Chaplains' Corps Chronicles of the Sons of Confederate Veterans

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"That in all things Christ might have the preeminence."

"I think it worth a lifetime of hardship to prepare, under God, one of our dear defenders thus to die."
Chaplain J. Wm. Jones

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Quote from a Confederate Chaplain

"I shall never forget the look of astonishment in the Association of Chaplains in January, 1863, when Bro. (George L.) Winchester, a chaplain (of the 6th Tennessee) ... stated that he believed we were on the eve of one of the most glorious revivals ever witnessed on the American continent! His countenance glowed with

an unearthly radiance, and while he spoke 'our hearts burned within us.' He urged us to look for it—pray for it—preach for it. A revival in the army! The thing was incredible."

Chaplain W. H. Browning
154th Tennessee Regiment

Editorial

Fellow Compatriots in the Chaplains' Corps and Friends:

We need to heed Chaplain Winchester's words as did Chaplain Browning and others of the Chaplains Corps. We need to look for revival—pray for revival—preach for revival. This is the need of the hour as our nation slouches toward Sodom.

Readers please be aware of the Chaplain's Conference April 25 to 26, 2013 at the Providence Baptist Church in Harrisonburg, Virginia. You have a cordial invitation to attend. Make a journey to the famous Shenandoah Valley and meet and fellowship with one another.

Please remember to pray for one another. We often hear of needs among the readers and fellow compatriots. "Pray one for another." Also, pray for the conference, the speakers and the travelers.

PROVIDENCE BAPTIST CHURCH
1441 Erickson Avenue
Harrisonburg, VA 22802

THURSDAY EVENING SESSION
7:00 p.m. Welcome, Hymn, and Prayer
Music
Pastor John Weaver
Hymn and Prayer

FRIDAY SESSION
9:00 a.m. Welcome, Hymn and Prayer
9:15 a.m. Dr. Charles Baker
10:15 a.m. Questions and Break
10:45 a.m. Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg,
11:45 a.m. Break for Dinner
1:00 p.m. Prayer and Hymn
1:15 p.m. Pastor Lloyd Sprinkle
2:15 p.m. Break
2:30 p.m. Chaplain Kenneth Studdard
3:30 p.m. Closing remarks and Concluding Prayer

Next is the last part of an editorial article from last month.

Confederate Chaplains at War's End

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Part II

The aftermath of the invasion of constitutionally protected States was overwhelming in lives lost, bodies maimed, families left destitute, churches destroyed and personal and private property destroyed or looted and carried north. Chaplain W. W. Bennett recorded events that occurred around Warrenton in Fauquier County, Virginia in 1862 as the Federals spent weeks around the town and between there and Culpeper Courthouse.

> They (the Federals) had plundered the people without mercy, taking food, clothing, servants, horses, cattle, and, in fact, whatever they fancied was freely appropriated. Implements of agriculture were burned or broken to pieces…. The conduct of many of the Federal soldiers was worthy of the most ferocious savages. They would ride over the graves of Confederates in the burying-ground near the town of Warrenton, and stick bayonets and fire guns into the graves. The church edifices were abused, and the walls defiled with vulgar and licentious scribblings, and in one instance, if not more, the communion table and chairs were stolen from the altar and possibly shipped to the North [*The Great Revival,* 185].

What happened in 1862 was extended in various forms until 1877. In 2013 it appears that Mr. Lincoln's policies that maimed the Constitution have been fully implemented and the entire nation is strapped, raped and under the judging hand of God.

The ceasing of hostilities on the battlefield was a mere prelude to the destructive forces that were to come through what was called "reconstruction" which should have been more accurately called "deconstruction." However, at the time the chaplains and most Southern victims of the war were unaware of what was about to be unleashed. Some pontificate a fiendish retort, "They deserved it." Consider the following inspired words, *"He that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished…. He that justifieth the wicked and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the LORD"* (Prov. 17:5, 15). Southern folks need to heed this as well.

Chaplain A. D. Betts and War's End

When Chaplain A. D. Betts, the Methodist chaplain of the 30th North Carolina, heard of Appomattox and Lee's surrender he would not give up as long as there were any forces still in the field. Hearing that Gen. Johnston's Army had passed through Chapel Hill he knew that Gen. Sherman, the consummate arsonist, would soon be there. Chaplain Betts said:

> I did not wish to meet him. I told some of my friends I was going with Gen. Johnston's Army. Rev. Dr. Charles Phillips tenderly told me to go on and my friends would take care of my family. After midnight I kissed my wife and children and mounted a mule and rode away, thinking I might not see them in months or years. I rode all night, crossing Haw River, overtook Johnston's Army and reported to Brig. Gen. Hoke, who assigned me to duty as Chaplain to 17th N. C. Regt. We camped a few miles from Greensboro for two or three days till we heard we were to be surrendered. I rode to Greensboro one day and met Rev. Dr. John B. McFerrin of Nashville, Tenn., at the home of good Mrs. F. M. Bumpass. The night following the tidings of our contemplated surrender was a still, sad

night in our camp. Rev. W. C. Willson, the Chapel Hill pastor, was with us. We had preached a few times in that camp; but that night we made no effort to get the men together. In little, sad groups they softly talked of the past, the present and the future. Old men were there, who would have cheerfully gone on, enduring the hardship of war, and protracted absence from their families, **for the freedom of their country**. Middle aged men were there, who had been away from wives and children for years, had gone through many battles, had lost much on their farms or stores or factories or professional business; but would that night have been glad to shoulder the gun and march forward for the defense of their "native land". Young men and boys were there, who loved their country and were unspeakably sad at the thought of the failure to secure Southern Independence [*Experience of A Confederate Chaplain*, 78].

