

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

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

"Whether it be light in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God. Jud. 16."

\$2 per Annum, Invariably in Advance.

VOL. 14—NO. 28.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1862.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.

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

We begin below, the publication of a series of letters, which we feel sure will be perused with the deepest interest by all our Christian readers. It is a correspondence between two friends, A. and C. in which the former discloses his inward struggles, and the latter endeavors to meet them with proper advice. The confessions of A. will touch a chord in every pious heart—who has not experienced the same painful conflict with fear and doubt? The responses of C. will, we trust, prove beneficial to more than one.—ED. BAP.

Sept. 17th, 1861.

DEAR C.—A few days ago I received a letter from E. N. He had found an opportunity by some friends to write. But such a letter as it was! So cautious, every expression so carefully guarded, lest it should fall into the wrong hands, and his sentiments betrayed! It must be terrible to him to live among the avowed enemies of the only country he will ever claim as home—despising those by whom he is surrounded; loving, with all the ardor of a passionate nature, the South; and yet obliged to hear it abused and know that he cannot defend it. I pity him with all my heart.

But this is the least of his troubles. There is one shadow which hangs over his life blacker, more terrible than this; and that is the melancholy fate of poor H. He says, he has prayed earnestly for death, or for strength to bear this trial; and yet writes, "He is a prayer, answering God, and yet here I am still, with no strength but rather greater weakness—I know what I am going to say will shock you, but is sadly true—when, so often the same conviction has forced itself on my mind. I know the Bible speaks of a prayer hearing God; but that God I have never, then, truly found. He may be so to others, but to me He has never been so. I have prayed, often earnestly, and I thought, with faith (for I believed those prayers would be answered,) but I have prayed vainly. You tell me to pray for resignation: how can I, when now I know I pray without faith, without hope of any effect?"

I am ashamed to make this confession—and would not, if I did not hope you might be able to tell me where the fault is, and point me to some way of relief. I am all wrong—I know I am; and yet I do so long to be very good! Sometimes, that is; but sometimes I fear I become despairingly indifferent, thinking it little use to try. There now I have said a great deal more than I intended. Hitherto I have kept all this to myself and perhaps I ought to have continued to do so. Only, when I read E's letter I longed to know something to say to him, and yet felt I had nothing to offer.

I depart from S. about Oct. 1st.
Your friend,
A.

Sept. 30th, 1861.

DEAR C.—Sickness has prevented my replying to your last, till now. But this will intercept you in your journey, and may relieve for a few moments, the tedium of the road you will have to travel.

I am glad you have confided in me enough to let me know your state of mind; even though I may be able to do very little service to you.—When I was too unwell to write, I thought of you again and again, and feared it would be long before I could write to you. What you say of yourself does not shock me, as you supposed it would. Perhaps, but for the experience I have myself had in a similar way, it would have had some such effect. But I am not a stranger to precisely the same distressing state that you describe as your own. Do not, therefore, conclude that your case is so peculiar as that there has never been one like it. You see, for yourself, that there is at least one other in a similar condition, whom you would gladly have comforted.—I wish you had tried it—it would have done you good. Indeed, I hope

you did try. It certainly could do no harm.

I doubt not, if the history of every Christian's heart could be placed before our eyes, there would be but few who have not, at some period of their lives, been made to feel as though God were "angry against their prayer" (Ps. 80: 24,) and, who have, with the Psalmist, cried out in bitterness of soul, "Will the Lord cast off forever? And will He be favorable no more? Is His mercy clean gone forever? Doth His promise fail forever more? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" (Ps. 77: 7-9.) Such an experience is not a necessary part of a Christian's life,—but it is not an uncommon one, if the truth were known. Sometimes, doubtless, this is the direct effect of some temptation which Satan is allowed to bring to bear upon the soul; and no special cause, other than this, can be assigned for it. Of such a one our Saviour's language to Peter may be used; "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat;—but it may also be added, as true, that Jesus says, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Most generally, however, it is the consequence of some sin indulged, in some way; if not some positive transgression, it is some gross neglect—as prayerlessness, indifference to duty, and to active service of God, some idol that defrones God and grieves the Holy Spirit. It is a state described in Scripture as "backsliding in heart;" and God makes the sin punish itself. Jer. 2: 13-19.

