

# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, EDITOR.  
A. J. BATTLE, PROPRIETOR.

"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. 15—NO. 5.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1863.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.

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

**HENDERSON & BATTLE,**

PROPRIETORS.

For the South Western Baptist

COLUMBIA CO., GA., June 5, '63.

DEAR BRETHREN: Thinking that you might desire to hear from some of your Georgia brethren, as to how the good cause stands—what we are doing etc. I have sit down pen in hand to give a few of "what they are worth, items."

In the first place, I may say that God's people in this section, are not unlike His people in other localities, in many respects. We have had hearts to feel for the woes consequent upon, and incidental to the war.—But I rejoice to say that in general we have had some little rejoicing mingled with the cup of sorrow. Sorrow, that God has taken here a devoted young brother; yet rejoicing in the bright evidences he gave as he lay dying in his little tent "upon the field of war"—of that faith, that no woe of earth can shake. Would we miss the form of that lovely brother, who just before the war commenced, was licensed by the church to exhort. Our hearts sadden when we think that that voice of admonition, of love, of faithful warning to sinners, is hushed; and yet our minds turn from the sadness when we reflect, that he lived, as he exhorted and died, and that though dead, God's own time will develop the good work through him; as an humble instrument. I might go on to enumerate many such incidents, but suffice it to say, that taking all things into consideration, we rejoice that our Heavenly Father has given us sustaining grace, and "though cast down we feel we are not forsaken." Judging from the attention and feeling which makes our assembling together. I think I can see that God is drawing His children to have a stronger confidence in His powerful arm.

Last Sabbath and Saturday before, it was my privilege to attend the general meeting of the fourth district of our Association, (Georgia,) and notwithstanding inclement weather and the times, I felt that we were carried back to the "former times" of a good old fashioned Baptist general meeting. I bless God that I was there.

But, what are we doing, you will ask, for missions? I wish I could say "much every way." The truth is we have done but little. Our nites has been contributed for colportage among the soldiers, religious reading, &c., but we are, I trust, being aroused to the great importance of this work, and two of our churches are about to get up a mission among the soldiers. Would that all the churches would come up to this great and good work. 'Tis true, we have brethren, Campbell, (a host by himself), Daniel, and one or two more; but Georgia ought to send one hundred by herself. But where are they to come from? We haven't got so many preachers to spare, some will say. Oh, yes! we could spare many good deacons and good talking brethren who can, and do talk about Jesus and His doctrine, and who would make better missionaries than many who are called preachers. No time now to stand upon form—but if we must conform, ordain and send them forth. Oh! if our people could only feel the importance of this work. A little while and the war will be over. What rejoicing then would be in all our churches and land, to see our way-worn, tired soldier returning home, singing the glad song of redeeming love.

I see I shall weary you, and will close. I am gratified at the perusal of bro. Sturgis' article on "Writing to the Soldiers." I hope it will be read, and have its desired effect.

By the way, I notice that some of our secular papers are discussing the propriety of "hoisting the black flag" upon our enemies. I notice that our Augusta Constitutional comes out with its usual commendable spirit in opposition to any such measure. Let the religious press speak out. God forbid that we should so far forget

what is due to Him and humanity. Come what may, let it never be said of us that we knew not how to return good for evil. More anon.

MIDDLE GEORGIAN.

## Death of the Sensualist.

The end of Falstaff may stand as a type for the close of every such life. It was without regret and without honor. There is no life so melancholy in its close, as that of a licentious wit. The companions with whom he jested abandon him; the hope of the visible world is gone, and in the spiritual he has no refuge. Pleasure was the bond by which he held his former associates, and by affliction that bond is broken. The gay assembly takes no thought of him, and the place therein shall know him no more. Instead of the hilarious looks which were wont to beam around him, a crowd of ghastly images are flitting in his solitary room; instead of the blaze of many lights, there is the dimness of a single taper; and for the song of the viol, there are the moanings of death.

The class is well embodied in Falstaff, in his life, also in his death.—No death in Shakespeare is more sadly impressive to me than that of Falstaff. In other deaths there is the sweetness of innocence, or the force of passion. Desdemona expires in her gentleness; Hamlet, with all his solemn majesty about him; Macbeth reels beneath the blow of destiny; Richard, in the tempest of his courage and his wickedness, finds a last hour conformable to his cruel soul; Lear has at once exhausted life and misery; Othello has no more for which he can exist; but the closing moments of Falstaff are gloomy, without being tragic; they are dreary and oppressive, with little to relieve the sinking of our thoughts, except it be in the presence of humanity in the person of Mrs. Quickly.—When prince and courtier had forsaken their associate, this humble woman remained near him. The woman, whose property he squandered, and whose good name he did not spare; this woman, easily persuaded and easily deceived, would not quit even a worthless man in his helpless hour, nor speak severely of him when that hour was ended. Here is the greatness of Shakespeare; he never forgets our nature, and in the most unpromising circumstances, he compels us to feel its sacredness. The last hours of Falstaff he enshrouds in the dignity of death, and by a few simple and pathetic words in the mouth of his ignorant but charitable hostess, he lays bare the mysterious struggles of an expiring soul. "A parted," she says; "even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning of the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with the flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled' of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I; what man, be of good cheer. So 'a cried out God, God, God! three or four times, then all was cold."

Thus, as Shakespeare pictures, a man of pleasure died. Even upon him nature again exerts his sway; the primitive delights of childhood revisit his final dreaming, and he plays with flowers, and he babbles of green fields. And that voice of Eternal Power, which was lost in the din of the festival, must have utterance in the travail of mortality; and the exclamations, which falter to the silence of the tomb, make confession of a faith which all the practice had denied.

FEAR AND DISEASE.—An Arab flying from the plague at Alexandria to seek refuge at Cairo, was overtaken by an old woman journeying to the same place, whom he recognized to be the plague itself. "Ah!" said the man, you are going to kill every one at Cairo!"—"No," replied she, "I shall only kill three thousand." Some time after, the traveller met this old woman again, when he said, "You lied in promising, to kill no more than three thousand in Cairo—you killed thirty." "You are wrong," said she, "I killed only three thousand—Fear killed the rest!"

## Family Religion--the Church.

One of the best securities for the growth and prosperity of a church, is to be sought in a faithful exhibition of religion in families. Here is a law of increase, which God has incorporated in His church, and by which He designs to give it strength and encouragement. But why is it—the question is asked with grief and pain—why is it that so many children, so many apprentices and servants, are seen to grow up, or to live many years in christian families, without any regard, or even respect, for religion? It is because their parents, guardians, or masters have that sort of piety which can flourish only, like Peter's sword, on great occasions.—Then, perhaps, they appear to have an excess of piety, and put forth many awkward efforts to do good in their families; of a character, it may be, to give them a permanent disgust for religious things. But when the great occasion is past, their work is done up. A spirit of worldliness now rolls in again, a want of conscience begins to appear, a light and carnal conversation to show itself. The preaching of the Gospel is very critically, and somewhat wittily, canvassed on the Sabbath. The day itself, in the meantime, fares scarcely better than the preacher. It is shortened by degrees at both ends; sometimes even by a newspaper or some trifling conversation, in the middle. There is no instructive remark at the family prayers; and, perhaps, no family instruction anywhere. There is no effort to point the rising family toward a better world, and apparently no living for such a world. Bad tempers are manifested in government and in business. Arts are practiced below dignity, and wide of integrity. How is it possible that the children and youth of a family should not learn to despise such a religion! How different would be the result, if there were a simple, unostentatious piety kept up with constancy, and the fear of God were seen to be a controlling principle, in all the daily conduct and plans of life.—There have been many stirring cases of conversion, which were produced under God, by simply seeing the godly life of a Christian in his family without a word of direct address, and in a time of general inattention to religious things. In such a family every child and inmate will certainly respect religion. And the church, in fact, may count on receiving a constant and certain flow of increase from the bosom of such families.

WHAT IS YOUR DUTY?—The old heathen fable of the Sphinx is not without its meanings to us at the present day. She, half woman, half lioness, sat by the way side propounding her riddle to the passers-by.—If they could not answer it, she destroyed them. We have no Sphinx now, to put questions to us; but conscience may at times awake and ask us if we know the meaning of to day; of any day? Answer this riddle and it is well with us. Pass it by unheeded, and we shall be destroyed. What is my duty? This is the question which is propounded to us. We may disregard it, but it must have an answer and that before long. Foolish men and women now, as in Solomon's day, imagine because judgment is delayed therefore there is no judgment. It may be delayed for a year or two, but it is sure; if not here, then in another world where no excuses will be received. This question is propounded to us; it must be answered; what is my duty; am I doing it. It may be something great or a matter very little. But if it be duty, then it is a sacred thing and must be done, we shall be devoured if it be not done. One may not answer this question for another. But every one may answer it for himself—what is my duty and am I doing it? To fritter away one's time in pleasure, is hardly the duty of life; or to consume it in money making. But whatever be our duty as before God and man let us do that.—Southern Churchman.

