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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

"Character is that which forms individuality. It comprises the intellectual, and especially the moral features. The word character is derived from another which means to mark, to cut, to engrave. As the features designate an individual for beauty or homeliness, so character marks a man for good or evil."

Editorial

Fellow Compatriots in the Chaplains' Corps and Friends:

The Chaplain's Conference is now history, but we trust by God's grace that it will bear spiritual fruit in the future for the glory of our great God in Three Persons. There was a sense of the Lord's hand upon hearing the presentations and fellowshipping. Thanks Chaplain-in-Chief Evans for all the work such a good conference. We send a big thank you to Pam Evans, Mark's helpmeet, for the food she prepared, including the good Southern barbeque. The Conference was a spiritually enriching and pleasant experience.

For those who would like to listen to the presentations and messages of Pastor John Weaver, Dr. Charles Baker, Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg, Pastor Lloyd Sprinkle and Chaplain Kenneth Studdard they are available at $3 per message or $15 for all this includes postage. Send your request and payment to

Pastor Lloyd Sprinkle
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When traveling to the Chaplain's Conference your editor was privileged to providentially find a book in an antique shop that had been in the possession of David K. Shreckhise who was 3rd Sergeant of the 52nd Virginia Regiment, Company G. He wrote his name and the information of his unit in the front fly leaf of the book on April 1st, 1862 at Camp Alleghany. This soldier was greatly wounded in the chest two months later at the Battle of Cross Keys which essentially ended his military service. Shreckhise's book is by the excellent minister John Angell James whose writings were very popular among Christians of that era and his books are being reprinted today. This writer has a number of titles by James. The book owned by this Confederate Soldier was titled *The Church in Earnest* and was published in 1857. I was excited to purchase the well worn volume used by a noble Confederate soldier. When I first opened the book my eyes lighted on the passage at the bottom of page 78 and I began reading into the next page. Here is what I read:

> **If asked to point out the specific and prevailing sin of the church in the present day, we cannot hesitate in replying, *a pervading worldliness of mind, heart, and conduct*. She is fearfully secularized in the spirit and temper of her members. The love of the world is become the master passion, before which other and holier affections grow dim and weak.**

After having read those lines it was as if they were written especially for our present situation. How prophetic and needed are these words, especially during these days. Then James went on:

> **In this commercial country, it is difficult even for the professors of religion to escape the contagious spirit of speculation, eager competition, and over-trading. The determination, as well as the anxiety, to be rich, will, without great watchfulness, rush into the church: it has done so, and those who profess to have overcome the world by faith, appear almost as eager as others in all the schemes for getting wealth in haste, and by almost any means. But it is not only in the way of doing business that this secular spirit is seen, but in the general habits and tastes of professing Christians. Their style of living, their entertainments, their associations, their amusements, their conversation, evince a conformity to the world, a minding of earthly things, a disposition to conform themselves to the world around, and an apparent desire to seek their happiness from objects of sense, rather than from those of faith, which prove the extent to which a secular spirit is bearing down the spirit of piety.**

Needless to say this man whose writing ministered to our Confederate Compatriot in April 1862 ministered to me as well.

Please find in this issue our Chaplain-in-Chief's message to the reader regarding the Chaplain's Conference. Then our Chaplain-in-Chief expresses to us the moral state in the Confederate camps at the beginning of the war contrasted with how the work of God in revival changed the men. This is entitled *Overcoming Evil.* There is much we can learn from our ancestors in this day of shallowness. Your editor has supplied Part I of *Some Essential Characteristics of Confederate Chaplains.* Also we have Part I of *A Tale of Two Sermons* presented by Chaplain Studdard at the Chaplain's Conference. This issue includes A Confederate Sermon, submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard. This sermon is by Rev. George Foster Pierce to the Georgia General Assembly in 1863. Our Book Review is by Editor Rumburg, reviewing the volume by Jedediah Hotchkiss, *Make Me a Map of the Valley: The … Journal of Stonewall Jackson's Topographer.*

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:

We are grateful to the Lord for allowing us a joyful and edifying Chaplains' Conference. Pastor Lloyd Sprinkle, his wife, and others of the Providence Baptist Church, Harrisonburg, Virginia, provided a wonderful setting for our meeting and fellowship. The singing was honoring to our Savior and included special numbers written by Mrs. Sprinkle about the sacrifices of our Confederate ancestors. Past Chaplain-in-Chief John Weaver brought the first message, giving us a clear, Biblical presentation on the subject of the preaching ministry. Past Chaplain-in-Chief Charles Baker provided an important history of the office of chaplain in the SCV, especially in recent decades. We learned of God's blessing in providing a significant role of leadership within our heritage organization. Past Chaplain-in-Chief Ron Rumburg taught us important truths concerning the work of the Holy Spirit in the new birth as revealed in the Scriptures and seen in the lives and labors of Confederate chaplains. We rejoiced to hear Pastor Sprinkle open God's Word, declaring many Biblical truths on the subject of "good works" from Titus 3:8. Chaplain Kenneth Studdard, who has contributed numerous reviews and other writings to the *Chaplains' Corps Chronicles*, concluded the conference with an excellent presentation focusing upon the life of Confederate Chaplain John Jones. During the conference, our hearts were often moved to greater faithfulness to our Savior and steadfastness in staying on the old paths of the Godly chaplains who have gone before us. We praise the Lord for all who attended and for those who prayed for our conference. The intangible part, which we cannot put into words, was the encouraging and edifying fellowship. It was more than a meeting – it was a refuge that refreshed our souls. "Great is His faithfulness."

Thank you for praying for the requests we send to you from time to time. Many have been encouraged by your faithfulness. I hope you can attend the 118th National Reunion in Vicksburg, Mississippi, July 18-20. It would be a blessing to have you present at our Prayer Breakfast and Memorial Service.

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

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Chaplain-in-Chief's Article

Overcoming Evil

Mark W. Evans

Immorality, atheistic philosophies, false religions, and blasphemies have blanketed our land. Spiritual leaders of the Confederacy saw the coming storm. Dr. Benjamin Morgan Palmer, pastor of First Presbyterian Church, New Orleans, said on November 29, 1860: "To the South is assigned the high position of defending before all nations the cause of all religion and of all truth. In this trust we are resisting the power which wars against constitutions and laws and compacts, against Sabbaths and sanctuaries, against the family, the state, and the church, which blasphemously invades the prerogatives of God and rebukes the Most High for the errors of His administration" [Singer, *A Theological Interpretation of American History*, p. 86]. Today's false beliefs and moral degradation have their roots in the ideas propagated in the Northland before our relatives ever shouldered their muskets. The Southern people, as a whole, held to orthodox Christianity and did not imbibe the radical views of Yankees.

Nonetheless, the war brought a spiritual crisis to Dixie's warriors who were away from their homes, churches, and other spiritual influences. From foot soldiers to high ranking officers, sinful practices prevailed. Confederate Chaplain J. William Jones recorded the words of a Southern editor: "The prevalence of vice, of drunkenness and profanity in our camps on the Potomac and elsewhere is attributable to the officers themselves. A large number of the officers of our Southern army are both profane and hard drinkers, where they are not drunkards. It has been prophesied that the South will lose the next battle on the Potomac, and lose it by drunken officers. We are satisfied that God alone can prevent it. If the battle soon to transpire near Manassas is lost, we shall be satisfied that *whiskey whipped our men*" [*Christ in the Camp*, 269].

Within the dark atmosphere, faithful Christians resolved to stay true to their Savior and to give a clear witness to His saving grace. There were also others who were not Christians, but sensed their need to prepare to meet their God. Confederate Chaplain W. W. Bennett said, "A true moral courage was requisite, in this early period of the war, for every old believer and every new convert. The camps, it is true, were almost filled with vice; swearing, gambling, and drunkenness abounded, and one might have supposed that all were leagued against religion; but in the midst of all this many were found earnestly seeking light from God's Holy Word" [*The Great Revival in the Southern Armies*, 117]. By the sides of careless soldiers were Christian laymen and even ministers. Charles F. Pitts, in his book, *Chaplains in Gray*, wrote, "[F]rom all evidences there were more clergymen fighting as soldiers of the line than there were chaplains, evangelists, missionaries, and colporteurs combined" [p. 31]. There were also Christian officers of high

rank who had a burden for the spiritual welfare of those under their authority. Pitt wrote, "Among the troops were many noted and devout officers, most of whom had been influential laymen in happier days. These, too, agreed with the pastors that the cause of the South was just. Numbered among them were such well-known Christians as Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, D. H. Hill, T. R. Cobb, A. H. Colquitt, Kirby Smith, J. E. B. Stuart, J. B. Gordon, C. A. Evans, A. M. Scales, 'Willie' Pegram, and others." As the war progressed, Christian denominations sent a spiritual army of dedicated chaplains, evangelists, missionaries and colporteurs to labor among the defenders of Dixie. They found the fields "white already to harvest" (John 4:35).