Sometimes these feelings come in connection with some great distress or calamity that seems more bitter than death; and God allows it to be His children and lead them to trust implicitly in Him. Often, because He does not grant them precisely what they wish, they conclude that He does not hear them at all. Perhaps what they wish would be an injury to them. Often they think He does not answer them, because He does not give them their petitions in precisely the way they expect and in the degree they look for. That is evidently E's case. God has indeed sorely afflicted him. He says he prays for strength, but gets weaker day by day. Was not that precisely Paul's experience. (See 2 Cor. 12: 7-10, reproduced a thousand times under similar circumstances? "As thy days (not more,) so shall thy strength be. God purposely brings us low and makes us feel our weakness to be absolute and our strength to be nothing, that we may learn to trust in and lean upon Him. "When I am weak, then am I strong." He will yet learn the meaning of 2 Cor. 4: 8-10 as he has never before seen it. Light will arise out of his darkness.

But the question arises, what must one who is in such a state do? I cannot answer the question better than it is done in the Bible: see Jer. 50: 10. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon His God. The whole context is instructive. Of course, all know sin must be abandoned—that is indispensable. An earnest, active devotion to some labor for Christ is often necessary to dispel the darkness. In trying to lead others to Him, we ourselves find the way.

I know that it is often the case that one in such a condition (feeling that every service is imperfectly, not to say sinfully, performed,) is tempted to give up prayer altogether and to abandon the readings of the Bible, with many other duties. Such a temptation should be steadfastly resisted. It is our duty to pray, whether we feel like it or not. And the devil can wish for nothing, more than to keep a child of God from prayer. As long as he can do that he is satisfied. Now, dear A., remember his wiles—he will take every method to keep you from your Saviour—he will sift you as wheat; but remember, also, to take "the sword of the Spirit" and to use it in all your conflicts with him. I feel assured that such is your present condition; and while I deep-

ly sympathize with you in your spiritual struggles, I am not sorry to hear that you are enduring them; for I confidently believe that they will result in your deeper and more thorough acquaintance with the power and grace of Christ, and that you will yet bless God for them. The contest may be long, and as with a sword in your bones the cruel taunt may be suggested to you and flung at you, "Where is thy God?" and repeated efforts to take to God a soul "cast down" may seem to result for a long time in only making the load heavier; but never, while your soul pants after God as you now say yourself that it does, never will He leave you utterly, but He "will command His loving kindness in the day time, and in the night His song will be with you and your prayer to the God of your life," whom you will realize as your own God—the health of your countenance. See Ps. 42.

I know that sometimes the heart is almost crushed by the binding doubt often suggested at such a time; viz. Am I indeed, a child of God, at all; have I ever experienced His grace; have I not been deceived all along? I know the awful power of such a doubt. I will not attempt to answer that question for you—if indeed it has presented itself to you—further than to say, that I cannot conceive of a "longing to be good" proceeding from an unrenewed heart or from the suggestion of Satan. But, be that as it may, it still remains true, and no artifice of the devil can make it otherwise, that whosoever cometh to Jesus shall in no wise be cast out—and that He is able to save unto the uttermost, all that come to God by Him. Avail yourself of these "true sayings, whole truth as to your condition; you can never get beyond "the uttermost"—you can never be beyond the power of His grace.

But, in truth, do you not love Christ? Would you not, do you not choose Him; and would you not account the manifestation of His presence and love as the greatest blessing you could now receive? Is there anything you would prefer to Him? I think I know what the answer of your heart is: it is Peter's—"Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." A magnet will discover the existence of particles of steel in a pile of dust, that a microscope will not detect. So, if there is grace in the heart at all, it will be made known by the real views one has of Christ, rather than by a search, be it ever so minute, into our motives, and feelings, our frames and states of mind. The path by which God brings back His people to Him is often a dark and rugged one—it leads through the valley of Humiliation, as Bunyan calls it. Be it so—ANYTHING, if we may but be brought back to Him. The very tribulations we suffer may tend to keep us there, to stray no more.

Now, though I have written thus much, I have a kind of feeling that you may think that, after all, my effort has been in vain—because I have not pointed out to you (I have not tried) the particular fault. The relief, be assured, is to be found in a direct application to the Lord Jesus, as a poor, unworthy, undone sinner. You remember that beautiful hymn, "Just as I am."—That is the true sentiment. Make it your own. As ever, yours,
C.
(To be continued.)

Excerpts.

Take all things that befall you as coming from God's providence for your particular profit. Though they are evil in themselves, yet as He permits, or does not think fit to hinder them, they may be referred to Him. Lord, prepare my heart, that no afflictions may ever so surprise as to overbear me.—It is the same cup of which Jesus drank, and he scuds it.

We are in God's hands; we often take ourselves out of His hands, by trusting to the help and protection of men, more than to that of God.

Afflictions are no marks of God's displeasure. Jesus loved Mary and Lazarus, yet they were both afflicted. Prosperity is a most dangerous state. We fancy it is owing to our merit, and it is followed by pride, neglect of duty and fearlessness. It is happy for us when God counts us worthy to suffer for His sake.

