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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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“That the Southern people literally were put to the torture is vaguely understood, but even historians have shrunk from the unhappy task of showing us the torture chambers.” Claude G. Bowers

The Sesquicentennial of Reconstruction

1865 - 1876

“Reconstruction was ... an artificial fog, behind which the ‘master minds’ staged a revolution that changed America from a democracy to a plutocracy of ever-growing magnitude.” Rep. B. Carroll Reece (R-TN) 1960

Quote from a Confederate Chaplain

“I shall never forget my first visit to one of these hospitals. There, stretched out before me, on coarse, hard beds, lay perhaps a hundred sick soldiers, mostly young men, some of them the flower of the land. They were my brothers—far from happy homes—lonely, despairing, sick—some of them sick unto death. How cheering the sight of any friend! What an opportunity for the child of God!”

Chaplain James B. Taylor, Sr.

Post Chaplain, Richmond, Virginia



Editorial

Fellow Compatriots in the Chaplains' Corps and Friends of the Cause:

You have a great treasure called the Bible or Word of God. Many have died to make it available to us in our own language. Our Confederate ancestors could never find a supply of Bibles large enough to satisfy the needs of our noble soldiers. To read many writers on the South you would never know the Bible existed or that the Confederacy was a Christian country. To Lee, Jackson, Davis, Stuart, Pendleton, Gordon, Smith, Pelham, and a multitude of others the Book of all books was the Bible. General Thomas J. “Stonewall” Jackson loved the Bible from childhood and he concluded that “the Bible furnished men with rules for everything. If they would search,” he said, “they would find a precept, an example, or a general principle, applicable to every possible emergency of duty, no matter what was a man’s calling.” Consider what General R. E. Lee thought of God’s Word. Lee remarked, “I prefer the Bible to any other book. There is enough in that to satisfy the most ardent thirst for knowledge; to open the way to true wisdom; and to teach the only road to salvation and eternal happiness.” He told Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, “There are many things in the old Book which I may never be able to explain, but I

accept it as the infallible word of God, and receive its teachings as inspired by the Holy Ghost." The Bible Lee used the most was a pocket edition which he carried with him in all his campaigning from the time he was a lieutenant colonel in the United States army. Captain Dabney Carr Harrison heard Lee say, "The virtue and fidelity which should characterize a soldier, can be learned from the holy pages of the Bible alone." Other great Southern men could contribute a similar eulogy to the Bible. Many great Southerners were relentless students of God's Book.

There was the following admission in *Christ in the Camp* regarding the Bible:

But with all the copies we could import or print, there was a great scarcity of Bibles and Testaments, and we appealed through the papers for extra copies that might be in the homes of the people or in the Sunday-schools. Some of the responses to these appeals were very touching.

One lady wrote: "This Bible was the property of my dear son H____, who died three years ago; it was given him by his only sister, about the time he was taken sick. For this reason I have kept it back, but seeing the earnest request in the papers, and as I can no longer read its sacred pages, after dropping a tear at parting with it, I send it for the use of the soldiers. I had given away long since all I could find about the house, and now send you this, hoping that, with God's blessing, it may save some soul."

Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, writing a letter on the great demand in the army for small Bibles, gave this testimony, "A lady sent me the other day a Bible, owned by her nephew, a noble Christian soldier, who carried it in nine battles, and had it in his pocket when he fell at Sharpsburg. It was to her a precious relic, and yet she was willing to give it up, that its glorious light might illumine the pathway of some other soldier. I have given it to a gallant fellow, who says that he has been trying for twelve months to procure a Bible." One chaplain observed in his part of the army that "Fully *one-third* of the soldiers are destitute of a copy of the New Testament, and of all other religious reading."

Consider the importance of God's revelation of His will for our life in the world He created. His Word is the norm for our behavior, our ethics, and shall be the criteria for our judgment in that Day. All mankind created in the image of God is responsible to know and do God's Word. Just consider the admonitions of the following verses: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word.... Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.... I have rejoiced in the way of Thy Testimonies, as much as in great riches" (Ps. 119:9, 11, 14). Later the Psalmist wrote, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.... I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O LORD, according unto Thy Word.... Thy Word is very pure: therefore Thy servant loveth it" (vv. 105, 107, 140). "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for

instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect (or complete), thoroughly furnished unto all good works” (2 time. 3:16-17).

Does this treasure of God’s Word receive its proper honor in our lives? How many have Bibles galore about their homes? Do we have one in daily use? Perhaps we must all ask ourselves that question. The case with our Confederate ancestors was that they could not access enough Bibles. Those who had them read and studied them avidly. How many have we worn out with use? Perhaps a love for the God of the Word will enhance our love for the Word of God.

A chaplain pointed out that one of the soldiers in Staunton, Virginia, who saw a pastor pass down the street, said, “There is the man who gave me a Bible; I never read it before, but I have now read it through several times, and wonder at the things it contains.” How many times have we read it through? Another chaplain observed, “You can scarcely walk through the wards at any time without seeing some of them engaged in reading the sacred word.”

General Henry A. Wise wrote the father of Lieutenant Louis Rogers, Jr. after his noble death and in that letter he said, “I first noticed Louis in a shady retreat from the camp at Chaffin, in the year 1862, reading his Bible to a comrade in the woods. His quiet, earnest manner in his pious work struck me. I had before noticed him passingly, as your son, for your sake; but now that I saw his character, I began to notice him for his sake and mine too. I found that he had an exemplary influence with all the young men of his company. He could keep them orderly and obedient and on duty, while his officers could not. I soon found him not only moral, but intellectual; ... with the highest Christian courage.” The letter was more extensive but young Rogers was exemplary in the place he gave to God’s Word. Perhaps he was reading to a young man who did not have a Bible.

Our Confederate ancestors placed a premium on the Word of God. It was treasured in accord with how they honored the Lord God for His so great salvation. Today in our culture even those who say they respect their Confederate ancestors do not respect the God of their ancestors and they shun His divine Word. But here is where a person cannot fake! Why? For it is a matter of the heart or the lack thereof.

How does a child of God have the approval of God? “Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth” (2 Tim. 2:15).

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This issue contains our Chaplain-in-Chief’s editorial on the coming Chaplains Conference in Harrisonburg, VA. You will also find our Chaplain-in-Chief’s article titled *The Christian Cross of St. Andrew*. Your editor has provided Part II of a biographical

sketch of *Chaplain John Henry Taylor*, which deals with his life during and after the war. Assistant editor, Mark Evans, has written an article entitled *Peace in the Storm*. **This issue, as usual, includes A Confederate Sermon submitted by Kenneth Studdard, preached by Rev. Robert L. Dabney, titled the Duty of the Hour. Herein Dabney said,** “The soul which first rose against injustice with the quick and keen sense of wrong and heroic self-defense; at last brutalized by its very injuries, subsides into dull indifference or abject panic. Should it not make the thoughtful patriot shudder to compare the present temper of the people (during Reconstruction) with that of the revolutionary sires who bequeathed to us the liberties we have forfeited?” **Our Book Review is a speech on Reading** by Chaplain James C. Hiden (1837-1918).

