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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

“It would have made your heart glad to see those brave and half-starved soldiers ... throwing down their victuals and flocking to the indicated spot. The chaplain gave out his hymn, and then officers and men united in singing the praises of God. Oh! how we felt to praise and adore Him who had been our preserver through the storms of the day; and when it was said ‘Let us pray,’ I imagine that I (with many others) had never more cheerfully humbled ourselves in the dust, and lifted our hearts to God in believing prayer.... The missiles of death, the music of the distant cannon, and the sharp, cracking sound of the sharpshooters’ guns, were in striking contrast with the hallelujahs and praises of that devoted band of Christian soldiers. At such a sight angels might gaze with astonishment and admiration. Our blessed Saviour, whose ear is always open to the plaintive cry, drew near and comforted our hearts. Some of us felt that all would be well both in life and death.”

Chaplain William Samuel Black

26th South Carolina Regiment



Editorial

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

Greetings to all of you as we enter spring. The flowering of shrubs and bulbs make for a beautiful landscape. Grass is greening and growing and needs mowing. Ground is being worked for gardens. Agrarian activity is alive and well both in cultivation and culture. But what happens when the foundations are destroyed?

The Psalmist wrote, *“If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do”* (Psalm 11:3)? Foundations are not optional to a structure or civil government; they are essential.

Who are the righteous? The Scripture says “There is none righteous, no, not one.... For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3:10, 23). Men are born into this world fallen and depraved because of Adam’s fall. Their fallen conditions are manifested in life by sin. Yes, there is none righteous, not one, for all have sinned. Is there any hope of becoming righteous? With men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible (Matt. 19:26). “The righteous” are those who have been born anew by the Holy Spirit on the basis of the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ and the imputation of His righteousness to those whose sin He has made atonement. “For he [God the Father] hath made him [God the Son] to be sin for us [or in our behalf], who knew no sin [Christ was sinless]; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him” (2 Cor. 5:21). Sinful men for whom Christ died must be made righteous in Christ. This is how one becomes righteous.

What are we to make of the foundations being destroyed? Certainly the destruction of earthly foundations does not change a Christian’s relation to the Lord and his security in Christ. So what about our relationship to destroyed foundations culturally, civilly, or religiously? Dr. Jedidiah Morse gave a warning in a sermon delivered in Charleston on April 25, 1799. His text was Psalm 11:3, and he proclaimed:

Our dangers are of two kinds, those which affect our religion, and those which affect our government. They are, however, so closely allied that they cannot, with propriety, be separated. The foundations which support the interests of Christianity, are also necessary to support a free and equal government like our own. In all the countries where there is little or no religion, or a very gross and corrupt one, as in Mohammedan and Pagan countries, there you will find, with scarcely a single exception, gross ignorance and wickedness, and deplorable wretchedness among the people.

To the kindly influence of Christianity we owe that degree of civil freedom and political and social happiness which mankind now enjoys. In proportion as the genuine effects of Christianity are diminished in any nation, either through unbelief, or the corruption of its doctrines, or the neglect of its institutions, in the same proportion will the people of that nation recede from the blessings of that nation recede from the blessings of genuine freedom, and approximate the miseries of complete despotism. I hold this to be a truth confirmed by experience. If so, it follows, that all efforts made to destroy the foundation of our holy religion, ultimately tend to the subversion also of our political freedom and happiness. Whenever the pillars of Christianity shall be overthrown, our present republican forms of government, and all the blessings which flow from them must fall with them.

Our foundations have been plundered and the foundation stones of the founding have been replaced with the sand of anti-Christianity and socialism. Thus we have the

fall of institutions that depend on the veracity of truth and honor. These are collapsing around us.

Our very wise first president, George Washington, declared, “It is the first duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and to humbly implore His protection and favor in holy fear.” He also said, “Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to civil prosperity, a humble fear before the Almighty and a life of Christian morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the attribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be stated that there is no security for property, for reputation, or for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of true justice.” President Washington, in context, is speaking of Christianity and the citizens obligations based on the Word of God.

The Lord seems to be testing us on this matter. Consider the remainder of Psalm 11: “The LORD is in His holy temple, the LORD’S throne is in heaven: His eyes behold, His eyelids try [a picture of squinting to get the best look], the children of men. The LORD trieth [tests in the furnace of affliction to produce refinement] the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence His soul hateth” (Ps. 11:4-5). What will happen with the wicked? “Upon the wicked He shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest [a dreadful scorching wind]: this shall be the portion [allotment] of their cup” (Ps. 11:6; 16:5; 25:5). And what are we to make of the righteous? “For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness; His countenance doth behold the upright” (Ps. 11:7). He favors those who have the righteousness of His Son Jesus the Christ.

The Lord’s people are tested by the times in which they live and the question is, “What can they do?” They must be more than conquerors, and remember—“His [our God’s] dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away” (Dan. 4:34). Earthly foundations fail but His foundation stands sure—“Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity” (2 Tim. 2:19). Lives pleasing to God are needed as a preservative in this world. The Lord’s people are to be salt, which is a preservative to society.

Kermit Roosevelt, the son of President Theodore Roosevelt, spent years studying the problems of the Middle East, and in 1949 he wrote what seems today to be prophetic:

Are we yet aware of the danger that in the Middle East the United Nations may come to be regarded and mistrusted and hated as the guardian of the New World Order—the New Age trappings for the old Humanistic conspiracy of Left and Right together? The danger of Russia and the United States is the seen danger, and a grave one it is. Seen, it must in time be settled by peace or war. The danger of Orient verses occident—of Islamic culture versus Christian culture—seems as yet unseen. That

could be ruinous. We may well succumb to it from not seeing. We must not assume in the days ahead that the crisis in the Middle East can be solved through military alliances, political connivance, or strategic initiative. *Beware* of the politicians or the coalitions that propose such a solution—they may be fairly regarded, whether from the Left or the Right as a part of the same old entrenched interests that have stood against the Christian faith and have fought for a mechanical imposition of the New Age or the New World Order since the time of the Fall.