Justification Illustrated.

With a view to illustrate this glorious and all important doctrine, let us make two suppositions. A subject is accused before his sovereign of high treason. He is tried, his confounded; he is then fully justified. Another person is accused of a similar crime, and is found guilty; but the sovereign freely pardons him. Neither of these cases fully sets forth the justification of the sinner who believes on Jesus. The first person we have mentioned is justified, but not pardoned; and the second is pardoned, but not justified; and neither can be in the very nature of things. Now the guilty sinner against God cannot be justified as the innocent person was, unless something can be found which will stand him in the same stead as his innocence. This is found in the righteousness of Christ. Though a guilty and convicted traitor, the believer is freely pardoned through the blood of Christ who bore his sins; and he is also fully justified by the righteousness of Christ in whom he believes. Thus God pardons him honorably; his justice is satisfied, and his government is vindicated. Follow on this subject and the glory of Christ's righteousness more and more appears. The King who justified his innocent subject when unjustly accused, was under no obligation to enrich and ennoble him much less was he obliged to do so to the convicted traitor whom he graciously pardoned; "but whom God justifies he also glorifies." Why is this, and on what principle is it done? All is done in honor of the righteousness of Christ by which the sinner is justified, and as a token of God being infinitely pleased therewith.

Our faith receives a righteousness, which makes the sinner just. What would'st thou love, what mysteries, In this appointment shine; My brazen of the law are His, And His obedience mine.

DEAN TRENCH ON THE WORD "THOUGHT"—Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink.—Matt. vi. 25.

This "take no thought" is certainly an inadequate translation, in our present English, of the Greek original. The words seem to exclude and to condemn that just forward-looking care which belongs to man, and differentiates him from the beasts, which live only in the present; and most English critics have lamented the inadvertence of our authorized version which in bidding us "take no thought" for the necessities of life, prescribes to us what is impracticable in itself, and would be a breach of Christian duty, even were it possible. But there is no "inadvertence" here.—When our translation was made, "take no thought" was a perfectly correct rendering of the original. "Thought" was then constantly used as an equivalent to anxiety or solicitous care, as let us witness this passage from Bacon: "Harris, an alderman in London, was put to trouble, and died with thought and anxiety, before his business came to an end." Or, still better, this from one of the "Somerset Tracts; (its date is that of the reign of Queen Elizabeth,) "In five hundred years only two Queens have died in child-birth; Queen Catherine Parr died rather of thought." A better example than either of these is that occurring in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, ("take thought and die for Caesar,") where "to take thought" is to take a matter so seriously that death ensues.

In the World but not of it.

Navigators tell us that there is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never runs dry. In the mightiest floods it never overflows.—As described by Maury in his *Physical Geography of the Sea*, its current more rapid than that of the Mississippi, of the Amazon, and there is not, in the whole world, such another majestic flow of waters. The banks and the bottom of this Gulf stream are of cold water, while the current is warm, and holding it is supposed, a greater quantity of salt in solution, its color is a deeper indigo blue than the surrounding waters; so that we can trace the line of demarcation, with the eye, for thousands of miles, and throughout the whole of its devious course there is a positive and unconquerable reluctance on the part of its waters to mingle with the common waters of the sea—it is in the sea but not of it.

So should the Christian be in the world but not of the world. Passing through it, and warning it by his vitalizing influence, but separate and distinct from it. He must of necessity be in the world, but his life should be of a different color from the life of the world, pursuing different principles and actuated by different motives so that the eye of the looker-on may see and mark the distinction. In all the clashing of the waves, and crossing of the tides around him, he must maintain a steady and uniform course. Yes, in the heaving and surging of great political and national storms, however absorbed in the studies and anxieties of such a crisis, he must not forget his character as a Christian, and the paramount claims which God has upon him. In the scorching drought of adversity, or in the swelling tide of prosperity, the Christian's life, that life which he now lives by

ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time."

Behold a faint image of Christ the Captain of our salvation! He requires the soldiers of the cross to keep up constant guard; but He does not put them into the hands of their own vigilance alone. Through many a night of danger, when the eyes are heavy, because, though the spirit be willing, the flesh is weak, he watches for us—watches in our place—lest Satan should surprise the soul and slay it. By His Spirit He walks continually about the outposts of the great army of the right, that no overworn warrior, fainting through human infirmity, may fall defenceless into the clutches of the enemy. Oh, how many of us would have been overpowered and captured, when weary nature sank for a time into inattention, but for this precious truth—that Christ was watching for us!