Where will my enemies be before long? At God's bar, giving account; then let me leave them to him; he says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

## The Wrong Step.

"He prays well," said a young worldlyling, as he listened to the voice of a youthful Christian in the prayer meeting; "but I don't think much of his religion." Why not? That young disciple had been enticed, under peculiar circumstances, at the solicitation of a professed minister of Christ but who was in fact the preacher of, "another gospel," to join in a dance in a ball-room. With little thought of what he was doing, or of the consequences, he had yielded to the invitation just to look in upon the gay assembly. That step led to another until he had compromised his religious influence and wounded his Saviour.—Then, when a few evenings after he arose to pray, and to speak a word for Christ, he was shorn of his strength. He had gone among the enemy, not to win them over to the Saviour, but to join in their sinful merriment; and what avail now the most earnest appeals from his lips?

Even if his departure from the right way be thought a light one, still it did prove an effectual hindrance to his usefulness. The very appearance of evil should be avoided, would we win sinners from the error of their ways. We must keep ourselves unspotted from the world. A little stain upon a Christian's character will attract more attention than all his shining excellencies. That will be remembered while these are forgotten. When that young disciple arose in the prayer meeting, those present who had seen him in the ball-room, had that scene of worldly gaiety before their vision. They saw him moving in the dance, they saw the gay expression of his countenance they could see nothing else; and so they set him down as a hypocrite, or at least as a person who ought not to assume the office of teacher and monitor to them.

## Faith in the Blood of Christ.

Are we living Abel's life of faith? Is the blood of the sacrifice that which speaks to us the "better things," so that each misgiving of our troubled hearts forthwith passes off, when it appears, like mist before the rising sun? Is the sight of that blood all we need to call us back to peace, when sin or doubt has come between us and God? Is the knowledge of its infinite value enough to give us at all times the complete assurance that there is no sin of ours, however great, which it cannot at once wash away, so that "being once purged we have no more conscience of sin?" (Heb. x: 24) Does one look at that blood reassure our hearts when the cloud of guilt spreads darkly over us? And does that one look comfort us unspeakably more than the whole sum of our evidences, the whole register of our graces? Does it entirely satisfy us, as that while on the one hand it makes us no longer afraid to look into the depths of our guilt, so on the other, it frees us from every wish to know ourselves or to be known of God, as anything but the "chief of sinners?" Does the security which that blood is designed to give us, of acceptance with God, appear to us so certain and so strong, that, with nothing else to recommend us or answer for us, but the blood alone, we can go to God as trustfully and simply as Adam did, ere sin had broken his confidence and cast him out from the presence of the Lord?—Bonar.

## Bearing the Cross.

The Crusaders used to bear a painted cross upon their shoulders; it is to be feared that many among us take up crosses which sit as lightly; things of ornament, passports to respectability, a cheap exchange for a struggle we never made and a crown we never strove for. But let us not deceive ourselves. None ever yet entered into the kingdom of heaven without tribulation—not, perhaps, the tribulation of fire, cross, or rebuke, or blasphemy; but the tribulation of a bowed spirit and an humble heart; of the flesh crucified to the spirit, and of hard conflicts with the power of darkness; and, therefore, if our religion be of such a pliable or elastic form as to have

cost us neither pains to acquire, nor self-denial to preserve, nor efforts to advance, nor struggle to maintain holy and undefiled, we may be assured our place among the ranks of the rising dead will be with that prodigious multitude who were pure in their own eyes, and yet were not washed from their filthiness.

## A Worthy Example.

The Richmond correspondent of the *Christian Index* says: "Active participation in war, doubtless, is often unfriendly to piety. But there are instances which prove, that, however natural this result may seem, it is by no means necessary. While some ministers in the army appear to have forgotten their higher calling, under the pressure of duties imposed by their response to the call of arms. Gen. Pendleton, a doctor of divinity in the Protestant Episcopal Church, who since his entrance into the service early in '61, has approved himself as one of our most active and efficient officers, has never failed to preach on Sabbath, except when the army was either in battle or on the march. Such an example of unflinching Christian zeal, amidst the toils and cares of military life, administers a rebuke which should be felt by those who have not been called from "the walks of peace," but whose labors for Christ have been intermitted, or languid beyond their wont. He has not done more than his duty. How much less than theirs, then, must they have done?"

SATAN'S CHARGE, AND THE SINNER'S DISCHARGE.—An old author mentions a story of Satan's appearing to a dying man, and showing him a parchment roll which was very long, wherein were written on every side the sins of the poor sick man, very many in number. There were written the idle words he had spoken, which made up three quarters of the words he had spoken in his life; together with the false words, the unchaste words, and lastly his actions digested according to the commandments; whereupon Satan said, "See here, thy virtue; see here what thy examination must be;" but the poor man answered, "It is true, Satan, but thou hast not set down all: for thou shouldst have added, and set down here below, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin;" and this also should not have been forgotten, "that whosoever believeth in Him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life;"—whereupon the devil vanished.

Thus, if the devil should muster up all our sins, and set them in order before us, yet let but Christ be named in a believing way, and he will yield, and flee from us with the greatest speed. The Captain of salvation overcame the tempter, by saying, "It is thus and thus written;" and his soldiers may still "overcome the accuser of the brethren, by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of his testimony."

## Faith under Discouragement.

May the Lord enable us to enjoy the sweets of labor, and then sweet will be the final sleep in the Lord.—I know you have a rugged, a very rugged field to plough up, and with many a hard and tough root to shake the mind and shatter the body—but behold the host of ploughmen now on the whole field; what is not done in one place, is done in another—it is but one work. This often animates me. "Well," I say to myself, "God is working somewhere—their turn now—mine may be next. Souls are one and the same. He may, come in a night, when it cannot be said that I brought him. If not by me, then, Lord, work by another. If thou wilt not at this time use me, then will I stand by, and sing psalms of praise because thou art working by others. Go on, thou Mighty One—do as thou wilt."—Macdonald.

To be cheerful without levity, grave without sourness, kind without indulgence, faithful without severity, and prudent without timidity, are rare attainments.

"Rare virtue is the rarest of all rare things."

## General Pemberton.

We take pleasure in transferring the following statement of Gen. Pemberton's record from the *Richmond Enquirer*:

Gen. Pemberton came to Richmond within eight days after she passed the ordinance of secession, and was commissioned a colonel on the 28th April, 1861.—The State seceded on the 17th. We write from the record. It is not true that "this same John C. Pemberton was in the service of Abraham Lincoln," (any more than Gens. Lee, Johnston, Cooper, Longstreet, &c.,) and it is not true that he commanded a regiment of the U. S. Government "at the battle of Manassas." He resigned his commission in the U. S. service immediately on arriving in Washington, and promptly repaired to Virginia; he surrendered the expectations of large fortune from his friends in Pennsylvania, and gave up all for the State whose daughter he had taken to wife, and where he had lived and voted for years before the State seceded; he has faithfully and most ably discharged every duty entrusted to him, and is now closely beleaguered in Vicksburg, but promptly and nobly and manfully fighting for his country's cause. Let us strengthen his arm by our encouragement; let us not impair the confidence of soldiers by unjust suspicions and false innuendoes upon his loyalty.

"Vicksburg may fall, as fell Genoa, but Massena lost neither the confidence of his government, nor the respect of his countrymen."

A DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT.—Nothing so elevates the mind of man above the low passions and sordid interests of the world as communion with God. Prayer calms the feverish breast.—The eye shuts on earth and wanders into heaven. Meditating in silence on that great God whom we worship, we grow insensibly into his likeness. Our affections are detached from the world and fixed above. We become members of a higher family. We feel that we are pilgrims and strangers on the earth, and that we are travelling home to God and to our heavenly kindred. This is our privilege as Christians—to have God in our love and Heaven in our hope. Let us give up our souls to the power of these great affections, and they will be filled with peace that shall grow more profound as we approach the gates of eternity.

CHILDREN AFTER CLOUDS.—I cannot compare the folly of men and women that think to get contentment with their musing about other conditions, better than to the way of children; perhaps they are gotten upon a hill, and they look a good way off and see another hill, and they think that if they were upon the top of that hill, then they were able to touch the clouds with their fingers; but when they are on the top of that hill, alas! then they are as far from the clouds as they were before.—Burroughs.

PIETY IN RULERS.—Of all the virtues which united in the character of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, that which crowned the whole was his exemplary piety. The following is related of him, when he was once in his camp before Werben. He had been alone in the cabinet of his pavillion some hours together, and none of his attendants, at these seasons, durst interrupt him. At length however, a favorite of his, having some important matter to tell him, came softly to the door, and looking in, beheld the king very devoutly on his knees at prayer. Fearing to molest him in that exercise, he was about to withdraw his head, when the king espied him, and bidding him come in said, "Thou wonderest to see me in this posture, since I have so many thousand of subjects to pray for me; but I tell thee, that no man has more need to pray for himself than he, who being obliged to render account of his actions to none but God, is, for that reason, more closely assailed by the devil than all other men besides."

The love of Christ is a deep well of which no one ever found the bottom.



# SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

## The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.:  
Thursday, June 18, 1863.

### AGENT.

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

AGENTS FOR THE S. W. BAPTIST.—The Rev. A. Broadus, 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.

