call for common thanksgiving. Common wants, such as families, in retiring to rest at night, should together commit themselves to divine keeping, and in the morning unite in praising the Lord for having been their protector? It is a clear case, it seems to me. Besides, fathers are directed to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." But can they do this while they pray not with them and for them? I do not know how we are to comply with the apostolic exhortation to pray "everywhere," unless we pray in the family, as well as under other circumstances.

Is any one in doubt whether the practice or omission of family prayer will be the more pleasing subject of retrospect from the dying bed or the eternal world? Parents should not forget that presently will come the long-deferred and greatly dreaded season of taking the last look and the last leave of those whom their dearest is to make orphans. O, then, what a sweet thought it will be to enter into the dying meditation, that they have been in the daily habit of bowing down with their children in prayer, and commending them to the care and grace of their heavenly Father, and that they may now indulge the confident hope that he will infinitely more than supply the paternal place which they are to leave vacant.—*Necrus.*

The Question in a Nutshell.

In an article on the provision question, speaking of the policy and duty of planters, the Mobile Evening News embodies and discloses the merits of the whole subject in the following extract.

We escaped a tremendous peril when our planters gave up their last year's cotton crop and put their lands in corn. If the usual cotton and corn crops had been pitched, it is now plain that we should have been unable to sustain the people and soldiers the year out, and we should have been at the mercy of the Yankees. Let this be a warning at this moment when planters are preparing to pitch their crops.

The question of Confederate independence is a question of corn. Corn is the basis of life. With an abundance of the precious grain, the supply of meat is unlimited. With plenty of it, every pig littered will yield nearly a pound of meat daily—that is to say, a pig will feed three hundred pounds when a year old. No farmer need grumble at giving up his prospects of a cotton harvest when such returns are received from a provision crop.

Superadded is the priceless honor and glory of serving, saving and redeeming his country. There is danger that the high prices of cotton and stimulus to the demand supplied by government purchases will tempt farmers to plant heavily in the staple. It would be a crime against Confederate liberty to do it. Make food enough, and we can fight the Yankees forever. Fail to make it, and not only your other crops will do you no good, but you will lose your lands, your negroes, and your country's independence.

Avarice. There is no one quality that will tend more to blacken our hearts and to make us appear mean in the eyes of angels and men, than avarice—hoarding up wealth, and devoting all our time and energies in its accumulation, brings upon us greater misery than a thousand other evils which might befall us.

Avarice is no gentle hand to lead us into active pursuits solely to gain wealth for some high and noble purpose nor some faithful monitor to prompt us to be ever diligent in business that we may live in accordance with the Divine command—'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' but it is a tyrannical power compelling us to toil day and night to amass wealth without an end or a purpose; making us, frequently, sacrifice every principle of right and deny ourselves of pleasure, of time for recreation, for social intercourse with friends, or for enjoying the comforts of home, to obey its never satisfying commands.

Often too it lays the foundation upon which to build principles incoherent with our best interests, and antagonistic to other principles which create the spirit of benevolence, of virtue and of truth; causing men to follow the devices of falsehood rather than of a sound reason, which frequently drives them into moral and the moral good of those around them; and which so stifles those fine feelings which inspire for something higher and nobler than earthly riches; that they become recreant to that moral law which binds them to their fellow-men in ties of sympathy, and which plants in their own breasts the same feelings, to crave the sympathy of others.

Thus it is why we see so many who can count their dollars by thousands, and even tens of thousands always possessing that begrudging spirit to gain the whole world, if possible, in their possession; always discontented with what they have got, and always feeling that poverty is staring them in the face. They will never relax their efforts for fear of coming to want, and will never lend a helping hand to their nearest friends who are poor in reality, lest they themselves will be obliged to go into houses to beg their bread. They are kind in discernment of want and pity, and kind in the appeal of benevolence towards mankind. Nothing but the glitter of gold will turn their eyes, and its tinkle that will fall their hearts upon their ears, their hands, to them, are bereft of sweet enjoyments; their their well-lit rooms appearing like a deserted scene, and their glowing fireside like a cold and dreary spot, and their hearts destitute of the affections for a higher life which will attach them to the truest honor and trust, and which will endear them to their fellow-men in ties far stronger and more enduring than a world filled with riches.

When men shall be imbued with that spirit which accumulates wealth for a higher and nobler purpose than merely to gratify self, and when benevolence shall reign in every heart, we shall be able to learn the value of man's existence, and the fruition of his career to the end of his life.—The Baptist Banner.

Secular Intelligence. CHARLESTON, March 7. A large Spanish screw frigate appeared off the bar last evening. Her boat reached the city this morning to communicate with the Spanish Consul.