The left's liberal humanism and the right's conservative humanism will never produce what many honest people are looking for today. The abortion mills are running as babies are still being exterminated, and perverted moral behavior is still being protected and fostered in extreme forms. Both political parties are morally bankrupt and their fruit will never be righteous! The Lord Christ said, "For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit" (Luke 6:43). Sweet figs will never be gathered from a thorn bush! Every single individual must ultimately bow to God's Judge, King JESUS (Phil. 2:10-11)!

"If the foundations [or pillars of society] be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" We must practice righteousness by the guidance of the Holy Spirit and in conformity to the Word of God for the glory of God. We should cry out for a spiritual awakening from the Lord, beginning with ourselves! "(For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds;) Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ; And having in readiness to revenge all disobedience when your obedience is fulfilled" (2 Cor. 10:4-7).

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This issue contains an editorial by your editor. Also, the Chaplain-in-Chief's message is included. You will also find our Chaplain-in-Chief's article titled, *Is There Not a Cause*. Your editor has provided a biographical sketch of *Chaplain E. M. Bounds, Part II*. Assistant editor, Mark Evans, has written an article entitled *General John Brown Gordon*. This issue, as usual, includes [A Confederate Sermon](#) submitted by Kenneth Studdard, preached by Rev. Stephen Elliott, which is titled *Woman, Why Weepest Thou*. Our [Book Review](#) is by our editor on *A Blockaded Family* by Parthenia Antoinette Hague.

Soli Deo Gloria,
Editor H. Rondel Rumburg

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



Contents

- *The Chaplain-in-Chief's Message, *Dr. Ray L. Parker*
- *Is There Not a Cause?, *Dr. Ray L. Parker*
- *Chaplain E. M. Bounds, Part II, *Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg*
- *General John Brown Gordon, *Rev. Mark Evans*
- *A Confederate Sermon, *Rev. Stephen Elliott*
- *Book Review: *A Blockaded Family*



THE CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF'S MESSAGE

Dear fellow Chaplains and Friends of the Corps:

First, allow me to thank you for your prayers regarding the March GEC meeting at historic Elm Springs. As you know, there are many detractors of Southern Heritage. The SCV leadership is active in responding to these heritage violations. In our current culture, the violations are certain to continue; thus, our prayers must continue. In addition let us be praying for the SCV Reunion in July. This will be an outstanding week for all in attendance. I hope you are making your plans now for this historic event.

Second, please remember *the dates for the 2018 National SCV Chaplains' Conference are May 17 and 18. I hope you will keep those days "clear" and plan to attend.* We will once again meet on the campus of Providence Baptist Church in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Details for this outstanding Conference are coming together. Note the following:

Jacqueline Sprinkle and Miriam Clark will provide our special music.

Pastor Lloyd Sprinkle will serve as our Conference Song Leader.

Past Chaplain-in Chief John Weaver will be our Thursday evening speaker.

Pastor Andy Rice will be a Friday morning speaker.

Past Chaplain-in-Chief Mark Evans will be a Friday morning speaker.

Past Chaplain-in-Chief Ron Rumburg will be a Friday afternoon speaker.

Other speakers to be announced.

Between each of the services will be refreshment and fellowship time in the church assembly area under the Sanctuary. And, of course, lunch will be served on Friday.

Remember, all of this is free. No registration needed. Just come and enjoy good Southern preaching, singing, food, and fellowship.

Also remember that the National Confederate Museum at Elm Springs will feature a section highlighting the service of Confederate chaplains and the great revival that spread through the Southern armies during the War. Several past Chaplain Corps' leaders have worked with the Chaplain-in-Chief and Executive Director Colonel Mike Landree in designing this section. We also want to express our appreciation to Pastor Charles Jennings for his valuable assistance in planning for this outstanding section in the museum. If you have items that would be appropriate for this section (Bibles used by Confederate chaplains, hand written sermons by Confederate chaplains, etc.), please let me know so we can explore that possibility.

Deo Vindice!

Ray L. Parker
Chaplain-in-Chief

Chaplain-in-Chief's Article

Dr. Ray L. Parker

"Here we stand to defend ourselves while a man, woman or child of the South is alive" (Confederate Chaplain William W. Bennett)

Is There Not a Cause?

The Old Testament story of David and Goliath is a well known Bible narrative (I Samuel 17). The army of Israel was in battle with the forces of the Philistines. The Philistines marched the giant Goliath to the midst of the battle. His imposing size caught everyone's attention. Goliath called for some Jewish soldier to do battle with him. The response in Israel's army was almost unanimous: "And all the men of Israel when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid" (vs. 24).

It is at this point that the young shepherd boy David entered the story. David viewed the situation. David heard the threats from the giant. David saw the fear on the faces of battled hardened soldiers. David responded, "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God" (I Samuel 17:26). David then asked, "Is there not a cause?" (vs. 29).

We of course know "the rest of the story." David marched forth to meet Goliath. David knew there was a cause and he was not going to retreat from that cause. He placed a stone in his sling and at the proper moment. He threw the rock toward the giant. The stone hit its mark; Goliath fell to the battlefield a defeated, dead foe.

As Confederate Americans we seemingly find many "giants" racing forth to destroy our Southern heritage. They demand that Confederate flags be lowered, Confederate monuments be removed, names of streets and schools be changed, Confederate emblems be banned from celebrations and parades, and Confederate leaders and

soldiers be vilified. There are some perhaps who would flee from these giants, but the better response is to echo the question of David, "Is there not a cause?"

The answer to that question is positive. Yes, there is a cause. The secession of the Southern States in the 1860s was not a treasonous act. It was a response to a subversive Federal Government. It was a desire for freedom, liberty, justice, and self-determination. The desire of the South was for a peaceful separation from her Northern neighbors. The Southern people via popular vote determined to be free and independent. They did not desire to destroy the Federal Government or the Union. In the formation of the Confederacy they did not marshal armies to march North for conquest. Their desire was to have governmental power that was localized rather than federalized.

