

# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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

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**The South Western Baptist,**  
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

**HENDERSON & BATTLE,**  
PROPRIETORS.

For the South Western Baptist  
**Protracted Meetings in the Hos-**  
**pitals and Camps.**

RICHMOND, VA., May 27, 1863.

For some months there has been a considerable revival influence through out the Army in Virginia. Many church-members who never even prayed in public before entering the army, have been moved upon, by the Divine Spirit to exercise their gifts, holding prayer-meetings and embracing every opportunity to speak a word for Jesus to their comrades. Chaplains have been likewise led to feel more anxious and to labor more earnestly for the salvation of their respective charges. The result has been the hopeful conversion of large numbers, even in regiments in which there have been only the usual Sabbath services. Where extra meetings have been held, great success has attended the word spoken. In one of these meetings three hundred souls professed faith in Christ; at another in which I had the pleasure of laboring over fifty made the good profession. At the weekly chaplain meetings held in the Potomac Army at almost every meeting, mention is made of revivals in which scores have professed faith in Christ. One of the best Chaplains connected with this division of our army, remarked to me a few days since, that never before had he been permitted to witness so much of what he regarded as a genuine work of grace.

We are now sending out some of our most useful ministers to aid in gathering in these sheaves, which are "ripe unto the harvest." Protracted meetings ought to be the order of the day, in camp and hospital, while God is so manifestly moving among our brave boys. I will mention the names of a few of the brethren whom we are sending on this mission. Rev. Andrew Broadbudd is now giving his whole time to holding such meetings. At present he is preaching twice a day at Farmville, Va., to the hundreds of convalescent soldiers in the hospitals at that point. Several there are rejoicing in new born love to the saviour of sinners. This brother is widely known in Alabama, having acted as agent there. No minister of my acquaintance is better adapted to the work in which he is at present engaged than himself.

Rev. J. A. Broadbudd, D.D., Professor in the Greenville Theological Seminary, has also accepted an appointment for the Potomac Army.

Rev. Ro. Ryland, D.D., President of Richmond College; Rev. W. F. Broadbudd, D.D., former pastor of the Fredericksburg Baptist church, and other brethren, whose praise is in all the churches, are devoting themselves to the good work. We are arranging to send out fifty such laborers. Rev. W. Huff, one of our ablest ministers, well known in Georgia, where he has been acting as our agent, for six months has been appointed to labor in the Army of Tennessee and Mississippi with instructions to keep supplied, as far as possible, all the chaplains and colporters, and to look up and engage the services of ministers adapted to such labors.

There is now spread out before the Christian community the most inviting field that the people of God in any age, have ever been called to enter. The cry comes up from four hundred thousand, as brave men as ever fought freedom's battles for the bread of life. Unless they are speedily reached and saved many of them in their sins will pass to their final account and upon the garments of those who have the means to send them the glad tidings will rest their blood.

So vast is the work and so numerous are the difficulties attending it, that every agency now in operation should be cordially sustained, and as many others established as may facilitate the grand design. Our Domestic Board at Marion with its energetic and indefatigable Corresponding

Secretary, Rev. M. T. Sumner, should have every dollar it asks for. The wisdom of that Board in its operations in the Army, is fully demonstrated. We should bid God speed to all the local Boards and Societies who, whether doing much or little, are at work in this direction. Let every denomination of Christians arouse itself and send forth its best men into this harvest field until every soldier has been reached and every influence brought to bear for the good of his soul. Not until all this is done, can we dare falter in the effort to bring our soldiers under the influence of divine truth.

Any persons desirous of aiding us can do so by placing their contributions in the hands of Rev. S. Henderson, who has kindly agreed to act as our agent in receiving and forwarding funds. A. E. DICKINSON, Gen'l Sup't.

#### A Soldier Minister.

Rev. John Mack, who was born in Glasgow in 1789, early discovered the most intense ardor for reading, and every species of knowledge that came within the reach of his acquirement. He sold his books as soon as he had read them for the purpose of purchasing others; and as his parents were poor he at length enlisted in the army, and gratified for a time his insatiable love of reading by purchasing a chest of books with his bounty money.

About this time in the history of his life may be dated his conversion, and the origin of his concern for the souls of others. He first preached Jesus whom he had found precious to his own soul, to the sick and dying in the Dumfries hospital. For many years he remained in the army, faithfully performing the duties incumbent on him as a soldier, and preaching Christ by word and example to all around him. He became acquainted with the celebrated Robert Hall, at a time when part of his regiment had been ordered to Leicester, and such was the love that Mr. Hall entertained towards the godly soldier, that he found means to procure his release from the army, and placed him for two years under the instruction of the venerable Dr. Ryland, in the Academy of Bristol. After having labored in his capacity of a soldier for his king and for his Redeemer, as a burning and a shining light—an eloquent and pious minister for the space of seventeen years, Rev. John Mack followed his illustrious friend, Robert Hall, into the eternal world to renew that friendship which was commenced on earth. His long illness he bore with patience and submission, and at length fell quietly asleep in Jesus, aged 42 years.

#### Rusty Saw.

"I hope you will excuse me this morning," said a rusty saw, as the carpenter took it down from a peg where it had hung inactive for a month: "I feel very unfit for labor. Indeed I am quite rusty. That board, too, looks hard, and it will require an effort to go through it, such as I am altogether unprepared to make. Besides, there are several of my companions, both bright and willing: I commend you to them," and the saw yawned until every tooth was visible, as if this short speech had quite exhausted its small stock of energy. "True as steel" is a good motto," replied the carpenter, "and I trust you have not been so oxidized by the general corruption of the times as to forget your part in it. You ask to be excused, because you do not feel inclined to labor. I may not be able to appreciate the feelings of a rusty saw, but I must say, that feeling is not to be consulted in cases of duty. You plead your rustiness. If this is to be admitted, I might as well hang you up, and expect no further service, for your rustiness will not leave you as long as you do nothing. Oil and exercise will alone remove it. As to the difficulty of the work, I am not aware that the instrument has any right to choose what work it will or will not do. And your last plea, that I have other saws in better con-

dition, only proves the folly of the first three; for if I had pursued with others the course which you desire me to adopt in your case, they would be in no better condition than yourself." Wonder how many rusty saws there are among your readers. Spiritual saws; instruments of God in the work of the gospel. Some have long hung up in the church—God's workshop on earth—and pleaded inability, want of feeling, and the like excuses; others once were bright with faith, hope and love, and were efficient instruments in our Divine Master's work. Alas! how changed! how rusty in all that the Christian holds dear! Who can number the rusty preachers, deacons, Sunday school superintendents and teachers, and members who might make the devil's kingdom tremble, if it was not for this rust—their effeminate Christianity. Oh that the Master Workman—even the Lord of Hosts would clear off this rust, before this earth-born oxygen, or corruption, unfits us entirely for use; and finally displaces us from the workman's shop.

#### The Doctrines of the Gospel.

The next thing will be, that with unflinching faithfulness and constancy we sound forth the Gospel—the mystery hidden from ages: namely, that by Jesus Christ the Son of God, dying for us, remission of sins has been procured for the world. Be this our wisdom, to preach Christ crucified. To this point let all our discourses tend, to set forth these riches and this glory of the love of God toward us. For what more could the Father of mercies do for us, than to give His only begotten Son for our salvation? What has He not with Him freely given us? What shall we not obtain through His Son? What forbearance and forgiveness will He not exercise toward us? With the net of this doctrine we shall become fishers of men, and draw them as willing servants to Christ—for the hearts of sinners, burdened with the chains of their sins, and harassed by cruel tyrants, grasp after peace and liberty. Thus shall we implant in them faith, which worketh by love, to produce really good works. For we do not preach Christ as having so died for our sins, as to leave us at liberty to live in them; but on the contrary, as having so redeemed us, that we should no more yield ourselves to bondage, but rather die to sin, and putting on the new man, live not like the first Adam, who, by his disobedience, forfeited life and brought in death both to himself and us, but like Christ, the second Adam, who by his obedience unto death restored us to life, and becoming the first begotten from the dead, gave to us the assured hope of the resurrection, and future glory and immortality. Hence comes that blessed liberty of spirit, by which we recognise God as our Father, love Him whom we thus recognise, confide in Him whom we thus love; and call on Him in whom we thus confide, boldly crying, Abba Father.—Zwingli.