A steamer towing what appeared to be an iron clad, passed the bar going southward this evening.

SAVANNAH, March 8th.—General Mercer has issued an order dismissing the militia officers to their homes, subject to call—immediate danger of an attack having passed.—Nearly all have left.

MOBILE, March 5. The Jackson Mississippians says the destruction of the Indianola was a most unfortunate and unnecessary affair. The turret monster proved to be a flat boat with sundry fixtures for decoy deception, which passed Vicksburg on Tuesday night; the officials believing she was a turret monster, blew up the Indianola lest she might fall into the enemy's hands.

The Queen of the West left in such a hurry as to forget part of her crew, who were left behind.

SAVANNAH, March 3, 7 p. m.—The night came at 6 o'clock, p. m. One iron-clad and one turret monster, and the rest retiring. On the side I gun dismounted and two men slightly wounded. Otherwise no damage to our battery. Hurrah for Fort McAllister and the militia.

SAVANNAH, March 4. The enemy shelled Fort McAllister all of last night till near day this morning. A dispatch from the fort, dated 8 a. m., says: "The enemy did not renew the attack this morning.—Their vessels are still in the river. The fort in good condition and our Columbiad has been

remounted. No further casualties at the fort.

CHATTANOOGA, March 4. Van Dorn attacked the enemy at Franklin, 18 miles south of Nashville, on Sunday, with cavalry and light artillery capturing 3,000 Federal soldiers with stores and equipments.

The enemy captured several forage wagons belonging to Wheeler's brigade, near Watraces, on the 1st.

The Yankees still continue to commit depredations around Murfreesboro'. A citizen of Rutherford county was taken out and whipped, by order of a Federal officer.

GAFFRANOOGA, March 4. Report confirmed of the successful raid on the Federal lines at Franklin. We are now in possession of that place, capturing stores, &c. Federal loss is 1,000 killed and wounded.—One loss heavy. Number of prisoners taken 2,600.

RICHMOND, March 5. The Enquirer has the Washington Chronicle of the 3d. The Government is a heavy loser by the destruction of the Jacob Bell, as her duties would amount to \$175,000.

The New York Herald of the 3rd says the C. S. steamer Florida captured and burned the ship Jacob Bell, from China, for New York, with 160,000 tons of merchandise. Her cargo was valued at one million eight hundred thousand dollars.

SAVANNAH, March 6. It has been definitely ascertained that the enemy's iron clads have left the Ogechee.

Mexican News. By way of New Orleans, we have news from Mexico to Feb. 12th. The French have been forced to evacuate Tampico. A French vessel, which ran on the bar at that place, had to be set on fire and destroyed to prevent her from being taken by the Mexicans. A large number of Spanish subjects had been confined in the castle of San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz, by the French; the Consul has protested against it. A French force of 25,000 men is advancing on Puebla; the Mexicans seem confident of being able to repel them; the Mexican force in Puebla is 25,000 men, and the fortifications are defended by 14,000. Acapulco has been bombarded by the French fleet, and almost destroyed; the bombardment lasted three days. The steamer which arrived Jan. 28th, brought as passenger one of Napoleon's aids, the Marquis of Gallifet bearing important dispatches for General Forey. A French has burned the village of Coleta. The hospital has been established by the French at San Augustine del Palmar, and another at Perote. The French officers are very severe in their dealings with the Spanish residents in the cities they have under their control.

Proclamation by the President. It is meet that, as a people who acknowledge the supremacy of the living God, we should be ever mindful of our dependence on Him; should remember that to Him alone can we trust for our deliverance; that to Him is due devout thankfulness for the signal mercies bestowed on us, and that by prayer alone can we hope to secure the continued manifestation of that protecting care which has hitherto shielded us in the midst of trials and dangers.

In obedience to His precepts, we have from time to time been gathered together with prayers and thanksgiving, and He has graciously pleased to hear our supplications, and to grant abundant exhibitions of His favor to our armies and our people. Through many calamities we have not attained a place among the nations which commands their respect, and to the enemies who encompass us round and seek our destruction, the Lord of Hosts has again taught the lesson of His inspired word: that the battle is not to the strong but to whomsoever He willeth to exalt.

Again our enemy, with loud boasting of the power of their armed men and mailed ships, threaten us with subjugation, and, with evil machinations, seek even in our own homes, and at our own firesides to pervert our men-servants and our maid-servants into accomplices of their wicked designs.

Under these circumstances it is my privilege to invite you once more to meet together and to prostrate yourselves in humble supplication to Him who has been our constant and never failing support in the past, and to whose protection and guidance we trust for the future.

