

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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For the South Western Baptist,
New Testament Scenes.

BY J. M. W. COLUMBUS, GEO.

NUMBER 11. 9
Jesus tempted by Satan.

How various are the scenes of this life! What wonderful changes occur in the circumstances surrounding us! At one moment of time we are elated with joy; and then, in a very short period, we are sunk into despondency. The new convert scarcely enjoys a brief season of delight with his Saviour, ere Satan assails him with his most powerful temptations, and tries his soul to the utmost extent of endurance. How many of God's children have thus passed from a state of ecstatic joy, into a state of almost insupportable sorrow! It was the lot of the Redeemer also, to suffer a transition more severe than ever tried the spirits of any of his chosen people.

He had just passed through that most interesting season of joy, his baptism in the Jordan, when he was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil. See Matt. 4:1-11. Luke 6:1-13. Forty days were spent in fastings, in meditations and in prayers. Some writers suppose that Jesus retired to Sinai, the region where ages before, Moses and Elijah had experienced similar fasts. Others adopt the more probable opinion that he spent the time in some retired place in the wilderness of Judea, not very far from the place where he was baptized.

At the close of that period of retirement Satan appeared and used his temptations with the utmost skill that was possible. He found Jesus suffering hunger to an extreme that nature could not long bear; and his first temptation was used to induce him to satisfy the cravings of hunger by a miracle. Jesus was far away from the dwellings of man. No wholesome bread nor cheering fruits were near. At that critical moment, Satan, in the most insinuating manner, tried to persuade him to exert his Divine power and to convert the flinty rock into wholesome bread for his own relief. To have yielded would have been acting according to Satan's wishes and contrary to the purpose of the Father. What a trial! Mighty consequences depended upon the decision of that moment. Jesus knew them, and at once replied to Satan, almost in the precise language of Moses in Deut. 8:3.—"It is written: 'Man shall not live by bread alone; but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'" Matt. 4:4. Thus Satan was foiled in his first onset; yet he tried other arts to accomplish his wicked object.

The second temptation of Satan was used in the city of Jerusalem.—Leading Jesus up to the summit of Mount Moriah, thence up the mighty heights to the pinnacle of the temple, he then persuaded him to cast himself down from that lofty eminence into the deep valley below, a distance of several hundred feet, assuring him of angelic protection, and quoting a remarkable passage found in the 91st Psalm 11 and 12 verses. The language of Satan was: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Matt. 4:6. By comparing the two passages together, it will be seen that the expression, "in all thy ways," found in the Psalm, was omitted by Satan. His design in that omission was no doubt to persuade Jesus that God's promise of protection was absolute, and that whether he was in the path of duty or out of it, he might safely depend upon the promise, and that he might cast himself down the mighty steep, and God's angels would not let him be injured upon the stones below. Jesus knew his design, and meeting scripture

with scripture he said to him: "It is written thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Matt. 4:7. A second triumph over temptation; and a glorious manifestation of obedience to the Father's will!

The third and last temptation of Satan was more powerful, if possible, than either of those which preceded it. He took Jesus up into an exceeding high mountain, from the summit of which might be seen in the distance, continents and islands, and nations and empires in all their glory; while far beyond the reach of the natural vision, the mental could behold the glories of the universe at one view. Satan claimed to have the disposal of all these; and with a pretended liberality, unequalled in the universe, he said to Jesus: "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Matt. 4:9. Was ever enticement so great? Yet Jesus could endure his presence no longer. He had been tempted and tried all that was necessary to fulfil the will of the Father—and all that his holy nature would submit to. He said in reply: "Get thee hence Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." Matt. 4:10. The conflict was over—the triumph was complete, and Satan departed.

How changed was the scene! Jesus was left alone, emaciated in body, and afflicted in spirit; but soon the angels of God, who had witnessed the struggle, came to his relief and supplied all his necessities. He once more enjoyed the approbation of the Father, and the witness of the spirit. What a glorious example for our imitation do we thus behold! When tempted and tried like Jesus was, may we ever like him resist the Devil that he may flee from us; and strictly adhering to God's precious word, may we ever find consolation in every time of trouble; and have grace to keep in every time of need.

What is Faith?

Faith in Christ implies not only a hearty belief of the Saviour's doctrines, but a whole dependence on the Saviour's person as our Prophet, Priest, and King. It requires a careful use of the means of grace, but forbids all trusting in the means. We must read the word of God with care, yet not rely upon our own ability to make us wise unto salvation, but wholly trust in Jesus, as our Prophet, to open our dark understanding, and direct us by his Spirit into all saving truth. We must watch against sin, and pray against it, too; yet not rely upon our own strength to conquer it, but wholly trust in Jesus, as our King, to subdue our will, our tempers, and our affections, by his Spirit; to write his holy law upon our hearts, and influence our conduct to his glory. We must be zealous of good works, yet wholly trust in Jesus, as our Priest, to wash the guilty conscience in his purple fountain, and clothe our naked souls in his glorious righteousness, thereby receiving all our pardon and our title to eternal life. The life of faith is thus expressed by Paul: "Ran with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus;" looking unto him with a single eye continually; and looking so by prayer and faith, and to receive supplies for every want. "Faith is the master key to the treasury of Jesus; it opens all the doors, and brings out every store." A heart well nurtured in this precious grace, finds rest in the gospel. In time of danger, sickness, or temptation, it flutters not, nor struggles hard to help itself, "but stands still, and sees the salvation of God." The eye is singly fixed on Jesus; the heart is calmly waiting for him, and Jesus brings relief. Faith calls, and Jesus answers, "Here I am to save thee!"—Berridge.

