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



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

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Quote from a Confederate Chaplain

“I have tried to think about Christ today [Christmas Day] more than usually; this morning I read, as appropriate to the occasion, the 1st and 2nd Chapter of Luke.... I hope a chapel will be built one of these times, subscribed \$5.00 for relief of Fredericksburg sufferers; attended a prayer meeting in Captain Spencer’s Company; read and spoke from John 17; Sergeant Jackson, whom I baptized a few weeks ago, seems quite zealous and [desires] to be useful; I called upon him to pray last night and he did so readily and very well; the good Lord make him useful as well as faithful; the day passed away in a very quiet manner with no riots or disturbances in camp.”

Chaplain William Edward Wiatt

26th Virginia Infantry



Editorial

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

December was a month of great suffering from the elements and homesickness for our Confederate ancestors. The following is taken from *Christmas in the Confederacy* which gives an overview of the four celebrations during the war.

Christmas in the Confederacy

“The Word of the LORD was precious in those days...”¹

The four Christmases during the life of the noble Confederacy were much the same with reference to their importance to the Southern people as those prior to the war. Actually, the citizens of the Confederacy began to look back to pre-war Christmases as better times that they hoped would return as soon as the invasion was over. The various Confederate States had a unified understanding of God sending His only begotten Son into this world for the purpose of redeeming a people for His glory. Christ’s incarnation was a primary doctrine of the faith once delivered to the saints. However, those same four celebrations were in decline as far as the material and human aspects were concerned. The most important elements were as unchanging as God, but the earthly trappings were to say the least rapidly dissipating. Therefore, the value of worshipping the Redeemer God only gained importance during those years of self-defense, suffering and death.

¹ 1 Samuel 3:1

At the very time the men and women of the South were trying to defend freedom, family and the faith they were also seeking to obey the Lord. The Southern people sought to commemorate the first advent of God's Son every year. To put this in perspective, can you imagine a time when there was no materialistic holiday, no pluralism, no political correctness, no push for the establishment of perverted life styles, no Islamic faction, no Buddhists, no Satanists, no ACLU in America? On we could go with the absence of such anti-God paganism as is prevalent today! The South was free of the "isms" and "schisms" which now spread their impurities across the human landscape leading our people to hell. What one Southern evangelist said in effect was that all our "isms" should become "wasims."

Southern people had their own local traditions regarding the celebration of Christ's first coming or advent. On Christmas Eve, for example, many in Alabama would gather to sing, pray and "*watch for the coming of Christ.*" Why? Because many in those days believed that Jesus' second coming would be on Christmas as was His first coming. Thus some thought the second coming of Christ would be on the anniversary of His first coming. So each Christmas many would be vigilant to see if this was the time of His return. Yes, it is true that the birth of Christ was likely in the spring of the year instead of in December. No one knows the precise date so tradition has perpetuated the remembrance.

The Christ Event was when God became flesh and dwelt among us—the incarnation.² The incarnation was "the act whereby the Son of God assumed the human nature; or the mystery by which Jesus Christ, the Eternal Word, was made man, in order to accomplish the work of our salvation."³ The coming of the Redeemer into the world was a prominent time of remembrance among the citizens of Dixie. The coming of Christ in Bethlehem was well known among the folks at every strata of the Southern culture. Even children were able to repeat the Biblical event of Christ's coming and they knew the reason for His coming. Many families annually read Luke 2 around the family hearth.

General John B. Gordon observed, concerning the general practice of celebrating Christmas socially as well as religiously in the South:

The Southern people from their earliest history had observed Christmas as the great holiday season of the year. It was the time of times, the longed-for period of universal and innocent but almost boundless jollification among young and old. In towns and on the plantations, purse-strings were loosened and restraints relaxed—so relaxed that even the fun-loving negro slaves were permitted to take some liberties with their masters, to perpetrate practical jokes upon them, and before

² The "incarnation" is "The act of clothing with flesh. The act of assuming flesh, or of taking a human body and the nature of man; as the *incarnation* of the Son of God" [Noah Webster, *An American Dictionary of the English Language* (1828).

³ Charles Buck, *Theological Dictionary*, 256

daylight to storm “de white folks” houses with their merry calls: “Christmas gift master!” “Christmas gift, everybody!”⁴

“Christmas gift” in the negro dialect of the day was pronounced, according to Louise Clarke Pynelle, “Chris’mus Gif.” Lucy Rebecca Buck in her diary recorded on December 25th, 1862:

Was awakened at two o’clock this morning by ‘Christmas Gift!’ being shouted in my ear by Carey and Orville who had stolen in my room unheard. Then at four o’clock they were at it again. Orville, Carey, Annie, Willie and Evered and such chattering and shouting and running about as there was. They were perfectly delighted with the contents of their stockings.⁵

Perhaps a point should be made here that material things were not a prominent aspect of the celebrating. There were simple gifts. The stockings were filled with fruit, nuts and something special.