To this end, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this, my proclamation, setting apart Friday, the twenty seventh day of February, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, and I do invite the people of the said States to repair on that day to their usual places of public worship, and to join in prayer to Almighty God that he will continue his merciful protection over our cause, that he will scatter our enemies and set at naught their evil designs, and that he will graciously restore to our beloved country the blessings of peace and security.

In faith whereof I have heretofore set my hand at the city of Richmond, on the twenty seventh day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

By the President: J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

The Situation in Tennessee. We have news from Nashville. By a careful computation of reliable parties there are fifteen thousand inmates of Federal hospitals in that city, with a tendency to increase. There are at present forty-two large hospitals and all crowded to overflowing. Besides these are boarding houses, which are also full of officers, either sick or wounded.

A late letter to the Cincinnati Gazette, says, "the condition of the army of Middle Tennessee cannot be said to be very hopeful, or promising; officers in the greatest abundance are all on leave, and as for the soldier, why the hospitals are stuffed with them."

The citizens of Nashville suffer greatly from the overbearing insolence of the enemy. Now that Andrew Johnson has been stripped of his power, that is, been perfectly overshadowed by the military, he has become especially kind and courteous. He is, it is generally believed, trimming his sails to suit the Northwestern breeze. He offers his assistance freely to "his suffering fellow citizens," and professes to be very much aggrieved by the brutal course of the Yankee officers. Fire wood is very scarce, and the poor would suffer, but the bond between the rich and the poor, who are true and loyal, has dissipated all distinctions of formality, and one Southern family helps another, freely and at all times.

The families of our absent soldiers are not in want. Mitchell, the commandant of the post, is represented as a Kansas ruffian out and out, and adopted them into his family in heaven. He will not be like a father to them. Their parents mourn, but not like those who have no hope; they believe their daughters live in the glory world, and by the grace of God they will meet them there. Let us now submitively to the decree of Providence; and may God prepare us to meet them at the gates of Paradise. A. H.

Died, at the residence of his parents, little THOMAS F. BALLARD son of John T. and Margaret Ballard, 1856, and died February 27th 1863, of scarlet fever. He was a lovely disposition, together with his sweet temper, was a person in the affections of all who knew him. His life furnished a good example. His father was absent at the time of his death; he volunteered in the service of his country in May 18th, 1862, and had not seen his dear little son for several months. He often spoke of his father while sick, and expressed a strong desire to see him once more in this life; but alas! he will never meet his affectionate little Thomas again in this world! He has gone to meet his Heavenly Father, and there to sit the coming of his earthly parent. And adopt them into his family in heaven. He will not be like a father to them. Their parents mourn, but not like those who have no hope; they believe their daughters live in the glory world, and by the grace of God they will meet them there. Let us now submitively to the decree of Providence; and may God prepare us to meet them at the gates of Paradise. A. H.

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that those who had gathered there where the poor wives, widows and children of the soldiers from Cherokee county, among whom Governor Brown was distributing his surplus corn. The sight was a most grateful one to our traveler, who came back to Atlanta, impressed with the double conviction of Governor Brown being not only a good Governor, but a good man.—The grateful tears which he saw in the eyes of the good women of Cherokee, who were being made the recipients of Governor Brown's patriotic liberality, made an impression upon him which he says, will be lasting, and which has taught him not to be chary in his charities in the future.—Atlanta Inlet.

The Indiana not blown up. The report contained in the columns of one of our contemporaries, that the Indianola had been blown up, turns out to be unfounded.—The Yankees did send down a coal barge, with smoke stacks and a wooden gun, which, in the dark resembled a gun boat. It was fired at by our batteries, and our gunboats being in a disabled condition, dropped down to Port Hudson. But the men in charge of the Indianola did not blow her up. An explosion was heard about one o'clock Friday night but it turned out to be the magazine at the end of the canal, which the Yankees blew up themselves, supposing that we had organized an expedition to take it. The Indianola is being raised.—She is already four feet out of water. Men have been detailed to work on her, and she will be fit for service in about ten or fifteen days.—She has four 14-inch Dahlgren guns and two 64-pounders on her stern, making six guns in all.—Jackson Crisis, 2d.

Everything was quiet across the river yesterday. Transports were arriving and departing as usual, but nothing indicated an early movement in any direction. The army is melting away with a rapidity not surpassed by the Army of the Potomac in the Chickamauga, and unless Grant makes a move in some direction very soon, he will have no men to move with. All accounts agree that the troops are dying at the rate of an hundred per day, with no prospect of a change for the better. More gunboats, it is said are expected in a short time, when active operations will commence—but if they are delayed long, death will have reaped such a harvest as to render reinforcements necessary before Grant will be warranted in moving.—Vicksburg Whig 3d mt.