EXTORTION.—A letter writer from Richmond to the *Christian Index*, says, under date Sept. 29th: "A heavy fog has rested on our city the past week, precluding all insight into the position and state of the army after the severe conflict in Maryland. This has been an occasion of keen suspense to spectators and extortioners among us. I dare say that some of them have seen monsters stalking through the haze; have fancied that they heard the tread of disasters, hastening to smite away their ill-gotten gains. One could almost wish that these guilty fears might be fulfilled for them, if it were possible to divorce their fate from the country's destiny as completely as the are divorce welfare. But vengeance loses nothing in not being entrusted to human hands. If there is any such thing as historic justice, an extortioner of Richmond shall yet be a term conveying dishonor as deep as deserved, and as enduring as ever hung around 'a Jew of York.' And Providence, too, has its Confiscation Acts: one of which reads:—"This is the portion of a wicked man with God; and the heritage of the oppressor, which he shall receive of the Almighty: . . . Though he heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay; the raiment, the just shall put on, and the silver, the innocent shall divide."

My Father.

In a storm at sea, when the danger pressed, and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not,—was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No; he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand, for he holds all these waters there!" The story of that disciple's faith tripping in a storm sea present a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to his faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul, in its extremity, cannot play with a beautiful idea, if the heart do not feel the truth firm to lean upon, the eye will not long be satisfied with its symmetry to look at. Strangers may speak of Providence; but only the children love it.—If they would tell the truth those who are alienated from God in their hearts, do not like to be so completely in His power. It is when I am satisfied with His mercy, that I rejoice to lie in His hand.—Arnold.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR JESUS.—Let every Christian man, let every Christian woman, put the question to the heart—What can I do for Jesus? What more can I do than I have done? What more can I give than I have given?—Consider what he has done for you, what he is now doing for you, what he has already given you, what he has promised you, what he expects at your hands, the honor he has put upon you, the charge he has given you, the account he will demand of you, the reward which he will reward you—and then ask—What can I do for Jesus? And if there be any faith in his blood, if there be any reverence for his authority, if there be any concern for his cause, if there be any zeal for his glory, if there be any pity for sinners, if there be any regard for his Word, ask, and be honest in asking, What can I do for Jesus?

faith in the Son of God, like the Gulf stream, should flow evenly and smoothly along. He should diligently and faithfully discharge the duties he owes to the world, and especially to his own land and country but at the same time he must not reject the duties he owes to his own soul and to God.—He must look through the world in his pilgrimage to the better-land, and be brought in contact with it at every step in his career, but he should remember that a large part of "pure and undefiled religion" is to "keep himself unspotted from the world"—*Southern Presbyterian.*

Neglect of Family Religion.

Are there not families connected with our churches, who, as often as they sit down to their food, return no thanks for it to God, invoke no blessing from Him on it. Fed three times a day from the hand of our Father in heaven, they yet withhold acknowledgment of his perpetual bounty. They disown, at least ignore, Him who sends man rain and fruitful seasons, at the very table which he spreads for them. Is that a right and Christian spectacle? Even the heathen of old would do so. In pagan Rome, each meal began with sacrificing to their gods a portion of the food provided for themselves! As often as they ate, they worshipped!—How then can we, with fuller light shed from the Scriptures on the care of the true and living God for our well-being, excuse the glaring ungratefulness, if we take our seat at the family board as though we had no Almighty Friend to remember and adore there? There, where His benefits are nourishing the life received at first from His power! The family that eats without thanksgiving, or invocation of blessing, is daily teaching all its members of the present world. A lesson, alas, which, of themselves, they are too swift to learn—which they can hardly ever unlearn, if from their yearliest ears, the household is thus made a school of ingratitude.

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WHAT CAN I DO FOR JESUS.—Let every Christian man, let every Christian woman, put the question to the heart—What can I do for Jesus? What more can I do than I have done? What more can I give than I have given?—Consider what he has done for you, what he is now doing for you, what he has already given you, what he has promised you, what he expects at your hands, the honor he has put upon you, the charge he has given you, the account he will demand of you, the reward which he will reward you—and then ask—What can I do for Jesus? And if there be any faith in his blood, if there be any reverence for his authority, if there be any concern for his cause, if there be any zeal for his glory, if there be any pity for sinners, if there be any regard for his Word, ask, and be honest in asking, What can I do for Jesus?

Uprightness ever gathers the fruits of its own rearing.

The S. W. Baptist.

TUSKEGEE, ALA.: Thursday, Dec. 4, 1862.

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

A Gleam of Rationality. A Sad Delusion.

The New York World, perhaps the most influential journal of the city, recently asked the question, "can the North hold the South in a state of subjugation by a set of military straps?"

But there is one delusion upon the minds of these northern "conservatives," as they are called, that has yet to be dispelled. They still prate about a "reconstruction of the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is,"

The News.