A holy silence allays all tumults in the mind, and makes a man in patience to possess his own soul, which, next to his possession of God, is the choicest and sweetest possession in all the world.

A good man is better than a gold mine.

Another Anchor.

All remember the wreck of the "Atlantic." Our home looked forth on the waters lead to Long Island Sound;—we used to watch the vessels as they came and went and well do I recall the startling of the community by the loss of the Atlantic. Many suffered then; the lone bell of the wreck tolled a dirge for the good and holy and gentle ones who went down,—those who have now so long rested in the new heaven where there is no more sea.

An interesting spiritual lesson is contained in the following circumstance of the wreck—"I would give a thousand dollars for another anchor!" exclaimed Capt. D. Methinks no lengthy description could bring that sad scene more vividly before the mind than these few words of him whose work it was to guide the ship, and to whom, humanly speaking, so many looked for protection. The cold winter winds without—the fierce flames within—the dark clouds and darker night above, and the wild angry waters all around! The Captain sees the whole, is a longing in his spirit that find vent in words a seaman can well understand, "Another Anchor!" The cry is lost amid the tempest; the waters give no echo back. There was no other anchor. A few more hours—and when the morning came it looked upon blackened timbers, scattered here and there, and told a silent tale.

Another anchor! Life, mortal life, is a sound that lieth between oceans and ever subject to changing waters; now calm and beautiful, anon, cold, tempest-tossed and troubled; the shore is often deceiving, and cruel rocks lie hid beneath the rolling tide!—Surely for such a voyage a strong anchor is needed; an anchor for every voyage, and yet but one anchor. What is this? O let me whisper—"an anchor of the soul sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil." Of the many who enter on life's voyage, but few bethink then of the anchor they all so much need. Some imagine they have a stay in morality, (and morality is beautiful, indeed, but not saving,) some in outward respect to religion, some in highly wrought feeling and fair conceptions of piety, some in viewing God as all-merciful, forgetting He is equally just and will only justify such of the ungodly as believe in Jesus. The time would fail to enumerate all the stays men make to themselves for life's sound waters that must sooner or later empty into the broad ocean of eternity. A few and following the teaching of God's holy word, we may say, the blessed few, have sought and obtained the true anchor whose superscription is "Hope in Jesus Christ,"—whose promised help, "entrance in the veil." The waters of life roll on life's day advances—the night draws nigh—fearful storms gather, and, the bark finds it hard to bear up, yea, she strikes, flames burst from within and she must sink: lonely suffering ones wander up and down the wreck, or cling tightly to fancied supports, and what is the cry borne forth over the dark waters? It is—"another anchor! Morality will not do, formality will not do, sentimentalism will not do,—another anchor for my soul!"

Look again;—who are those, torn by natural fear, it is true, shrinking from suffering, yet calm in soul, submissive in spirit, and comforted unspeakably? 'Tis they who hold the sure and steadfast anchor. Blessed be God for an anchor sufficient for the time of nature's eternity. Dear reader, what of your spirit's support? If you be without the true stay, O receive this warning, you will need it. If possessed of the strong anchor, cling very closely to it; some once professing the same seem to have lost it.

We shall not always be borne over sound waters in a frail vessel—we shall not always meet contrary winds black clouds and troubled waves.—No, not always! A sweet land-rest remaineth. And soon, quite soon, all weary voyagers who hold the sure anchor shall cast it in the heaven and step upon the peaceful shore to go no more back forever! ANNA. MOUNT PROSPECT, VA., 1863.

The Light-house Keeper.

A distinguished traveller narrates the following incident:—"Being at Calais, I climbed up into the light-house and conversed with the keeper. 'Suppose,' said I, 'that one of these lights should go out!' 'Never! impossible!' he cried, with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis. 'Sir,' said he, pointing to the ocean, 'yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If, to-night, one of my burners were to go out, within six months would come a letter, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, on such a night at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir, sometimes, in the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out! Burn dim! O, never!'"

That keeper truly felt the responsibility of his position. His duty was to keep lights continually burning during the night, for the guidance of vessels.

The Christian is a light-house keeper. The world is enveloped in moral darkness. This is not merely an incident or attribute of its conditions, but its essence and principal element. It is a darkness that pervades and overshadows all human society.

Joy over Sinners' Repentance.

Suppose one of your brothers should fall into the river and there sink down under the deep waters, and before he could be rescued, he should grow cold and pale, and seem to be dead; your father takes the little boy in his arms, and carries him home, and then they wrap him up in warm flannel and lay him on the bed. The doctor comes and goes into the room with your father and mother, to see if it is possible to save the little boy's life. The doctor says that nobody may go into the room but the parents. They go in and shut the door, and a few moments is to decide whether or not the child can live. Oh! then how would you go to the door, and walk around with a step soft as velvet, and hearken to know whether the dear boy lives. And after you had listened for some time, treading softly and speaking in whispers and breathing short, the doors open, and your mother comes out, and there are tears in her eyes! Is he dead?—says one, in a faint, sinking whisper—"he is dead?" Oh! no—no—your brother lives and will be well again! Oh! what a thrill of joy do you feel.—What leaping up in gladness! Now there is such a joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. The sinner has been sick, but the Gospel has been taken as the remedy, and he is to live forever. Do you wonder that the angels rejoice at it?—Rev. J. Todd.

