

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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

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

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The South Western Baptist,
A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
HENDERSON & BATTLE,
PROPRIETORS.

For the South Western Baptist
CAMP 1ST BATTALION ALA. LEGION,
CUMBERLAND GAP, TENN., JUNE 10, 1863.
MESSRS. EDITORS: Our friends and the friends of the soldiers wherever your excellent journal circulates, will rejoice to know that we have recently organized in this Battalion a Soldier's Christian-Aid Society under the most auspicious and flattering circumstances: Lieut. Col. J. H. HOLT, President. Capt. R. N. MOORE, Vice Pres. Serg't Maj. G. P. KEYES Capt. N. STALLWORTH, Secretary. Capt. J. W. L. DANIEL, Cor. Sec'y. Lieut. R. H. MOLTZ, Treasurer.

These officers represent all the different branches of Christ's Church, and our Constitution and By-Laws are so framed as to exclude any denominational feeling or discussion.

We meet together in brotherly love in Christ Jesus, and believe that the Society will be instrumental in the hands of God in reviving religion in our hearts, and converting sinners to God and everlasting life.

We are woefully destitute of Testaments, Hymn Books, Tracts, Religious Newspapers, &c., and hundreds of the immortal souls of the brave defenders of our country hunger and thirst after such. Can you not direct us that we may procure a supply?—We appeal through you to our friends everywhere, to come up to the help of the Lord in this work.

We are willing, ourselves, to contribute for the purpose if you will only put us in the proper channel.

With much respect yours, &c.,
J. W. L. DANIEL, Cor. Sec.

[From the Christian Observer.]
Morals of the Confederate Army.

There is, no doubt, a great work of reform needed among many of the soldiers of the Southern army; but the following extract from the Rev. Mr. Bryson's address to the late General Assembly presents a bright contrast to the dark picture exhibited in Mr. Duryea's speech:

"The moral condition of the army, (said Mr. Bryson,) while you can say enough of it to distress any right-minded man, yet, is not as bad as is represented by many at home. The men are most accessible to the influence of the Gospel. There is not one man in a thousand, or five thousand, who will not give to him who approaches with tenderness the subject of his duty to God, a cordial acquiescence, or at least a respectful hearing. I have met them everywhere, have approached them at every time, and scarcely have I ever received a rebuff. Not long ago, a young soldier was swearing in my presence. I touched him upon the shoulder and begged him to desist. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are right,' and with tears in his eyes, he promised never to swear again.

You may walk through our camps, and hear as little swearing as in the streets of a city. In a town, wickedness is hid in a corner. But in camp every one lives in the open air, and hence if a man is wicked, his life is open to all. But, in the course of my life as chaplain, I have never heard more than two instances of profanity, and they were immediately apologized for.

While we were in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, with ground always covered with snow, and scarce as much sunshine in three months as we have had here this morning—yet, even in the sleet and snow—the men would gather round the chaplain to hear a simple, earnest story of the cross. During our march, if we paused a day, a prayer meeting was held and largely attended.

Before the first battle at Fredericksburg, we had a series of inquiry meetings, a quarter of a mile from camp, without a fire or light, under the very guns of the enemy; and though the nights were freezing, at our first meeting we had three, the next six, until, at last, our meetings were crowded.

We are redeemed by blood, that we may live unto God.

[From the Religious Herald.]
The Soldiers of the New Testament.

I.—THE SOLDIERS AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.
LUKE III. 14. "And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages."

Figure to yourself a very winding and swiftly-flowing stream, about thirty yards wide, and usually from four to six feet in depth, its banks occupied by a rich jungle of willows and other trees, green and luxuriant, and beyond, on either side, several successive terraces of parched and dreary-looking flat land, till the highest extends towards the base of mountain-range,—and you have some idea of the far-famed river Jordan. It must have been a striking scene, when under the shade of these green trees the crowd from every part of the land pressed closely together to hear that stern looking man, with the coarse garment woven of camel's hair, and the girdle of undressed skin, as he called upon them to repent, "for the kingdom of heaven has come near." Once more a prophet had arisen in Israel, a prophet of like spirit and power with the great Elijah, severely rebuking sin, and bidding them turn to God. The law, with its rigorous demands, stood impersonated in him, and made that direct appeal to the conscience, which will always command the attention of mankind. No wonder the people poured forth to see and hear.

He preached no mere generalities. Specimens are here given of the application he would make to different classes of the people, selecting a few striking points in order to illustrate the general principle, as was so often done afterwards, by that great Teacher of whom he was the forerunner. On the people in general he urged that they should give to the needy. The publicans, or collectors of the public revenue, were told not to exact more than the appointed tax, as they were so much in the habit of doing in order to enrich themselves. And the soldiers, not to do violence nor falsely accuse any one, and to be content with their wages. These points were obviously characteristic of the several classes. The Christian religion is eminently practical, intended to be carried into the daily life, and requiring every man to give special attention to the duties and temptations of his own calling. Men are so prone to think otherwise, to hear the word and do it not to fancy that religion is one thing and ordinary human life quite another, that some persons think strange of certain passages of Scripture; as for example, when they find an apostle closing one of his inspired epistles with personal greetings and little messages of affection to individuals. Such things, they say, seem almost beneath the dignity of inspiration. Yet, precisely by such things are we most forcibly taught that the religion of the gospel is not an impractical and impracticable theory, sublimated into the skies while men walk on the earth, but that it comes home to our "business and booms," and is designed to pervade every feeling of the heart and every relation of life.

John did not tell the soldiers that if they wished to enter into the kingdom of heaven they must cease to be soldiers. Had there been any such incompatibility between piety and military service as a few well-meaning persons have imagined, that would have been a fitting man, to say so.—But he simply bade them avoid certain sins to which soldiers are peculiarly liable; he left the calling in itself uncondemned, only giving directions as to its rightful exercise.

Nor does he intimate that penitence and uprightness would disqualify them for being good soldiers. That oft-repeated slander upon the military profession, "worse man the better soldier," which would take away all the poetry, the chivalry, the nobleness, that belong to the calling, finds no sanction in Scripture, no support in anything but a very superficial observation. Some men accept the idea from a mere love of paradox and antithesis; others, through the general tendency to hasty induction from cases not sufficiently numerous and explicit to prove anything; others, perhaps, because it furnishes an

excuse it furnishes an excuse for somewhat relaxing the restraints of morality in their own case, or making a fling, at religion. Desperadoes may sometimes fight with more of reckless and passionate courage than a class, a few degrees above them in negative morality; but compare them with men of true moral elevation, of a high sense of duty, and genuine and living faith, and make the comparison with reference to the high soldierly qualities under circumstances of the severest trial—well, the present war is settling that question. Surely it has been seen by this time, that the truly pious officers and in our armies are not worse soldiers than their most abandoned and dissolute comrades—and that is all we need to establish in order to refute the saying in question, though more than that is true.

