

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON, Editor.]

VOL. 16—NO. 26

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

The S. W. Baptist.
TUSKEGEE, ALA.:
Thursday, Mar. 16, 1865.

East Alabama Female College.

THE SECOND TERM OF THE FOURTEENTH
ANNUAL SESSION will be opened on Monday,
Jan. 2d, 1865, under the administration of

REV. A. J. BATTLE,
aided by a Board of accomplished Instructors.
The Musical Department will continue under
the direction principally of the distinguished
Southern Artist, Miss ALICE E. REESE.
Tuition, (if paid in provisions at prices of
1860) will be reduced to one half the former rates;
if paid in currency, will be charged according
to the following scale:

For Term of 3 Months.
College Classes, \$100 00
Preparatory Classes, 75 00
Primary Classes, 50 00
Music, 100 00
Languages, 50 00
Incidentals, 5 00

Young Ladies are requested to bring with
them text-books, as far as may be practicable.
Boarders to the number of twenty or more,
can be accommodated in excellent private fam-
ilies at a charge of \$125 to \$150 per month.
Dec. 1, 1864. n12-1f

Sunday Schools all winter.

All Baptist Sunday Schools in Alabama that
intend to continue to meet throughout the win-
ter, are requested to inform Rev. W. E. Cham-
bliss, Selma, who wishes to publish a list of
them in the S. W. Baptist. Please state name
of school, county or town, and Association.

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 subscrip-
tions can be renewed. Look out for
the Red Cross Mark.

The Rev. J. J. Bullington.

The death of this excellent brother, an ac-
count of which we published in our last issue
has left a chasm in the ministry of our denomi-
nation which it will be hard to fill. Bro. B.
was just entering the prime of life, and withal
was one of the most promising and improving
ministers in our State. Like the great body of
those whom the Master calls to the sacred duty
of preaching the gospel, he rose from humble
life, and had to struggle with the embarrass-
ments of poverty. With early advantages
barely sufficient to inspire a thirst for improve-
ment, he commenced and carried on a course of
mental culture which placed him among the
most able and useful heralds of the cross.—
Modest almost to a fault, affectionate and genial
in his intercourse; faithful in the discharge of
his duty; defunct yet firm in the main-
tenance of truth; honest and upright in all his
dealings; laborious and self-sacrificing in his
efforts for the cause of his Master; and patri-
otic in adversity as well as prosperity;—he
leaves a name behind redolent of every virtue
that can adorn the minister, the citizen, and the
patriot. To know such a man intimately, was to
appreciate and love him. The churches to
whom he ministered many years feel that they
have sustained a loss which is irreparable! No
minister in the State, we presume, shared in a
higher degree than Bro. Bullington the affec-
tion and confidence of his brethren. But it is
upon his bereaved family—God bless them!—
that this stroke falls with its most crushing
power. The many days and months and years
of toil and suffering through which his frail and
devoted companion must pass alone—that inex-
pressible sense of sadness which must steal over
her mind and heart as she feels the want of his
sympathy and counsel, and the strength of his
arm on which to lean—those vast responsibil-
ties which now fall with double weight upon
her in the moral and mental culture of her
children—all combine to make this sad provid-
ence the most affecting, which a Christian
woman can bear in this world. And yet dark,
mysterious and crushing as it is, it is not with-
out its alleviations. The Savior, whose he was,
and whom he served, called him, and therefore
it is all right—he was ready for the summons,
and therefore “to die was gain”—he bequeathed
to his loved ones a life of piety and the death
of a Christian, and therefore his name and ex-
ample are luminous with all the charms of vir-
tue and religion. May they be “followers of
him who through faith and patience now inher-
its the promises!”

War News.

Dispatches from Augusta of the 11th inst.
report Sherman as progressing very slowly.—
He is beyond Chester, thought to be making
for Wilmington, N. C. His forces and strength
are very much exhausted from annoyances by
our troops. He avoids general engagements—
our troops buoyant and hopeful.

Nothing important from the Virginia front.
Twenty-one vessels in sight of the city of Mo-
bile. The enemy is quite active in his move-
ments—an attack may be expected soon.
A small fight occurred near Baton Rouge,
La., recently, which resulted in our favor.

Shall Iniquity be our Ruin?

The present spiritual condition of many, if
not most of our churches, is deplorable beyond
all precedent. The few who attend the worship
of God, while they observe the form, seem de-
stitute of the power of godliness. Has the
Spirit forsaken our churches, and abandoned
them to the “abominations of desolation?”
“Hath God forgotten to be gracious, and hath
He in anger shut up his bowels of compassion?”
These questions may well awaken our deepest
anxieties, and have already produced more
alarm in the minds of thoughtful Christians
than all other causes combined. For the man
who accepts the Bible as the word of God can-
not but know that we have more to dread from
our sins than from all other calamities that can
befall us. They are the engines of war that
destroy a people. It is sin that gives edge to
the sword and death-dealing power to the can-
non of our enemies. It is sin that imparts
panic and dismay, and demoralization to our
armies. And it is sin that quenches the fires
of patriotism among the people at home.