### East Ala. Female College.

The Annual Public Exercises of this Institution will occur as follows:

Sermon in the Baptist Church on Sunday June 28th, at 10 A. M. by Rev. I. T. Trenchon. Examination of Classes in the College Chapel, on Tuesday June 30th, from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Graduating Exercises of the Senior Class, on Wednesday July 1st, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M.

Concert of Instrumental and Vocal Music, on Wednesday, beginning at 8 P. M.  
June 15, 1863.

### Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers in the West.

While all eyes are turned to the operations of our army in the West with the deepest solicitude, let us not forget our sick and wounded in that department of the army. Already the cry comes to us with an urgency to which the most callous cannot be indifferent. We know it is often said that the government has ample stores of hospital supplies collected at various points to supply almost any demand that can arise; but we presume that those who are on the ground have better means of knowing the condition of things than we who are hundreds of miles from the scene of action. They tell us that these invalids are suffering for the most common comforts.

And if we will but bethink ourselves for one moment, we must know that unless we bestir ourselves, and the government, many a poor soldier must die for the want of such attentions as it is now in our power to bestow. All the factories in Mississippi we understand have been destroyed by the rebel foe. It is therefore out of the question for the government to rely upon these to supply clothing for disabled soldiers. If the government can clothe the soldiers in active service there, it will, under the circumstances, be all that we can reasonably expect. One year ago, when the battles around Richmond were fought, vast quantities of hospital supplies were shipped from every part of the Confederacy, except perhaps the extreme West; and we have reason to know the supply did not exceed the demand. And now, when equally bloody battles have been fought and are now pending in Mississippi, without one-fourth of the means in that country to supply these wants, can it be presumed that no necessity exists for the most prompt and enlarged response to the calls which come to us from that quarter? We say to our friends in every locality, where a box of clothing or hospital supplies can be made up, that no time should be lost. Every article that can add to the comfort of the sick and wounded, either of clothing, bedding or food, should be forwarded without any delay.

### Affairs in Mississippi.

From our best sources of information, we are inclined to the opinion that the crisis in regard to Vicksburg has past. True, a most powerful army still menaces that place; but having been repeatedly repulsed, and having resorted to ditching and shooting at "long law," we think it will prove another Richmond affair, only worse.—Johnston is there with a much more powerful force to attack Grant in the rear, than Jackson brought to McClellan's rear on the Chickahominy.—The supplies of Grant, too, are in a much more precarious condition than were those of McClellan. If reports are to be believed, Kirby Smith is now at Milliken's Bend, on the Mississippi, some eighteen or twenty miles above Vicksburg. If he can maintain this position even for a short time, he can materially cripple the abolition army. On the whole, we think that matters in that quarter are in a much more hopeful condition than they were ten days ago. We are expecting stirring news every day. Before we go to press, we hope to receive something still more encouraging. Meanwhile, let every Christian pray God to grant us a signal victory at Vicksburg. It would go further towards securing for us an honorable peace than any victory we have yet achieved.

### Divine Trust.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," is an injunction not less imperative than it is comforting to the saints—and yet binding and cheering as it is, it is nevertheless one of the most difficult of all the commands in the sacred volume. It comes directly in contact with the most marked weakness of the human heart—self-dependence. And this is peculiarly true in seasons of our greatest danger. Just when we are in most need of divine strength, we are most inclined to look to an arm of flesh. To prove this, we need go no farther than the present time of trouble. When any particular portion of our country is threatened with imminent peril, to what does our people generally look for deliverance? The questions they instinctively ask, are, Have we an able, trustworthy General there? How many brave, patriotic soldiers has he? Are our artillery and army supplies sufficient for the exigency?

True, there are some, we may hope many, who betake themselves to earnest and persistent prayer for Divine help; but take our people as a whole, nay, take our professing population, are we not sadly deficient in this respect? This was the constantly recurring sin of Judah. When threatened with invasion, that people sought foreign alliances to resist it, in the face of the most solemn divine interdictions. Their wicked rulers, conscious that they had alienated themselves from God, and that they could hope for no assistance from Him, sought to confederate with idolatrous nations, in the vain hope that that would supply the place of divine aid.—But mark the warning of Jehovah: "Say ye not, a confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, a confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord God himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And he shall be for a sanctuary."

One reason why the human mind is so prone to look to human agencies in times of peril, is, that in the administration of His providence, God uses intermediate agencies, what we call second causes, to effect His purposes. These causes come under our senses. For instance, in war, we see that skillful Generals and brave soldiers are generally successful in battle, forgetting that it is God who "teaches their hands to war and their fingers to fight." In peace we see that thrift follows sagacity and industry, forgetting that God has established the connection between the one and the other. It is far more difficult for us "to walk by faith" than it is "to walk by sight." Hence in our moments of success, we are prone to ascribe that success to the immediate agencies by which it is achieved. We forget that the great reason why our success so often proves a snare to us, and "pierces our souls through with many sorrows," is that we fail to recognize the divine hand in awarding it to us. It is said that "the prosperity of fools shall destroy them." Why? Because "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." By excluding God from all their thoughts, he leaves them to the consequences of their own folly. God intends that his government over this world shall be recognized by his creatures. Where this is done, defeat and failure are victory and success—where it is not done, victory and success are defeat and failure.

Then be it our chief concern to "trust in the Lord with all our hearts," knowing that every good and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights.

### A Suggestive Fact.

We learn from a gentleman who lately visited North Alabama and Tennessee, that the farmers in that section of the Confederacy refuse to sell any wheat to speculators, and that they decline taking more than two dollars a bushel for it. They have had some experience of this vandal war upon our rights and property, and it has taught them a most valuable lesson. They are willing to sacrifice something to the glorious cause of Southern independence. And although their proximity to the army gives them many advantages in respect to prices, yet they decline availing themselves of them from motives of patriotism. But how is it in the interior, where the ravages of war have not yet been felt? Why, the spirit of extortion and speculation is rife. Farmers are absolutely talking of asking five dollars a bushel for wheat, in the face of the largest crop that ever was raised in the country!! The very gifts of providence are made the occasion of gratifying this "greed of gain," which, unless God prevent, will yet ruin our country! Is it not humiliating that the only remedy for this fell spirit is, Yankee raids through our country? We beseech farmers to pause and think well before they adopt this policy. Here we are secluded from the desolations of war—

God has blessed us with such an abundance as never before crowned our fields. Let us beware that we do not provoke his vengeance by our selfishness. If our homes shall be desolated by fire and sword, it will be too late to mourn over our sins which may overtake us. When the vandals entered Jackson, Miss., it is said that the immense stores of provisions which were exhumed from cellars and warehouses were utterly astonishing to our own people. They were all consumed in the flames. Robbed by enemies, and without the sympathy of friends, these speculators are monuments of that basest sin of an ignoble soul—avarice!

THE CONFEDERATE SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK. Compiled by a Superintendent at Greenville, S. C. Greenville, S. C. G. E. Elford's Press.

A choice collection of hymns, elegantly printed, conveniently arranged, and well adapted to Sabbath Schools throughout the country. Send on your orders to G. E. Elford, as above. We add the terms: Single copy, 25 cts.—A dozen copies, 20 cts. each. Hundred copies, 15 cts. each. The compiler adds that "in order to encourage its circulation, the book is sold at something less than the cost of its publication."

For the South Western Baptist

WARSAW, ALA., May 25th, 1863.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: Some two weeks ago, I forwarded to you forty-five dollars, collected from Providence congregation to furnish religious literature, particularly your excellent S. W. Baptist, to our beloved soldiers. It gives me great pleasure to remit to-day fifty dollars more, collected at our last meeting, from Cooksville congregation, to be applied the same way; only, I should be gratified to have a part, say half of the sum, expended in the distribution of tracts. We know from experience, many of us, the value of those noiseless, but greatly active little preachers. Their efficiency in awakening the conscience, guiding the inquirer, comforting the distressed, and strengthening the faint hearted and feeble handed, makes them an invaluable auxiliary in that good work of grace among our soldiers, to which the hearts and minds of Christians are now particularly directed.

This little sum, brother Henderson, gathered from a small congregation, some of them quite poor, was contributed with a hearty good will affecting to behold, and which God will certainly bless. If there is religious destitution in the army from lack of means, I must think it greatly owing to the negligence of brethren in bringing the matter before their congregations. And why this negligence? The subject needs not in its behalf any arguments, any pleading. It asks only a plain statement of facts, when it at once appeals most earnestly and unresistingly to the piety and patriotism of every man. I think brethren would find a happy expedient for engaging and sustaining the interest of their congregations in this work, to take with them occasionally to Sabbath service or to prayer meetings, a copy of our religious journals. Read from its columns the variety of religious intelligence from the army, commonly presented. Allow your paper to appear before your people, as the Soldiers' Missionary Agent. Let it enlighten your congregation, many of them are really ignorant of much that is interesting in this department of Christian labor. Let it rehearse through the letters of Missionaries, Chaplains, and colporters, how the Spirit of God is humbling and subduing to Himself the affections of these brave, iron-framed, iron-hearted men. Let it tell in the experiences of these men themselves, how the sick and wounded soldier is comforted; how the dying is prepared for death, and the living for life, through the instrumentalities of the preached gospel, and a religious press. Then let your congregation be reminded that these instrumentalities can not be maintained without their contributions of money and prayers.—You will be surprised at and delighted with the success of your agent, and the eagerness with which your congregation will advance to the work of co-operation. They will esteem it a privilege to give to such a cause, and that pastor wrongs his people, who withholds this privilege from them, by neglecting to bring the matter before their attention.