The soldiers here mentioned were probably in the employ of that Herod who afterwards put John to death.—It seems most likely that they were Jews, though that is not certain.—There is thus nothing peculiar stated in connection with them, and what was said to them may apply without modification to all soldiers. We have here then three closely related points of duty which are urged upon soldiers, with the implication that these are matters as to which they are especially prone to do wrong: first, 'do violence to no man,' the term used most probably designating the extortion of money or supplies, or service by terrifying with threats;—then, 'accuse no man falsely,' the same word that is used by Zaccheus, when he says, "If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation," the idea here seeming to be that of getting money by falsely accusing citizens to the military authorities, perhaps as being traitorous, or lacking in devotion to the cause;—and finally, 'be content with your wages.' The wages of a Roman soldier, (and Herod's men were probably treated in the same way,) are said to have been at this time a denarius a day, (translated in our version 'penny') which would be about 14 cents of our money. From this a deduction was made for the provisions furnished. But money would buy vastly more than among us. A denarius is also taken as the wages of day-labor in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard; and twice that sum seemed to the good Samaritan enough to support the wounded man some time at the inn. And they were sure to receive it. If the soldier's pay was not forth coming at the regular time, usually once a quarter, he had the right by ancient custom to detain the goods of the officer whose duty it was to make payment. Now they are told, be content with their wages. The Christian duty of contentment is not confined to those who have all their wants abundantly supplied.—Paul, when a prisoner at Rome, and his life dependent on the will of a brutal tyrant, said: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." He was pleased and thankful when kind friends at a distance sent a contribution to minister to his necessities; but he had been content without it. And the special point of John's injunction appears to have been, not so much that they must not repine, as that they must not make the cantiness of their wages an excuse for seizing the property of others. This shows the three precepts to be closely akin.

A person who has not been in the service has no right to an opinion as how far these three faults of soldiers exist in our armies. Doubtless some are free from them, and others are not. But every soldier who proposes to take the Bible as the guide of his life must see here a special precept to him with reference to these things; and should also heed the suggestion made by the whole connection, as pointed out above, that whatever else may constitute the peculiar temptations of his personal life, these he is to guard against with special care.—Wherever any man is placed by Providence, at home or in the army, let him carefully note where lie the chief dangers of his position, and there keep sharpest watch.

Let us hope that these men set earnestly about doing as John bade them:

that they did not, as alas! so often happens, saunter away to their amusements or duties, to think no more of it all, until that day, when the preacher and his hearers, the writer and his readers, shall render account as to their treatment of God's Word.
Greenville, S. C. J. A. B.

[From the Southern Presbyterian.]
Unsatisfied.

Everywhere on the life of man is stamped "unsatisfied." The little child in its earlier years is said to be happy, perfectly so; but look deeper and watch the beatings of its young heart. Is it not constantly reaching forward to something higher and better. It leaves its infant fields of amusements half unsurveyed to muse on the scenes of future years. The cast aside toy yields no pleasure, while the earnest eye of the boy is fixed on manhood, and his heart pants to enter the arena of self-sustaining, self-controlling action.

When those elysian days arrive, the youth finds their expected enjoyments have flown. His own conscience is the guide of his actions, and he wanders where he will, in foreign countries, in classic Greece, viewing works of art under the soft skies of Italy, learning the romantic simplicity of manners in the Orient, or perhaps exploring the ice of Arctic seas, everywhere acquiring knowledge, or a name that ages yet to come will love to remember; sometimes mingling in the gay assemblies gathered in the halls belonging to wealth and beauty; and again drinking deep draughts at the fountains of literature and science, and yet still longing for something more, still unsatisfied. Pleasures pall upon the taste, what amuses to-day will disgust to-morrow, and man's boasted knowledge serves but to show him his ignorance. Wealth with all its purchased pleasures proves equally unsatisfactory, and honor and fame are nothing to him in the still hours of life, in these twilight hours of the mind, in which the gayest sometimes muse on the mystery of life. Ah, there is a tell-tale monitor within, the soul weary in the strife of life, not only knows but feels that its rest is not here. Mortal man is of the earth, earthy, but the soul, the never dying soul, must look upward.—Knowledge and fame will never satisfy its cravings, for it never ceases to cry, "give, give." God intended it to be thus; it is His decree, that in Him alone the longings of the soul may be satisfied. Like the dove returning to the ark, the weary spirit returns to God who gave it, and folding there its restless wings finds rest forever and ever.

There for the Christian there is perfect rest, both here and hereafter. In the pleasures of this life he expects not to find his highest happiness, and is therefore far from disappointment; in the love of God he finds his purer and nobler enjoyment.

But there are many longing souls who are never satisfied, who never find rest. In this life they find no resting place, and through the never ending ages of eternity they will still rove unblest.—Reader, fly to Him who alone can give you rest, or your immortal spirit, must also be unsatisfied, forever and ever.
LILA.

Bibles and how to get them.

Under this head the *Christian Index* opposes a union with the Confederate States Bible Society.

"Among the topics to be brought before the Southern Baptist Convention, is that in regard to securing a supply of God's Word. It will be a mooted question whether or not we shall look to Pseudo-baptist societies for Bibles or co-operate with them for a supply, or act independently, or do without.

We are for sustaining a Bible Board of our own, and placing in its hands funds sufficient to import or to print Bibles. We are for untrammelled, independent action. The irresistible logic of insuperable differences will ever prevent a general and cordial co-operation in the religious enterprise of Baptist and Pseudo-baptists; and so we are for setting up and maintaining a Bible Society of our own—a Bible society backed by the half million of Baptists in the Confederacy."

Striking Coincidences.

THE EVENTS OF A WEEK.

Thursday, the 30th of April was observed as a day of Fasting and Prayer throughout the States sustaining the Lincoln and Seward government, for the suppression of what they call "the Rebellion."

On the same day the rebel Gen. Forrest met the Federals at Moulton, Ala., and routed and pursued them.

On the next day, (May 1st,) the Yankee forces assailed the "Rebels" at Grand Gulf, and after a day's hard fighting, were repulsed and driven from the field.

On the same day, Col. Edgar's battalion met the Federal cavalry, one thousand strong, at Lewisburg, Va., and defeated them.

On the 3d of May, Gen. Forrest, after five days hard marching and fighting, captured sixteen hundred of the enemy and took their horses and arms.

On the 2nd and 3d of May the army of Northern Virginia achieved a "great victory" over the enemy, took nearly ten thousand prisoners and more than fifty cannon, and drove their hosts over the Rappahannock.

On the 3d of May three of Lincoln's boats were set on fire in their attempt to run by the Vickburg batteries, and burned to the water's edge.

On the 6th of May Gen. Lee announced the retreat of Hooker from his fortified position on the south side of the Rappahannock. It appears that he fled for his life, during a storm in the night of the 4th inst., and crossed the river and took shelter behind his batteries on its Northern banks. This terminated the most decisive victory of the war.

We do not presume that "those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem;" but we believe that a retributive providence is often seen among men in the present life; that "pride goeth before destruction;" that God often takes those who think themselves "wise in their own craftiness"—that "the counsel of the forward is carried headlong," and that he "who diggeth a pit for the righteous shall fall therein himself."—*Christian Observer.*

A Beautiful Extract.

I saw a mourner standing at eventide over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. The memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul.

"And this," said he, "is all that remains of one so loved and so lovely! I call; but not a voice answers. O! my loved one will not hear! O! Death! inexorable Death! what hast thou done? Let me lie down and forget my sorrow in the slumber of the grave!"

When he thought thus in agony, the form of Christianity came by.—He heard the song and transport of the great multitude, which no man can number, around the throne—there were the spirits of the just made perfect—there the spirit of her he mourned. Their happiness was pure, permanent and perfect. The mourner then wiped the tear from his eye, took courage and thanked God. "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change comes," and he returned to the duties of life, no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.

TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.—Dr. Cotton paid a visit to Dr. Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," about a fortnight before his last illness. The subject of conversation was "Newton on the Prophecies," when Dr. Young closed the conversation thus, "My friend, there are three considerations upon which my faith in Christ is built, as upon a rock; the fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man. These three cardinal articles of our religion are such as human ingenuity could never have invented, therefore they must be divine. Another argument is this; if the prophecies have been fulfilled, of which there is abundant demonstration, the Scriptures must be the word of God; and if the Scriptures are the word of God, Christianity must be true."

