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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

"The Lord is with us at the 'Seabrooks" hospital. We have a great revival of religion here. A greater one I scarcely ever witnessed.... A large number are

yet inquiring, 'What must we do to be saved?' Those who have professed a hope in Christ seem to be in the full enjoyment of faith."

Chaplain William Robert Gwaltney

1st North Carolina Infantry Regiment

Editorial

Fellow Compatriots in the Chaplains' Corps and Friends:

I bring you all greetings from the "Briar Patch" in Appomattox County, Virginia. The month of July brings to mind many of the battles forced upon the Southern people in order to protect their families and homes. Vicksburg, Siege at Charleston Harbor, Manassas Gap and many other battles took place in July of 1863. The Confederate "fire-eater" William Lowndes Yancey died in Montgomery, Alabama on July 27th, 1863. At a camp near Darksville, Sunday, July 19, 1863 a Confederate surgeon with Jackson wrote his wife. What follows is a sampling extracted:

> **I found Ed Peck, Bob Harris, George Barger, & Green Wall sitting around a large stump writing letters, and the rest lounging around, talking & laughing. They stopped, and after remarking that the stump was their office, went on to give me the particulars of the fight. All had some interesting incidents either about themselves or some others to relate.**
>
> **Ed says he was close to Andrew Hoge when he was killed and that he had one of his legs cut off near his body by a shell. Bob Calvert was standing behind a tree when an awful enfilade fire was made upon them and [was] shot in the breast, sat down, then lay down and in a few minutes was dead. Poor Kent Ewing was not dead when last seen but supposed to be mortally wounded.**
>
> **Capt. Wade is the only officer with his company and is quite well. I left him reading a letter which he had just rcd [received] from home by Sam Snider who came this morning and says he saw you in Christiansburg (VA).**

Dr. Harvey Black's letter is about three and a half book size pages. Mrs. Black received in this letter: camp information, personal information, medical information, information on acquaintances and information on a sermon from Chaplain Beverly Tucker Lacy from her husband.

Above the Mason Dixon Line in July 1863 there were draft riots in New York City and elsewhere. Mobs stormed the draft headquarters, raided residences and looted businesses. Police, firemen and the military were overpowered as mobs tore through the streets wreaking havoc resulting in deaths and extensive destruction. Fires began to consume the city. A black church and orphanage were burned as the casualties mounted. Blacks and Federal officials became the prime targets of the rioters. Only an army could quell the great disturbance in New York City. The estimate was a thousand killed and wounded and property loss at around one and a half million in 1863 money. There were riots in Boston, Portsmouth, NH, Rutland, VT, Wooster, Ohio and Troy, NY.

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In 1996 Robert H. Bork wrote a book entitled *Slouching Towards Gomorrah: Modern Liberalism and American Decline*. This volume dealt with the decline of the American culture and how the nation is in some serious moral trouble with the foundations thereof crumbling. In one of the concluding paragraphs the honorable Bork confesses, "It is pointless to ask, 'What is the solution?' There is no single grand strategy…. Religion must be recaptured church by church; and education, university by university, school board by school board. Bureaucracies must be tamed." Now we have become Gomorrah's cesspool. 2013 has brought a torrent of events sweeping the country into the clutches of those who have made the country into a mirror image of Sodom and Gomorrah. Now who is going to write *Becoming Gomorrah: America Embraces the Perversions of Sodom and Gomorrah*? Perhaps one needs to read Genesis 18 and 19.

Is your soul vexed over the events occurring around you and especially the direction this nation has now taken as she has become a modern form of Sodom and Gomorrah? The word "vexed" means a soul tormented or extremely troubled. Was your soul vexed over the latest Supreme Court ruling or the Boy Scout vote to include homosexuals? If you said yes my soul is vexed! You have something in common with Abraham's nephew Lot for that was his case in Sodom.

Just think dear friends—"In half a lifetime, many Americans have seen their God dethroned (at least humanly the attempt has been made unsuccessfully, HRR), their heroes defiled, their culture polluted, their values assaulted, their country invaded, and themselves demonized as extremists and bigots for holding on to beliefs Americans have held for generations."[1] And things are getting worse! "The new Americans … have replaced the good country we grew up in with a cultural wasteland and a moral sewer that are not worth living in and not worth fighting

[1] Patrick J. Buchanan, *The Death of the West*, 5.

for—their country, not ours."[2] But how do we fight or are we willing to fight for the Scriptural and Constitutional values? How should all this impact us? Do we just throw in the towel so to speak and give up? Do we compromise and become like these people? We should have been as persistent for righteousness as the perverts have been to gain American protection for their corrupt practices. But alas we lost that round. Are we really like the proverbial frog in the room temperature water that was heated until it died?

I think of the friend who was visiting in Thomas J. Jackson's home. They had a discussion of the startling news of the madness of the Federal Government in making war on the South even requiring each state to contribute 75,000 troops for their own destruction. (Wow! Where is that in the Constitution?) The guest went to bed but spent the night troubled and sleepless. The guest was surprised the next morning to find Jackson calm and cheerful at morning worship. The anxious friend was quizzical, but Jackson replied, "Why should the peace of a true Christian be disturbed by anything which man can do unto him? Has not God promised to make all things work together for good to them that love him?"[3] Did Jackson not care that death and destruction was about to flood the South with hundreds of thousands being killed, maimed and made homeless? Yes, he cared, Jackson's soul was vexed over the evil, but his faith resided in the One who never changes. Remember Peter safely walking on the water to Jesus until he took his eyes off of the Unchangeable One. Peter then became strictly engaged with the fierce elements which are changeable but his help came from the Lord. If we were not vexed over the horrendous state of corruption and sin against our gracious God today it would mean we don't care, but this should not destroy our trusting and obeying our Lord.

Trust and obey,
for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus,
But to trust and obey.

Dr. Lloyd-Jones asserted, "There is a rule which one can find everywhere in the Bible from the beginning to the end, and which is abundantly confirmed by the subsequent history of the Christian church, to the effect that the fewer the number of Christians the greater correspondingly is the importance of the individual Christian."[4] Child of the King you are present in God's world at this hour for a purpose. How will you stand?

Please consider 2 Peter 2:1-9: *"But there were false prophets also among the people, even* ***as there shall be false teachers among you****, who privily shall bring in*

[2] Buchanan, 6.
[3] R. L. Dabney, *Life and Campaigns of Lieut.-gen. Thomas J. Jackson*, 180-181.
[4] D. M. Lloyd-Jones, *Expository Sermons on 2 Peter*, 145.

damnable heresies, ***even denying the Lord*** *that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom* ***the way of truth shall be evil spoken of****. And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you: whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not. For if God* ***spared not*** *the angels that sinned (and He did not spare them, HRR), but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment; And* ***spared not*** *the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness,* ***bringing in the flood*** *upon the world of the ungodly; And* ***turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes*** *condemned them with an overthrow,* ***making them an ensample unto those that after should live ungodly****; And* ***delivered just Lot, vexed with the filthy conversation*** *of the wicked: (For that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing,* ***vexed*** *his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds;) The Lord knoweth how to* ***deliver the godly*** *out of temptations, and to* ***reserve the unjust*** *unto* ***the day of judgment*** *to be punished"* (2 Peter 2:5-9, bold print by this author).