President Jefferson Davis said, "We feel that our cause is just and holy; we profess solemnly in the face of all mankind that we desire peace at any sacrifice, save that of honor and independence; we seek no conquest, no aggrandizement, no concession of any kind from the States which we were lately confederated; all we ask is to be let alone; that those who never held power over us shall not now attempt our subjugation by arms. This we must resist to the direst extremity. The moment that this pretension is abandoned the sword will drop from our grasp, and we shall be ready to enter into treaties of amity and commerce that cannot but be mutually beneficial."

Hundreds of Southern clergy signed an "Address to Christians Throughout the World." In this was proclaimed, "The war is forced upon us. We have always desired peace. After a conflict of opinions between the North and the South, in Church and State, for more than thirty years, growing more bitter and painful daily, we withdraw from them to secure peace -- they send troops to compel us into re-union! Our proposition was peaceable separation ... The answer is a call for troops to force submission to a government whose character, in the judgment of the South, has been sacrificed to sectionalism."

Yes, there is a cause. Confederate Americans have a noble heritage -- a heritage which does not bring shame, remorse, or denial. We will not retreat from this heritage but rather we will stand for the cause. As one Confederate minister stated, "Forced to defend ourselves, we shall certainly meet our enemies without an iota of fear ... O, Lord of Hosts, we trust in Thee!"

Yes, the Cause is Just

There is no shame or dishonor in loving freedom, liberty, justice, and self-determination. These are the very principles which led to the Southern Confederacy. There are, of course, "giants" who would seek to focus the War Between the States on the issue of slavery -- and certainly in the culture of the 1800s slavery was a point of contention and conversation. Slavery, however, was not the overshadowing institution that brought secession. Slavery was not the reason that thousands of Federal soldiers marched South. Slavery was not the issue that caused thousands of Southerners to wear the gray and march to battle. Slavery was not the message of the Confederate Battle Flag.

Slavery, as an institution, was protected in the United States Constitution and defended by the United States Supreme Court. The slave trade was administered by New England merchant shipping securing Africans and bringing them to the American continent. No slave ship ever flew the Confederate Flag; they did, however, fly the Federal Flag. It is interesting that all of these facts are ignored by the "giants." They seek to make the South the scapegoat for the incorrect institution of slavery.

Current "giants" conclude that if one holds a Confederate flag, that one is a racist and desires to harm people of other ethnic origins. This, of course, is not true and was not true even in the culture of the 1800s. In the previously mentioned "Address to Christian Throughout the World" southern ministers wrote, "Most of us have grown up from childhood among the slaves; all of us have preached to and taught them the word of life; have administered to them the ordinances of the Christian church: sincerely love them as souls for whom Christ died; we go among them freely and know them in health and sickness, in labor and rest, from infancy to old age." Read the statement again. There was no hatred, no animosity, no desire to do harm.

As Confederate Americans we honor our Southern Heritage. We respect the Confederate Flag, Confederate Monuments, Confederate leaders, and Confederate soldiers -- our ancestors. We do not honor the historical institution of slavery any more than we would honor the historical practice of the non-education of women, the historical practice of the non-voting rights of women, the historical practice of child labor, or the historical practice of segregation. Our cultures have advanced beyond these practices and we rejoice in these advancements. It is not our desire to go back to any of these. It is our desire to remember and publically honor the historic struggle of a Southern Nation for localized government. The bravery of the Southern soldier was not so that he could own slaves, the bravery of the Southern soldier was for the defense of family, home, state, and country.

Confederate Chaplain William W. Bennett wrote of the Southern people, "Their convictions of right in what they did were second only to their convictions of the truth of the Christian religion. Nor has the stern logic of events eradicated this conviction from the Southern mind. The cause is lost, but its principles still live, and must continue to live so long as there remains in human nature any perception and appreciation of justice, truth, and virtue."





Chaplain Edward McKendree Bounds

(1835-1913)

3rd Missouri

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Part II

Winds of War

Talk of war became rife in Missouri as elsewhere in the South, and then war arrived blowing in all its fury. What was Pastor E. M. Bounds to do? It appears that he was forced into the position he took. The Federals seized the Missouri Arsenal of St. Louis capturing the State Guard, which was pro-Confederate; this was on May 10, 1861. The newly captured prisoners were marched through the streets attracting a crowd of men, women, and children. The bystanders taunted the interlopers who were armed Federal soldiers that in turn shot at the unarmed citizens; one of the dead was an infant in the arms of its mother. William T. Sherman, the Federal arsonist, and Ulysses S. Grant, the alcoholic, were the Federal officers who witnessed the slaughter. Perhaps this was supposed to help them in their future skills at the destruction of their fellow men whether citizen or soldier. They were honing their skills for an uncivilized kind of war—called “total war.” Twenty-eight civilians were murdered in what became known as the St. Louis Massacre.

Also, a friend in the ministry, Rev. E. E. Miller had gone to the National Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in New Orleans, Louisiana. As soon as this friend came into Missouri he was arrested and put in prison where he was incarcerated until 1865. Yes, ministers of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ were considered criminals to the Lincoln regime.

The Missouri Conference was held and Bounds became the new pastor at Brunswick which had recently tasted the calamity of war. Brunswick was the hometown of Confederate General Sterling Price. Bounds believed that each state had the constitutional right to secede. As a lawyer he had studied the same book that the cadets

at West Point had studied—*Rawle's View of the Constitution*. This book taught state rights. The situation was becoming overwhelming for Pastor Bounds who later performed the funeral of John Lenard a boy of seventeen. This boy had been falsely accused and drowned by the brave Federal troops. They held him underwater in the frozen Grand River until he drowned.

Federal troops were also busy ravaging the area of his pastorate. If this were not enough persuasion, Bounds was witness to the horrendous massacre of fifty-five civilians by the brave boys in blue. This occurred in the Brunswick area. Such brutality clearly defined the ongoing destruction of the Constitution of the United States by the Lincoln administration. Then on September 12, 1862, Missouri was placed under martial law and Federal Gen. Samuel Ryan Curtis now assumed coercive control of the state of Missouri. Martial law occurs when the military government suspends ordinary law. The citizens of Missouri were livid when their constitutional rights were suspended and they were made absolutely subject to Federal provost marshals.