A Pithy Sermon.

Collections have been made in the Paris Churches for the Ronen distresses. In the Cathedral of Orleans it was highly productive. The Bishop ascended the pulpit, and is reported to have used the following words for his discourse:

"This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I am come this day to plead before you. Once upon a time a King, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions in arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely—"My good friends I am your King; you are Frenchmen; yonder are the enemy; let us march!" I will not address you in other words than these—I am your Bishop; you are Christians; yonder are, not our enemies, but our brothers who suffer; let us fly to their succor."

The Bishop then descended from the pulpit and made the collection himself, which amounted to £612.

A NEW METHOD OF DIVORCE.—In Berne they have a novel method of dealing with matrimonial disputants. Divorces are freely granted, but first the applicants must go through the following test:

A small room was prepared in which the husband and wife were put, the door being then closed, to remain for six weeks, except it be set in motion at the urgent request of the wedded pair. There was in the room one stool, one plate, one spoon; a unity of all the requisites, and a solitary bed of such dimensions that if they choose to use it together they must needs lie very close. Of one thing, and only one, there was a duplicate, and that was a little treatise on the duties of husbands and wives towards each other. No visitor was to go near them, and they had only a glimpse occasionally of the grim face of the jailor, as he pushed their food through a hole in the door. It is stated that the test was attended with the most wholesome results. In most cases the parties were excellent friends in a few days, and very few could stand out more than a fortnight.—*Bishop Burnett.*

A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.—During the late session of the Southern Baptist Convention, in Augusta, on Tuesday last, the hour for religious exercises in behalf of the country having arrived, the President called on Dr. Williams, of South Carolina, to conduct the services. After several earnest prayers, Dr. Manly, Sr., delivered an address of much power. He declared, among other things, that he wished never to see his late fellow-citizens of the United States again until the good of both countries purified from sin should meet in heaven. He said he was determined to resist until death the efforts of the enemy for our subjugation. "I pray God," said he, "that if all others falter in this determination I may remain firm. I may be called on to bury my sons in the struggle. I may be compelled to see the sanctity of my home violated by the enemy. I myself may be imprisoned, tortured or put to death. Be it so, be it so; I accept all before I will wear the yoke which our enemies are seeking to impose upon us."

These remarks, coming from one of the most esteemed and venerable men in the denomination, produced a very deep impression.—*Chas. Courier.*

IRRELIGIOUS FUNERAL.—The Central Presbyterian, in its notice of the reception of Gen. Jackson's remains in Richmond, says: "It was very remarkable, even as a matter of taste, that funeral honors should have been paid to one of the most God-fearing and religious men in the Confederacy here in its Capital, without as much acknowledgment of God and religion as would have been made in Paris or Pekin, not even the poor compliment that is usually given by assigning a place in the procession to the clergy."

When God smiles and gives, it is easy to say, "I love the Lord" but to say so when he frowns and stripes us, is another thing.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.: Thursday, July 2, 1863.

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

AGENT FOR THE S. W. BAPTIST.—The Rev. A. BROADBENT, 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.

No paper next week. We adhere to our old custom of issuing no paper on the 4th of July week.

"The Work of the Lord."

The present condition of the churches, when so many of our ministers are in the army, either as chaplains, missionaries, or soldiers, is a source of deep anxiety to every earnest Christian. What can be done to supply such an immense abstraction of laborers from these churches? To allow them to go into a state of practical disorganization cannot be thought of, without horror. It becomes us, then, in the light of the divine Word and of our experience, to answer this question promptly and wisely.

That there was an order of teachers in the apostolic churches which has been practically ignored by us, there can be no doubt. If the reader will turn to the 12th chapter of Romans, he will see the divine equipment of a church developed for every emergency. We quote a single passage: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation." It is plain from this, that all the gifts of the church were then employed "for the edifying of the body of Christ." Now, can any man doubt that it is, any the less the duty of churches now to call out and use their "gifts" than it was then? Are we less in need of "teachers" and "exhorters" than were the primitive churches? May we not suppose that a return to apostolic usage would result now as then in "perfecting the saints," and bringing them to the "measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ?"

It has occurred to us, that as the providence of God has deprived so many of our churches of their pastors, it is the most propitious time we ever can have to revive the ancient order of things, and call out the full measure of those "gifts" with which God has blest his churches. There are some now in every church capable of reading and expounding the word of God, and of exhorting the members to love and to good works. It seems to us, that necessity is now laid upon us to throw ourselves back upon this divine and time honored usage. We remember a time distinctly, when there were such men in nearly all the churches—men who never expected to be ordained to the ministry; but who were "helps" to the pastor, and whose "praise was in all the churches." In revival seasons, they were really the most useful gifts in the churches. They had power with God and man, and scores of sinners were led to Christ through their instrumentality. Why have those gifts gone into disuse?

If our churches at their regular meetings would call on those brethren who possess those qualifications, and ask them to conduct divine service, it would soon appear that God had bestowed these gifts upon them in no stinted measure; and results would show the wisdom of adhering to the divine plan. We would soon see the waste places of Zion built up, our forsaken churches again crowded with joyful worshippers, and sinners converted to God. While God is blessing the ministry of the word through our pastors to the army, let the churches at home be engaged in strengthening the things that remain, and that are ready to perish, lest the Master should come and remove our candlesticks out of their places, and thus leave us in darkness to mourn over our sins and follies.

We call attention to the General order for a Regimental review in this place to be held on Friday 17th day of July. These are trying times and loudly call on all earnest souls, to make an effort to repel force by force. We understand the 60th Regiment is well organized by having competent men in commission, to do all duty incumbent. And preparatory to the above, don't forget the Battalion drill at Auburn the 3rd and at this place the 10th of July.

For the South Western Baptist. MONTGOMERY, ALA., LADIES HOSPITAL. June 23, 1863.

DEAR EDITORS: I have long reflected upon the goodness of God toward rebellious man, but now am I the more satisfied that He is ever ready to bless, those that call upon him out of a pure heart, and to help them continually.—I, as a soldier in the great and glorious Confederate cause, am made to thank God always, that He has ever been so kind towards me as to bless me, with thousands of others with a rich supply of His Grace. And while I have been spared in my afflictions to visit many hospitals in the Confederacy, where multiplied numbers have passed from time into vast eternity, I am thankful to God that I am yet spared to enjoy His mercies. The Scriptures afford us abundant evidences of His love for us, but when we see it visited and poured upon us by his own Almighty and Providential hand, we are the more ready to say that God is kind, that He is merciful, and that He is on our side and for us.

Do we not see His mercy visited upon us unto this end, that He has given us a great harvest and the glorious prospects of abundant crops, by which we will be permitted to subsist and hold our position against an invading foe? By the grace of God I believe we shall. For how many prayers ascend the hill of the Lord daily, perfumed with the blood of the Son of God. And does He not say that the prayers of the righteous availeth much; then we are sore of a blessing, that we will be able to repel and drive back an invading foe, and achieve our glorious independence at last.

Permit me to say as a professor of Christ, and for the last three years a minister of His word, that I have at all times been willing to submit myself into His hands, feeling that he was able and willing to save and administer to all of my wants. Therefore I feel that I am highly favored of the Lord.