Now, what can be done, or can any thing be
done, to arrest this tide of iniquity, which, like
the Jordan of old, rolls between us and the
promised land of liberty and independence? To
stand still and lament the evil is but to aggra-
vate it. Mutual crimination will do no good,
for we all are verily guilty before God. The
only reformation which can avert the evils im-
pending over us, is that which begins with in-
dividuals. The aggregate of a nation's sins is
made up of individual sins. If there were no
individual sins, there could be no national sins.
The reformation must begin just where the sins
abound—in the individual character and con-
duct of our people. The fountains must be
cleansed before the streams can be purified.

In one of the dark periods of the revolution-
ary war, General Washington published an or-
der solemnly interdicting swearing both among
officers and soldiers. He was satisfied, as every
Christian patriot must be satisfied, that it is
impious to call upon God to “bless our cause,
while we are blaspheming his name and trampling
upon his law.” “The prayers of the wicked
are abomination to God.” When we ap-
proach into his presence, it must be with clean
hands, and hearts purified by grace, else he will
spurn us from his presence, and send us empty
away. Of such he has said, “Therefore, they
shall call upon me, but I will not hear them;
they shall seek me early but they shall not find
me.”

It is time that we should deal plainly with
ourselves, candidly with each other, and honest-
ly with God. He who shuts his eyes to his
dangers is a fool—he who deals falsely with his
fellow man is a knave—and he who dissembles
with his Master is a hypocrite: and from such
a harvest of iniquity, can we expect to reap
any thing but the whirlwind? He who stultifies
himself, forfeits his own self-respect—he who
deals treacherously with his neighbor, incurs his
hatred—and he who attempts to deceive his
God arms Omnipotence against himself. Can
the future have any thing in store for such a
man, or such a people, but disaster and ruin?
We repeat, it is time that we should deal plain-
ly—that we should speak the words of truth
and soberness. If there is a man in the South
who doubts our ability, with the blessing of
God, to achieve our liberty and independence,
if every man would do his duty, we have never
yet met with that man. Let each one ask him-
self this plain, practical question—If every man
in the Confederacy were to think as I think,
speak as I speak, act as I act, what would be the
effect upon our country's cause? Would it pro-
mote or retard that cause? Our thoughts find
utterance in words—our words embody them-
selves in action; so that action is nothing but
thought matured. No man in this respect lives
to himself. What he thinks, and says, and
does, communicates itself either to the onward
or the counter current of affairs which are now
struggling with each other for the mastery.—
That kind word of encouragement from an old
man or a patriotic woman, that sends a soldier
to the front, may change the tide of war in our
favor—that croaking, carping spirit that never
opens its lips but to find fault and discourage,
may cause many soldiers to desert and shrink
the service, and thus multiply our disasters.—
That man who contributes all he can to support
the wives and children of soldiers in the field,
nerves the arm that strikes for freedom, and
multiplies our chances of success as effectually
as if he were in the field—that man who charges
these families ten prices for every article of
prime necessity they need, paralyzes that arm,
and diminishes our prospects of success as ef-
fectually as if he were arrayed against us in
the field. That man who fears God and prays
to Him in the right spirit, contributes whatever
“the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous
man” is worth to Church and State—that man
who restrains prayer, who allows his faith to be
paralyzed by doubt and despondency, contrib-
utes that much to the withdrawal of the divine
countenance and succor from us.

Our Confederate authorities called us to the
solemn duty of fasting and prayer on Friday
the 10th inst. In what spirit did we observe
that day? Was there a removal of sin from
the soul as well as food from the bodies? Or
did we suffer the occasion to pass away without
its effecting any change in the current of our
thoughts and conduct? These are questions
which every Christian must answer for himself;
only let him deal honestly with himself and
faithful with his God.