Yours in Christian love,

W. E. CHAMBLISS.

For the South Western Baptist.

### A Card!

EDS. S. W. BAPTIST: My attention has been called to two communications in your paper, asking me to allow my friends to use my name for a seat in the Legislature at the ensuing August election.

I take this occasion to return my thanks to my fellow-citizens of Macon county for the confidence already reposed in me, and for their disposition to continue it. I feel it my duty al-

ways to serve my fellow-citizens (when in my power) in whatever capacity they may desire me to serve them.—But, as circumstances beyond my control will prevent me from leaving home at the session of the next Legislature, I am compelled to refuse my fellow-citizens the privilege of using my name in this connection.

Very respectfully your fellow citizen,  
JOHN O. JUDKINS.

June 11th, 1863.

For the South Western Baptist.

### Sunday School Board.

The following is a list of the officers and managers of the Sunday School Board recently established by the Southern Baptist Convention:

#### PRESIDENT:

B. Manly, Jr., S. C.

#### VICE PRESIDENTS:

J. P. Boyce, S. C.; F. H. Courtney, Ark. T. C. Teasdale, Miss.; W. H. Bayless, Tex. R. B. C. Howell, Tenn.; T. E. Skinner, N. C. W. T. Brantly, Ga.; A. D. Sears, Ky. I. T. Tichenor, Ala.; J. W. Williams, Md. W. C. Crane, La.

Cor. Secretary: C. J. Elford.

Rec. Secretary: J. A. Broadus.

Treas.: Julius C. Smith.

Audr.: T. Q. Donaldson.

#### MANAGERS:

J. C. Furman; G. F. Townes; W. D. Thomas; Wm. Williams; P. C. Edwards; C. H. Judson; R. P. Goodlett; T. P. Smith; G. E. Elford; J. B. Sherman; C. B. Twitty; J. G. Landrum; J. J. Brantley; B. F. Mauldin; Thos. J. Earle.

The Board has been organized and is engaged in making arrangements for a supply of such books as the schools need most at present, and for a system of efficient voluntary agencies for the prosecution of this work.

For the South Western Baptist.

CAMP GRACE CHURCH, VA.,

May 12th, 1863.

DEAR SISTER: I received your kind favor of April 20th. It gives me great pleasure to hear from "loved ones at home." This leaves me in very good health, and I hope dear sister, this may find you enjoying the same kind blessing.

Sister, I have been in another hard fought battle, and thanks be to Almighty God, I came out unhurt. One ball passed through the blanket I had thrown over my shoulder. The battle was fought at Chancellorsville 25 miles above this place. We done some hard fighting and marching. The Lord has blessed us with another great victory in Old Virginia, thanks be to his Holy name. He fought with and for us once more. We ought to be, Oh so thankful. The old 5th Ala. went into the fight Saturday 2nd inst. with 949 men. We went into battle at four o'clock. We charged their batteries, and took them, routed and kept them in double-quick until dark. Our Brigade was ordered to fall back about sunset, but I did not bear orders, and kept on with some N. C. and Va. troops until dark. I fired 25 rounds at the enemy. I have been in two battles, but that was the prettiest fight I have ever seen. If I knew the Yanks would skedaddle so nicely every time they went into battle, I would not ask for better sport. They ran from the first rattling of musketry, and kept a long trot until dark. Only one of our company was killed, and one slightly wounded, in that evening's fight; but the next morning (which was Sunday, the Yankees day for fighting,) they made us pay for our Saturday's fun. We became engaged about sunrise, and fought until near one o'clock. We charged and took their battery twice. They retreated. We had to take their breast works from them the third time before we could keep them. We had four men killed on the field, 7 wounded, and 9 taken prisoners out of our company.—Capt. E. M. Mosely, and our 2nd Lieut. D. L. Etheridge were among those taken. I bear our noble, brave General STONE WALL, is dead. Oh what a shock that is to us, his followers. We loved him like a child loves a father. He was wounded in the arm, by one of our own men—I think that man ought to be shot. Jackson's corps did all the fighting at Chancellorsville. Longstreet's corps arrived one day too late. I think if he had have arrived 24 hours sooner, we would have taken Hooker and his army. I saw several of my old Shelby and Perry friends. They were well, but like myself, very hungry. Among them was M. and F. Wood, and T. Faucher. I had not longer than five minutes to talk with them, as our regiment was on the march back to this place, and they were marching past us.

You requested me to write to you often. I cannot write only when my friends send paper to me, for I cannot get any here.

I have not heard from my own dear wife in some time. I am very uneasy about her. Kiss my dear old mother for me. Oh that I could fold my arms around her neck, and press her to my heart, once more. 'My mother' none, but a soldier knows how to reverence that fond name. Dear sister, I try to live near the Lord. He has, indeed, been a friend to me in the hour of trouble. Will you join me in prayer

that I may be enabled to trust in God at all times, and not in man. May God bless and keep those I love, is the earnest prayer,

Of your brother,

S. L. HAGGARD.

### Influence of War on Christian Effort.

In the first year of the present century, an eminent English divine testified as follows, with regard to the religious influence of the war against France:

"The contest in which our country has been so long engaged has, in one particular, been of essential service to her. It has excited a greater respect for Christian institutions and Christian principles. A long period of internal tranquility and security had induced an indifference about religion which was rapidly gaining ground, and was making room for infidelity. But the critical situation in which the nation was placed, and the dangers that threatened her, led men to review their principles, and to consider seriously by what means she might be saved. Hence there is now a growing regard for Christian ordinances. There is now more general acknowledgment of the providence of God; more care is taken in forming the minds of youth; and ample means of instruction are afforded to the common people."

We affirm that this is precisely the influence which war ought to exert over true Christian minds, and minds not hopelessly barred against vital Christianity. Double peril to the souls of men calls for redoubled activity on their behalf. Nowhere should prayer be more fervent or labor more untiring, than in a country on the verge of ruin, from toppling into it. The utmost power of believers, both with God and man, behooves to be put forth then.

We indulge the hope, too, that as war protracts itself through a series of years, this influence is exerted more powerfully,—over a larger and yet larger class of minds. Seven eventful years had worn away in armed conflict, when the foregoing testimony was borne. And did not each year of the seven find slumberers whom it awoke, laborers whom it sent into the vineyard—laborers whom the years that went before had called, slumberers whom these years had sought to arouse, in vain? Let the history of the British churches answer. This history shows that, all through the war, there was a progressive awakening of the religious mind, until, when hostilities ceased, the followers of Jesus stood on higher ground, in zeal and industry, than any previous generation, of modern times, had reached.

Belong we to the number over whom the present war has exerted this influence? Have we responded to it from the first? Or, are we just now awakened to it? Or, does the spirit of slumber still weigh us down in shameful inaction.—*Religious Herald.*

### Sunshine.

Oh, for more of it! We need it in hearts, lives, homes, churches—everywhere. God causes his sun to rise upon the evil and good. So let us scatter sunshine on our way as far as we can, away with its eternal scowling, this everlasting bluelight. Let us have sunshine, warm, mellow, rich, and cheering—"Ye were some time darkness; but now are ye light in the Lord. Walk as children of the light." "Ye brethren are not in darkness, that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of the day." Walk, then, in the light, and scatter it far and wide.—"Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength;" not the joy of the world, but, "of the Lord." Oh, be full of this holy joy, and then reflect the divine sunshine on all around. Do not grope in darkness longer.—Heaven's brightness is but just before you. "The master cometh, and unto you who fear his name shall the sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings." Ah! there shall be sunshine, and that sun shall no more go down.—Reader, will you bask in that sunshine? H. L. H.

SHADOWS.—Let us welcome even the shadows. What would the world be without them? A burning sky unchanged, softened by flying clouds, glaring down upon a world where every object stood up boldly in the sunlight. No coolness no mystery, no tenderness, uncertainty; no vague, delicious gloom only intolerable light! How beautiful are the shadows! especially in the early autumn, when they shiver and thrill in the pale sunshine—when the fluttering leaves drop down, casting their shadows for the last time; when the horizon is red and misty like a censor which is burning odors; when the clouds drift slowly, throwing large patches of gloom over the golden stubble of the reaped fields. They are sometimes very dreary in the short, fierce winter days but even then we know that they will pass. It must be so with the human heart. It could not bear unclouded prosperity, it needs the shadow to soften, refine—to teach it pity and hope.

### Chaplain's Association.

Chaplain's Association of Polk's Corps met pursuant to adjournment, May 19th, 1863, at the Presbyterian Church, Shelbyville, Tenn.

Devotional exercises conducted by Chairman Dr. B. W. McDonald.

Present at Roll Call, Chaplains: McDonald, Milliken, Hearn, Sotherland, Weaver, Russell, Chery, McCutchen and Bennett. There were present also brethren Jos. W. Haney, Lt. J. B. Ivy and Rev. Mr. Ellis, who by invitation sat with us in our deliberations.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Unfinished business being called for, Committee on Claims of Disabled Confederate Soldiers, asked further time, which was granted.