Another event that impacted Pastor Bounds happened in the area of Palmyra. Confederate Gen. Joe Porter had marched through the city of Palmyra and disarmed the Federal garrison there. The church building where Pastor Bounds ministered was strategically located so those using it could fire easily on the courthouse. Federal Provost Marshal Stracham, a.k.a. "the Beast," had vowed vengeance for the disarming of the Federals there. He falsely accused ten men and convicted them to be hanged, and they were hanged without a trial in a military court. The brutality and false execution of these men came to light, but nothing was ever done to rectify the atrocity except the presentation of some falsified documents. One man's wife pleaded for her innocent husband to be spared. "The Beast" demanded sexual favors from the wife as a price of sparing her husband, so the desperate young woman complied with the pervert's demands. As a result "the Beast" demanded that the wife chose a man to replace her husband. She could not bring herself to select another innocent man to die. A young man without family heard of the situation and volunteered to forfeit his life to satisfy the unjust demands of Mr. Lincoln's man. The young man did ask that his mother be informed, and he willingly died in the place of another. This became known as the Palmyra Massacre. The young man's mother asked her former pastor, E. M. Bounds, to preach the funeral for her son to which he willingly complied. He sought to give comfort to the family as best he could. Pastor Bounds had also pastored a number of the men who had been falsely condemned and murdered.

As a minister, Bounds was a leader in the community and the Federal invaders put his name on a list of local people whom they demanded take an oath of allegiance to the United States and post a five-hundred dollar bond. This was on November 14, 1862. Pastor Bounds, the former lawyer, was opposed to being forced into such an act, since he was a legal citizen. He, as a result, was arrested in Brunswick where he pastored. Why was he thus arrested? He was accused of being a Confederate sympathizer, a member of a denomination with "South" in its name, and he, along with almost two-hundred-fifty

of his fellow citizens were banished.¹ It appears that preachers of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ were dangerous people to these godless invaders. He was held along with other noncombatants in a Federal prison called Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis for a year and a half.

The prison area where he was placed was called the “Slave Pit,” and the conditions were hundreds of times worse than the conditions in the gold camps of California. Women were also confined there, but their treatment was one of regular physical and sexual assaults by Lincoln’s soldiers. Many of the women were assaulted in sight of their husbands. Utensils for eating were never cleaned in Lincoln’s prison and food was questionable, but today we only hear of Andersonville in distortion. Most of the prisoners in this part of the prison were non-combatants and innocent of crimes against the government, and they were there without due process. One biographer said, “Many of those in charge of this calamity claimed a spiritual heritage to Jesus Christ and His command to ‘love your enemy.’ Yet they treated not only the enemy in such a brutal way but also these innocent victims suspected of disloyalty,” but without proof.

During this horrendous time Bounds sought to minister to those around him suffering as was he. When it snowed and temperatures plummeted below freezing, he sought to lead them in singing and praying. When he appealed to the authorities to have a special Christmas service to celebrate the first coming of Christ the Saviour, this was refused.

He was banished from Missouri, for the duration of the war, on December 31, 1862; Banishment Order #23 was enacted against Rev. E. M. Bounds by Maj. Gen. Sam Curtis of the Union Army. F. A. Dick, the provost marshal of St. Louis, signed a special order demanding that Bounds not return to Missouri until the war was over. Then he was sent behind Confederate lines. After his incarceration in St. Louis in Federal prison, he was transferred to Memphis, Tennessee, on a Federal boat. On a craft bearing supplies for Grant, he was locked securely from others on board. Physically emaciated, sparsely supplied with food and with no heat he sought to emulate Paul and Silas who in prison sang hymns. The troops wondered how he could be so joyful and this opened opportunities to speak regarding the saving work of Christ. He was taken to Washington, Arkansas, where he was released as a result of a prisoner exchange. Once he was released, he walked over two hundred miles to Pinebluff. There he purchased a mule and traveled in search of his friend, General Sterling Price. He found him and his army in Mississippi in February of 1863.

The superintendent of the Brunswick Methodist Episcopal Church, South Bible School had previously tried to talk Pastor Bounds into returning to Missouri and doing obeisance to the Union Army. J. A. Merchant wrote that Bounds had been banished for refusing to take an oath of allegiance to the Union. He noted that he had “insisted upon

¹ This sounds like the rationale of the moderns who want to remove monuments depicting past heroes that they do not like whether they know their true history or not. They are equally lawless.

his ... taking the oath, as he was a frail and delicate man, and I was fearful that he could not stand the hardship before him, but he persisted in going South, and I fitted him with a pair of brogan boots and other supplies, and off he went for 'Dixie.'”

Perhaps if Pastor E. M. Bounds was not sure which side he was on previous to the war his witness of unconstitutional acts of atrocity and his own imprisonment without due process by the Federals showed him distinctly who the enemy was, for as an American citizen, he was asked to take a pledge to the Union. Yes, his denomination, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was pro-southern in its origin in 1845; and he certainly was as well a believer in state rights. He knew that a compromise would have been a poor testimony to those whom he had pastored. He was aware that either choice he made, he was the loser.

When Bounds finally arrived at Abbeville, Mississippi, by train he got off and walked to Camp Pritchard, which was southeast of Holly Springs and there he found Confederate soldiers from Missouri. Here he met the men of the 3rd Missouri. His heart's desire was to serve these men from his state for the Lord Jesus Christ's glory and their good.



General John Brown Gordon

Mark W. Evans

Past Chaplain-in-Chief

Georgia born, John Brown Gordon, left his coal mining ventures and his law practice to join the Confederate army. He enlisted with the Raccoon Roughs and was elected their captain. When his company merged with the 6th Alabama Regiment, he was promoted to the rank of colonel. Like Nathan Bedford Forrest, he was a citizen soldier who would eventually rise to the rank of general through daring and martial competence.

While assisting the removal of a wounded soldier from a train in Richmond, Major Robert Stiles received an apt description of the general. He wrote in his book, *Four Years Under Marse Robert*: "With some difficulty we managed to get him on a litter and then to lower him to the platform, without a jar; when as he was resting a moment, I asked the universal soldier question: 'What command do you belong?' His pained and pallid face lit up with a glow of pride as he answered: 'I belong to Gordon's old brigade, Cap'n. Did you ever see the Gin'ral in battle? He's most the prettiest thing you ever did see on a field of fight. It'ud put fight into a whipped chicken just to look at him'" [pp. 211, 212].