Brethren, permit me to ask your prayers, with all of the praying people of Christ's church in our behalf—that is the soldiers of the Confederate States. That we may not only have a fighting army, but that we may have a praying army also; that we may be a people who fear the Lord continually. We have in our camps many professors, and also prayer-meeting societies. God grant that it may be the means of doing good, that it may prove the savor of life unto life and not of death unto death, to all who surround us. And may the blessings of God rest upon this people, and may they indeed become the children of light, life and liberty. And finally, brethren, may the mercy of God and sweet influences of His Spirit be with us all, in my sincere prayer.

Yours truly, D. H. BENT.

Permit me to say to your readers that I am thankful to the ladies of Montgomery, who are connected with the Soldiers Home and Ladies Association, for their great and superior attention to the sick, wounded and dying, and earnestly pray that God will, as I believe He has already done, give them souls for their hire, for indeed they are patriotic, kind and praying Christians. Oh! that God may abundantly reward them, in this world and the world to come.

Yours truly, D. H. BENT, Patient.

For the South Western Baptist. CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 20, 1863.

BRO. HENDERSON: A young officer in the army handed me \$3 for you to send the South Western Baptist to Major James M. LeNoir, Cahaba, Ala. Enclosed please find the amount.

In my daily visits to the hospitals in this place, I am now meeting men who are deeply concerned with their spiritual interests. It seems as though there was unusual solemnity pervading the feelings of men. It is rarely the case that I meet a man, whether slightly or seriously sick, whose mind has not been, for some time, occupied with the subject of religion. Occasionally I meet some one who has just been sent back from the front, and whose soul is rejoicing in the experience of the new life, which it discovered in the revival now in progress in several parts of this army. Many are anxious to experience this new life, and I have reason to believe that two have recently obtained it.

The inmates of these hospitals are mostly confined to their bunks. As soon as they are convalescent they are sent further to the rear. This takes many a man, whose religious state I was watching with interest, from my observation, and I never knew the issue of his feelings. Yet how safe it is to commit such cases to Him who orders all things well.

Several ministers have passed through here on their way to Gen. Bragg's Army. Among these are Dr. Palmer, formerly of New Orleans, and Dr. Teasdale, of Columbus, Miss.—

Their labors seem to be greatly blessed. Dr. T. baptized 10 converts a few days since in Duck River. It only needs constant effort and prayer on the part of those in the army, and those at home too, it seems to me, to secure such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as this country has not witnessed in many years. Who dare to be idle, or to withhold prayer? What Christian heart is not stirred to its deepest depths by the events now transpiring?

Yours fraternally, G. F. WILLIAMS.

For the South Western Baptist. Foreign Missions.

It has already been public, that the Southern Baptist Convention at its recent meeting, adopted a resolution, requiring its Foreign Mission Board, to make vigorous efforts for replenishing its treasury. The hope is entertained that we shall be able to forward funds to our missionaries, but if we fail in this endeavor, they are authorized to secure loans upon the credit of the Board. Then loans, or the means to remit immediately, ought to be provided for, by a constant, regular flow of contributions into the Treasury. In accordance with this necessity, and the instructions of the Convention. I beg leave to call upon all our brethren in the ministry, to bring the subject before their churches, thus securing and forwarding the means to meet the wants of our brethren in foreign lands. We ask also that personal donations be made to our cause. Who will not act in this important matter?

I am persuaded our brethren in Alabama will not be slow in meeting the exigencies of the Board. None need wait for the call of an agent, for in all probability none will be sent. We ask for the sake of the great principles we propose to diffuse in heathen lands; for the sake of the souls of the heathen; but especially, for the sake of the Redeemer's glory, an interest in the sympathy and liberality of the churches.

On behalf of the Board, JAS. B. TAYLOR, Cor. Sec. &c.

For the South Western Baptist. Speculators.

The Congress of the Confederate States, and the Legislatures of the different states, have enacted laws against speculators. And much has been written and spoken against them besides; and yet speculation goes on.

Now I propose that the anti-speculators take the matter in hand, and put a stop to all speculation by killing off the whole tribe of speculators. Here my plan.

Let a day be set when all the anti-speculators will meet together and form a court then let the speculators be arraigned before that court; and every man who in any way has been engaged in speculation directly or indirectly, or has been benefited by speculation to any extent whatever, be condemned to death by stoning.

Then let every one who is free from the greed of gain—who has never speculated any, nor received benefit from speculation and who would not if he could—who has never withheld any thing from market to get a higher price—who has never sold any thing at exorbitant market rates, and who would not if he could; cast stones at the guilty speculators, and stone them to death, leaving not one alive. Then speculation will cease, and not until then.

Reader is your stone ready? HINTER.

For the South Western Baptist. TUSKEGEE ALA. June 26th 1863.

Messrs. Editors: Col J. W. Echols has this day made the generous donation of five hundred bushels of corn to indigent soldier's families in Macon county, and in the name of these families I tender him my heart felt thanks. I know that those families are waiting it for bread, and respectfully ask of our planters who have teams, who of them will haul the corn from Col. Echols plantation to Keelings Mill? I hope those who have teams will consider the wants of the poor and respond at once.

Respectfully, C. A. STANTON.

(From the Christian Index.) The Savannah Church.

SAVANNAH, June 14, 1863.

BRO. BOYKIN.—We have had, during the last three weeks, manifestations of the gracious work of Holy Spirit.—Thirteen have been received by experience, and twelve of them have been baptized. Two have joined by letter—an addition of fifteen members. The baptized are mostly young females of the congregation and Sunday School. There are other hopeful conversions, and a manifest improvement in the spiritual condition of the church. May the glory of the Lord Jesus still increase among us in the regeneration of souls.

(From the Central Presbyterian.) Alive Without the Law, and Dead by the Law.

"For I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died."—Rom. vii. 5.

Paul describes, in this chapter, the view a sinner takes of himself under the law of God just before his conversion, and then after his conversion. He describes it by giving us an account of his own experience.

1st. He was once "without the law," i. e. without the knowledge of it. He knew the outside of it—"Thou shalt not kill, or steal, or lie, or commit adultery;" but he did not know that it was designed to lay hold of the secret feelings, thoughts and purposes of the heart. He did not know that God looked at his heart, and, therefore, that His law must be a spiritual law. He was without the law, considered as the law of a Judge whose jurisdiction was a spiritual jurisdiction.

Hence, 2nd. He was "alive," considered himself so. But what does being alive mean? In the Bible it means enjoying the favor of God. A sinner under the curse of God is dead; he is as good as dead, because the sentence of death has passed upon him, and there is no escape. He is dead in trespasses and sins. All unconverted men are thus dead; and the vast majority of them not only dead but putrid. But Paul, like all unconverted sinners, thought he was in favor with God, merely because he had not done the outside crimes of murder, theft, adultery, &c. Read Matt. v. 17th verse to the end, if you want to see how our blessed Saviour explains the law.

3d. But a change came over him—"The commandment came." This commandment which was afar off, which was outside of him, came near, came inside of him. The Spirit of God came into his heart with the commandment, as a man might come into a den of vipers with a flaming torch. What then? Why "sin revived." These sleeping, torpid vipers awoke, raised themselves, put out their fangs and hissed and spit their venom. Even the gentle and amiable man finds that he had lurking in his heart the vipers of envy, pride, malice, selfishness and all uncharitable-ness. What next? "and I died." These worms and maggots working in my soul convinced me that it was a dead and putrid soul; that I was under the curse of a pure and holy God, and was fit only to be cast into the charnel-house of hell.

