

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

The S. W. Baptist.
TUSKEGEE, A. I. A.:
Thursday, Feb. 4, 1864.
AGENT.
B. B. DAVIS, of the "Book Emporium," Montgomery, Ala., is authorized agent to receive subscriptions and dues for our paper.

Rags! Rags!!
We will pay the highest market price for rags at this office. It is now our only chance to get paper. Will our patrons and friends who desire the continuance of our paper, save their rags, and send them in at their earliest convenience?

Notice the Red (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.

To our Patrons.
From and after the first of January, 1864, the subscription price of the South Western Baptist will be five dollars per annum. The price of material and labor leaves us no other alternative, unless we suspend altogether.

Why Despond?
Some of our people are despondent; but when asked for a reason of their despondency, they invariably refer to the battle of Missionary Ridge. They seem to think that because we lost that battle, the chances are at least equal that we shall be overrun, if not subjugated. Now, what has the enemy gained by that battle? A new base of supplies, which necessitates the employment of not less than twenty-five or thirty thousand more soldiers to guard. We have no desire to underestimate the advantages of the enemy, neither is there any necessity that we should overestimate them. Gen'l Grant's line of defense stretches from Bridgeport to Knoxville, a distance of more than 100 miles. Every point must be guarded with sleepless vigilance. In addition to this, his rear must be guarded from Chattanooga to Louisville. This will require from forty to fifty thousand troops. His supply trains are in constant danger of capture. Gen'l Longstreet has already taken five hundred of his wagons, eight hundred beaves, and two flat boats of provisions within the last two weeks. With such embarrassments constantly surrounding him, he will be in no condition to begin active operations for months.

To our mind, our condition is by no means as perilous as it was in the spring of 1862. Fort Donaldson had been captured, Nashville had fallen, and a victorious army were pressing us at Corinth in overwhelming numbers, while we could not arm the men that were then rushing to the field. McClellan was threatening Richmond with an army of nearly two hundred thousand, and Johnston, with not more than forty thousand, had retreated to the immediate defenses of the city, where other forces soon joined him. Belonged by such a force in Virginia, and confronted by such fearful odds in the West, it did seem that we were on the very brink of ruin. And yet, by the blessing of God, these immense armies were defeated, and finally melted away as the morning dew. It is supposed that out of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand men who landed at Yorktown in the spring of '62, not more than fifty thousand effective men returned; while Buell's army fared not much better. We ask then in all seriousness, are not our prospects in the field at least, better now than they were two years ago? We have more troops now than then—the enemy have fewer. We are better armed by a hundred per cent. Instead of ten thousand demoralized troops with which Gen'l A. S. Johnston retreated before Buell to Corinth, we have ten times this number, infantry and cavalry, confronting the forces of Grant. And in Virginia, instead of our Capital's being besieged by more than twice the force that defended it, Meade is shivering on the banks of the Rappahannock with not more than fifty or sixty thousand, afraid to stir lest he should share the fate of Pope, and Hooker, and Burnside. Except for gunboats, the Mississippi river is as effectually blockaded as if we held Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Our accounts from the trans-Mississippi department are even more flattering than any where else.

On the whole, then, we have no substantial cause of despondency. Let us throw our fears to the wind, buckle on the armor, and meet the crisis like men who deserved the boon for which we are contending. Never had a nation such motives to endure hardships, to fight with invincible courage, and to accept of no destiny short of complete independence as ours. The day that crowns our efforts with final success, will dawn upon the brightest epoch of human progress. It will vindicate before the world the only principles on which free government can stand. Future historians will dwell upon it with a rapture unsurpassed by all the achievements of all ages. The muses will celebrate in deathless song the heroism of the noblest army that ever responded to freedom's call. Our children will catch the flowing numbers, and with the sublimest veneration for a noble ancestry, will swell the chorus down to latest time:

"Glorious through many a thousand years,
"On that immortal morn'
"Great God," 'twas then that the chains
"Of millions yet unborn"

We have but to nerve ourselves for the contest, remain united, and sustain the government of our choice with all the means in our power, and success is inevitable. God will bless us if we but do our duty, and cause our enemies to

be at peace with us. His hand has been so conspicuous in our favor in the past, that it would be downright infidelity to doubt his goodness towards us. If He subjects us to trials and sufferings, it is to purify us from the dross of sin, and prepare us for the high destiny that awaits us.

Casting our Care upon God.