Evil was never completely removed from the camps, yet an incredible change occurred. Cursing, gambling, drunkenness, and other vices greatly declined. Revival came and tens of thousands called upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. Chaplain Jones said of the Army of Northern Virginia, "But when we came back from Sharpsburg to rest for a season amid the green fields and beautiful groves, and beside the clear streams of the lower Valley of Virginia, there began the series of revivals which went graciously and gloriously on until there had been over fifteen thousand professions of conversion in Lee's Army, and there had been wrought a moral and religious revolution which those who did not witness it can scarcely appreciate" [*Christ in the Camp*, 273]. One South Carolina chaplain, writing to the *Southern Presbyterian,* near a camp in Richmond, said, "I am both astonished and I trust grateful to see how attentively officers and men listen to the preached word, and how eagerly they read the tracts which I have been able to supply. It would gladden the heart of many a pious friend at home if they could be permitted to listen to the chorus of manly voices which blend in singing the sweet songs of Zion amid the green trees of our bivouac. The tone of morality is much higher than I dare to hope" [*Christ in the Camp*, 273]. A contemporary witness said of General Johnston's army in Georgia, "Twelve months after this revolution commenced a more ungodly set of men could scarcely be found than the Confederate army. Now the utterance of oaths is seldom, and religious songs and expressions of gratitude to God are heard from every quarter. Our army seems to be impressed with a high sense of an overruling Providence. They have become Christian patriots and have a sacred object to accomplish – an object dearer to them than life" [*The Great Revival in the Southern Armies*, 377].

The Bible gives a glorious promise, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Romans 5:21). Our country seems like rotten fruit ready to drop off the tree. This spiritual crisis, in fact, is a vindication of our ancestors' resistance to Biblical and Constitutional tyranny. Our hope is still in the Lord. He is still mighty to save. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest" (Matthew 9:38).

Some Essential Characteristics of Confederate Chaplains

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Part I

What kind of men were these Confederate Chaplains? When considering the men who made up the Confederate Chaplain Corps generally speaking they were men seeking to do the will of God. Fakes were short-lived being detected by the soldiers and being overwhelmed by the sheer mass of hard and dangerous work.

What characterized them as men? Essentially they were men of God, men who had experienced the new birth, men who had been cleansed from their sin by Jesus' precious blood, men who hated their sin against the holy God, men who had been purged from unrighteousness, men who had been divinely called to preach, men who placed God's value on the soul (what was that value that the soul was of greater value than the whole world), men who believed the sacred Word of God by practicing it, men who were concerned over the depraved nature of men, men who not only hated sin in themselves as well as in others, etc.

Certainly men cannot preach a redeeming Christ with power unless they have experienced that redemption via regeneration and conversion.

First, THESE CHAPLAINS HAD EXPERIENCED THE NEW BIRTH: The Call of God to Salvation

The Lord Jesus Expressed the Nature of the New Birth

"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3)

What do I mean by "the new birth?" The new birth is an act of God the Holy Spirit imparting spiritual life to one who was dead in trespasses and sin. Jesus had some important things to say to us about this subject not the least of which was that without the new birth a person will never become acquainted with heaven.

John's Gospel records our Lord's account of this critical subject. There was a man of the Pharisees who had been publically exposed to the preaching of Jesus with the result that he was awakened to a personal need. He sneaked through the night seeking Jesus while under spiritual distress. This struggle was brought on by the Holy Spirit. Being frightened of others he had secreted himself in order to have an encounter with Jesus? What frightened him? He was afraid because of being awakened to some strange goings on in his unsettled heart. This we call conviction.

What makes this case even more intriguing was the way Jesus handled this encounter. The Saviour answered the ruler of the Jews in a confounding way! What was interesting and unusual regarding the questions bothering Nicodemus was that Jesus answered his heart felt questions before they could be asked. Nicodemus called Him *"Rabbi … teacher come from God"* and discussed Jesus' miracles as an indication that he believed God was with Him (John 3:1-2) but he did not at this point believe that Jesus was God in the flesh.

Jesus' first words to him were, *"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"* (John 3:3). God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, was quite assertive in these words. There is no doubt about it, without the new birth there is no resolution of sin, no forgiveness and no reconciliation to the holy God of the Bible. Many do not understand this any more than did Nicodemus when he first heard it directly from the lips of Jesus. Only one who has been born again or born from above can understand. This knowledge cannot be experienced by intellectual prowess or emotional excitement.

Jesus began to explain to the inquisitive heart of Nicodemus: *"That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not (or stop being astonished) that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth (or desires), and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit"* (John 3:6-8). Here Jesus was dealing with misunderstanding. What was Jesus saying? He said that the natural birth produced a fleshly being and a spiritual birth produced a spiritual being. The physical new born did not cause his own birth any more than a spiritual new born could cause his own birth. Being born from above is not something caused by human decision or action! Nicodemus was told by Jesus to not be astonished for the new birth is essential, but can only be accomplished by the Holy Spirit.

Jesus then used the wind as an illustration of something in the natural realm which can be heard but cannot be seen or controlled by man. Jesus explained that this is true of everyone born of the Spirit. Nicodemus was still without a clue when he asked, *"How can these things be?"* Jesus said to Nicodemus, You are a master or teacher of Israel and are ignorant of these things; in your position you are supposed to know and teach these things (John 3:10). Jesus spoke from His certain knowledge and what He had personally witnessed, but Jesus charged Nicodemus with rejecting that perfect testimony (John 3:11).

Next, Jesus pointed out that if He spoke of everyday things relating to earthly life and Nicodemus would not believe Him; what would Nicodemus do if Jesus told him about heavenly things (John 3:12)? Jesus in essence asked, "Nicodemus how can you find out about heavenly things?" The Saviour said in essence, you cannot discover spiritual things on your own! Why? It takes a divine work. Only one who has ascended to heaven could find them out or the Son of Man who came down from heaven He can reveal it (John 3:13). The very one who could explain these things to Nicodemus is being ignored. Certainly Nicodemus could not ascend to heaven to find the answer. Salvation must depend on God not man or no one would be saved. What causes a person to seek forgiveness of sin through Christ? The Holy Spirit gives an awareness of need and reveals that Christ Jesus meets that need.

Jesus then referred Nicodemus to Scripture, *"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that*

whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3:14-15). Thus in these words Jesus was picturing His own crucifixion as the atoning Lamb of God to take away sin. The declaration was that those trusting in Him alone shall not perish but have life eternal.

Then Jesus uttered the most well known verse in the Bible: *"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life"* (John 3:16). God the Father gave His *"only begotten Son"* as a substitutionary sacrifice to pay for the sin debt of those who are granted faith in God's Son for salvation (Eph. 2:8-9). Those thus believing on God's Son shall never, no never perish but have everlasting life. *"For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God"* (John 3:17-18). In these words God is saying, "Nicodemus you need to understand that I sent My Son to save those who believe on Him. These will be eternally saved and will not be eternally condemned!" Those who remain in unbelief are already condemned or judged. All who believe are the same ones for whom Christ died, they were judged for their sin in the suffering and death of Christ Jesus who took their place.

This is all summed up in the words, *"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him"* (John 3:36). The one who believes on the Son already has eternal life, but the unbeliever shall not experience eternal life, but God's wrath remains on him forever and ever. Rev. B. M. Palmer (Commissioner from the Presbyterian Church of the Confederacy to the Army of the West) in a Sermon from John 3:18 declared: "The Lord Jesus came from heaven to be the exponent of God's love to sinful men, to show its depth, and to open the channel for its eternal outflow upon the redeemed. In rejecting Him, therefore, we turn away from God in the most persuasive revelation of Himself…. The climax of resistance would seem to be reached, when we sin directly against the *heart* of Infinite Love" [*Sermons*, Vol. 2, 76-77]. The rejection of the perfect and holy Son of God in his perfect obedience and atoning death is an affront to God. One of the Confederate Chaplains preached a sermon titled "Unbelief in Christ the Greatest of Sins," and that was Chaplain John Lafayette Girardeau of the 23rd South Carolina Regiment [*Sermons by John L. Girardeau*, 351].

Have you been awakened to your need of the new birth? Have you cast yourself for mercy upon the Lord Jesus Christ alone to be your substitute and salvation? Have you cast yourself upon the mercy of the Lord? Jesus said, *"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out (or turn away).*"

Next we consider the new birth experience of some Confederate Chaplains. These should be good examples of the way the work of grace occurred in their hearts.

New Birth of Basil Manly Sr., Chaplain to the Confederacy

Basil Manly was a Baptist chaplain born in Chatham County, NC on January 29th, 1798 and left this world for the better one on December 21st, 1868 in Greenville, SC. Basil's father was an unbelieving man, but his mother, Elizabeth Manly, had a great impact on her son as is usually the case. However, her conversion, when he was a boy, had the greatest influence on him. Her transformed life and testimony, by the grace of God, would bear fruit. Son Basil was in regular attendance at the house of God on the Lord's Days, with his mother. This was also a time of the sowing of the precious gospel seed through the faithful preaching of God's Word.

While Basil was attending school at the Bingham Academy in Orange County, North Carolina he came under great conviction of his sins against the Lord. He was sixteen years old at this time and the year was 1814. Due to a troubled conscience he was walking in a cornfield not far from the school he attended, and the weight of his sins against the Lord had become too heavy to bear. His lost condition was expressed in a time of weeping. About this time he heard a voice in the distance and began to walk toward it. As he got closer he recognized the voice of an old black slave who was interceding with God and making a plea for the Lord to speak to "Mas Baz." Basil Manly being overwhelmed fell on his knees beside the old intercessor. The old servant assisted him in praying. The weeping and praying of the old servant and the teenager attracted the attention of other servants and white folks from the family where Basil was boarding. Tears of joy soon replaced tears of sorrow over sin. Also, there was rejoicing in heaven as a sinner had repented of sin and embraced the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Yes, Jesus had said, *"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance"* (Luke 15:7).

New Birth of Francis Asbury Mood, Post Chaplain, Charleston, South Carolina

Francis Asbury Mood was a Methodist chaplain who was born in Charleston, SC on June 23rd, 1830 and entered glory on November 12th, 1884 in Texas.