Betts saw Appomattox as the loss of his country's freedom and "the failure to secure Southern Independence." As Chaplain Betts walked out of the camp with a minister friend they talked and wept together. Then as Betts was returning to his mule he passed three lads sitting together and talking in voices filled with sadness:

I paused and listened. One said, "It makes me very sad, to think of our surrendering." Another said, "It hurts me worse than the thought of battle ever did." The third raised his arm, clenched his fist and seemed to grate his teeth as he said, "I would rather know we had to go into battle tomorrow morning." There was patriotism! There may have been in that camp that night generals, colonels and other officers who had been moved by a desire for worldly honor…. **But these boys felt they had a country that ought to be free!** I wish I had taken their names. And I wonder if they still live. They are good citizens, I am sure [79].

The next day Chaplain Betts mounted his mule and headed back to Chapel Hill intending to surrender there. At sunset he met an old farmer near his spring. Betts politely asked permission to spend the night on the old fellow's property, but he objected perhaps through the uncertainty that is the father of fear. Betts decided to stay anyway being worn out. The farmer then declared that he could come to his house where Betts spent the night on the porch. People in the South were now plagued with the uncertainty of events much like many Americans are now. The enemy was within the gates. Chaplain Betts finally returned to the Chapel Hill area and presented himself at headquarters and received a parole. The kind of freedom previously known was gone forever from the continent.

Chaplain William Wiatt and War's End

On Sunday, April 9th, 1865 Chaplain William Wiatt, the Baptist chaplain of the 26th Virginia Infantry, described hearing the news that General Lee had surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia. How did this news impact Wiatt?

The will of the Lord be done; it was His will that it should be so; it is all right because He had done it, or suffered it to be done; may we have grace to bear our troubles & trials with faith & patience; the question? has God forsaken us? is our Confederacy ruined (?) I, for one, can't believe it; God, I verily believe, has humbled us to exalt us; I believe He will, yet, in His good way & time grant unto us deliverance & prosperity & honor; His wisdom & power & goodness are the same;…. A touching incident occurred in the afternoon; General Lee rode along from the enemy's lines, and hundreds of officers & men thronged each side of the road and waved hats and sent up cheers; the old hero was in solemn silence, with head uncovered, his countenance indicating deep sorrow; I could not refrain

> from shedding tears again; it has been a sad day to us; may God's grace be sufficient for us; at night sang the hymn "God moves in Mysterious ways &c." And had a prayer by Lieutenant of the 34th Virginia Regiment [237 f.].

The Lord's servant William Edward Wiatt was surrendered at Appomattox in April with the men remaining to whom he had ministered.

Chaplain Wiatt described the way he was treated in the days following Appomattox. He walked a picket line with Major Perrin and heard many taunts by the enemy. He related that it was hard to endure without replying. Later he heard a stirring patriotic speech by General John B. Gordon. When the parole was signed "it was a bitter cup for me to drink," he said, "but the Lord willed it to be so" [238]. In spite of all the sadness he said they had singing and prayer at night. On Thursday April 13th he headed home, but not before he visited the hospital to see, pray and minister to the sick and wounded. He traveled many miles and slept on the floor of a shed at Burkeville. In the days following he was grossly insulted by "a negro soldier in McCulloch's old factory" where he fetched his trunk.

Chaplain Wiatt may have been paroled and the war may have been over, but his concern for men and their souls was not ended though his chaplaincy was over.

> Tuesday, April 18th, 1865, Rose early and went down to the depot to take the train to City Point … on arriving at City Point, visited some of our wounded soldiers to ascertain if possible, the fate of some in our Brigade, but could learn nothing of them; conversed on religion with many of the wounded …; was insulted again by a negro soldier; about sunset left in the steamer Maryland for Fortress Monroe; during the night had a chill & fever and was very unwell indeed; made the acquaintance of Chaplain Donnon….

The next day Wiatt noted:

> Today is a sad anniversary to me; twelve months ago, my beloved wife died; God only knows what I have suffered during the past year. I hope I have not murmured against God's will; God forgive me if I have; Oh Lord! sustain me by Thy all sufficient grace; *'Thy grace is sufficient;'* help me not only to submit to, but to acquiesce in Thy will; may Thy Holy Spirit teach & lead me; be a father to my dear little ones & direct their steps in all things; Oh Lord! leave us not in our day of trouble; be with us at all times; we cannot do without Thee [241].

Here is desperation for God. Earlier he had written, "May God's grace be sufficient" and next he writes, "*'Thy grace is sufficient;'* help me not only to submit to, but to acquiesce in Thy will." Wiatt's written words attest to the confusing nature of the events that had just transpired and how they caught him off guard. The testing was only beginning for this chaplain and the Southern people things would get much worse before 1877.

Upon arriving in his native country in the Eastern part of Virginia he found he had lost almost all his property, and he was still far away from his children (they were in Alabama). His next words show his desperate circumstance as a widower and father, "know not when or how I shall go to them" [241 read 242].

It is very interesting how Chaplain Wiatt ended his diary:

> here my journal ends for the present; it may never be resumed by me as Chaplain in the Confederate Army, which position I was commissioned to hold on the 4th of October, 1861; may the blessing of God be upon all of my labours as such; may I have some 'Crowns of rejoicing' in the great day as chaplain in the army of my beloved country; this journal was begun on the 1st day of January 1862 and has continued till the present without interruption; I regret the ending of it [242].