BLESSEDNESS IN SORROW.—There are times when some great sorrow has torn the mind away from its familiar supports, and laid level those defences which in prosperity seemed so stable—when the most rooted convictions of the reason seem rottenness, and the blossom of our heavenward imagination goes up before the blast as dust—when our works, our joys, and hopes, with all their multitude, and pomp, and glory, seem to go down together into the pit, and the soul is left as a garden that bath no water, and as a wandering bird cast out of the nest. In that day of trouble, and of treading down and perplexity, the noise of viols, the mirth of the tabret, and the joy of the harp, are silent in the grave. Blessed is the man who, when cast into utter wretchedness, when far away from all creatures and from all comfort, can yet be willing, amidst all his tears and anguish, there to remain long as God shall please.—British Quarterly.

THE NEEDFUL PREPARATION.—We hear men constantly exhorting each other to "prepare to die." There is no such requisition in the Bible. The mandate is, "Prepare to meet thy God!" This language comes with all the weight of Divinity to every son

and daughter of Adam. Sinner, will you obey it? What preparation must you make, do you ask? Robe yourself in the righteousness of Jesus Christ, lest, appearing at God's bar naked and friendless, you be banished not into nonentity, but into torment, where, just as long as the eternal God lives, you will live. Jesus Christ is your only hope. Embrace him by faith, and you can meet your God in peace. Reject him, and you are lost forever!

Spiritualism.

Some of our exchanges have alluded to the interview which Mr. Lincoln is said to have had with the spirit of Knox, Washington and others, and from whom he could obtain no satisfactory information in reference to the present war. We are sorry to state that our enemies are not the only ones engaged in this manifest folly.—We learn that many of our soldiers and the wives of soldiers in our city, are daily consulting a certain fortune-teller in reference to the future. Whether this is done for mere amusement, or under the belief that the future can in this way be revealed, it is positively sinful. In the one case such persons bestow their money upon an unworthy individual, and in the other they are degrading their own ideas of God, and insulting the Majesty of Heaven by supposing that his secret purposes can be read through the shuffling of cards and the mummery of an old woman. Our soldiers and their wives may rely upon it, that if any spirit is evoked, it is that spirit whom the Bible calls "The Father of Lies."—Southern Lutheran.

Hearing and Doing.

I have read a story of two men, who, walking together, found a young tree laden with fruit. They both gathered and satisfied themselves at present. One of them took all the remaining fruit, and carried it away with him; the other took the tree, and planted it in his own ground, where it prospered and brought forth fruit every year, so that, though the former had more at present yet this had some when he had none. They who hear the Word, and have large memories; and nothing else, may carry away most of the Word at present; yet he that (possibly) can remember little, who carrieth away the tree, plants the Word in his heart, and obeys it in his life, shall have fruit when the other hath none.

PRAYER THE NIGHT BEFORE BATTLE.—A member of the Rockbridge Artillery writes that "on Friday, the 1st of May, we occupied the same position on the hill as in the battle of December 13th, and here upon a spot hallowed by sad association with the names of a Coleman, a McCorkle, a Fairfax and other, we assembled around a cheerful fire and united in fervent prayer and praise to Almighty God. The meeting was largely attended and very solemn. The address was upon the uncertainty of life, and we were pointed to Christ as our only salvation from sin, and in whom only we could trust in the day of battle. With renewed zeal, an firmer faith we lay down to sleep that night, as a preparation for the solemn scenes of the coming day."

A GAINFUL SURRENDER.—When you give yourself to Christ, you make the best bargain you ever made—you will receive yourself back, ennobled, exalted, purified, made free. You will be more your own than ever. That which ought to obey will obey. The true balance of power will be restored within you, and God will be as he ought to be, supreme. When you labor to subdue yourself to Christ you are laboring to drive out the tyrants and robbers who have usurped possession of you; and when heart and will are recovered to Christ, they are restored to you, and you shall rule over that mysterious citadel of the will and vast domain of the affections and faculties, lord of yourself and loyal servant to Him.

The man who first introduced the fanning-mill into Scotland was denounced as an atheist; he was getting up gales of wind when Providence willed a calm!

The Hero of the War.

The hero of this war is a natural curiosity, and a subject well worthy the study of our most erudite scholars and sage philosophers. He is not to be found in the tented field.—He sports no gold lace, brandishes not a sword, nor is his chapeau decorated with feather or plume. His walk is a peaceful one; though his profession is blood, blood! Every community, we presume, is blest with one or more of these Caesars. They are to be seen sitting about the street corners, with the latest morning paper, reading aloud to all the passers-by, and criticising at a fearful rate the conduct of our military leaders, and planning sieges, battles and campaigns, which according to their good judgment would invariably result in victories and brilliant achievements to the Confederates, such as never before perched upon the banners of any soldiery.

Before the war began, we confess to having had a kind of horror for this class of heroes; indeed, we might as well acknowledge that we were slightly afraid of them—so wrathful were they, and so plainly did their actions indicate bloodshed, and that they were literally spoiling for a fight. But as the war progressed, the vehement exasperation of these desperate characters gradually subsided, and in proportion to the calls for troops, and in the same ratio of the need of reinforcements, just so did these men quiet themselves down, until at this time a more peaceably disposed and kind hearted set of fellows can't be found. And so far from being intimidated by them (it is unnecessary to fear them) as in days gone by, we of late feel something of a commiseration for them. Not that they have suffered any pecuniary losses by the war—oh, no! by no means!—but on account of their bodily infirmities, poor fellows, they are, who, two years ago were hearty, healthy, and hale, now limp on crutches and canes, and are afflicted with all kinds of ailments, rheumatism generally predominating. That healthy men should in so short a space of time give way to lingering, painful disease, is a fact to be deplored; yet it is quite consoling to witness the ardent inclination possessed by these men,—if they were only able to lend a helping hand. How cheering to the timid, on hearing of a disaster to our arms, for one of these valiant gentry to point out the errors and blindness of the commander, and how invigorating it is when he invariably concludes by asserting a fact which no one denies, that he ought to have been in the fight himself!