It is time, like the great reformer of Israel,
we were restoring our broken down altars, and
offering the sacrifices of broken hearts and
contrite spirits. Christian! if your family
altar has been broken down, restore it at once!
lest that “curse” that God has denounced
against the “families that call not upon his

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

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, MAR. 16, 1865.

name” come upon you: Churches of Christ!
assemble at your places of worship, and repair
the waste places of Zion, lest he who holds the
candlestick in his hands, removes “your can-
dlestick from its place.” Remember that no
source of private grief—no claims of business
however pressing—no demands of patriotism
however urgent—and no public calamities how-
ever crushing, can cancel that law which binds
you to his service in weal and in woe, in life
and in death. The obligation to serve God is
just as imperative now as it was in our most
peaceful, happy and prosperous days. We are
engaged in another warfare, as much above the
simple struggle for our country, as the heavens
are above the earth. Though silent and unob-
served by this world, it is deep as hell, high as
heaven, and vast as eternity. No tread of
earthly legions, no clash of arms, no garments
rolled in blood, mark its conquests; yet an-
gelic bands wait upon its combatants, heaven
records its victories, and hell waits at its tri-
umphs! In these spiritual conflicts, Christian!
you are a participant. To these triumphs, you
are to contribute your agency. You are a
registered soldier in Immanuel's hosts.

“Then to the work of God awake;
Behold the Master near.
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigor and with fear.”

Evergreen Sunday Schools.

Bro. W. E. Chambliss has been trying to
collect information as to how many Sunday
Schools there are in the Baptist Churches in
Alabama who maintain their organization all
the year round—winter and summer. A month
or two since he forwarded a list to us, request-
ing us to publish it. We have delayed it until
now, because we hoped that there were more
than nine in our churches that were “Evergreen,”
and we still hope so; but as their names are
not forth coming, we proceed to publish the
names of these Sunday Schools. They are as
follows:

Selma	Sunday School.
Marion	do.
Greenville	do.
1st Church Montgomery,	do.
2d	do.
Talladega	Sunday do.
Montevallo	do.
Tuskegee	do.
Union Springs	do.

As the spring opens, we trust all our Sunday
Schools will re-organize under efficient Super-
intendents and teachers, and that new life and
energy will be thrown into this glorious enter-
prise. Let every church strive to have its
Sunday School. Let our zeal be commensurate
with the infinite importance of the work.

For the South Western Baptist.
Army Colporteur.

MACON, March 4th, 1865.

MY DEAR BROTHER: As it will not
be possible for me to visit many
of the Churches, I take this method of
communicating with you in behalf of
the Virginia Baptist Colporteur Society. From the beginning of the
war to the present time, this organi-
zation has been engaged in supplying
our armies with the means of grace.
It has sent forth into the great har-
vest field over one hundred mission-
aries and colporteurs, and published
and distributed more than sixty mil-
lions pages of reading matter, besides
issuing one hundred and fifty thou-
sand copies of the “Camp Hymns.”
It is also supplementing the salaries
of Chaplains, and thus securing able
and efficient ministers, who would
otherwise not be able to devote them-
selves to this work. These labors
have been most signally blessed of
the Lord. Hundreds and thousands
have thus been led to Jesus, many of
whom are now actively engaged in do-
ing good to the souls of their com-
rades, while others have gone up from
the battle-field or the hospital to the
peaceful enjoyments of the heavenly
home. And yet though so much has
been done, the “fields are still white
unto the harvest.” From many a reg-
iment and battalion of veterans the
cry for help, for the bread of life, is
coming up. Oh, Christians, if “it was
meet for crimson sinners to have a
crimson Savior,” how can we claim
to have been washed in His blood if
we are deaf to these calls, and by our
neglect seal up that “fountain for sin
and uncleanness” from these defenders
of our soil and liberties?

The frequent and heavy demands
upon the Society have so nearly ex-
hausted its funds, that to respond to
the calls from the army, large and
prompt contributions must be made
by the good people at home. “We
have,” says Brother Dickinson in a
late circular, “a noble band of expe-
rienced, earnest, self-denying colpor-
teurs and missionaries; but their sal-
aries must be increased or they must
be driven, against their will, to other
employments for the support of their
families.” The cost of publishing is
now ten-fold what it was a year ago,
a considerable portion of the country
from which large contributions were
formerly obtained has been overrun

by the enemy, and is to-day one vast
desolation. The Society is thus reduc-
ed to the necessity of calling upon
those who are yet enabled, and who,
as followers of him who “humbled
Himself and became obedient to death,
even the death of the Cross,” will be
inclined to aid in this blessed work.
Let it not be, that the men who, for the
common defence, stand at the post of
danger, shall suffer through our neg-
lect for the consolations and instruc-
tions of the Gospel. And while the
government is caring for their tempo-
ral and physical wants, let Christians
attend to their spiritual and eternal
necessities. Will not the people all
over the Sunny South, this beautiful
land of ours, rally to the maintenance
of this noble mission? The case is
one which does not admit of delay,
and I take the liberty of entreaching
you to use at once your efforts in this
behalf. My dear brother, will you
not bring this subject before your peo-
ple at your next meeting, and take up
a collection? Please let me hear
from you by mail. Amounts collect-
ed may be sent to me, care of Rev. S.
Boykin, Macon, Ga., and they will be
acknowledged through the *Christian
Index* and *S. W. Baptist*.