And he signed it, "Wm. E. Wiatt, paroled Chaplain 26th Va. Reg't Inf'try, Brig. Gen. Wise's Brigade, Maj. Gen. B. W. Johnson's Division, Lt. Gen. R. Anderson's Corps, Army of N. Va. [242]. Wiatt returned to the pastorate of Union Baptist Church and brought his motherless children back from Alabama and supplemented his income by teaching school.

Conclusion

These three chaplains were chosen by this writer to represent the sense of those sad days when they were forced to come to grips with the loss of the Southern Republic. They are representative men. Stonewall Jackson's chaplain Beverly Tucker Lacy was prophetic when he wrote during the war: "This may be the last struggle for constitutional liberty which will be made on this continent." The republic died with the Confederacy and the Constitution was raped and now its application would be unrecognizable to the Founding Fathers. The entire country has become subservient to Caesars and antichrists who are polluters of our time.

Perhaps the lives of these chaplains can spur us on in our own quest to serve the Lord with gladness in spite of circumstances, and to be faithful to Him in representing Christ and the Southern Cause before the world. We must tell the truth and not appease the god of political correctness and expediency.

The writer agrees with Henry W. Grady when he said, "Out there at Appomattox, the Lord God Almighty laid upon every ragged gray cap the sword of imperishable knighthood." This was also certainly true of the Confederate Chaplain. Lord, give us your grace and graciousness; may we to be true to you no matter what, Amen!

Please find in this issue our Chaplain-in-Chief's message to the reader. Then our Chaplain-in-Chief presents to us a blessed encouragement entitled *Why Honor Our Ancestors?* There is much we can learn from our ancestors in this day of shallowness. Your editor has supplied Part II of a biographical sketch on the life of *Chaplain John Levi Underwood.* This issue includes A Confederate Sermon, submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard. This sermon is by Rev. Stephen Elliott on The Tribute to the Private Soldier. Our Book Review is by Editor Rumburg, reviewing the volume by Chaplain Randolph H. McKim, *A Soldier's Recollections: Leaves from the Diary of a Young Confederate***.**

Soli Deo Gloria,
Editor H. Rondel Rumburg

[*Compatriots, if you know of any members of the Chaplains' Corps or others who would like to receive this e-journal, please let us have their names and e-mail addresses.* ***Also, feel free to send copies of this journal to anyone you think would like to receive it.*** If you want to "unsubscribe" please e-mail the editor or assistant editor. Confederately, HRR]

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THE CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF'S MESSAGE

Dear fellow Chaplains and Friends of the Corps:

It is a joy to announce to you again that our **Chaplains' Conference** is scheduled for **April 25, 26, at the Providence Baptist Church**, 1441 Erickson Avenue, Harrisonburg, Virginia. Our first service begins Friday evening, 7:00 pm., at the church. Past Chaplain-in-Chief John Weaver will open the conference with the preaching of the Word of God. On Friday, we gather at the church at 9:00 a.m. for a day of messages, instruction and fellowship. Our speakers are Dr. Charles Baker, Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg, Pastor Lloyd Sprinkle, and Chaplain Kenneth Studdard.

Pastor Sprinkle has graciously agreed to host the conference. He has labored mightily to spread the truth of our Southern Christian heritage. Some years ago, he undertook the project of publishing books that were difficult to find, but rich in spiritual content concerning Southern history. These include such treasured volumes as *Christ in the Camp*, by J. William Jones; *The Great Revival in the Southern Armies,* by W. W. Bennett; and the *Life and Campaigns of Lt. General (Stonewall) Jackson*, by Robert L. Dabney. I believe every SCV chaplain should possess and read these three volumes. Through the years, Pastor Sprinkle has continued to publish many books that provide excellent help for all Christians, but especially for ministers and chaplains.

We hope to see you there. Please tell other chaplains about the event and invite visitors. Surrounding Harrisonburg are many historical sites preserving our Southern heritage. If I can assist you, please contact me at my email address, markwevans@bellsouth.net, or cell phone, 864.631.8952. Also, it will be helpful if you let me know if you plan to attend.

Pray for God's blessing, that a true work of God will be done in our hearts and our hands will be strengthened to serve our Savior.

Deo Vindice!
Mark W. Evans
Chaplain-in-Chief

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Chaplain-in-Chief's Article

Why Honor Our Ancestors?

Mark W. Evans

THE BIBLE

The Bible, God's infallible, inerrant Word, teaches us "What man is to believe concerning God, and what duties God requires of man." Without this foundation, man lacks an absolute spiritual and moral compass. He is adrift in his defective reasoning. The Bible has been the means of freeing entire nations from tyranny. Many of our Confederate ancestors looked to this Holy Book as their only rule of faith and practice. They went to war against the Northern invader with the Scriptures in their minds and the peace of God in their hearts. The Presbyterian theologian, James Henley Thornwell, said more than a decade before the war began: "The parties of this conflict are not merely abolitionists and slave holders – they are atheists, socialists, communists, red republicans, Jacobins on the one side and the friends of order and regulated freedom on the other. In one word, the world is the battleground – Christianity and atheism the combatants, and the progress of humanity is at stake."[1] After one hundred fifty years, we honor our Confederate ancestors because they fought for principles grounded upon the unchangeable Word of God.