Notice to Cotton Planters. Extract from "An Act to amend the Revenue Laws of this State," approved Dec. 9, 1862. Sec. 9. Be it further enacted, That upon all cotton hereafter and gathered, there shall for each year, be assessed and collected on each pound of seed cotton, over and above twenty five hundred pounds of seed cotton, made and gathered during the tax year, to every full hand employed in raising and gathering the same by any one party, or on any one plantation or farm, a tax of ten cents per pound, for every pound of excess over and above twenty five hundred pounds to each full hand, employed in raising and gathering the same; or if the crop be ginned, then every pound of ginned cotton shall be estimated as equal to four pounds of seed cotton; Provided, that no tax shall be imposed on any cotton planted after the proclamation of the Governor, announcing that peace has been made between the Confederate States and the United States, or that the blockade of the ports of the Confederate States had been removed.

STATE OF ALABAMA. OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE. Montgomery, Jan. 7, 1863. I, P. H. BRITTON, Secretary of State of the State of Alabama, do hereby certify that the above is a true extract of section 9, of an act "to amend the revenue laws of this State," approved Dec. 9th, 1862, as taken from the original now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the Great Seal of the State, this 7th day of March, 1863.

P. H. BRITTON, Sec'y. of State.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE. Montgomery, March 7, 1863.

All newspapers in the State of Alabama will give one insertion to the above extract from the Revenue Law and the certificate of the Secretary of State, and forward account, receipted for payment, to this office.

JOHN B. TAYLOR, Private Secretary.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. The Child's Index.

THIS handsome and attractive paper for children is published in Macon, Ga., by S. BOYKIN, the Editor of the Christian Index. It is a denominational character, and at the same time well calculated to instruct children in regard to gospel truth, from July and August, 1862, to the present time. It is published monthly for 50 cents; but where several or many copies are taken three copies will be sent to one address for every dollar.

Address simply, S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.

We unite in recommending the Child's Index, (published by Samuel Boykin, Macon, Ga.) to the Baptists of the Christian Index. It is an instructive and entertaining paper for children.

C. D. Maloney, D.D., Albany, Ga. J. P. Dugg, D.D., Macon, Ga. W. E. Brandy, D.D., Pastor of the 2d Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga. S. Landrum, Pastor Baptist Church, Savannah, Ga. J. E. Ketchum, Pastor Baptist Church, Montgomery, Ga. E. W. Warren, Pastor Baptist Church, Macon, Ga. J. H. De Vette, Pastor Baptist Church, Columbus, Ga. J. T. Tichenor, Pastor Baptist Church, Montgomery, Ala. W. M. Crawford, D.D., President Mercer University, Pennington, Ga. S. Newlands, Pastor Baptist Church, Tuskegee, Ala. J. E. Telford, D.D., Pastor of the 1st Baptist Church, Ardmore, Ala. J. B. Ball, President East Alabama Female College, Tuskegee, Ala. J. E. Brandy, D.D., President East Alabama Female College, Tuskegee, Ala. March 12, 1863. Im-Paid \$10 20

Register of the South. In Chancery, 1201 District of the Southern Chancery Division of the State of Alabama.

WILSON SAWYER, vs. JAMES W. HARRISON, et al. The above case is for the Full Term of the Court, to be held on Monday the 13th day of April next, between the usual hours of court, at the high court building for cash, the right to the Improved Fess, or Uterus Supporter, in the bill in the above cause mentioned. WM. R. HAYES, Register. March 12, 1863. Im-Paid \$3 00

Obituaries. Departed this life on the 31 January 20th, 1863, SEAN E. JONES, daughter of Hardy and Sarah E. Jones; aged 9 years, 10 months and 23 days.

Also, on the 8th, RACHEL J. JONES, daughter of the above named Hardy and Sarah E. Jones; aged 11 years, 5 months and 15 days.

To pure for earth they have been transplanted into a more congenial climate. God wanted them for his children, and adopted them into his family in heaven. He will not be like a father to them. Their parents mourn, but not like those who have no hope; they believe their daughters live in the glory world, and by the grace of God they will meet them there. Let us now submitively to the decree of Providence; and may God prepare us to meet them at the gates of Paradise. A. H.

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The Family Circle.

Make Home Happy.

It is a duty devolving upon every member of a family to endeavor to make all belonging to it happy. This may with a little pleasant exertion be done. Let every one contribute something toward improving the grounds belonging to their house.

Make home happy! Parents ought to teach this lesson in the nursery, and by the fireside; give it the weight of their precept and example. If they would, ours would be a happy and more virtuous country.