My friend have you ever felt so?—Are you any better than Paul? God says, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man but the end thereof are the ways of death." It does not follow, because you think you are alive, that you are alive. It is God's judgment, and not your own opinion, which shall determine your destiny. And he knows but one way in which a sinner may be made alive; and that is by believing, trusting, in His Son Jesus Christ, who says, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

(From the Confederate Baptist.) The Golden Mean.

Agur, the son of Jakeh was, doubtless, a philosopher of no ordinary calibre. We regret that so few of his sayings have come down to us, and we can scarcely repress our contempt for the septuagint translators for omitting the chapter of the book of Proverbs ascribed to this illustrious sage. His aspiration: "Give me neither poverty nor riches" indicates a mind of comprehensive observation and acute discrimination; and in these days, especially, when men are hasting to be rich, and the worship of Mammon is becoming the popular idolatry, it is well to recall the maxims of wisdom bequeathed to us by that illustrious philosopher. We know of no better commentary upon his words than the following passage from Bishop Butler.

"Take a survey of mankind. The world in general, the good and the bad, almost without exception, equally are agreed, that were religion out of the case, the happiness of the present life would consist in a manner wholly in riches, honors, sensual gratifications, inasmuch that one scarce hears a reflection made upon prudence, life, conduct, but upon this opposition: Yet, on the contrary, that persons in the greatest affluence of fortune are no happier than such as have a competency; that the cares and disappointments of ambition for the most part far exceed the satisfaction of it; as also the miserable intervals of intemperance and excess, and the many untimely deaths occasioned by a dissolute course of life: these things are all seen and acknowledged; but are thought no objections against, although they expressly contradict this universal principle, that the happiness of the present life consists in one or other of them. Whence all this absurdity and contradiction? Is not the middle way obvious? Can anything be more manifest, than that the happiness of life consists in these, possessed and enjoy-

ed only to a certain degree, that to pursue them beyond this degree, is always attended with more inconvenience than advantage to a man's self, and often with extreme misery and unhappiness?"

It might repress the eager pursuit of wealth on the part of so many that have sold their souls to Satan, to know that they are chasing a phantom—that like Ixion, they are pursuing a cloud, not a substantial reality. The bubble will burst, at last, and they will find that opulence does not constitute happiness.

A True and Touching Story.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend a few miles distant. "Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand on his arm and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading glance.

"No, Mollie, I will not—you may trust me." And he wrapped his infant boy in a soft blanket, and they descended.

The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation beguiled the way.

"Now, don't forget your promise," whispered the wife as she passed up the steps.

Poor thing! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red. But his love for his wife and their babe, whom they both idolized, kept him back, and it was not often that he joined in Bacchanalian revelries.

The party passed off pleasantly, the time of departing drew near, and the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through the trusting heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated! he had broken his promise.

Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man broke into vile snatches of song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely to her grieved heart.

"Give me the babe, Mollie—I can't trust you with him," said he, as he approached a somewhat swollen stream.

After some hesitation she resigned her first born, her darling babe wrapped in the great blanket, to his arms.—Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child.

With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms; when she clasped it to her bosom no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not.

A wild shriek aroused him, as he turned just in time to see the little face rise one moment above the dark waves, then sink forever!

This is no fiction, but the plain truth. The parties were known by the friends of the writer, and it should be a warning to those who delight in intoxicating drinks and resist the pleading of loving wives.

Our Glorious Soldiers.

An intelligent gentleman, who was an eyewitness of the late battle near Fredericksburg says that highly as the efficiency of Gen. Lee's army had been extolled, nothing he had heard came up to the impression produced on his mind by his own observation of their conduct. Their deeds of valor were not only magnificent beyond all conception, but the cheerfulness with which, after being for a great part of the day involved in the most terrific peril, they would, as soon as successful, march for miles to some new scene of danger, was absolutely marvellous. Their conduct when wounded was even more admirable.—Our informant has seen groups of the wounded standing around a well, each waiting patiently his turn for water, bleeding, dusty, weak in body, yet as humble, modest and unpretending as so many children. Wonderful men! What age or country has produced such? Such lions in battle, and yet so unconscious of their own greatness. Such are the rank and file of the Southern army, men whom it is an honor to live in the same age with.—Richmond Dispatch.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years one-third at least have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the rank grows thinner, they that remained until now become weary and lie down to rise no more. At three-score and ten a band of some four hundred still struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again and the work of death is finished.

The Victory at Winchester.

There is little news in addition to that already given with reference to the decisive victory of the Confederate forces at Winchester on Sunday last.—The only news we have received is from parties who have left the Valley since the surrender of Winchester by Federal forces, and the reports they bring are of the most cheering character; but as to details, and the plan of battle, we are yet in ignorance, and are perhaps destined to remain so, unless some one connected with the army shall feel sufficient interest in the important movements in the Valley to furnish us with a connected account.

The accounts state that on Friday morning Gen. Ewell, much to the surprise of the enemy, reached Front Royal, Warren county, eighteen miles from Winchester, and at once pushing on to the latter place encountered a force of the enemy when within some ten miles of town, with which skirmishing immediately commenced, the enemy retiring and the skirmishing continuing our forces being in pursuit.

On the morning of Saturday our army renewed the advance, the enemy contesting the ground with some stubbornness, but were compelled to continue their retreat. About noon that day, our forces reached the confines of the town, when a flag of truce was sent in, demanding the surrender of the place. The officer commanding replied that he would abide the issue of battle, and if attacked would burn the town; to which Gen. Ewell answered, if any houses burned other than those fired by the bombardment, the black flag would be hoisted and no quarter given. The assault upon the enemy's entrenchments was then commenced, and continued until dark. At an early hour on Sunday morning the attack was renewed and continued throughout the day, the cannonading most of the time being very severe. On Monday morning, early, the garrison capitulated, and our army took possession of the town, as well as the works from which the enemy had been dislodged.

With reference to the escape of Milroy there is yet no certainty. One report says that he was overtaken by our cavalry near the Potomac and captured, whilst another, quite as reliable states that he passed on through Charlestown, with his escort on Sunday morning. The latter report, we judge is much more plausible than the other as it is not at all likely that he would allow himself to be overtaken after having once penetrated our lines. If he passed through Charlestown, as it is alleged, it is probable he went out from Winchester on the Martinsburg road as far as Bunker Hill, and thence through Smithfield and Charlestown to Harper's Ferry.

A gentleman who came down from the Valley by the Central train, last evening, gives the following estimate of our captures:

Prisoners from.....	6,000 to 7,000
Horses.....	2,500
Wagons.....	400 to 500
Stores.....	\$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000

At the war department last night the following dispatch was received from Gen. Lee. Martinsburg is situated on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, which of course is torn up:

CULPEPER C. H. June 18th 1863. Gen. S. Cooper, A. & I. General: On the afternoon of the 14th Gen. Rhodes took possession of Martinsburg, capturing several pieces of artillery, more than two hundred prisoners, a supply of ammunition and grain. Our loss, one killed and two wounded.

[Signed,] R. E. LEE, General.

The Fight at Brandy Station.

The following general order, from Gen. Stuart, would indicate that instead of being surprised and worsted in the late cavalry battle, our troops, in fact, gained a victory:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION, June 15, 1863.

General Orders No 24. The major general commanding and gratulates the cavalry of the Army of Virginia, upon the victory of Northern Virginia, achieved, under Providence, by the prowess of their arms on the 9th inst.

Osmrades! Two divisions of the enemy's cavalry and artillery, escorted by a strong force of infantry, "tested your metal," and found it proof-steel.—Your saber blows inflicted on that glorious day have taught them again the weight of Southern vengeance.