Mood described when his spiritual impressions began, "I could not have been more than three or four years old." Thus from early days his minister father and faithful mother, who were a devoted Christians, began to teach their children. Francis' mother made a great impact on his life. As a little boy he had a sense of remorse for sin and thought of himself as lost. He attended worship services and Sunday School regularly, was taught hymns, the catechism by his mother and was taken to camp meetings. Francis Mood noted:

> The preaching of the camp-meeting was all calculated to arouse, awaken, and call to action the religious sensibilities. Judgment, Hell, Heaven,

> Redemption, Conscience, the Shortness of Time, were the topics urged with great directness, earnestness and eloquence; and seldom an occasion of worship passed, that penitents were not … invoking the prayers of God's people. Young as I was, I was conscious that I had sinned, and I always went forward for prayer, because I feared that if I did not, I would grieve God's Spirit.

Mood said that he could not explain his feelings but knew he did not love God and feared this was reciprocal.

As a nine year old in April of 1839 as usual the family attended the camp meeting and this one was a great awakening. After returning home Francis spoke with his wise mother about joining the church. She in a very affectionate way advised him to wait till he understood spiritual things better. He obeyed but thought his mother wrong.

In April of 1841 a number of young people joined the church. Francis did not consult his mother but on April 21st, 1841 went for membership. He was given a ticket of probation and he later attended a special class. The result he described:

> Three years had passed since that memorable day when I gave my hand to the minister and my name to the church records. Three years of legal obedience, three years of darkness, of struggle, of sadness. My good old class-leader expounded, encouraged, exhorted, but I found no relief. I read my Bible regularly, but abhorred the duty, for it was full of condemnation to me. I attended class regularly, but abhorred the duty, for its return brought only rebuke and suffering to my heart. I attended every service of the ministry, but abhorred the duty, for the sermons only chided me and did not interest me. Sunday was the darkest day of the week to me.

The Sabbath was no delight to him. Obviously the new birth had not yet been experienced by Francis Mood. At a camp meeting in April 1844 wherein each service was a time of self-condemnation he was conflicted. He confessed and I record his own words:

> My burden grew heavier. It was Saturday night of the meeting…. I walked forth into the darkness, and wandered around the circle of tents in abject sorrow and wretchedness of soul. Passing one of the tents I heard singing within. I paused and recognized the voices of some of the young converts. They were engaged in a prayer meeting. I entered. It was dark, for they were within an inner room. The intense darkness of the room seemed to typify the intense darkness that filled my soul, and my agony became intolerable. I went forward reaching for the inner door. My strength utterly failed me. I fell to the ground prostrate, crying from the great depths of my soul. "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me." A moment afterwards I felt that I could trust Jesus as my Savior then. At once my burden was lifted, my sorrow had fled, a light supernal beamed into

my soul, and I was filled with gladness. It seemed to me that my whole frame would melt into thankfulness, and I remained sobbing on the ground. As the young men within arose from prayer, in an interval of silence, they heard the sobs of someone outside. Billy Capers opened the partition door to see what it meant, and found me lying at the threshold. He lifted me up—my heart filled with rapture and tears of gladness choking my utterance. My friends recognized me; they saw in my countenance the joy and peace I felt within, and rejoiced with me.

But how shall I describe the great change that my inward consciousness told me had passed upon me? I went to our tent, all had retired, I drew out my little box, and got out my red-covered Bible that my mother had given me; for the first time in my life I felt eager to read it. Before, I had only found condemnation in its pages, now I found them filled with blessed consolations and promises. I lingered upon passage after passage, and after offering a prayer and thanksgiving, with a fervor, and earnestness I had never before known, at a late hour, I retired for sleep.

The blare of the morning trumpet awoke me at day-light, and now a fresh wonder filled my soul. For the first time in my recollection I was glad to welcome God's holy Sabbath. I listened eagerly for the trumpet to sound the opportunity of worship. I was glad, when they said unto me, "Let us go into the house of the Lord...." How delightful the sermon was! Every word, every sentence, every illustration, exactly right. I had no thought of criticism. Ah! the fact in the case was, I was thirsting for the word, and how that disarms objections!

How clearly did my own experience prove to me, "that by the deeds of the law there shall be no flesh justified." That by no processes of education can the power and the joy of a religious life be imparted, that "Except ye be converted, and become as little children,"—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." From that hour religion was a reality and a blessed experience. I walked carefully before the Lord, and though in the years that have intervened, I have, too often, been negligent and unfaithful, and too often willfully departed from the path of duty, I thank God that I have never doubted the reality of the change of heart experienced on that memorable occasion, and I doubt not but, that Saturday night of 1844, will be a point of time, which I will look back upon through all the rolling ages of the coming glory,

"The happy day
When Jesus washed my sins away. "

New Birth of Chaplain Jeremiah Bell Jeter, Post Chaplain Richmond, VA

Jeremiah B. Jeter was a Baptist chaplain born in Bedford County, Virginia on July 18th, 1802 and entered the presence of the Lord on February 18th, 1880. We shall let Chaplain Jeter relay to us his account of his experience of grace in an abridged form.

> 'Experience,' as it was generally called, occupied a much more prominent place in sermons and in religious conversation … years ago…. I had an experience…. I was brought up without special religious instruction…. In my boyhood I cherished the hope that … I would be converted…. I remember distinctly the first prayer that I ever uttered. It was in the summer of 1819…. As I was plowing alone my thoughts were suddenly arrested by the presence and majesty of God. I was overwhelmed with awe, and falling on my knees pleaded with God for mercy…. For days I went with a downcast countenance…. For several weeks I carefully concealed my emotions, but continued to pray for Divine aid. In this time I became quite self-righteous…. In a few weeks my impressions were effaced and my fair resolutions were abandoned…. I have referred … to the revival which commenced in my neighborhood in the year 1821. In the early summer I attended a Sabbath service at Suck Spring Baptist Meeting House…. It was communion season…. At first I amused myself …. Soon my own attention was arrested by it and I burst into an irrepressible flood of tears…. This was the commencement of my second effort to become a Christian. I betook myself to reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. In a few days I attended the burial of a young man I had known…. The eyes and mouth of the corpse were stretched wide open, and neither force nor skill could close them. The unfortunate death of the young man, and the horrid appearance of his ghastly face made a deep impression … that had been weakened by anxiety and sleeplessness…. I deliberately came to the conclusion that, to get rid of my nervous trouble, I must suppress my religious convictions, and, for the present, at any rate, abandon all hope of salvation…. Here ends the second chapter in my religious experience…. I have given a pretty full account of the commencement of the great revival at Hatcher's Meeting House, in August, 1821…. Sunday morning we [Jeter's friend Daniel Witt and himself] rode together to church…. The services continued till late in the afternoon. When I raised my head and opened my eyes I was astonished to find that all the congregation excepting a few of my friends were gone. Even … Witt … had left an hour or two before. My purpose to become a Christian was now fixed…. It was not merely my purpose to enter the kingdom of heaven, but to out-strip all my associates in the celestial race…. My aim was to become good enough for Christ to receive me…. A short time after the memorable meeting at Hatcher's Meeting House there was an appointment for a night service in the neighborhood of my abode. There was a crowded house. Of the sermon I recollect nothing. At the close of it the minister said: 'If any person desires prayer, let him manifest it and I will pray for him'…. The struggle was short. In

a few moments I said distinctly: 'Pray for me.' I have said many things since which I have had cause to regret, but I have never been sorry that I made that request.... I left the house with far less hope of salvation than I had when I entered it. A few weeks later another night meeting was appointed at the same place.... The meeting was crowded and the religious excitement was intense. Among the inquirers was a rough, uncouth, and ignorant lad named Bill Carter. Occupying a prominent position he opened wide his mouth and roared like a lion. The scene was indescribably ludicrous, and, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion and my deep concern for my salvation, I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.... After weeks of anxiety, watchfulness, prayer, and mourning I seemed to be much further from salvation than I was at the first.... About this time, hearing of the conversion of a young female friend, who was awakened some weeks after I was, it seemed a reasonable conclusion that I had missed the road to heaven.... About two months after the memorable meeting at Hatcher's Meeting House, I attended a night meeting in a private house near the same place.... A song was sung ... it made an indelible impression on my mind.... Is it possible, I inquired, that the Son of God suffered and died for such a corrupt and guilty creature as I am?.... As instructed by one of my religious guides, the Rev. William Leftwich, I had often attempted to adopt the words of the father of the demoniac child: 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.' ... The sentence invariably changed in my lips to: 'Lord, I *would* believe; help thou my unbelief.... I feared that I did not believe, and my words were deceitful.... After all my doubts and reasoning, the impression came over me that I did believe, and I repeated the words with emphasis: 'Lord, I *do believe*; help thou my unbelief.' The burden of guilt and anxiety, which I had borne so long, instantly departed. My mind was in a calm, pleasing frame, which to me was inexplicable, and which I was not careful to analyze.... No wave of trouble rolled across my peaceful breast.... I strolled to a retired spot, at the head of a ravine, where I might engage in secret prayer.... Till then I had never offered a petition for any being but myself. This morning I prayed for my parents, my brothers and sisters, my remoter kindred, my friends, and I continued to extend the circle of my intercession until it comprehended the whole world.... As I returned to the house ... I met Elder Harris.... I told him as well as I could the exercises of my mind as stated above. 'You are converted,' said he. This was a revelation to me. I had not even suspected that I was converted.... I had heard no voice, seen no light, felt no shock, and had no strange manifestation. I was willing, aye, and resolved, to forsake my sins and serve Christ; but conversion must be something more wonderful than this.... Elder Harris commenced and related to me his experience. It bore a striking resemblance to my own. Of the genuineness of his conversion I had no doubt.... The gratitude, hope, and joy of my heart broke out in smiles and tears, as I met the pious friends who had so long sympathized

with me and prayed for me.... More than half a century has passed since I had the experience that I have imperfectly related.... Conviction for sin, godly sorrow, ... despair of salvation by works, trust in Christ, love to Him, joy in the Holy Ghost — in short an experience which comprehends the struggles of a soul in passing from death unto life — are indispensable to the existence of genuine piety, and a reasonable hope of eternal life."