Colonel Gordon's knack for stunning the Yankee invader came to the attention of General Robert E. Lee. At the Battle of Sharpsburg, Lee assigned him the duty of holding the key position on the sunken road, later called "Bloody Lane." Gordon told the General that his men would hold "until the sun goes down or victory is won." The

Yankee onslaught was fierce. Two mini balls pierced Gordon's left leg. Another stuck his left arm, followed by a fourth that ripped through his shoulder. He kept fighting through the withering fire, inspiring his men by implacable courage. The last mini ball struck Gordon in the face. He collapsed unconscious, face down into his hat. A bullet hole in the hat may have saved him from drowning in his own blood. He survived and lived to become one of General Lee's most trusted generals.

After many battles and numerous wounds, General Gordon took his place as commander of the Second Corps at the siege of Petersburg. General Lee devised a plan of attack that would allow the depleted, tattered, almost starving men in gray to escape Grant's trap. Lee turned to Gordon to lead the assault. The warrior achieved his objective of capturing Fort Stedman, but lacked adequate reserves to hold the position against massive Yankee reinforcements. Dixie's warriors were forced back to their lines with the loss of some 3,500 killed, captured or wounded.

When the final struggle came, General Gordon was still attacking the invader. He led the last charge at Appomattox Court House. Col. Charles S. Venable wrote of Lee's message to Gordon that led to the surrender: "Halting a short distance in rear of our vanguard, he sent me on to General Gordon to ask him if he could break through the enemy. I found General Gordon and Gen. Fitz Lee on their front line in the dim light of the morning arranging an attack. Gordon's reply to the message ... was this: 'Tell General Lee I have fought my corps to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps.' When I bore this message back to General Lee, he said: 'Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths.'" [J. W. Jones, *Life and Letters of Lee*, p. 369]

Confederate Chaplain J. William Jones knew General Gordon as a dedicated Christian. Jones wrote: "He was accustomed to lead prayer-meetings in his command and during seasons of special revival I have heard him, with eloquent words and tearful eyes, make powerful appeals to his men to come to Christ, and have seen him go off into the woods with his arms about some ragged private, that he might point him to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" [*Christ in the Camp*, p. 104].

In a letter appearing in the *Religious Herald*, General Gordon rebuked the churches for failure to send the Lord's servants into the armies: "[T]hese men, exposed as they are to temptations on every side, are more eager to listen to the Gospel than are the people at home; that the few missionaries they have been kind and generous enough to *lend* us for a *few* weeks are preaching -- not in magnificent temples, it is true, and from gorgeous pulpits on Sabbath days, to empty benches, but daily, in the great temple of nature, and at night, by heaven's chandeliers -- to audiences of from one to two thousand men, anxious to hear of the way of life. Suppose I tell them that many men of this army, neglected, as I *must* say they have been by Christians at home, are daily professing religion -- that men, grown old in sin, and who never blanched in the presence of the foe, are made to tremble under the sense of guilt, and here in the forests and the fields are being converted to God -- that young men, over whose departure from

the paternal roof and pious influences have been shed so many and bitter tears, have been enabled under the preaching of a few faithful ministers to give to parents and friends at home such assurances as to change those *bitter* tears into tears of rejoicing" [*Ibid.*, 105].

Not only did General Gordon fight valiantly for Southern freedom, he raised the bloodstained Banner of the Cross that gave many of the men in gray the eternal victory. After the war he was elected to the United States Senate and served as the governor of Georgia. The United Confederate Veterans elected him as its first president in 1889. He remained in that office until his death, at the age of 71. "He being dead, yet speaketh" (Hebrews 11:4).



A CONFEDERATE SERMON

Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard

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

The following sermon is another excellent example of Elliott's preaching ability. It was preached on Easter Sunday. It is from the posthumous collection, *The Sermons of Stephen Elliott*. It is one of the finest collections of sermons that I have ever read.

Woman, Why Weepest Thou?

But Mary stood without at the sepulcher weeping: and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulcher, and seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. — S. JOHN xx. 11-14.

THE grave and a woman weeping over it, is the standing witness of the curse which sin has brought upon the world. Wherever there is a home, there is a grave; and wherever there is a grave there is a woman weeping over it. It would seem as if the keenest punishment visited upon woman, because of her having been first in the transgression, has been inflicted upon her through her affections. Because of the depth of them, she clings to those she loves through every sorrow of life; and because of their permanence, she hovers, weeping, around their graves. Mary, by the sepulcher of Jesus, was the type of womanhood; and her attitude of sorrow, as she stands gazing upon that burial-place of

her hopes and her affections, was that of woman wherever we meet her upon earth. Like Mary, she often goes there without faith or hope, looking at the earth which covers all she loves, yet comforting herself by weeping over it. She looked upon the grave as a devouring enemy which had swallowed up all her present joy, and separated her forever from the desire of her eyes. And oh! how long has she stood there without any ground of hope, or any room for faith. Long weary years rolled away, before Jesus came, and in His resurrection opened for her the glorious vision of hope through the dew of His blood! We pity those who, in the ages of that ignorance, stood “like Niobe, all tears:” but our pity gives place to amazement when we see her still clinging to the inanimate dust. For surely the coming of Christ has changed the aspect of everything connected with death, as well as with life. The grave is no longer what the grave has been. It still hides from us the bodies of those we love: but hides them only as the earth hides the seed while it is preparing to renew its life; only as the chrysalis hides the worm while it is changing into a thing of beauty, no longer to creep upon the earth, but to soar in the atmosphere of Heaven. Woman may still haunt the graves of those she loves and may still weep there, but not as she wept of yore: for “I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren,” says S. Paul, “concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” Once the grave seemed indeed the end of all to man; and as the loving heart stood by it, it had cause to weep,—to weep as those which had no hope. It looked icy and impenetrable. It appeared to bear the motto which the fancy of Dante inscribed over the portals of his Inferno: “Let all that enter here leave hope behind.” No wonder that even Mary stood by the sepulcher weeping: for she had not yet learned the glorious truth that the weakest Christian can now lay his hand upon the dust of which he was formed and to which he is doomed to return, and can exultingly ask, “O grave, where is thy victory?” and, in the very face of Death, can utter over his dead the consoling train of prophecy; “Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.”