THE HISTORY

We honor our Confederate ancestors because of their glorious history. If we fail to pass along to future generations the true history of the South, we are not only failing in duty, but aiding the advancement of lies. Our motive for preserving our history is a matter of the heart. We delight to declare the truth of their Christian integrity, moral uprightness, and righteous cause. As evil floods our land, it is a privilege to repeat their history, which stands upon the foundation of the testimony of eye witnesses and recorded fact. Our land desperately needs this history. The South's warriors fought to defend states' rights, constitutional liberty, and the right of the people to determine their government. The South resisted a powerful central government, controlled by a Northern majority, bent upon subjugating the South with unjust tariffs and unconstitutional interference. What was once a regional issue, has now become a national crisis. Principles will always work themselves out. The founders of our country foresaw the danger and sought to protect the

[1] C. Gregg Singer, *A Theological Interpretation of American History* (Greenville, SC: A Press, 1981), p. 84.

South from tyranny. Our present, national debacle affirms the necessity of the South's bold attempt to rid itself of oppression. Thomas J. DiLorenzo, in his book, *The Real Lincoln*, said: "It was not to end slavery that Lincoln initiated an invasion of the South. He stated over and over again that his main purpose was to 'save the Union,' which is another way of saying that he wanted to abolish states' rights once and for all. He could have ended slavery just as dozens of other countries in the world did during the first sixty years of the nineteenth century, through compensated emancipation, but he never seriously attempted to do so. A war was not necessary to free the slaves, but it was necessary to destroy the most significant check on the power of the central government: the right of secession."[2] We honor our ancestors for fighting for the same principles that brought our nation into existence.

THE BENEFIT

We honor our Confederate ancestors because it is beneficial to ourselves, our families, others, and future generations. In the records and writings of those who endured the war, we read of incredible sacrifice, valor, and perseverance. We learn of fierceness in battle coupled with Christian faith. We also witness sterling examples of mercy and compassion to enemies. There are stories of humor, of Southern ingenuity, of daring, incredible strategies, and of war screams that chilled the bones. We see what Southern grit accomplished, as a ragged, under supplied army, using inferior weapons, kept the Yankee hordes at bay. Even when approaching certain defeat, the men in grey fought with unrelenting fury. From the example of the ones we honor, whose blood runs in our veins, we gather courage and resolve to stand in the face of today's tyranny. We not only honor them, we honor their cause.

THE GLORY

We honor our ancestors because of a gracious work of God that brought the Bible Belt into existence. Thousands of Christian clergymen and laymen filled the ranks of the Confederate armies. Many generals and lower grade officers were dedicated Christians. After the initial success of the Battle of Manassas, hopes soared that the war would soon end. As it became apparent that the war would be long and hard, careless chaplains and Christian workers left the field. In their place came men of God who lived with the foot soldiers, endured hardships, and preached to them the Gospel, not only with their words but with their deeds. They were from different denominations, but believed the same Bible and preached the same Gospel. The results were astounding. Tens of thousands believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and trusted in His atoning blood to wash away their sins. The exact number of converts will not be known until the Judgment Day, but it is safe to say that tens of thousands made professions of faith. Confederate Chaplain J. William Jones observed, "But figures cannot, of course, give a tithe of the results of a great revival. The bringing of backsliders, the quickening of the zeal, and faith, and general consecration

[2] Thomas J. Dilorenzo, *The Real Lincoln* (Roseville, CA: Prima Publishing, © 2002), pp. 8, 9.

of God's people, the comfort, the joy, the peace, the strength for hardships, privations, sufferings, trials, temptations – *these* cannot be *counted*, but are really of far more value than mere numbers of professed converts. Add to all this, the joy and gladness which these revivals carried to 'loved ones at home' who were wont to spend sleepless nights thinking of, and praying for the soldier boy at the front, and the reflex influence upon the Churches, many of which were blessed with great revivals, directly traceable to our army work, and eternity alone will be able to estimate the glorious results of these army revivals."[3] We honor our Confederate ancestors for the sure, Biblical foundation they gave the Southland and for the Christian heritage they bequeathed to their posterity. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exodus 20:12).

Chaplain John Levi Underwood

30th Alabama Regiment Volunteer Infantry

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Part II

After the War

The young minister and educator made a visit to the southern part of Georgia. Here he found the climate to be very congenial and beneficial to his health so he settled in Decatur County where he was called to the pastorate of the Bainbridge Baptist Church. He eagerly entered into the work of the ministry. He also began preaching to the churches at Milford and Red Bluff, Georgia.

[3] J. William Jones, *Christ in the Camp* (Harrisonburg, VA: Sprinkle Publications, 1986), p 391.

Pastor Underwood served from 1867-1869 as pastor of the Cuthbert Baptist Church, and then went back to his farm in Decatur County. He would also serve as pastor of the Baptist churches of Springvale, Buffton, Cairo, Boston and other churches in the Bethel Baptist Association.

Then in 1871 he was employed as an agent for the Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board for the purpose of representing the board in Texas. This was to last for four months. His time in Texas was in a sparsely settled area not far from Houston. He traveled on horseback carrying his necessities in saddlebags. Upon completing this task he returned to his farm in Decatur County.

Back home in Georgia he began the process of plowing his fields and caring for his property all the while ministering to small country churches until the fall of 1871. He also labored as an evangelist at his own expense until his call in 1872 to Camilla, Evergreen and Mt. Enon Baptist Churches in Mitchell County where he lived on a small farm in close proximity to Camilla.

Most of Pastor Underwood's ministry had been in young churches or those enfeebled in various ways, and this meant he had to provide most of his own support for himself and family. Therefore he had been necessity bound to teach school or follow agricultural pursuits to supply the needs of his family. Although he had received a good education his possibilities for continued study was reduced to the bare necessity for pulpit ministry. Personal reading was limited as he tried to provide his own with the necessities of life. However, his vigorous mind was manifested in all his endeavors. Pastor Underwood was a good thinker and skilled in analyzing. His life was consumed with work to insure the survival of his family.