The war from the Southern perspective was against constitutional liberty. The Southern way of life was being threatened by a vicious and destructive enemy. Yes, an enemy had come in the name of freedom to force the Southern people to submit to alternate ideas of liberty. These so-called “regulators of righteousness” thought the South must be controlled and forced to submit to a view of the Constitution in opposition to that of their fathers and grandfathers. Actually the rape of the South had begun, but the believers’ faith in the Lord Jesus Christ would be forced to grow stronger. “Total war” made this evident as women, children and the infirmed became the point of attack as much as the men in the army ranks. The concept of “total war” did not begin with Saddam Hussein but with Abe Lincoln, who in the name of freedom destroyed it. This sorry tune has been playing in America ever since that day. Most have a fetish for the very one who destroyed the Constitutional Republic. Lincoln is the most mythological figure in American history.

We must remember the South had a Christian culture in those days. Life was lived, even by non-Christians, according to basic Christian principles. Even in homes where the people did not publicly profess Christianity there was often evening prayer and Bible reading. Perhaps it would be difficult or even impossible for many people of this so-called “modern day” to truly understand the people who lived in the last Christian nation in this hemisphere—the Confederate States of America. When I speak of Christianity I am not speaking of much that passes under that nomenclature today. A great deal of what is viewed as Christianity today would not have been viewed as real Christianity in that era.

⁴ *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, 378

⁵ *Sad Earth, Sweet Heaven*, 157

The time of the celebration of Christ's Advent in the Confederacy would have had a variation in weather from snow to semitropical rains. And there would have been some variation of family rituals, but, as previously noted, the essential understanding of the meaning of God becoming flesh and dwelling among men for the purpose of redemption was practically the same. The following words were precious and believed by Southern people:

“Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: when as His mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Spirit. Then Joseph her husband being a just man, and not willing to maker her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take, unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit; And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save His people from their sins” (Matt. 1:18-21).

Today we must remember that most Southern people knew what this time of the year represented. According to God's sacred book and the belief of the Southern people, Joseph was told by the angel that Mary should *“bring forth a son,”* and that he should, *“call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins”* (Matt. 1:21). This was general knowledge noised abroad in the civil government, in the schools, in the homes, and of course in the churches. There was not at that time a separation of personal Christianity from the State even though there was a separation of the Church and State. The appeal to God by the Confederate government was clear as was evidenced by days of prayer and fasting. There were Christian chaplains who represented the only true and living God of the Bible and not the Koran or some other pagan missive.

The soldier boys usually were acquainted with the coming of Christ. Johnny Green, of the 4th Kentucky's Orphan Brigade, wrote, quoting the sacred Word of God: *“Peace on Earth, Good will to men should prevail. We certainly would preserve the peace if they would go home and let us alone...”* He went on to say that he and his comrades received an unexpected and very welcome holiday present.

“Our commissary sends word for each Orderly Sergeant to come to his wagon & he will issue one piece of soap to each man. This is indeed good news. Since the Skirmish began at Stockbridge Nov. 15 we have not had a chance to wash any more than our faces occasion all & never our feet or bodies until now....”

Some of the four Christmas seasons for the Confederate soldiers contained great spiritual outpourings of revival. Winter quarters and Christmas celebrations among the soldiers were often filled with manifestations of Christ's mercy and grace in the transformation of sinners and the edification of Christians. Among some of the camps it

pleased the Lord Christ to manifest His presence, by the Holy Spirit, through the preaching, praying, devotions, singing, etc. An outpouring of revival visited many as General Gordon explained:

The religious revivals that ensued form a most remarkable and impressive chapter of war history. Not only on the Sabbath day, but during the week, night after night for long periods, these services continued, increasing in attendance and interest until they brought under religious influence the great body of the army. Along the mountain-sides and in the forests, where the Southern camps were pitched, the rocks and woods rang with appeals for holiness and consecration, with praises for past mercies and earnest prayers for future protection and deliverance. Thousands of these brave followers of Southern banners became consistent and devoted soldiers of the cross.⁶

God was working a great work. Lives were changed for time and eternity. The way this impacted men has been described in the following way for us:

The life we now live is not the only life; what we call death is not an eternal sleep; the soldier's grave is not an everlasting prison, but the gateway to an endless life beyond: and this belief in immortality should be cultivated in armies, because of the potent influence it must exert in developing the best characteristics of the soldier.⁷

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This issue contains an editorial of your editor. Also, we have our Chaplain-in-Chief's message on "*A New Beginning.*" Your editor has provided a biographical sketch of *Chaplain George Boardman Taylor, Part IV*. Assistant editor, Mark Evans, has written an article entitled "*God Sent Forth His Son.*" This issue, as usual, includes [A Confederate Sermon](#) submitted by Kenneth Studdard preached by Rev. Randolph H. McKim, which is titled *A Little Child Shall Lead Them*. Our [Book Review](#) is on *Christmas in the Confederacy*.

Soli Deo Gloria,

Editor H. Rondel Rumburg

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⁶ Gordon, 230

⁷ Gordon, 233



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THE CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF'S MESSAGE

Dear Chaplains and Friends of the Corps:

I greet you in the name of the Lord Jesus who loved us and gave Himself for us. For my message this month I am going to share something relative to the Christmas season.