We have somewhere read an anecdote of Oliver Cromwell to this effect: During the most trying period of the revolution in which he bore so conspicuous a part, he became so deeply exercised in mind about the troubles of the country that he spent many a sleepless night. One night, his body servant, (who by the way was a man of singular shrewdness, and thoroughly imbued with his master's faith,) observed his agitation to be deeper than usual. He had been groaning and tossing his bed for hours. His servant ventured to ask him the cause of his trouble. "O, the country! the country!" answered the old puritan. "Well," said his servant, "does not the Lord reign?" "O yes!" said he. "Did He manage to govern the world before you were born?" "Yes." "Do you think He will be able to control it after you are dead?" "No doubt of it," said the old hero. "Well, can you not trust Him for the short period of your life?" There was something so convincing, and withal so comforting in the gentle rebuke of his servant, that it quieted the mind of Cromwell, and he at once fell asleep, and rested securely the balance of the night.

We have some people amongst us, professing Christians too, who seem to act as if the Lord had forsaken the earth, and that He was permitting things to drift on without exercising any care or control over them. Their anxieties could not be deeper if all ideas of a divine providence were banished from the world. To such persons we would address the admonition of the apostle: "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving—let your requests be made known to God."—Phil. 4:6. But are we to abandon ourselves to utter indifference as to the issue of every thing involving both our temporal and spiritual interests? By no means. This would be to convert the Christian into the Stoic, and make inessentially the crowning virtue of Christianity, whereas, it is not unfrequently denominated as the crowning sin of God's professed people—"We unto them that are at ease in Zion!" We apprehend the meaning to be, that, after discharging all our duties to our God, ourselves, our families, our country, and all mankind, we are solemnly to commit all our cherished interests to His hands as to a faithful Creator, and calmly await every issue with an abiding conviction that "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." We are exhorted elsewhere to "cast our care upon the Lord, for He careth for us." We all feel that if we are not to be careful for ourselves, some one must care for us. Now, can any thing so tranquilize the mind and heart, as to be under the abiding conviction, that there is One who cares for us, who loves us better than we love ourselves, whose Omniscience is the guarantee of an unerring guide, and whose Almightiness is pledged to make "all things work together for good to them that love Him?" This is accomplished "by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving." When the disciples were troubled about the martyrdom of John the Baptist, "they went and told Jesus." When Hezekiah received the insulting letter from the king of Babylon, threatening to lay waste his country and destroy the holy city, he went "and spread it before the Lord." When Peter was thrust into prison expecting to be killed, the church met, "and prayer without ceasing was made unto God for him." And in every instance each one was able to say with Asaph, "It is good for me to draw nigh to God."

Then let us "commit our ways unto the Lord, and He will direct our path." The moment we let go this hold upon an Almighty arm, we are at open sea without chart or rudder. We shall give way to David's fears, under being sustained by David's hopes. "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." If we trust in man, we incur the displeasure of God: "Cursed is he that trusteth in an arm of flesh." If we trust our own heart, it is no better: "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." We are then literally shut up to the only remedy that can tranquilize our fears, and inspire our hopes: "Cast thy care upon the Lord, for He careth for you." Having discharged this duty, "nothing shall by any means harm us," so long as divine wisdom can direct, divine goodness can comfort, and divine power can defend us; for these are the walls of salvation which God has appointed to those who have fled to him for refuge. "O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield."

Taxation and Re-Enlistment.

The two great measures now before Congress are the revenue bill and the military bill. The one concerns the home army, the other, the army, in the field. The one provides for feeding and clothing the army, the other to preserve the full integrity of that army. The one demands a costly sacrifice on the part of the people at home, the other demands a far more costly sacrifice on the part of our gallant soldiers. The one is to be paid in dollars, provisions and clothing, the other is to be paid in blood, and toil, and sufferings, and even life itself. Now, let every man who is disposed to grumble at six or even ten per cent. tax upon his property, ask himself the question, What is this sacrifice compared with that which is demanded of our brave soldiers? What if it takes half we are worth, it is only to feed and clothe our own brothers and sons, and fathers. The army is enlisting with as much, and even more enthusiasm, than when they first entered the service three years since. Whole Brigades, Divisions and Corps are re-enlisting to a man. Let the same noble spirit animate our people at home to pay any tax that Congress may impose, and we have nothing to fear. We cheerfully gave up our sons and brothers to this war; can we be less cheerful in giving up our means to sustain them? Let us emulate the patriotic spirit of our soldiers, who have illustrated every virtue that can adorn the character of a brave and magnanimous people upon a hundred battle fields, and ere this year shall close, the grim visage of war will relax, and peace and independence will reward our sacrifices. O, if

the fires of patriotism could only glow with the same intensity at home, that they do in the field, how quickly would it paint upon the dark cloud which now lowers so portentously over us the bow of promise! Let us act upon the maxim of the divine word: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the staff: they shall part alike." I Sam. 30:34. Let the sacrifices be mutual as the reward will be equal.