His writing and speaking ability have been described:

> Wielding a facile pen and master of a sprightly, nervous style, he might win reputation as a writer if he used his gifts in this respect. He is heard with pleasure as a public speaker, and is clear in reasoning, simple in language, and animated, if not sometimes rather vehement, in delivery. He loves to preach, and loves especially to preach to children. He has shown himself always ready to instruct the colored people, whether from the pulpit or by more private methods.
>
> As a pastor he is devoted to his charges, punctual in the performance of public duties, candid, faithful and affectionate in counsel, and in social intercourse pleasant and attractive. He has much self-reliance, without egotism or vanity, and has learned in whatsoever state the Lord places him therewith to be content. Given to hospitality, and of a generous disposition, he never so much enjoys the bounties spread upon his table as when he shares them with his friends or with those in need.

Underwood's life and ministry are somewhat depicted in that quotation. Here was a man sure in his faith, active in his service, patient in his ministry and trusting in the kind providence of God. He was content in whatsoever state he found himself.

Around 1876 Pastor J. L. Underwood purchased a farm just south of Camilla as previously noted. On this farm he lived for the next thirty years. His farm was very active in many ways for on it he reared five sons and eight daughters. This large family put the farm right and made it productive. He named this home "Pearland Cottage" for the land was abounding in various varieties of fruits and vegetables at the same time all framed with flowers. His home was said to be one of the happiest in that part of Georgia. A frequent visitor to "Pearland Cottage" said:

> Whoever crossed its threshold remembered it with pleasure. It was a place where luxuriant wealth was a stranger, where frugality and economy were practiced but where culture, refinement and the graces of mind and heart were diligently encouraged and cultivated. There was no home in Georgia where the friend received a more cordial welcome or the stranger was made to feel more thoroughly at ease.

Pastor Underwood's dear wife had enjoyed a good education which included music as well as French. She was very active in the education of her children. The Underwood children all became family musicians and enjoyed music along with their other accomplishments.
For many years Pastor Underwood was active as a Trustee of Mercer University. This institution eventually conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts. During the years there were many calls received from larger churches, Pastor Underwood was also offered a college professorship but he remained in his part of Georgia. He was satisfied with the pleasantries of his life and service for the Lord. His was a happy country home. He was where he believed God had called him to serve among the country folks of southwest Georgia; after all they were the salt of the earth kind of people. Underwood certainly was satisfied with this country which he prized for the healthfulness of her balmy breezes.

The Latter Years

The ministry to the Camilla Baptist Church lasted for fourteen years before Pastor Underwood resigned. Necessity in the providence of God brought this connection to a conclusion. Underwood found that he was unable to provide the essentials for the support of his large family. Education was a costly responsibility so John L. Underwood once more became an educator along with the summons of the use his pen. Around 1881 *The Camilla Clarion* was born and he was the sole proprietor and editor for eight years. The preacher was also busy on the Lord's Day in needy churches.
Rev. Underwood not being slowed because of age began to read law. When he had qualified for this new endeavor he began the practice of law in 1885. This venture was very successful. Underwood was appointed Judge of the County Court of Mitchell in 1891. The reader needs to remember that Rev. Underwood did not forget his calling and responsibility to preach the gospel. Whether in the circumstances of war or whatever work he was brought to do out of necessity he did not forget the work of the Lord. He was busy during the week in his new profession and practice, but on the Lord's Day he would be

found preaching either to country or village churches. If he was not in a country church he would be ministering to the poor or the negroes.

Judge Underwood was a fluent speaker and delivered numerous lectures in his part of the state of Georgia. There were requests for his lectures. One of his best known lectures was his "Eulogy on Confederate Women" which was delivered in 1895 for the benefit of the Confederate Monument in Cuthbert, Georgia.

Rev. Judge John L. Underwood was a man of accomplishment who put the Lord at the center of his life and work. Bethel College in Cuthbert chose him as president in 1895. Here he and one of his daughters both taught. Underwood had always been fond of young people and was very useful and adept in his dealings with them. His was an enduring impact for good at every point where his life touched theirs. A number of young men were called to the ministry under his ministry, instruction and living example. He lived a life close to his glorious Savior and Lord. Someone said of him "He was a man of a happy disposition, evidenced in every walk in life, which had its foundation in his unfaltering faith in God, which faith remained the same in the sunshine and shadows of an eventful life."

John Levi Underwood published his primary book *The Women of the Confederacy* in 1906 as a result of his heartfelt speech on Confederate Women in 1896. The lecture was delivered as previously noted for the benefit of the Confederate Monument in Cuthbert, Georgia. Shortly thereafter his lecture work was interrupted permanently by a very serious lip cancer which landed him in the Kellam Hospital in the old capital of the Confederacy. Kellam Hospital was a specialized hospital dealing in alternative ways of dealing with cancer; their slogan was "We cure without the use of knife or x-ray." The book was produced under the severe pain and weakness caused by cancer. This book effort was his final offering for the Confederate Cause and the glory of God. Sprinkle Publications of Harrisonburg, Virginia reprinted this work in 2004. In this memorable volume Underwood embalms the memory of "the heroism of the women of the Confederate States and accounts of their trials during the four years of war and the fourteen years of Reconstruction, with their ultimate triumph over adversity."

Underwood was afflicted with lip cancer as previously mentioned and this while he was yet a man of strength and vigor. This affliction led him to move his family to Blakely, Georgia. Most of his final three years of life were spent in Kellam Hospital in Richmond, Virginia. He remarked while awaiting his promotion to glory:

> In this simple presence of a gracious, living God, this hospital for months of unmeasured pain, has proved a palace to my soul. Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise. Praise God for the anchor, Hope, that entered within the veil and binds the storm-tossed soul to His very throne.