New Birth of Moses Drury Hoge, Chaplain of Camp Lee, VA

Chaplain Moses Drury Hoge was a Presbyterian chaplain born at Hampden Sydney, VA on September 17th, 1819 and was called home January 6th, 1899.

Hoge confessed in a letter to his mother in 1837: "I cannot say that I am a Christian. I can only say that upon a close examination I always find many things that disquiet and depress me; yet I am never left without some hope that I have experienced a change of heart.... I may be deceived.... Since I have been here (college), I have had clearer views of the enormity of sin, not only in the abstract, but my own."

The Holy Spirit seemed to be working in the heart of Moses D. Hoge. There was a continued awareness of spiritual need. He wrote that he hoped God had commenced working in his unfeeling heart.

Hoge could write his mother in February of 1838: "I know, my dear mother, you will join in the prayer that it may be a profitable season to me. I think it very important that the *first* approach should be made in a right frame of mind. I feel that no event that has ever happened to me is as solemn and important in its results as the time when the sinner acknowledges publicly his submission to God.... May God give me grace to make a more unreserved surrender of all that I have and am, at that time, that I have ever done before! I had rather be the meanest and humblest Christian on earth than to enjoy all the pleasures the world can give, even if I could enjoy them forever." Moses Drury Hoge had passed from death unto life.

New Birth of Henry Allen Tupper, Chaplain of the 9th Georgia

Henry Allen Tupper, a Baptist chaplain, was born on February 29th, 1828 and entered his eternal reward March 27th, 1902 in Richmond, Virginia.

Henry Tupper gave the following account of how he was brought to Christ. Tupper explained, "In 1837 Dr. (Richard) Fuller preached in our church from the words: '*My son, give me thy heart*.' I wept until I was ashamed." Tupper reflected that he had a constant fear. This fear commenced when he was going to and was in church. There he feared coming under a conviction of sin that would expose him before the congregation. As a result of this fear he tried to hide in the gallery, but his parents had put the gallery off limits to him. His greatest fear was realized during a protracted meeting. Tupper confided:

> I went to the door (of the church), but was afraid to enter. Next morning before breakfast I went and took my seat by the door. Mr. Crawford came to me. The devil took possession of me and I began with my skeptical arguments. He sent Mr. Wyer to me. Though very tender and affectionate, he finally arose and said: "Young man, your infidelity will damn you." I was greatly offended. Instead of going home to breakfast, I walked out of town full of anger and with the words ringing in my heart—"*Will damn you*." "*Will damn you*." "*Will damn you*." I concluded that I would be damned.... I went again to the meeting. Dr. Fuller spoke to me. Sent Mr. Wyer to me, who said: "You are not far from the Kingdom," but I knew that I would be damned. I talked wildly to mother about my sins and ruin. Went to father's office, paced up and down the back store praying for deliverance. Tut (my brother Tristram) came in dancing and singing. I burst into tears and told him: "I will be damned, but you must not!" I made him kneel down and prayed for him. Then I hid myself in the hayloft and poured out my distressed spirit to God. Going home, I found that Dr. Fuller had left for me James' *Anxious Inquirer*. The devil again entered me. I vowed I would not go again to hear Dr. Fuller and I would resist salvation even if it were forced upon me. Mother chided me kindly but wisely. My conscience pricked me. My sins seemed like a mountain crushing me to perdition. I read *The Anxious Inquirer* almost all night. I was relieved and alarmed. The idea of a false hope terrified me. In the morning I went to the Inquiry Meeting. In reply to my fears Dr. Fuller said: "If you go to hell I will go with you and we shall preach Jesus there until they turn us out, and then where will we go?"

This state persisted for several weeks and Tupper confided "I was bowed down because I could not feel my sins. On Sunday night I went to hear Mr. Francis Johnson. He preached on 'The Law of God.' I was overwhelmed and fell down on my knees in the pew and burst into tears." But when morning came Tupper went to see Mr. Johnson. Johnson told him he was as converted as he. Tupper protested that he was lost. Johnson told him to go to his closet and plead with God for the fulfillment of His promise--*"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved"* (Rom. 10:9). Obviously the Spirit of God had acted upon Tupper and he said:

> I did so. I believed and rejoiced in the words: "Thou shalt be saved." The whole world was changed. It was a delight to live. I could have encompassed the universe in my love.... At the church door next day I saw (an acquaintance). I offered him my hand. In an hour or so he rode up and handed me a note, asking if my hand was offered as a retraction of the insult of cutting his acquaintance. I drew him upstairs and implored him to repent and believe. I carried him to see Dr. Fuller. We prayed together and were baptized together by Dr. Fuller on the evening of the 17th of April 1846 (upon profession of faith

in Christ as Saviour and Lord).... The night I was baptized Dr. Fuller said to the congregation: "This young man wants to go to Africa, but we need him at home."

This revival went on for almost six weeks. Dr. Richard Fuller preached nightly for that entire period. There were around 500 people brought to Christ in Charleston. Of this number some 200 joined Baptist churches.

A Tale of Two Sermons: The Life and Ministry of the Reverend John Jones

Chaplain Kenneth Studdard

Part I

John Jones was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Rome, Georgia in 1861 when Georgia seceded from the Union. He would also serve as a Confederate chaplain for six months during the War. The famed Georgia historian, Lucian Lamar Knight, noted of Jones: "He was a cousin of Dr. Charles C. Jones, Sr. and was sometimes called 'the Fighting Parson' because of his courageous mettle, but there was never a man whose life was more sweetly attuned to gentleness." (Knight, Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends volume 1, p. 743) Jones figures prominently in the monumental work, *The Children of Pride*, a collection of letters written between the various members of the Jones family during the War. This afternoon I want us to look at *A Tale of Two Sermons: The Life and Ministry of the Reverend John Jones*. Two monumental sermons were preached by Jones, one on the eve of the war and one almost twenty years after it ended.

Jones was born in Liberty County, Georgia on his father's plantation on November 15, 1815. He would be raised in the Midway Congregational Church. Knight noted of this church, "From this parental stock have sprung hundreds of the most distinguished men in the public life of the nation. It has produced two Signers of the Declaration of Independence, two Generals of the Revolution, besides numerous officers of lower rank, two Commodores, one President of the United States, three United States Senators, four members of Congress, four Governors of Georgia, and at least six judges of the Superior Court. In advance of the rest of the Province the first bold stand for independence was here taken and the Colonial flag on Fort Morris was the last to be lowered when Georgia was overrun by the British. Not less than six counties of the State bear names whose origin can be traced to the Midway settlement. Two of the most eminent of modern scientists were natives of the Parish of St. John. The list also includes two University Chancellors, three Presidents of Female Seminaries, one President of the State Normal School, one United States Minister to China, six authors of note, two historians, six editors, eight

foreign missionaries, and scores of successful business men, together with a host of other notables including soldiers, statesmen, educators, inventors, doctors, lawyers, and ministers of the gospel. Can any other religious organization in America exhibit such a record? The explanation is to be found in the substantial pabulum upon which the offspring of the settlement were nourished, the emphasis put upon moral and educational values, the sturdy examples which were set before them, and the fear of God which was an ever present factor in the lives of these devout people. To what depth the vital truths of religion struck root in this fertile soil may be gleaned from the fact that eighty two clergymen have come from the Midway settlement. Fifty of these have been Presbyterians, seventeen Baptists, three Episcopalians, and thirteen Methodists, one of whom attained to the high office of Bishop. " (Knight, Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends volume 1, p. 136, 137)

"Without undertaking to mention by name the various ministers of the gospel who have come from the Midway settlement, it may be said that, under the preaching of the Rev. Daniel Baker, himself a man of very great note, were converted Bishop Stephen Elliott, of the Episcopal church. Dr. Richard Fuller, one of the most noted Baptist divines in the South, and Hon. Rhett W. Barnwell, member of Congress from South Carolina, and President of South Carolina College. The first native born Presbyterian minister in Georgia was also a son of old Midway: Dr. Thomas Goulding. The list of eminent preachers also includes, Patrick Hues Mell, Baptist theologian. Rev. Robert Quarterman, who was for twenty-four years pastor of the Midway church and the first native of the settlement to become the shepherd of the flock, must not be omitted. Dr. James Stacy, the historian of the Midway church; Dr. Charles Colcock Jones, Sr. and his son-in-law, Dr. R. Q. Mallard, for years pastor of the Napoleon Avenue church, of New Orleans; Dr. Donald Fraser, for years pastor of the Presbyterian church, at Decatur, Ga." (Knight, Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends volume 1, p. 742, 743)

Despite never having more than 350 members, the church's influence was far beyond its size. Due to the aftermath of the war and declining population, it would essentially cease its ministry in 1867. The historian of the Midway church noted, "The church was never formally dissolved, but simply exhausted itself by repeated colonization, together with numerous departures to other localities." "The last record in the session book bears date of October, 1867. 'Thus, after one hundred and thirteen years, this old church, venerable with years and abundant in fruit, yielding to the stern demand of an imperious necessity, laid aside her armor and, drawing around her the drapery of her couch, laid herself down to rest." (quoted in Knight, Georgia's Landmarks, Memorials, and Legends volume 1, p. 736, 737)

John Jones would graduate from Franklin College (now the University of Georgia) in 1836 and the Columbia Theological Seminary in 1839. He would pastor a number of Presbyterian churches in Georgia. His first pastorate was in Bryan County at Bryan Neck church from 1841-1843. He then served at Darien from 1843- 1847. He served Marietta from 1848-1853, donating the land on which a new church was built. He served First Savannah from 1854-1855. Jones served as pastor of Sand Hill Church for 6 months in

1855. He was the pastor of the Washington church in 1856. In 1857 he would be called to pastor the First Presbyterian Church of Rome, Georgia. He would serve the church until 1863. Jones seems restless, rarely staying at a church for any length of time. Rome was his longest pastorate, lasting almost seven years. Even there, he spent a good deal of time away from the church refugeeing during the times that the city was threatened by the Yankees. Yet, I believe that his restlessness reveals a pastor's heart. He often took charges that were new or struggling churches and spent a brief time among them establishing the work. He had an evangelist's heart, which would come to the forefront in the latter years of his life.