You confronted, with cavalry and horse artillery alone this force, beat the infantry in check, routed the cavalry and artillery, capturing three pieces of the latter without losing a gun, added six flags to the trophies of the nations, besides inflicting a loss in killed, wounded and missing at least double our own, causing the entire force to retire beyond the Rappahannock.

Nothing but the enemy strongly posted in the woods, saved his cavalry from capture or annihilation. An act of rashness on his part was severely punished by rout and loss of his artillery.

The Family Circle.

Smiles for Home.

Take that home with you, dear," said Mrs. Lewis, her manner half-smiling, half serious.

"Take what home, Caddy?" and Mr. Lewis turned towards his wife curiously.

Now Mrs. Lewis had spoken from the moment's impulse, and already partly regretted her remark.

"Take what home? repeated her husband; "I don't understand you."

"That smiling face you turned up on Mr. Edwards when you answered his question just now."

Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head and walked on in silence. They had called in at the store of Mr. Edwards to purchase a few articles, and were now on their way home. There was no smile on the face of Mr. Lewis, now, but a very grave expression instead—grave almost to sternness. The words of his wife had taken him altogether by surprise, and, though spoken lightly, had jarred upon his ears.

The truth was, Mr. Lewis like a great many other men who have their own business cares and troubles, was in the habit of bringing home a sober and too often a clouded face. It was in vain that wife and children looked into that face for sunshine, or listened to his words for tones of cheerfulness.

"Take that home with you, dear," Mrs. Lewis was already repenting this suggestion, made on the moment's impulse. Her husband was sensitive to a fault. He could not bear even an implied censure from his wife. And so she had learned to be very guarded in this particular.

"Take that home with you, dear," Ah me! I wish the words had not been said. There will be darker clouds now, and gracious knows, they were dark enough before! Why can't Mr. Lewis leave his cares and business behind him, and let us see the old pleasant, smiling face again?—I thought this morning that he had forgotten how to smile; but I see that he can smile if he tries. Ah! why don't he try at home?"

So Mrs. Lewis talked to herself as she moved along by the side of her husband, who had not spoken a word since her reply to his query, "Take what home?" Blinked after blinked was passed, and street after street was crossed, and still there was silence between them.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lewis, speaking in her own thoughts, "of course he is offended. He won't bear a word from me. I might have known, beforehand, that talking out in this way would only make things worse. Oh, dear! I am getting out of all heart!"

"What's that, Caddy?" Mrs. Lewis almost started at the sound of her husband's voice, breaking unexpectedly upon her ear in a softened tone.

"What then?" he repeated, turning towards her, and looking down into her shyly upturned face.

"It would send warmth and radiance through the whole house," said Mrs. Lewis, her tones all a-tremble with feeling.

"You think so?"

"I know so! Only try it, dear, for this one evening."

"It isn't so easy a thing to put on a smiling face, Caddy, when thought is oppressed with care."

"It didn't seem to require much effort just now," said Mrs. Lewis glancing up at her husband with something of archness in her look.

Again a shadow dropped down upon the face of Mr. Lewis, was again partly turned away; and again they walked on in silence.

"He is so sensitive!" Mrs. Lewis said to herself, the shadow on her husband's face darkening over her own. "I have to be as careful of my words as if talking to a spoiled child."

No, it did not require much effort on the part of Mr. Lewis to smile as he passed a few words lightly with Mr. Edwards. The remark of his wife had not really displeased him; it had only set him to thinking. After remaining gravely silent, because he was undergoing a brief self-examination, Mr. Lewis said:

"You thought the smile given Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"It did not seem to require an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No, not much effort was required," said Mr. Lewis. His tones were slightly depressed. "But this must be taken into the account: my mind was in a certain state of excitement or activity, that repressed sober feelings and made smiling an easy

thing. So we smile and are gay in company at cost of little effort, because all are smiling and gay, and we feel the common sphere of excitement. How different it often is when we are alone, I need not say. You, Caddy, are guilty of the sober face at home as well as your husband."

"But the sober face is caught from yours often than you imagine, my husband," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that, Caddy?"

"Very certain. You make the sunlight and the shadow of your home smile upon us give us cheerful words; enter into our feelings and interests and there will be no brighter home in all the land. A shadow on your countenance is a veil for my heart; and the same is true as respects our children. Our pulses strike too nearly in unison not to be disturbed when yours has lost its even beat."

Again Mr. Lewis walked on in silence, his face partly averted; and again his wife began to fear that she had spoken too freely. But he soon dispelled this impression, for he said:

"I am glad, Caddy, that you have spoken thus plainly. I only wish that you had done so before. I see how it is. My smiles have been for the outside world—the world that neither loved nor regarded me—and my clouded brow for the dear ones at home, for whom thought and care are ever-living activities."

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at their own door, where they paused a moment, and then went in. Instantly, upon passing his threshold, Mr. Lewis felt the pressure upon him of his usual state. The hue of his feelings began to change. The cheerful, interested exterior put on for those he met in business intercourse, began rapidly to change and a sober hue to succeed. Like most business men, his desired profitable results was far in advance of the slow evolutions of trade; and his daily history was a history of disappointments in some measure dependent on his restless anticipations. He was not as willing to work and to wait as he should be; and, like many of his class, neglected the pearls that lay, here and there, along his life-path, because they were inferior in value to those he hoped to find just a little way in advance. The consequence was that when the day's business excitement was over his mind fell into a brooding state, and lingered over its disappointments or looked forward with failing hope in the future—for hope in many things had been long deferred—and so he rarely had smiles for his home.

"Take that home with you, dear," whispered Mrs. Lewis, as they moved along the passage, and before they had joined the family. She had an instinctive consciousness that her husband was in danger of relapsing into his usual state.

The warning was just in time. "Thank you for the words," said he; "I shall not forget them."

And he did not: but at once rallied himself, and to the glad surprise of Jenny, Will, and Mary, met them with a new face, covered with fatherly smiles, and with pleasant questions, in pleasant tones, their day's employments. The feelings of children moved in quick transitions, they had not expected a greeting like this; but the response was instant. Little Jenny climbed into her father's arms. Will came and stood by his chair, answering in lively tones his questions; while Mary, older by a few years than the rest, leaned against her father's shoulder and laid her white hand softly upon his head, smoothing back the dark hair, just showing a little frost, from his broad, manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the eyes of Mrs. Lewis, as she came forth from the chamber to the sitting-room where she had gone to lay off her bonnet and shawl, and change her dress. Well did her husband understand the meaning look she gave him; and warmly did her heart respond to the smile which he threw back on her.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr. Lewis, speaking to her as she came in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mary, looking curiously into her father's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr. Lewis, smiling tenderly upon his wife.

"Something pleasant must have happened," said Mary.

"Something pleasant? Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"You and mother look so happy," replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy," answered the father, as he drew his

arm tightly around her, "in having three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his, and whispered: "If you are smiling and happy, dear father, home will be like heaven!"

Mr. Lewis kissed her, but did not reply. He felt a rebuke in her words. But the rebuke did not throw a chill over his feelings; it only gave a new strength to his purposes.

"Don't distribute all your smiles. Keep a few of the warmest and brightest for home," said Mrs. Lewis as she parted with her husband on the next morning. He kissed her, but did not promise. The smiles were kept, however, and evenings saw them; though not for the outside world. Other, and many evenings saw the same cheerful smiles, and the same happy home.