For the South Western Baptist.
Army Chaplains and Army Missionaries.

BRETHREN EDITORS: Much has been said recently in our denominational papers, as to the relative merits and comparative usefulness of Army Chaplains and Army Missionaries. Having labored in both positions, and for a considerable time, it may be that I can throw some light on the subject.

A chaplain, as you are aware, receives \$80 00 per month, and by recent enactment, is now entitled to rations and forage for a horse if he be so fortunate as to have one. His rank is nominally that of captain, but he really has no rank. His usefulness depends to a very considerable extent upon the character and co-operation of the field officers of the regiment to which he is attached. If they treat him with respect, and are interested in his work, he will be useful. If not, his influence and ability to do good will be very limited. There are many field officers who have no respect for religion, and of course have none for his ministers. Such never attend preaching, talk sneeringly of the preacher, disparage his abilities, and constantly throw obstacles in his way. The example is infectious. The men imbibed the same spirit, and to a great extent, act as their officers do. A chaplain in such a position has no alternative, if usefulness be his object, but to resign. For he is confined to his regiment and cannot itinerate. If however, his officers respect his office, and especially co-operate with him in his efforts to promote the moral and spiritual improvement of the command, his power to do good, is almost unlimited.

The missionary is sustained by the voluntary contributions of the churches. He is commissioned to preach the Gospel to the "army" irrespective of Regiment, or Brigade, or Division. If one Colonel throws obstacles in his way, he will be welcomed by another. If one regiment refuse to hear him or neglect his message he can turn to another. It has occurred more than once, that where one officer has refused permission to hold a meeting in his command, another in the same Brigade has cheerfully granted it. The meeting has progressed, and at length curiosity has drawn the first named officer to attend, the truth has been brought home to his heart, and many of his command have followed Christ in baptism.

The missionary occupies a more independent position than the chaplain. He realizes that he has no superior whose displeasure he may incur if he should "declare the whole counsel of God." It seems to be tacitly understood among chaplains, except Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, that their distinctive tents should not be promulgated at least from the pulpit. Of course where the commander and Chaplain agree in their religious belief, there is no necessity for silence on these points. But where a Peto Baptist colonel, from policy, has appointed a Baptist chaplain, the latter will esteem it prudent in most cases to keep back part of the truth. Now a missionary is under no such influences, and the consciousness of his independence will make him bold to teach the whole truth. Hence it is, that the labours of the missionary have been so highly blessed of God. I hazard nothing in saying that more conversions and baptisms have resulted from their labours than from those of Chaplains.

Even where the chaplain is favorably situated, he is the first to confess that the missionary is an invaluable auxiliary. But let there be no antagonism between them. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." There are many commands without a chaplain, and commanders will never recommend one. These can only be reached by the missionary. The Domestic Board at Marion is to the extent of its ability supplying such destitution. Its missionaries are godly, self-denying men, furnished in their own transportation, and going about with carpet sacks in hand, in every Department of the army. Frequently you may find them enduring all the privations of the soldier and sharing his scanty rations. The soldiers love the missionary, and thousands of them are now in heaven, and thousands more are on the way, through his instrumentality. May

the spiritual results of the present year, be more encouraging still both to the chaplain and missionary.
Your Brother,
WM. HOWARD.
GAINESVILLE, Jan. 22nd 1864.

For the South Western Baptist.
News from the Army.

BRO. HENDERSON: allow the following items, taken from some of the reports of the missionaries of the Board of Domestic Mission, a place in your paper.

Rev. J. K. Howell says, "I have preached about once a day during the past months, distributed 90,000 pages tracts, between 200 and 300 testaments, 900 books, collected nearly enough money to pay for the whole." "I never expect to find a more pleasant field of labor than that of supplying our soldiers with the gospel." "Last night, while distributing the packages of papers you sent me, and seeing how gladly they were received, I thought I could not give up the work for any thing else."

Rev. G. F. Williams writes: since I have been here (Mobile) I have been permitted to preach often and I find much joy in it. Every day I see more and more the great need of the truth and influence of the Gospel upon our soldiers."

A GOOD YEAR'S WORK.

The sum total of Rev. W. H. Roberts services for the year as missionary of Board foots up thus: sermons 204; prayer meetings 64; Testaments given away 1705; Bibles 14; Newspapers 7605; Hymn books 468; pages Tracts 2000 95; Text books 1000; monies collected from various sources and for the various objects of the Mission \$11,378.