#### True Religion.

"A religion of vehement affections, without scriptural knowledge and judgment, and the sober exercise of our mental powers; is like a ship, with crowded sails; but without helm, chart, compass or ballast; which is far more likely to be driven on rocks, than to the desired port.—A religion all intellect, and external action, without affections or internal feelings, is like a ship, with helm, chart, compass, and ballast, but without masts or sails; which must be either, as a log on the water, or be driven about by currents, or tides, as they rise and fall, being perfectly unmanageable. That your love may abound more and more, in knowledge and in all judgment." Did not he who made that which is without, make that which is within also?—Did he not create the hearts as well as the understanding, and form us capable of feeling as well as knowing? And does he not both in the law and in the gospel demand the heart for himself?—Thomas Scott.

(From the Southern Presbyterian.)  
**From the North.**

We have great pleasure in giving to our readers the following extracts from a letter written by an intelligent Southern gentleman now in the territory of the enemy. He is every way competent to give a report of things there worthy of our confidence. His statements will be found both important and interesting. His letter is dated New York, April 24th and reached us in 20 days, via Nassau.

"As to public affairs you hear everything of importance from the newspapers. But no pen can depict the corruption and insanity of the Northern people. They are manifestly a ruined people; they have lost their liberties; they are trembling on the brink of financial ruin; they are destined either to sink into abject bondage, or else to deliver themselves from it by fearful political convulsion, and even that wild reign of anarchy will be followed by the despotism from which it is a temporary relief. The fountains are broken up; society is disorganized; there is no bond to hold them together; they hold no truths, religious, moral or political. The only tie at present is the factitious hope of bringing back the South by conquest or otherwise, into some sort of union with them. Dr. Tyng expressed the idea precisely the other day, thus: 'I have made up my mind that this must be one country; it may be so, either under Federal or Confederate rule, and I care very little, but one it must be.' Were President Davis to come here to-morrow the whole population would bow at his feet, and every preacher would prove from the Bible that he is the rightful Chief Magistrate, and that Lincoln is a vile impostor, and all the people would say, Amen! But let this fond hope be destroyed, let the independence of the South be established, and this country would go to pieces; the West would secede; perhaps the Middle States would go off and New England would be left like Tyre, a place for the fisherman to dry his nets on. Nothing can prevent it but the strong hand of military despotism, such as, I believe this infamous government is about to establish.—The ballot is already an antiquated and exploded humbug; the people are still permitted to deposit their votes it is true, but the administration counts the number required, and makes the soldiers vote them in Connecticut, Thos. H. Seymour, a true man, who has opposed the war from the beginning, and who is openly in favor of peace and of granting the independence of the South, was beaten in this way; the government found that he would have a majority, so they sent five thousand soldiers from Hooker's army and from Washington to vote. But as the transportation of so many is expensive they have improved upon the plan, by allowing soldiers to vote by proxy.

In Wisconsin, the democrats had a majority of the votes polled, in the State, but proxy votes sent from soldiers in the field turned the scale.—It is notorious that they allow no soldier to vote against the government; an officer was dismissed the service, in New Hampshire for distributing democratic tickets.

You will not understand me as intimating any affection for the democratic party or regret at the results of the elections. The two parties are alike despicable, except so far as a portion of the democratic party is in favor of instant peace, and if it must be of secession—that is of separation rather than war. But most, even of these better men, cherish a lingering hope that the Union will be eventually restored. The North is so dependent on the South as a market for the manufactures of the Eastern States, and for the produce of the Western; the democratic party here is so anxious to procure the aid of the South in overthrowing the Republicans; the thinking men are so afraid that deprived of the conservative influence of the South, the heterogeneous population of the North will be unable to govern itself—that putting all these and other influences together, they cling to the

hope of the Union with the tenacity of a drowning man to a straw.

But saddest of all is the deplorable state of religion; the churches are, for the most part, mere political conventicles; the preachers are apologists of carnage and of blood. There are some exceptions even here; Mr. Van Dyke is true to his Master, and has never yielded an inch to the madness of the times; and he is sustained by a large congregation. Dr. N. L. R. is anti-slavery as he has always been and when forced by the rabid portion of his congregation to declare himself approved the war and sustained the government publicly, although it is understood among his friends that his private sentiments are more Southern. Having satisfied them, however, he dropped the subject and preaches the Gospel, and in his prayers, lightly and hurriedly asks that we may again be a united people. From what I have seen and heard of Milburn, the blind Methodist preacher, I think he is sound. Old Dr. McElroy, of the Scotch church, is very severe upon "politics in the pulpit," whatever may be his views on other matters. Dr. Spring is as he has been all along. Drs. Potts, Krebs and Phillips yielded to the current, and betrayed the truth, but are now trying to cool down.

I took a trip, to Princeton, in order to see how things are there. I would not, of course, go night those men, but I saw Mr. McDonald, pastor of the 1st church, who is the best among them. All the professors are "breathing out threatenings and slaughter." He told me of going with Dr. Hodge to see some colored persons who were about leaving for Liberia; suddenly the doctor seemed to be struck with a new idea: "Brother McD, do you not think that these men, instead of going away, should join the army and fight the battles of their country?"

"Ah, Dr.," said Mr. McD, "you have heard the story of the two dogs fighting for a bone, do bone didn't fight, do bone don't fight, doctor."

Let I should do Mr. McD. injustice, I must say that he related this calmly and pleasantly and that neither in this nor in anything else that he said did he mean to disparage Dr. H. or any one else. The facts that I am about to mention, I obtained from other parties. As I said, the professors in that school, so largely endowed with Southern money are for the war, and some of them abolitionists. They inculcate those lessons upon the students, of whom there are more than one hundred and fifty, the junior class being the largest they have ever had.

As the fruit of these teachings, take the following incident: a few weeks since, some of the college students dragged a little boy from his room and put him under the pump because, forsooth, he wore a "copperhead" badge; whereupon the rioters were dismissed from college. But the Seminary students, almost in a body placed these culprits in a carriage to which they attached ropes and drew them in triumph, through Nassau street. Thus did Princeton, under its new theology, canonize the perpetrators of a low, mean, cowardly act. When the next observance of the sacrament was had, all these Seminary students were debarred The Table thus presenting the edifying spectacle of more than an hundred candidates for the ministry falling under church censure for conduct unbecoming their Christian profession. Dr. H. is more fanatical than ever; he is a brother-in-law to Gen. Hunter at Hilton Head and is very much under his influence; still he says privately, he cannot approve the emancipation proclamation, although in his last Review article he attempts to explain it away, as really not intending to free any negroes, except those who escape to the Federal lines.

Dr. Magill follows his "Ajax Talmage" at a respectful distance. At a prayer meeting recently, he drew a moving picture of the two armies on the opposite side of the Rappahannock offering up their conflicting petitions at the throne of grace, and in his only rhetoric depicted them as struggling together there. Dr. Green is full of blood and thunder. Of course young Hodge is a chip off the old

block. In the college all the professors are Lincolnites, except one, whose name I forget. Old Dr. McLean said publicly the other day, that it is becoming doubtful which side the Lord is on, and that if He is not on the North, side it is in vain to contend further. The college has over two hundred students. It is seeking an endowment at this time. The Philadelphia Presbyterian has a strong appeal this week. Lennox is about to build another library building for the Seminary, in the rear of the present one, and fronting on Stockton street; this one will be used as a chapel. I have mentioned all these little things, thinking they might interest a Princeton man.