Again we present our readers with a porrbill of fare in war news. Nothing has transpired worthy of note.

A writer in the Christian Index, from Richmond, Va., says, for the benefit of "Mr. Fearing," and his numerous family, that the army rolls in the Adjutant General's Office shows the present Confederate force in the field to be over six hundred thousand.

Our townsman, C. A. Williams, a poor man, has given a sack of salt to the wives of poor soldiers.

TUSKEGEE LIGHT INFANTRY.—THOMAS C. FURBER, will leave for the army on Monday, the 8th inst., and will carry any letters for the INFANTRY and MACON CONFEDERATES, entrusted to his care.

Again: What guarantee, in the way of a written Constitution, can the North give, that would be worth the ink and paper expended in writing it?

ever saw," bequeathed to us by an ancestry that fought side by side to achieve its sacred principles, and who, after that memorable struggle, voluntarily united upon its solemn stipulations.

Once more: These very "conservatives" of the North who talk so flippantly of "reconstruction" tell us at the same time that there is no liberty in abolitionism—that the Constitution is suspended—that imprisonment in Fort La Fayette without even the forms of trial, is the order of the day—

If therefore the Democratic party, or any other party at the North, suppose that their temporary triumph over the more ultra abolitionists is going to produce any effect in raising up a "Union party" at the South, they are deceiving themselves.

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DEAR BROTHER: I send you herewith an interesting letter from our Missionary to the army, Rev. I. T. Tichenor, who is so well known to the readers of your paper.

COLUMBUS, GA., Oct. 31, 1862.

DEAR BRO. SUMNER, Cor. Sec.: I found it impracticable to obey your instructions to report monthly to the Board, and therefore, now submit my report of two months labor commencing 1st of Sep.

NEWS FROM CHINA.

Extracts from a letter from Rev. J. B. Hartwell, Missionary of the Foreign Board, received by a member of the Macon Baptist church. The letter is dated Tangchau, May 11th, 1862.

THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

We cannot find in the lively oracles, a single distinctive mark of deity which is not applied, without reserve or limitation to the only begotten Son.

DO NOT TOUCH IT.

Sin is like pitch, it will not only cling to you if you handle it, but it will defile you if you only touch it.

A STRANGE PRAYER.

"Give me neither poverty." That will do. Most that do, and all that do not pray, will agree in their opposition to poverty.

meeting had been going on for several days. It continued eight days, and it closed last Sabbath. One joined by letter and, I think, six were baptized.

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and wise appeal, what else will the petitioners want but a leader to seek the emancipation of the national Church in a schism which will isolate Rome spiritually, as it already stands alone politically?

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so foolish as to eat the forbidden fruit, I should not now be thus obliged to get my bread by the sweat of my brow.

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Poetry.

Christ Stilling the Tempest.

Fear was within the tossing bark...

And men stood breathless in their dread...

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word...

And slumber settled on the deep...

Thou that didst rule the angry hour...

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride...

The Family Circle.

The Sensible Wife

I recollect having been told the following story: "A prudent and pious lady observing her husband deeply dejected on account of some misfortune which had befallen him, so that he could not sleep at night for care, pretended in the morning to be still more disconsolate than he, and gave way to lamentations and tears. As she had spoken cheerfully to him the evening before, and exhorted him to dismiss his sorrow, he was astonished, and asked the cause of her sudden grief. Hesitating a little she replied that she had been dreaming and that it seemed to her that a messenger had come from heaven, and brought the news that God was dead, and that all the angels were weeping. "Foolish woman," said the husband, "you know right well that God cannot die." "Indeed," replied the wife, "and if that be so certain, how comes it that you are now indulging your sorrow so immoderately as if He really did no longer exist, or at least, as if He was unable to set measure and bounds to our affliction, or mitigate its severity, or convert it into a blessing. My dear husband, learn to trust in Him, and to sorrow like a Christian. Think of the old proverb.

What need I grieve, If God still live."

"Verily, my Father, didst Thou not I would not myself wish to live another hour? And if sometimes thou foignest to be dead, I will not cease to rouse Thee with my prayers and tears, until I sensibly experience again that Thou art the health of my countenance, and my God."—Golds' Emblems.

On Doing Good.

A Sunday-school teacher was one afternoon talking with his children about doing good to others, and he said that all those who sincerely loved Jesus Christ would be sure to try and do some good in the world. One of his boys made a remark, that he hoped they should do some good when they were grown up. "Ah," said the teacher, "that will not be enough; you must begin while you are young, and I have to request that each child will be able to tell me by next Sunday that he has been trying to do some good in course of the week; mind, I shall be sure to ask you next Sunday."