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:

Plans are being finalized for the National SCV Chaplains' Conference. May 18 and 19 are the dates for the Conference at the Providence Baptist Church, 1441 Erickson Avenue, Harrisonburg, Virginia. We express our sincere appreciation to Pastor Andy Rice and our good friend Lloyd Sprinkle for the opportunity to use the excellent facilities of the Providence Church for this meeting. Note the schedule below and make your plans now to attend -- *remember, no registration is necessary; just come and enjoy good Southern preaching and fellowship.*

Worship Leaders for Chaplains' Conference

Pastor Andy Rice and Chaplain Lloyd Sprinkle, Hosting
Dr. Ray L. Parker, Chaplain-in-Chief, MC
Jacqueline Sprinkle and Miriam Clark, Pianist / Organist

Special Music
Jacqueline Sprinkle
Miriam Clark

The schedule (Eastern Time Zone) for the Conference is:

Thursday, May 18

7:00 PM WORSHIP CELEBRATION
8:15 PM Fellowship and Browsing

Friday, May 19

9:00 AM WORSHIP CELEBRATION
10:15 AM Fellowship and Browsing

10:45 AM WORSHIP CELEBRATION
11:45 AM Lunch (no charge) and Browsing

1:00 PM WORSHIP CELEBRATION
2:15 PM Fellowship and Browsing

2:30 PM WORSHIP CELEBRATION
3:30 PM Fellowship and Browsing

These five services will truly be outstanding. Make your plans now to be in attendance. Would it not be great to fill the church auditorium for each service.

Deo Vindice!

Ray L. Parker
Chaplain-in-Chief

Chaplain-in-Chief's Article

The Christian Cross of St. Andrew

Ray L. Parker

Biblical and Historical Background

In the biblical record, Andrew is introduced as Simon Peter's brother. Like Simon Peter he was a fisherman in Bethsaida of Galilee. For a time he was with John the Baptist and heard John introduce Jesus with the classic declaration, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29). With John's introduction of Jesus, Andrew began to follow Him. Later Andrew invited his brother Peter to become a follower of Christ, declaring, "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ" (vs. 41). Andrew and Peter left their fishing nets and became loyal disciples of Jesus Christ. They saw the miracles of Christ, heard the teachings of Christ, and experienced the example of Christ. They were witnesses of Christ's death and resurrection and became leaders in the first century Christian church.

Church tradition presents Andrew taking the Gospel of Christ to Greece and Asia Minor following the Lord's ascension into heaven (Acts 1:10-11). Eventually the Romans put Andrew to death on an X-shaped cross. He was tied to the cross rather than nailed. He was buried in Patras in southern Greece.

In time the X-shaped cross, depicting the manner of his death, became the symbol for St. Andrew -- and interestingly enough, that cross has been used in various flags throughout history.

The Confederate Battle Flag

The first National Flag adopted by the Confederate Congress is known as "the Stars and Bars." It consisted of three horizontal stripes. The first stripe was red. The second stripe was white. The third stripe was red. In the upper left corner of the flag was a field of dark blue with a circle of seven stars representing the seven original Confederate States. In the early battles of the War Against Southern Independence, this flag was used by Southern troops. In the smoke and fog of battle this flag design proved to be a problem. It could be misidentified as the Federal Flag (the Stars and Stripes). There is a record of soldiers actually being killed in the battle because they misidentified the flag.

Because the first National Flag presented identification problems in the midst of battle, there were calls for a flag change. The Army of Northern Virginia was the first to adopt the Christian Cross of St. Andrew as the flag for battle. The Battle Flag has a red background displaying a blue St. Andrew's Cross. The Cross has thirteen white stars -- one for each of the Confederate States as well as Kentucky and Missouri. Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard proposed adopting a version of this flag as the standard battle flag of the Confederate Army. One of the virtues of the Battle Flag was that, unlike the Stars and Bars, the Cross of St. Andrew was next to impossible to confuse with the Stars and Stripes in battle.

It is perhaps interesting to note that the Confederate Battle Flag is not the only flag to utilize the Christian Cross of St. Andrew. The Scottish national flag is a white St. Andrew's Cross on a field of dark blue. In addition, St. Andrew is the patron saint of Russia. Not surprising therefore that during the reign of the Czars a blue St. Andrew's cross on a field of white was the ensign of the Russian Imperial Navy. Currently a red St. Andrew's cross on a field of white is used on the state flags of Alabama and Florida. Probably one of the more well known contemporary state flags is the flag of the Sovereign State of Mississippi. The flag of Mississippi presents the Confederate Battle Flag in the upper left corner.

Realities and Deceptions

Currently the Confederate Battle Flag is seen as heritage and history for those with a high opinion of historical accuracy. Recently, for example, the Sons of Confederate Veterans sponsored "Confederate Flag Day." Thousands of people gather in all parts of the Confederation as well as Northern and Western States to raise and salute the Confederate Flag in honor of our ancestors who suffered in the cause of Southern independence. Our hearts were filled with pride as we watched the most beautiful flag ever crafted in the history of flag making raised toward the sky. This day was a celebration day for Southern heritage.

We realize, of course, that not everyone is thrilled that we would celebrate in such a way. There are those who would tell us that we should not raise or honor "that flag." They would tell us to take "that flag" down and place it in the dark corner of a museum out of public view. They would tell us that as Southerners we should sit on the eternal stool of shame and constantly apologize for "what our ancestors did." They would tell us "that flag" is a racist symbol or a symbol of slavery or a banner for white supremacy. They would tell us "that flag" must be repudiated and removed.

The reality is those who would tell us these things are deceived in regard to historic truth. If one takes the time to *actually research the history of the 1861-65 American conflict*, they would discover that no Confederate soldier posted the Confederate Battle Flag as a sign of racism, slavery, or white supremacy. They posted the Confederate Battle Flag as a symbol of identification in the mist and fog of battle. They posted the Confederate Battle Flag to identify as Southern soldiers in opposition to Federal soldiers. The Confederate Battle Flag is the soldiers flag, no more and no less.

It is right, therefore, that we honor these Southern troops. The Confederate Army is truly one of the greatest fighting forces ever assembled. These soldiers were outmanned, out gunned, and out supplied -- but never out fought! They fought not to claim territory or to destroy the Federal Government. They fought to **defend** their homes and families. Federal troops marched South and practiced total war against the Southern population. The men of the South did not "take kindly" to that activity and responded.

Many thought that the War would be short. Federals, for example, felt that the Southern Army would not be able to withstand Lincoln's massive war machine. Yet, they did withstand for four long years. They fought for freedom and liberty. They fought for Constitutional government rather than submit to the Federal centralized power of big government. They did not stop. They did not turn back. They did not move to the right or the left. They went right down the line to do their duty.

Eventually Southern resources were depleted. The South did not have the ability to replace the men and material lost in battle. The Federal government did. Wave after wave of Federal forces continued to invade the South. Finally, the Army of Northern Virginia under the command of General Robert E. Lee, with only 28,000 left in its ranks, was forced from the defense of Richmond. General Lee's hope was to retreat to North Carolina and join with the Army of Tennessee. This plan, however, was blocked by General Grant's superior forces. The armies met at Appomattox Court House, Virginia.