And, reader, was not Mr. Lewis a better and happier man? Of course he was. And so would all men be, if they would take home the smiling aspect they so often exhibit as they meet their fellow-men in business intercourse, or exchange words in passing compliments. Take your smiles and cheerful words home with you, husbands, fathers, and brothers. Your hearths are cold and dark without them.

"Politeness Pays."

AN EVERYDAY SKETCH.

Among the acquaintances of my youth there was one Peter Cox; and I am sorry to say that, from what little stock of patience he may have possessed, he invested none of it in Politeness. At all events he did not do it when he entered business. Peter was a builder by trade, and one of the most thorough and faithful workmen in the country. If he undertook a contract, he was sure to perform his part punctually and properly. Still he was not always employed, for many who might otherwise have hired him, were repulsed by his uncouth manner of treating them, and sought assistance elsewhere.

"Peter," said his wife to him one evening, "do you know that you have lost a good job just by offending Mr. Graham?"

Peter looked up from his paper, and asked her what she meant.

"I mean," she replied, "that Mr. Graham has hired Leavitt to build his new house."

"Well what of it?" said Peter, rather crustily.

"Why, I am very sure that he meant to have hired you to do the job, and that he would have done so had you not offended him."

"How did I offend him?"

"By not listening to him when he wished to describe his plan for the building."

"His plan was a foolish one."

"Well suppose it was; if you had felt it to be your business to tell him so, you might have done it in a polite way."

"Bah!" cried Peter, with a snap of his finger, "don't talk of politeness in business. If I were to bother myself to be polite to everybody who happened to call upon me, I should have my hands full."

"I think it would pay," said the wife.

Peter pooh'd at the idea, and then told his wife that he wanted to build.

About a month after this, Peter came home in usual spirits. He had been out of work for some time, and had been rather moody and crusty. His wife noticed the change and asked him what had happened.

"There's a prospect of work he replied. 'We are to have better times in town. Sumner Wilkins, of Byfield, has bought the whole of the water-power on our stream, and is going to erect a factory here. I think I'll get the job. They say that Wilkins had rather have some one here to do it, and my friends will recommend me.'"

Mrs. Cox was highly delighted, for she knew that such a job must pay well; and she hoped that her husband might not be disappointed.

A few days afterwards an order came for some window-blinds; and one afternoon while he was busy at his bench, a man came and watched him at his work for some few seconds without speaking. He was a middle-aged man, rather coarsely clad; and Peter supposed it must be some one who wanted work.

"How d'ye do?" said the stranger, as Peter laid aside the slat which he had just finished.

"How 'r ye?" returned Peter, in a sort of uncouth grunt.

"That looks like good lumber you are working there," remarked the visitor.

"It's good, enough was the response.

"What is such lumber worth here?"

"I don't know." And as Peter thus answered, he took another slat and began to plan it.

"I suppose you buy some lumber, sir," said the stranger.

"I do when I want it," returned Peter, without looking up from his work.

"Is there any in town to be sold?"

"They'll tell you at the mill. I don't sell lumber myself."

"But you know the value of it," remarked the stranger, with a slight touch of feeling in his tone.

"Who told you?"

"I supposed, as you were in the habit of using considerable lumber of various kinds, that it would be proper to ask."

"Well, sir," said our grouty builder, in his uncouth and ungentelemanly way, "it so happens that I have something else to attend to besides keeping the price of lumber for everybody who may happen to want a few boards."

"Ah! yes; I didn't know you were so busy," returned the visitor, in the coolest and politest manner imaginable. "Pardon me if I have interrupted you." And with this he left the shop.

Peter Cox had done no more in this instance than he had done a great many times before; but yet he could not put it from his mind so easily. Somehow it clung to him, and even after an hour had passed he found himself wishing that he had treated his visitor with a little more decency. But it was too late now.

Peter got his blinds all made, and then waited for news from Byfield, as it was expected Sumner Wilkins would soon make arrangements to commence operations. He felt sure of the job, as his friends had seen Wilkins, and recommended him very strongly. It would be as good as five dollars a day to him for several months.

One morning as Peter came out on to the street, he heard it remarked that Wilkins had got his hands all engaged, and would break ground very soon. It could not be possible, thought our builder. Surely he would have had some notice of such a move. Half an hour after that, he was standing at the door of a grocery, when a man drove up in a carriage and came into the store. He bowed to one or two who stood there, but gave Peter only a cold look. It was the man who called at his shop two weeks before and inquired the price of lumber. He was dressed plainly as ever but he drove a splendid horse, and the carriage was a costly one.

"Who is that man?" Peter asked, after the stranger had gone.

"That!" returned a by-stander, in evident surprise. "Don't you know him?"

"No. Who is it?"

"Why, that is Mr. Wilkins."

"Sumner Wilkins, of Byfield?—the man who is going to build the factory?"

"Yes."

Peter Cox left the room with a sinking heart, and by the time he reached his shop, he was almost sick. What a fall it was. He went home to dinner, and ere long his wife had learned the whole story. She had already learned that the great job had been given to another, and now why it had been done.

"Why didn't he let me know who he was when he came into my shop?" said Peter in a petulant mood.

"That isn't the question," suggested his wife, speaking as considerably as possible. "It would be better, Peter, if you would ask why didn't you treat him respectfully? It seems, from your own account, that he asked a very simple and proper question—such a question as any man ought to answer with pleasure. I tell you husband politeness pays. If you could overcome your habit of treating strangers so uncouthly, you would be greatly the gainer thereby."

For some days Peter Cox was sore and morose. He saw the work commenced on the factory, and he feared that he should have but little business for some time to come. He had at first been inclined to think very hard of Sumner Wilkins; but when he came to reflect more calmly, he thought differently. He could not wonder that the man had been repulsed by his rudeness.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Peter was in his shop doing nothing but thinking, when some one entered. He looked up, and saw Mr. Wilkins.

"How d'ye do?" said the capitalist.

"How d'ye do?" returned the builder.

"You are not very busy, I take it," said Wilkins.

A quick rough answer was making its way to Peter's lips; but he did not speak it. He recollected himself in season. He had taken a solemn obligation upon himself that he would not allow any more such words to go out from his mouth upon his fellow-men.

"No, sir," he replied as soon as the old spirit had been quelled; "I am not very busy just now."

"Perhaps you would like to work for me."

"As you wish it."

"Well said Wilkins, 'I am in want of help, and should like to employ you. I meant to have employed you before; and perhaps you can imagine why I did not. However,' he added, as he saw Peter's countenance fall, 'there's no need of referring to that, only for the lesson it teaches. I felt the cut of your rudeness very deeply; and the more so because I could not see wherein I had given any occasion for it.'

"I was rude," returned Peter, frankly; "and as you have intimated, I found a lesson in the result; and I hope I may profit by it."

"That's enough, sir. And so we'll let the past go." Wilkins extended his hand as he spoke, and Peter grasped it warmly.

"And now the visitor continued, 'let's come to our business. The man whom I had engaged to superintend the erection of my mill, has so much other business that he would like to be spared from this; so if you will take it, I will let him go.'

Of course Peter took it. And when the mill was done, so well and faithfully had he performed his work, that he had more offers of valuable contracts than he could possibly attend to.

But Peter Cox did not forget the prime secret of his new success. He knew that he was evidently qualified as an architect and builder; but this was not all. He also knew that the last lesson he had learned was the valuable one—that the last investment he had made was yielding him the greatest interest. And moreover the income from the Politeness which he had come to possess was not at all gross and material. No, no—one of its highest and purest fruits was that which came to his heart and which remained with him to bless him, wherever he went.