“A New Beginning”

Text is in Luke 2:1 to 7 and John 1:29

As we approach the end of 2018 and the beginning of 2019 we will hear a great deal about folks making a new beginning in the new year. I want us to consider some new beginnings from so very long, long ago that still affects us almost 2,000 years later. I will not be doing an exegesis on each portion of Scripture related to the subject, but it should be sufficient.

The first beginning, and of course the most important, was the birth of “a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.” This event fulfilled “scads” (that is Southern talk for a whole bunch), of Scriptures that foretold His coming into the world, the One who would be called Immanuel, (God with us). No wonder that there was such a great celebration when the shepherds had the great news revealed to them by the angel of the Lord. And when they

had gone into Bethlehem and found the Babe, we find them in Luke 2:20 “glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told them.” What great joy over this great event they experienced.

Some 30 years later there would be another beginning as John the Baptist (Baptizer) began to preach, “Saying repent ye for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” We read in John 1:29 that one day as John the Baptist was preaching God’s message to the people he saw Jesus of Nazareth approaching. His reaction was to exclaim to the people, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” This One that John pointed out was their Messiah and had first been proclaimed to Adam and Eve in Genesis 3:15. And down through the centuries, especially beginning with God’s covenant with Abraham, more and more was revealed about the promised Saviour. And now John gets to announce to the multitude of people that the One he was preparing the way for has now arrived.

Of course Jesus was getting ready to begin His public ministry to Israel, which was another beginning. For now Jesus of Nazareth had started down the road on His journey to become the sacrifice for our sins. Very early in His ministry He was in the synagogue to worship on the Sabbath, and He read from Isaiah 61:1 and 2a. After setting down in verse 21a, Jesus told them that “This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.” They were ready to lynch Jesus, but the angels of God delivered Him just as the Father had promised long before in one of the Psalms.

For essentially 3 ½ years Jesus’ ministry totally was aimed at fulfilling the will of the Father that had sent him. And Jesus made it very clear that all that He said and did was that which the Father had sent Him to do. His ministry to the nation of Israel culminated with their rejecting Jesus as Saviour, Lord, and King, and they condemned Jesus to the ignominious death of the Cross.

However, that was not the end. For on the third day we see another new beginning take place. For indeed Jesus came out of that tomb and became the first fruits of the resurrection. We read in Revelation 1:18, “I am He that liveth, and was dead: and behold I am alive forevermore, amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.” He then began to meet with those who were the beginning of His church, which He said He would build. His church was to spread out over the earth sharing the good news of salvation in Jesus Christ. He “is the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me,” Jesus said. And we read in Acts 4:12, “Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.”

There is so very much more that could be said, but it is sufficient to say that Jesus Christ paid the price for all mankind, so that all could be redeemed from sin. It is not God’s

will that any would die lost, “But that all should come to repentance.” May all that read this that are on the broad way to destruction repent, and accept Jesus as Saviour, and Lord. Do not wait until it is too late! For “now is the accepted time: behold now is the day of salvation.” If you will do this you can have a *new beginning*!

Thank God for the heritage that our Southern ancestors passed down to us. As the Psalmist David wrote in Psalm 61:5, “For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear (reverence) thy name.”

May each of you have a safe, blessed Christmas as we commemorate the birth of Jesus, and a blessed healthy year of 2019.

In Christ, and
For Their Memory and Cause!

W. Herman White
Chaplain-in-Chief



Chaplain George Boardman Taylor

(1832-1907)

25th Virginia Regiment, Post Chaplain Staunton, VA

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Part IV

George B. Taylor Enters the Chaplaincy

Chaplaincy of the 25th Virginia Infantry

George Boardman Taylor was finally appointed chaplain of the 25th Virginia Infantry in June of 1862. During 1862 the 25th Regiment was a part of Thomas Jonathan “Stonewall” Jackson’s Valley Campaign. Richard L. Armstrong in his *25th Virginia Infantry and 9th Battalion Virginia Infantry* recorded:

As June 8, 1862, was a Sunday, General Jackson hoped that the day would be a quiet one. It had been sometime since he and his men had had time to attend divine services. But alas! It was not to be. A courier dashed up to Jackson's headquarters shortly after 8 a.m. and reported that the Federals were advancing. As the men of Jackson's army hurried to meet the enemy, Ewell's men were under attack by elements of General John C. Fremont's army.

During that early June Sabbath, the men of Elzey's brigade were enjoying a sermon being delivered by the chaplain of the 25th Infantry, ... George B. Taylor. Chaplain Taylor had just gotten warmed up when he was interrupted by the news that Fremont's men were upon them. The men quickly ... took up their muskets, and fell into formation.