Confederate forces, tired and hungry in tattered uniforms, formed the battle line. Before them stood column after column after column of Federal forces -- in new blue uniforms, buttons shining in the sun, bayonets shimmering in the morning light. The Confederates were vastly outnumbered, but they formed the battle line. They would fight one more time. Confederate Battle Flags, ragged and worn, flew in the breeze.

In the face of such a disastrous situation, General Lee decided to "meet" with General Grant. In that meeting the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered. Eventually the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Trans-Mississippi would do the same. President Jefferson Davis was captured at Irwinville, Georgia. The Southern struggle for independence and Constitutional government ended.

This was a noble defensive struggle to sustain the vision of the country's founding fathers. The ideals of that struggle remain alive today. It is right, therefore, that we honor our ancestors who fought so bravely for the American ideal. It is right that we post the Confederate Battle Flag, the Christian Cross of St. Andrew -- that flag flew in battle to identify brave Southern soldiers -- no more, and no less.



Chaplain John Henry Taylor

(1839-1916)

35th Georgia Infantry

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Part II

It took a young man to stand up under the devastating rigors of war and especially so for the extended responsibilities of the chaplains. These chaplains carrying the message of eternal life were among other things subject to physical hunger, death dealing disease, bodily discomforts, absence from family, subject to the violence of war, caring for the wounded, comforting the bereaved, burying the dead, preparers of dead bodies, transporters of the dead, compatriots in want, diggers of graves, writers of letters, distributors of tracts and Bibles, beggars of food for the hungry, wounded and

dying. John H. Taylor became the chaplain of a Georgia infantry company. His chaplaincy was among those of the 35th Georgia Infantry, Thomas' Brigade of Wilcox's Division in the Third Corps (General A. P. Hill). We know that he was thus ministering from 1863 to the end of the war.

Chaplain John J. Hyman of the 49th Georgia Regiment described the situation into which Chaplain John H. Taylor entered. Hyman had been in the command of General "Stonewall" Jackson and at first they had little time for ministry. This eventually changed when they went into winter quarters. There were few chaplains and he was going from regiment to regiment to minister. Around February 1, 1863 he pointed out that the Lord "poured out His Spirit upon us; hundreds were seeking the Lord for pardon of sins; almost daily there were some going down into the water, being buried with Christ in baptism." Hyman was preaching from four to six times a day when his body began to fail over excessive labor. Then E. B. Barrett, an army missionary from Georgia, came to help, and he became chaplain of the 45th Georgia Regiment. After the Battle of Chancellorsville Hyman and Barrett preached night and day, baptizing daily in a pool they prepared. This continued till the army entered Pennsylvania. Even while the regiments were falling in they were baptizing -- forty-eight were baptized in twenty minutes in Wright's Brigade. When they were later camped near Orange Court House, "Here again we met in Christ's name, and He met with us. Never before have I seen the like; often we would meet to worship, having only the dim candle-light; hundreds would be there." The chaplains were overworked trying to visit units without chaplains. The revival continued. December 1, 1863 they were ordered into the Valley of Virginia below Staunton where they were actively campaigning that winter. "While in the Valley, Brother J. H. Taylor became chaplain of Thirty-fifth Georgia Regiment.... About the 1st of April, 1864, we left the Valley and returned to Orange Court House." Soon they were near Petersburg. Thus Chaplain Taylor had his work cut out for him for there was no shortage of labor for the Lord.

He, like all the good chaplains, looked for the Lord to send revival into their ranks with the Holy Spirit calling many to salvation through the preached word. Salvation he believed to be a work of God's grace and only God could provide it through the atonement of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ.

Chaplain Taylor wrote Rev. A. E. Dickinson, the superintendent of the Virginia Baptist Colportage Board from near Guinea's Depot in Caroline County,

A very interesting meeting is in progress here, conducted by the chaplains of the different regiments in this brigade. Oh that there may be an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit! I find the men very anxious for something to read, and there is a prospect of effecting good among them.

He wrote of a longing for “an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit!” Only the Lord can send revival and that by God the Holy Spirit’s power. One confederate chaplain said, “But the Holy Ghost, if sought, will lead us into all truth and duty.”

Pastoral Ministry after the War

He was previously described as an exception to Jesus’ words “a prophet is not without honor except in his own country.” He was called as pastor to the church where he was converted, the Laurel Hill Baptist Church on January 3, 1868, and ministered faithfully until 1893. For a few years he pastored other churches, but received a second call to Laurel Hill in 1899 and had six more years of pastoral service. He received a third call to Laurel Hill in the summer of 1915. This time he remained till the Lord called him home. He was preaching when he was seized with an ailment that proved fatal. Almost thirty-two years of his ministry was spent there. John H. Taylor was an exception to the prophet without honor in his own country.

During his fifty-two years of ministry there were other churches he pastored in addition to Laurel Hill Baptist Church. Sometimes he pastored more than one church at a time, usually two congregations. They were Williamsville Baptist Church, Healing Springs Baptist Church (1867-1869); Deerfield Baptist Church, Newport Baptist Church (1869-1876); Bridgewater Baptist Church, Mt. Crawford Baptist Church (1880-1884); Waynesboro Baptist Church (1884-1890); Singer’s Glen Baptist Church, Turleytown Baptist Church (1893-1895); Greenville Baptist Church, Vesuvius Baptist Church and Stuart’s Draft Baptist Church (1895-1898). During his final years of ministry he supplied Fordwick Baptist Church and some others temporarily.

Family

We saw the godly nature of his parents and noticed that he had three sisters. John H. Taylor was married twice in God’s providence. He met and married Sarah Catherine Ramsey (1842-1874), the daughter of John and Mary Ramsey. The wedding took place on February 16, 1862 during the war of Northern invasion. The Lord blessed their union with six children.

Having lost his Sarah in the providence of God he met and married Susan Martha Wallace (1848-1929), the daughter of R. S. and Ann Wallace. Their marriage took place on July 8, 1875, being performed by Dr. Charles Manly who was then pastoring in Staunton. John and Susan were blessed with six children. Thus he had twelve children in his two marriages.

Going Home

As was noted earlier, Pastor John Henry Taylor was preaching at Laurel Hill Baptist Church when he was seized with an illness which proved fatal. He died at the King’s Daughters Hospital in Staunton on March 16, 1916. He faithfully preached the saving gospel of Jesus Christ to the end of his life. He died in the harness so to speak. His funeral was held at Laurel Hill Baptist Church where he spent thirty-two of his years in

the ministry. Pastor H. B. Cross, the pastor of Staunton Baptist Church, preached the funeral. The body was interred in the family plot in the beautiful Thornrose Cemetery in Staunton, Virginia, where his body awaits the resurrection morning.

Pastor Taylor was survived by his wife Susan and the following children: John F. Taylor, William Taylor, Mrs. J. Frank Collins, Mrs. James A Whitlock, Georgie Taylor, Robert S. Taylor, Matthew Taylor, Ernest F. Taylor, Mrs. C. H. Blaine.