R. is in Canada at present but speaks of coming on here. They are such insufferable abolitionists in Canada that no Southern man can enjoy a residence among them. He bears his lot with great fortitude."

#### The Duty of the Rich.

That the rich should support the families of the poor while their husbands and brothers are in the war, is too plain to admit of argument. The mere statement of the fact that the property and rights of the wealthy are protected mainly by the poor, is proof conclusive that the families of the latter should not suffer for any of the necessities of life, while the former can supply their wants.

It afforded me much satisfaction to learn, on a recent visit to Alabama, that there are a great many wealthy citizens in that noble State, who do not sell, but give provisions to the poor, and have their fields plowed for them, besides doing many other things for their convenience and comfort. "I do not wish to hoard up money while the war lasts," is the motto of many a wealthy citizen of Alabama, and "I would feel disgraced to make my fortune while my country is bleeding at every pore," is the motto of many men of moderate means. This is the right spirit. If all our citizens at home would adopt a kindred motto, it would add much strength to our armies in the field, and exhibit a spirit deserving of liberty.

#### John Howard a Baptist.

It has been, for some time, a matter of interest with us to ascertain the ecclesiastical connection of the philanthropist Howard. Does the following extract from "The Christian's Elegant Repository," published in London, 1800, set the question at rest?

"He was early impressed with divine truth, and a firm believer in the Scriptures. In sentiment, he was a Calvinistic Baptist, and many years a member of the late Doctor Stennett's church in Wild street, where he statedly attended when in London, and did great honor to the community. He had made up his mind, as he said, upon his religious sentiments, and was not to be removed from his steadfastness by novel opinions obtruded upon the world. Nor did he content himself with a bare profession of divine truth. He entered into the spirit of the gospel, felt its power, and tasted its sweetness." When he was upon his travels, it was his practice to employ his Sabbath's and hours of retirement, in reviewing the notes he had taken of sermons which he heard in England. These, said he, in a letter to Doctor Stennett, 'these are my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. O, sir, how many Sabbaths have I longed to spend in Wild Street! God in Christ is my rock, the portion of my soul.'

A MINISTER MURDERED.—Rev. J. H. Miller, (Presbyterian,) of Pontotoc, Miss., was ruthlessly murdered by a regiment of renegade Tennessee Union men, one Sabbath mornign late in March, not far from Ripley, while on his way to preach in that village. They robbed his body of fifty or sixty dollars, his gold watch and a pair of gold spectacles, and even took from his mouth a set of artificial teeth for the sake of the gold.

The seeming ship wrecks we meet with in the voyage of life, often prove the very things which best speed our course to the haven where we should be.

It is often difficult to realize the plainest truths.



The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.: Thursday, June 11, 1863.

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

AGENT FOR THE S. W. BAPTIST.—The Rev. A. BRADSHAW, employed by the Colportage Board to collect money for Testaments and tracts for the soldiers, is also authorized to act as agent for the S. W. Baptist.

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.

Acknowledgement—Remittances.

We are under many obligations to brother A. L. Martin, of Henry county, Ala., for repeated favors. We presume that all of his letters, with their contents, have been received by us.

We would inform him, and all our patrons, that remittances made to us by mail, are always at our risk. True, we lose a great deal of money in this way; but it is not just to hold the parties responsible for such delinquencies. We would suggest to all who have money to send us, in amounts of say over ten dollars, to send it, if at all convenient, by private hands, or by express. The express channel will subject us to a little extra expense; but we had better pay that than to run the risk of losing it.

Injustice to our Generals.

It requires that a man shall live in such times as these to know how military reputations are made and lost. That versatile thing which the newspapers call "public opinion," has never yet been put upon the page of history. We suppose the reason of this is, that it has never yet been stationary long enough, in revolutionary times, to be daguerreotypied. If we are to regard its oracular utterances, as expressed through its accredited channels, the "public press," our President and Congress have put over our noble army a set of "wooden heads," "imbeciles," and "traitors," and left the military talent of the country to drive the quill. That we have met the enemy on a hundred battlefields, and beat him when he outnumbered us at least two to one, makes no impression whatever upon these valiant "Faddadeens."

The last outburst of "public opinion," through its infallible organs (!), has been directed against Lieut. General Pemberton, who was to have "sold Vicksburg" long since for a mess of potage, and thus ruin the country!—out when the "traitors" General recently published the price of the purchase, "public opinion" whipped round, with the versatility of a weather-cock, and pronounced him—something else besides a traitor. These oracles, these manufacturers of "public opinion," are really becoming objects of public sympathy. Our Generals have a way of writing a history, which does not exactly conform their policy. Vicksburg is not taken, as yet at least, and it is now considered very doubtful whether the vandals will be able to pay the price set upon it by the General who commands its fortifications. If we are to believe the last accounts from that place, forty thousand of them have fallen around its entrenchments. In the vain attempt to purchase the prize—more than the entire garrison engaged in its defense. We suppose that General Pemberton really thinks that it will be more patriotic to defend Vicksburg to the bitter end, than to verify the predictions so vauntingly uttered against him. Well, the country can afford to exchange ill-boding prophecies to gain a good General.

But seriously, it is profoundly humiliating to think that so many of our newspapers have undertaken to write down the reputation of some of our Generals. If they had the means of knowing "whereof they affirm," some importance might be attached to their speculations. But being totally ignorant of the facts, and hundreds of miles from the scene of action, their criticisms are not worth the ink and paper that make them public. Their praises and censures are matters of like indifference to men, whose plans they could not comprehend if they were mapped out before them. Let them be admonished by the past to quit prophesying, as a matter of self-defense. Goose quills may be very potent missiles among the "home-guards," but they seldom penetrate the armor of the veteran warrior. He who stands serene and unscratched amid the storm of leaden and iron hail, poured forth from a hundred cannon and a hundred thousand muskets, will not likely fall before the squibs of pop-guns, the adage that "thunder is mightier than the sword" to the contrary notwithstanding. For the reputation, not of our Generals, but of the press, it is to be hoped that hereafter where nothing is known, the country will have the benefit of its silence.

General Jackson and the Sabbath.

Among the last letters this great Christian warrior ever wrote was one addressed to some of the members of the late General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the Confederate States, on the subject of Sunday Mails. In this letter, the hero of so many battles urges upon that Assembly the importance of petitioning the Congress to repeal the law requiring the transmission and delivery of mail-matter on that holy day. If the advice—the warning voice—of this illustrious chieftain can be heeded, addressed to a people and to a body of legislators under circumstances so solemn, then will he, like Samson of old, accomplish more by his death than he ever did in his life. The settlement of this great principle at the very beginning of our national career, will do more to fix the religious status of our people than any act which the Congress has yet passed. If the great principles of Christianity are to shape the policy of our Confederate legislation, we cannot see how our Congress can fail to heed the voice of a people who have so constantly committed "our country's cause to the protection of Him who has most solemnly commanded us to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In no other department of the government is its violation legalized; and why should we make the Post Office Department an exception? Can we hope to escape the curse of Him who has declared, "he that is guilty of one point, is guilty of the whole?" That God who is jealous of his authority will not hold that man or that nation guiltless who openly violates his law. It is true that sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily upon individuals; for they have an eternity of wretchedness before them, in which to endure the penalty of God's violated law. But nations, it has been truly said, have no hereafter. They are punished in this life. He has read history to little purpose who has not seen this truth verified in a thousand instances.

In December last, General Jackson addressed the following letter to the Hon. A. R. Boteler, a member of Congress from Virginia, and also a member of the General's Staff:

GUINEY'S DEPARTMENT,

Caroline county, Va.

December 10, 1863.