Does one think, 'I am poor and have to work hard to sustain life, and cannot find time to spend in making our old house attractive? Think again! Is there not some time every day which you spend in idleness or smoking, or in mere listless, which might be spent about your homes? Flowers are God's smiles,' said Wilberforce, and they are as beautiful beside the cottage as the palace, and can be enjoyed by the inhabitants of the one as well as the other.

He's My Brother.

One day, as I was hastening home after a short absence, I heard young voices raised in anger. A little way from me just round a corner, two boys were quarreling. They were, on their way home from school, and their books, slates and dinner baskets lay on the pavement beside them, quite unheeded.

'You shall carry them, Eddy, every one of them. Stop crying, now, and take up the books, and come on home.'

'I can't Charlie said the little one, with his tears. They are too heavy, and mother told you to carry them. You are a very cross boy.'

'Take that, for calling me cross,' said Charlie in an angry tone; and he struck the child, and pulling off his little velvet cap, threw it into the dust.

'Charlie,' said I, putting my hand on the elder boy's shoulder, 'why do you strike such a little child? It is neither manly nor kind. Is it acting like a Christian boy, Charlie?'

He looked a little ashamed but very sullen too. As I replaced the cap on Eddy's curly head, and asked Charlie to gather up the books and go home, like a good boy he exclaimed: 'He's my brother? I can do what I like to him.'

Dear little friends, when you are tempted to be cross or impatient to a little brother or sister, never make this excuse. It is just because God has made an elder brother or sister, that you must try to be very patient, very loving, very gentle. Here is your work—to help and cheer your kind mother by bearing with the wee ones, if they are fretful or wayward. God has given you this work to do. He does not forget that you are doing it; and when you try hard to keep in the way of love, his smile is resting on you. What if he were to reach down his hand, and take up to a heavenly home the darlings who now try your patience and hinder you so often, how sad it would be then! Every day, try to be good and kind to the younger brothers and sisters, and you will not lose your reward.—Child at home.

The First Step.

Look at Harry! He is just learning to walk. See how anxious he is, and the encouraging glances he meets from watching and loving eyes excite the little one to renewed efforts.—take care! he is falling! Mother's hands are ready, and Harry is on his feet again. Dear little feet just

beginning to try their strength—just learning to walk through the world, so bright and beautiful to the little boy.

Harry is taking the first step; and it is this first step which is so necessary to our advancement in this life and the life to come. Harry is a baby now—a wee little one. When he gets older he will take other steps. God grant he may not go astray.

If we hold back from taking the first step towards evil, we are comparatively safe. If we refrain from taking the first step towards a life of holiness we will never get to heaven. Many are like little Harry, weak, and afraid to venture alone; but if they have faith, and feel that Christ is able and willing to support them, and keep them from falling, he will guide and strengthen them.

The first step is always the most difficult. Conscience is the guard to keep us out of the broad road; while the love of ease and indulgence builds up the wall which bars our entrance into the narrow way. Our feet are standing on slippery ground. While we are 'halting between two opinions,' the precious moments are passing, and we are sinking deeper and deeper in the mire of wickedness. When will you take the first step? To-day? To-morrow? Why not now?

'Father, guide our steps aright, In the way that Jesus trod; May it be our great delight To obey thy will, O God! Then to us shall soon be given Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.'

Forgive us, as we forgive.

In the Middle Ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that on the very evening that he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of his plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said, 'My Lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?'

The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the mercy-loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior, 'Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ himself taught to his disciples?'

'I will do it,' replied the duke. He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it till he came to the petition 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

There the duke was silent. 'My lord duke you are silent,' said the chaplain. 'Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, if you dare do so?—' 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

'I cannot,' replied the duke. 'Well, God cannot forgive you, for he has said so. He himself has given us this prayer. Therefore you must either give up your revenge or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you as you pardon others, is to ask him to take revengeance on you for all your sins. Go now my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment.'

The iron will of the duke was broken. 'No,' said he, 'I will finish my prayer; My God my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation but deliver me from evil!'

'Amen,' said the chaplain. 'Amen repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's Prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself. HELP FROM ABOVE.—A number of boys were slowly walking home from Sabbath school and speaking of some remarks to which they had just listened. The subject of their lesson had been, 'The sin of profanity,' and their teacher had tenderly and earnestly expostulated with her class, some of whom, she had reason to fear, were not free of swearing. As they were talking, one of them turned to a boy by his side, a bright lad of fourteen years, and said, 'George, how did you leave off

swearing? I've tried, and I can not; and I don't see how you did it?'