The Sermon of 1861

The Spring of 1861 found the peaceful town of Rome, Georgia on the brink of war. Little did the citizens know what sufferings lay ahead of them. While there would be no major battle in the town, there would be skirmishes, deprivations and in 1864 a burning of the downtown by Sherman. Many of the best and brightest men of Rome and Floyd County would march off to battle, never to return. They went with the firm belief that their cause was just and they were willing to die if necessary. It was not a war about abstract principles. They were defending their homes against an invading army. They fought for family and for their newborn nation. They saw themselves as heirs of the patriots of 1776. John Jones sought to distill these thoughts in a message to the first men who marched off to war.

On Sunday May 26, 1861 Rev. Jones preached a momentous sermon in the First Presbyterian Church in Rome, Georgia. Prominent in the congregation were two local companies that would leave for service in Virginia the following day. The Rome Light Guards and the Miller Rifles would serve with distinction as part of the Eighth Georgia Regiment. This was the third message in a series of three messages on the impending war that Jones had preached to the congregation. Over two hundred uniformed members of the two units sat in the front of the church. The pastor sought to remind them of why they were fighting while at the same time comforting them with the good news of the Gospel. In a letter to his sister, Jones described the service:

"The day was bright, and an overflowing audience (at least one thousand) was present. They were attracted by the occasion and their deep interest in the soldiers. Many sat in chairs in the aisles, and a number stood up during the service, which was protracted. I never witnessed such solemnity and tenderness in my life. It was a most trying position for a minister and a father. There was my own son among the volunteers, and looking very solemn and attentive." (Myers, p. 690) His son, Dunwoody, was 19 years old and was not a Christian, a matter that lay heavily on his father's heart.

The message was a powerful sermon. I want to share with you some of the choice passages. Jones began by addressing the soldiers: "Soldiers of the Rome Light Guards, and Miller Rifles, Volunteers for the active service of the Confederate States of North America!!!

In responding to your request to address you on this occasion, and in thanking you for the compliment, I acknowledge myself oppressed with a responsibility, strange, peculiar,

painful. This is the first time, in a ministry of twenty years, that I have been called to address men whose marching orders are onward to the battle-field, whose motto is victory or death. The probability, nay, the bare possibility, that I may be delivering my last message to some, perhaps to many of you, fills my heart with inexpressible anguish. I feel therefore deeply solicitous to meet the responsibilities of this hour, in a manner becoming a watchman for souls.

I have therefore earnestly sought divine wisdom, and have endeavored to place myself in your position, and to realize the duties, the denials, and the dangers of a soldier.

As a basis, therefore, for profitable meditation, we have selected the following passages from 1st Samuel, 4th chapter. 9th verse; and 2nd Chronicles, 20th chapter, 15th verse "Be strong and quit yourselves like men, and fight" "For the battle is not yours, but God's." '

The pastor challenged the men to consider their position. “In advancing to a closer consideration of our text three questions are suggested to the man who is bound for the war. First, does he realize what he is doing? Has he counted the cost? the great bodily exposure? to burning suns and drenching dews, to summer’s heat and winter's cold? The surrender of ease, comfort, and home, sweet home? The sacrifice of interest and business; and the jeopardizing, perhaps the loss of life, perhaps of soul? Has he said to himself, I shall soon appropriate the words of David to Jonathan, "there is but a step between me and death"? A second question asks, Why these sacrifices? Are the causes adequate, do the reasons justify? Am I about to peril comfort, interest, and life, without a proper reason? Have I taken my place in the ranks, from a momentary impulse, or with reference to some ultimate self-aggrandizement? Let every soldier scrutinize his motives and ends! He is a reckless man who goes to war, and cannot give the reason why. As a third question, let each soldier ask, am I prepared for these sacrifices? Am I prepared with a sound body, a brave heart, and a willing mind? Am I ready to endure hardness as a good soldier? and above all, am I prepared for those solemn alternatives, death and judgment? It is appointed unto men once to die, and after death, the judgment. Said the Pilgrim, I find from the book in my hand, that I am to die, and then to go to judgment; and I am unwilling to do the first, and unprepared for the second. Soldiers, how do you stand on this subject?”

During the sermon Jones dealt with history as well as politics, seeking to view them through the lens of Scripture. He gave seven reasons for the South’s course of action in seceding. He drew one particularly striking contrast between the two sides in the coming conflict:

“Soldiers, you are struggling for the Book of Books. It is a war of principles as well as a war of peoples. The Bible against falsehood, God against the infidel. The present reign of terror at the North, reminds one of the French revolution of 1789.

You are engaged in a holy war! If the rescue of the holy sepulcre from the infidel Moslem, induced three millions of men to lay their bones in the East, shall we not

willingly contend to snatch the word of God from the modern infidel who is ready to trample it under foot, when not according to his furious principles?"

Jones understood the biblical principles that underlay the conflict. It was a conflict between those who submitted to the authority of Scripture versus those who put human reason above all. He understood that man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever and that the Word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only infallible rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him.

He then charged the men who were soon to face the perils of the battlefield. "Soldiers be strong in your cause, and realize that honor and interest, patriotism and piety, loved, loving, and dependent ones, your existence, and the prosperity of true religion mid the authority of God's word, all are committed to your keeping. If Providence favors our cause, bright and glorious days are m reserve for us, and especially for our children. The South will awake from her long sleep of dependence on the North: she will begin to think and act for herself."

Jones then continued with some interesting exegesis. He said, "Be strong in faith, faith in the Lord, for the battle is not yours, but God's. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Jeremiah 1st, 14th, 19th verses: "Then the Lord said unto me, out of the North an evil shall break forth upon the inhabitants of the land, and they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee." Joel 2, 20: "I will remove far from thee the Northern army." 2 Chron. 20, 15th: "Thus saith the Lord, be not afraid, nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours, but God's."

These promises we may appropriate, if ours is a righteous cause. This we have endeavored to establish and this we honestly believe. Let us therefore have faith in our Heavenly Father, because He is a righteous Father, and a just Judge. The Judge of all the earth will do right. A righteous God is consistent with Himself; His word and Providence will not conflict. We have shown that we have the approbation of His word; and, without presumption, we may hope for His sustaining Providence. Have faith in God, His omniscience, that He may watch over you with His sleepless eye, and guide you with His unerring wisdom. Have faith in His omnipotence, that He may shield your head in the day of battle, and grant you victory. He can make one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

Have faith in God, for without faith it is impossible to please Him: and if He be not pleased with you, you shall be utterly overcome in the conflict. The battle is the Lord's, not yours. His favor is life, and His loving-kindness better than life. Settle it now and forever, that God's favor is indispensable to your successful triumph over the enemy. Do not forfeit His blessing, for He withdraws from His own people, when they sin against Him.

Have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, because faith unites us to the Son, and the Son unites us to the Father, and we become joint-heirs of the Father, through our elder Brother. Carry personal religion into the camp and the battle. It hath been well said, that "no soldier is so undaunted as the pious man, no army so formidable as those who are superior to the fear of death." "There can be no courage like that which springs from religious conviction,

and is sustained by a religious hope." "The Christian hero is doubly armed. His courage is not that of passion or the drill, but of principle." Men may school themselves to face the mere article of death, with coolness. But it is not all of death to die; there is a second death that kills beyond the grave: it is the judgment. And only faith in the Lord Jesus Christ can remove the terrors of the judgment. The bravest man therefore is the truly pious man, and an army of pious men would be invincible."

He closed his message with a final plea. "Christian Soldiers! honor the Captain of your salvation! Show your colors, and inscribe on them the words, "Jehovah Nissi" the Lord our Ensign! Let your light shine in your tents, around your campfires, and on the field of action! Never forget that you have named the name of Christ! But some of you, my friends, are not soldiers of Christ: you have no hope in Jesus! and you are marching to death! Oh! Prepare to meet God! Begin to-day, "tis madness to defer!" Begin by prayer, and a forsaking of your sins! In the day of battle who will cover your defenseless head? In the hour of death, who will shelter your defenseless soul? Seek the Lord whilst He may be found: let your ceaseless prayer be that of the Publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Some of you are our sons, our first-born. We have most painfully, yet dutifully, laid you on the altar of our country. We have endeavored not to stagger at the call of God: Oh! may he accept our faith, and spare the offering!! But you may never return! And should you fall in battle, without a hope in Christ, then shall there be heard in our land, a voice of weeping, and great mourning, mothers weeping for their sons, and refusing to be comforted, because they are lost : and fathers will take up the lamentation of David, "O! my son Absalom! my son, my son, Absalom! would God I had died for thee, Absalom, my son, my son!"

O! soldiers, brothers, sons! spare us such untold agonies, such life-long sorrow, by seeking first, now, the kingdom of God.