The Association next considered the following resolutions offered by Rev. L. H. Milliken:

Resolved, That our army may, and should be a school of piety of the highest order that the common impression that it is of necessity an institution of vice and immorality is false, and mischievous in the extreme, and should be at once exploded.

The resolution was responded to by no less than three soulstirring addresses, after which it was adopted without a dissenting voice.

The Secretary then offered the following:

Resolved, That patriotism as well as the cause of our blessed Redeemer, demand for our army, the best men and the best talent in the ministry of the South.

This resolution elicited several speeches of thrilling interest and was most heartily adopted.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to prepare an address to the Ministers of the South setting forth the destitution of our army, and that the same be a standing committee to correspond with Ministers wishing Chaplaincies, and to introduce them to the Colonels of regiments lacking the Ministers of the word.

Committee, Chaplains: L. H. Milliken, C. Hearn and W. T. Bennett. And by request Dr. B. W. McDonald was added.

Reports of labors showed a highly improved state of morals in all of the charges reported, and in some of them a glorious awakening. The revivals reported in progress in Stewart's brigade—the first conducted by Rev. C. Hearn; (Chaplain 4th and 5th Tenn. Reg.) and the second by Rev. J. P. McCutchen, Chaplains 24th Tenn. Reg. The happy results of the first, 105 professions of conversion and of the second—not so long in progress—about a dozen. By request of Brother Hearn, I went to the front some ten days ago to administer baptism to some of the converts of his meeting. I baptized 40. Lt. Peoples, a Methodist Minister of the same regiment, baptized 21. I have not heard of any baptisms in that meeting since.

A happy meeting is in progress in the 3d and 9th Georgia Battalions conducted by Rev. Mr. Cherry, their Chaplain. In this, several professions and many inquirers.

In Smith's Brigade two interesting revivals. The first conducted chiefly by myself and the second by Rev. L. H. Milliken. The latter has been in continuance but a short time, but blessed already to the conversion of several precious souls. The first has lasted near a month, and during this period there have been about 100 hopeful conversions, of whom, near 75 have submitted to baptism and received certificates of their Christian experience and baptism, to enable them, by application for membership to cheer the languishing churches at home. Some of these I have baptized myself, and for others have procured a minister of the denomination they wished to join, to administer the ordinance.

Here I must acknowledge the efficient co-operation of Chaplains Jamerson and Sutherland, of the 11th and 28th Tennessee regiments, respectively; also the gratitude of the congregation and particularly of my own regiments (13th and 47th Tenn.) for the invaluable services rendered us by Rev. Mr. Cunningham, a resident Minister of the Presbyterian church. Dr. B. W. McDonald and Dr. J. B. McFerrin will, I trust, wear brighter crowns in Heaven for having lent us a helping hand. The good work still "goes bravely on."

I will give Dr. McFerrin's opinion as to the extent of this work in the army of Tennessee, as of greater weight than my own, since founded upon a wider survey of the field. He says there have been in Biagg's army, within the last two months as many as 500 hopeful conversions and that there are hundreds not thousands still crying for mercy. This increasing religious interest is regarded as the most pacific indication above the horizon, either moral or national.

I must close this already too lengthy communication. But first I wished brethren to bear in mind, particularly Chaplains of Polk's Corps, that till further orders our Association will meet



every Tuesday 10 o'clock, A. M. at the Presbyterian Church, Shelbyville, Tenn.; further, that we occasionally receive remittances from Dr. C. F. Quidstad, agent for Polk's Corps, in the way of Tracts, Testaments, &c., and that by failing to attend these meetings brethren may fail to get their quota of religious literature.

Dr. B. W. McDONOLD,  
Chairman.  
W. T. BENNETT,  
Secretary.

Camp near Shelbyville, May 21st, 1863.  
(For the Soldier's Friend.)  
Address to the Ministers of the Confederate States.

Dear Brethren: In behalf of the Chaplains Association of Polk's Corps, the undersigned committee submit the following appeal: The old and wicked error that Chaplains can do but little or no good is now exploded. We believe that the army and the office of Chaplain the very best field of usefulness now open to the minister; we present a few reasons for this view of the case:

In the army, larger congregations can be gathered every night and every Sabbath, than can be assembled in place thousands, sometimes assemble to hear a single sermon.

The best talents, the best patriots the men who are to control our destinies when the war is over, are here in the army; the very best ministers of the church are needed to guide the religious feelings of these men.

Public opinion is all adrift here. The revolution has cut it loose from its moorings. Now is the time for controlling minds, to take hold of it and make permanent impressions upon it.

Actual results here show that the army can be made a school of virtue and religion. It has often been a school of vice, and it will always be so unless taken hold of by the church and controlled, unless this is done, it will become a school of sin so painful it will build up a nation of infidels.

But in those regiments where faithful Chaplains have been at work, blessed revivals of religion have spread over the whole command. Profanity, gambling and drunkenness have been banished; Sabbath schools, Christian associations, singing meetings, and prayer meetings, have taken the place of wicked amusements. Hundreds of religious newspapers have been subscribed for and are eagerly read. God is now in our midst, and a glorious revival of religion is proceeding all over the army.

The peculiarities which bind soldiers together make the power of example and association stronger here than any where else. This power may be sanctified, so that the leading spirits of the camp shall be God's servants. The minister may avail himself of this power. The ties formed in trials, in danger, in battle, in long campaigns, will give him a power over men's hearts which no other circumstances could give.

Again, we urge upon our ministers to seek the Chaplain's office, rather than any other position in the ranks, ranks, the lines or the field. Patriotism itself sanctions this view. We believe our success depends upon God's favor, and not on General's war battles. If, then, we can lead the whole army to the feet of Jesus, we will do more towards the success of our arms, than we could accomplish in any other way. Told before the Chaplain is wide enough to absorb all his interest, demand all his time. Whole brigades of this army without a minister and in case nearly a whole division is destitute of a Chaplain. Yet when any of us go over among them and preach, they come thronging in vast, eager multitudes to hear the Gospel.

Brethren in the ministry, we need you in the Chaplain's work; and the undersigned will aid in effecting appointments to that work, whenever it may be in their power.

The following list shows in part the destination in two divisions of this corps. The other division is nearly all Tennessee, 6th and 9th Tennessee, 38th Tennessee, 4th Mississippi, 9th Mississippi, 17th Mississippi, 25th Alabama, 23d Alabama, 39th Alabama, all of Wall's Brigade and several regiments in Managang's Brigade are destitute of Chaplains.

L. H. MILLIKEN, Chairman.  
S. C. HEARN,  
W. T. BENNETT,  
B. W. McDONOLD.

The Unknown and Unrecorded Dead.

How carelessly we pass them over unless our own loved ones happen to be linked with them in military association and yet each name in that roll of slaughter carries a fatal pang to some woman's heart—some noble, devoted woman's heart. But she bears it all, and bows submissive to the stroke. "He died for the cause. He perished for his country. I would not have it otherwise, but I should like to have given the dying boy my blessing, the smiling husband my last kiss of affection."

tion, the bleeding lover the comfort of knowing that I knelt beside him." This is the daily language of women throughout this Confederacy, and when could such a spirit come but from God, and what is worthy to produce it but some cause which lies beyond any mere human estimate. And when we turn to our armies, truly these victories are the victories of the privates. God forbid that I should take one atom of honor or of praise from those who led our hosts upon those days of glory—from the accomplished and skillful Lee, the admirable Clichon of our armies, from the God-fearing and indomitable Jackson, upon whose prayer bedewed banner victory seems to wait, from the intrepid Stuart, whose cavalry charges initiate those of Murat, from that great host of generals who swarm around our country's flag as Napoleon's Marshals did around the Imperial Eagle but nevertheless our victories are the victories of the privates. It is the enthusiastic dash of the onsets, the fearless bravery with which they rush even to the cannon's mouth, the utter recklessness of life, if so be that its sacrifice may only lead to victory, the heart-felt impression that the cause is the cause of every man, and that success is a necessity. What intense honor do I feel for the private soldier! The officers may have motives other than the cause, the private soldier can have none. He knows that his valor must pass unnoticed, save in the narrow circle of his company; that his sacrifice can bring no honor to his name, no reputation to his family; that if he survives, he lives only to enter upon new dangers with the same hopelessness of distinction; that if he dies, he will receive nothing but an unmarked grave; and yet he is proud to do his duty, and to maintain his part in the destructive conflict. His comrades fall around him thick and fast, but with a sigh and tears he closes his ranks and presses on to a like destiny. Truly the first monument which our Confederacy rears, when our independence shall have been won, should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing this inscription: "TO THE UNKNOWN AND UNRECORDED DEAD."

Bishop Elliott.

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.—You have read in your own history of that hero, who when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to a more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. While busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, and like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field, a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his trusting comrades.

There is hardly life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awaking bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping upon a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay before hand, his neighbor is wiser who act all in order before the march begins.

Reverend J. Hamilton.

A Yankee View of Dr. Hoge's Mission.