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Peace in the Storm

Mark W. Evans

Past Chaplain-in-Chief

In the fury and hardships of war, many of our relatives knew that "underneath were the everlasting arms." One soldier reported to the *Southern Presbyterian*: "In the battle of Seven Pines, in which we lost one-third of our regiment in about twenty minutes amid the most terrific shower of shot and shell of this whole war, the Lord not only so far sustained me as to enable me to stand up and do my duty to my country, but to do it without the least fear of anything that man could do unto me. Nor did I, as many men seem to do, lose sight of my personal danger. My mood was so calm that my calculations were perfectly rational. I felt that the Lord's hand was with me; that His shield was over me, and that whatever befell me would be by His agency or permission, and therefore it would all be well with me. It was a period of positive religious enjoyment" [J. William Jones, *Christ in the Camp*, p. 274].

The Lord was pleased to send a revival to the Confederate Armies that brought tens of thousands to faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. The result was an astounding change in Southern camps. Praise replaced cursing; prayer meetings replaced the gambling sessions; and unyielding courage possessed hearts through faith in the Captain of their Salvation. Charles F. Pitts, in his *Chaplains in Gray*, expressed this rare

type of unyielding ferocity: "It has been said that there is nothing more ferocious than a band of brigands led by vicious cutthroats, except it be a company of Scottish Presbyterians rising from their knees in prayer to do battle with the firm conviction that what they are about to do is the will of God" [p. 12].

Many families also found courage and peace in the blessings that flow from faith in Christ. Confederate Chaplain W. W. Bennett wrote: "To the hearts of anxious fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters, what could give greater consolation in the hour of darkness and grief than the letter of the chaplain giving the simple and touching narrative of the death of the dear one on the battle field, or in the hospital, in the fullness of joy and sending with the last breath and the last gush of life-blood sweet words of comfort to the loved ones at the old homestead." He also said, "In their darkened homes, hundreds praised God that their children had found Christ in the camp" [*Revival in the Southern Armies*, p. 183].

Although the Confederate armies were finally defeated, spiritual riches still abounded through the Christian soldiers who returned to their war-torn homes. In the face of degrading and oppressive Reconstruction, they rebuilt Dixie and led in the Gospel-victory that created the Bible Belt. Twelve years following the war, W. W. Bennett wrote: "In all the churches of the South there are earnest, devout and active Christians, who date their spiritual birth from some revival in Virginia, in the West, or in the far South. And before them vividly rises the rude camp church, the gathering throngs from the various commands, the hearty singing, the simple and earnest prayers, the tender appeals of the loved chaplain, urging all who stand on the perilous edge of battle to fly for refuge to the Friend of sinners, the responsive approach to the place of prayer, the sobs, the groans, the tears of men who could look steadily into the cannon's mouth, the bright faces, the shouts and hand-shaking, and embraces of new-born souls -- these are the right spots to which memory returns and delights to dwell upon in the dark period that drenched the land in blood and put a load of grief upon every household" [Bennett, p. 427].

Southern Christian soldiers had a profound, yet easily understood way of expressing peace in Christ. Chaplain Bennett wrote, "Many of them were, it is true, plain, unlettered men, but in sincerity and faith they have hardly ever been surpassed. 'Can I do anything for you?' said a missionary, kneeling by a dying soldier. 'Yes; write to my wife,' was the feeble reply. 'What shall I write?' In a whisper he replied, 'Say to my dear wife it's all right.' The words were written down. 'What more shall I write?' said the minister. 'Nothing else -- all's right,' and then he died. He was converted in the army" [Bennett, p. 388]. Jesus Christ is "the same yesterday, today, and forever." He is still "mighty to save." The One who had no deceit in His mouth said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest (Matthew 11:28).



A CONFEDERATE SERMON

Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard

Robert Lewis Dabney (1820-1898) was a preeminent Southern Presbyterian pastor and theologian. After serving seven years in the pastorate, Dabney was called to serve as professor at Union Theological Seminary. He would remain there for the next thirty years, teaching Ecclesiastical History and Systematic Theology. Among his published works, his *Systematic Theology* and *Discussions* (5 volumes) are exceptional theological treatises.

During the War Dabney spent several months as Stonewall Jackson's Chief of Staff. Following Jackson's death, Dabney was commissioned by Mary Anna Jackson to write a biography of her late husband. The biography is an excellent work on the life of a Christian soldier.

The following is a commencement address delivered before the students of Davison College, June 1868. As we reflect on the sesquicentennial of Reconstruction, Dabney's words give us insight into what the South faced.

The Duty of the Hour

by **Robert L. Dabney**

Young gentlemen of the Eumenean and Philanthropic Societies: I am here to-day in response not only to your call, but to an imperative sentiment. This is the sense of the value of the young men of the South, and their claims upon every patriot. When I remember how your class has lately striven and died for us — how this seat of learning, like every other shrine of the Muses, was emptied at the call of a bleeding country, I feel that you have earned a claim upon our sympathies and aid, which cannot be refused. Nor was this devotion of our youth the less admirable — in my eyes it is only the more touching — because it has pleased the divine disposer, in his mysterious and awful providence, to deny you that success which you hoped. It has pleased Heaven that you should be so disappointed of your deserved victory, as that fools should say you have bled in vain.

But be assured, that as the afflicted child is ever dearest to the mother's heart, your disasters only cause your country to press you closer to her bosom. Amid her cruel losses, her children alone remain her last, as her most precious possession; and it is only from their energies, their virtues, their fortitude under obloquy and oppression, that she hopes for restoration. We assuredly believe, young gentlemen, that no drop of blood, generously shed in the right, ever wets our mother earth in vain.

The vision of the harvest from this precious seed may tarry, but in the end it will not fail; and we wait for it. The holy struggle may meet with seeming overthrow. But if our immediate hope is denied, amidst the manifold alternatives of Almighty Providence,

some other recompense is provided, which will gladden and satisfy the hearts of our children, if not ours, in God's own time and place.

Now that this expectation may not fail, it is needful that you cherish jealously, the virtues and principles which ennoble your cause. Your steadfast and undebauched hearts must be the nurturing soil to preserve the precious seed of martyr blood, during this winter of disaster, to the appointed summer of its resurrection. The urgency, the solemnity of this season of darkness and danger, warn me that it is no mere literary pastime, but a high and serious duty which should occupy this hour. Pardon me, then, for passing to a topic which is fundamental, at once to the dearest hopes of your country and of its dead heroes. I would employ this season of communion with my young fellow-citizens, in uttering my earnest warning to them of a danger and a duty arising out of the misfortunes of our country — a danger most portentous to a thoughtful mind, a duty peculiarly incumbent on educated men.

This danger may be expressed by the fearful force of conquest and despotism to degrade the spirit of the victims. The correlated duty is that of anxiously preserving our integrity and self-respect. A graphic English traveler in the East describes the contrast, so striking to us, between the cowering spirit of the Orientals, and the manly independence of the citizens of free States in Western Europe. These have been raised in commonwealths which avouch and protect the rights of individuals. They are accustomed to claim their chartered liberties as an inviolable heritage. The injuries of power are met by them with moral indignation and the high purpose of resistance.