On July 9, 1862, Chaplain George B. Taylor wrote a letter on the chaplaincy from the Camp in Charles City. He dealt with some of the opposition the chaplains received. Chaplain J. Wm. Jones included the complete letter in *Christ in the Camp*, and perhaps that would be appropriate here:

The men generally want chaplains, and appreciate them, even if only moderately good and faithful. I believe this is largely true of officers, too, though there are some notable exceptions. A certain brigadier said chaplains were "the scourge of the army." Some colonels have objected that even faithful ministers, by awakening men's fears of retribution, have unfitted them for battle. And it is quite notorious that some field-officers object to chaplains, who might be a restraint on their drinking and profanity. But, after all, I believe most officers desire chaplains, and wish them to be good, earnest men. Certainly my observation and pleasant experience has been, that from officers, high and low, chaplains receive generally the most courteous and even kind treatment. In short, I believe that a minister in the army, as elsewhere, will find his true status, and in proportion to his soberness, purity and zeal, be loved and respected by those who receive his ministrations. Let none suppose that a chaplain's post is a sinecure. True, he may shirk his duties and not be court-martialed. True, he has some facilities for locomotion and "foraging," not enjoyed by either officers or men. In fact, I believe his place is the most pleasant as well as the highest in the army. Specially may he, with brother chaplains, with Christians of all Churches, and with cultivated men in the ranks or in office, enjoy Christian intercourse, often more extensive and unreserved than could be in an ordinary pastorate. But, after all, as I said, his post is no *sinecure*. If he sticks to the men as he ought, he must learn to say, "'Tis home where'er my oil-cloth is," and may often be seen at dewy eve, selecting a clean place or smooth rail for his bivouac. He, too, must learn to eat once a day, to live on crackers, and may often be seen broiling his fat bacon on the coals, or making rye coffee in a tin-cup. Above all, he must forego domestic joys, and even when a furlough is practicable, forbear to use it, that

he may stay at his post and labor for his men. I do not believe public sentiment in the army requires chaplains to “take the sword.” In a battle, the chaplain’s place is with his ambulance, and then at the hospitals. But to be thus just in the rear is often to encounter the hottest fire of cannonballs and shells.

The material of his congregation is the best, and his preaching is constantly backed by most solemn providences. Then, as a general thing, except on forced marches, he may preach almost whenever he pleases. He must learn, however, to be “instant out of season.” At “Cross Keys” I felt that a battle was imminent during the day, and preached about half-past 7 o’clock a.m. Soon the distant cannon was heard, and ere I reached “thirdly,” the colonel asked me to close as soon as I could, as he had orders to “fall in.” It was the last message some poor fellows ever heard. Two weeks thereafter we marched nearly all day, and it was not until the setting of the sun that we could gather for praise and prayer.

Last Monday was the hottest and most airless day I ever felt. About 3 p.m. a brother-chaplain said to me, “Go preach for my regiment.” “What! Monday, and such a warm day, too?” “Yes. I will give you a good crowd, and take care of you.” I went. In ten minutes we were gathered. What Richmond pastor has such an advantage? After preaching I was hospitably entertained to supper by the colonel, who kindly asked me to preach for his regiment when I could. *En passant*, I doubt whether a man is ever truly grateful until he enters the army. Before, he may be thankful in the abstract, but then he learns to be thankful for each hour of slumber, and each individual cracker or cup of water. In conclusion, I think, among the many evils of war, we should not forget such a benefit as this, that it corrects the growing tendency to effeminacy. How desirable, if many of our young preachers in this school shall learn to “endure hardness.” Then they can preach as the pioneers did, and not be concerned what they shall eat, or where they shall sleep; nor need to be coddled by the mothers in Israel, or have eggs and brandy mixed for their throats by the pretty daughters in Israel.

The words of Chaplain J. Wm. Jones on the Battle of Cross Keys, previously mentioned in Taylor’s letter on the chaplaincy, stated that a large contingency of Elzey’s Brigade “assembled at *half-past seven* A.M. to hear a sermon from the efficient chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Virginia Regiment (my honored brother, Dr. George B. Taylor), who, being satisfied that a battle was imminent, determined to deliver one more message for his Master.” Jones noted that in the midst of his sermon Taylor was interrupted by the colonel of his regiment, who told him that the enemy was advancing and the battle was about to open. “Soon the shock of battle succeeded the invitations of the Gospel, and men were summoned from that season of worship into the presence of their Judge.”

During these days he sustained a knee injury and was furloughed as a result. Also, during his chaplaincy of the 25th Virginia his third child, Grace, was born but lived only a few weeks, died and was buried before he had the news and could reach his wife and

sister who at the time were refugees in Danville, Virginia. He never saw the face of this little girl. Years later he explained that this sad experience had helped him to understand the verse, "Whom having not seen, ye love." Southern households suffered many great hardships but few would compare with never being introduced to your child.

Chaplain Taylor related to his parents one of the seasons of thanksgiving for late victories called for by General "Stonewall" Jackson. He said that he had about an hour's notice when he preached to the 25th and 13th Regiments from Psalm 124, "If it had not been the LORD who was on our side, now may Israel say; If it had not been the LORD who was on our side, when men rose up against us: Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us." On that occasion Chaplain Taylor said, "I had a fine crowd, who were very attentive, and I enjoy the service." He described the scene after, "I am on the river bank, to let my horse graze, and hoping to have privacy in the shade" as he prepares to go most likely to another preaching point or to visit the wounded. While he was there four other persons were lying around reading the tracts he had distributed. The day before he had spent in distributing tracts and getting acquainted with his regiment. He had gone to Staunton on Monday but found it difficult to leave family and return but he said, "for conscience sake, started back to camp." The army had moved camp and he struck across the woods and managed to catch up after dark. He ate at ten and bivouacked for the first time. He wrote, "To-day we came on to this place ... over Jarman's Gap.... No one dreams where we are going. My brigade is camped right at Mountain Plain Church."