What this passage tells us is [1] God *does not spare* the wicked whether they are angels, people, cities or the created world; [2] God *does spare* His people such as Noah, Lot, the godly; and [3] God has a final judgment. There is therefore earthly judgment and there is an eternal judgment.

Peter warned us about what God does with those given over to a life of sin whether they are angels, individuals, cities, nations or the world.

- God spared not the angels that sinned (2:4; Jude 6)
- God spared not the old world (2:5; 3:6, 7)
- God spared not Sodom and Gomorrah (2:6; Jude 7, 8)

Will God spare the United States when it emulates Sodom and Gomorrah? He did not spare other nations given over to perverted lifestyles such as Sodom, Gomorrah, Rome, Athens, etc.! Remember the warning, *"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God"* (Ps. 9:17). Is America now reprobated as a nation? There are perhaps two ways America has been abandoned by God. *First*, she has evidently been given over to a reprobate mind to do those things which are not fitting (Rom. 1:28ff.). *Second,* America is abandoned because she has given herself up to homosexuals, deviants and perverts. They now have a roll in all branches of government. They may yet be in the minority but they are given the priority! Our abandonment is obvious when one considers the kind of leaders we now have!

Peter in this passage is led by God the Holy Spirit to record a warning to us—*"And turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes condemned them with an overthrow,* ***making them an ensample unto those that after should live ungodly****."* Those who would defy God's rules for His world are heading for eternal

perdition but also for temporal judgment. The solution to the problem is not political because those in the three branches of government have brought us to where we are! They have masterminded this evil! And where are we? Awaiting whatever form of judgment God chooses to send. He may choose some other method than fire and brimstone. Could God almighty change our situation by sending a great awakening? Could God step into the affairs of men and send a bubonic plague or Black Death like what came in epidemic proportions in the Middle Ages. Yes, He certainly could! He could turn loose a terrible disease or tidal wave or cataclysmic event. Although "Western men and women may simply live out their lives until they are so few they do not matter."[5]

Some have been lulled into sleep. How? "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil" (Eccl. 8:11). Many think because there is not instant judgment there will not be any. Things that appear far off are not consequential to them but they are interested in immediate pleasure and present gratification. Remember the warning He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly destroyed and that without remedy" (Prov. 29:1).

Please find in this issue our Chaplain-in-Chief's message to the reader. Then our Chaplain-in-Chief writes on the relevance and importance of the Bible in the Southern Army. This is entitled *The Bible and the Confederate Cause* reminds us that there were never enough Bibles to satisfy the demand. Your editor has a biographical sketch of *Chaplain Marion Zellner.* There is a contribution in this issue by Past Chaplain-in-Chief Alister Anderson entitled *The Confederate Army Chaplain on the March, in Battle, after the Battle and in Bivouac*. This issue includes A Confederate Sermon, submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard. This sermon is by Rev. Charles Minnigerode to a local congregation in Richmond, Virginia. Our Book Review is by Editor Rumburg, reviewing the volume by Michael Andrew Grissom, *Southern by the Grace of God.*

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]

Contents

*__The Chaplain-in-Chief's Message__, *Rev. Mark W. Evans*

[5] Buchanan, 266.

*__The Bible and the Confederate Cause,__ *Rev. Mark W. Evans*
*__Chaplain Marion Zellner,__ *Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg*
*__The Confederate Army Chaplain on the March, in Battle, after the Battle and in Bivouac,__ *Chaplain Alister C. Anderson*
*__A Confederate Sermon__, *Rev. Charles Minnigerode*
*__Book Review__: ***Southern by the Grace of God***

THE CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF'S MESSAGE

Dear fellow Chaplains and Friends of the Corps:

We are looking forward to the 118th National Reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, July 18-20. It will be a joy to see you there. There are two events especially for chaplains -- the Prayer Breakfast, Friday, July 19, 7:00-9:00 am, and the Memorial Service, also on Friday, 3:45-4:45 pm. The prayer breakfast provides a time of fellowship with chaplains and others who desire to see the Lord's blessing through prayer. Your prayers throughout the year have been a great encouragement in numerous situations. We look forward to a "prayer meeting" with our fellow laborers in the Lord's vineyard. Only eternity will reveal what prayer has meant to the SCV and its standing firm in the face of many adversaries. The Lord Jesus said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7).

The Memorial Service provides an appropriate and needed time to remember those who have entered eternity since our last Reunion. Each year, it seems that the number increases. Our hope is in the Lord. What comfort and glorious truth we find in the sacred Scriptures. Through Jesus Christ, "death is swallowed up in victory." In remembering, we look to the Redeemer of sinners who brings each one who believes in Him safely through this dark world and into eternal glory. It will be a blessing to have you present with your prayers.

On a personal note, I want to thank you for praying for our 10 year old granddaughter, Elisabeth Elliott. She has had some difficulties, but overall has done very well. It will likely take a number of months before the success of the surgery can be determined. We appreciate so much your prayers and rejoice in the comfort and peace that the Lord has brought.

Yours in Christ's service,
Mark W. Evans
Chaplain-in-Chief

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Chaplain-in-Chief's Article

The Bible and the Confederate Cause

Mark W. Evans

Confederate chaplains, colporteurs, missionaries, evangelists, and other Christian laborers, united in a vast missionary endeavor during the War for Southern Independence. Their weapons were powerful. As in days of old, preachers stood before their congregations proclaiming the truths of God's Word. Wherever the opportunity presented itself, whether in the open air, in the rustic log shelters, or in the trenches of Petersburg or Atlanta, the way of life was declared to the salvation of souls. During a meeting of the Presbyterian Synod in Virginia, Dr. J. Leighton Wilson, Secretary of Missions reported:

> *There is a state of religion in the Army of Tennessee quite as interesting as that in the Army of Northern Virginia. The Rev. Dr. Palmer says he has never before seen so great a movement. Go where you will, and only let it be known that you are to preach – it hardly makes a difference who the preacher is – and crowds will attend to hear. Dr. W. thought it doubtful whether there had been anything since the days of Pentecost equal to this wonderful work of the Holy Spirit of God in our army* [Bennett, *The Great Revival in the Southern Armies,* p. 338]

Beyond the preaching of God's Word, soldiers and sailors were provided Bibles and Christian literature. Before the war, the South had mostly depended upon Northern printing facilities and Christian societies to meet this need. Once the war began, many Yankees viewed Bibles and Christian tracts as contraband. The Confederacy was forced to create its own printing facilities and plead with families and churches to donate Bibles. Still, the shortage remained. Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge traveled to England and was successful in securing 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 New Testaments, and 250,000 portions of Scriptures. However, because of the Yankee blockades, not all the shipments arrived in the South.

The hunger for God's Word continued throughout the war. The *Soldier's Visitor* reported that "a chaplain, at the close of a public service, announced that he had a prospect of being able to get a supply of Testaments for the portion of the men still destitute, and that those who wished a copy could give him their names after the benediction was pronounced. Scarcely had the 'Amen' died on the minister's lips before the war-worn heroes charged on the chaplain almost as

furiously as if storming the enemy's breastworks" [Jones, *Christ in the Camp,* 153].