But Mary was not satisfied with mere weeping. She needed more comfort than tears could give her. She must look into the sepulcher, and see the loved Body of Jesus for herself. She must understand the secrets of that dread grave which was closing up forever her heart, and cutting off all the rich hopes which the life of Jesus of Nazareth had waked within her bosom and the bosom of the Disciples. She was not satisfied with the report of others; she would examine the sepulcher for herself. And her faithfulness received its due reward. She did not at first find Jesus; but she found Angels who instructed and comforted her;—messengers sent from God to do honor to His beloved Son, and to teach her that there was no gloom here after in the grave, no barrier that could not be broken through, no stone that could not be rolled from the door of the sepulcher. She saw them—for her eyes were now opened to perceive them—“sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.” As one has beautifully said: “His resting-place was between two Angels, like the mercy-seat of old. Even in His death He is found to have dwelt, as of old, between the cherubim.”

If we, my beloved people, need comfort at the grave, we must find it, as Mary did, by looking into the sepulcher. We must not be satisfied to gaze upon the mound of earth

which covers our dead, or to look upon the sepulcher which holds their bodies: but we must endeavor to look into it, and to study it for ourselves. We must not be afraid of looking Death in the face; nor of standing by the grave, and demanding its secrets. If we go there boldly in the name of Jesus, we too shall find angels to instruct and comfort us. We must not trust to others in a matter like this: we must search for ourselves. Death is too terrible an enemy for us to pass him by without contesting his claims to hold us in bondage. The grave is too dark a pit for us to lie in, passive and submissive, without endeavoring to throw light upon its darkness. And it rests now with ourselves to understand it all, through faith. If, instead of merely weeping at the sepulcher, we will pierce into it, we shall find prophets and Apostles and the Son of God Himself, — messengers from God, angels, and more than angels,— ready to enlighten us; full of hope, and full of comfort: shedding into its darkest recesses light and immortality. We ought never, in these days, to stand by the grave without the Bible in our hands. Instead of weeping there, we should read the story of Jesus at the grave of Lazarus. We should dwell upon his solemn words: “I am the Resurrection and the Life;” and we should elucidate them through these scenes which the Church illustrates to-day. The Gospels contain the utterances of our angels; and we should never look upon a grave without seeing them sitting there, and uttering to us the words of comfort and of hope. Poor creatures of sense that we are! because we do not see, we cannot believe. Because the grave does not open for us, and we do not behold the angels sitting there, we cannot take in the glorious truth that the dust of those we love is watched over by the eyes of Jesus, —is consecrated dust, waiting only for the signal from its ascended Redeemer to spring to life, immortal, glorious, spiritual! And yet these messengers of God tell us so; point us to the empty grave of Jesus; and sound in our ears what ought to be the words of the world’s jubilee: “Because I live, ye shall live also!” Oh that we could have faith but as a grain of mustard seed!—how should we then rise above these darkest shadows of our life, Death and the Grave, and dwell in an atmosphere of hope, sorrowing over those we love, because they are separated from us, but yet rejoicing in the hope of everlasting life!

The question of the Angels to Mary when they saw her weeping at such a scene of wonder and of glory, was just such a question as Angels only would have asked: “Woman, why weepest thou?” Men would never have asked such a question, when they saw a woman weeping at a grave. They would have known too well its meaning. They would at once have understood, from what themselves had witnessed and experienced of life, the reason for her tears. She was standing near a sepulcher: that was enough for man. Tears and the grave had been ever associated in their minds. But when the angels saw her weeping, they only marveled: for they had no knowledge of Death or of the grave. No such curse had ever fallen upon them. No such enemies had ever been known in Heaven among unfallen spirits. And what they now knew of death and of the grave, was associated with victory and triumph, — with the overthrow of him who had the power of death. They saw her weeping, when she should have been shouting for joy; lamenting, when she should have been singing Alleluia to Him who had put under His feet the cruellest enemies of her race. She found comfort, but no sympathy. They could not even comprehend her tears: “Woman, why weepest thou?” Heaven is glowing with one universal feeling of exultation. Its hosts are marshalling to welcome the

Conqueror home; and thousands and ten thousands of Angels are tuning their harps to the refrain: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? the LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle." "Why weepest thou?" It was not for Angels that He died; it was for you. It was not for the unfallen hosts of Heaven that He was laid in this sepulcher; it was for you: and yet thou weepest at His victory! If they are tears of joy, we can comprehend them; but tears such as woman has shed in the past over the grave, have no place here. The sepulcher is henceforth the burial-place of grief. Woman is to find here, in the future, the source of all her hopes,—the fountain of a love which is to be undying!

And as the Angels asked this question of Mary, so may we, the messengers of this risen Saviour, ask it of every one of you who has a Christian hope. Weak as we are ourselves; trembling as we do before Death and the Grave; we feel, as the ambassadors of God, that we can yet ask you: "Why weepest thou?" I know that Love is strong as Death; that nature has a yearning which cannot be satisfied with words; but we have that here, in the incidents of this scene, which are much more than words. They are acts,—acts of the sublimest import, performed by the Son of God Himself; done for us his creatures; wielded against our bitterest and most cruel enemies. Weep not, woman, at least for today! Dry your tears, however full may be your heart, while standing with Mary at the sepulcher of Jesus! What the angels implied in their question to her, they implied for your sake. As old Bishop Andrewes said: "They mean that she had no cause to weep. She weeps because she found the grave empty, which God forbid she should have found full!—for then Christ must have been dead still; and so, no Resurrection. And this case of Mary Magdalene is our case oftentimes: in the error of our conceit, to weep where we have no cause; to joy where we have as little. Where we have cause to joy, we weep; and where to weep, we joy. False joys and false sorrows, false hopes and false fears, this life of ours is full of. God help us!"