But when tidings of victory are received, then does our hero disport himself to the admiration of all; then is he in his proper element; and then does he render himself most agreeable and most interesting. He then feels that he has a duty to perform—that he was created for a purpose. "Have you heard the news?" shouts our hero, in stentorian voice to every passer-by—"Lee's gainin' on 'em, an' by this time he's thought to be over in Illinois; we've gained one of the greatest vict'rys yet; it's hard to tell what we have done; but we are doing more than we expected we could accomplish, and before three months from to-day we will fight out our independence!" But this quotation is incomplete, and we give it not so much as a specimen of the hero's oratory, as to let the reader know what our rheumatic friend and his noble compatriots in Virginia and elsewhere are really doing.

Some people, and especially those who did not wade through blood until it was actually spilled, are inclined to condemn these sickly and spavined warriors, who quietly slay a thousand Yankees per day; but we say all honor to them! noble spirits! Their presence is cheering, their speculations exhilarating, and when they shall become sufficiently recuperated so as to take the field, their ardor will enthrall our jaded soldiers with an unconquerable devotion.—Ex. paper.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.
Thursday, July 13, 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. B. BARNES, 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 Alabama Female College.

The Twelfth Annual Examination and Commencement exercises of this institution occurred on Tuesday and Wednesday the 30th June and 1st of July. On the Sabbath previous, the Rev. I. T. Tichenor, of Montgomery, preached the sermon in the Baptist Church, from the text, "The glorious gospel of the blessed God." It was not a speech to show that women were angels; but was a masterly sermon upon just such a subject as well befits such occasions; and left its impress upon the audience.

We do not think that the occasion has ever been surpassed in interest in the history of the College. Notwithstanding the condition of the country, the attendance was as large as usual, and the young ladies acquitted themselves most creditably. The examination showed that both Faculty and pupils had discharged their duties faithfully.

On Wednesday a class of six young ladies received their Diplomas, having completed the course of studies prescribed in the College curriculum. The compositions of the class were superb, and were listened to with profound interest by an appreciative audience. The Baccalaureate of President Battle was just such an address as the times demanded. We trust its kindly counsels will never be forgotten by the graduating class; especially that portion of it which referred to the "fast young lady."

The concert on Wednesday night was considered, by competent judges, the best that had yet occurred in the institution, not so much in simple display as in the precision and ease with which the several pieces were executed.

Altogether the occasion was a most pleasant episode in our town, throwing over the dull monotony of sifting telegrams from the seat of war, the sunshine of cheerfulness and joy. It seemed to put every body in a better humor with our Generals, and to breathe into every heart the inspiration of a still higher hope for our country.

The next session will open on the first Monday of October next.

Judson Female Institute.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Catalogue of this institution is before us, together with the Programme of the graduating exercises and concert. A more extended account of the exercises will be found in another column, kindly furnished by our brother Spalding of Selma.

It is almost fabulous to say it, in these war times; but the catalogue shows an attendance during the past year of two hundred and forty-one pupils. It really does ones heart good to record the prosperity of an institution, which has so long been an honor to the State and country. President Davis deserves the lasting gratitude of the country for his indefatigable labors in preserving the old status of the "Institute" amid the embarrassments of this terrible revolution. God bless the old Judson in its career of usefulness to Church and State!

Rev. O. Welch.

We publish in another column an account of a sad providence in respect to this venerable minister of Christ. We are gratified to know, however, that he is improving, and that the prospect is, that he will finally recover. Many hearts will join in earnest prayer to Almighty God to spare his useful life. Such an occurrence is seldom recorded; and that it did not prove fatal at once, shows how strangely mercy is mingled with judgment in the cop which our Father in heaven gives to his dear children. May God spare his aged servant, and give him strength to show forth his praises, before he goes home to be no more!

Acknowledgements.

We have received, through the hands of the Pastor, Rev. J. W. Williams, of Ousseta, the following amounts: From Bethesda Church, for missions, \$50 00; From the army, for Testaments, 35 00; From Antioch Church, for Testaments, 35 00; For tracts for soldiers, 7 50.

Total, \$127 50.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us."

Divine providence, rightly interpreted, is as clear an evidence of the divine will, as if that will were expressed by the pen of inspiration. This must be so, since the same God rules in providence who has given us his word. His word announces his determinations—his providence executes those determinations. The latter is but the echo of the other—making his word of prophecy.

In the light of this truth, it is not inappropriate for us humbly to inquire into those evidences of the divine presence and favor with which our cause has been blessed since the beginning of this fearful struggle. If it can be made to appear that the "Lord of hosts is with us," then have we no reason to "fear what man can do unto us." We can then say, in the face of all our enemies, even if they were twice or thrice as numerous as they are, "more are they who are for us, than they who are against us."