A Southern Baptist paper reported that "a chaplain arrived in Staunton with several large packages of Testaments and tracts, which he was anxious to get to Winchester, but had despaired of doing so as he had to walk, when a party of several soldiers volunteered to lug them the whole distance – ninety-two miles – so anxious were they that their comrades should have the precious messengers of salvation [Jones, 153].

After the war, Chaplain Jones recalled:

> *I have an old memorandum-book filled with names of soldiers from every State of the Confederacy who had applied to me for Bibles and Testaments, and some of the scenes I witnessed in my work of Bible and tract distribution are as fresh in my memory as if they had occurred on yesterday. I had a pair of large-saddle-bags' which I used to pack with tracts and religious newspapers, and with Bibles and Testaments when I had them, and besides this I would strap packages behind my saddle and on the pommel. Thus equipped I would sally forth, and as I drew near the camp someone would raise the cry, 'Yonder comes the Bible and tract man,' and such crowds would rush out to meet me, that frequently I would sit on my horse and distribute my supply before I could even get into the camp. But if I had Bibles or Testaments to distribute, the poor fellows would crowd around and beg for them as earnestly as if they were golden guineas for free distribution. Yes, the Word of God seemed to these brave men 'more precious than gold – yea, than much fine gold.' The men were accustomed to form 'reading clubs,' not to read the light literature of the day, but to read God's Word, and not unfrequently have I seen groups of twenty-five or thirty gather around some good reader, who for several hours would read with clear voice selected portions of the Scriptures* [Jones, 155].

Although the need for Bibles was never fully met, the seed of God's Word that was sown brought a glorious harvest. Rev. A. E. Dickinson, Superintendent of Baptist Colportage, said in 1863, as the war was raging:

> *On the crest of this flood of war, which threatens to engulf our freedom rides a pure Christianity; the gospel of the grace of God shines through the smoke of battle with the light that leads to heaven; and the camp becomes a school of Christ. From the very first day of this unhappy contest to the present time, religious influences have been spreading among the soldiers, until now, in camp and hospital, throughout every portion of the army, revivals display*

their precious, saving power. In one of these revivals over three hundred are known having professed conversion, while, doubtless, there are hundreds of others equally blessed, whose names, unrecorded here, find a place in the "Lamb's book of life" [Bennett, pp. 73, 74].

Many servants of the Lord gave their spoken witness in the camps, on the march, in the hospitals, in private conversations, even on the fields of battle – declaring the "old, old Story of Jesus and His love." The reading of God's Word convicted and pointed the South's defenders to the only Savior. Christian literature acted as "silent missionaries" to call the sinner out of darkness into the marvelous light of the Lord Jesus Christ. Confederate Chaplain W. W. Bennett said:

At one period of the war the Baptist Board alone circulated 200,000 pages of tracts weekly, besides Testaments and hymn-books; and with the joint labors of other societies, we may estimate that when the work was at its height not less than 1,000,000 pages a week were put into the hands of our soldiers.

Today, tyranny is knocking at our door. Foundational institutions and Biblical morality are under attack. Although living in a land where many Bibles are available, yet it is a closed Book to many. We would do well to fortify our souls by opening our Bibles, reading, praying, and seeking to have its truth sealed to our hearts. Jesus Christ said, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed: and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:31, 32).

Chaplain Marion Zellner

(1817-1895)

12th Tennessee Cavalry Partisan Rangers

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Marion Zellner, the third son of Arnold Zellner and his first wife Margaret Holmes, was born July 23rd, 1817 in Lincoln County, Georgia. When Marion was two or three years of age his parents moved to Giles County and then to Maury County, Tennessee.

The Lord sought out Marion and during a Methodist camp meeting in 1834 it pleased the gracious God to bring Marion Zellner to repentance of sin and faith in Christ as his Saviour and Lord. Some time following his conversion experience he moved to Oxford, Mississippi and here he joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Marion Zellner's first marriage was to Helen Whitney in Maury County June 10th, 1837. Sorrow visited Marion and his faith was tested when Helen died while giving birth to a daughter Margaret Helen Marion. Two years later he remarried. This marriage was to Martha Adeline Alexander in DeSoto County, Mississippi. His home was said to be "an admirable place." Their first two children were born in Mississippi. Then the Zellner family moved back to Tennessee. They settled near the town of Hickory Withe in Fayette County. The 1850 census for Fayette County listed that Marion Zellner was the father of five children which included his first child by Helen. All of his children had been born by 1860 and in his quiver there were four sons and six daughters. His fatherhood was blessed with ten children.

Zellner began to have a concern about the ministry. He was convinced in 1848 that God had called him to preach Christ. This led to his being received as a candidate to the ministry under the care of the Memphis Presbytery. His ordination to pastoral work took place in 1857. He was described as "a successful minister." Zellner was not privileged to have a very extensive education but he was described as having a fine mind and this he put to use for the Lord and His work. "By his diligence and perseverance in the use of his mind he soon became a man of more than ordinary information. He soon became popular as a preacher, and was ever in demand as a pastor." Zellner pastored the following Cumberland Presbyterian Churches: Pleasant Grove, Shady Grove, Mt. Carmel, Morning Sun, Hickory Withe, Mt. Pleasant, Germantown, Collierville and other places. The following churches were established under his ministry: Morning Sun, Hickory Withe, Galloway and Bartlet.

Those who knew Rev. Zellner were aware that he was a fine presbyter. He was very knowledgeable of church order. The ministry of his denomination weighed heavily upon him and he did what he could to insure or encourage growth and development. Also, Zellner became a great help to those young men who sought to enter the ministry. By this means he had a great impact on the future of the

denomination. Many years he served as chairman of the Committee on Examination.

Usually life is not smooth sailing for the Lord's people as they are tested and proved in the special providence of God. One writing of his life said, "For many years Brother Zellner was the subject of great and trying afflictions, but in the midst of it all he did what he could with the greatest Christian fortitude."

Rev. Marion Zellner saw the destructive element called war come to Tennessee by the invasion of Federal soldiers. Therefore, he felt it an important contribution on his part to become a minister to the Confederate Soldiers of his area. Zellner like many ministers enlisted on October 11th, 1862 as a private soldier. He was in Company E of the 1st Regiment of the Tennessee Partisan Rangers and Company E became a part of the 12th Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry of the CSA. He was after that appointed chaplain of the 12th Tennessee Cavalry. His time was devoted to ministering to the spiritual needs of those under his care. As with most chaplains his duties went beyond preaching and visiting the sick and dying. There was the assistance the chaplains sought to render in any way to help the men and the cause, which was true of Chaplain Zellner.

His ministry in the pastorate resumed after the war. The days following the great conflict were spent catching up with his family and reintroducing himself to the Lord's work which was placid compared to dealing with rapid moving and hard fighting cavalry.

One wrote of Zellner, "it may be truly said that he fought a good fight, that he finished his course, that he kept the faith, and that he is now in the enjoyment of that crown of righteousness which the Lord shall give to all in that day; or to use the figure of another, 'He came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.'"