Yours in Christ,
J. B. TAYLOR, Jr.

For the South Western Baptist.

WETUMPKA, ALA., Feb. 7, 1865.

BRO. HENDERSON: From the time
that denominational Christianity be-
came sectional in benevolent opera-
tions, I lost all hopes in the continued
unity of the States North and South.
Hence as the storm cloud of State
strife began to sweep the abolition
hurricane over us, under political
sectional party control, I, whether
wisely conceived or not in plan, aimed
to wrest the subject of slavery in its
moral and religious bearings, from
party schemers, and place it, both for
its existence and government, in the
crucible of Bible tests, either to
stand or fall before the power of
truth, operating under the guidance
of God's providence, over domestic
and national destiny. The Bible ex-
position to be conducted, not by
statesmen and fanatics, much less by
crazy sentimentalists, but by pure
moral philosophers and learned, sober
divines. But alas! Infidelity and
public distaste to unvarnished truth,
fanned by sectional hate, swelled up
their tide of blood, under the lash-
ings of party storm so high that our
philosophers and true divines, under
the mighty shock, let go their pens
and stood aghast. Since then many
have been the warriors, even from
these ranks. Christians of the one
section have fallen under the swords
or death dealt balls of Christians
from the other. But not one yet
known on either side, to have been
martyred for the truth as it is in Jesus.
Christians on both sides have been
true to the demon of sectionalism,
even unto death. My brother is it
not time for the ministers of Jesus to
weep between the porch and altar?
To blow the trumpet in Zion and
sanctify the people of God to his
cause. Did not the ministry lead
both sides in denominational separa-
tion? Were they not very prominent,
many of them, in State secession?—
Did they not lead many of the sons
of the church to the army to become
victims on the bloody altar of war?
I will not either justify or condemn
their motives in all this. I am one
among them, with as many sins to
answer as the rest. I call these things
up to awaken inquiry, Have we done
God and his cause honor in all this?
God knows! If not, if we repent he
will forgive; if not, he will destroy
us and our people. However doubt-
ful the past may have been, He has
now opened, no matter by what agen-
cy, the door of peace. Come, Chris-
tian ministers, here we may all, with-
out doubt, lead our people to the altar
of its sacrifices. May not the Boards
of the Biennial Convention offer
Christian terms of conciliation to the
Boards of the Triennial? Who agrees
to it?
J. D. WILLIAMS.

For the South Western Baptist.

MR. EDITOR: The question has
often arisen in my mind, for the last
two years—Shall we know each other
in the glory world or not?

I propose asking questions, or rather

\$10 per Annum, Invariably in Advance.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.

er propose that as a leading question,
and giving my reason for so doing,
but my reason for asking is quite ob-
vious, for I seek “more light.” Prob-
ably you may be disposed to refer me
to the “Book of books” for that light,
but you will doubtless remember that
a student often receives more instruc-
tion, or a more accurate knowledge
of what he is studying by a simple
illustration or statement from his
teacher, than he might from his book
in a month's study.

We often hear portrayed in the
most glowing style the celestial joys
of meeting the redeemed on the shores
of the new Jerusalem, which is very
consoling indeed.

But right here another thought
arises. Are we rational beings in
that bright world, have we the fac-
ulty of reasoning, does the mind ever
revert to the time when cumbrous
clay imprisoned the immortal part,
the essence of our being? I think
you say, most assuredly the soul will
be capable of thought. Then we
shall miss those who are not there if
we recognize those who are there. If
some of our nearest and dearest rela-
tives are among the missing, and
there being no other heaven, no other
state save that of eternal misery and
woe, and the reflecting soul capable
of taking in that fact, would heaven
prove a heaven? Alas, I think not,
for grief but little short of that the
damned spirit was suffering would at
once fill that soul, whilst admitting
the damned also has power of reflec-
tion, would it not be some degree of
comfort even in hell that those we
loved on earth had escaped eternal
misery? I cannot see, taking these
views of the case how recognition is
at all admissible.

The only way (which other things
considered is not at all satisfactory) I
can anything like reasonably recon-
cile the matter to my mind, is this:
Heaven is a place of such transcen-
dent joy, bliss and ecstasy, that time
and timely things will be swallowed
up as it were, and the redeemed soul
would think, feel, or know of nothing
save chanting praises through endless
days to the Lamb, and Him who ever
sitteth upon the throne for redeeming
grace and dying love.