The boys sat thinking a little, and the teacher repeated his request. The next Sunday came, nor did the teacher forget to ask each boy what good he had done. Little John Smith said, "I went last week every morning to fetch a picher of water for old Dame Brown, who lives in our house."

Teacher. Well my little man, that was right; there is a boy yonder laughing at you. I suspect he has done no good at all. Samuel Jenkins, what good have you done?

On hearing this, his laugh was turned into a blush, and all that he could at last say was, that he had been part of the week," said his teacher; "but I have heard of your playing the truant twice last week to go a bird's nesting. O, Samuel, Samuel, you cruel boy; I did not expect that you would be able to say you had done any good during the last week."

William Jones said he had read the Bible to a blind man, for which he was commended.

The teacher then inquired of the other boys what they had done; and I am happy to say that many of them were able to give a good account. The following are some of the attempts he had made: to read the Bible to a sick woman; to visit a school-fellow in the hospital; to dis-

tribute some tracts, to read to a blind father; to teach younger brothers and sisters; to subscribe for a large Bible for a grandmother; and all these were done without neglecting their common duties at home and school.

The teacher said, "I am glad to find that most of you have been trying to do something for the good of others. Our heavenly Father is always doing good, even to the unthankful. He gives us life, and health, and all other blessings, not only for ourselves, but that we may help others. We deserve to lose all our mercies, because we do not improve them as we should. Let us constantly strive to be like the blessed Saviour, who 'went about doing good,' and who made it His meat and drink to do the will of His heavenly Father. While I rejoice in the good you, my boys, have done, I was rather sorry to hear two or three mentioning what they had done in rather a boasting manner. My dear children, should we live long lives in the service of God, we must say at the end of them, we are but unprofitable servants; we have done only what was our duty, and have indeed fallen sadly short of its full demands. Can we ever repay the love of Christ who left His Father's throne to come down to this world, to save such sinners as we are, by suffering and dying for us? Oh may the love of Christ constrain us to live to His glory, and may we every day show that we have learned of Christ to do good to others."

Never Alone.

An old man sat in his easy chair.—He was alone. His eyes were so dim that he could not read the printed page; he had long ceased to hear any common sound, and it was only in broken whispers that he could hold communion with those around, and often hours passed by in which the silence of his thoughts was not broken by an outward voice. He had outlived his generation; one by one the companions of boyhood and youth had been laid in the grave until none remained of all those he had once known and loved. To those to whom the future is one bright path of hope and happiness, and social love, how unenviable seemed his condition—no wiser than his days!

I have said he was alone. A gentle and thoughtful child stole into his silent room and twined her arm lovingly around his neck. "I feared you would be lonely, dear grandfather," said she "and so I came to sit awhile with you. Are you not very lonely here, with no one to speak to or to love?"

"The old man paused for a moment, and laid his hand upon the head of the gentle child.

"I am never alone, my child," he said. "How can I be lonely; for God is with me; the Comforter comes from my Father, to dwell in my soul, and my Savior is ever near to cheer and instruct me. I sit at His feet and learn of Him; and though pain and sickness often come to warn me that this earthly house of my tabernacle is soon to be dissolved, I know that there is prepared for me a mansion, the glories of which no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. The love of God is like living water to my soul. Seek, in your youth, this fountain, my child, drink deep of its living waters, and then when your hair shall be whitened for the grave, when all sources of earthly enjoyment are taken away, you, too, can say, 'I am never alone.'"

ETERNITY.—Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkle on the brow of eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever-pre- unborn, undecaying and undying; the endless chain compassing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe.

Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them from the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its pleasures are but the sepulchre; its pleasures, they are as bursting bubbles. Not so in the untiring bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its way will know no darkening, eternal splendor forbidding the approach of night.

HUMILITY.—If thou desire the love of God and man, be humble for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, so it is beloved of none, but by itself, the voice of humility is God's music, and the silence of humility is God's rhetoric. Humility enforces, where neither virtue nor strength can prevail, nor reason.—Enchiridion.

The Mischievous Spark.

The fire was burning brightly on a farmers hearth—not a quiet coal-fire, in a tidy little black grate—no, this was an old-fashioned brick hearth, and great logs of wood were piled upon it one upon another, crackling and blazing. Among them was one of those logs which for some reason or other—it is hard to say why—are always spitting out sparks all around, a log not at all safe to leave, and unhappy Susan, the farmer's wife having been called out suddenly, had never given one look at the fire. Spit! went the log, and out flies a great spark! Never mind, no harm will happen; it has fallen into a large basin of water. There is a moment's hissing, as if the clear cold water did not understand such a fiery visitor; so all unlike itself; but the water has prevailed the spark is quite extinguished. Spit! spit! goes the log—out flies another spark! Where will this light? It has fallen into a wisp of hay, with which Susan was going to pack a basket.—The hay is so dry it catches like a tinder. O, what a blaze! It is well it is a brick floor, or the whole house might have been on fire. Susan must make haste home; but Susan does not come home, and now it is worse than ever, for the very next spark that flies out lights on the farmer's gunpowder flask, carelessly left open on the table. There is not much powder, but enough to do great mischief, for of course, it explodes at and crash goes the window, part of the side of the house is blown out, and the rose which climbed up it, torn down. It will take many days and many dollars, too, to repair the damage that spark has done, and years must pass before the traces of it are altogether gone.