As our readers are aware Dr. Hoge of Richmond has gone to England to procure Bibles and Testaments, these having been declared "contraband of war," and permission to ship them refused by his most christian highness Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Hoge's success has excited the ire of the Yankee journalists, and they have given vent to their feelings. The following from the Boston Traveler is rather the meaneast effusion that we have seen:

A Southern clergyman has gone to England on a Bible-begging expedition. His purpose is a good one; but that it should be necessary for him to engage in beggary of the kind ought to cause the English to reflect. If the South is so great and so powerful as it has constantly represented itself, if it is so rich, so enlightened and so pious as it has claimed to be for many years, if it is too good and too noble to think of any further connection with Yankees, how happens it should be so destitute of copies of the Holy Scriptures that it has to send three thousand miles to beg them? Until the civil war began, type, paper, ink, press, and so forth, were as easily to be obtained in the South as in any other Christian country. Why, then, did not the Southerners print Bibles for themselves, and enough of them, too? Why did they not lay up store of the Scriptures, preparatory to the war, when few men would be able to print, or make paper, or bind books? They were thoughtful in the matter of accumulating guns and powder, swords and bullets, bayonets and revolvers; why couldn't they turn their attention to the manufacture of the records of the salvation? If they were so provident with respect to the means of death, what was there to hinder them provident with respect to the means of providing the Book of Life? If they could think so profoundly of the food of war, why should they not have thought of the Gospel of peace? The truth is, that they depended upon the North for their supply of Bibles. They were so busily engaged in making money through the cultivation of cotton and tobacco, and the breeding of slaves, that they had as little time as taste to engage in so very vulgar a pursuit as that of printing books of any kind which they could buy cheaper from the "mudsills" of the North, who are not ashamed of work, and who therefore can produce for the whole continent. Why the South should be so destitute of Bibles at this time is rather strange. Have they used up those which they had for wadding? That is about the only way in which they could have been destroyed. Two years' time does not suffice to use up books far less carefully preserved than are Bibles, which

are held in respect, and seldom are either torn or soiled. The mission of Dr. Hoge would seem to be a sort of attempt to work upon the religious feelings of the English, and to persuade them that the wicked Yankees are seeking to deprive the pious chivalry of the comfort that is derived from the personal of the inspired writings. What persecutors we shall be considered, now that we are failing worse than ever! The unsuccessful are always wrong.

## Secular Intelligence.

MOBILE, June 11.  
The Yankee propeller Boston arrived here this morning. She was captured by a party of 16 men from this city, near Pass Christian.

On her way here she burned the Yankee boats Lemons and Texana, at the mouth of the Mississippi, both of which had valuable cargoes for New Orleans.

The crew of the Boston, and part of the other crews, are prisoners here.

## Public Sentiment in New York.

The two Woods of New York (Fernando and Ben) are two of the most brilliant as well as sagacious politicians at the North. They have opposed Lincoln's war policy from the beginning. Being wealthy bankers as well as wily politicians, they are in special favor with the Money Power of Wall street. They wield a tremendous money influence as well as brain power. Lincoln is said to fear both, but more particularly the latter. He suppressed Ben's paper (the N. Y. News), but could not stop Fernando's mouth or paralyze his tongue. In a recent speech he is reported to have used the following language:

I heartily sympathize with the friends of liberty everywhere in their efforts to sustain the institution of government in this land. But do not let us forget that those who perpetrate such outrages as the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham, do so in necessary war measures. Let us therefore strike at the cause and declare for peace against the war.

Ben's of the Herald, intimated but unscrupulous man, uncertain at all times, but especially equivocal now, is wavering between the War and Peace parties. His object is to be found on the strong side. The future course of the Herald is therefore looked to with some interest as an index to the popular sentiment. The fact of his indecision, [just now], shows that a considerable reaction is going on in New York politics.

Battle at Brandy Station.

RICHMOND, June 11.—The battle on Tuesday occurred at Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, five miles beyond Culpeper Court House.

Accounts so far of the battle are very conflicting. There seems to be no doubt but that the attack of the enemy was unexpected, and they gained some advantage at the first onset. On the arrival of our reinforcements, a desperate and sanguinary battle ensued, which resulted in finally driving the enemy from the field. Much of the fighting was hand to hand.

Gen. Stewart commanded our forces. Among the killed are Col. Frank Hampton, S. C. Col. Williams, N. C.; Col. Greene, Culpeper, Va.

Brig. Gen. Lee, son of Gen. R. E. Lee, received a severe saber cut in the thigh.

Capt. Ball, of the Black Horse Cavalry, was shot in the hand.

There are other casualties reported among the officers.

Among the prisoners brought down last evening there are eleven commissioned officers.

JACKSON, June 13.

The enemy landed, 75,000 strong, at Grand Gulf on the 27th of April, and was attacked by Bowman's, Gray's and Tracey's Brigades, who fell back after a gallant resistance. The enemy then advanced in the direction of Jackson.

Our forces fought them on the 12th and 13th of May at Clinton and Mississippi Springs.

They occupied Jackson on the 14th, sacked the place, and evacuated it on the 16th.

On the 22nd, Pemberton gave battle at Baker's Creek. Our forces fell back, and renewed the attack on the 23d at Big Black. Again our forces fell back, and renewed the attack on the 23d at Big Black Bridge. Again our forces retired, losing a number of guns.

On the 24th, Grant laid siege to Vicksburg. On the 29th he made assaults on the works and was repulsed every time with immense slaughter.

On the 30th, he renewed the assault with the same success.

On the 31st, the troops refused to renew the assault, and the idea of taking the place by storm was abandoned. He then commenced ditching by parallels, and has at present gotten within 300 yards of the outer works, and mounted siege guns. He opened fire without doing any damage.

So far our loss in the series of attacks is 6,000—the enemy's between 40,000 and 50,000.

Grant's present force does not exceed 60,000 notwithstanding the large reinforcements which have reached him. Numbers are being swept off by sickness and desertion.

Fears are felt in regard to subsisting our garrison. Below is a statement of the daily rations now issued: 1 lb bacon, 1 lb beef, 1 lb meal, and an allowance of peas, rice, sugar, and molasses.

Approved by Gen. BRECKINRIDGE.  
JNO. A. BUCKNER, A. A. G.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### MORGAN AND HIS MEN!!

I beg leave to announce to the public that I have just finished the publication of a first

GREAT NOVEL.  
Of this second War of Independence, entitled "Raids and Romance of Morgan and his Men!!"

By SALLY ROBINSON FORD, of Louisville, Kentucky, author of "Grace Murray," "Maid Mary," "Romance of Free Masonry," &c., &c.

Complete in one volume at \$3.50.  
The reader will be gratified to enjoy all the exciting interest of a first class standard romance, and all the information of a correct history. The historian will find it a valuable reference book at present, as well as for future use.

Considering it as a work of art, it happens so that this is so far, the FIRST ORIGINAL LITERARY work of note that this war has produced and this Confederacy needs. On account of the scarcity of materials, we were compelled to reduce this edition to a very small number, and it is very uncertain, for the same reason, when we might be able to publish a second; hence all those who wish to secure a copy of this historical Novel, will do well to call in time. C. A. STANTON, Jr., Author.

June 18, 1863. 1m-3s

The State of Alabama—Macon County.

PROBATE COURT, SPECIAL TERM, 10th DAY OF JUNE, 1863.

THIS day came Thomas Youngblood, Guardian of Dora Ann Smith, a minor, and presented his account current and vouchers for a final settlement of his accounts as Guardian aforesaid; which were ordered to be filed and set for settlement on the 24th Monday in July next.

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The Family Circle.

Secret Prayer.

I shall conclude this head with the example of our great master, which at once crowns and outshines all the rest. He, though the Son of God, took on him the form of a poor petitioner, that he might also learn to pray in secret. His time was divided between devotion and charity, conversing with God, and doing good to men. The sun saw him by day dispensing his divine doctrines, a brighter, more quickening, and heavenly light than his own. The stars by night, as they moved their rounds, beheld him breathing out his soul to God. The angels that waited near him with delightful wonder, observed a soul burning with a flame of love surpassing theirs. They were witnesses to the humility, the ardor, and the filial resignation, that went along with his morning and evening oblations. Clouds of incense were not so fragrant. We read of his being all night long in prayer; he would not enervate upon the work of the day, and therefore borrowed time from the silent watches of the night. "How can we think of this example of one, whom we call Master and Lord, and not be powerfully moved and affected by it? "How can we think of the Son of God wrestling with his father in secret, and not resolve to imitate him? O, my soul, follow the Saviour into his privacies; there behold him pouring out his heart before God! See how he prays! With what strength of faith! What fervor of affection! What humble importunity! How constant! How unwearied! When thou seest all this, clide thyself, O my soul, for thy little kindness and love to the Redeemer, for the backwardness to duties in which he goes before thee, the flatness of thy affection, and thy heedlessness and inattention, though thou hast such an example to awaken and fire thee. O Jesus, I admire thee, but would not content myself with admiring thee only; May I be ambitious of resembling thee. I will look to Jesus as the perfect pattern of solitary religion, of a contemplative, no less than an active life; and when I find myself cold, and lifeless; and dry, I will say to myself, he that commands thee to pray to the Father in secret, hath left thee his example that thou shouldst do as he did. Not as I do; no, he prayed much more earnestly; and I will labor to do and be like him."—Grose.