In this final battle it pleased the Lord to remove him from all his earthly labors, for on June 6th, 1907 he was promoted to the divine presence. His earthly remains were buried in the

cemetery at Blakely to await the resurrection. A life of labor for the Lord was now over and he had entered into his Lord's presence which is far better.

A CONFEDERATE SERMON

Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard

Stephen Elliott (1806-1866) was the first Episcopal Bishop of Georgia. Under his leadership the Episcopal Church in Georgia was greatly strengthened. He was a powerful preacher of the Gospel. His sermons are a fine example of preaching Christ. He served as Senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Confederate States of America. During the War he preached a number of influential sermons. The sermons were political in the spirit of the sermons that were preached during the Revolutionary period, that is, the principles of the Gospel were brought to bear on the current situation.

EXTRACT From a Sermon preached by Bishop ELLIOTT, on the 18th September [1862], containing a TRIBUTE to the Private Soldiers of the Confederate Army.

PROVERBS, CH. XXIV, vv. 17-18. "*Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth: Lest the Lord see it, and it displease him and he turn away his wrath from him,"*

We have been gathered together to-day by a proclamation of our President, to return thanks to Almighty God for a series of brilliant victories won by our gallant soldiers over the invaders of our soil. Most fervently do we thank Him for his presence with us upon those fields of terrible conflict, for the skill of our commanding generals, for the heroism of our officers of every grade, for the valor and self-sacrifice of our soldiers, for the glorious results which have followed upon the success of our arms. Most devoutly do we praise and bless His holy name, this day, for the deliverance of our country from the polluting tread of the enemy and for the punishment which he has seen fit to inflict upon those who vainly boasted that they would devour us. We give all the glory to Him, while we cannot forget the living heroes whose inspired courage led them triumphant over fields of desperate carnage, nor the martyred dead who have poured out the gushing tide of their young and noble life-blood for the sacred cause which carried them to the battle-field. But battles, at last, even with all the dazzling halo which surrounds them, are but fields of slaughter, unless made illustrious by the principles which they involved or by the spirit which animated and ruled over them. The meeting of barbaric hordes upon the fields of blood, of which history is full, where men fought with the instinct and ferocity of beasts, simply for hatred's sake or the love of war, is disgusting to the noble mind, and carries with it no idea save that of brutality. We could not thank God for victories such as those, and therefore in keeping this Holy Festival, our thankfulness must rest more upon the cause for which he has called us to arms, upon the spirit which has accompanied it, and upon the guardianship which he has established over us, than upon the mere triumphs of the battle field.

We do not place our cause upon the highest level until we grasp the idea that God has made us the guardians and champions of a people whom he is preparing for his own purposes, and against whom the whole world is banded. The most solemn relation upon earth is that between parent and child, because in it immortal souls are committed to the training of man not only for time but for eternity. There is no measure to its sublimity, for it stretches upwards to the throne of God and links us with immortality. We tremble when we meditate upon it and cry for Divine help when we weigh its responsibilities. What shall we think, then, of the relation which subsists between a dominant race, professing to believe in God and to acknowledge Christ, and a subject race, brought from their distant homes and placed under its charge for culture, for elevation, and for salvation, and while so placed contributing by its labor to the welfare and comfort of the world. What a trust from God! What reliance has he placed upon our faithfulness and

our integrity! What a sure confidence does it give us in his protection and favor! His divine arrangements are placed in our keeping. Will he not preserve them? His divine purposes seem to be intermingled with our success. Will he not be careful to give us that success, and just in the way that he shall see to be best for us? His purposes are yea and amen in Christ Jesus and cannot be overturned by man. It places our warfare above any estimate which unspiritual minds can make of it. While many other motives are urging us to the battle field, and we rush forward to defend our liberties, our homes, our altars, God is super-adding this other motive -- the secret of His own will -- is making it to produce within us, unconsciously perhaps to ourselves, a power which is irresistible. Our conscience in this war is thus made right towards God and towards man; our heart is filled with His fear and His love; our arm is nerved with almost super-human strength, and we have reason to thank him, not only for what he has done for us, but for what he has restrained us from doing for ourselves and others from doing for us. This noble cause has made him our guide and our overruling governor, and we are moving forward, as I firmly believe, as truly under his direction, as did the people of Israel when he led them with a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