I have read with great interest the report of the Congressional Committee, recommending the repeal of the law requiring the mails to be carried on the Sabbath, and I hope you will feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to urge its repeal. I do not see how a nation that thus arrays itself by such a law against God's holy day can expect to escape his wrath. The punishment of national sins must be confined to this world, as there is no nationalities beyond the grave. For fifteen years I have refused to mail letters on Sunday, or to take them out of the office on that day, except since I came into the field; and so far from having to regret my course it has been a source of true enjoyment. I have never sustained loss in observing what God enjoins, and I am well satisfied that the law should be repealed at the earliest practicable moment. My rule is to let the Sabbath mails remain unopened unless they contain a dispatch; but dispatches are generally sent by couriers, or telegraph or by some special messenger. I do not recollect a single instance of any special dispatch having reached me since the commencement of the war by the mail.

If you desire the repeal of the law, I trust you will bring all your influence to bear in its accomplishment. Now is the time it appears to me, to effect so desirable an object. I understand that not only is our President, but also most of our Cabinet and a majority of our Congressmen are professing Christians. God has greatly blessed us, and I trust He will make us that people to whom God is the Lord. Let us look to God for an illustration to our history, that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Please send me a copy of the staff bill as I may wish to say something respecting it in my letter to Colonel Miles.

Very truly your friend,

T. J. JACKSON.

To Col. A. R. Boteler, Richmond, Va. The Report to which General Jackson refers was written by the Hon. Wm. P. Chilton of this State, as Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Roads, and was published by us soon after it was made. We had hoped that the subject would have been reached at the last session of the Congress; but we understand that other business took precedence, and it is deferred until the next session.—And if we had no other reason for desiring the re-election of the distinguished member who drafted it, and whose influence in that body, we are happy to know, is equal to that of any member from our State, we must be pardoned for expressing the hope that an enlightened and Christian constituency will not fail to return so accomplished and worthy a Christian statesman to the next Congress that he may finish the work so auspiciously begun.—We are conscious of no political views whatever in expressing this hope.

The greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.

Vegetables for Sick Soldiers.

In a recent visit to the Hospital at Montgomery, we had an interview with Dr. Green, the Post Surgeon, who informed us that our sick and wounded soldiers were greatly in need of Vegetables. We publish the following advertisement from Dr. Green and Maj. Calhoun gratis for the information of our friends, and trust that a liberal response will be made to the appeal. There will be no difficulty in shipping the articles to Montgomery. Such appeals have never been made in vain to the good people of Macon county.

VEGETABLES FOR OUR SOLDIERS.—The undersigned desire to appeal to the generous sympathies of the people of this city and country to contribute Vegetables for the army of Tennessee. Our brave soldiers are suffering for the want of vegetable diet, many of them contracting Scurvy. Any contributions, therefore, of ripe vegetables that may be sent to the Quartermaster's Office, will be packed and forwarded to the army, and will be gratefully acknowledged. Greens, Peas, Potatoes, Beets, Okra, Parsnips, Beans, Turnips, and indeed any kind of vegetables will be gladly received.

HENRY K. GREEN,

Senior Surgeon.

J. L. CALHOUN,

Maj. and Q. M. of Post.

Rev. R. H. Talliferro writes: "I have just closed a meeting of several days with the New Market Baptist Church, Madison county, Ala., which resulted in about sixteen professions."

For the South Western Baptist.

DEAR EDITORS: The enclosed letter of bro. Compere will explain itself. He was able to reach Marion in person and present the letter. To-night a meeting will be held in our church to hear an address from him in relation to the condition of the Cherokees now exiles from their homes, and see what can be done for their relief. I have no doubt our citizens will do all they can, and cheerfully. I hope our churches, aid societies and others, will try to gather together as many articles of clothing and bedding as possible for these suffering people. The best way will be to put such articles in bundles or boxes to send them to Marion, care of bro. J. B. Lovelace who will take charge of the same, and put them in the hands of bro. Compere. The government of the Cherokee nation, whose chief is Stand Watie, will pay all expenses of transportation. Col. Watie is deeply interested in the success of this undertaking, upon which the comfort and lives of many of his people depend. Any information upon this subject can be had by writing me, or bro. Lovelace as above.

Yours truly,

M. T. SUMNER,

Cor. Sec.

N. B.—Bro. Compere will remain east of the Mississippi about six weeks, principally in Ga. The Domestic Board will give bro. C. 3000 testaments and some 300,000 pages tracts for the use of the Indian regiments in Arkansas. We are anxious also to send an energetic and useful minister to accompany bro. C. to preach to the soldiers of our army in Arkansas. A young man would be best. We will support such a man. Let him write me and be ready to leave with bro. C. in about six weeks.

M. T. S.

MONROE, LA., May 6th, 1863.

My Dear Bro. Sumner:

Lest I do not have another chance to write you, I will improve the present hour—which I am spending here waiting for a boat.

The enclosed letter from bro. Slover speaks for itself. When it was written, just as I was leaving Dardenelle, I thought I would have time to run up to Marion in passing, and get to the Cherokee Baptist Convention in Ga., in due time, Friday before 3rd Sabbath in May. This body sustain me, and I hasten to meet with it—and having been detained by the way it will take all my time. All the boats on this river are pressed into the service, and as they are engaged in transporting troops we are obliged to wait their motions. The A. Q. M. however promises us a boat very soon.

The Lord preserving me, I expect to remain in Ga. about one month, perhaps longer; during which time you may communicate with me at Atlanta. I wish to see you on my return, and if it is my duty I will be willing to spend a little time in Alabama.

I have two objects in going East just now. First, I wish to obtain some Testaments, tracts, &c., for the Cherokee Army, and for all the Army of the West. Nothing of the kind can be found this side the river. No colporter has ever visited this department.—Can you not send a missionary with colportage literature to this Trans. Miss. Army. But I hope to see you and talk freely with you in relation to this matter.

Again, I wish to secure some clothing, bed and wearing for our destitute Cherokees. My dear brother, if there is any human sympathy, I will not say, Christian charity or benevolence, those who have, will certainly divide with this robbed and ruined people. The Southern party of the Cherokees, twelve months ago they were in prosperous circumstances. John Ross the Chief deserted our flag, and his party, the majority of the nation went with

him. This treacherous party assisted by the Federals have succeeded in driving the others from the nation and to the South of the Arkansas River.—Most of their negroes went to the enemy—their herds were taken, their houses were robbed in a great many instances of everything valuable; some of them were killed, many women and children were abused, narrowly escaped with their lives. And the whole people "en masse" are to-day in exile, and destitute of almost everything necessary to subsist upon. Wherever the Federals have gone it is bad enough, we all know; but I do not hesitate to say it is worse in the Cherokee country, than in any other part of the Confederacy. For after being robbed closely, THEY WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES.—No less than six hundred women and children follow Stand Watie's army, and must starve but for the half rations issued them by his or Gen. Cooper's A. Q. M. They are not able to procure houses, but erect huts of cane. The government has not tents to spare them—some of them get in the tents with their soldier relations, while others may have an old quilt or blanket stretched over some poles, the only chance in the world for protection against the weather.

Do you think I refer to a degraded savage race? Not so; but to white people, and to those nearly merged into the white race. The class of Cherokees that rallied round our standard, possessed considerable wealth, had enjoyed many advantages of education. Thousands of families in the poorer sections of our country never knew the prosperity recently enjoyed by this people. But still more—many of these are our brethren and sisters—the fruits of your mission. What shall we do for those poor saints? Shut up the bowels of your compassion? I think you, every member, and friend of the Southern Baptist Board will say No, no, no, we will help them. Among this number of sufferers, are your native missionaries. They have all been robbed, and are now in the army with one or two exceptions. I cannot speak of them all, but bro. Walker deserves to be mentioned. Poor old man! about sixty years of age—zealously devoted to the cause of Christ, (and true to the country) He stuck to his ministry, knowing nothing but Christ and Him crucified, till the enemy robbed him of every thing valuable, and with his daughter, who kept house for him, he was obliged to flee his home and country. Not able to get subsistence anywhere else, (our country having suffered a great drought last year,) he joined the army as a private—but has not forgotten to preach regularly and zealously to his fellow-soldiers. Poor David Freeman has been obliged to put his wife and daughter under ground, from no other cause in my opinion than fatigue and exposure. Many more of them must die from the same cause, and most of them if they do not receive aid before the coming winter.