Probably in view of the fact that
the redeemed recognize the loss of
those who were near and dear to
them in time, the idea may be advanced
that they will be ready to exclaim,
“amen and amen to their damnation,”
which I suppose is admissible, as I
believe we are taught that if lost we
will be ready to exclaim, “amen to
our own damnation.” It appears
from this that if found worthy to en-
ter the joys of our Lord that we shall
be free from care, is it not so? You,
I suppose will not admit for a mo-
ment that there will be anything self-
ish in the redeemed in heaven, yet if
so how can it be that we can enjoy
such bliss, and care not whether oth-
ers enjoy it or no? Would not that
smack of selfishness very strongly?
It would seem to convey this idea—
Well, I am happy, I care not who is
miserable. It is enough for me to
know that the reason sufficed for the
redemption of my soul, and I will go
on singing praises to that dear Redeem-
er.

This would all seem very well but
for the inseparable idea of selfishness
which it conveys most irresistibly,
one iota of which I cannot believe
the redeemed soul will possess, hence
the impression is forcibly fixed on my
mind that we shall not recognize our
friends and relatives in a world of
celestial glory.

I hope you will not surmise from
anything I have said that I have any
sinister motives in view whatever, for
I assure you as I hope for salvation I
do not. I am a missionary Baptist
and have been for more than sixteen
years; how worthily I have walked
as such the Great Searcher of hearts
alone knows; though the minutes of
no Church of which I have been a
member bears any record against my
Christian character. As I stated in
the outset, I seek “more light,” and
being one amongst the human family,
I presume there are others who would
like to be enlightened on the same
subject, hence you may publish this if
you think it contains nothing derog-
atory to the cause of Christ. The
thought of meeting those we love
where there will be no more sighing,
sorrowing, or separations is deligh-
ful, but I cannot reconcile the idea of
missing others we love full as well
with perfect bliss.

I remain yours in hope of a world's
salvation.
HONEST ENQUIRER.

Talladega, Ala., Feb'y 17th, 1865.

For the South Western Baptist.
Howard College.

DEAR BRO. HENDERSON: During
my very pleasant visit to Marion
a few days since, I spent a short time
at the College Hospital. It will be
gratifying to the friends of the army
to learn that the trustees of the How-
ard have appropriated the rent receiv-
ed from the government for the build-
ings, to the laudable purpose of de-
fraying the expenses of a school for
retired soldiers. At present there
are nearly one hundred students on
the ground, representing every State
in the Confederacy, some in the first
rudiments, others more advanced.—
The corps of teachers is as follows:

Col. H. Talbird, D. D., A. B. Good-
hue, A. M., and A. B. Goodhue, A. B.

Col. Talbird is extensively known
as a gentleman of superior attain-
ments, and for many years the able
and efficient President of the Howard,
Prof. Goodhue for some fifteen years
filled the chairs of Mathematics and
Languages in the Howard, with dis-
tinguished ability, and is regarded as
one of the best general scholars in
the South. D. Goodhue, a gallant
young soldier of the Confederate army,
at the request of Col. Talbird,
has been detailed as tutor; the ur-
banity of his manners, and his schol-
arship are such as cannot fail to se-
cure success. It is the purpose of
the trustees to add to the number of
teachers in proportion to the increase
of pupils. The buildings are suffici-
ently large to accommodate three hun-
dred. God prosper the noble work!

Very Respectfully Yours, &c.,
W. S. BARTON.

Comprehensive View of Provi-
dence.

“Consider not only one single act
of Providence, but the whole scheme,
to make a conclusion.” The motions
of his eyes are various, but all end in
discoveries of his strength. Men do
not argue from one single proposition,
but draw the conclusion from several
propositions knit together. It is by
such a spiritual logic we are to make
our conclusions from the ways of
Providence. As in reading Scrip-
ture, if we take not the whole period,
we may make, not only nonsense, but
blasphemy, as in that of Psalmist,
“Thou art not a God that hath pleas-
ure in unrighteousness.” If a man
should read only, “Thou art not a
God,” and make a full stop there, it
would be blasphemy; but reading
the whole verse, it is excellent sense,
and honorable declaration of God's
holiness. Such errors will be com-
mitted in reading the books of Provi-
dence, if we fix our eyes only in
one place, and make a full stop
where God hath not made any. We
judge not of a picture by the first
draught, but the last lines; not by
one shadow or color, but by the
whole composure. The wisdom of
God is best judged of by the view
of the harmony of Providence. The
single threads of Providence may
seem very weak or knotty and un-
even, and seem to administer just oc-
casion of censure; but will it not as
much raise the admiration to see
them all woven into a piece of branch-
ed work? Consider, therefore God's
ways of working; but fully judge
nothing till the conclusion, for that
is to judge before the time. Judge
not then of Providence by the first
appearance; God may so lose the
glory of His work, and you the com-
fort.—Charnock.