Farewell! God be your shield by day and night; and if it be possible, grant to you all, a safe and honorable return, to loving hearts and happy homes!! "

Jones wrote of the delivery of the sermon, "Often did I seek for heavenly wisdom and the Holy Spirit in the preparation of that sermon, that it might be a faithful message to those who might be receiving-at least from me-a final word of warning. And when the closing words were uttered, and the intimation was thrown out that some of us might soon be adopting the lamentations of David over Absalom, and that mothers would be weeping like Rachel and refusing to be comforted, there was a most painful manifestation of distress in the whole audience, and tears fell like drops of morning dew. I trust that some impressions were made by the Holy Spirit upon the unconverted soldiers." (Myers, p. 690)

On that Spring day in 1861 John Jones offered the congregation hope. His words had steeled those brave men and women for the trials that lay ahead. No doubt the message left a great impression on the two companies. In fact the sermon was published at the request of the soldiers who sent a letter three days later requesting its publication. Eight of them would be killed during the first major engagement of the conflict at First Manassas in two months. The majority of them would not survive the war.

As an aside, when one of the units, the Light Guards, left for Virginia the following day, they marched through the town to depart by train from north Rome. At the head of column was Captain Edward Magruder, a newlywed. Mrs. Magruder marched beside her husband at the head of column with pistol and dagger in her belt. She accompanied her husband to Orange County, Va., the place of his birth, and took up her residence with his people at Frescati. This mansion was converted later in the war into a hospital for sick and wounded Confederate soldiers

Before we look at Jones' chaplaincy and war experience, let me tell you how Rome fared later in the War. Five months after the city fell into Yankee hands, on October 28, 1864 Sherman himself entered the city. Two weeks later, on November 10, 1864 he issued the order for the army to evacuate and for the city to be burned. 2/3 of the city was burned to the ground. The pre-war population of 4000 soon dropped to 40.

The Session notes of First Presbyterian Rome records the following:, "Sometime during the Summer of 1864 the church building was seized by the Federal troops then in possession of Rome and was used for a hospital and the pastor, Rev. Kaufman, compelled by military order to leave the city. At the close of the war it was found that the building had been seriously damaged: the pews converted into pontoon bridges were afterwards destroyed: the congregation scattered: and the church utterly disorganized and prostrated." Other churches were used as storehouses or to stable horses.

The following strange story that occurred during the Yankee occupation illustrates why Southerners were so bitter after the war. There is a forgotten tombstone in Myrtle Hill cemetery in downtown Rome. Bayard E. Hand died young, having served his country honorably in the United States Navy. He was born in Darien, Georgia in Mar. 25, 1830 and would later move to Rome with his family. His grandfather, Roswell King, was the founder of Roswell, Georgia. Hand was a step-son of Colonel Nicholas J. Bayard, who along with Bayard's mother, were prominent citizens of Rome.

Following his graduation from the naval academy at Annapolis, Maryland, he served with distinction in the US Navy receiving a citation for his excellent service. During this time, Hand fell in love with a young lady from Virginia. The courtship ended in an early wedding and the honeymoon was spent in the Old Dominion. Hand was on 30-day leave, and at the end of his leave he parted from his new bride and rejoined his ship, which immediately sailed for South America for an expedition in Paraguay.

While Lieutenant Hand was on sea, his wife visited Colonel and Mrs. Bayard at Rome, to await her husband's return. After disembarking at Wilmington, North Carolina, Hand soon rejoined his young wife at Rome. His second leave being up, he departed to join the steamer, Fulton, at Norfolk, Virginia. During this time he had contracted pneumonia, and on July 16, 1859, he died unexpectedly during his journey at Wilmington. His body was brought back to Rome for burial and he was buried in Myrtle Hill cemetery. Colonel Bayard had his tombstone engraved with a naval insignia and one would think that he would be at peace, but sadly, that was not to be the case.

In 1864 during their occupation of the city, a few of Sherman's men, reading that Lieutenant Hand had been in the service of the United States, decided they would send him

to what they felt was a "better land." They exhumed Hand's coffin and sent his remains to the National cemetery at Arlington, Virginia. The cemetery was located on property that rightfully belonged to the family of Robert E. Lee and had been illegally confiscated by the Federal government.

The actions of the Yankee invaders did not suit the fiery Colonel Bayard. He was justified in feeling that the self-righteous Yankees had no right to desecrate the grave of his stepson. Therefore, in 1866 following the war he went north and rectified the acts of the ill-mannered Yankee soldiers. He brought the body back to Rome and had Lieutenant Hand reinterred in his proper grave. The journey cost Colonel Bayard $300 (quite a sum in his day), but a price could not be placed on righting the desecration of his step-son's grave.

An appropriate line decorates the sailor's tomb: "The anchor of his soul was faith in Christ."

A CONFEDERATE SERMON

Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard

George Foster Pierce (1811–1884) was a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South elected in 1854. He was known as the Demosthenes of Southern Methodism.

Pierce was born February 3, 1811 in Greene County, Georgia. He was the son of the Rev. Lovick Pierce, a Pastor and a Chaplain in the War of 1812.

He first studied law, but was converted to the Christian faith at the age of sixteen in a revival at Franklin College in Athens, Georgia (which would become the University of Georgia), from which he later graduated. He was a classmate and close friend of Robert Toombs in college. Many years later when their paths crossed again, Pierce was a noted preacher and Toombs a celebrated Whig politician. Toombs said at their meeting. "Well, George, you are fighting the devil, and I am fighting the Democrats." Toombs regarded Bishop Pierce as the most symmetrical man he ever knew: "the handsomest in person, the most gifted in intellect, and the purest in life."

He was ordained by Bishop James Osgood Andrew. After eight years in the pastorate he was elected President of the Georgia Female College in Macon (now Wesleyan College), the first four-year college in the world chartered to offer undergraduate education exclusively to women. In 1848 he became the President of Emory College (later, University). He was its first President to have been educated in Georgia. Pierce served in this capacity until his election as a Bishop in 1854.

Initially Pierce opposed Georgia's secession, but like other southerners, once the war came he was a staunch supporter of the Southern cause. He was an active participant in the Bible Convention of the Confederate States of America

Pierce died on September 3, 1884 near Sparta, Georgia, where he was buried. On the left side of his monument are the following words: "As an orator he never had a superior. As a citizen he was a model. As a patriot he was loyal to his State. Georgia never gave birth to a nobler son." On the right side is the following: "He was the first President of Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga. For six years he was President of Emory College, at Oxford, Ga. The peerless

preacher, the devoted husband and father, the humble and consistent Christian, he lived beloved and died lamented. 'For me to live is Christ and to die is gain.' St. Paul."

The following is a message delivered by Pierce during the war to the Georgia General Assembly.

Sermon of Bishop George F. Pierce before the General Assembly of Georgia, at Milledgeville, Ga., on fast day, March 27, 1863.

"Keep therefore and do them: for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for? And what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law which I set before you this day?" — Deuteronomy iv. 6, 7, 8.

As a citizen of the Confederacy, interested in common with others in its deliverance from our enemies — in the early and permanent establishment of peace — as a Christian fully persuaded that there is an overruling Providence in the affairs of nations as well as of men, I rejoice that our Chief Magistrate, in all the great crises of the country, summons the people, one and all, to fasting, humiliation, and prayer. I am especially glad that he does this, not as a courteous concession to what he regards a popular superstition, but from honest convictions of religious duty and official responsibility. The tone, language, sentiments of all his proclamations on these occasions demonstrate that he unfeignedly recognizes his, our, and the dependence of the people on God, and believes that cordial, earnest, united supplication will secure the divine blessing upon our arms and upon the administration of the Government. This idea, I trust, is common among all the people. Once dormant, it has been roused, vivified, made practical, and though doubted and even denied by some, its truth has been enthroned by repeated, signal, almost marvelous, interpositions in our behalf. The coincidence of these interventions with the prayer of the people have left no room for doubt, and have wrung from profane, even skeptical lips, the confession, God reigneth, and God is for us and with us. Founding my opinion upon the historic records of the Old Testament, I cannot doubt but that these official acts, piously performed by the powers that be, and reverently acknowledged by the people, bring our country with all its great interests into peculiar covenant relations with God, and enlist in our defense the resources which God alone can command. This conclusion is justified not only by many examples in the history of the kings of Israel and Judah, and by the general promises of the Bible to penitence and prayer, but by all the facts and circumstances which characterize this revolution.