The Faithful Sunday School Teacher.

1. I promise to be in my place punctually, every Sabbath, at the time appointed, unless prevented by sickness or some other cause so urgent that it would like manner keep me from important worldly business.
2. I promise in every such case of necessary absence, that I will use my utmost diligence to secure a suitable substitute, whom I will instruct in the character of the class and the nature of the duties to be performed.
3. I promise to study carefully beforehand the lesson to be recited by the scholars, and to have the subject in my mind during the week, so that I shall be likely to lay hold of, and lay up for use anything that I may meet within my reading or experience, that will illustrate or enforce the lesson of the approaching Sabbath.
4. I promise to be diligent in informing myself about the books in the library, so that I can guide my scholars in selecting such books as will interest and profit them; also in becoming acquainted with other good books and tracts so that I can always be prepared, as opportunities may occur, to lead their minds into right channels of thought.
5. I promise, whenever a scholar is absent from the class on the Sabbath, that I will visit that scholar before the next Sabbath, unless prevented by sickness, or by some other hindrance so grave that it would under like circumstances, keep me from attending to important worldly interests.
6. I promise to visit steadily all my scholars that I may become acquainted with their families, their occupations, and modes of living and thinking, their temptations, their difficulties, and the various means of reaching their hearts and consciences.
7. I promise, if any of my scholars or their parents do not attend steadily any place of worship, that I will make the case known to the superintendent and the pastor, and that I will use continued efforts to induce such children and their parents to go to church regularly.
8. I promise that every day, in my

hour of secret prayer, I will pray distinctly, by name, for each one of my scholars, for their conversion, if they are still out of Christ, for their sanctification and growth in grace, if they are already converted.

9. I promise that I will seek an early opportunity of praying with each scholar privately, either at his house or mine, or in some other convenient place that may be found, and of asking him in a serious and affectionate manner to become a Christian.

10. I promise when I have thus prayed and conversed with each scholar once, that I will begin and go through the class again, not omitting any, and not discontinuing my attempts, but going on faithfully, week by week, month by month, year by year.

A Little Girl's Tribute to Gen. T. J. Jackson.

The accompanying piece was written by a little girl of 11 years of age—a member of the family where General Jackson died; prompted entirely by her love for him and unknown to the family at the time. She had become very much attached to him last winter, while his headquarters were near them; and when he was brought again to her home, wounded and suffering, all her loving sympathies were excited, and morning and night her little voice was heard in prayer for his recovery, and all day her little feet were ready on any errand for his comfort. She told her ma she would willingly die for him—"for nobody would cry but you, ma, and if General Jackson dies everybody would cry." It is another proof of the noble and tender traits of character in our beloved General that everywhere he had his headquarters the little children so soon loved and honored him. After seeing his lifeless remains prepared for the tomb—with fresh flowers around his brow—little Lucie stole away and wrote the following as the out-pouring of her own grief and affection:

"That great and noble man has been taken away from this world of sin and sorrow, and has gone to that better Land  
"Far, far away."  
I would at any time have sacrificed my life for that wise and good man of whom every one speaks with praise. He was beloved by all who knew him. Oh! how I love to look on that calm sweet face with the "Lily of the Valley" all around it. No one could help loving so great and good a man as he was: but to Heaven his spirit has gone, and I love to look at his dear little child, and his loved wife that bears her great affliction with so much Christian fortitude. But it was God's will, and it had to be done, and was all for some good purpose. Oh! it is a great loss to the Southern Confederacy, but I hope God in his mercy will send up another great and good man to take his place."

Well Done, Noble Boy!

A large number of our citizens were recently taken from Fauquier, Prince William, Loudon and Fairfax, and carried as prisoners to Washington city. They were subjected to a most cruel treatment and every effort made to induce them to take the oath of allegiance to Lincoln. The Richmond Sentinel says:

"In Washington the oath of allegiance was again proposed to them. When offering it to one of the little boys, the officer involuntarily admitted the inhumanity of seizing such a youth by saying to him, 'Perhaps you are too young to know the nature of the oath so that I must explain it to you.' 'I know enough about it,' said the noble little Confederate, 'to know that I oughtn't to take it!'"

LITTLE LIZZIE.—Little Lizzie, when about nine years old, one day, while singing with her mama this song,

"My Christian friends in bonds of love," was affected to tears, which being observed by her mama, she asked;

"Lizzie, dear, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," she replied, smiling. Some twelve months after this, Lizzie asked her mama if she might join the church. He mama told her that she was fearful that she was not a Christian, and rather she would wait a while, asking her if she had seen herself to be a sinner—whether she had ever prayed for a clean heart. Her mama requested her to make a selection of some song that expressed her feelings, and she handed her mama this out—

"O, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer praise"

My dear little friend, have you a clean heart? If you have not, ask God to give you one. M. T. H.  
Baptist Banner.

The Heart's Ease.

There was once a king who had a very beautiful garden, with grounds arranged with taste, to please the eye, to afford reviews, and, besides all the delightful fruits that could be procured. There was one superb old oak so high and grand that it could be seen for miles around. There were roses and lilies, and flowering shrubs of every kind. In short, nothing was wanting to make it a most perfect spot. One day the king's head gardener came in and exclaimed:

"Oh king, pray come in and see what is the matter with your garden, everything is wilting, drooping and dying!"

While he spoke other gardeners came running in, and they all had the same story to tell. So the king went out and found all as they had said. He went up to the first grand old oak tree, his pride and admiration, and said:

"Why, oak what is the matter with you, that you are withering and dying away?"

"Oh," said the oak, "I don't think I am of any use, I am so large and cumbersome; I bear no fruit or flowers, and I take up so much room; and besides, my branches spread so wide and thick that it is all dark and shadow under them, and no flower or fruit can grow there. Now if I were a rose-bush it would be worth while for I should then bear sweet flowers; or if I were a peach or pear tree, or like the grape-vine, I could bear you fruit."

The king next went to his favorite rose-bush and said:

"Well rosebush, what is the matter with you—why are you so drooping?"

"Why," said the rosebush, "I am of no use; I can bear no fruit, I have nothing but flowers; if I were an oak like that in the middle of the ground, I should be of some use; for then I could shelter you, I could be seen for miles around, and be an honor to your garden; but as it is, I might just as well die."

The king went to a grape-vine, no longer clinging to the trellis and trees, but trailing sadly on the ground. He stopped and said:

"Grape-vine, what is the matter with you? Why are you lying so dolefully on the ground?"

"Ah," said the vine, "you see what a poor weak creature I am; I must cling to a tree or post, and what can I do? I neither give shade like the oak, nor bear flowers like the shrubs; I always must depend for support on something else, and surely I am of no use."

On went the king, quite in despair to see his place going to destruction; and it grieved him to think that for all the kind care and attention he had lavished upon his garden, he was to be repaid but by murmuring and repining. But he suddenly spied a little heart's-ease, low down on the ground, with its face turned up to him looking as bright and smiling as possible.

He stooped and said: "You dear little heart's ease! what makes you look so bright and smiling, when everything around you is withering away?"

"Why," said the heart's-ease, "I thought that you wanted me here; if you had wanted an oak you would have planted an acorn; if you wanted roses you would set out a rose-bush; if you wanted grapes you would put in a grape-vine. But I knew what you wanted with me was to be heart's-ease; so I thought that I would try to be the very best little heart's-ease that ever I could."

Dear children, do you see the moral? God did not want you to grow up man or woman, doing great things, but he wanted you a little child, meek and gentle, with a loving obedient heart. Would you like the heart's-ease? Then be just what God made you—a child, loving, kind, and good; beguiled from care and grief the heavy-hearted and sorrowing; come with your thousand child-like but wise questions, which your eager, grasping mind suggests, and which sets many an older head thinking and wondering; nestle your little heads upon their bosoms, and look such lessons of innocence and truth as will make even the doubting heart believe in their reality. In short, be the best little heart's-ease that ever you can!

GOOD SOCIETY.—It should be the aim of young men to go into good society—we mean not the rich, nor the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. When you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gain information, it

is always safe to be found with them. It has broken down many a man to associate with the low and vulgar where the ribald song was sung, and the indecent story told to excite laughter, or influence the bad passions.

Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life to associations with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, or in the ranks of profligates and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course, once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

"DAYLIGHT IS GOING."—So said a dear little boy the other day, a few minutes before he died. The golden sunlight was in the room, but the windows of vision were darkened by the shadow curtain of death. A moment or two of gloom and the freed spirit had awakened to the glory of heaven, in the presence of the Saviour. Earth's night forever fled! Heaven's long day begun.

Teacher, let these words of a dying child recur to your memory often: "Day-light is going!" Work while it lasts! Work for souls! Work for Jesus! Another year has fled, bearing away with it oh! how many who were buoyant and glad when its record began. A new year has come, bearing, folded up in its bosom, great joy for some, deep woes for others. "This year thou shalt die" may be the doom it bears for some dear children in your class, for some loved in your home circle. Who is sure of life for an hour? The child at his merry play, the mother with her children, the aged full of years and honors, all these may have but a step between this life and the next.