Rev. G. W. Camp reports 15 sermons, 26 addresses, 18 prayer meetings, 150 religious conversations, 11 baptisms, 4 backsliders reclaimed, 14-838 pages Tracts, 518 Newspapers, and 10 Hymn books." Rev. W. Howard reports 15 conversions, and 12 baptisms. He adds; "From the above you will perceive that the Lord is still visiting the army of Miss. I would remark that as the result of the labors of your missionary, 19 not reported were baptized by other ministers at Enterprise."

The year is now near its close, and on a review I cannot but return heartfelt thanks to Almighty God for what has been done in this department of the army. It has been the most successful year of my ministry. May his blessing crown the labors of the coming year."

BRO. ODOM writes; I have attended a very good meeting in Bryan Co., Ga., a large number were converted, 27 were added to the church by experience and tow by letter, tow backsliders were reclaimed."

THE INFLUENCE OF TRACTS.

BRO. O. states that he gave a lady a Tract on the train, that led her to the Saviour in a day or two. He gave one to a soldier about the same time which caused him to try to serve the Lord.

For the South Western Baptist.
BURNT CORN, CONECH CO., Jan. 15th, 1864.

Serious Reflections.

Dear reader, a new year has been ushered in, and the dawn of a new year brings up futurity to our minds in its most impressive forms. As it now stands before us in its majestic form, and its awful uncertainties, it starts many an anxious question, and evokes many a solemn scene. At one moment we feel a desire to read as it were its vail, and burst its seal; at another we shrink with horror at the fear of what it may disclose. How shall we look at the future, with serenity and an ever hoping heart? Be penetrated and possessed with the great idea that Jesus Christ, our greatest and best friend, is the absolute Prince of all coming ages; as well as the present. For He is our ever living and ever loving Saviour.

Now let us consider the glories of heaven; There is the throne of God and the Lamb. There the pure river of the water of life for ever flows. There, saints and angels offer their unceasing praises. There, the dear departed Christian soldiers who have fallen in the defence of our beloved country, mingle their voices with the heavenly choir. There, our Christian parents and friends that have fallen asleep in Jesus, all unite in singing, hallelujah, hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." There, every humble penitent at last arrives. O, there is the consummation of all our happiness. Reader it is there, the angels wait to rejoice at our conversion.

But O, the soul that never dies—here spending its short probation, and preparing for the glories of heaven or miseries of an awful hell. Oh, the horrors of despair! What pencil can paint, what tongue can tell, or what pen describe them? Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth constitute the horrid discord of the abodes of the damned. There, the stings of a guilty conscience, that worm that never dies; the view of saints in glory afar off; the surrounding gloom of the infernal pit; unavailing lamentations and despair, all conspire to render their misery complete. Reader are you one of those who are so busy with the cares of this world as to pay but little attention to the eternal realities of the next, can you disregard the groans of those who are now suffering the just vengeance of an angry God? Will you sleep on, and delay coming to Christ, until you are awakened by the shrieks and cries of that tempest which will assuredly be poured out upon the wicked? Jesus offers himself as a refuge, but I fear in vain. Consider the worth of the soul. Its value can be measured only by eternity. When millions and millions of years shall have rolled away your soul will still be active in heaven or hell. Jesus says, "him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He is able to save all who come unto God by Him. Dear reader, go to Jesus now, and may God help you to go, is the prayer of your sincere friend.
GEO. L. LEE.

The Home of Jesus.

The home of our Lord, at the Sea of Galilee, was fitly chosen for the great and blessed work of his ministry. He came to preach the Gospel to the poor, to call the heavy laden, and to seek and save the lost. And no spot furnished better facilities than the populous cities and villages and thronged shores of this beautiful lake. Situated in the midst of the Jordan valley on the great thoroughfare from Babylon and Damascus into Palestine, its waters were a central point of passing and gathering by "the way of the sea," "beyond Jordan," of Zebulon and Naphtali." Depressed to such a depth—six hundred feet below the Mediterranean Sea—its shores have almost a tropical fertility, denied to the bordering uplands, and increased by the beautiful and abundant springs along the western coast. In this respect there is a marked contrast between the Sea of Galilee and that dismal lake into which the Jordan flows and is absorbed. If, as Mr. Stanley well observes, the southern lake is the Sea of Death, the northern is emphatically the Sea of Life—life in its waters and on its banks, and in the time of our Lord a centre of population and traffic. The villages "sent forth their fishermen by hundreds over the lake; and when we add to the crowd of ship-builders, the many boats of traffic, pleasure and passage, we see that the whole basin must have been a focus of life and energy; the surface of the lake constantly dotted with the white sails of vessels flying before the mountain gusts as the beach sparkled with houses and palaces; the synagogues and the temples of Jewish and Roman inhabitants."