You have already been pained at the intelligence of the death of sister Slover. They lost nearly everything they had in the world, till the whole family and all their plunder could be carried in a two horse wagon. They were exposed to the severest weather last winter. Of course sister S. could not survive such exposure and anxiety. She has gone, and thank God, "where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest."

Could this people get wheels, looms, cards, cotton, wool, and houses to work in their necessity could be supplied by and by; for they are a working people; but these things cannot be obtained and the government cannot supply them for she has no market at which to purchase. Unless therefore the people are willing to divide their blankets, quilts, domestics, jeans, and such articles as are necessary for bed, and wearing clothing, these women and children must sleep on the ground next winter and do without clothing. Are our people willing to think of such a result? Surely every patriotic and Christian woman in the South will desire to send some little article of clothing to these sufferers. Should any brother or sister have it in their heart to turn away saying, "be ye fed and clothed," and be unwilling to help—we shall fear that God will never close this war till such persons are made to experience what these unfortunate border settlers now realize. But I will not press this matter; for surely those who have been in the habit of dividing, time and again, will still be able to divide with these. Remember these people have lost all, for you of the interior, for being true to our common cause. They did not inaugurate this war, but they neither desert us nor murmur. While the Federals within fifty miles of them are supplying the Federal Indians with an abundance of goods—the Southern Cherokees are thus destitute, and yet loyal. I told Col. Stand Watie, the Chief, I thought something could be done for his people. He seemed gratified at the idea. Has he

not a right to expect help? Has he not?

Any number of boxes of goods that the Marion Board may be able to collect, whether one, or five, hundreded, from any church, individual, neighborhood, Relief Society, or association, I will take charge of with pleasure—and thus save the lives that we may labor for the souls of this people.—What thou doest do quickly. Write me at Atlanta, Ga.

Your brother in Christ Jesus.

E. L. COMPERE.

For the South Western Baptist.

Revival in the Army.

RICHMOND, VA., May 30, 1863.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: I have within a few days received the most cheering accounts from the army of the Potomac. In almost every regiment protracted meetings are in progress and souls are being born into the kingdom. Last Sabbath Rev. N. B. Cobb of N. C. baptized five in Ransom's Brigade, Rev. Mr. Betts, two, and the chaplain of the 14th N. C. five. The meetings in this Brigade are becoming more interesting every day and bro. Cobb informs me that "quite a number have been converted since last Sabbath." In Wright's Brigade a great work of grace is going on. Last Thursday, brethren Hyman and Marshall, Chaplains of the 12th and 49th Va. Regiments, baptized twenty six. The Chaplain of the 40th Va., reports thirty penitents in Beth's Brigade.

Bro. Barnett, chaplain 45th Ga. (Thomas) Brigade, reports from fifty to one hundred who are seeking the Saviour. Since the battle of Chancellorsville he has received seven for church membership.

In the 13th S. O. twenty five are reported as having made the good profession.

A Quartermaster in Armistead's brigade writes me that a good work has commenced there and that nothing is so much needed as men to preach Jesus. A Baptist minister from Pickett's Division says that in "every Brigade in that Division protracted meetings are being held and a solemn and deep religious influence pervades many hearts."

Rev. Benard Phillips, our colporter at Camp Winder informs me that a "precious revival is being enjoyed at that post. Two were received for baptism last night." Bro. Phillips is assisting bro. King in a protracted meeting at which many are crying to God for mercy.

The cry is for the Gospel. In some of these protracted meetings the voice of a minister has scarcely been heard. Will not fifty of our very best pastors throw themselves for a few months into this great work?

"Send us tracts, colporters, and evangelists." Will not the churches give, with a munificent liberality, of their possessions that the Board may meet these pressing demands?

A. E. DICKINSON,  
Superintendent, &c.

For the South Western Baptist

GREENSBORO, ALA., May 29th 1863. MEERS, EDITORS: Enclosed find \$3 for which you will please send Mrs. Jemima Idom your most excellent paper, to Greensboro, Alabama. You will also change my address from Brush Creek to this place.

Permit me to say through your columns, that the Lord is doing a good work here among the colored people. On Sabbath last I had the pleasure of burying with Christ, (37) thirty seven willing converts. There is also a great revival here among the whites at the Methodist Church; many souls we trust have been converted to Christ.—For all of which let the Lord have the praise. May the Lord continue his good work here, until all know Him; whom to know is life eternal.

Yours in Christ,

J. B. POOL,

Missionary of the Board.

A TERRIBLE AWAKENING.—A Dutch sea captain who was wrecked and afterwards tossed on the sea for nearly eighty days in an open boat, during which he suffered terribly from hunger, says that at last sleep became more and more seldom. "But when it did come, the same dreams were always repeated.—Each time it was a well laden table, a substantial dinner that stood before us, and to which we set ourselves with lively shouts of joy. Every one of us dreamt this at least ten times. The waking up to the truth of our situation was terrible." Alas! is not this the awakening which many will encounter build for eternity on a false foundation, who enter not in by the door, who delude themselves with a name to live, while they are dead. They end life with a flattering dream, heaven as their future home, and already anticipated and abundant entrance, when to their indescribable consternation in the next world the voice says: "Depart, I never knew you." Oh! the horror of such an awakening!

Treatment of Chaplains.

The good Chaplain, he who labors unceasingly in the great cause of Christ, should have the regard of those for whom he labors; and I venture the assertion that every Christian soldier whose affections have not been turned from their "first love," is ever ready to cooperate with such Chaplains. These need no other advice than that furnished by their own hearts, with regard to the manner of treating the ministers of God's word. But there are those who need prompting, men whose hearts have been warmed by the love of God and have now grown cold in spiritual things. This class do not encourage their minister, they fail to exert that zeal in prayer for him which should characterize the living Christian.

Chaplains need encouragement in their work. Without it, they being but human, are prone to forget that they, that cast their bread upon the waters, shall find it after many days. When, however, they see that others are trying to assist them, they are enabled to take hold of their work and engage earnestly in it. In consideration of this, it becomes the duty of all to support their minister, by co-operating with him.

Officers can do much, if they only make a slight effort toward making easy the labor of the Chaplain. Their presence during hours of religious service of itself, will effect much. By attending services, they set an example to the men, and virtually invite them to do the same. Then again, they can help the minister by treating him with due respect whenever he visits, or in any way thrown in their company.—And the Christian officer cannot fail to see that by encouraging a religious sentiment, he lightens his own labors; he encourages his men to obey God and thus they are rendered more easy to control. Then will not every officer see that due regard is paid his Chaplain? Thus, he will benefit the minister his men and himself.

Officers too, have it in their power, to extend many courtesies to the Chaplain. They can arrange so as to allow him the privilege of preaching at convenient seasons. All such things tend to lift up the drooping heart, and make it soar heavenward laden with thankful praises.

But after all, does not the greater obligation rest upon the private soldier? Are you not the ones who should hold up the ministers arms, and prompt him to words of greater zeal?

Is not the minister more peculiarly your own, than that of officers? Does not the greatest amount of his labor belong to you? Considering numbers, this is the case, but the good Chaplain bows not to the superior power of the officer, neither refuses to instruct any one. His labor extends to his regiments, brigades or company.

Since, however, earthly promotion has a strong tendency toward making men "wise in their own conceit," the humble praying man of God naturally turns to those freed from the cares and trammels of office to find co-workers.—The private has more leisure to devote to religion, more time to keep his heart pure from the sin of the world and hence can be meeker, humbler than those burdened with honors and cares.

Let every Christian private come up to the help of his minister. He deserves your assistance. What but love of souls could take him into the dangers and hardships of camp life? What but love could move him to such zealous, untiring labor in your behalf?