You will be more than usually happy, my friends if you never come across a cracking log, spitting its spark of fire. I do not mean a log of wood on the hearth, but one of these fiery tempers whose angry words fly like sparks all around. Notice, the mischief done, depended not only on the spark, but on the place where it fell. When an angry word falls on a gentle, loving heart, there will be a moment's heat, all the stirrings, because such words are so strange there, but it will not last. One of those soft answers which turn away wrath—by some measurer other the loving heart will conquer—there will be no flame there. But if it falls on an irritable temper, ready like the dry hay, to take fire at anything, what blaze there will be! It will be well if such a one is alone at the moment, for if others be near, the flames will be in danger of running round so rapidly. Do not boast of having too high a spirit to brook a word of reproach—it is danger to be dry hay when sparks are flying!—But above all, do not be a flask of gunpowder; do not join malice and revenge to a hasty temper; do not let every stray spark that fall on you lead to an explosion, or boast that none ever injured you without reaping consequences they rue perhaps for long years. The gunpowder is mighty, but it is a fearful—O, a hateful power!—Rev. E. H. Bickersteth.

The Wandering Jew.

The legend of a Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to this day, has spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables do not agree. One version is this:—When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself near the gate at the house of a shoemaker named Ahasuerus. This man, however, thrust him away. Jesus turned toward him, saying, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on till I return." And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that given by Tatthias Parisensis, a monk of the thirteenth century: When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilate to death, the doorkeeper, named Cartallion, pushed him from behind with his foot, saying, "Walk on, Jesus, quickly; why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely, and said, "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come."—And this man, still alive wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers, and renews his strength; hence it is that, even after so many centuries, he does not look much older than Septuagenarian. This much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors makes even mention of such an account. The first who reports some such thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, which, as is known was filled with pious fiction, even to disgust.—However, the story has spread far, so that it has become a proverb, "He wanders about like a wandering Jew." There are not persons wanting who assert to have seen the wandering Jew." But when their evidence is examined by the test of historical credibility, it is found that some impostor had made use of this fable to impose upon simple minded people for some purpose of his own. However, the legend is not altogether untrue; there is a wandering Jew who roves about Europe, throughout every century. This imperishable being is—Prejudice against the Jews.

FOR PARENTS AND GIRLS.—Since there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how to grow old gracefully, is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most beautiful arts that can be taught a woman. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its richest stores. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to mature life we ought to advert? Do we not educate them for a crowd, forgetting that they are to live at home; for the world, and not for themselves; for show and not for use; for time, and not for eternity?

THE TWO SEXES.—There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in all young women (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling). It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angels. A vulgar boy requires Heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps, I do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him; but give the least advantage of society of tuition to a pleasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is sentiment in all woman; and that gives delicacy to thought and taste to manner; with men, it is generally acquired—an offspring of the intellectual quality—not as with the other sex, of the moral.

Mr. John H. Taylor gives, through the Columbus Enquirer, the following recipe for saving pork in an economical manner. He says several gentlemen have successfully practiced it the past year in Harris county:

To five gallons of water add seven pounds of salt, one pint of syrup, and one teaspoonful of pounded saltpetre. After the pork is cooled in the usual way, pack in barrels, and cover with the above mixture—let it remain four or five weeks, and hang and smoke in the usual manner.

Thus twenty pounds of salt are made to save one thousand pounds of pork.

Going Permissus.

During the time when Kirby Smith was supposed to be beleaguering this city, the colored population were in a condition of agitation not second in demonstrativeness to that prevailing among white folks. An incident took place at one of their "war meetings" which should be recorded.—The able bodied colored men were debating propriety of tendering their services to the Government as volunteers for the war. The prevailing impression had been that they ought to do it, and their patriotic emotions were at high African temperature.—But before the vote was taken, a tall and very black fellow, produced a revelation of feeling by delivering himself as follows: "I'm in favor of goin', and will go in a minit if we go permissus with white men. I'll tell you why I'm for goin' permissus. If we go permissus we'll have fair play. But let 'em get a regiment all of niggers, and dey put 'em in de fore front of de battle, and bofe sides kill every one of 'em. Isay so, sah, (rolling his eyes around the audience,) and I ain't goin dat way, sah. I ain't goin' a step less I go permissus. No sah." And the able and eloquent Ethiopian subsided, and a solemn sensational pause followed. The eyes of the assembled darkies snapped white and wild at the idea that to go any other way than "permissus" was certain death. And, as they thought the chances of "goin' permissus" were not brilliant, the meeting adjourned without taking action.