After a life of service to his Lord the Lord's Day morning of November 10th, 1895 the Rev. Marion Zellner's life returned to the Lord who gave it. His passing was said to have been characterized as peaceful. He was seventy-eight years of age. Thirty-eight of those years were devoted to the work of the Lord. He and Martha are buried side by side in Mt. Pleasant Cumberland Presbyterian Cemetery at Hickory Withe, Tennessee. Martha outlived Marion many years. Not long before her demise Martha was honored in Arlington, Tennessee for being the mother of a Confederate soldier. The news account is interesting:

> A beautiful and touching ceremony occurred in Arlington, TN last week when Mrs. Martha A. Zellner was presented with a gold bar of honor in token of the fact that she was the mother of a son who fought in the Confederate army during the dark days in 1861-65. Mrs. Zellner will be 100 years old in October.
>
> Representatives of five generations were present when the bar was pinned upon Mrs. Zellner. It was the gift of the Southern Confederate Memorial Association and Mrs. Charles

W. Frazier, state president from Tennessee and Mrs. C. L. Bryan, president of the Memphis association had intended being present and had planned a formal presentation ceremony. However, Mrs. Zellner had been very ill, and it was deemed inadvisable for anyone to be present save members of her family and her family physician, Dr. R. E. Herring.

The box containing the bar of honor was placed in the hand of Mrs. Zellner by her Great-great-grandson, Robert Gragg Wilson, whose picture, taken several months ago, is shown with that of his great-great grandmother. Dr. Herring pinned the bar upon the dress of his patient and at her request led the family in prayer with all of them joining in the Lord's Prayer led by Mrs. Zellner.

Members of the Zellner family present included her daughters, Mrs. Fannie McNeely and Mrs. Joanna Alexander, her grandson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. S. Y. Wilson, her great grandson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robert Wilson and her great-great grandson, little Robert Gragg Wilson.

A gold bar of honor for every living mother of a Confederate veteran was the "happy thought" of Mrs. M. Wilson, present general of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association which was presented at the annual convention of the association in October, at Atlanta. All state presidents were instructed to find the mothers in their states, with name and credentials of their veteran sons, and report same to the president general. Twelve applications had been received up to Feb. 1, from Georgia, Florida, Tennessee and Louisiana, ages ranging from 95 to 102.

Mrs. Charles W. Frazier, state president from Tennessee, has had the honor of presenting the bar to the next oldest mother in the person of Mrs. Zellner, who will be 100 years of age on Oct. 31, 1920. Mrs. Zellner is the mother of the late John W. Zellner, 13th Tennessee regiment. She is the widow of the late Rev. Marion Zellner who was appointed chaplain in the 12th Tennessee cavalry partisans Rangers, under Col. Richardson. Both father and son served until the end of the war, the latter dying many years afterwards from the effects of wounds he received in service and from which he suffered throughout his life. Mrs. Zellner, as well as her husband, was born in North Carolina; immigrated to Mississippi, was married at Hernando in February 1842, came to Tennessee as a bride and reared a family of four sons and five daughters of whom one son and three daughters now live.

She makes her home with a daughter, Mrs. McNeely, who, widowed in her youth, has devoted her life in the care and comfort of her mother. Mrs. Zellner has 18 grandchildren, 55 great-grandchildren and 7 great-great grandchildren. She takes an active interest in all current events and followed the course of the world war. Her recent formal presentation of her bar … Wednesday in her own room in the presence of her family, it was given to her by Master Robert Gragg Wilson.

To know her is to love her. She is a wonderful character. She gave her heart to God when she was a little girl. When she was a little over 22 years old she gave her life into the care and keeping of a noble young man. They lived together happily until the Civil War took her husband and 17 year old son to fight for their country, leaving her alone with very small children on a big country farm. Everyone who lived through those dark days knows what a struggle this was. She fought on bravely alone, until the close of the war, when God gave her back her husband to live to a ripe old age and to take his granchildren on his knee and tell them stories of the days of the Confederacy.

Her son, John William Zellner, though wounded five times, came back to his home at the close of the war, and later married and reared a large family of children.

To Mrs. Zellner goes the honor of receiving the first of the bars which will be awarded to all living mothers of former Confederate soldiers.

Martha out lived Marion and died just a few months short of her one hundredth birthday for she had lived 99 years, 7 months and 25 days.

Sources:
Sketch by Shirley Zellner Gall or Mary Owens and Zeni Zellner Batte.
The Cumberland Presbyterian, November 22, 1900, page 586.
The Cumberland Presbyterian, January 2, 1896, page 388.

The Confederate Army Chaplain on the March, in Battle, after the Battle and in Bivouac

Past Chaplain-in-Chief Alister C. Anderson[§]

What is the most important duty that a chaplain must carry out? It is to be present among the troops. Even before the chaplain begins to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the troops need to see that there was a man of God who had come voluntarily to share his life with them. He had come to be with them in their suffering. He had come to pray for their relief and the healing of their painful wounds; to share in their hunger and in their separation from their wives, children, parents, other relatives and their neighbors who were also suffering the ravages of the Yankee armies who had invaded their homeland.

The next important duty of the chaplains following their being present with the troops was to preach the Word of God to them. What did most soldiers want to hear more than anything else? It was that Jesus was with them right now. It was that He could save them from death in the coming battle, and if it was not Jesus' Divine Will to do so, He would save their souls for eternal life if they believed in Him. They prayed that bedtime prayer they learned as children, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The chaplains preached that Jesus lived to show them how to live. The chaplains preached that He suffered death through the excruciating pain of

[§] The Rev. Fr. Alister Anderson served as a chaplain in the U.S. Army. He served in combat in Vietnam (1967-68) and was in Germany during the "Cold War" (1956-60 and 1973-75). He was appointed to the U.S. Naval Academy from which he graduated during WWII. In 1947 he responded to the Lord's Call and resigned his regular Naval Commission and enrolled in Union Theological Seminary in NYC and graduated in 1950.

Crucifixion to help them bear their own terrible pain. The chaplains preached that Jesus died to atone for their own sins and that Jesus' resurrection was proof that He would lead them to a new life in the Kingdom of God. One of the most meaningful hymns that Confederate soldiers sang with great passion was this:

> Rock of Ages cleft for me; Let me hide myself in Thee.
> Let the water and the blood; From Thy side a healing flood.
> Be of sin the double cure; Save from wrath, and make me pure.
> When I draw this fleeting breath; When mine eyes close in death.
> When I rise to worlds unknown; See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne.
> Rock of Ages cleft for me; Let me hide myself in Thee.[6]

Confederate chaplains could not carry hymnals with them (unless they had the pocket hymnals called *Hymns for the Camp* or a hymnal stowed away in a haversack), and they had no music for the tunes. They sang those hymns that they knew by heart (some men spent time in bivouac memorizing the hymnal). It was the same for me in Vietnam where I had to sing the words to the tunes of the hymns that I knew, and preach the Word of God loudly enough to be heard over the roar of artillery, rifle fire and the whirling helicopters. So it is for all chaplains in all wars. We had to fulfill the Lord's Divine Commission through our preaching and administering the Sacraments of the Lord in every imaginable place and in every difficult and dangerous situation! All military chaplains have known and know now the Lord Jesus' Divine Commission to us.

> "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (St. Matthew 28:18-20).