How his heart bleeds and grieves when your idle words and reckless acts are revealed to him! How he longs to take you to the mercy seat, and invoke the blessings of the all-wise Father on you.

Help him then, attend punctually the prayer-meetings, the Sunday services, the religious lectures, and above all begin to live more as the Christian should who fears God and relies on his promises.

Speak to your wicked companions, take them to the meetings, pray with and for them. Always be ready to co-operate in advancing religion.

If you do this, the hands of your Chaplain will be sustained; he will feel that his is a good field and fail not to plant in it seeds of righteousness, and daily encourage the growth of faith.

The treatment which a good chaplain deserves is superior to that of any officer, for his is a superior work.

Soldiers, if each will do his part toward the chaplain, you will be mutually benefited,—the rewards of the spirit are sweet.

AUNT LOUISE.

THE POWER OF CHRIST.—Gideon, a converted Indian, was one day attacked by a savage, who, presenting his gun to his head, exclaimed, "Now I will shoot you, for you speak of nothing but Jesus!"

Gideon answered: "If Jesus does not permit you, you cannot shoot me." The savage was so struck with this answer, that he dropped his gun, and went home in silence.







## The Family Circle.

From the Confederate Baptist.

## The Golden Vase of the Human Heart.

There was a great and glorious sovereign, ruling over a vast empire. His purity was immaculate, and nothing that was impure could appear in his presence. He loved his subjects with a father's tenderness; and all that he required of them was to bring their offerings to him in a pure golden vase, which he had bestowed upon them for that purpose. So long as that vase was kept pure every offering presented out of it was accepted with delight by the sovereign.

But if through carelessness or neglect it should become polluted no more could they come before him, but must expect an awful doom as their punishment, for the vase could only become so through their own fault.

Beneath this realm of purity there was another, where dwelt in darkness a cruel and malicious prince; cast out into that realm where no ray of heaven's clear light ever penetrated, where sulphury vapors wreathing up from the ever burning fire and brimstone of a bottomless abyss, cast their baleful shadow upon myriads of shrieking beings shut forever in that loathsome dungeon. These all had rebelled against that glorious Sovereign and this was their punishment.

This wicked prince hated the king whose throne he could not usurp; and envying the happiness of his innocent subjects, determined by guile and falsehood to win them to his own allegiance.

Since he had been banished from the realm of purity, there dwelt in his body a most loathsome defiling poison which contaminated everything with which it came in contact. If any one willingly received its stains never again could he have in himself the power to cleanse them away.

The wicked prince's design was to seek out the innocent subjects of the king, beguile them into the belief of a falsehood, and induce them to receive his poison in their golden vase; thus to render them by carelessness, disobedience and pollution, unfit to appear in the presence of their pure and glorious king. This he succeeded in accomplishing, for he was very artful. But what words can paint the feelings of the guilty ones, when no longer beguiled by his deceitful words they beheld in their golden vases a dreadful change? Now, hailing with delight their Sovereign's approach no longer, with shame and fear they strive to hide themselves, and await with trembling their dread.

Their king from his throne beheld it all; He could have interposed and prevented his subjects from yielding to the arch traitor, but He had given them the power to resist, and if they did not, they were no more worthy to be His subjects; but deserved to be given up to him to whom they had yielded.

The Sovereign had there constant attendants, dwelling in His bosom, and were he to part with any one of them, He were a sovereign no longer; their names were Truth, Justice and Mercy. Truth declared the sentence pronounced against the guilty ones must be executed, or he should be dishonored; and should he be compelled to leave the bosom of the king, he must be destroyed, for it was from thence he emanated. Justice, with lifted sword, demanded the execution of the sentence; but still the Sovereign gave not the order, for Mercy pleaded, "cannot a ransom be found, by which truth shall be honored, Justice appeased, and the guilty restored?"

The king had one son. "His express image," as glorious as He was, reigning on His throne, at His right hand. The son said, "Father my blood shall be the ransom, I will take their punishment upon myself; die in their stead. I will fill a fountain with my blood shed for them, in which, if they bathe their polluted vases, will restore them pure as at first."

The Father smiled approving; Truth and Mercy embraced each other; Justice dropped his sword, and the pure and happy ones around the throne joined in a song so glad and loud, the morning stars caught the joyous echo and sent it reverberating along their glowing plains.

The Son came, bore the penalty of his subjects' disobedience; left the fountain free to all, invited all to come and make their vases pure. Many accepted the invitation, made their offerings clean, and rejoiced. Some said, "we too, will go to the fountain before our Sovereign summons us to meet him," but while

they tarried the mandate was sent to call them, they felt they were all unprepared, and cast agonizing looks upon the fountain, but it was too late.

And many looked upon the happy ones who bathed their golden vases and made them pure and ridiculed and scoffed, and said in pride, "how can this man's blood cleanse us, we need no cleansing," and went on their way to meet a fearful doom.—*Truth.*

## "In the Wood."

"Tom Jones is serious," said one boy to another.

"Serious, is his mother going to frighten him into religion? He needn't be scared; he won't die yet."

"I suppose religion is as good to live by as to die by."

"If we are happy enough now, what's the use to be longfaced, and troubling ourselves about religion till we get older?"

"Are we happy enough, Bill? I ain't. I could be a great deal happier. I have a great deal of 'don't satisfy' feeling here," said the boy pressing his hand on his bosom, "which I expect religion could fill up, only I don't know how to get it."

I am sure I can't tell you how, said his companion. They stopped, jumped over a stone wall, and the talk died away in the field on the other side.

Thomas Jones was serious. The Holy Spirit had visited this boy and showed him his secret faults, and he saw them clearer than he ever saw them before. He felt that he was very far from God. He was afraid of God. It seemed to him if he had lost his way in the woods on a dark day. He was troubled; he could not find the way out. He certainly felt very heavy-hearted. His minister told him about repenting, and his mother told him about praying to Jesus, and he tried to follow their directions. But he got neither light nor comfort. Often he went out and sat down at the foot of an old oak tree behind the barn and thought.

"Mother," said he, one day, "doesn't the Bible talk about 'striving' and 'seeking'? It seems to me as if I am 'seeking' and 'striving' to find forgiveness and comfort, but I can't."

"The Bible never speaks of heartfelt and earnest 'seeking' without 'fighting,' or 'striving' without 'entering in,'" answered his mother; "and we have no Bible reason for supposing that the one does not in all cases, sooner or later, follow the other. To think otherwise, would be to suppose God less willing to receive us and make us happy, than we are to go to him."

"Well mother—" Thomas stopped; he did not know exactly how to state his case.

"Come unto me all ye weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The Lord gives that invitation, said his mother.

"But may belie don't mean me," answered the boy.

"The Lord says again, 'Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out.' That is to you my child. Can't you take the Lord at his word? Prove him now, and see if he fails to keep his word."

Taking the Lord at his word—that struck Thomas' mind. Could he not take him at his word? He could trust his father's word and his mother's word; should he not trust God's word as well? Thomas went down into the barn and fell on his knees and made a short prayer, something like this: "O Lord, I am in the dark; I want light; I want comfort; I want to love thee; I want to be good." This was his prayer in the morning. At noon, after he came from school he went and offered the same prayer. He ate his dinner and went to school again. He did not feel that his prayer was answered. After school, he was down at the foot of the old oak-tree, offering the same prayer still. The next day it was pretty much the same, except that Thomas, instead of getting discouraged, prayed more in earnest than ever. It seemed as if he was really taking God at his word.—He did not feel like going back, but forward.

But did God answer him? If you had asked him that question at the end of the second day after he began to pray so, he would have shaken his head. He still felt himself in the dark woods of his sins.