'Ah, Johnny,' was the reply, 'you don't seek help from above. I never should have left off swearing, had it not been for the prayer, Lead me not into temptation. God helped me when I asked him—I know he did; and he'll do the same for you.'

You do not swear I trust my young reader; but George's advice will suit every other bad habit as well. Go to God with it and you will be made more than conqueror, through Him who hath loved you.

Faith.

A mother had a son, concerning whom she was very anxious, and for whom she prayed earnestly. This son, who had been long careless, came down one morning with a troubled countenance, and on being asked what was the matter, said he had an extraordinary dream. He dreamed he was in the bottom of a deep pit, in which were some frightful beings, half demons, half men, forging instruments of torture, and looking maliciously from time to time at him; he was much terrified, but he felt something touch his cheek, and perceived the end of a silk thread hanging down. On looking up he saw One whom he knew was the Lord Jesus hold the thread, and heard him say, 'Take hold.'

'Not of that slender thread,' objected the young man; but the Lord only repeated a second time, 'TAKE HOLD.'

'Oh Lord,' cried the young man, 'send down a rope; that thread will never draw me up.'

'TAKE HOLD!' cried the voice the third time, and the young man obeyed, and was drawn safely out of the pit; and in the process he noticed that the thread grew bigger, till it became a strong rope. This thread was faith. The young man was converted through the influence of that dream, which doubtless was sent by the Lord.

The Choice.

'I shall not study any longer,' exclaimed Albert carelessly throwing down his book, and overthrowing his chair as he rose from the table. My father has given me permission to choose for myself, and I will no longer pore over these dusty books.'

'What has discouraged you?' inquired Edmund, looking up, with anxiety, from the work which they had been diligently examining.

'Tis all study, study, study,' said the other. 'I'm sick of it. I'm sick of attending to one thing; and he left the room without giving his companion time to expostulate.'

Edmund continued in one course of study, and a week after, he heard that his friend was engaged in the employment of an eminent merchant, and was delighted with his new business.

A year rolled away, when merchandise was more wearisome than books, and Albert had returned home to assist his father in the more humble labors of the farm.

But when Edmund was about to graduate from college, his former associate waited upon him, and detailed in glowing colors, the magnificent prospects of wealth and grandeur which awaited him, in a land agency in which he was about to engage.—This latter business called him out of the country, and Edmund lost sight of him for many years.

He had himself in the meanwhile, in one almost unvaried track, and by toilsome perseverance, risen step by step until he had established his reputation for learning and stability of character, and he now sat honored and esteemed, among the judges of his native land.

Among the prisoners who were one day tried before him, was one with whose appearance he was particularly interested. The name, however unknown to him, and he suppressed any further curiosity while attended to the discharge of his official duty. The crime for which this prisoner was arraigned was forgery, and the circumstances of the case developed a long train of irregularities and vicious practices. As the trial proceeded, it was ascertained that the offender had, at different times, passed under various names, and it was now doubtful which of right belonged to him. Among others, Edmund at last recognized that of his old friend and his feelings compelled him to avail himself of an early pretext to adjourn the court.

In the evening he waited upon Albert, and drew from him the history of his life. It was one of many changes, not unmarked by darker hues, and all were traced to the fatal privileges of choosing to change his employment, whenever it became for a time disagreeable to him. The guilty man appeared deeply penitent for his error; and although sentenced in course of law, was soon liberated by the exertions of his friend.

But alas! for he had not continued sufficiently long in any to become a proficient; and all his established habits seemed to conspire to prepare him for temptation, so that he soon relapsed into his former practices; illustrated, by this miserable life, and more pitiable end, the fatal consequences of choosing, not that which is expedient, but that which is agreeable.—Baptist Advocate.

placement, whenever it became for a time disagreeable to him. The guilty man appeared deeply penitent for his error; and although sentenced in course of law, was soon liberated by the exertions of his friend.

The Soldiers.

Charley Read was admiring the soldiers on Sabbath afternoon, and was wishing he was old enough to wear their fine cloths and hear the nice music of the drum, as it called them to muster, when his father tried to make a good improvement of it. 'If it is the fine dress that pleased you, remember, my dear boy, that you may put on "the robes of Christ's righteousness," which is the only dress that will never grow old. It is pure and spotless, and you may not only wear it on earth, but it will gain you an entrance into heaven.—There is one warfare which I am anxious to see you engaged in; and a boy like you can fight in that as well as a man. I am speaking of the Christian warfare; and you will come off "more than conqueror" in it, if you have Jesus for the Captain of your Salvation.' You will have some hard battles to fight, for you have to wrestle with temptation without, and corruption within; but Jesus promises to be with you and to deliver you out of all your troubles; and when the great enemy would distress you 'the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him.' To fight these battles, you may put on the 'whole armor of God.' You may have your 'feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; you may put on 'the girdle of truth,' the 'breast-plate of righteousness,' 'the shield of faith,' 'the helmet of salvation,' 'the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.' If you are armed, with these 'mighty weapons,' you can 'war a good warfare.'