Next to the cause in which we are engaged, we have to thank God for the spirit of our people and of our armies. Such a contest as this which we are waging could never have been carried on successfully without such an entire devotion as pervades the States of this Confederacy. Although shut in from the rest of the world, and deprived of all our accustomed luxuries, and many, even, of our comforts; although cut off from intercourse with those we love in foreign lands, many of whom are near and dear to us; although forbidden even to know what is going on in science, or literature, or art; although stripped of all legitimate commerce and trade; although, in some of the professions, debarred from all business and all means of profit: although left with the ruling product of the country incapable of sale, save when a speculative demand within our own borders may arise for it, there is yet heard no murmuring, no complaint, no disaffection, but all are willing to bear and to suffer for the cause's sake. God has given us a willing mind, and we cheer each other on in faith and trustfulness. And not only to the sterner sex has God given this enduring temper, but the attitude of woman is sublime. Bearing all the sacrifices of which I have just spoken, she is moreover called upon to suffer in her affections, to be wounded and smitten where she feels deepest and most enduringly. Man goes to the battle-field, but woman sends him there, even though her heart strings tremble while she gives the farewell kiss and the farewell blessing. Man is supported by the necessity of movement, by the excitement of action, by the hope of honor, by the glory of conquest. Woman remains at home to suffer, to bear the cruel torture of suspense, to tremble when the battle has been fought and the news of the slaughter is flashing over the electric wire, to know that defeat will cover her with dishonor and her little ones with ruin, to learn that the husband she doted upon, the son whom she cherished in her bosom and upon whom she never let the wind blow too rudely, the brother with whom she sported through all her happy days of childhood, the lover to whom her early vows were plighted, has died upon some distant battle-field and lies there a mangled corpse, unknown and uncared for, never to be seen again even in death. Oh! those fearful lists of the wounded and the dead! How careless we pass them over, unless our own loved ones happened to be linked with them in military association, and yet each name in that roll of slaughter carries a fatal pang to some woman's heart -- some noble, devoted woman's heart. But she bears it all and bows submissive to the stroke. "He died for the cause. He perished for his country. I would not have it otherwise, but I should like to have given the dying boy my blessing, the expiring husband my last kiss of affection, the bleeding lover the comfort of knowing that I kneeled beside him." This is the daily language of woman throughout the Confederacy, and whence could such a spirit come but from God, and what is worthy to produce it but some cause which lies beyond any mere human estimate. And when we turn to our armies, truly these victories are the victories of the privates. God forbid that I should take one atom of honor or of praise from those who led our hosts upon those days of glory -- from the accomplished and skillful Lee -- the admirable Crichton of our armies -- from the God-fearing and indomitable Jackson, upon whose prayer-bedewed banner victory seems to wait -- from the intrepid Stuart, whose cavalry charges imitate those of Murat, from that great host of generals who swarm around our country's flag as Napoleon's Marshals did around the Imperial

Eagle, but nevertheless our victories are the victories of the privates. It is the enthusiastic dash of their onsets, the fearless bravery with which they rush even to the cannon's mouth, the utter recklessness of life, if so be that its sacrifice may only lead to victory, the heartfelt impression that the cause is the cause of every man, and that success is a necessity. What intense honor do I feel for the private soldier! The officers may have motives other than the cause, the private soldier can have none. He knows that his valor must pass unnoticed, save in the narrow circle of his company; that his sacrifice can bring no honor to his name, no reputation to his family: that if he survives he lives only to enter upon new dangers with the same hopelessness of distinction; that if he dies, he will receive nothing but an unmarked grave, and yet is he proud to do his duty and to maintain his part in the destructive conflict. His comrades fall around him thick and fast, but with a sigh and tear he closes his ranks and presses on to a like destiny. Truly the first monument which our Confederacy rears, when our independence shall have been won, should be a lofty shaft, pure and spotless, bearing this inscription: "TO THE UNKNOWN AND UNRECORDED DEAD."

Thanksgiving for Victory.

O Almighty God, the Sovereign Commander of all the world, in whose hand is power and might, which none is able to withstand; we bless and magnify Thy great and glorious name for these happy victories, the whole glory whereof we do ascribe to Thee, who art the only giver of victory. And we beseech Thee give us grace to improve these great mercies to Thy glory, the advancement of Thy Gospel, the honor of our country, and as much as in us lieth to the good of all mankind. And we beseech Thee, give us such a sense of these great mercies as may engage. us to a true thankfulness, such as may appear in our lives by an humble, holy and obedient walking before Thee all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with Thee and the Holy Spirit, as for all Thy mercies, so in particular for this victory and deliverance, be all glory and honor, world without end -- Amen.

Thanksgiving for Peace and Deliverance from our Enemies.

O, Almighty God, who art a strong tower of defence unto Thy servants against the face of their enemies, we yield Thee praise and thanksgiving for our deliverance from those great apparent dangers wherewith we were compassed. We acknowledge it Thy goodness that we were not delivered over as a prey unto them; beseeching Thee still to continue such. Thy mercies towards us, that all the world may know that Thou art our Saviour and mighty deliverer; through Jesus Christ our Lord -- Amen.

Selections from Holy Scriptures, appropriate for the Day.

PSALMS, 136, 144, 146.

2 CHRONICLES, CHAPTER 20 to v. 31.

1 TIMOTHY, CHAPTER 6. to v. 17.

Book Review

A Soldier's Recollections: Leaves from the Diary of a Young Confederate

By Randolph H. McKim

©1996, Sprinkle Publications, 371 pp., hardback

Reviewed by H. Rondel Rumburg

First hand history is always the best. Here we have Randolph H. McKim drawing upon the wisdom of age and his first-hand diaries, written in the hand of a youthful warrior and chaplain. This volume was first published in 1910 and reprinted in 1996 by Sprinkle Publications in a nice hardback binding of

Confederate gray. The book is printed on acid free paper so as to preserve the fine volume for generations yet unborn. The author was a Confederate Soldier who became a Chaplain of the 2nd Virginia Cavalry.

As a common soldier McKim began his wartime experience out of conviction. He was a Marylander. His father did not agree with his decision to stay with the South. But McKim asserted, "But surely it is an act of patriotism to resist a war of subjugation, spoilation, and conquest, and by that standard the soldiers of the Confederate Armies must go down to history not as traitors, but as patriots." This Maryland Confederate was a Southern brave-heart for he declared, "we were compelled to choose between the love of the Union and **the love of liberty**."

Herein one sees the heart of a Christ-centered Confederate chaplain who sought to do his duty unto the Lord most high. The volume will take you on a journey through a war-torn Virginia, through the camps as a common soldier and through the rigors of a chaplain's unending duties. Chaplain McKim said of the chaplain's duties: "My verdict was that I had suffered more hardship in the office of chaplain than I ever did as a private soldier carrying a musket and a knapsack." A chaplain's work was in many senses never done. He was also subject to injury and disease as were others.