His family was never far from his mind, and he was a prolific letter writer, especially to Susan. Some excerpts from those letters will give us a sense of conditions. Let us consider some of these. He wrote from Camp Nameless on July 7, 1862 from near Charles City Court House, It was the Lord's Day morning and he was tired or "half rested":

I started my horse ... to find my mythical regiment. O! it was an awfully hot day; my skin was burnt sore, and my brain seemed to boil. On, on over a sandy, shadeless road I pressed.... Late in the evening ... I found our division and then my brigade and regiment. The Colonel seemed glad to see me, and gave me some sugarless tea (taken from the Yanks), which much refreshed me.... In a few moments I was preaching to a large and attentive crowd, and, notwithstanding my hot ride of thirty miles, I enjoyed the service highly.

He wrote his wife, Susan, from Louisa Court House on July 18, 1862:

You see by the date of this we are again en route for the upper country; whether the Valley or not we cannot certainly tell. This is a dismal day.... O for seven-league boots that I might step over to Danville and for an hour at least ... hold your hand, look into your eyes! ... For the first time I felt like a pastor, and, besides preaching, gave the men a talk.... At 11 I heard William Thomas at the 13th, and in the p.m.

John Jones preached for me. Then how joyfully did I turn homeward [i.e. towards his father's home in Richmond].... Brother Prichard was expecting to leave the next morning, but as I offered him a congregation and a ride over one of the battle-fields, he gladly consented to remain another day. So Monday a.m. I got him a passport, and, failing to secure a horse, hitched mine to the broken-down buggy (which even Alfred had abandoned), and started out. For a few miles I momentarily expected a breakdown, but courage increased with experience, and we made the trip of twenty-odd miles with comfort and safety.... We had a narrow escape of life or limb. As we were proceeding on the narrow road, raised in the Chickahominy swamp, a runaway team and wagon came dashing upon our rear at a fearful speed. We had just time to get out and lead our horse down the embankment, when they passed, the wagon passing within a few inches of our vehicle.... We reached the camp in the p.m., a little before I designed to have service, but found the troops gone. Through the trees a short distance off we could see the long line in motion.

Next he wrote Susan from near Liberty Mills in Orange County on July 22, 1862:

More constantly and more tenderly than I can convey to you have I thought of you since I last wrote.... I hope you will remember in reading this unconnected epistle the circumstances under which I write; that I am sitting on the ground, and am jostled and even more seriously interrupted every half minute.... We have gone into camp here, drill grounds selected, and drills ordered, as if we might remain for a few days at least. Still we might move at any time.

Susan Taylor learned to hide food and valuables from the Yankees to keep her family from starving. They hid a barrel of flour on the roof and it escaped notice of the enemy. The family later said the barrel of flour was like the widow's cruse in Elijah's day. They learned to roast wheat and corn to make a coffee substitute. A signal flag was fashioned into a shirt for one of the children. Once when Susan was away enemy soldiers went through her home pilfering shoes and other things accompanied by her little son. She appealed to their commanding officer and obtained a guard just in time to save the child's wagon they were about to cut into kindling for starting fires. Susan Taylor saved the family silver by putting it into a rag-doll and placing it near a child on the floor.

Chaplain Taylor wrote a letter from Staunton on September 23, 1862:

Brethren Editors: Reaching Orange Court House late in the afternoon, I walked out about two miles to Doles's Brigade, and was almost immediately put to work. On reaching the preaching place, I was agreeably surprised at the arrangements. While I was in the field we were always moving, and nothing better than the ground was ever used by either preacher or people, and when I preached at night, some brother would hold a torch or candle while I read hymn or chapter. But here I found a large

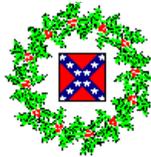
amphitheatre of log-seats, with a pulpit in the centre, covered with an arbor, and flanked on either hand by a platform, whose blazing lightwood illuminated every face in the vast congregation. The sea of upturned, earnest faces, and the songs swelling from hundreds of manly voices and making the forests resound, I was, from the accounts received, prepared for. But they were none the less impressive, and I felt it indeed a luxury to preach under such circumstances. I could not help wishing Dr. Jeter were there to stir those masses with his trumpet tones; and O! how Reynoldson would have reveled in such labors! How he would have charmed those crowds! To the last the interest increased. Every morning inquirers came to the inquiry-meeting, while at night scores and scores came forward for prayer. In the adjoining brigade, also, an interesting meeting was in progress. On Sabbath, Brother Marshall baptized twenty candidates, and appropriate Scripture was read to an immense concourse covering the adjoining hillside. Some half a dozen other baptizings were going on at the same hour in the neighborhood.