I remember writing the words I just quoted from St. Matthew's gospel to the president of my seminary who had written to me stating his displeasure that I was in that dreadful war in Vietnam. I was shocked at his displeasure of my being there as a chaplain. Was I not to go where Jesus would go to be with His people? Was I not to preach and teach and baptize and anoint the sick and wounded and to bury the dead?

Speaking of Baptism, the Confederate Army chaplains and the civilian clergy who came out to the troops in the field baptized thousands of men. Chaplain

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[6] *Prayers and Other Devotions for the Use of the Soldiers of the Army of the Confederate States*, Charleston, SC, Female Bible and Prayer Book Social Society, Charleston, SC, 1861.

J. William Jones wrote about his baptizing of men in a Mississippi Brigade. He wrote in his record book:

> At Peyton's Ford on the Rapidan River, I led down into the "liquid grave" twelve young men who had given me the most satisfactory evidence of "repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."[7]

The term "liquid grave" means that the soldiers' submergence in the river represents the death of Jesus Christ who died to forgive our sins. It also represents the sacramental death of the soldier's sins. Then, the arising out of the baptismal water represents the newly forgiven soldier of his past sins just as it represents the Resurrection of Christ from the dead with the promise that faith in Him through repentance will lead to forgiveness of sins and eternal life in His presence. There were many "liquid graves" in my ministry in Vietnam where I baptized over a hundred and fifty men in those muddy rice paddies. Where water pouring out of my helmet flowed down from their heads to their boots. Confederate chaplains did the same long before me.

Confederate chaplains conducted religious revival services during the war. It is believed by many chaplains that almost 200,000 men were baptized, confirmed, renewed their pledges of faith in God and were converted to Christianity and sought membership in the church of their choice. These revivals were the largest in numbers converted to worshipping Our God and Heavenly Father than at any time in the history of these United States.

Chaplain J. J. Hyman of the 49th Georgia Regiment conducted revival services in several different locations. He preached four to six times each day. He baptized 238 soldiers; brought about the conversion of 5000 men to Jesus Christ and distributed hundreds of religious tracts, pamphlets and Bibles in just a couple of months.[8]

Speaking about conversions at a religious revival in the Army, I repeat what Chaplain A. B. Woodfin of General Gordon's Georgia Brigade said about one of his many revivals. In this particular revival, Chaplain Woodfin witnessed a real conversion. He wrote in his war notes that there was a "Captain, who was known as one of 'the bravest of the brave' … and at the same time was one of the most wicked men in the Army." After this particular revival he ordered his entire Company to assemble and said with profound emotion:

> Men, I have led you into many a battle, and you have followed me like men. Alas! I have led you into all manner of wickedness and vice, and you

[7] *Christ in the Camp*, p. 376; or *Religion in the Confederate Army*, J. William Jones, Richmond, VA 1887 republished by Sprinkle Publications, Harrisonburg, VA 1986.
[8] Ibid, p. 306.

have followed me in this too. I have now resolved to change my course. I have gone to Christ in sincere repentance and simple faith. I have enlisted under the banner of the Cross, and mean, by God's help, to prove a faithful soldier of Jesus as I have been a true soldier of my country.

I call upon you, my brave boys, to follow me as I shall try to follow "the Captain of our salvation," and I want all who are willing to do so to come, here and now, and give me their hands and let me pray for them.

Chaplain Woodfin then wrote"

> It is hardly necessary to add that the effect was electrical. The men crowded around their loved captain, tears flowed freely, earnest prayers were offered. and the brave fellow continued his personal efforts until nearly every member of his company had found Jesus, and those former ringleaders in every species of vice had become a centre of powerful influence for the religious good of their regiment and brigade.[9]

Another revival is reported by Chaplain A. Broaddus. He conducted a series of revivals for the troops of the 26th Virginia Regiment over a period of two weeks beginning in July 1863. He reported that 175 men had professed belief in Jesus Christ in those revival meetings. I believe that Chaplain Broaddus created a new term of expression about the men who were converted. He wrote in his Pastoral Journal: "The Lord gave His grace to the backslider, so that they could slide forward the balance of their lives."[10]

Chaplain Broaddus could have said, just as well and perhaps he did; "when backsliders turn to Jesus they will be God's forward-sliders." I, too, saw soldiers in the 25th Infantry Division who once were backsliders become forward-sliders of God after they safely came back to a base camp or nearby fire-support base without being killed or wounded. Confederate chaplains saw many soldiers who experienced a dramatic, life-changing, spiritual reality in a "fox-hole" battle situation that turned them away from their earlier naiveté of thinking like an atheist or even an agnostic.

Another Confederate Army chaplain named W. H. Carroll of the 4th Alabama Regiment wrote about the results of one of the revivals he conducted. In General Law's brigade God

> … is manifesting His love and presence in our midst in the conviction and conversion of souls. A deep and powerful conviction of sin prevails, and religion has become the chief topic of conversation with many. Many of the

[9] Ibid, p. 397-398.
[10] Ibid, p. 318.

> noble sons of Alabama, who have stemmed the tide of many battles in defence of civil liberty, are now bowing humbly at the Cross, endeavoring to throw off the shackles of sin, and seeking liberty from the thraldom of Satan. How many parents' hearts will be gladdened when the glorious news of a revival in our camp reaches them![11]

Another chaplain, Beverly Tucker Lacy of the Army of Northern Virginia wrote about the need for more of the clergy to volunteer for service in the Army because sadly many military units had no chaplain. He said, in summary, "to the political and social reasons for the War there must be added the religious element." The words he wrote so many years ago were very important for the Southern people. Rev. Lacy's Christian ideology encouraged and spiritually demanded that all the Southern churches be more spiritually, organically and more responsibly involved and committed to serving in the military progress of the war. The following words are imploring, challenging and majestic:

> To patriotism must be added the mightier principle of faith. Let love of country be joined to love of God—let the love of our suffering brother be associated with the love of our crucified Saviour—let the temporal interests be connected with the eternal. One duty should not be allowed to exclude another, nor one emotion crowd from the heart the holier presence of another. The Church should clearly understand and fully estimate the relation which it sustains to the war, and the duty which it owes to the army. In an important sense, the cause of the country is the cause of the Church. The principles involved are those of right, of truth, and of humanity, as well as of law, of constitutional liberty, and of national independence. In a sense equally as true, and even more important, is the fact, that the Church, to the full extent of its ability and opportunity, is responsible for the souls of those who fall in this conflict.[12]

What other duties and hardships did these stalwart Confederate Army Chaplains face? They had to face what the troops faced. The troops had to march mile after mile for days on end. They had to endure the blazing sun, the freezing cold and torrential rain. They had little to eat and drink and what they had to swallow was often decayed, rancid and infested with vermin of all kinds. They slept on the bare ground and had only a thin blanket as cover over their dirty threadbare uniforms. The troops suffered frequently from exhaustion and some of them from the continuing pain of former wounds they had received in earlier battles. Some soldiers needed a new pair of shoes after months of long marches.

[11] Ibid, p. 322-323.
[12] Ibid, p. 232-233.

All of them needed rest and relaxation in the long days in bivouac before the next military campaign. It was then that the chaplains were even busier tending to the emotional, physical and spiritual needs of the soldier. Some of the chaplains endured all of the privations of their soldiers. But all of them endured the self-imposed rule of the clergy brotherhood which was namely—they must not complain or swear out loud because the soldiers around them were suffering more than they were.