The first great fact that strikes us, in this connection, is, that, from the beginning of this war until now, we have had no sympathy from any quarter of the world—nay, further, that all civilized nations have really sided with our enemies—and that single-handed, so far as human aid is concerned, we have met the shock successfully, and for two years and a half have defended ourselves against two or three times our numbers of enemies. So signally has this truth stood out upon the history of these times, that our enemies themselves are beginning to admit it. Many of them have declared that "to maintain the conflict any longer is to fight against Almighty God." In the face of this fact, it seems to us that that man must be "an atheist clean" who can entertain a serious doubt as to the final issue. "The Lord of hosts is with us," the God of Jacob is our refuge, our enemies themselves being judges. Such triumphs as we have achieved in the face of such embarrassments, stand without a parallel in the history of the world for centuries. The Lord has led us in a way that we had not known. We committed our cause to Him at the outset and invoked his aid—but that has come in a way of which we little dreamed. Our politicians, and many of our people, perhaps all of them, expected foreign intervention in some form. But instead of this, all the intervention that has occurred at all has been against us. Like Israel of old, "we dwell alone, and are not reckoned among the nations." His aid has been vouchsafed to us, however, just in that measure and manner, which has done us more substantial good, than if every throne in Europe had formed a treaty with us offensive and defensive at the opening of this struggle. He has given us a President every way qualified for the position, as a Christian and a statesman. He has given unity to our Confederate counsels. He has raised up a class of Generals, than whom a greater never figured upon the historic page. He has given us an army such as never before disputed the arrogant claims of despotism. And He has imparted to our people a patient continuance in the glorious cause, in the face of the most desolating war that has cursed the earth since the dawn of civilization, which has challenged the admiration of the world. These considerations may well reconcile us to the cold hearted policy of surrounding nations, and inspire that unwavering confidence for the future in the Dixie arm, which lies at the basis of every thing that is noble in human conduct.

Another marked evidence of the divine favor, an evidence to which no Christian can be indifferent, is, that for some six or eight months past, the Spirit of God has been poured out upon the Confederate army in a manner which has seldom, if ever, been realized before in the tented field. Converts to Christianity, within that period, have, by the best authorities we have consulted, been numbered by thousands. From the Rappahannock to the Mississippi, and perhaps in the trans-Mississippi department, the "shout of a King has been in our camps," as He has subdued our veteran warriors to the omnipotence of grace! What a sublime spectacle is this for the contemplation of the Christian world! Isolated from all sympathy without—shut up to the simple alternative of trusting in God and in their own right arms, and courageous hearts, God is teaching a lesson to the world, through our nation, that cannot soon be forgotten, that those who trust in Him cannot be confounded, even though the nations of the earth "set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed, saying, let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak to them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure." How has He vexed

our enemies in His wrath and sore displeasure, by bringing to nought all their well conceived plans, and overthrowing their hosts with signal disaster and defeat in their insane attempts to "crush the rebellion!" Today a more fearful panic pervades the dominions of the Washington despot, than has been realized since the war commenced. They are now tasting the sweets of invasion; and those who were but recently gloating over scenes of desolation on Southern soil, with demoniacal joy, are now flying before our invincible soldiers to the rocks and mountains of Pennsylvania. Conscious that they have richly provoked the ruin which they have been attempting to bring to our doors, they are expecting nothing but the abomination of desolation to follow in the wake of the Southern army. Deluded wretches! They judge of us by themselves. They cannot comprehend that magnanimity and gallantry which protects women and children from the ravages of war!—How will their cheeks flash with shame, when the passion of the hour subsides, and history shall read in letters of fire the contrast between Yankee barbarities and Southern chivalry! between fanaticism and Christianity!—It seems as if God, by an unparalleled work of grace, had prepared the Virginia army to teach our enemies a lesson of forbearance and magnanimity under the most trying circumstances, on purpose to fix the most indelible stigma upon their national character.

Once more: We must not forget to mention the unparalleled blessings of God in crowning our fields with plenty. Failing in every other method of subjugating us, our enemies set themselves to the task of starving us into submission. They invoked "General Starvation" to do what all their other Generals had failed to do. But in this, as in every other instance, we have found that God is a present help in every time of trouble. He "has crowned the year with goodness;" His "paths" have literally "dropped fatness." From one end of the Confederacy to the other, "the valleys are covered over with corn." Such an abundance of provision for man and beast was never witnessed by any living man. It is certain that there is no Elijah among our enemies to lock up the great store house of nature, and abscond with the key, or it would long since have been done.

From these facts and many others that might be mentioned, it is not strange that many thoughtful men in the dominion of the despot, have wisely concluded that to fight against the South any longer, is to fight against God; and that all their schemes of subjugation must end in disaster to themselves. We have but to be true to our God and our cause, and our success is neither problematical nor distant. Let us then gird up the lions of our minds for the final struggle, not doubting that He who has led us thus far in safety, will bring us in triumph to the end; and that ere long from every temple and altar in our land, millions of glad voices shall join in celebrating in exultant notes the praises of Him who has gotten us the victory!

Acknowledgements.

A few weeks since, we published a proposition from our friend and brother Horace Ware, of Shelby county to be one of five or ten to give one hundred dollars each to send the S. W. Baptist to the soldiers of the Confederate army. Last week, we received two installments—the one from bro. Ware himself, the other from General L. W. Lawler, of Talladega. We hear of another hundred dollars on the way, which will reach us, we suppose before we go to press. Beside those, and sundry other smaller individual contributions, several churches are sending us amounts varying from twenty to seventy dollars for the same purpose. All these we are applying as directed, or where it is left to our discretion, to such portions of the army as can be most certainly reached by mail.

Brigadier General Garrott.

Perhaps no man has fallen in this barbarous war who will be more missed in Alabama at least than General Garrott. At an early stage of the war he entered the service as Colonel of the 20th Reg. Ala. Volunteers. His superior talents and indefatigable labors secured for him the highest confidence of officers and soldiers, as exhibited in his recent promotion to a Brigadier Generalship. He was one of the first lawyers of the country; was for many years President of the Board of Trustees of Howard College, and intimately connected with the growth and prosperity of that institution from its establishment; was an ornament to the Christian name, and a true type of that Southern chivalry which has purchased for the Confederate army the admiration of the civilized world. O, it is sad to think that the boon of liberty and independence can only be purchased by the sacrifice of such men

—one of whom is worth legions of those miserable hordes of Northern vandals who come to desolate our homes.