And this, mourner, is one of the occasions upon which you are weeping, when you should be rejoicing! You are indulging a false sorrow, if you be weeping over one that is asleep in Jesus. "He is not dead, but sleepeth." He is taking rest after the sharp battle of life, awaiting in hope the final resurrection. Jesus is guarding his dust, and the grave is sanctified by angels' presence, because it is sown with seeds of immortality. Strive to lay aside your spirit of heaviness, and to receive the oil of joy for mourning! Trust your dead to Him who Himself has died, and can sympathize with the dead far more than you. Leave their ashes with Him who Himself has lain for days in the grave, and knows far better than you what the departed spirit needs. The lesson we have to learn, and which we find it so hard to learn, is that a loving God is with us at all times and in all places: with us in life, with us in death, and with us when sleeping in the grave as well as when sleeping upon our beds. He never leaves us, nor forsakes us. He breathes into us the breath of life; He carries us in His arms when we are weak or sick; He guards us from perils and dangers, both of body and soul; He walks with us through the valley of the shadow of Death; He receive our spirits as we pass under the yoke of our last enemy; and He commands the earth to hold our dust until the last trump shall summon our bodies from this universal sepulcher. We are in no more danger in the grave than in our beds.

God takes equal care of us in the one as in the other. "Woman, why weepest thou" at witnessing the scene which has produced all this? It is a false sorrow: not a pretended, but a false sorrow!

The answer of 'Mary showed that while her affection was strong, her faith was weak. "She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." She was thinking of the beloved Master for whom her heart yearned, and not of the rising again in three days which He had told them of. She seemed to have forgotten everything in her grief,—His promises, His power over death, His Divinity, the signs and wonders which had accompanied His Death. Her woman's heart had driven out her remembrance of all these things, and her simple cry was, "The Body, the Body!" As Matthew Henry says : "Mary Magdalene is not diverted from her inquiries by the surprise of the vision, nor satisfied with the honor of it; but still she harps upon the same string: 'They have taken away my Lord.' A sight of Angels and their smiles will not suffice, without a sight of Christ, and God's smiles in him." He had been everything to her, for it was she out of whom He had cast seven devils: and she had rather find his dead Body than hear of anything else.

And as with Mary, so with us in our grief. We forget everything in the intensity of our love. We crave the body which has been taken from us, and are impatient at any words which are used to divert us from our grief. Mary would scarcely listen to the Angels: and thus too, the grieved and smitten heart turns away, in the first bitterness of its grief, from the messages of comfort which are written for its balm in the Word of the Gospel. She grieved for Jesus, who had life in Himself,— who could lay it down and take it again. We grieve for those who can have no more life save in the power of His resurrection. Instead of seeking Him at once, and turning to Him, and clinging to Him for comfort: we cry out for the body,—the body that we loved! Oh slow of heart to believe! The body could not help you, for the spirit of life is gone. Christ alone can help you, who is the Resurrection and the Life,—who in the fullness of time will give you back that body, a new creation: changed, as S. Paul says, from corruption to incorruption, from weakness to power, from dishonor to glory, from a natural body to a spiritual body. How much better to wait upon the will of the Lord, and upon the appointed process of change, than to permit your private griefs to break through the bounds of His love and interfere with His gracious purposes! "In your patience possess ye your souls." Patience has its work in grief, as well as in trial and temptation; and must be allowed to have her perfect work. If that Body for which Mary stood weeping had not been taken away, what should have become of her, and us, and all our race? For "if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." And as with that body of our Lord, so likewise with those bodies after which we are craving. Unless they were taken from us, the order of the world could not go on; Christ could not make up the number of his elect; the fullness of the Gentiles could not come in; and the whole purpose of the economy of grace should be impeded, if not frustrated. Are we ready for these things? Should we not rather add our loved ones to the gathering crowd of the redeemed, than clog the chariot wheels of the Redeemer's triumphal march by our selfish wishes? Surely the glory that awaits those who die in Christ should help to satisfy our hearts!

During the time that the Congregational churches of the Eastern States were many of them insidiously passing into Unitarianism, and the ministers were leaving Christ and His atoning Blood out of their prayers and sermons, one of these ministers, as he came from a service in which his Saviour had been but little noticed or honored, met one of his old communicants weeping in the porch of his meeting-house. He asked her the very question which the Angels asked of Mary: "Woman, why weepest thou?" And her answer was, like Mary's: "Because you have taken away my Lord, and I know not where you have laid Him." This, my hearer, should be indeed to you a sufficient cause for weeping, if indeed you should find that your Lord had been taken away from you,—taken away from you because you were not worthy of having Him; because you did not value His presence; because you set up idols in your heart which drove Him thence. Bitter cause have you for weeping, if this be your condition: for now are you weeping, not at the emptiness of the sepulcher, but at the desolation of your own heart: not at one loved object taken from you, but at the ashes and dust into which everything has changed within you. Look to it lest your earthly grief produce this effect upon you,—lest the idolatry of your heart for the dead, drive Christ away from you!

The end of it was that Christ rewarded her love by manifesting Himself unto her: "And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus." As one has well said: "Before they had given her any answer, Christ steps in Himself to satisfy her inquiries; for God now speaketh to us by His Son: none but He Himself can direct us to Himself. Mary would fain know where her Lord is; and behold, He is at her right hand. Those that will be content with nothing short of a sight of Christ, shall be put off with nothing less. Is it Christ that thou wouldst have? Christ thou shalt have." He may hide Himself for a little moment, so that thou shalt not know Him: but nevertheless He is by thee, even though thou dost not for the moment recognize Him. He hid himself, that He might try Mary's love and faith: but they stood firm through every test; and she found, not a dead Body, but a living Saviour!

And so will it always be, my beloved people, with those who seek Christ in sincerity, with earnestness and love. They may not find Him at once: but they will surely find Him at last. Sense may be no judge of the presence of Christ. "Sometimes it pleases our Saviour to appear unto his, not like Himself: His holy disguises are our trials." But He is leading us on, often with tears in our eyes, among the graves: but always to light and joy. Be not afraid to follow Him: all will be right at the last.