What more were the chaplains expected to do? They felt that they had to prepare the soldier for battle. What do you say to a man or to a group of men who may be killed or seriously wounded? What do you say to soldiers who were wounded or dying at a medical aid station or field hospital after a battle? What do you pray and what do you say? Our Confederate chaplains knew what to say and pray. They knew the comforting words of Holy Scriptures verse by verse. They knew the comforting words of many hymns and they would write comforting letters to the soldiers' families. I did those things for the soldiers of the 25th Infantry Division in Vietnam. I did them, however, under easier conditions that exist in our Army today than those which our brother chaplains faced in the armies of the Confederacy.

I conclude my thoughts about our Confederate Army Chaplains by presenting some of the thoughts and words of a WWI British Army Chaplain during the battles along the Somme River in Northern France. Chaplain Tiplady speaks for chaplains in every war including our South's War for Independence against the wicked total war that the government of the United States was waging against our Southern ancestors.

Chaplain Tiplady wrote about the soldiers with whom he served. His words become mine as I think about the Confederate soldiers' bravery and their saintliness-in-the-making as they fought in defense of the South in the War of Northern Aggression against them. Chaplain Tiplady's words become mine again as I reflect upon his words about his troops along the Somme in France and mine in the 25th Infantry Division in Vietnam. British Army Chaplain Tiplady wrote:

> Chaplains and their soldiers realized that there, amid the evidences of man's cruel hatred and greed, they realized most fully the presence of Christ and the love that made Jesus die for them. They (meaning the soldiers) cannot understand the mystery of God's providence, but they are assured of His presence and love. It is there, too, that they are seen at their noblest. Often have soldiers made me feel that I was in the presence of men "whose shoes I am not worthy to bear." And often has my faith been shamed by the faith and testimony of the wounded. It is at home and not on the Somme that men grow skeptical. "You must just trust in God, and do your best," Chaplain

Tiplady said to his soldiers on the evening before a battle. "We shall not fail to do that, sir," said one of them, upon whose breast was the ribbon of the D.C.M., the Distinguished Combat Medal.

The soldiers knew, Chaplain Tiplady said, that Christ has stooped down from heaven to be nearer the weak and wounded and dying and sorrowful. Their favorite hymn on the Somme was:

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Chaplain Tiplady said, "They realize that in all their afflictions He was afflicted too and His presence would save them."[13]

A CONFEDERATE SERMON

Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard

Charles Minnigerode (1814–1894) served as pastor of St. Paul's Church of Richmond for 33 years. He was best known as Jefferson Davis' pastor for Davis who attended St. Paul's during the War. It was Minnigerode who was first allowed to visit President Davis during his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe following the war. He was a comfort and spiritual guide to President Davis during this difficult time

Charles Minnigerode was a faithful pastor and preacher of the Gospel. His sermon "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified" was considered a powerful presentation of the Gospel. The New York Times in its obituary of Minnigerode noted that "*it* ***was these words that the good old man had on his tongue in his last hours*****."**

The following sermon was preached in at Saint Paul's and is a fine example of preaching the Gospel from the Old Testament.

THE ALL OF MAN

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun**. Ecclesiastes 1:9.**

[13] *The Cross at the Front, Fragments from the Trenches*, p. 154, 155, Thomas Tiplady, Fleming H. Revell, London, 1917.

The Book from which the text is taken is one of peculiar and painful interest. There is a voice of wailing passing through its leaves, a key-note of sadness intonating its every strain. It is the recantation of the wisest among men, of the follies and errors into which the supposed greatness and hoped for satisfaction of this world had led him. And in the sadness which seems to dim his eye, as he glances over his past life and finds all his gains a blank; in the sorrow which I fancy thickens the voice of the Royal Preacher, as he contrasts the eager pursuits and dazzling scenes of his former life with the lesson of disappointment and sense of vacancy they left behind, I find a depth of poetry which is akin to the elegiac pathos of the Romance. The melancholy which breathes through the pages of the great Scottish Poet, and which gives them that power of fascination with which it entranced our youthful imagination, arises from the consciousness of the writer that he dwells on men and times which are gone and can never return; from the longing of his mind to flee from the empty present, and relieve its prosy reality with the reproduction of the heroic forms of the Crusaders, or the sacrifices of chivalrous loyalty in the death-struggle of the house of Stuart. Wonderful and mysterious is the power with which the reputed poems of Ossian move us: but that power lies less in the words we read, than in the image they bring to our minds of the desolate son of Fingal, the last of his race, striking his lonely harp and chanting the requiem over the loved forms and the days of glory that had passed with the mighty dead of his family; and which in its native wildness comes to us like the echo of the wind that sighed over their resting-place, and swept through the fir trees that shaded them, as through gigantic strings of the Aeolian harp.

But a greater than a poet is here: the sage of Judah, the great king of Israel, who had lived what others could but sing of When I read this Book, and see the monarch, in whom dwelt all the fullness of earthly majesty, leave his throne; see the philosopher, who surpassed by his wise sayings all the children of men, turn from his books; see the possessor of wealth which Ophir poured into his lap and the ships of Tarshish brought to his treasury, famished mid golden dust; see the man that had exhausted all the sources of earthly joy, and tasted every human pleasure, sickened with disappointment; when I see Solomon, the great, the admired, the wise and prosperous, look over the monuments of his brilliant career, and write upon them all, upon his throne and regal power, his life-long labors, his riches and his untold pleasures — "Vanity! vanity of vanities! all is vanity!!" I learn that here I have more than a fleeting poem — an epitaph on all human greatness ; more than the plaintive cry of farewell — a lamentation over the vanity of every earthly pursuit; more than vain regrets over the past — the stern lesson of a life, whose reality surpassed the wonders of fiction: that all that this earth can give does not minister satisfaction to the immortal soul; but that, having roamed through every department of human life, and climbed every height of human grandeur, and searched every depth of human wisdom, and ransacked every means of human enjoyment, he finds them all a weariness and vexation of spirit, and learns that godliness alone, that religion alone, can speak peace, and give lasting satisfaction to the restless and aspiring heart; that the whole matter, the all of man, is to "fear God and keep his commandments." "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

In truth I never read this Book, but I hear the accompaniment of the spirit's voice, which now whispers to me with affectionate solitude, "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world," and again, with the deep notes of warning, as with a funeral knell, breaks on my ear: "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

The epitome of the wise man's experience is contained in the words of. the text — "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."

I. "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be!" Life is the same it has ever been, and always will be, and its experience is the same. Even the practical unbelief in this truism, of which we all are guilty, attests its universality. The delusion of life consists in its promise of happiness and satisfaction, with which it charms the natural man into its bondage — at last to pay him off with disappointment! It ever conjures up some phantom which he pursues and never reaches; or, if he reaches it, finds that like Ixion, he embraced a shadow! In vain that past experience teaches this lesson. In vain that the world with one voice attests the instability and deceitfulness of earthly hopes; that they who have reached the goal proclaim in mournful tones that it was not worth the race. Man clings to the delusion, and foolishly hopes that, whatever be the experience of others, he shall obtain its promises. There is not a child in our families here present but fancies that as soon as he shall arrive at a certain stature he shall enjoy more pleasure than he has enjoyed in his childhood. And there is not a man of years before me but looks back to the days of his childhood as the only season of paradisical happiness which has fallen to his lot. The youth aspires to a settled life; the active man to obtain, after labor and toil, a state of rest and satisfaction; but the lesson must be learned by all, that rest belongs not to the present moment, and satisfaction does not crown their earthly aspirations!