We tender our deepest sympathies to the family, the church, and the community, of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

"Re-entering the Old Union."

It is said of one of our Tuskegee boys in Ewell's corps, on being impudently asked by a Pennsylvania lady who he and his comrades were, answered, "We are ragged rebels from Alabama, re-entering the Old Union!" It would seem from the heroic efforts of the Yankees to restore "the glorious (?) Union," that the advent of so many Southerners into "the best government the world ever saw" (!) would be hailed with exultant shouts—that Lee, and Ewell, and Longstreet, and their compatriots would be all the toast among our "northern brethren" (!) But it seems that the "poor farmers" of that loyal State, who have been gloating over the scenes of desolation in Virginia, are absolutely flying in dismay, with their horses, sheep and cattle, to the mountains!—Now we submit that this is a very singular method of showing their patriotic love to their "Southern brethren." It is even intimated that our Generals in the "Key stone State," will be obliged to resort to impressments to get provisions; and that too among a people whose love for their "Southern brethren" absolutely knows no bounds! It must be a great source of grief to our army that their advances are so repulsive.

For the South Western Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., June 27 1863.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: I had the pleasure of spending a little while in Marion on the occasion of the Judson commencement. The examination was completed before my arrival.

The concert was conducted by President Davis himself, who, in the absence of the Principal of this Department, had but a few weeks to arrange this Musical Entertainment. I had known somewhat of the genius of President Davis at Mercer University, where we were schoolmates, but I was not prepared to see my friend so successfully handling this new department of artistic accomplishment.

The pleasing exercises of Commencement Day, were marred by the fact that, only two days before, one of the Senior class had been laid away in her last resting place. Her Essay was upon this theme "Rest a reward," and its closing words were "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." From these very words, were the sweet lessons of her life re-uttered over her sleeping form and then—they laid her away.

Sadly now, we breathe our chorus,
"Lead the hap to sorrow's land;
"Let it sign in mournful measure
"On the breaking of our band."

THE VALEDICTORIES.

The most prominent features of the last day, were the address of President Davis, when about to confer the diplomas, and the valedictories so beautifully tendered by Miss Lizzie Billingsley. Deeply pious, foremost intellectual star of this duodecimal constellation, was this valedictorian. I could not feel, as she addressed us, that if it were necessary that the destiny of our struggling Confederacy, should ever hang trembling in the balance, to be turned one way or the other, by some great womanly address, it might safely be committed to the eye and face, and mind and heart that gave us that parting valedictory:—and silently was breathed the prayer, from more hearts than one, that some great labor in her Master's vineyard, might be given to her hands and heart.

The President's Address, as I caught it with my pencil, was somewhat as follows:

For 25 years this community has looked upon such scenes as this; and yet they view this scene to-day with unabated interest. Many things conspire to make this day a day of pleasurable emotion; yet there are other things that render it one of deepest sadness. It is pleasant thus to look upon a band of lovely youth, to see you just entering upon the more active duties of life, to meet you in this last act of your college life, to look back on the delightful episodes that have arisen,—to behold the ties of tender affection which exist between you, to welcome you here as Graduates and to bestow upon you the indices of your attainments, to welcome you from your College Hall into social life, and to positions where you will yield lovely and admirable influence upon all around you. But this is also a day of sadness. Indeed, the occasions for sadness have never, for 25 years, been so many as they are to-day. It is sad to part from you, perhaps not to see you for years, perhaps never. Sad for you to part from your teachers who have watched over you and instructed you; to go

out into an unknown future; but there are thoughts which are sadder still.

I recur to a scene, 12 months ago, when you stood before me as you do to-day, and when you separated and went to your homes. Then there was one, full of all hope of long life and usefulness and honor, who went home to meet her loved father and mother, and in a few short weeks had died and was laid away. Before you returned, Dora Hardy, was sleeping in her grave. This is fact sad and melancholy enough. But there is yet another still more sad; one that to day affects all hearts. By that vacant chair, by that badge of sorrow which each of you is wearing; by this unread Essay in my hand, and our deep sorrow, are we reminded that one of your number is absent.—You are here surrounded by your friends. Your father and mother are here. Her father is here too, but he sees not his child. He has left her in her last resting place beneath the sod. Last Sabbath only was she taken.—But I cannot trust myself to speak fully of her. Lizzie C. Edwards was one of the most lovely girls I ever knew.—For years, she was under my care, and I never knew the slightest charge against her good deportment. Deeply pious, she loved her Savior supremely. But she is not here. You are here surrounded by your friends. So is she also surrounded by her friends in the heavenly world. You are singing here to-day; but can these songs compare with those, which, from her lips, are ever bursting now? She has gone to her rest, and her "rest" is her "reward." Let us thank God for her sweet and lovely example, and for the hope we have of her present joy.

It but remains for me to sever the last tie of your collegiate life, and I here bestow these Diplomas most willingly upon you; for there never was a class to whom they were more worthily given.

A. T. S.

For the South Western Baptist.

Salem Association and her Missionaries.

S. B. McJUNKIN and Wm. McIntosh. This body, composed of thirty-one churches, all (except five) situated in Pike County, Ala., has for a number of years employed an Associational Missionary and Colporteur to travel in her territory and regions beyond, planting churches and scattering broadcast the word of life, religious literature, &c.