But the abject Syrian or Copt is affected no otherwise by Turkish oppressions than by the incursions of nature's resistless forces; the whirlwind or the thunderbolt. The only emotion excited is that of passive terror. He accepts the foulest wrong as his destiny and almost his right. He has no other thought than to crouch and disarm the lash by his submissiveness. And if any sentiment than that of helpless panic is excited, it is rather admiration of superior power than righteous resentment against wrong. He who is the most ruthless among his masters is in his abject view the greatest.

When we remember the ancestry of these Orientals, we ask with wonder what has wrought this change? These are the children of those Egyptians who under Sesostris pushed their conquests from Thrace to furthest Ind, beyond the utmost march of Alexander and who, under the Pharaohs, so long contested the empire of the world with the Assyrian. Or they are the descendants of the conquering Saracens, who in later ages made all Europe tremble. Or these Jews who now kiss the sword that slays them are the posterity of the heroes who, under the Maccabees, wrested their country from Antiochus against odds even more fearful than Southern soldiers were wont to breast. Whence, then, the change?

The answer is, this mournful degeneracy is the result of ages of despotism. These base children of noble sires are but living examples of the rule that not only the agents, but the victims of unrighteous oppression, are usually degraded by their unavenged wrongs: a law which our times renders so significant to us.

Illustrations of the same rule also may be found in the more familiar scenes of domestic life. Few observing men can live to middle life without witnessing sad instances of it. We recall, for instance, some nuptial scene, from the distance of a score of years. We remember how the bridegroom led his adored prize to the altar, elate with proud affection. We recall the modest, trembling happiness of the bride, as she confidently pledged away her heart, her all, to the chosen man whom she trusted with an almost religious faith. Her step, diffident yet proud, the proprieties of her tasteful dress, her spotless purity of person, her sparkling eyes, all bespoke self-respect, aspiration, high hope, and noble love. They revealed the thoughts of generous devotion with which her gentle breast was filled.

Had one whispered at that hour that the trusted man would one day make a brutal use of the power she now so confidently gave, she would have resented it as the foulest libel on humanity. Had the prophet added that she was destined to submit, tamely and basely, to such brutality, she would have repudiated this prediction also with scorn as an equal libel on herself. But we pass over a score of years. We find the same woman sitting in an untidy cabin, with a brood of squalid, neglected children around her knees; her shoulders scantily covered with tawdry calico, her once shining hair now wound like a wisp of hay into a foul knot. She is without aspiration, without hope, without self-respect, almost without shame. What is the explanation? She has been for years a drunkard's wife. She was wholly innocent of her husband's fall. Long has she endured unprovoked tyranny and abuse. Not seldom has she been the helpless victim of blows from the hand which was sworn to cherish her. Often has she meditated escape from her degrading yoke; but the unanswerable plea of her helpless children arrested her always. She has found herself tied to a bondage where there was neither escape nor resistance; and these wrongs, this misery, has at last crushed her down into the degraded woman we see. The truthfulness of this picture will only be denied by those who judge from romance without experience, not from facts.

We need only to look a little at the operations of moral causes on man's nature to find the solution of these cases. We are creatures of imitation and habit. Familiarity with any object accustoms us to its lineaments. The effect of this acquaintanceship to reconcile us to vice has been expressed by Pope in words too trite to need citation. And the fact that one is the injured object of repeated crime does not exempt him from this law, but, as will be shown, only subjects him the more surely to it. Not only is every act of oppression a crime, but the seasons of despotism are usually eras of profuse and outbreaking crime. The baleful shadow of the tyrant's throne is the favorite haunt of every unclean bird and beast. And if the oppressing power be the many-headed monster, a tyrant faction, this is only more emphatically true. At such a time the moral atmosphere is foul with evil example. The vision of conscience is darkened and warped. The very air is unhealthy even for the innocent soul.

For the common mind the standard of rectitude is almost overthrown in the guilty confusion. But this is the consideration of least weight. A more momentous one is found

in the law of man's sensibilities. The natural reflex of injury or assault upon us is resentment. This instinctive emotion has evidently been designed by our Creator as the protector of man in this world of injustice. Its function is to energize his powers for self-defense. But its nature is active; in exertion is its life. Closely connected with this is the sentiment of moral disapprobation for the wrong character of the act.

This emotion is the necessary correlative to approbation for the right: so that the former cannot be blunted without equally blaming the latter. The man who has ceased to feel moral indignation for wrong has ceased to feel the claims of virtue. Nor is there a valid reason for your insensibility to evil in the fact that you yourself are the object of it.

Now when a man is made the helpless victim of frequent wrongs when his misfortunes allow him nothing but passive endurance, resentment and moral indignation give place to simple fear. And this by two sure causes; not only is the very power of sensibility worn away by these repeated and violent abrasions; not only is the nature dulled by the perpetual violences to which it is subjected, but that activity being denied which is the necessary scope of these sentiments of resistance, they are extinguished in their birth. The soul which first rose against injustice with the quick and keen sense of wrong and heroic self-defense; at last brutalized by its very injuries, subsides into dull indifference or abject panic. Should it not make the thoughtful patriot shudder to compare the present temper of the people with that of the revolutionary sires who bequeathed to us the liberties we have forfeited? With how quick and sensitive a jealousy, with what generous disdain did they spurn at the imposition of a tax of a few pence, against their rights as Englishmen; while we seek to reconcile ourselves with a jest or sophism to wrongs a thousand fold as onerous. In the words of Burke, "In other countries the people judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipated the evil, and judged of the pressure of misgovernment at a distance, and snuffed the reproach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." But we, their miserable children, are compelled to inhabit the very miasm and stench of extreme oppression until our tainted nostrils almost refuse the office and leave us unconscious, while stifled by the pollution.

We need not go so far to find this startling contrast; we have only to compare our present selves with ourselves a few years ago to find fearful illustrations of the working of these influences. Let us suppose that on the evening of July 21, 1861, I had stood before that panting citizen soldiery which had just hurled back the onset of our gigantic foe, and that I had denounced to them that seven short years would find them tamely acquiescing in the unutterable wrongs since heaped upon us: in the insolent violation of every belligerent right, in the sack of their homes, in the insult of their females, in the treacherous arming of their own slaves, in their subjection to them; with what anger and incredulity would they not have repelled me? Let us suppose that I had made the imputation that someday they would consent to survive such infamy: that it would be possible for them to make any other election than that of death, with their faces to the foe rather than such a fate; would they not have declared it a libel upon the glories of

that day, and upon the dead heroes even then lying with their faces to the sky? But we have consented to live under all this and are even now persuading ourselves to submit to yet more! Do you remember that unutterable swelling of indignation aroused in us by the first rumor of outrage to Southern women? How that you felt your breasts must rend with anguish unless it were solaced by some deeds of defense and righteous retribution? But we have since had so ill-starred a tuition by a multitude of more monstrous wrongs that the slavish pulse is now scarcely quickened by the story of the foulest iniquities heaped upon a defenseless people. Thus does our own melancholy experience verify the reasonings given.