The Rose of Florida, the most beau-
tiful of flowers, emits no fragrance;
the Bird of Paradise, the most beau-
tiful of birds, gives no song; the Cy-
press of Greece, the finest of trees,
yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest
of men, have no sense; and ball room
bells, the loveliest of created crea-
tures, are ditto, and very often a lit-
tle more so.

"The Lord Thinketh for Me."

Few men have known how to make nature minister to faith, and thanksgiving, and joy, better than Luther. Once on a journey, says Michelet, (who has written one of the best biographies of him, because it is, as far as possible, an autobiography,) while he was passing a fine, rich grain field, he broke out into a kind of rapturous thanksgiving to God, saying, "O, how good art thou to us, unthankful and evil!" etc. When seated at his table, one day, he noticed the keen and eager looks with which his children were eyeing a dish of sliced and sweetened peaches on the table, (a thing to make a boy's mouth water, or a man's, either,) and said, "See, now, I pray you, the assurance of hope set forth in the longing looks of those dear children!" Seeing one of his boys ordering about a powerful dog, and handling him as dogs will let nobody but boys handle them, Luther said, "That boy shows forth the law of God in his words and actions. God gave to man dominion over his creatures, and see him exercise it over an animal ten times as strong as himself. And how patiently the dog bears his little orders and buffetings!" But the most beautiful incident of the kind related of this great-minded and simple-hearted man, (at least, so it seems to us,) is the following—

Looking out of his window, one summer evening, he saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him!"

It was indeed a beautiful, most beautiful thought. And how happy beyond all riches and greatness, is the mind which receives such impressions from nature, which can see and hear the great God in such a little thing as a bird going to roost on the twig of a tree! How wonderful and blessed that talisman which can thus turn the material into the spiritual, the earthly into the heavenly, the little into the great, the sublime, the divine! "I have meat to eat," said the Savior, "which ye know not of."—And he who has this "mind that was in Christ," can say, "I have teachers, preachers, counsellors, books, companions, which ye know not of." To such a mind, the world is a great library, every leaf of which is fraught with delight and wisdom—a boundless vista of pictures, every glance at which reveals some matchless touch of the Divine Artist—of him who paints as man never painted. We have vainly sought through the bewildering alcoves of the Bodleian, and the priceless art treasures of the Louvre, for such thoughts and emotions as have come to us unbidden in a simple forest walk, a little coasting voyage of an afternoon among the spars of Long Island Sound, or a look at the heavens.

It was a beautiful thought of Luther's. But it was not original with him. Some three thousand years before this time, a suffering soul had found comfort in the thought, "The Lord thinketh for me." "I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh for me"—(Ps. 40: 17)—"thinketh upon me" as our translators render it; but let any one look at the Hebrew preposition, and compare its senses in Psalm 124: 1, 51: 10, 118: 6 and Isa. 6: 8, and he will see that in those, as well as in other instances, it means *for*, in behalf of. The word translated *thinketh*, signifies, also, to *contrive*, *devise*, *plan*, *invent*, *to weave*, *a curious texture*, *to compose a song* or *strain of music*. "The Lord contrives, plans for me." The conde, sending goodness of God, the security of the believer, the certainty that "all things shall work together for good," that through life's dark warp of "many sorrows," divine skill will draw such bright threads of love and wisdom, as to make the whole pattern at last an object for angels to gaze at, "an eternal excellency," a display forever of "the manifold wisdom of God"—all this is included and assured in that, "The Lord thinketh for me." All tormenting care, all doubt of a happy issue, vanish when faith can say, "The Lord thinketh for me!"

Mozart Dying.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in the year 1761. There is something beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sung—The Requiem. He had been employed upon this exquisite piece several weeks, his soul filled with inspiration of richest mel-

ody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cygnet strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie—my task is done—The Requiem, my Requiem, is finished."

"Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes. "You must be better; you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again; let me bring you something refreshing."

"Do not deceive yourself, my love said the dying father; 'this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this my dying hour! You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take these, my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight."

Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas:

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run;
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife;
Or the pleasure of earth with regret;
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary like thee—the wretched, shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still passionless smile which the rapturous and joyous spirit left—with the seal of death upon those features.

Physical Cause of Christ's Death.

Dr Hanna, of Scotland, has recently published a course of sermons, in which he handles this, among other subjects. He accepts the theory of Dr Stroud, which ascribes his death to a physical cause.

"It is that he died literally of a broken heart; that the intensity of his emotion ruptured this organ, occasioning instant death. The loud cry showed his strength to be still unimpaired and the immediate yielding up of life must be due to some extraordinary cause. Numerous cases on record of sudden death occasioned by intense excitement, and post mortem examinations revealed that the rupture of the heart forces the blood into the bag enclosing it, (called the pericardium,) and prevents all further action.