The next morning when he waked, a little sunbeam shined into the top of his window on the opposite wall. "What a beautiful sunbeam!" thought Thomas. "It comes from the good sun shining to make day for us. It is God's sun. I love the sunbeam." Then he heard a little robin sing on the tree. "Dear robin," thought Thomas

as, "God made the robin. How sweetly it sings. It is singing to God's ear." And Thomas loved robins, he was sure he did. Then he turned his eye, and caught a glimpse of the blue sky through the trees.—"There's heaven," thought Thomas.—"How beautiful heaven must be, where Christ and the angels are." And Thomas was so glad looking up to the sky and thinking of his Saviour and heaven. Thomas was as happy as could be; he loved everything he saw. He arose, and falling down on his knees he praised God. God was no longer far off; he was very near. He was no longer afraid. His heart was full of love. He felt as if the Son of God had him by the hand, and was leading him to his Father in heaven.

Then Thomas felt that his prayer was answered. He was out of the woods. He felt it was so sweet to be forgiven, and have God's peace in his bosom.

This was the beginning of a boy's Christian life. The Bible calls it being 'born again.' The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit; that is one cannot explain it; he only knows it is so, from a happy experience in his own bosom.

This is a specimen of that religion which makes people happy, because it brings forgiveness of sin and peace and love to the soul, these things satisfy the soul, and nothing else will.

## Never too Old to Learn.

Socrates at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty five years of age when he commenced his studies on polite literature; yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Colbert the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

Ludovico, at the great age of 115 wrote the memories of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past the age of fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late answered that indeed he began it too late, but he should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing products were written in his old age.

From the Child's Index.

## Little Lissie.

Little Lissie loves her Heavenly Father so much, she says, because He is so kind, and lets her papa and mama live in this world, and does not take them away and make her a poor orphan. A few mornings since she awoke her mama talking to herself in her little crib, about her dear Heavenly Father; how he had taken care of her through the night, and let her sleep so sweetly. She said "when I go to the beautiful Heaven, I will give Him three kisses."

When we heard of the last attack made by the enemy's fleet on Fort Sumter, she appeared much disturbed and said to her mama: "Mama, will the Yankees take Charleston?" Her mama replied that she felt very anxious about Charleston, but she hoped they could not take it. "I will send papa to drive them away," she said. Her mama told her that her papa alone could not do it, but that her Heavenly Father could. She asked that the servants might be dismissed from the room, then she knelt, with both little hands over her face, and said: "My Heavenly Father, please send the Yankees away from Charleston, and do not let them hurt any of our dear soldiers." She then arose, her face bright as a sunbeam. "Oh, mama," she said, "how the Yankees are flying! I reckon the people wonder why they are flying so fast."

Darlington, S. C. C. A. C.

## Vanity Punished.

It was in the early part of Spring; the snow was all gone, but the heavy night frosts, and the biting cold winds, made the weather out of doors quite uncomfortable, and rendered overcoats almost as necessary as in the winter.

Mary Jane's mother had purchased for her little girl a very pretty satin spencer with short sleeves: intending that she should put it on when the weather became sufficiently warm.—Mary was delighted, and she longed for the time to come when she might let her companions see how prettily she looked in her new dress.

Sabbath morning the sun shone out very bright but the earth was very damp from the frost, and the wind whistled around the north corner of the house.

Mary's mother came out of her room with a thick shawl upon her shoulders, and her fur tipped about her neck; but the little girl came tripping down stairs in her new short sleeved spencer, without a shawl or cloak to cover her open neck and bare arms.

"You are not properly clothed, Mary," said her mother; "Go, get your cloak and furs, and lay aside your spencer until a warmer day."

"O yes, mama," answered Mary, too vain to listen to her mother's wise advice, "I shall be warm enough. Do see how brightly the sun shines."

"You are deceived, my dear, by the glare of the sunshine: the wind is very high and sharp, and you will be nearly frozen with the cold."

"I don't fear it," said the conceited little girl, "I have just been out in the garden, and it is very warm. My old cloak is so rusty and out of fashion that I am ashamed to be seen in it." Her mother still continued to reason with her, but as she obstinately persisted in having her own way, she at length yielded, thinking she might learn a good lesson, by a painful experience.

The church was more than a mile distant. They had not walked far before the sun went behind a dark cloud, and the blasts of the chilling north-east wind swept by them blowing full in their faces. Poor Mary tried to conceal her feelings, but she fairly shivered with the cold. "How the weather is altered, mamma," said she, "it really is colder than I expected."

"I am glad," said her mother, "that you are convinced that my judgment is the best; if you do not get a cold and become seriously ill, I shall not be sorry that you have suffered a little to-day. You will learn into how much trouble and suffering, too much confidence in our own opinion, will often lead us. I have more experience than you; I knew the wind would chill us, and that our winter garments would be needed; but you were deceived by the bright sunshine. Learn, my child, never to despise the counsel of an older or wiser person, or to indulge in a wicked vanity at the expense of your comfort and health."

Before they reached the church, Mary was thoroughly chilled and would gladly have exchanged her shining and fashionable spencer for her old, but warm lined cloak.

As they were walking home with some of their neighbors, in order to impress the lesson still more deeply upon her mind, her mother called the attention of the friends to the dress of Mary. "Do you not think it extremely pretty?" said she.

"Very beautifully indeed," they answered, "but how could you think of letting her wear it on such a cold day? the poor child looks as if she were nearly frozen."

O! how mortified did Mary feel upon hearing this! If she could but have had the warm old cloak, how gladly would she have covered up the gay, but unfortunate spencer. "O," said her mother, "Mary is a heroine; she cares little about the cold, if she can but look smart." Mortified enough was Mary, before she reached home and she really wished the spencer was in the milliner's shop again—it had cost her so much pain and suffering. But this was not the end of her punishment; she caught a severe cold, which confined her to the house for some time and made it necessary for her to have a painful blister on her breast, and to take very unpleasant medicines. Mary had time to think of her conduct while she was sick, and she resolved, with the blessing of God, never to sacrifice her health and comfort for appearance, and to pay attention to the advice of older and more experienced persons.

Children, ask your mothers if you have ever been guilty of the same wrong conduct that caused Mary so much unhappiness.—S. S. Messenger.

same wrong conduct that caused Mary so much unhappiness.—S. S. Messenger.

## A Dead Christianity.

When the overladen camel falls dying in the desert, the vultures will congregate on every side—but they sit or flit at a respectful distance so long as the least spark of life's fire lingers in the eye, the unclean fowls dare not touch him. With horrid patience they will hover for hours around the gasping body, till the stiffening limbs and glazed eye-balls telegraph them to their dismal banquet. So its life is the puissance of the Church. Its inward vitality is its external power. United by quick and generous sympathies to its great Head, and exhibiting in its operations that self-denying benevolence which was the essence of his life, she can do all things through Christ that strengthen her. But discovered from Him, she is a rootless trunk—a trunkless branch—a stemless flower—a withered dry, contemptible, and worthless thing.

Christianity makes great professions, inasmuch as it assumes to be the only truth in a world of error—to be the only safety in a world of danger—the only happiness in a world of sorrow. It is then most natural that such high professions should be questioned. Men love to pull down high things and they will try to pull down the church. Let her then pull down herself—let her, of her own free will, both demonstrate and confess that she is no other and better than others, and their indignation will fall upon her for the impudence of her past presumption. And this is the tendency and leaning of every neglect on her part. The truth is, we must expect to not be only useless, but despised, if we do not faithfully labor for God. The salt which has lost its savor is good for nothing but to be cast out. It must needs be trodden under foot of men.