But, my hearers, this determination of the moral sensibilities does not place man above the promptings of selfishness: it rather subjects him more fully to them. We may not expect that the sense of helplessness and fear will reconcile him to suffer with passive fortitude without a struggle. As well might we look to see the panting stag bear the bit and spur with quietude. The instinct of self-preservation goads the oppressed to attempt some evasion from their miseries; but the only remaining means is that common weapon of the weak against the strong — artifice. Every down-trodden people is impelled almost irresistibly to seek escape from the injustice which can no longer be resisted by force through the agency of concealments, of duplicity, of lies, or perjuries. The government of the oppressor is therefore a school to train its victims in all the arts of chicanery and meanness. Mark, I pray you, the cruel alternative to which it shuts them up. They must suffer without human help or remedy evils unrighteous, relentless, almost intolerable; evils which outrage at once their well-being and their moral sense; or they must yield to temptation and seek deceitful methods of escape. And the only motives to move them to elect suffering rather than dishonor are the power of conscience, the fear of God, and faith in the eventual awards of His justice. What portion of any people may be expected to persevere in this passive heroism without other support?

In answering this question we must not forget the inexpressible seductiveness and plausibility of that temptation. It pleads with the injured victim of wrong that his oppressors had no moral right to inflict these evils: That their injustice and treachery forfeit all claim upon his conscience: That to deceive them is but paying them as they deserve in their own coin. An embittered hatred, which pleads its excuse from a thousand unprovoked injuries, impels the sufferer by a sting as keen as living fire, to seek the revenge of deception: the only one in his reach. And last, the specious maxim, "That necessity knows no law," completes the triumph of the temptation with the plea that the endurance of this tyrant's unmitigated will is impossible, and therefore the case justifies the means of evasion.

Now I need hardly pause, before this assembly, to say that all this pretended argument is a guilty sophism. You know that, however plausible it may be, it is grounded in a profane forgetfulness of God, of his holy will, and of his omnipotent government over oppressors and oppressed. You see how it involves that maxim of delusion, of

whose advocates the Apostle declared "their damnation is just"; that the end sanctifies the means. At the day when God shall bring him into judgment, no man will dare to obtrude these specious pleas for his violation of the eternal principles of truth and right — principles on which repose the welfare of all creatures and the honor of God, principles whose sanctity only finds illustrations in the very evils which man experiences from the breach. But none the less do we find anticipations of seductions verified by ten thousand lamentable lapses from honor among our suffering people: in their tampering with ensnaring and oppressive oaths; in the evasion of pecuniary obligations; in the deceitful avowal of pretenses abhorrent at once to the political pride and principles of our country. The facts are too melancholy to be pursued.

Meantime the efficiency of all these seductions is made more fearful by the causes which hedge our young men up from wholesome activities. There is no longer a career for their individual energies. Scarcely any profession offers a prize worthy of their exertions. If they turn to agriculture, or the pursuits of the merchant or artisan, the ruin of trade and the crushing burden of unequal taxation compel them to labor for a pittance. Hence the danger that they will succumb to an apathetic despair. We see too many of our youth whose fortitude should sustain a fainting, sinking country, sitting down in skeptical doubt to question the control of Divine Providence, or sinking into an indolence which they persuade themselves is inevitable, and seeking a degrading solace in epicurean ease. Take heed, gentlemen, lest these insidious discouragements transmute the sons of the heroes of Manassas and Shiloh, as the despotism of arbitrary rulers has charge, into the modern Roman. In the Eternal city we see the descendants of that race which gave laws and civilization to a conquered world, now in the words of their own sensual poet, "*Porci de grege Epicuri, cut bene curata,*" filling their idleness with the criticism of cooks and singing women. Rather than risk the yielding to this, arise and go forth, sturdy exiles, to carve out a new career on some more propitious soil.

It has been made my duty by my appointed pursuits to examine the history of previous conquests; and it is my deliberate conviction that no civilized people have ever been subjected to an ordeal of oppression so charged as ours with all the elements of degradation. I have explained how the unrighteousness of the despotism becomes a potent influence for temptation. We experience a domination, the iniquity of which is declared by every patriot of every previous party, and constantly avowed by the very men that impose it up to the day, when their reason was swept away by the torrent of revenge and the lust of domination. Our people have been violently thrust down from the proudest ancestral traditions and highest freedoms boasted by any commonwealth on earth, to the deepest humiliations and most grinding exactions. They have been overpowered, not by manly force, but by filthy lucre, which bribed the *proletaries* of the whole world to crush us. We stooped our banners, not like the conquered Gaul and Briton to one who knew how, *debellare uerbos, forcere victis*; but to a rabble who are not ashamed to confess that their fourfold numbers and ten-fold resources were unable to subdue us until they had armed against us all the mercenaries of Europe and our own

poor slaves besides. And to crown all, the favorite project is to subject us, not to the conqueror only, but to these alien serfs, to be invested with our plundered franchises. Thus are our people robbed not only of their possessions and rights, but of their dearest point of honor. Now, everyone experienced of human nature knows that when you break down the chosen point of honor, the man is degraded to a brute unless he is sustained by the vital grace of God. Thus it appears that the influence and temptations by which conquest depraves its victims are now applied to our people in their most malignant efficacy. The lesson which we should learn from this fact is that we should be watchful in an equal degree to preserve our own rectitude and honor.

For, young gentlemen, as the true dishonor of defeat lies only in this determination of spirit, so it is the direct wrong which the injustice of the conqueror can inflict. A brave people may, for a time, be overpowered by brute force, and be neither dishonored nor destroyed. Its life is not in the outward organization of its institutions. It may be stripped of these and clothe itself in some diverse garb, in which it may resume its growth. But if the spirit of independence and honor be lost among the people, this is the death of the common weal: a death on which there waits no resurrection. Dread, then, this degradation of spirit as worse than defeat, than subjugation, than poverty, than hardship, than prison, than death.

The law on which I have commented has ever appeared to me the most awful and obscure of all those which regulate the divine providence over men and nations. That the ruthless wrong-doer should be depraved in his own soul by his crimes, that he should find a part of his just penalty in the disorders and remorse infused in his own nature by his acts; this is a dispensation as adorably righteous as it is terrible. But that not only guilty agent, but guiltless victim should, by a law, almost natural, find his moral being broken down; that a necessity which his will had no agency in procuring should subject his heart to an ordeal so usually disastrous — this is indeed fearful. "Clouds and darkness" here surround him. Yet "justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne." One thing I clearly infer hence, that he has ordained the virtuous man's life in this wicked world to be often a battle in which he may be called "to resist unto blood, striving against sin." We learn from these mournful histories how it may be our duty to surrender life, rather than conscience and moral independence. Man's first duty to himself is the preservation of his own virtue. His prime duty to his God may be said to be the same. For how shall the depraved creature fulfill that "chief end," glorifying God? With no little seeming then was it argued of old that a dishonored life was no life indeed; so that the imposition of unavoidable degradation of soul was equivalent to the Maker's decree dismissing us out of the scene of defiled existence. Here is the most plausible excuse of that antique self-sacrifice, by which the heroic souls of the Pagan world claimed the privilege of escaping subjugation, and defying the oppressor by a voluntary grave. For they knew not the only power by which the inward strain of oppression can be countervailed. They had never heard of gospel grace; of regeneration and adoption; of a hope anchored beyond the grave; of a reward in glory ennobling all suffering and

endurance for conscience sake. Let us not, however, palliate the error of those who thus retired from life's battle without the word of supreme command of the Captain. But from this danger of the soul's subjugation along with that of the body, we may infer the duty and privilege of preferring the surrender of life to the desertion of duty.