Having cultivated the entire field around her, and established a church in every suitable locality, the Army offered (at the last session,) an inviting field of labor. Instructed by the body, her Executive Committee employed Elder S. B. McJunkin to labor as an evangelist in Law's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, &c.

Bro. McJ. went out as a private in the "Midway Guards," 15th Ala. Reg't, in July 1861, and was an active participant in all the bloody conflicts, which marked the career of the lamented Jackson in his memorable Valley campaign, around Richmond, Harpers Ferry, Sharpsville, 2nd Manassas, &c.

In the last named engagement he was wounded severely in the wrist and shoulder, entirely unfitting him for field service.

Early in April this faithful soldier returned to his companions in arms, the immortal 15th Ala., which is a member of Law's Brigade, and commenced vigorously to "do the work of an evangelist." His "praise is in all the churches" here, (being a member of Salem Association) and he has good report in camps as a "minister of the New Testament."

Elder Wm. McIntosh of Micco, Creek Nation, has been supported by this Association for some years; early in the struggle for Independence this brother entered the service in command of a Company, preaching when opportunity offered. Havelock like, he wields the sword of steel, and "the sword of the Spirit" among his followers, "the red men of the West." Bro. McIntosh has now been promoted to the Lieut. Colonelcy of his Reg't, we understand, thus exerting a widespread influence as a Christian warrior.

These brethren desire to be remembered specially, in the supplications for all saints, by the lovers of Christ Jesus.

June 25th 1863. OKLOSIS.

N. B.—Persons who pledged sums for the support of these brethren at the last Association, are requested to send up the amounts to M. M. Dennis, Treasurer, Orion, Pike Co., Ala.

For the South Western Baptist.

CANTON, June 28th, 1863.

Rev. Mr. Henderson, Tuskegee Ala.

Permit me through you, to transmit to the ladies of the Baptist Church of your city, an acknowledgement of the receipt of valuable presents. The absorbing events that had even then commenced transpiring in blood, must be my apology for this long delay. The "gifts" received, I appreciate as a tribute to down trodden and neglected Missouri; especially to our Missouri soldiers. Personal toils and sufferings of one officer could not merit the be-

towment of so beautiful a compliment, but rather the endurance and gratitude of Missouri soldiers are competent to elicit it. Those of the 3rd Mo. Cav., who have survived the recent exposures, shocks of Battle, with their commander, which ever entertain grateful recollections of the patriotic ladies and citizens of Tuskegee. Of your fair ladies, I have the honor to be sir, with great respect, one of their defenders.

D. T. SAWYER.

For the South Western Baptist.

At a called meeting of the Board of Trustees of Howard College, Jno. H. Esqr., announced the death of Bro. Gen. I. W. Garrott, and moved the appointment of a committee to report their sense of loss by this melancholy event. Whereupon John Moore, Jas. I. Bailey and E. A. Blunt, were appointed and after retiring reported the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the painful intelligence has reached us that our beloved brother in Christ, ISHAM W. GARROTT has fallen by the hands of our ruthless enemy in defence of all that is dear to freemen, and whereas, he was the earnest friend of education, for many years a fellow-laborer with us as a Trustee, and at the time of his death the President of this Board, and whereas, in communion with the community in which he lived, the Churches of which he was a member, and the profession which he adorned, we deplore his death. Be it therefore Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Gen. Garrott, the country has lost a devoted and patriotic son, the cause of benevolence a liberal supporter, their Board a wise councillor, and the gospel an humble professor and firm friend.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to his bereaved family the assurance of our unaffected sympathy, and commend them to our merciful God and Saviour, who has said, "leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive and let thy widows trust in me."

Resolved, That the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this Board, and a copy signed by the President pro tem and secretary, be conveyed to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the South Western Baptist and Marion Commonwealth.

W. B. McINTOSH,

President pro tem.

J. B. LOVELACE Sec'y.

Marion, Ala., July 3rd 1863.

Struck by Lightning.

About 5 o'clock on Thursday evening while Rev. Oliver Welch, Nathaniel Welch, Col. Christie and Mrs. Dr. Gorman were in the sitting room of the Depot at Alpine, a bolt of lightning struck the stove pipe and came down into the room with terrible violence.—Rev. Mr. Welch who was sitting with his hands crossed upon his abdomen, was stricken on the left arm just below the joint—the fluid tearing off the skin and bruising the flesh down to the hand. One finger was cut nearly off and both hands injured and cut him in places. The abdomen where his hands rested severely bruised. The current then passed down the right limb tearing off the skin and burning the flesh deeply to the breadth of three inches, till it reached the foot which was split entirely open between the first and second toe. The big toe was cut off or consumed. The fissure in the foot is from two to three inches in length. The current passed through the floor immediately under Mr. Welch's foot making a hole in the plank some fifteen inches long and an inch or an inch and a half wide.

Mr. Nat. Welch, who was standing near was stricken on the hip, the current burning a furrow down to the heel, a part of which was cut out. The clothes of these persons were torn to shreds. The sleeves reduced to fragments. The spectacle's case in Mr. O. Welch's pocket flattened and melted at both ends.

The other persons present were started and shocked but sustained no permanent injury. Adog under the floor was killed. Mr. Nat. Welch is doing well but his father's injuries being so extensive and numerous his condition is somewhat critical. His numerous friends sympathize with him and hope he and his son may soon be well.

A. B. M.

ALPINE, Talladega Co., June 29 1863.

BRETHREN EDITORS: Rev. O. Welch and Nathaniel Welch mentioned above, I am happy to say are both improving. All the wounds are healing rapidly except the foot of O. Welch, it presents no unfavorable symptoms.