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be!" The experience of man is the same now as it was in the days of the Psalmist; his "life is labor and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone." And, standing amidst the wreck of all his hopes and aspirations, amidst the joys which in vain he had sought to taste, the broken toys with which in vain he had tried to cheat himself into happiness, he repeats the despairing cry of the preacher: " Vanity! all is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

I have seen the young man, buoyant with hopes, and his heart swelling with proud aspirations. But before they could ripen into fruit, or even open into the blossom, the blight of this life had fallen upon them, and desolation seized his soul! How many of your hopes have been realized? How many of your fondest desires crowned with success? How many of your loftiest flights succeeded, your sternest resolves been carried out? Who is there among you, young or old, who stand precisely where they expected to stand, to whom life has brought what they asked for and sought after? Who, among those who have reached the years of manhood, had not to come down from the pinnacle of bliss and glory, which in younger years they fancied they were climbing, and which their youthful dreams had held up to their imagination, and been forced to content themselves with the beggarly gifts of real life?

I have seen the student go with thirsting soul to the fountains of knowledge, and pore day and night over the volumes of ancient lore, and labor hard to master the mysteries of science. I looked again, and saw him vainly slake his thirst in the muddy streams of error and hopeless speculation, and the wrinkles on his brow attested that "in much wisdom there is much grief," and that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow!"

I have seen the warrior, bearing the banner of victory from land to land. I looked again, and saw him, Alexander-like, weep that he had no more worlds to conquer; or, bound to a sea-girt St. Helena, chafe in his exile, and mourn over the passing nature of all earthly glory!

I have seen the monarch, glorying in regal pride, and courtiers bowing lowly, and nations taxed for his pleasure. I looked again, and saw him tremble on the throne, the Damocles sword

suspended over him; or saw him, a fugitive, banished from his home, and "none so poor as to do him reverence!"

I have seen the statesman, rising on the tide of popular favor, and seize the highest honors of the country. I looked again, and saw how cares had followed him; or saw him dashed from his lofty position by the first storm that turned the fickle multitude.

I passed the stately mansion, gorgeous with wealth and replete with all that can charm the eye and please the taste, and minister comfort. I entered, and saw its owner stretched on the bed of lingering, and envying the poor at his door for one hour of health, and a portion of his strength.

I have seen the rich who trusted in his riches, with treasures in his possession that could have relieved a starving multitude, with gold at his command that crowded his house with flatterers, and made him the idol of hungry dependents. I looked again, and the riches had made themselves wings and were gone; or the craven wretch was watching his coffers with the line of care upon his brow, and fear in his eye; or, starving amidst his hoarded wealth, still thirsting for more, and cry "give, give!"

I have tasted the joys of earth, and seen the gay and the reveller. I looked again, and in that wan form, and ennui of life, I saw that this too is vanity!

I have visited the family circle, and seen the peaceful fireside, and the children like olive branches wreathing the table. I looked again, and there was the vacant chair, that told the story of that stifled sob and those weeping eyes.

I looked upon beauty, and a few summers dimmed the radiant eye, and faded the blushing roses. I have looked upon youth, and I saw the spoiler drawing near, steadily, certainly, to break its strength and extinguish its glow.

I have looked upon life in all its forms — like a splendid phantasmagoria it passed before my eye — but all its moments are fleeting, all its glory "passing away!" In the experience of the past we have the horoscope of the future. Six thousand years have taught us that "the thing that has been, it is that which shall be."

II. Ah, life is indeed a phantasmagoria. We scarcely view it but it passes away; passes away, brethren, into an endless future. Its shadows recede, and give way to the realities of eternity! But that eternity of the creature *begins here*, and its law is written in our text: "that which is done, is that which shall be done;" what is done *here* shall be done *there*.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; and he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." As certain as the crop of the husbandman will be of the seed he has put in the ground, so shall man, when once put under the green sod of God's acre, grow up in eternity, the same in tendencies, desires, thoughts.

The same? Yet not the same! For in this new existence, when the living soul is less confined by the narrow limits, and less weighed down by the heavy material of this earthly body; when the flight of his thoughts, and the impetuosity of his desires are less checked by the disturbances and fluctuations, less broken by the attractions and repulsions of this abode of change and unsteadiness; his feelings, thoughts, affections, will be raised to an infinite power, and carry with them their inherent rewards of happiness or misery, as with an almighty force. All holy affections, all kind and charitable feelings, will enlarge themselves without bounds to make us meet companions for Him who is perfect Himself, and calls His creatures to perfection. The modest bud of peace and joy below will open into the full bloom of celestial blessedness! But the embers of sin, if not quenched in this life, will be kindled into flames, ever strengthening in their

overpowering sway, ever increasing in the torment they bring with them; yet never dying, never destroying. Lust and hatred and avarice, rising in greediness and vehemence, will find no object to lay their hands of destruction on, but the soul itself which submitted to their dominion here below.

Solemn truth: "The thing that is done is that which shall be done." Oh, what a revelation of Eternity! Are you prepared, my un-Christian brother, to have your slavery to ambitious aims continued in the world to come, in a never-ceasing Sisyphean labor? To let the thirst for earthly pleasure place you, Tantalus-like, before the waters of rejoicing and the fruits of satisfaction, and yet to suffer the thirst and hunger of Eternity! Ye who devote your all to the groveling pursuits of time that never come to an end, are ye prepared "in the hereafter" to continue the fruitless labor, like the fabled daughters of Danaus, filling the bottomless urn with the draughts of refreshing?

The happiness and perfection of the good will in deed advance forever; the wretchedness and down fall of the wicked will go on forever, and may go on forever in an increasing ratio! Ages of a heavenly existence open new and greater stores of beatitude; more glorious revelations of the Divine nature to the saints; and the wrath of God endured for ages will still be "wrath to come!"

For "that which is done, shall be done again." Here in this life are the premises and conditions of the life to come: "Where the tree falleth, there it shall lie." "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy let him be holy still."

And what — if this alternative is placed before him, and such the issues of this life — what, then, are all the pains and sorrows of this transient state to him, who knows his home in heaven! who lays up treasures there, and has the promise of Him who is faithful, and by faith receives even here the earnest of an inheritance which passeth not away? And what are all the pleasures, and all the enticements, and the golden chains, with which sin surrounds and binds us here, to him who looks beyond and has "respect to the recompense of reward?"

But oh, the unbeliever! the ungodly! Like that pale, that unhappy poet of our land — whose every hope was in the past, and whose presence bore no flower of happiness; who vainly sought nepenthe for his sufferings; "whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster," till his song one burden bore, — "Till the dirges of his hope one melancholy burden bore of never — nevermore!" whose nightly vision was disturbed by the croaking voice of the bird of destiny which answered to all his pleas, the hopeless word of "nevermore!" — like him he vainly asks of his gods: "Tell me truly, I implore, — Is there, is there balm in Gilead? tell me, tell me, I implore !" — But the echo returns only the raven's bitter cry of "nevermore!"