McKim does not intend to give histories of campaigns, but instead he gives his own experience as a soldier and chaplain. Why did he approach the subject in the way he did? He wrote, "That I may thereby contribute in some small degree to a better understanding of the spirit of the epoch." His purpose partly was to present the Confederate soldier's "purity of motive and his heroic constancy in danger and adversity." Having been a common soldier before becoming a chaplain McKim was throughout the rest of his life a eulogist for the man in the trench.

Randolph Harrison McKim was born the 16th of April 1842 in Baltimore, Maryland. When the war began he was a student at the University of Virginia and thus he went from the class room to the bivouac. Before his nineteenth birthday his hand gripped a weapon of war. From the hallowed halls of Mr. Jefferson's institution to the killing fields of Virginia providence transformed his daily life. Before preaching the gospel he proved himself a hero of war. His tenaciousness and character led to promotions as he rose to the rank of *aide-de-camp* to Brigadier-General George H. Steuart.

During his days as a soldier he also ministered the truth of salvation by grace to his fellow soldiers. However, after Gettysburg he resigned to prepare for the chaplaincy. Once his preparation was complete he wielded the Sword of the Spirit with as much adeptness as he had his rifle before. The primary person that McKim now had to answer was the Captain of his salvation the Lord Jesus Christ.

Writing to his mother regarding one of his primary observations he noted: "There exists a deep-seated resolve in the heart of the nation (CSA), **to choose extermination** before subjugation. 'God and the Right' is our motto. For my part, I have cast my lot **irrevocably with this sacred cause**."

Oh, he would experience and write of those heaven sent days of revival. Revival was a sense of the aroma of God's presence among them. During the Valley Campaign of 1864 there were "earnest conversations with officers or men on the great theme of personal religion, and I have no … recollection of meeting with a rebuff," wrote McKim. Interestingly McKim reminisced, "Looking back now over forty-five years of ministerial life, I am prepared to say that in my whole experience I have **never** found men so open to the frank discussion of the subject of personal religion as the officers and men of Lee's army."

Chaplain McKim uses his pen to warn us against forgetting our heroic dead and despising our flags. "But we **must forevermore** do honor to our heroic dead. We **must forevermore** cherish the sacred memories of those four terrible but glorious years of unequal strife. We **must forevermore** consecrate in our hearts our old battle flag of the Southern Cross—not now as a political symbol, but as the consecrated emblem of a heroic epoch. **The people that forgets its heroic dead is already dying at the heart, and we believe we shall be truer and better citizens of the United States if we are true to our past**."

McKim became a stalwart of uncompromising orthodox theology in public and via pen. The Protestant Episcopal Church did not change its name during the life of this conscientious low churchman with Christ in his heart and his sermons. His leadership brought on the building of the Washington

Cathedral. Sadly today McKim would not be able to worship there since his Saviour and the inspired Bible are not welcomed there anymore.

The appendix of this volume also records "An Oration on the Motives and Aims of the Soldiers of the South." This alone is worth the book. Oh, how Chaplain McKim gives us insights into the soldiery and chaplaincy that are unique.

There was a sad note recorded in the September 1920, Volume XXVIII, No. 9 edition of the *Confederate Veteran*: "The Rev. Randolph Harrison McKim, D.D., died Thursday morning, July 15, at Bedford Springs, Pa…. His death was a shock and a grief not only to church people but to the country at large." There was "An Appreciation" in the *Confederate Veteran*: "and now God has given his servant 'his heart's desire.' He has been brought into the courts of the Great Shepherd, the King of heaven and earth, and is in his nearer presence. 'Honor and majesty hath he laid upon him … and made him exceeding glad,' for 'to depart is to be with Christ.' 'And I heard a voice from heaven saying, write: Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'" At the time of his death the gray line was thinning rapidly.

I want to leave you with a taste of vintage McKim which were a part of his the final words in his "Oration" given before the United Confederate Veterans in Nashville on the 14th of June 1904: "Comrades … the conquered banner triumphs in defeat; the lost cause is lost no longer, and God, who denied us success in the way of our own choosing, has granted it in another and better way. Yes, ye gallant defenders of our stainless Confederate banner, ye did not die in vain! Your deeds have cast a halo of glory over our Southern land which will only grow brighter as time advances. Your memory will be a priceless heritage which we will transmit to our children's children untarnished. None shall ever write 'traitor' over your graves unrebuked by us, while God gives us the power of speech! Farewell, brave comrades, farewell, till the tryst of God beyond the river." Oh, may we adopt and practice these words!

We must remember who we are and what we must be about: The SCV Challenge by Lt. Gen. S. D. Lee

To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations.

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Chaplain's Handbook

Sesquicentennial Edition

Sons of Confederate Veterans

This is an enlarged Sesquicentennial Edition of the *Chaplain's Handbook*. It is enlarged from 131 pages to 165 pages. A chapter has been added on the topic, *SCV Chaplains Should be Gentlemen;* there has also been added a third burial service, *The Order for the Burial of the Dead of the Protestant Episcopal*

Church in the Confederate States of America; a chapter on *Praying in Public* has been added; and a chapter on *Prayer Suggestions for Public Use.* All the other chapters remain the same.

Hopefully, those using the handbook will find it even more useful than before. There is the same cloth cover, acid free paper for longevity, sewn signatures, etc.

The retail price is being kept to a minimum of $12, which is very low for a hardback quality publication. Contact headquarters or biblicalandsouthernstudies.com for a copy.