It is yours, young gentlemen, to boast among the alumni of your college, more than one illustrious instance of this fate, which may prove so enviable compared with ours. First among these, I am reminded of one, whose youthful face, then ruddy as that of the hero of Bethlehem, is filed in the memories of my first visit here, General Ramseur. Nowhere in the rich record of Southern chivalry can there be found the name of one who more deliberately resolved for death rather than forfeiture of duty and honor. Twice within a few weeks, at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, his command had yielded to numbers, in spite of his most strenuous and daring exertion. On the morning of the battle of Belle Plain, which began so gloriously for the Confederates, while marshalling his troops for the strife, he exhorted them to stand to their colors, and calmly declared that if they had any value for his life they would henceforward be staunch; for he was resolved never to participate with them in another flight from their foes. It was with this deliberate purpose he joined battle. But as the bravest are ever the most gentle, this stern resolve did not exclude the thought of the domestic tie, which his country's call had sundered almost as soon as it was bound around his heart, and of the infant which had never received its father's kiss. His courage was only reinforced by these remembrances. For, as he began the onset, in the second movement of the tragedy, he exclaimed to the officers near him, "Now, gentlemen, let us so fight to-day as to finish this campaign; I want to see my first born." After performing his whole duty during the changeful day, he saw all the line upon his left giving way. With his own command he strove to stem the torrent of enemies; and when they, too, broke in panic he refused to flee with them, but busied himself in rallying a few determined spirits like himself. When the last fugitive left the field they saw him with a handful, breasting the whole pursuing host, until, according to his pledge, he fell with his face to the foe. Let this example inspire you to *endure* as he *fought*, and you will be secure against all the degradations of defeat.

This degradation, then, does not necessarily accompany our prostrate condition. Divine Providence often makes the furnace of persecution the place of cleansing for individual saints. Why may it not be so for a Christian people? Why may not a race of men come forth from their trials, like the gold seven times refined in the fire, with their pride chastened, and yet their virtues purified? This can be from the only cause which sanctifies the sufferings of the Christian, the inworkings of the grace of God. Nothing is more true than that the natural effect of mere pain is not to purify, but to harden the sinful heart of man, exasperating at once its evils and its miseries. The cleansing Word and Spirit of God alone interpret its sufferings to it and convert them into healthful medicines of its faults. So it is the power of true Christianity, and that alone, which can minister to us as a people the wholesome uses of adversity. The salvation of the life of

the Southern society must be found by taking the Word of God as our constant guide. But it may be asked: To what course of action should this spirit of unyielding integrity prompt us? The answer from those infallible oracles is easy. While you refrain from the suggestion of revenge and despair, and give place as of necessity to inexorable force, resolve to abate nothing, to concede nothing of righteous conviction. Truckle to no falsehood and conceal no true principle; but ever assert the right with such means of endurance, self-sacrifice and passive fortitude as the dispensation of Providence has left you. If wholesale wrongs must be perpetrated, if wholesale rights must be trampled on, let our assailants do the whole work and incur the whole guilt. Resolve that no losses, nor threats, nor penalties, shall ever make you yield one jot or tittle of the true or just in principle, or submit to personal dishonor. And let us remember, young gentlemen, that while events, the successes of ruthless power, the overthrow of innocence may greatly modify the *expedient*, they have no concern whatever in determining the *right*. The death of a beloved child may determine its mother to bury its decaying body out of sight, even to hide in the wintry earth that which before she cherished in her bosom; but its death will never make the true mother repudiate its relation of paternity to it, or deny its memory, or to acquiesce in any slander upon its filial loveliness. You must decide, then, each one for himself, what things must be conceded to the necessities of new events, and what things must be disclaimed as contaminating to the unconquered soul. May I not safely advise, that, in making these decisions you should always refer them to that standard of judgment which we held before our disasters, as the truer and worthier one; rather than to that standard to which we are seduced by their humiliations? Judge then from the same principles (however new their special application) from which you have judged in happier years when your souls were inspired by the glorious traditions of your free forefathers, and saw the truth in the clear light of your conscious manhood; not as men would have you judge, from hearts debauched by defeat, and clouded with shame and despair.

We are a beaten, conquered people, gentlemen, and yet if we are true to ourselves, we have no cause for humiliation, however much for deep sorrow. It is only the atheist who adopts success as the criterion of right. It is not a new thing in the history of men that God appoints to the brave and true the stern task of contending and falling in a righteous quarrel. Would you find the grandest of all names upon the roll of time? You must seek them among this "noble army of martyrs," whose faith in God and the right was stronger than death and defeat. Let the besotted fools say that our dead have fallen in a "lost cause." Let abandoned defamers and pulpit buffoons say that theirs are "dishonored graves." I see them lie in their glory with an illustrious company: with the magnanimous Prince Jonathan, on Mount Gilboa, and the good king Josiah in the vale of Megiddo; with Demosthenes and Philopoemen; with Hannibal, the pillar of Carthage; with Brutus and Cato; with the British Queen, Boadicea; with the Teuton Herman; with Harold, the Saxon, on Hastings field; with Wallace, with Kosciusko; with one grander than all, our own Jackson. We have no need, sirs, to be ashamed of our dead; let us see

to it that they be not ashamed of us. They have won the happier fate, "taken away from the evil to come, they have entered into peace; they rest in their beds, each one walking in their uprightness." To us they have bequeathed the sterner trial of asserting, by our unshaken fortitude under overthrow, the principles which they baptized with their blood. Let the same spirit which nerved them to do, nerve us to endure for the right; and they will not disdain our companionship on the rolls of fame. Before I end, let me invoke the aid of the gentler sex, whose sympathizing presence I see gracing our solemnities. The high mission of woman in society has been often and justly argued. But never before was the welfare of a people so dependent on their mothers, wives and sisters, as now and here. I freely declare that under God my chief hope for my prostrate country is in their women. Early in the war, when the stream of our noblest blood began to flow so liberally in battle, I said to an honored citizen of my State that it was so uniformly our best men who were made the sacrifice there was reason to fear that the staple and pith of the people of the South would be permanently depreciated. His reply was: "There is no danger of this while the women of the South are what they are. Be assured the mothers will not permit the offspring of such martyr-sires to depreciate."

But since, this river of generous blood has swelled into a flood. What is worse, the remnant of the survivors, few, subjugated, disheartened, almost despairing and, alas, dishonored, because they have not disdained life, on such terms as are left us; are subjected to every influence from without, which can be malignantly devised to sap the foundations of their manhood and degrade them into fit materials for slaves. If our women do not sustain them they will sink. Unless the spirits which rule and cheer their homes can reanimate their self-respect, confirm their resolve, and sustain their personal honor, they will at length become the base serfs their enemies desire. Outside their homes, everything conspires to depress, to tempt, to seduce them. Do they advert to their business affairs? They see before them only loss, embarrassment, and prospective destitution. To the politics of their country? They witness a scheme of domination and mercenary subserviency where the sacrifice of honor is the uniform condition of success. Only within their homes is there, beneath the skies, one ray of light or warmth to prevent their freezing into despair.