I feared this move to the front would interfere with my operations, instead of which it facilitated them. On Monday, I preached to nearly all of Johnson's Division, which was bivouacked in a large plain. Lying as they thus were, close together, and without their usual resources, a larger audience was secured than would be possible in camp. In this division I met my old regiment, and also another containing many men from my town. On Tuesday I moved to the front. Here I met Brother J. Wm. Jones, who insisted on my preaching in his brigade. As they were right on the Rapidan, in sight and hearing of both the cannonading and sharp-shooting, which, of course, greatly interested the men, leading them to rush in crowds to a point commanding a view of what was going on, I expressed a doubt as to whether preaching was expedient. A soldier lying on the ground said, 'As soon as you begin, they will stop looking and come to hear you, and none will leave, either.' I found this literally true. In this brigade, as well as in a neighboring battalion of artillery where I preached, I found several of the members of my Church, who seemed so glad to see me, and gave such good accounts of themselves, that I felt sorry I had not sooner paid them a pastoral visit. My friends at home feared I would make myself sick in the army. Instead of this, I returned home invigorated in every respect. Preaching principally at night, I staid mainly in camp or bivouacs. But whenever I desired the refreshment of a good *home-meal* or bed, they were heartily afforded by Brother Hiden and Brother Scott, who, with their wives, think they cannot be too kind and hospitable to preachers, even in these hard times, and in the trying circumstances in which they are placed, surrounded by a large army. I should not omit to mention the cordial greeting and hospitality extended by officers of various denominations, and of none, and their testimony to the improvement in our army. I could not help noticing how many were reading their Testaments, even when they were lying on the roadside, and how they would gather in knots to spend a short leisure in singing. I tried once or twice to carry tracts, but in vain, as crowds of soldiers would gather

around and humbly, but earnestly beg to relieve me. It was pleasant every day or two to meet Brothers Pritchard, Broaddus, Sr., and others, and compare notes. They will, doubtless, give you their impressions and experiences.

Affectionately,
Geo. B. Taylor

Chaplain A. M. Marshall of the 12th Georgia Regiment wrote, "At Orange Court House we made such arrangements as would accommodate the whole brigade, and I wrote to Brother Geo. B. Taylor, who came and preached very acceptably for several days; other brothers preached frequently..." These meetings increased in interest until their encampment moved to Morton's Ford. There were up to thirty conversions at that meeting. God was singly blessing his ministry of the gospel.



“God Sent Forth His Son”

Mark W. Evans
Past Chaplain-in-Chief

Scripture teaches: "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law" (Galatians 4:4). This teaching of the incarnation of God's Son is foundational to salvation that comes through faith in Christ. Our relatives shouldered their muskets to defend Constitutional liberty and prayed to their Redeemer for enduring strength. Confederate Chaplain William W. Bennett wrote: "Whatever may be thought or said of the Southern people through ignorance or prejudice, one thing is certainly true, that their religious sentiments are deep and strong. And another thing is equally true, that among them there have been fewer departures from the great cardinal doctrines of the Scriptures than among any other people in Christendom" [*The Great Revival in the Southern Armies*, p. 23].

Imbedded in the souls of many of Dixie's warriors was a belief that Jesus Christ was not only born in the city of Bethlehem but that He also was reigning at the right hand of God the Father. In the midst of war's bloodshed and tears, the Savior sealed the Gospel to the hearts of tens of thousands of Southern patriots.

Chaplain T. J. Koger was elected captain of his unit and lost his life while charging the illegal invader. He wrote in a letter: "No man leaves wife and children more reluctantly than myself. But I have made up my mind to do it, and must bear it. I am trying to lead a godly life and do good as best I can in my place as an officer and minister of the gospel.

I feel that I am in the way of duty, and can ask God's best blessing on my work. I am a soldier for conscience's sake. I am here because duty calls me, and for no other reason. If it were not the path of duty I should utterly loath the interminable, never ceasing confusion of camp life" [*Christ in the Camp*, p. 541].

A dying boy-soldier, named Charlie Jackson, told his father: "I am not afraid to die and I wish I had a thousand lives to lose in the same way. And, father, tell the boys when you get back how I died -- just as a soldier ought to. Tell them to fight the Yankees as long as there is one left in the country, and *never give up!* Whenever you fill up the company with new men, let them know that besides their country there's a little boy in heaven who will watch them and pray for them as they go into battle" [*Christ in the Camp*, p. 539].

After the war, Chaplain 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 bright spots to which memory returns and delights to dwell upon in that dark period that drenched the land in blood and put a load of grief upon every household" [*The Great Revival*, p. 427].

Confederate Chaplain John L. Girardeau wrote:

"Come sinners, praise the bleeding Lamb!
He all your sorrows bore!
Come sing a hymn to Jesus' name!
O praise Him evermore!
He wept, He bled, He died in shame,
Salvation to procure;
All glory give to Jesus' name,
O praise Him evermore!
He lifts you from a bed of flame
To glory's open door;
Ye find your Heaven in Jesus' name,
O praise Him ever more!
Ye dying souls, ye blind and lame,
Ye broken-hearted poor,
Life, light and rest is Jesus' name,
O praise Him ever more!
Come ransomed sinners, shout His fame,
Tell all His glories o'er;

Eternal thanks to Jesus' name,
O praise Him evermore!"



A CONFEDERATE SERMON

Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard

Dr. Randolph McKim (1842–1920) served as a soldier and later as a chaplain in the Confederate States army. He served as an Episcopal pastor for over fifty years. Dr. McKim was born in Baltimore on April 16, 1842, the son of John S. and Catherine Harrison McKim.