'When you come to die, my son, it would give you no pleasure to know that you would leave a name like Alexander's like Caesar's, or like Bonaparte's, if your soul was lost. But if you pass through the world, fighting against temptations and sins, looking to Jesus for strength and courage, then you will be happy; and when you die you will enter the kingdom of heaven, there to dwell forever and ever. It would do you no good to know that you had 'conquered the world;' but it would be joy to know that you had 'fought the good fight of faith.' The pleasures and honors of this world quickly pass away, and it would profit you nothing to 'gain the whole world and lose your own soul.'

And now, dear young reader, ask yourself seriously, if you are fighting the "good fight of faith." But if you are still fighting against God, go at once to Jesus, who alone can save you. He has conquered your great enemies, and if you choose Him to rule over you, while you live on earth "His banner over you will be love," and in heaven "your rest shall be glorious."

Christ in the Camp.

Grace is not withheld when duty or necessity cuts us off from the means of grace. The God of the sanctuary and the ordinances is also the God of the invalid's chamber—of the soldier's camp—of the oppressed prisoner's cell in short of every scene (to which his providence calls us) where insurmountable barriers separate us from His house and public worship. He never condemns the soul to suffer loss for being where His will requires it to be. He never sends us where He will not go with us and dwell with us.

This truth was exemplified in the case of Hedley Vicars. From Sebastopol he wrote to his sister "It is six months since I have been in reach of a house of prayer, or have had an opportunity of receiving the sacrament; yet never have I enjoyed more frequent nor precious communion with my Saviour, than I have found in the trenches or the tent. When, I should like to know, could one find a Saviour more precious than when bullets are falling round like hail?" Oh that all our Christian soldiers may find the cup of this blissful experience mingled for their lips! Alas, that there should be any of our soldiers who will not drink it—who drink rather, that cup of "the pleasures of sin" which exhilarates "for a season," and stupefies, and poisons!—Religious Herald.

Interview with Gen. Andrew Jackson.

The editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate related the following interesting reminiscence of "Old Hickory," several years ago.

'I must tell of an interview with Gen. Jackson, which brother Stringfield with myself had, about twenty days before the general's death. We were riding along, and called at the Hermitage. Gen. Jackson was sick, and not seeing company; but the name of Thomas Stringfield was a password. Stringfield had been a soldier under him—a Christian soldier, for he was converted at eight years of age—and through the war was steadfast as well as brave. We were shown into a room where the old warrior and statesman sat feebly in his arm-chair. The greeting between him and brother Stringfield was hearty; it was like the meeting of brothers long parted. The sight of his soldier in arms, and the thoughts recalled, put the old general in tears. They coursed down his furrowed cheeks. Gen. Jackson was a man of tears, notwithstanding his iron nature.

'Ah, Mr. Stringfield, what times have been since we met first! You were a boy, in a camp at Emucaw, and your head was bleeding from an Indian bullet.'

So it was, and brother Stringfield's forehead bore the scar to his grave. He was a modest man, and quickly turned the conversation from himself.

'Well, general, you are weak and failing now, how is it with your soul? What are your prospects beyond the grave?'

'To which Jackson replied: 'My friend I am not afraid to die.' A pause—'My hope is in the Redeemer of the world; if saved, I shall be a sinner saved by grace.'

'The place was turned into a sanctuary. We all wept. The farewell was touching.

'Good-bye, general; God bless you.'

'Farewell, Mr. Stringfield; I hope we will meet where wars are no more.'

'And doubtless they have met—the general and his soldier, not as at first, but where

'No rude alarms of raging foes, Nor cares disturb the long repose.'

CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH.—All eyes are turned towards the coast, and all ears are open to hear the first roar of that artillery which is to inaugurate a struggle for victory more fierce and desperate than any that has signalized this war. With swarming legions the foe is hovering near our two principal ports, prepared to pounce upon them and wrench them from our grasp, but he will find men more determined than himself and hearts filled with that stern stuff that never yields till life itself becomes extinct.

Never, never let it be that vandal sway shall rule those beleaguered cities! Let the men of the interior through their private arms, hasten to the rescue, and marshaling themselves beneath the banner of the noble Beauregard, beat back the vile invaders. But, especially, let the people of God unceasingly send up the voice of prayer that God will give us victory, and visit our enemies with an overwhelming and ignominious defeat.