There, in your homes, is your domain. There *you* rule with the sceptre of affection, and not our conquerors. We beseech you, wield that gentle empire in behalf of the principles, the patriotism, the religion, which we inherited from our mothers. Teach our ruder sex that only by a deathless love to these can woman's dear love be deserved or won. Him who is true to these crowns with your favor. Let the wretch who betrays them be exiled forever from the paradise of your arms. Then shall we be saved, saved from a degradation fouler than the grave. Be it yours to nurse with more than a vestal's watchfulness the sacred flame of our virtue now so smothered. Your task is unobtrusive; it is performed in the privacy of home, and by the gentle touches of daily love. But it is the noblest work which mortal can perform, for it furnishes the polished stones with which the temple of our liberties must be repaired. We have seen men building a lofty

pile of sculptured marble, where columns with polished shafts pointed to the skies, and domes reared their arches on high like mimic heavens. They swung the massive blocks into their places on the walls with cranes and cables, with shouts and outcries, and huge creaking of the ponderous machinery. But these were not the true artisans: they were but rude laborers. The true artists, whose priceless cunning was to give immortal beauty to the pile, and teach the dead stones to breathe majesty and grace were not there. None saw or heard their labors. In distant and quiet workrooms, where no eye watched them, and no shout gave signal of their motions, they plied their patient chisels slowly with gentle touches, evoking the forms of beauty which lay hid in the blocks before them. Such is your work; the home and fireside are the scenes of your industry. But the materials which you shape are the souls of men, which are to compose the fabric of our church and state. The politician, the professional man, is but the cheap, rude, day laborer who moves and lifts the finished block to its place. You are the true artists, who endue it with fitness and beauty; and therefore yours is the nobler task.



Book Review

Reading

By Chaplain James Conway Hiden

Wise's Legion & Charlottesville Hospital

The following speech was given by Chaplain Hiden on *Reading* and should prove helpful to our readers. The Editor,

Reading may be beneficial, or it may be a curse. It is much like hearing of the gospel, it may be elevating to your mind's character, or it may be used to destroy every noble impulse of your life.

If your reading is confined to low, vile literature it is sure to undermine your character. If it is confined to simply light, worthless literature it is demoralizing to your business habits; it tends to destroy your memory; it perverts your power of thinking for yourself; and cultivates a taste only for what is easily grasped by the intellect. In other words, light, worthless literature tends to weaken the powers of the intellect.

But on the other hand, if you persistently read good literature, you will strengthen the powers of the mind, cultivate the memory, guide your thinking into pure channels, and will soon make it result in a great benefit to both your mind and character.

Let us note some of the benefits to be derived from good reading.

(1) It prepares us more fully to grapple with the difficulties.

(a) Extends our acquaintance with people, and fits us more fully to adapt ourselves to their circumstances in life without embarrassment to ourselves. This of

course, helps us to enjoy life more. (Take a man like Zeb Vance,¹ he can grace any state of society, making friends among all classes of people. He can entertain the elegant lady among the aristocracy, and also the negro in the corn field. This wouldn't be the case, if he was not well informed. This man's friends are almost unlimited—his freedom is great).

But on the other hand take one who has never read anything, and is conscious of his ignorance, how narrow is his sphere in society. He feels cramped and is often so embarrassed as to wish he was absent from the company in which he is a guest. (The story of Mrs. Roche and the plays of Shakespeare). Such people always have my deepest sympathy, and it is my desire in life to do what I can to make them feel comfortable, and when I see it possible, to help them aspire to a higher plane of living.

(b) Extensive reading of good books makes the world larger to us. Take a man who has read little of nothing, and it is astonishing to see how narrow his views of life are, and how prejudiced he is toward other people who differ with himself; and finally how small this great world is to him. (Description of the man who started out, in Alabama upon his horse to see how big this world is, and after reaching one of those high hills decided to return). This man would have never done this if he had known a reasonable amount of good literature.

The man who has read widely of the best literature knows not merely something of the geography of the world, but he knows something of its condition, and with a little use of the imagination he can eat his breakfast in England, dine in France and take tea in Rome, and retire for the night in Germany or Switzerland. This is no exaggeration on my part. (Walter Scott, when he wrote *Anne and Geierstein*, describing so beautifully, and accurately the mountains of Switzerland, had never seen the country).

(Dr. Landrum's description of the woman in great affliction, and while upon her bed she could entertain herself by using the imagination to travel through Palestine, and view the country. Those walls can't make a dungeon for her life; but they have to expand until the world in its beauty and glory is included within its enclosure). This is what good reading can do for a person. Again, to an intelligent reader his life is not confined

¹ Zebulon B. Vance (1830-1894) was born on Reems Creek, near Asheville, Buncombe County, NC, May 13, 1830; attended the common schools of Buncombe County, and Washington (Tenn.) College; studied law at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; admitted to the bar in 1852 and commenced practice in Asheville, N.C.; elected prosecuting attorney of Buncombe County in 1852; member, State house of commons 1854; elected as a Democrat to the Thirty-fifth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Thomas L. Clingman; reelected to the Thirty-sixth Congress and served from December 7, 1858, to March 3, 1861; during the Civil War entered the Confederate Army as a captain and was promoted to the rank of colonel; elected Governor of North Carolina in 1862, and reelected in 1864; removed from office in 1865 when he was arrested and imprisoned in Washington, D.C. for Confederate activities; elected as a Democrat to the United States Senate in November 1870, but did not present his credentials; unsuccessful Democratic candidate for election to the United States Senate in 1872; Governor of North Carolina 1876-1878; elected as a Democrat to the United States Senate in 1879; reelected in 1884 and 1890, and served from March 4, 1879, until his death; chairman, Committee on Enrolled Bills (Forty-sixth Congress), Committee on Privileges and Elections (Fifty-third Congress); died in Washington, D.C., April 14, 1894; funeral services were held in the Chamber of the United States Senate; interment in Riverside Cemetery, Asheville, N.C.

to the present age. He can think and talk in different ages. If he loves philosophy, he can discuss it with Plato, Aristotle. If he likes oratory he can converse upon that with Demosthenes, and Cicero. If he loves law and government, he can discuss it with the Roman Senate. Works of fiction, he talks with Scott, Dickens, George Elliot, Lord Lytton, etc. Essays, he can talk with Carlyle, Addison, Sam Johnson, Macaulay, etc. Oh, what a privilege to have such companions in life!

Again, these things are not beyond many of you, if you only had the ambition to set forth all your energies to read and inform yourselves.

I once heard an accomplished scholar say that if the average boy would read about two, or three hours a day in good reading, and keep that up for ten years, he would be one of the best informed men in the whole land. Now this is not impossible. Most of you could do this if you would.

(John C. Calhoun never went to school much until he was about nineteen, or twenty years of age).

[This must have been a speech of Hiden's wherein he enlarged especially in the parentheses for examples, as with Calhoun and others].



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.

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.