Shortly after his graduation from the University of Virginia in 1861 he enlisted in the Southern army, serving first as a private in the corps commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and later by Stonewall Jackson. He was afterwards commissioned first lieutenant and assigned as aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. George H. Steuart. Near the close of the war he served as chaplain of the 2d Virginia Cavalry.

In 1866 Dr. McKim was ordained a minister of the Episcopal Church and held pastorates in Virginia, New York, New Orleans, and then in Washington, serving as pastor of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington for thirty-two years from 1888 until his death. He was the author of a number of theological books as well as several volumes defending the Southern cause, among which were *A Soldier's Recollections*, *Numerical Strength of the Confederate Armies*, and *The Soul of Lee*.

The following is a sermon preached on Christmas day.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

"A little child shall lead them." Isaiah xi. 6.

The Christian world presents everywhere today a striking fulfilment of this prophetic utterance of the ancient Jewish seer. The Festival of the Little Child is celebrated in every country on the globe, and in every important group of islands in the sea. The new-born Babe of Bethlehem draws the hearts and thoughts of countless myriads of the human race to the lowly spot where He lies in the manger, among the beasts of the stall, watched and tended by the gentle, holy, virgin-mother.

What a procession it is which the little Child leads today, leads back over the long centuries to the land, the little land, the poor, despised land of Palestine, the land which His own birth has made great and wonderful and holy! Compare it for a moment with the procession which three millions of people watched and cheered in the streets of London at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. In that parade, we are told, "there marched British subjects from North and South America, from Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, and from the islands that, starting at Trinidad, circle the globe from the South Atlantic and Caribbean Sea, through the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean, and down through the South Pacific and back again, past the Falkland Islands, to Jamaica and Trinidad."

But the host which is following the little Child to Bethlehem today is numbered by the hundreds of millions, is gathered out of all lands and seas upon the globe, and

embraces subjects of every king and queen, and of every emperor and empress, and citizens of every republic in the world. No race, or people, or tongue, scarce any tribe, but is represented in this host, which sings as it marches, "Let us go now even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us." And then how deep the contrast in another aspect. That was a military pageant. It represented the imperial power of a great nation, whose navies command the seas, whose conquests have been effected by force of arms. But this countless Christian host, which we contemplate in thought today, is marching under the banner of "Peace on earth, good will toward men"; its conquests are the victories of love; it represents an empire of benevolence and charity; and its Leader and King is a little Child.

My brethren, we, who have met here today for this joyous Christmas service, form part of the host of the little Child. We are marching under His banner of peace. We are singing with the countless multitudes of His followers, nay, with the angelic host itself, the wondrous hymn of the nativity, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

Let us ask ourselves, Whither is He leading us, and what is He teaching us today? The answer rises to every lip, "He is leading us to Bethlehem." Yes; not to Jerusalem, the splendid city, but to Bethlehem, the little, obscure village; not to the gorgeous temple, but to the lowly inn, to find, not a king, arrayed in purple and fine linen, but a babe "wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

Ah, "God's thoughts are not as our thoughts!" We go to find the new-born King of whom the prophet said, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace," and instead of royal state and splendor and magnificence, we behold obscurity, simplicity, poverty, weakness! The obscurity of the wayside inn; the simplicity of Mary, the virgin-mother; the poverty of Joseph, the foster-father; the weakness of a helpless little child!

Thus does the eternal God set at naught human distinctions of riches and honor and state and rank!

Here, it would seem, is the first great lesson the little Child is teaching us today the vanity, the emptiness, the nothingness, of human distinctions. Men bow down to rank and power. They worship riches. They bow the knee to earthly glory. But by the manger today, "where sleeps the royal Child," who is King of kings and Lord of lords, we learn how vain are all such things. It is humanity, stripped of all adventitious distinctions, of all accidental accompaniments of wealth or rank or power, humanity in its essential kinship to the divine, that is kingly, that is glorious, that is to be honored and revered. 'Tis not the royal robe that makes a king, but the royal soul. 'Tis not the rank or the riches that a man possesses that should give him honor or homage among his fellows, but the nobility of his character, the wealth of his human sympathies, his true, unperverted manhood.

And then again the shrine to which we are led today the sacred grotto of the Nativity reveals not a man in the pride of his strength, in the fulness of his development, sturdy, strong, self-reliant, but a babe, a helpless little child dependent on its mother.

It is infancy which is glorified in the Christmas festival, as if to teach us that not in the self-reliance and conscious strength of manhood we are to find our ideal, but in the simplicity, in the dependence, in the trustfulness of a little child. Therein lies the beginning of the truest life, of the noblest manhood, of the highest development of our human nature. We are to rise by stooping first very low. We are to learn by trusting. This faith, this trust, of a little child, is the first principle of man's intellectual and spiritual development. He is constituted "first to believe, then to know." He must confess himself a child ere he can grow to true manhood. Like a child he must listen for the voice of his

father. Like a child he must feel his weakness, his dependence. Like a child he must reach out for a stronger arm than his own on which to lean. Not self-sufficiency, but humility; not self-reliance, but trustfulness; not pride of strength, but a sense of weakness and need, is the key which will open the door into a true and genuine manhood. This is the second lesson to be learned as we stand by the manger and look at the Christ-child.