This war is not of our seeking. We labored to avoid it. Our propositions for amicable adjustment were rejected with subtlety and guile. We claimed only our own. We asked nothing of our enemies. We do not seek their land, or houses, or property. We are not fighting to extend our territory, to subdue a neighboring people, to usurp dominion, to gratify ambition, or malice, or revenge. Faithful to the letter and the spirit of the old Constitution — asserting only the fundamental right of self-government, we are but defending ourselves against a proud, rapacious, malignant foe, who, without right or reason, against law and right and humanity, comes down full of hate and rage to enslave or exterminate us. We are fighting for liberty and home and family; for firesides and fields and altars; for all that is dear to the brave or precious to the good; for our herds and our flocks, our men-servants and maid-servants; for the heritage of our fathers and the rights of our children; for the honor of humanity and the institutions of Providence. We are fighting against robbery and lust and rapine; against ruthless invasion, a treacherous despotism, the blight of its own land, and the scorn of the world; mongrel armies whose bond of union is plunder, and whose watchwords are but delusion and falsehood; a fraud upon the African, a lie to the North, and an insult to the South. There is therefore no object proposed by our Government, no end aimed at on which we may not consistently, piously, scripturally, invoke the Divine blessing. We may pray 'according to the will of

God.' The triumph of our arms is the triumph of right and truth and justice. The defeat of our enemies is the defeat of wrong and malice and outrage. Our Confederacy has committed herself to no iniquitous policy, no unholy alliances, no unwarrantable plans either for defense or retaliation, and now, with numerous hostile hosts quartered on her soil, and a powerful navy beleaguering her coast, amid provocations innumerable, under threatenings the most diabolical, without fear of the future, ready for the conflict if our deluded, infatuated enemies urge it on her, she is ready to make peace on just and honorable terms. In praying for such a government I feel that the way to the mercy-seat is open. My faith is unembarrassed. My hope is buoyant. I feel that I have access to Him who rules in righteousness. The attitude of our country is sublime. With her foot planted on right and her trust in God, undismayed by numbers and armaments and navies, without the sympathy of the world, shut in, cut off, alone, she has battled through two long, weary years, gallantly, heroically, triumphantly, and to-day is stronger in men, resources, faith, and hope, than when Fort Sumter's proud flag was lowered to her maiden arms. It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvelous in our eyes. Standing, then, upon the justice of our cause and the righteousness of our aim, and encouraged by the experience of the past, let us lift up humble, thankful hearts to the God of all our mercies, and with emboldened faith commit our destiny into his hand, whom winds and seas obey, who ruleth in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth.

Our religion has never resolved itself into conventional fallacies — into a geographical conscience, and erected the fancied rights of any people into 'a higher law' than divine revelation. With us, thank God, the Bible has been a mount that burned with fire, which no man dared to touch. The voice issuing from its smoke and tempest has been recognized as the voice of the great Jehovah, and the handwriting of the Almighty on the granite edition of the law, the standard of morals and the basis of right, and the authority from which there is no appeal. These are facts of hopeful significancy, when we remember that God's government of the world all looks to the fortunes of Christianity. The dominion of Christ is to be universal — from sea to sea. In the divine plan political changes, commercial interests, forms of government are secondary considerations, mere instruments to an end — that end the glory of God in the triumph of truth. If men set themselves in array against the truth of God, either by subtle logic or open violence, they will be broken in pieces, as a potter's vessel with a rod of iron. If a nation, in its conceit of wisdom and its impudence of pretension, determines what God ought to will and say and do, and overrides his institutes by their own speculations, and with unanointed hands touches the holy ark, the doom of Uzzah will be their historic epitaph. If a people give themselves up to infidelity, erect their reason into a counselor of the Almighty, and make a majority vote higher authority in morals as well as politics than the Constitution of the land and the Book of heaven, be sure that signal punishment treads fast upon the heels of their blasphemous folly. All this our Northern enemies have done. Wise above what is written, they have mistaken sedition for liberty, cant for piety; loud-mouthed champions for the freedom of the black man, they have trampled in the dust the most sacred rights of their own people; with peace upon their tongues they have brought on and keep up a gigantic war. Swollen with vanity, they despise the lessons of the past; confident in pride and power of numbers they are tearing down their own government with the hope of destroying us, and every step of their progress is marked with aggression, perfidy, and blood. Resistance to such a people is obedience to God. Whether, therefore, we pray for our country or against our enemies, we are praying in harmony with the plans of Providence and the moral interests of mankind.

On the other hand, the negro among us is an object of respect, affection, and kindness, in every stage and condition of his being. His religious culture is generally (would to God I could say universally) provided for; and find the negro where you will, in the wilds of Africa, in the cities where he is nominally free, in all that constitutes a rational, respectable manhood, the Southern slave is the highest type of his race. Whatever abuses may have crept in, and whatever neglect may be chargeable upon us, if we compare results, slavery has shown itself to be a great missionary institution. The Southern churches count more converts among these descendants of Ham than the united efforts of Christendom have gathered upon all the mission fields of the heathen world. Even in Africa itself, the most intelligent,

civilized and prosperous community is composed of those who were trained to knowledge, faith, and virtue under the humanizing, elevating influence of slavery in these Southern States. The depositories of a high and holy trust in the plans of Providence, it is a debt we owe to heaven to resist unto death the mad schemes of our enemies — schemes which imply a blasphemous impeachment of the divine administration, and are fraught with unutterable woes to the beneficiaries of our guardianship.

The object of all these remarks is not to promote pride, but to encourage faith — not to hide our sins by magnifying the sins of our enemies, but to inspire hope in our struggle, its progress, and its issues. Assembled as we are to make supplication to God, it seemed to me appropriate to show, by the previous running outline of facts, that we may approach the mercy-seat with Christian liberty, and scripturally look for the divine blessing in victory to our arms and deliverance to our country.

On this fast day I give you notice, my countrymen, that if there be any upas-tree growing in the circumference of our land, planted by authority, nurtured by public admiration, we need not think to destroy its pestiferous virus by gathering its foliage, or lopping its branches, albeit we leave nothing but its naked trunk, for through 'the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.' If we would breathe wholesome air and live unpoisoned, we must cut down the tree and dig up the roots and bind them all in bundles to be burned.

To bring our country into the covert of God's protecting power, it is not absolutely necessary, however desirable, that every individual should adjust his moral relations on the basis of the Gospel. Hence, while I mourn the sins which abound on every side, I shall feel safe if our rulers fear God and honor his Sabbaths; if our representative bodies legislate in harmony with the divine law; if our judiciary administer justice, a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well. In a word, plant the government on the Bible, talk less of the rights of the people and more about the rights of God, extirpate the political heresies which have demoralized society, abolish party tactics, and let all the ends we aim at be God and country and truth; then 'God will be nigh unto us in all we call upon him for.'

By our secession from the Union and the inauguration of a new government we have put ourselves in position, if we are wise and have a heart for the work, to amend what was faulty and to incorporate not only new safeguards against the abuse of power, but principles conservative of law, order, and morals. Conceiving this to be a good time, while the public mind is loosened from old ideas and broken up by the ploughshare of war, for casting abroad the seeds of truth, I avail myself of the occasion to make, as I believe, an important suggestion.

I do not desire to see the Church, my own or any other, established by the State; I do not desire that the State should adopt and publish a creed and command everybody to believe it; I ask for no inquisitions into any man's private opinions or practices; I want no tests or oaths. But I do believe that, in the organic law, God should be acknowledged in his being, perfections, providence, and empire; not as the first great cause simply, that is philosophy; not as the universal father of a world of dependent creatures, that is poetry, sentimentalism, and may be nothing more — but as the God of the Bible, Maker, Preserver, Governor, Redeemer, Judge, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The theocracy of the Jews, though not prescribed as a model for the nations of the earth, was intended to be the type, in substance if not in form, of all righteous government. In the progress of civilization and religion, as the world approaches the grand prophetic period when 'truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from heaven,' the governments of earth will all be assimilated to this pattern. In confirmation of this idea, it is already true that the best portions of the civil codes of all the nations of Asia and Europe, both ancient and modern, were borrowed from the Mosaic laws. It is equally true of ourselves. The Constitution of the Confederate States of America has taken one step in the right direction, but does not go far enough. In its appeal to Almighty God, it uses the language of deism, or natural religion, rather than of Christianity. It does not honor God as he reveals himself in those relations which concern us most, and by which the divine glory is most illustriously declared. Believing, as I do, that God has committed to us the Christianization of the African race, it is especially harmonious with this high and holy trust that we invoke and secure the divine favor by a solemn acknowledgment of his Word, as well as his providence.

God has identified his name and credit among men with Christianity. It is his wisdom and his power. Before a human breath had broken the solitude of eternal nothingness, redemption revolved in the infinite mind. In this glorious conception of the Godhead, the universe was cradled. Creation with its astronomic wonders, the earth with its mountains piled in majesty, its vales spread out in beauty, its seas rolling in grandeur, was intended as the theatre for its display. The genealogic line of antediluvian patriarchs was recorded in sacred story, and perpetuated in the family of Noah for this. For this, Abraham was called from Ur of the Chaldees, made the depository of truth, and the father of a great nation. Around this offspring of the divine mind inspiration has clustered the marvelous annals of the Israelitish people, and maintained the royal seed of David's line in the house of Judah till Shiloh came. The advent of the Son of God was the fulfillment of prophecy and promise, and when the chosen race despised and rejected him, wrath came upon them to the uttermost. Through provocations innumerable, the nation was preserved in fulfillment of the Scriptures, for the introduction of Christianity. Their malicious unbelief, their insulting scorn of Christ was the signal for their overthrow and dispersion. Even now these tribes 'of the wandering foot and weary breast,' though scattered and peeled, are kept distinct, unmingled, a miraculous demonstration of the truth of God and the fearful guilt of making light of Jesus of Nazareth. Wherever you find a Jew, on the banks of the Ganges or the Tiber, the Thames or the Rhine, the Jordan or the Mississippi, you behold a living witness of God's primitive justice in the defense of the Christian religion. His isolation, loneliness, and perpetuity is at once a miracle and a seal which find their explanation in the threatenings of the past and the prophecies of the future. He has survived the faggot and the sword, Papal persecution and Moslem barbarism — the reproach of nations and the waste of ages — on purpose to be at last the crowning trophy of the all-conquering cross.