We began with weeping, and end with joy. And thus are fulfilled those rich words of Scripture: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Mary went to the sepulcher, loving, but hopeless: she came back bearing the joyful tidings of Christ's resurrection. She went there rich in affection, but weak in faith: she returned, her faith having been changed into sight. And this is Life, if we use it aright. Begun in tears; spent weeping among graves: we may end it in the arms of a risen and glorified Saviour; asking, in the full assurance of hope: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"





Book Review

A Blockaded Family: Life in Southern Alabama During the Civil War

by **Parthenia Antoinette (Vardaman) Hague**

(c) 2014, **The Confederate Reprint Company**. 125 pages, paperback

Reviewed by **Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg**

The book I am reviewing was given to me by a couple who are Christian/Confederate friends. They are also resolute as such at heart. The wife is the great-great granddaughter of Nancy Vardaman Hagins who wrote the letter recorded on pages 78 and 79 of the book. The author of *A Blockaded Family* Parthenia Antoinette (Vardaman) Hague was a relative as well. Thanks for the book you two; it's great.

A Blockaded Family was first published in 1888 by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. It had 176 pages. This version has the same material but fewer pages. Size does not determine the importance of a book and that is certainly true of this little jewel. This book gives a great overview of what was happening among Southern families as they contended at home with the results of the complications of war and their loved ones being away, being wounded or being killed. Also, it shows how the home folks battled to provide their families food and clothing as well as helping the men at war during a time of great shortages. The love and care of family was evident. Parthenia noted, "...a writer of profane history has truly said that 'a man's family is the nearest piece of his country, and the dearest one.'"

The author of the book gives rare glimpses into the home life during those horrendous days. The book is well-written and an interesting read. Parthenia was a school teacher before the war and has the pen of a ready writer. She takes you into the family, so to speak, and allows you to get a real sense of the issues of life during the War of Northern Aggression on the home front. Servants as well as family members are represented in their historical context without the taint of this morally bankrupt era trying to redefine right and wrong. Everyone worked hard to survive and often had to improvise, but did so usually with success. The Christian faith is evident in a real and not a contrived way as many modern writers who have no knowledge of the saving work of Christ. The author is a Christian lady in the genuine sense of the word.

Truly, necessity is the mother of invention and improvisation. "Every household now became a miniature factory in itself," she related. Necessity endorsed great teamwork as well as a means of entertaining themselves in work. Coffee substitutes were created, they learned to make their own castor oil, they made sugar out of watermelon juice, they learned how to collect salt, they made brushes of hog bristles, and they learned to tan all kinds of skins of hogs, dogs, mules, rabbits, cows, and horses. The forests became a great storehouse where dyes could be extracted, berries could be turned into quinine, and blackberry roots were turned into tea for dysentery. Nothing was wasted but maybe the squeal of the hog. Straw and corn shucks were woven into

hats. Goose feathers were turned into fancy fans that were personally used or traded for other items. They tried to keep life as close to normal as possible under the circumstances.

These folk remembered the Lord, not just in the time of need. She wrote, “But we did not forget to call upon the Lord in the day of our success, as well as in the day of our adversity. Often the inhabitants of our settlement—and it was just the same all over the Southern States—were called to the house of worship to sanctify a fast. What comfort and consolation we gathered from the reading of the first and second chapters of the book of the Prophet Joel; how fervently and devoutly we prayed that God would stay up the hands of our armies, till victory was won; and trusting God we would return lifted up in spirit to our homes and to our labor.”

They learned to weep with those that weep. I would like to draw out an incident: “Now and then the stern fruits of war were forced upon our community by the homecoming of some Confederate soldier seriously or fatally wounded; or by the arrival of the corpse of some one of our soldiers whom we had seen quit the neighborhood in the flush of health and confident that the demands of the South would soon be allowed. On one occasion I wept with a widow bereft of her only son and child, who had died in a hospital near Richmond, from wounds received in battle. She told us that when he had left for the front, in the midst of her terrible grief, her last words to him as she held his hand had been, ‘My son, remember it is just as near heaven in Virginia as it is here in our home in Alabama.’ Years after the young man had been buried, I happened one Sunday to be attending divine service in Hamilton, Georgia, and in the course of his sermon the Rev. William Boothe ... enforced his text by relating an incident. He told how a young man, native of Alabama, wounded in battle, lay dying in a hospital near Richmond. The minister, in visiting that hospital, speaking words of cheer and comfort to the sick, was touched by the sight of the young man, who, it was plain to see, was in immediate danger of death. Taking the hand of the dying boy, Mr. Boothe had said in a kindly, fatherly way, ‘My son, is there any message or word you would like me to send, or, perhaps, that I can bear myself to your people, wherever they may live?’ A glad smile lighted up the pale face of the soldier, who quickly replied, ‘I am so thankful that some kind friend will bear a message to my mother, who is a widow living down in Alabama. I am her only son and child. Please say to her from me these words: ‘Remember that it is just as near heaven in Virginia as it is in our home in Alabama.’ There has never been a night on the tented field, or when entering into battle, when those words, my mother’s words, and spoken as I left her, have not been with me.’ So speaking, the soldier’s face was lighted up by a seraphic smile, and he expired.”

With the coming of the enemy there was reliance upon the Lord. She wrote, “But exhausted nature demanded her tribute, and finally we sought rest from the day’s worry and suspense in sleep, uneasy though it might be. God only knows how fervent and plaintive was the prayer that ascended that April night in southern Alabama, from hundreds of dwellings peopled only by women, children, and negro slaves. As I pillowed

my head, I called up soul-comforting passages from the Bible, none bringing greater solace than, ‘The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.’ The ninety-first Psalm, that I had committed to memory in Sabbath-school, now came to mind like a great wave of consolation.”

The book is one of the jewels that came out of the Southern struggle for Constitutional freedom. Writing of the results of the war in the light of her faith the author explained, “We are still poor; but we believe firmly that in our new life, under God, we are destined to a brilliant career of prosperity and glory. Come, happy day!” Her prospects were as great as her God. This reminds this reviewer that there is no difficulty bigger than our faithful God!



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.