## An Exquisite Retort.

It is related of Bunyan that in the height of his usefulness as a preacher in and about London, the Bishop of the metropolis had a curiosity to see him. The coachman of the bishop was a frequent hearer of Bunyan, and the bishop had told him that whenever in riding out of town, he should chance to meet Mr. Bunyan he wished to see and speak with him. One day as John was driving his lordship in a portion of the suburbs sufficiently retired for the bishop to gratify his curiosity, Bunyan was seen pleading his way on foot, with his bundle under his arm, going out to preach some where in the outer skirts. "Your grace," said John, "here comes Mr. Bunyan." "Ah," said the bishop, "hold up the horses when you overtake him, and let me speak to him." They were soon at his side, the horses were checked and the bishop bowed, saying, "Mr. Bunyan I believe." "Yes, your grace," says Bunyan, courteously responding. "Mr. Bunyan," said the bishop, "I am told that you are very ingenious as an interpreter of of Scripture; and I have a difficult passage in mind, about which I would be glad to have your view. It is St. Paul's message to Timothy: 'The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee; and the books, especially the parchment.' " "Well your grace," replied Bunyan, "it is allowed, I believe by all, that Timothy was a bishop of the primitive church, and Paul as all agree, was a traveling preacher. It occurs to me that this may have been designed in future times to teach that in primitive times the bishops were accustomed to wait on the traveling preachers; whereas, in our day the bishops ride in their coaches, and the traveling preachers, like Paul, are minded to go afoot."

PRETTY IDEA.—A mother recounted to her daughter the story of our Saviour's sufferings, death, and glorious ascension, concluding with: "And the veil of the temple was rent in twain, the dead arose from their graves, and the sun went out, and it was quite dark."

"No wonder, mamma; it went out to light Christ back to heaven, I reckon."

THERE was a boy who loved to show his learning by using bigger, if not better, words than he found in the book. His lesson was to give the dictionary definitions of a page of words on which was: "Missionary—one sent to preach the Gospel." To make it a little more elegant, he cried out, "Missionary—one penny to preach the Gospel!"

The miseries of idleness none but idlers truly know.

## Business Cards.

G. S. ORRICK, R. L. MAYOR, W. H. ANDERSON.  
**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 Macon.  
Office up-stairs in School's new building—  
December 15, 1895.

G. W. GUNN, L. STANLEY, JAMES ANDERSON.  
**GUNN, STRANGE & ARNSTORF,**  
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery,  
Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, Chambers and Tallapoosa Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court at Macon. All business entrusted to them will be given prompt and careful attention.  
Office next the Presbyterian Church—  
Tuskegee, Ala., Jan. 19, 1896.

J. H. CADDENHEAD,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala.,  
Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and Russell.  
June 13, 1891.

MEDICAL NOTICE.  
DR. W. H. DRISKELL has located his father's residence, where he can be seen at all times, when not professionally engaged. He respectfully tenders his services, as a Physician and Surgeon, to the surrounding country.  
July 10, 1892.

East Alabama Female College.  
TUSKEGEE, ALA.

THE Exercises of this Institution will be resumed, on Wednesday, October 1st, 1892, under the direction of  
REV. A. J. BATTLE, A. M.,

who will associate with him a corps of efficient Teachers, in the several Departments.

The annual Session, comprising nine months, is divided into periods of three months each. The first Term begins with the month of October, the second with January, the third with April.

In every Term, students for the Term are required to advance; and no pupil can be permitted to go on with her class until she has completed the course. As no student has been charged for the present, ample accommodations for Boarders have been provided, with the best private family of the place. By early application to the Principal, special arrangements will be made, and communicated to boarders before the Session begins. Those who do not thus apply in advance, will, upon their arrival at the College, be required to furnish evidence of the charge for Board has been necessarily advanced, to keep pace with the increased price of provisions. At present a charge of \$20 per month will be required, which will be modified according to circumstances. Pupils are requested to bring with them from home, all the best food they can procure, as there will be a probability of some difficulty in procuring them from the local stores.

Tuskegee is situated upon a branch Rail Road, connecting with the Montgomery and West Point Rail-Road, about forty miles east of Montgomery. It is healthy at all seasons, and in the moral and elevated tone of Society, is unsurpassed.

Rates per Term (3 months).  
College Classes ..... \$15 00  
Preparatory ..... 13 00  
Primary ..... 10 00

Incidental Expenses ..... 10 00  
Boarding (in place) ..... 20 00  
Dwelling and Fuel (in place) ..... 10 00  
Incidental Expenses ..... 1 00  
Tuskegee, Sept. 11, 1892. A. J. B.



Twenty-Fifth Annual Session  
THE Exercises of the Institute will be resumed, on Wednesday, October 1st, 1892, under the direction of  
REV. A. J. BATTLE, A. M.,  
who will associate with him a corps of efficient Teachers, in the several Departments.

Southern Field & Fireside.  
UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS!  
Back Numbers for the New Series Exhausted!  
PRIZE STORY!

THE Proprietors of the SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE announce that in consequence of the first numbers of the new series being exhausted, and in order that new subscribers may begin with the commencement of a NEW STORY, the following list of prizes will be given to subscribers who will send in their names to the Editor, N. K. DAVIS, Marion, Ala., August 28, 1892. 2m

TERMS:  
For One Year ..... \$3 00  
For Six Months ..... 1 50  
For Three Months ..... 1 00  
Single Copies ..... Ten Cents  
Clubs of 10 or more, for one year, \$25.00.

By Mrs. S. E. NIXON, of Covington, Ga., will be commenced in Number 6, Feb. 7th, and all subscriptions received at the office on and after the 25th of January, will be entered on the books and commence with the first story.

Address, Feb. 12, 1893. JAMES GARDNER, Augusta, Ga.

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. A. L. HAYNES, D. D., and Rev. J. C. BROWN. We have been induced to undertake this enterprise by conviction that the time has come when the demand for such a paper by our denomination, in the Southern States, is so great, and so general, that it is imperative that it be supplied. It will be the effort of the Proprietors and Editors to make this paper a valuable and interesting medium for the dissemination of the Gospel, and to be a source of comfort and encouragement to every true Christian.

All who may receive copies of this Prospectus are very respectfully requested to send in their names, and to forward their names immediately, to insure a number of the paper to be sent them free of charge. The subscription price—Two Dollars—in all cases to be forwarded by the subscribers immediately, or their receipt of the first number.

All communications must be addressed to "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," Columbia, S. C., or to either of the Proprietors, A. L. HAYNES, or J. C. BROWN.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August, 1892.

PROSPECTUS.  
THE publication of the "SENTINEL" newspaper, which has been suspended since the occupation of Alabama by the enemy, will shortly be resumed in its old form, and on a new basis. The best and most reliable of the times will allow has been secured, and is now being collected; and it is the intention of the parties associated in the publication of the paper to send it to the subscribers free of charge, as a token of appreciation for their past support, and to enable them to see the value of the paper.

The "SENTINEL" will have the good of the country at heart, and will be calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people. It will gladly have every good citizen as a collaborator. It will be blessed by special interests. It will have no individual or corporate ownership, and no personal prejudices to influence its editorial and all just to all. It will not knowingly publish anything that would be calculated to excite or inflame the passions of the people, and it will be ready to pay the grateful tribute due to exhibitions of virtue and capacity.

The first number of the "SENTINEL" and its new associates, will appear about the first of March—perhaps a few days sooner or later. It is proposed, in addition to a daily issue, to publish a weekly paper, as well as a sufficient number of subscribers to receive the paper free of charge, to enable us to commence the publication of the paper on a new basis, and to enable us to see the value of the paper.

The terms of the "SENTINEL" will be strictly in accordance with the following: Daily Sentinel, one year, \$10.00; Six Months, \$6.00; Three Months, \$3.00; Single Copies, Ten Cents.

No paper, except the Daily, mailed for less than six months. Papers discontinued when the time paid for expires, unless the subscriber sends notice to the contrary. The "SENTINEL" Office will be located under the personal supervision of SMITH, BAILEY & CO. The Editorial Management of the paper will be committed to the Editor, E. M. SMITH. The Business Department will be conducted by A. M. BAILEY.

Address: SMITH, BAILEY & CO., "The Office of the 'SENTINEL,'" will be in the new brick building lately occupied by Balfour & Co., corner of Peachtree and Broadway streets, opposite the "White" office, and near the Ballard House.

March 5, 1892, 2d.