But the great lesson, the one which overshadows all others as the light of the sun quenches the feeble rays of the stars, is the lesson of the love of God for His children. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us!" "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." "In the fulness of time God sent forth His Son, made of a woman." "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory of the only-begotten of the Father."

This Babe of Bethlehem is the eternal Son of God, who has come into the world, taking our human nature into union with His own, that He may be truly the Son of Man, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," while He is also the Son of God, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

"A little Child shall lead them." He will lead the prodigal back to his Father. He will lead the publican and the sinner to see the error of his ways. He will lead all the erring sons of men into the paths of penitence. And He will do this by the constraining power of His own infinite and unspeakable love. Bethlehem is radiant with the light of love the love of God for His children. The angel's message still echoes in the midnight air, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." It is that wondrous message, that "old, old story of Jesus and His love," that has transformed the world and kindled a new hope in the heart of humanity. The little Child has been leading men ever since that wonderful night of the Nativity. He has led them nearer to God. He has led them into a truer knowledge of God as their Father. He has led them upward into a higher life; out of their selfishness into self-forgetfulness, into self-sacrifice; out of their tumultuous passions and ambitions into the calm and peace of a life of faith and love. And He has led men nearer to each other. He has made them know each other as the children of the same Father. He has introduced the era of the brotherhood of humanity, whose goal and hope is, "Peace on earth, good will toward men"

Brethren, let us learn well this great lesson of love which shines out so radiantly over the manger of Bethlehem. Let us believe in the marvelous love of God for us His children, against all the doubt and skepticism which is born of our fears or of our sorrows. Let us believe in this amazing revelation that tells us God has been manifest in the flesh, has taken our nature upon Him, has entered into our humanity. And, believing this, let that great love constrain us; constrain us to be pure, to be true, to be loving, to be charitable, to live not unto ourselves, but unto God and our fellow man.

"A little Child shall lead them." Ah, let Him lead us! Let us arise and follow Him; leaving behind our pride, our wayward will, our selfishness. Let us follow Him in deeds of kindness and benevolence and charity. Let us follow Him in His gentleness, His patience, His forbearance, His long-suffering, His meekness, His humility. His footprints are not hard to see among the poor and the lowly, among the sick and the suffering, among the lost and the fallen ones. They will lead us out of our selfish, self-

indulgent lives into deeds of Christ-like love. They will lead us out of the morass of an aimless, useless life, up on to the heights of joyous self-sacrifice for His dear sake.

May the vision of the Christ-child be in all our hearts and all our homes today. Come to us, holy Child Jesus, and lead us all in the blessed steps of Thy most holy life!

"O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in.
Be born in us today"



Book Review

Christmas in the Confederacy

SBSS, 2016, 228 pages, softcover

by H. Rondel Rumburg, Margaret J. Preston, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Thomas Nelson Page, et. al.

This eclectic work has sixteen chapters and an appendix.

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The opening essay was written to give an overview of the Christmases during the Confederate era. Some of the following chapters have been randomly selected from Southern literature of the past. The material is retrieved to reclaim a sense of the remembrance of the advent of our Lord Jesus Christ just before and during the era when the South was so bitterly attacked with the Northern purpose of destroying her liberty and property. Some of the material has freshly written or specifically collected from original sources in order to give a sampling of what Christmas celebrations in the

Confederate South must have been like. In this book is the presentation of the prose and poetry of the era. This book is presented to provide the reader with pertinent information regarding the last Christian nation in this hemisphere called the Confederate States of America.

There has been a chapter selected on Christmas before the war; we have Christmas from the soldier's point of view; we have Christmas on the plantation; we have Christmas from an expectant mother's personal experience; we have even a sense of Christmas from the Southern White House; and we have Christmas from the view point of the Southern refugee. There is a section dealing with what the Southern people believed about Christmas religiously. Also, there is a sermon on the Advent of Christ from one who served as a Confederate Chaplain. Herein is a broad spectrum of material of the remembrance of that time of the year.

The four Christmases during the war are described. The spiritual beliefs regarding Christ's incarnation did not change during the war, but there was a steady decline of the external trappings of the season as shortages became pronounced. Human needs became critical as a result of the enemy destroying homes, farms and blockading ports. The attrition of "total war" was devastating. "Total war" is war on the helpless. Yes, it was war on those who carried no weapons, such as: the infant in the crib, the aged ones on the cane or confined to a chair, the infirmed confined to bed, the homemaker trying to care for the family, the farm animals being kept for labor or food production, the inanimate objects needed for providing food, the raping of women, the pillaging of individual personal effects, etc. The South was subject to the first implementation of "total war" in the so-called civilized world.

Thank God for the vitality and perseverance He gave to the Southern people who withstood all of the venom of hatred and destruction. When one keeps his eyes upon the Lord he is enabled to "endure hardness as a good soldier." The advent of Christ was for the purpose of redemption and the preservation of a people for His name.

Southern people celebrated their beliefs regardless of the situation. The worship of the Lord became more precious during those four years.



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 biblicallandsouthernstudies.com for a copy.