A Representative Character

Pontius Pilate, who delivered up the Son of God to be crucified, was a historical character—the representative of thousands who are now acting their little parts in the drama of life. Though he could "find no fault" in Jesus, yet to please the people, and secure the aid and efforts of the Jews to gain favor with the Roman Emperor, he yielded to the fanatical clamors for blood. There are very many like Pilate in this respect—many who yield the plainest principles of right for the sake of party or popular favor. There are many who fear the people, who cannot bear to face the opposition of those in power, of a majority arrayed against them, and who shrink from the trial of unpopular. Such men are found not only among the aspirants for political offices and honors, and the votaries of mammon, but in the Church and sometimes in the sacred office. "Like dead fish, they float with the tide." The praise or approbation of men is the idol before which they bow down; and to that idol they sacrifice conscience, inward peace and thier immortal interests.

It is stated in an English paper that the piles sustaining the London bridge have been driven 500 years. In 1845 they were critically examined, and found to have decayed but slightly. These piles are principally of elm, beech and chestnut and are perfectly sound. The bridge built by the Emperor Trajan, over the Danube, affords a striking example of the durability of timber in the wet state. One of these was taken up and found to be petrified to the depth of three quarters of an inch and the rest of the wood had undergone no change, though it has been driven 1600 years.

The following is a speech made by Gen. Pemberton after repulging the enemy three times:

"You have heard that I was incompetent and a traitor, and that it was my intention to sell Vicksburg. Follow me, and you will see the cost at which I will sell Vicksburg. When the last pound of beef, bacon and flour, the last grain of corn; the last cow, and hog, and horse and dog shall have been consumed, and the last man shall have perished in the trenches, then, and only then will I sell Vicksburg."

Business Cards.

G. H. GRAHAM, R. L. MAYES, J. H. ABERCROMBIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Tuskegee, Macon County, Alabama. Will practice in the Courts of Macon, and the surrounding Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court at Montgomery. Office up stairs in Echols' new building, No. 12, 1862.

G. W. GUNN, L. STANLEY, JAMES ARMSTRONG, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

Will practice in the Courts of Macon, Russell, Chambers and Tallapoosa Counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and in the United States District Court at Montgomery. Prompt and careful attention will be given to all business entrusted to them. Office in the old Presbyterian Church, No. 12, 1862.

J. H. CADDENHEAD, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala. Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, Wilcox, Chambers, and Russell. June 13, 1861.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

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

East Alabama Female College.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.

THE Exercises of this Institution will be resumed, on Wednesday, October 1st, 1862, 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 Term, comprising nine months, is divided into periods of three months each. The first Term begins with the month of October, the second with January, and 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 the rate is complied with.

As no Steward has been engaged for the present, ample accommodations for Boarders have been provided, with the best food, and the best instruction, and the application to the Principal, special arrangements will be made, and communicated to boarders before the Session begins. Those who do not wish to apply in advance, may apply on their arrival at the College, he directed to their places of abode. The charge for Board is necessarily advanced, in keep pace with the increased price of provisions. A present charge of \$20 per month will be required, which will be modified according to circumstances.

Pupils are requested to bring with them from home, all the necessary articles of clothing, as well as their books. Pupils are situated upon a branch Railroad, connecting with the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, about forty miles east of Montgomery. It is healthy at all seasons, and the moral and elevated tone of its society, is unsurpassed.

Rates per Term (3 months):

College Classes	\$10.00
Preparatory	15.00
Primary	10.00
Latin, Greek or French	10.00
Instrumental Music with use Inst.	20.00
Vocal Music (in connection with the Inst.)	10.00
Drawing and Painting	\$10 to 15.00
Incidental Expenses	1.00
Tuskegee, Sept. 11, 1862.	n15-47



Twenty-Fifth Annual Session.

THE Exercises of the Judson Institution will be resumed October 1st. All departments will be maintained in their usual efficiency. For Circular, Catalogue or unpublished particulars apply to N. K. DAVIS, August 28, 1862. 2m Marion, Ala.

Southern Field & Fireside.

UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS! Back Numbers for the New Series Exhausted!

PRIZE STORY!

THE Proprietor of the SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE announces that in consequence of the success of the new series being exhausted, and in order that our subscribers may have the opportunity of securing a NEW STORY, "Belmont" will be completed in Number 5, Jan. 31, and the PRIZE STORY of "THE RANDOLPH OF RANDOLPH HALL."

By Miss SARAH A. NIVEN, of Covington, Ga. will be commenced in Number 6, Feb. 7th, and will be completed in Number 7, March 14th, and will be entered on the books and commence with the Prize Story.

TERMS: For One Year \$3.00 For Six Months 1.50 For Three Months 1.00 Single Copies 50c. Club of 10 or more, 50% discount. Six months, 1.00. Address, Feb. 12, 1863. JAMES GARDNER, Augusta, Ga.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST.

THE undersigned hereby propose to publish, in the city of Columbia, S. C., a weekly religious paper, to be called "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," and to be edited by Rev. J. L. BAYLEY, D. D., of the same city. We have been induced to undertake this enterprise by conviction that the time has come when the South needs a paper of its own, and one that will be a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, a messenger of good tidings to its readers, and worthy in every respect of their patronage.

All who may receive copies of this Prospectus are earnestly requested to obtain subscribers, and to forward their names immediately. As soon as a number sufficient to insure the success of the enterprise is received, the first number of the paper will be issued. The subscription price—Two Dollars—will be forwarded by the subscribers immediately on their reception of the first number.

All communications must be addressed to "THE CONFEDERATE BAPTIST," Columbia, S. C., or to either of the Proprietors, S. W. BAYLEY, or J. K. BURHAM, Columbia, S. C., August, 1862.

PROSPECTUS.

THE publication of the "SENTINEL" newspaper, which has been suspended since the occupation of Augusta by the Federal forces, is hereby announced. The paper will be published on a large and elegant scale, and will contain the latest news and intelligence from all parts of the South. It will be a valuable addition to the press of the State, and will be a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, a messenger of good tidings to its readers, and worthy in every respect of their patronage.

The "SENTINEL" will be published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. It will be a valuable addition to the press of the State, and will be a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, a messenger of good tidings to its readers, and worthy in every respect of their patronage.

The first number of the "SENTINEL," under its new name, will appear about the first of March—perhaps a day or two later. It is proposed, in addition to the daily issue, to publish Semi-Weekly papers, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers is received to justify the latter issue. To enable us to commence these at the same time with the Daily, we expect to do so, we invite those disposed to subscribe, to send in their names at once.

The terms of the "SENTINEL" will be strictly in advance, and otherwise, as follows: Daily Sentinel, one year \$10.00 Daily Sentinel, six months 6.00 Daily Sentinel, three months 3.00 Semi-Weekly Sentinel, one year 5.00 Semi-Weekly Sentinel, six months 3.00 Semi-Weekly Sentinel, three months 1.50 No paper, except the paper, will be sent for less than one month. Payment must be made in advance for the subscription, but the price will be reduced to the full rate, unless the subscription be previously renewed.

The "SENTINEL" Office will be conducted under the personal supervision of the Proprietors, S. W. BAYLEY, and J. K. BURHAM. The Business Department will be conducted by A. M. BAYLEY.

Address: S. W. BAYLEY, J. K. BURHAM, Proprietors, "The Office of the SENTINEL" will be in the new building, corner of Franklin and Governor streets, opposite the "White" office, and near the Ballard House. March 5, 1863. 3c.