Be temperate in all things, and seek God's guidance in all your actions.

Business Cards.

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

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.

GUNN, STRANGE & ARMSTRONG, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala.

J. H. CADDENHEAD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala. Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Russell. June 13, 1862.

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 19, 1862.

HOWARD COLLEGE.

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

THE NEXT SESSION.

The next session will open on Tuesday the first day of October, 1862. In order to meet the exigencies of the times young men and ladies will be admitted without a previous examination to a Course of Study, in 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 Regt. 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 6 00 Coal, per month, \$16 00 to 8 00 Board, per month, \$12 00 to 14 00 Washing 1 00 I. W. GARROTT, President Board Trustees. J. B. LOVELLACE, Secretary. Marion, Aug. 29, 1861. 3m

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) Writing, and Arithmetic, Elementary Algebra, Latin commencing 14 00 Latin Classics, Algebra, Geometry, History, with any of the above, as desired 16 00 Higher Mathematics, Physical Science, Latin, Greek or French 20 00 Parents and Guardians will confer a favor by making application for admission into the School previous to the commencement of the Session. Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 26, 1861.

Medical College of Georgia, AT AUGUSTA.

THE thirtieth Session of this Institution will open on Monday, the 4th of November next. Anatomy, H. F. CAMPBELL, M. D. Surgery, A. A. LEACH, M. D. Chemistry, JOSEPH JONES, M. D. Materia Medica and Therapeutics, L. P. GARVIN, M. D. Botany and Zoology, J. B. FOSTER, M. D. Physiology, J. A. RICE, M. D. Obstetrics, J. A. RICE, M. D. Assistant Professor of Obstetrics, ROBERT CAMPBELL, M. D. W. H. DOUGHERTY, M. D., Clinical Lecturer at City Hospital. Dr. SIMMONS, M. D., Professor of Professor Anatomy H. W. FOSTER, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy Lectures, (full course) \$105. Matriculation Fee, \$5. The Collegiate building has been thoroughly renovated, and many additions made to former facilities for instruction. J. P. GARVIN, Dean. September 19, 1861.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST.

THE undersigned hereby propose to publish, in the city of Columbia, S. C., a weekly religious paper to be called "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," and to be edited by Rev. J. L. Reynolds, D. D., and Rev. J. L. C. Breaker. We have been induced to undertake this enterprise by conviction that the time has come when demand for such a paper by our own denomination, is the State, (numbering more than thirty thousand members,) ought to be supplied. It will be the effort of the Proprietors and Editors to make this paper faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, a messenger of good things to the righteous, and worthy in every respect, of the patronage. All who may receive copies of this Prospectus are hereby requested to obtain subscribers, and to forward their names immediately. As soon as a number sufficient to insure the success of the enterprise received by the first number of the paper will be issued. The subscription price of the paper is \$1.00 per annum in advance. Subscribers immediately on their receipt of the first number. All communications must be addressed to "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," Columbia, S. C., or to either of the Proprietors. S. W. DICKHAFT, Proprietor. COLEMAN, S. C., August, 1862.

IMPROVED NON-CORROSIVE CONFEDERATE WRITING FLUID

Manufactured Wholesale & Retail, BY W. S. BARTON, TEACHER'S EXCHANGE, MONTGOMERY, ALA. Sept. 11, 1862. 3c

NIX, YOUNG & NIX, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

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

NO TASTE OF MEDICINE! BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERMIFUGE

Children dying right and left! Mothers not as yet bereft! Know that worms move infants kill! Thus each other mortal ill! But the VERMIFUGE will save Your pale darlings from the grave. MORRIS, MAKE YOUR CHOICE.—Shall the Child die of the Worms? Remember, a few doses of Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge will destroy any number of worms, and bring them away without pain. Price 25 cents. Foster New York Proprietor, 15 Beekman Street, New York. Sold by C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, Ala. July 26, 1860.

NEW BOOKS.

EL FUREIDIS, by the author of The Lampbrush. His Thirty Years Out of the Senate, by Major John Downing. The Marble Faun, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Euclid, a novel of sleep interest. Tales of Married Life, by T. S. Arthur. The Habits of Good Society, a hand book for ladies. The Private Correspondence of Alexander Von Humboldt and the Empress, by the author of Jean Paul. A Life for a Life, by the author of John Halifax. Art Recollections. Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by Edw. G. Parker. Tisbury Hall, by Eliza Hood. My Boy, by the author of Grace Tremen. And many other new books. Just received and for sale by B. B. DAVIS, Montgomery. July 5, 1860. No. 26 Market St.