Col. Christie is more seriously hurt than at first supposed. Mrs. Gorman fully recovered. Respect.

W. A. WELCH.

POISONED MEDICINE.—A gentleman writing to us from Montgomery, Louisiana, under date of the 8th inst., says: "Warn your readers of the danger of using medicines coming through the Yankee lines. It is poisoned. I am

Laura.

Fannydale June 2.

Death in the Household.

"There is no death ; what seems so is transition—
This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death."

Simplicity of Truth.

'Now, Emily,' said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, 'I desire to understand if you know the nature of an oath?' 'I don't know what you mean,' was the simple answer.

heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me into her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments and then we

EXERCISE.—Would a man know whether he loves God, let him be frequent in acts of love. The more the fire is blown up, the sooner it is seen; and so with all graces. Sometimes good people question whether they

The Productive Power of the South.

Fortunately for us, public opinion has sanctioned the idea that he who exchanges the last golden dollar, and imports ten cents calico, and sells it for three dollars a yard, is a benefactor to his country, while the ingenious

amassed fortunes of late, by standing in the way of the manufacturer and consumer. The present policy is calculated to demoralize the community and paralyze honest labor.

DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

J. H. CADDENHEAD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala.,
Will practice in Counties of Macon, Montgomery, &c.
near Chickasaw and Do.

poosa, Chambers, and Russell.
June 13, 1961.

MEDICAL NOTICE

DR. W. E. DRISKELL has located at his father's residence, where he can be found at all times, when not professional 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 Session, comprising nine months, is held at

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

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

As no Steward has been engaged for the present, and

accommodations for Boarders have been provided, in the best private families of the place. By early application to the Principal, special arrangements will be made, and communicated to boarders before the Season begins. Those who do not thus apply in advance will upon the

The charge for Board has been successively advanced, and keep pace with the increased value 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, the text books, they will be likely to need, as there are probably be some difficulty in procuring them from the book stores.

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

Rates per Term (3 months).

College Classes.....	\$16 65
Board, room, &c.....	12 35

Preparatory	13 25
Primary	19 00
Latin, Greek or French	19 00
Instrumental Music with use Inst.	20 00
Vocal Music (in class)	1 65
Drawing and Painting	\$10 to 16 45
Incidental Expenses	1 00

Tuskegee, Sept. 11, 1862. n15-1f



JUBSON'S
FEMALE INSTITUTE

Twenty-Fifth Annual Session.
THE Exercises of the Judson Institute will

will be resumed October 1st. All department
will be maintained in their usual efficiency.
For Circular, Catalogue or unpublished par-
ticulars 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 THE
SIDE announces that in consequence of the
numbers of the new series being exhausted, and in view
that new subscribers may begin with the commencement
of a NEW STORY, "Bellmont" will be completed in
Number 5, Jan. 31, and the PRIZE STORY of
"THE RANDOLPHS OF RANDOLPH HILL"
By MISS SERENA A. NIXON of Charleston, S.C.

will be commenced in Number 8, Feb. 7th, and all sub-
scriptions received at the office on and after the 24th of
January, will be entered on the books and commence with
the Prize Story.

TERMS:

For One Year.....	\$3.00
For Six Months.....	1.50

[illegible]

Feb. 12, 1863. August, 64

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 take edited by Rev. J. L. Reynolds, D. D., and Rev. J. C. Breakey. We have been induced to undertake this enterprise by conviction that the time has come when the demand for such a paper by our own denomination, in the State, (numbering now more than fifty thousand

members,) ought to be supplied. It will be the role of the Proprietors and Editors to make this paper a watchman on the walls of Zion, a messenger of good tidings to its readers, and worthy in every respect, of its station.

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

All communications must be addressed to—THE GOVERNMENT BAPTIST, at Columbia, S. C. or to either of the Proprietors.

S. W. BOOKHART, Proprietor.
A. K. BURMAN, Editor.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August, 1862.

PROSPECTUS.

THE publication of the "SENTINEL" newspaper, which has been suspended since the occupation of Alexandria by the enemy, will shortly be resumed in the city of Richmond, and on an enlarged basis. The best outside the times will allow has been secured, and is now being collected; and it is the intention of the parties associated

The "SENINEN" will have the good of the country, its controlling and animating aim; and will warmly sympathize with whatever is calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people. It will gladly take every good citizen as a co-laborer. It will be biased by special interests. It will have no individual ambition, no subversive and no personal prejudices to indulge. Independent of all, and just to all, it will not know how to be

The first number of the "Sentinel," under its new name, will appear about the first of March—perhaps a few days later.

days sooner or 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 issues. To enable us to contravene these at the same time with the Daily, as we expect to do, we have those disposed to subscribe, to send in their names once.

The terms of the "SENTINEL" will be strictly

the terms of the "SENTINEL" will be advanced, and otherwise, as follows:

Daily Sentinel, one year.....
" " " six months.....
" " " one month.....
Semi-Weekly Sentinel, one year.....
" " " six months.....

No paper, except the daily, mailed for less than six months. Papers discontinued when the time paid for expires, unless the subscription be previously renewed.

The "Sentinel" will be conducted under the partnership name of SMITH, BAILEY & CO. The Editorial Management of the paper will be under the charge of E. M. SMITH. The Business Department will be conducted by A. M. BAILEY.

Address: SMITH, BAILEY & CO.,
"Sentinel" Office, Richmond, Va.

The Office of the "SENTINEL" will be in the new brick building lately occupied by Blanton & Porter, corner of Franklin and Governor streets, opposite the "White" office, and near the Ballard House.

March 6, 1862. 30.