"Such a death seems natural to the Saviour's circumstances. He had been passing through extreme and mental sorrow. The terrible struggle in the garden, indicated by the bloody sweat, the humiliating trial before the Sanhedrim, and Herod, and Pilate; the mysterious agony on the cross, finding vent in the cry, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me,' all point to a degree of mental suffering impossible for us to conceive. It was the cup given him to drink, the penalty he bore for human sin, and it might well occasion the breaking of the heart that beat in such intense sympathy with a lost race. It was literally laying down His life for them a voluntary sacrifice for the guilty.

"The water and the blood following the thrust of the soldier spear in to his side indicate the nature of his death. When the heart is ruptured, the blood, as we have said, flows into the pericardium, the bag or sack which encloses it, and by its pressure gradually stops the beating of the heart. This blood then coagulates, and the watery matter is separated from the thicker substance. If an opening is made in the pericardium, the appearance of the blood as it flows out will correspond precisely to the language of the evangelist. 'And forthwith there flowed out blood and water. This singular phenomena can hardly be explained on any other hypothesis; on this theory it is exactly what might have been expected.

"It seems also to harmonize with prophecies foretelling the circumstances of his death. The evangelists refer to several, which were literally fulfilled. They gave Me vinegar to

drink! 'They parted My garments among them.' Why should not others, in the same connection, be taken as literally? 'Reproach hath broken My heart, and I am full of heaviness.' 'I am poured out like water, my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels.' If the immediate cause of the death was a rupture of the heart, it gives to these prophecies a definiteness never before attributed to them."

PARDON THROUGH CHRIST.—When Clementine Cavier was relieved from the burden of sin by the sight of the cross she wrote to a friend, "I want to tell you how happy I am. My heart has at length felt what my mind has understood—the sacrifice of Christ answers to all the wishes and meets all the wants of the soul; and since I have been enabled to embrace with ardor the fulness of its provisions, my heart enjoys a sweet and incomparable tranquility. Formerly I vaguely assured myself that a merciful God would pardon, that I obtain it every moment and experience inexpressible delight in seeking it at the foot of the cross."

Secular Intelligence.

The San Antonio Herald says that the French, on arriving at Matamoros, complimented the Confederate flag with a hearty salute, while they passed by the Yankee flag in silent contempt. Our flag is reported to be waving over stores, taverns and saloons all over the city of Matamoros.

The Mississippi, of the 1st, states that owing to the damage of the railroad bridges, caused by the recent heavy rains, the cars, we learn, will be unable to run between Selma and Meridian for several days. Telegraphic communication between Selma and Meridian, via Demopolis, has been re-established.

FROM THE CAROLINA COAST.—From the Augusta papers of the 5th we clip the following: Our army is represented in fine condition, with Gen. Joe Johnston in command. Could there be better agency of success than the reinstatement of this able and experienced commander? Let us all take hope and encouragement from the fact that justice seems at last to have prevailed in the cabinet councils at Richmond.

History is ever repetitive where victory never failed to crown the arms of brave and determined warriors, though the odds were much greater against them than we have to contend with today. Alison tells us that, in 1781, the camp of Surajee Dowla, and subsequently, dethroned him, with 2600 men, against 48,000, horse and foot, with 50 guns. Wellesley won the battle of Assaye with 8000 men against 50,000 men and 100 guns; Lake stormed Delhi and won Laswara with 5000 soldiers, which was garnished with five times that number.

The army of Italy, when Bonaparte took command of it was but 42,000 strong, and had no magazines, no rations, pay, shoes, clothing, tents, nor shelter, yet with his army in this condition he fought pitched battles all triumphant and conquered the whole of Northern Italy, including the Eternal City, remaining master of all from the Tyrol to the Tiber, in one magnificent campaign of but a few months duration.

The history which our own fathers made in the revolution of '76 pleads to us by everything that is near and dear and sacred to stand firm in the noblest cause in which freedom are enlisted, and independence will yet be written upon our blood-stained banners beneath which so many gallant sons have fallen to rise no more.—[Constitutionalist.]

GEN. FORREST AND DESERTERS.—The Register learns from a gentleman just from Mississippi that this true general is getting in deserters and stay-at-home soldiers by hundreds and thousands. He has adopted a new and decisive method. The homes of a known deserter, his father, husband, brother or son, is skulking from his duty while the country is invaded—give you one week to send them to the ranks—failing in that, your houses will be burned and you will be sent to the enemy's lines, for you are helping the enemy and you must go where you belong." The effect of the speech is said to be marvellous, and only in a few instances has it been necessary to execute the threat.