The vast extent and unity of the Roman Empire is an historic fact which has its solution in the plans of God for the easy and rapid circulation of Christianity. But when the truth had triumphed over the throne of the Caesars and the Church of God had been corrupted by power and pride and numbers, by another touch of the finger of Providence this colossal dominion fell to rise no more. Its disruption by the Northern hordes was another step in the solemn march of history toward the grand issue which regulates the dealings of God with men and nations, even the honor of the cross and the diffusion of Christianity. If we scan the shadows which flicker over the tablets of the past, or search amid the cemeteries of fallen dynasties and buried empires, or if we trace the path of revolution and commerce and gauge the comparative strength of Pagan and Christian governments, everywhere — always, alike, in the epitaph of the dead and in the annals of the living, we read the same great historic lesson — "Them that honor me I will honor and they that despise me will be lightly esteemed." Oh! if we would be 'a wise and understanding people' — 'a great nation, having God nigh unto us in all that we call upon him for' — let us avow our faith in his revelation, identify our government with his honor, and commit our interests to the power that is pledged to perpetuate the Church and to insure her dominion. Then, amid the rise and fall of kingdoms and all the mutations of time, our Republic shall embody one element — pure, true, eternal — an element which shall ally us in friendship with heaven and stamp upon all our prosperity the seal of the divine blessing.

I shall not now attempt to show the pre-eminent importance of the Christian Sabbath, its indispensable relations in the government of God, its value as a day of rest to man and beast, nor its connection with parental duty and the worship of the sanctuary. I rest the doctrine on the naked command, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' when I say that every legislative enactment which requires or sanctions its violation ought to be repealed. No man has a right to appropriate it to a secular use; no corporation can do it without guilt, and all the people together cannot delegate to their representatives the right to set it aside or in any wise lower its claims. Say what you please — bring up your strong reasons — exhaust the argument — when the debate is ended there stands — the fourth commandment unrepealed — with the thunder of Sinai in its hand and the penal sanctions of eternity at its back. There it stands, vindicated, in the providence of God, in the curse of the nations who have profaned it and re-enacted in the blessings which swarm around its sanctification. To collate and comment upon the many passages of

Holy Writ which set forth the claims of this hallowed day and illustrate the divine administration in reference to it would be inadmissible now. The continued persistent testimony of the Bible and Providence in favor of the Sabbath shut us up to the duty of hallowing the day and sweeping the statute-book of all opposing enactments or plunging with open eyes and unshielded bosom upon 'the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler.'

There is another statute of Georgia adverse, as I believe, to the will of God and the true interests of humanity. I mean the law which forbids us to teach our negroes to read. This enactment invades the rights of the master and the privileges of the slave. It is the master's duty to teach his servants, as well as his children, the doctrines and morals of our holy religion, and the slave is entitled to the advantages in the use of which he may learn to offer to his Maker a rational and acceptable worship. Our Heavenly Father certainly never intended any human mind to be kept in darkness and ignorance. The negro is an immortal being and it is his right, by the law of creation and the purchase of redemption, to read for himself the epistles of his Redeemer's love. If the institution of slavery cannot be maintained except at the expense of the black man's immortal interests, in the name of heaven, I say — let it perish. I know the circumstances out of which our unfortunate legislation sprang. It was partly retaliatory, in rebuke of the incendiary publications of the North, and partly precautionary, on prudential grounds. But the logic of the law is as bad as the law itself. To make the negro suffer for the sins of the Yankee is the grossest injustice, and yet this is the practical effect of our law. As a prudential policy it is founded upon a false idea. Knowledge, so far from gendering insubordination, will promote the loyalty of our colored population. Let them learn from the Scripture that their relation is ordained of God — that he prescribes their duties and makes fidelity to their earthly masters apart of the service due to him — our hands will be strengthened, our mouths filled with argument, and we shall put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. A Bible in every cabin will be the best police of the country, and, despite the ravings of a brainless fanaticism, subjection and order will reign throughout our land. Thinking, as I do, that one of the moral ends of this war is to reform the abuses of slavery, I ought to add that all laws and parts of laws which authorize or allow arbitrary interference with the connubial relations of slaves ought to be rescinded. It is due to humanity, to the great law of reciprocal affection, to the will of God. 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' The truth is, that on this whole subject public opinion, legislative enactment, and judicial administration are all too liberal and too loose. The New Testament allows divorce only for one cause; our Code grants it, on application, for almost any showing. A law providing for separation in certain extreme cases, without the privilege of marrying again, would promote the peace of many families and prevent ruptures in many more. But in relation to slaves we have no law at all. The whole question is open. Husbands and wives are subject to all the contingencies of time and circumstances— of gain and avarice, of passion and caprice, of the law of inheritance whether regulated by testament or appraisement. Verily, 'these things ought not so to be.' It is all wrong— a stigma upon our civilization and an offence to our Christianity. Here, then, upon our knees before High Heaven, let us vow to reform. Yes, my countrymen, let us do right — fear God and keep his commandments. Let us put slavery upon its scriptural basis — eliminate its long-tolerated abuses, defend it not only by force of arms but by proving to the world that it is the great conservator of republican government, and that it is really consistent with the highest development and the greatest happiness of the negro race. I will not go further into details. Let these suffice. 'Keep therefore and do them, for this is your wisdom and understanding in the sight of the nations.'

Having said this much about setting the government right before God and his law, it will be appropriate, in conclusion, to remind you that while we fast and pray, it will be acceptable to God and of service to our beloved country to confess and forsake our own sins. God's blessing may rest upon a Christian government while yet he chastises the guilty people for their transgressions. We are passing through a terrible ordeal. Some sad and sickening developments have been made. Heaven has blessed us generally with fruitful seasons and bounteous harvests, but we are sacrificing them to our lusts. Restlessness and discontent prevail. Because of swearing the land mourneth. The love of money, which is

the root of all evil, abounds, runs wild — grows reckless, almost ferocious. Extortion, pitiless extortion, is making havoc in the land. We are devouring each other. Avarice, with full barns, puts the bounties of Providence under bolts and bars, waiting with eager longings for higher prices. The widow's wail and childhood's cry fall upon his ear unheeded. The soldier's wife shivers in her cabin and moistens her crust with her tears, but the griping, grasping monster waits for a darker hour to make sure he loses not a dime of her little all. The greed of gain— the lowest, meanest infirmity of the human mind — stalks among us, unabashed by the heroic sacrifices of our women or the gallant deeds of our soldiers. Speculation in salt and bread and meat runs riot in defiance of the thunders of the pulpit, executive interference, and the horrors of threatened famine. Factories (though there are some noble exceptions), as if Providence were a partner like-minded with them, and had brought on the calamities of the country for their benefit, are making fortunes from the blood of the brave and the sighs of the innocent and lovely. Scorning the currency of the country they demand provision for their manufactures, and conscious of power over the necessities of the people they fix the price of one lower than justice can approve, and of the other, higher than patriotism would take. In these respects we are going from bad to worse.

These are the clouds upon our sky, big with the rain of grief and woe. God helping us we can manage the enemies that come to us with arms in their hands, but how are we to escape these frogs of Egypt — these all-devouring locusts that come up into our houses, our beds, our kneading-troughs, is more than I can tell. In answer to prayer this day, oh Lord God, abate the plague and save us from violence without and selfishness within.

Men and brethren, if we would help our imperiled country let us cultivate personal piety, live nearer to God ourselves, and promote religion in our neighborhoods by our labors, our example, and our prayers. Let us set our faces against all injustice, oppression, and wrong. Remember the poor and needy. Let us stand by our government, our army, our independence, by confidence, encouragement, and every necessary sacrifice. With a Christian constitution, a faithful administration, a moral and religious people, we may look for peace ere long, an honorable nationality, a long bright career in which our prosperity shall be durable as the stars of heaven and abundant as the waves of the sea.

Book Review

Make Me a Map of the Valley: The Civil War Journal of Stonewall Jackson's Topographer

By Jedediah Hotchkiss; Edited by Archie P. McDonald

©1973, Southern Methodist University Press, 352 pp.

Reviewed by H. Rondel Rumburg

Jedediah Hotchkiss had a Northern birth and a Southern heart. He adopted the South from conviction as well as a love for her geography. He was an expert on the topography of the Shenandoah Valley that he appreciated so highly. This man was a cartographer *par excellence*. This meticulous map maker was also scrupulous about keeping his Journal. Regularly from March 10th, 1862 until April 18th, 1865 one can read the personal record of events as they unfolded in relation to the life of its journalist and in relation to Jackson's Corps. Hotchkiss was thirty-four when he began his journal of events in the 2nd Corps.

Hotchkiss was a very talented and knowledgeable man who had earned his living as a schoolteacher. He had also studied geology and botany. His Christian faith was not hypocritical but it was a vital living faith. His church relationship was Presbyterian.

This reviewer has used this volume with great satisfaction. Those on "Stonewall" Jackson's staff, besides Hotchkiss, pop into view from time to time and especially those whom Hotchkiss personally

befriended. Hotchkiss' love for Christ and the Christian faith are not deleted from this volume as so many reprinted journals and diaries these days. There is too often an overt campaign to achieve political correctness and sanitize the literature of God and the Bible. Thankfully the editor is faithful to the Jedediah Hotchkiss original.

From page 269 to 321 there are many very useful footnotes that help identify information or expand on a matter to help the reader with the continuity even if he does not have a thorough background in Confederate Literature. This edition is also indexed which makes it even more useful.

Hotchkiss' mighty sword was manifest in the form of a sketchbook, pencils, pens, ink, binoculars and simple surveying instruments. An old cliché would be true, "The pen is mightier than the sword." His maps were noted for their accuracy.

The *Richmond News Leader* said of this edition that it was "… skillfully edited and highly revealing … undeniably is the best personal narrative of the armies of Jackson and Lee." And later the *Leader* noted that this Journal "… can be called the most superior Confederate staff officer's chronicle in existence." This is high praise but accurate from this reviewers point of view.

This is an excellent firsthand account. Try it and you will like it! *Bon appétit*!

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.