It was no secluded spot that our Saviour sought for his home, no hermit life that he lived. Nowhere except in Jerusalem could he have found such a sphere for his labors. Reaching from the centre, "His fame went throughout all Syria;" vast multitudes were attracted by his teaching and miracles from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Judea, and beyond Jordan," and "ran through the whole region round about," "bringing the diseased in beds," "when they heard he was;" "and whithersoever he entered into villages or cities, or country, they laid the sick in streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment."

Such was the home of Christ with its surrounding, its scenes and "image which could occur nowhere else in Palestine but on this same spot, and have now passed into the religious language of the civilized world." O what an undying interest clusters around the Sea of Galilee!—Traveller in Palestine.

Faith and Works Illustrated.

On the Frith of Forth, in Scotland, lived an old ferryman, a man of much thought and observation, but of few words; a constant reader of the Bible, and a firm believer in its truths. Among his patrons were two loquacious companions, whose business led them across the river once a week. One of them was, as he supposed a high toned Calvinist, while the other loved himself.

imagined himself to be equally well-grounded in the tenets of Arminius. The conversation always turned upon some doctrinal point. The ferryman was frequently annoyed by the repetition of faith on the one side and works on the other, because they were used in a sense so different from their real import, and so destructive of their scriptural harmony.

At length the patience of the old man failed him; he felt that he must interfere. He said nothing, but fell upon the following expedient: Upon one of his oars he painted "Faith," and upon the other "Works." It was not long before the zealous but friendly disputants applied for a passage over the Forth. Upon entering the deepest part of the river, where the swollen water rushed down with fearful violence, the ferryman took in "Faith," with all his might. The boat went round and round, much to the annoyance and terror of the two passengers.

"Put out the other oar," said one of them in a loud and angry tone.

"Very well," was the calm reply of the old man, at the same time taking in "Works" and putting out "Faith" alone upon which he pulled.

The experiment with this oar produced the same result, and drove the witness of it to the conclusion that the ferryman was "out of his head."

The old man, however, continued his "practical demonstration" on the water, until he thought the friends were prepared to see two things in connection. He then called their attention to the names painted on his oars.

"I have tried your way," said he, "and yours, and you have seen the result. Now observe my way."

And giving a steady hand to each oar, the little boat soon acknowledged the power of their harmonious strokes, by the straight and rapid flight which she took for the landing.

Do you Read it.

How can professing Christians be intelligent and steadfast disciples without daily and prayerful study of the Scriptures. Many are overcome in the hour of temptation, because they can not, like the Saviour, beat back the tempter by an appeal to the Word of God. Many are crushed with sorrow when the rod of affliction descends, because they do not make God's statutes their song in the house of pilgrimage. The Bible is a lamp to the feet, and a light to the path. It is a staff for the weary, and a comfort to the mourner. It is to be hoped that the great multitude of recent converts may be Bible Christians, forming their view of Christian character and duty from the oracles of God. Mr. Ryle, of the Church of England, has some earnest words in rebuke of the common neglect of the Bible:

Reader, do you read your Bible?—To have a Bible is one thing, to read it is quite another. I dare say you have a Bible; but do you read it?

I am firmly persuaded that the Bible of many a man or woman is never read at all. In one house it lies in a corner, stiff, cold, glossy, and fresh as it was when it came from the bookseller's shop. In another, it lies on the table, with its owner's name written in it, a silent witness against him day after day. In another it lies on some high shelf, neglected and dusty, to be brought down on grand occasions. In another it lies deep down at the bottom of some box or drawer, among the things not wanted, and is never dragged forth until the arrival of sickness, the doctor, and death. Ah! these things are sad and solemn; but they are true.

I am firmly persuaded that many who read the Bible do not read aright. One man looks over a chapter on a Sunday evening, but that is all. Another reads a chapter every day to his servants at family prayers, but that is all. A third goes a step farther, and hastily reads a verse or two in private every morning before he goes out of his house. A fourth goes further still and reads as much as a chapter or two every day, though he does it in a great hurry. But each and every one of these men does what he does in a heartless, scrambling, formal kind of way. He is glad when the task is over. O, what a sad picture is this! but in a multitude of cases, O how true!

Ah, reader, it is a painful thought that there should be so much profession of love to the Bible among us, and so little proof that the Bible is read. It is an awful thought that many have the Bible but do not read it aright. Now, what do you do?

God loves man better than man loves himself.