A telegram from New York dated 14th says: Captain John Y. Beall, convicted of being a spy and guerrilla, and being one of the Lake Erie pirates, will be hung on Saturday morning at Fort Morris, New York. The sentence has been fully approved by Gen. Dix.

REVIVAL OF PATRIOTISM.—The insolent answer of Lincoln to our peace commissioners has fired the Southern heart. Patriotism has revived. Every breeze from the mountains and the plains—from the hills and the dales—from the camps and the trenches—brings us the glorious news of patriotic revivals.

The citizens and the soldiers are renewing their vows to their country, and are resolved to sacrifice everything to teach the impertinent tyrant Washington that the Southern people are free; that his heel is not on their necks and never shall be; that the miserable, partitioned race which he rules shall never *degrade* terms to them, nor degrade them to the level of the negro. We think we see the finger of God in this interview between Lincoln and our commissioners. It reminds us of that between Pharaoh and Moses. Pharaoh's heart was hardened, refused to let the Israelites go in peace. The result was the plagues of Egypt, the overthrow of Pharaoh, and the establishment of the Israelites as an independent nation.

So this Yankee Pharaoh, in his pride and arrogance of heart, answers our commissioners that he will not let us go in peace; but that, for our presumption, fresh burdens shall be put upon us, and that we and our children shall continue to labor for Yankee taskmasters forever. What will be the sequel of this haughty answer to our just demands? It will utter our people to continue the war until plagues worse than those of Egypt shall overtake our enemies, and until God shall raise up a people as in punishing a people who have acted His laws at defiance.—[LaGrange Reporter.]

ESCAPED YANKEES CAUGHT.—A gentleman in this city is in receipt of a letter from his wife at Lime Kilns, dated 25th ult. (last Saturday), who writes that four Yankees were captured in the following manner: They had camped near Mr. Tharp's residence, a mile from the kilns, on Saturday night. Sunday morning Messrs. Tharp and Thompson went to where they were, and the Yankees asked them if they were Union men. Mr. Tharp answered that they were. Whereupon the Yankees informed them that they were escaped prisoners from Montgomery, having got away by bribing the Guard. They were making their way, on the line of the Central road, towards Huntsville.

Mr. Tharp returned home and reported the facts to several gentlemen, who joined him and immediately went in pursuit of them with a pack of hounds. They were overhauled at

Bragg's Station, about nine miles distant. One of them, an Irishman, remarked to the captors, "Faith and bejays, the country is coming to a pretty pass when men are hunted by blood hounds." They were taken for safe keeping to Montevallo.—[Selma Reporter.]

LIFE IN AUGUSTA.—Says a correspondent of the Dispatch: In my last I wrote you of the enormous prices in Augusta. I have to report the market to day gradually on the increase.—A few more days and a man cannot live unless he is a Jew, a speculator, a quartermaster, or a commissary. We soldiers in the army manage to thrive very well on our humble fare, thanks to the Government we are battling to maintain. What though our food be rough, our cause is good, and "Uncle Jeff" gives us sufficient of the former to keep up life and hope. When I hear the various gossips sound the dinner horn, I fall back on my mess chest, partake of a slice of "bull beef" and "hard tack," walk to the Planter's Hotel and pick my teeth as triumphantly as though I had invested twenty-five dollars in Confederate money for dinner. I then light my pipe, smoke big, look over the register, and who knows the difference? Such is life in Augusta.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN H. BILBRO, TREASURER, In Account with Town Council, Tuskegee.

1864.

Mar. 26, To cash received from former Treasurer,

Apr. 29, " " " " " " " " Mitchell Lab'rum's \$10 00

" " " " " " " " J. S. Thomas, 10 00

" " " " " " " " C. Bowler, 10 00

May 5 " " " " " " " " Jim Mastin, 5 00

" " " " " " " " Mrs. Hendrix's Boy, 5 00

June 1 " " " " " " " " J. S. Smith, Isaac col, 10 00

" " 21 " " " " " " " " " " " " 20 00

Aug. 1 " " " " " " " " " " " " 12 00

" " 11 " " " " " " " " " " " " 12 00

Dec 6 " " " " " " " " " " " " 12 00

" " " " " " " " " " " " 12 00

1865.

Jan. 7 " " " " " " " " " " " " 307 00

" " 20 " " " " " " " " " " " " 303 00

" " " " " " " " " " " " 86 00

Feb. 25 " " " " " " " " " " " " 225 00

" " 28 " " " " " " " " " " " " 210 00

" " " " " " " " " " " " 24 00

Mar. 2 " " " " " " " " " " " " 201 26

" " 11 " " " " " " " " " " " " 22 36

" " " " " " " " " " " " 17 00

Excess to balance