III. Alas, brethren, "there is no new thing under the sun!" This earth, Antaeus-like, cannot revive your strength; there is no power under the sun which can restore you to that bliss which must be sought without sin! All your schemes of reform, all your proud resolutions cannot raise you into God's favor. All your sacrifices, all your rites, all your superstitions, all your charities, cannot restore in you the image of God, and change the cursed ground into an Eden! There is no stream that purls up from the earth in which to wash our sins away, and draw draughts of renewal: "there is no new thing under the sun." There is no salvation!— unless from above the sun, from the Father of Light, from the fountains of the upper sanctuary, flows down upon you the flood of healing, the stream of salvation! unless God Himself bares His holy arm to bring life and immortality to light; unless you are born again of the spirit, unless a new heart is given you, through the grace of Christ!

Oh, that I had the power of speech, and the gift of persuasion! Oh, that the angel of God would touch my lips, and give me words of fire! Believe me; believe one who has as vile a heart, and passions strong as yours; one who has roamed far and wide to satisfy the yearnings of a selfish and unsubdued spirit; who has drunk deep of the cup of life, and tasted its sorrows and its delights; one who has too many recollections left him of the world not to understand its fashion and the power of its influence; and yet has been taught the vanity of all, and the bitterness of his own heart. Believe me; and, if you will not believe a fellow-sinner, believe Solomon, who rises above us in the knowledge of all that this world can give and bring, and the acquaintance with its every source of strength, and comfort, and pleasure, and happiness, as a Patagonian giant among mere pigmies! And if you will not believe one that could fall as low as Solomon, believe one "greater than Solomon;" one who was "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners," — that there is no healing balm except in the Gospel; that there is no peace except in Christ; that the infinite yearnings and aspirations of man can never be satisfied; that his doubts, and the riddles of his earthly existence can never be solved; that the fears of an awakened conscience can never be quieted, except in the religion of the Atonement; and that there is no happiness for man, no lasting joy and bliss and hope, but in the faith and love of Christ, in the pursuit of holiness, and the obedience to the law of God.

And may God have mercy upon you, that now, ere the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when ye shall say " we have no pleasure in them," ye may learn the conclusion of the whole matter: —

"Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the all of man."

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!"

Book Review

Southern by the Grace of God

By Michael Andrew Grissom

©1990, Pelican Publishing Company, 572 pp. Hardback

Reviewed by H. Rondel Rumburg

The very title of this Southern gentleman's book, *Southern by the Grace of God* will give a Southern person, with awareness, a sense of Southern credibility. Here is Southernness on display for it is by the grace of God that we are saved by grace and Southern. If you draw a drop of blood from Michael Grissom you will find he bleeds Southern. Read this book if you are Southern and you will not be accosted with harsh words against your beloved South. Read this book if you are Northern and you will be given a dose of the real South and not the one conjured up by Federal Propagandists. Read this book and you will not be denigrated over your Southern accent or be put on a politically correct guilt trip although we are not ashamed to rebut these Federal Change Agents.

Oh, how nice to be able to read a book that you do not have to read between the lines to find the booby traps of assaults and innuendos that are anti-Southern, for you will find none. I put this book on my Southern Best List. Neither will you find the *new South* propaganda corrupting the

content. When you have read this tome you realize here is an honest and true friend of the South who is not apologetic for our people and their noble deeds. Actually one finds himself refreshed to be drinking from the sweet nectar dripping from the true flower of our Southern history.

Our author gives insights into the window of our history. The things that have long been hidden in the shadows lest some buzzard of political correctness swoop down to carry it off as carrion because it has been left for dead, but our writer does not feed these buzzards but gives us the true living South.

Thankfully author Grissom gives us a much needed warning:

> I don't know whether our past glory lives on in fewer of us, or if it lives less well in all of us. One thing is for sure – we are edging ever more closely to the point of losing our southern heritage. If we become even a tiny bit more lethargic than we already are and fail to pass it on to our young, it truly will be found only in books. It can be lost in only one neglected generation. If we fail to perpetuate so glorious a legacy, then it truly may be spoken of us what Tacitus wrote of those who frivolously existed under the Roman Empire: We cannot be said to have lived, but rather to have crawled in silence, the young towards the decrepitude of age and the old to dishonorable graves."

Later the author wrote of the pity of watching "our heritage being dismantled year after year at the very hands of *southerners* themselves." Oh, how sad indeed. Southern people today often parrot the propaganda of the North. Grissom said, "Now the Yankees lie back and watch this new breed of loud southerners do their braying for them. This new bunch had decided to call themselves the *New South*."

We are reminded in these pages of what God said through Hosea His prophet, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The pseudo-history propagated by the government misinformation agency called public schools is filling the heads of Southern children with bogus history. Instead of these children being given the heritage of truth they have lies about the very people God requires them to honor—*"Honour your father and your mother; which is the first commandment with promise; That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."* Our great grandparents are to be honored as well as our immediate ones.

One finds such penetrating quotes as

> "Corporal Sam R. Watkins, of Columbia, Tennessee, was living proof that Reconstruction had failed to diminish devotion…. Writing in 1881, he said, 'Secession may have been wrong in the abstract, and has been tried and settled by the arbitrament of the sword and bayonet, but I am as firm in my convictions today of the right of secession as I was in 1861. The South is our country; the North is the country of those who live there. We are an agricultural people; they are a manufacturing people…. We believe in the doctrine of State rights, they in the doctrine of centralization.
>
> 'John C. Calhoun, Patrick Henry, and Randolph, of Roanoke, saw the venom under their wings, and warned the North of the consequences, but they laughed at them. We only fought for our State rights, they for Union and power. The South fell battling under the banner of State rights, but yet grand and glorious even in death.'"

Grissom, who is as unreconstructed as Sam Watkins and this reviewer, went on to conclude,

> "Let none among us disparage our southern ancestors. Let us only hope that even a trickle of the revolutionary blood that flowed in their veins has remained in ours. It is ironic that the

very code of honor, which the Yankees thought four years of cruel war had eradicated, was the same standard that silently sustained us through Reconstruction. It's that inner faith and stamina, particularly southern in nature, that makes us what we are – Southern, by the grace of God."

This volume is replete with Southern Treasures of prose, poetry and pictures. We are reminded of the group *Alabama* and a stanza from their *My Home's in Alabama.*

I'll speak my southern English
Just as natural as I please;
I'm in the Heart of Dixie—
Dixie's in the heart of me.

In this volume *Southern by the Grace of God* one finds essentially *A Southerner's Handbook of History*, biographical sketches of famous Southerners, two hundred old photos, a section on Southern Folklore, a correct view of the War, Reconstruction, etc.

Southern parents need to use this book in educating themselves and their children. The old South was Christian without apology and loved God's Word the Bible. The Old South did not use its Constitution to foist every form of perversion condemned in the Bible on its citizens!!!!!!!!!!

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 SCV headquarters or biblicalandsouthernstudies.com for a copy.