Waste not one moment, teacher, lest your lips be sealed, or the ears that listen to you be closed. To bring the little ones to Jesus is your aim. Pray for them; pray with them. Rest not while one soul still wanders far from the great Shepherd's fold.

"Daylight is going!" But it is the uncertain day of earth—now clear, now clouded. Death is out a swift, cold night—a passage through a dark hall, into the King's palace—the Father's house where there are many mansions. Cease not, then to labor for Jesus. "Thou canst not toil in vain!" The fruit may ripen slowly, and the gardener may never see the results of his toils but the Master will not forget, and the prayer of faith is never offered in vain.

AFRAID.—"Oh dear, I am so afraid of the dark," said a little girl to her cousin as they both were waked up by the distant thunder. "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths," repeated her bed-fellow, throwing her arm around the trembling child. "That's my way to get comfort. I say some Scripture, and then I try to do as it says. Let us trust in God. He is our heavenly Father." Oh, what an excellent way to quiet our hearts is this!

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.—"Two things a master commits to his servant's care," said one—"the child and the child's clothes." It will be a poor excuse for a servant to say at his master's return, "Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost!" Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day. Lord here is my body, I was very grateful for it. I neglected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but for my soul, that is lost and cast away forever, I took little care and thought about it.—Flavel.

A LITTLE MORE BIRCH.—We believe in birch. Boys do not relish it much. But it is a capital thing in its place. There may be too much of it, and it may not be put on in the right way; nevertheless, in its place, it is excellent. When needed, you ought to ask for it, as we have known some children do, rather than shrink from it. Louis XIV, when in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction, exclaiming, "Was there not birch enough in the forest of the Fontainebleau?"

Stonewall Jackson.

The Rev. Dr. Moore, of Richmond in a sermon in memory of the much loved and lamented Stonewall Jackson, narrated the following incidents:

Previous to the first battle of Manassas, when the troops under the command of Stonewall Jackson had made a forced march, on halting at night, they fell on the ground exhausted and faint. The hour arrived for setting the watch for the night. The officer of the day went to the General's tent and said:

"General, the men are all wearied, and there is not one but is asleep.— Shall I wake them?"

"No," said the noble Jackson, "let them sleep, and I will watch the camp to-night."

And all night long he rode round that lonely camp, the one lone sentinel for that brave, but weary and silent host of Virginia heroes. And when glorious morning broke, the soldiers woke refreshed and ready for action, all unconscious of the noble vigils kept over their slumbers.

The night preceding that on which he received his wounds, Gen. Jackson and his staff were in the open air without tents. One of his aids prevailed on the General to accept of him a light covering. In the night, however when all were wrapt in deep sleep, Jackson arose, and gently laying the covering over the young aid, he lay down again and slept without any protection whatever. In the morning he awoke with a cold, which brought on the attack, eventually causing his death, from pneumonia.

NO COMPLIMENTS IN PRAYER.—"We have heard some prayers which were intended to affect the hearer, rather than to reach heaven. The following characteristic anecdote of John Randolph is a keen rebuke of the practice:

In one of his spells of repentance and sickness, he was visited by a minister, who at his request, prayed for, and with him. The minister began in this wise:

"Lord our friend is sick. Thou knowest how generous he was to the poor, and what eminent services he has rendered to his country, and how he is among the honored and great men of the earth."

"Stop, stop," said the impatient Randolph: "no more of such stuff, else the Lord will damn us both."

A correspondent of the Nashville Union vouches for the truth of the following colloquy between a cornfield negro woman and a Yankee officer on duty near that city. It shows the way the whelps sneak around after evidence of disloyalty:

Officer.—Say, nigger wench!

No answer.

Officer.—Negro woman!

Contraband.—Sah; wha' you want; Don't you see I's a working?

Officer.—Who lives in that big house up there?

Contraband.—Mista Pointo'. Mr. Pointer is meant.

Officer.—What kind of a man is he?

Contraband.—Right sma't and cleveh man as ever lived in these dig-gins.

Officer.—Is he Union?

Contraband.—Dun know sah; dat's you' bisnis to fin' out. He taken the ou' legiance. When a man jines de church you must b'lieve he's a Christian, dough he may need watchin'.

Mrs. Wm. N. Wyatt has sent us a sample of soft soap, made without the use of a particle of grease, which is equal to the best article of the kind we ever saw; and as the process of making it is simple and the ingredients within the reach of all, we take pleasure in making it known that the public may be benefited thereby:

Take corn shucks, remove the hard or shank end, strip those up fine, and place them in a pot or kettle of strong boiling ley, stir until all the particles of shuck are consumed; add a tea-cup full of pine gum or rosin to an ordinary pot full, and you will have as good soap as you could wish. We presume that the soap could be hardened in the ordinary way, if desirable.

Marion Commonwealth.

The worst of the people are sometimes placed in the best situations; while the Lord's people seem to be in the worst; "Son, remember that thou in my lifetime receivest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things."

The fairest prospects are not always the most profitable situations: "Judge not according to the appearance."

Business Cards.

GRAHAM, MAYES & ABERCROMBIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Tuskegee, Macon County, Alabama. WILL practice in the Courts of Macon, Macon County, Alabama, and in the United States District Court, at Montgomery. Office up stairs in Echols' new building, No. 10, 1899.

GUNN, STRANGE & ARMSTRONG, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery.

WILL practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell County, Alabama, and in the United States District Court at Montgomery. Prompt and careful attention will be given to all business entrusted with them. Office in the new building, No. 10, 1899.

J. H. CADDENHEAD, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala. Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Montgomery, and Russell Counties, and in the United States District Court at Montgomery. Office in the new building, No. 10, 1899.

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

East Alabama Female College, TUSKEGEE, ALA.

THE Exercises of this Institution will be resumed, 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 Catalogue, comprising next month, is divided into parts of three months each. The first term begins with the month of October, the second with January, the third with April.

In every case payments for each Term are required in advance, and no pupil can be permitted to go on with his class until this rule is complied with.

As no student has been engaged for the present, ample accommodations for Boarders have been provided, and the best private families of the place. By early arrival at the College, the student will be enabled to secure a room and board before the season begins.

Those who do not thus apply in season, will, upon their arrival at the College, be obliged to take up their quarters at the charge of \$20 per month will be required, and will be modified according to circumstances.

Pupils are requested to bring with them from home, as the text-books, their own clothing, and such other articles as they may probably be some difficulty in procuring them from the book stores.

Tuition is situated upon a branch Railroad, connecting with the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, about forty miles east of Montgomery. It is readily accessible in all seasons, and in the spring and summer of its season is unsurpassed.

Rates per Term (3 months):

College Classes.....\$16.00  
Preparatory.....15.00  
Primary.....10.00  
Latin, Greek or French.....10.00  
Instrumental Music with one last.....20.00  
Vocal Music (in class).....10.00  
Drawing and Painting.....\$10 to \$15  
Incidental Expenses.....1.00  
Tuskegee, Sept. 11, 1892. J. B. DAVIS.

Twenty-Fifth Annual Session THE Exercises of the Judson Institute will be resumed October 1st. All departures will be maintained in their usual efficiency. For Circular, Catalogue or unpublished particulars apply to N. K. DAVIS, Marion, Ala.

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 number of the new series having been exhausted, and that new subscribers may begin with the commencement of a NEW STORY, "Belmont" will be completed in Number 5, Jan. 31, 1893. PRIZE STORY.

"THE RANDOLPH OF RANDOLPH HILL." By MISS SARAH A. NIXON, of Lexington, Ga. will be commenced in Number 6, Feb. 7, 1893, and all subscriptions received at the time and after the 15th of January, will be entered on the books and commence with 1st Prize Story.

TERMS: For One Year.....\$3.00  
For Six Months.....2.00  
For Three Months.....1.00  
Single Copies.....50 Cts.  
Clubs of 10 or more, for one year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.50; three months, \$1.00.

Address, Feb. 12, 1893. JAMES G. ANDERSON, Augusta, Ga.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST.

THE undersigned hereby propose to publish, in a city of the CONFEDERATE BAPTIST, and to be edited by Rev. J. L. Reynolds, D. D., and Rev. J. C. Breaker. We have been induced to undertake this enterprise by the fact that there has been a constant demand for such a paper by our own denomination, the State, (numbering now more than 1,000,000), and by the fact that the Editors of the paper are the Proprietors and Editors to make this paper a watchman on the walls of Zion, a messenger of good tidings to all readers, and worthy in every respect to the patronage.

All who may receive copies of this Prospectus and who desire to receive the paper, will be glad to receive it, and to insure the success of the enterprise, we will give the first number of the paper free to all who will send us their names and addresses, and who will be forwarded to the subscribers immediately upon their reception of the number.

All communications must be addressed to "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," Columbia, S. C., or to either of the Proprietors, S. W. BOKHART, or J. L. REYNOLDS, Columbia, S. C., August, 1892.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST.

THE publication of the "SENTINEL" is a work of the day, and it is a work which will be of great service to the cause of the South. It is a work which will be of great service to the cause of the South. It is a work which will be of great service to the cause of the South.

The "SENTINEL" will have the good of the cause of the South, and it will have the good of the cause of the South. It will have the good of the cause of the South, and it will have the good of the cause of the South.

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