Every moment involves responsibility; this if realized, will constantly urge you to take shelter beneath the cross of Christ.

DR. LITTLE'S VERMIFUGE. In LARGE Bottles and Vials. Nothing else is required to relieve children of Worms...

LITTLE'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS. A certain cure for Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pain in the Breast, also Whooping Cough, Ac., Ac., among Children.

LITTLE'S FRENCH MIXTURE. This is prepared from a French Recipe (in the form of No. 1 and 2; the first for the acute, and No. 2 for the chronic stage), and from its unexampled success is likely to supersede every other remedy for the cure of diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gonorrhoea, Hemorrhoea, and Leucorrhoea or Fluor Albus, Ac.

LITTLE'S RINGWORM & TETTER OINTMENT. FORTIS, No. 2. Hundreds of cases of Chronic Itches, Scald Head, and diseases of the skin generally, have been cured by this ointment...

LITTLE & BRO., Wholesale Druggists, Macon, Ga. Sold by Dr. J. S. THOMAS and C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, HITCHCOCK & WILLIAMS, La Grange, BRANT & HALE, Montgomery; FLEMING & CARTER, J. A. WHITFIELD & CO., Columbus, Ga.; and Merchants and Druggists generally.

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FERRELL & MCKINNE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tuskegee, Ala.

J. H. CADDENHEAD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Loachapoka, Macon County, Ala.

SCHEDULE of Tuskegee Rail Road. FIRST TRAIN leaves the Depot in Tuskegee at 9:15 a. m., connecting with a Train for West Point and Columbus.

HOWARD COLLEGE. Faculty for the Year 1861-2. REV. H. TALBIRD, D.D., President. And Professor of Moral Science.

THE NEXT SESSION. The next session will open on Tuesday the first day of October, 1861. In order to meet the exigencies of the times young men and ladies will be admitted next session to pursue an irregular Course of Study...

EXPENSES. Tuition, per term, of 4 1/2 months, in advance \$25 00 Incidentals 2 00 Room and Servant 9 00 Coal 36 00 to 8 00 Board, per month, \$12 00 to 14 00 Washing 1 00

HOWARD COLLEGE. DEAR SIR—Your attention is respectfully invited to the following resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of Howard College at their annual meeting, viz:

SCHOOL NOTICE. ON Monday 6th January 1862, JAMES E. PARK will re-open a School for Boys, in Tuskegee. Only a limited number of pupils can be received, as there will be no Assistant. The Scholastic Year will be divided into three Sessions of Thirteen weeks.

Medical College of Georgia, AT AUGUSTA. THE Thirtieth Session of this Institution will open on Monday, the 4th November next. Anatomy, M. F. CANNON, M. D. Surgery, L. A. DEUSS, M. D. Chemistry, JOSEPH JONES, M. D. Materia Medica and Therapeutics, I. P. GARVIS, M. D. Institutes and Practice, H. B. FOSTER, M. D. Physiology, H. V. M. MILLER, M. D. Obstetrics, J. A. EVE, M. D. Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics, ROBERT CANTWELL, M. D. W. H. DOUGLASS, M. D., Clinical Lecturer at City Hospital.

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NIX, YOUNG & NIX, (SUCCESSORS TO A. W. HITCHCOCK.) MONUMENTS, MANTLES, TOMBS, Railings, GRAVE STONES, Furniture Work and Tablets. GRATES, &c. All Work Warranted to give Satisfaction. July 22, 1861.

NO TASTE OF MEDICINE! BRYAN'S TASTELESS VERMIFUGE. Children Aching Right and Left! Mothers not so yet! Know that worms torment infants! Know that worms torment infants! Know that worms torment infants!

NEW BOOKS. The Bible Pamphlet, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Be not the novel of deep interest. Table of Married Life, by T. S. Arthur. The Habits of Good Society, a hand book for Ladies. The Private Correspondence of Alexander von Humboldt. The Mill on the Floss, by the author of Adam Bede. A Life for a Life, by the author of John Halifax. Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by Edw. G. Parker. Pines Hall, by Thos. Hood. Mary Emory, by the author of Grace Tremont. And many other new and interesting works. Sold by C. FOWLER, Tuskegee, Ala. July 25, 1860. No 26 Market St.