

Chaplains' Corps Chronicles
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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

Chaplain-in-Chief Ray Parker
4083 Sunbeam Road #2002
Jacksonville, Florida 32257
E-mail: drparker@mdivs.edu

Editor: Past Chaplain-in-Chief H. Rondel Rumburg
PO Box 472
Spout Spring, Virginia 24593
E-mail: hrrumburg41@gmail.com
ConfederateChaplain.com

Assistant Editor: Past Chaplain-in-Chief Mark Evans
20 Sharon Drive,
Greenville, SC 29607
E-mail: markwevans@bellsouth.net

“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

“Revivals of religion are contagious. There are times in the history of the Church when God seems to be more willing to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him than at others; therefore sinners are commanded to repent, that their sins may be blotted out, ‘when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.’ The same gracious Heavenly Father that has owned and revived His work at Fredericksburg, and in other portions of the army, has at last poured out upon us refreshing showers of His grace.”

Chaplain James Nelson

44th Virginia Regiment



Editorial

Special Request from your Editor

Our Chaplain-in-Chief has been having health issues for a while. It appears that the cause has been narrowed down. Please be in prayer for Dr. Ray Parker and his dear wife. Our brother has written in this issue **“Due to health reasons I will not be in attendance at the Franklin Reunion. I certainly write this with heavy heart. It was truly my desire to be in attendance. I have been diagnosed with Interstitial Lung Disease. This, as you can imagine, places difficulty on the lungs processing oxygen correctly. I have three medical appointments in July seeking to deal with this physical challenge. I want to thank you as you offer prayers on my behalf.”** Pray!

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

Greeting friends in Christ and those interested in the things of God relative to His work in the Confederate Armies and Navy. Oh, for times of spiritual refreshing to come again from the presence of God to our beleaguered Southland where forces are bent on eradicating the remembrances of our forefathers and their glorious accomplishments. Western Culture is being accosted regularly by those who are employed by fringe groups to bring a Marxist Revolution to America. Most of this has been spawned in the colleges and universities of the country in which we have been forced to subsidize our own destruction by our own money through taxation.

Pacifying Perversion

By H. Rondel Rumburg

Are evangelicals beginning to go soft on perversion? What is the meaning of “perversion?” *Webster’s Dictionary* of 1828 defined “perversion” as “The act of perverting; a turning from truth or propriety; a diverting from the true intent or object; change to something worse. We speak of the perversion of the laws, when they are misinterpreted or misapplied; a perversion of reason, when it is misemployed; a perversion of Scripture, when it is willfully misinterpreted or misapplied.”

A weak view of God and His Word is leading evangelicals to have a favorable view of sin by the attempt to reinterpret God’s Word to favor the wicked in order to be able to dialogue with them or gain a hearing. Sin is no longer exceedingly sinful as evangelicals trample on the thrice holy God of the Bible. Such a faulty view of sin seems to have its origin in a poor view of the God of the Bible or to use Webster’s words, “a perversion of Scripture.” Are our evangelical leaders going soft on sin, and are they renouncing their brethren who are politically incorrect in order to claim that with them is found kindness, love, mercy and compassion? Imagine advocating for sin in the name of our pure God of heaven and earth. Are they really seeking to pacify a pagan culture which is more in tune with the city of Sodom than the city of the New Jerusalem?

Dr. R. L. Dabney noted, “Moral excellence is of the very essence of God. He is concrete goodness, infinite reason, excellence, knowledge, and power, in a personal form; so that there can be no obligation to virtue which does not involve obligation to God.” Thus our view of God “traces civil government and the civic obligation to the will and act of God, our sovereign, moral ruler and proprietor, in that He from the first made social principles a constitutive part of our souls, and placed us under social relations that are as original and natural as our own persons. These relations were: first of the family, then of the clan, and, as men multiplied, of the commonwealth.” We are obligated to obey God rather than man.

Modern evangelical leaders are becoming pacifiers and accomodationists to the postmodern culture. Without trying to understand their motives, just consider their actions which cast a light on those motives. These leaders are frantically seeking to

develop a hermeneutic which accommodates the present pagan culture and defies or defames those who stood true in the past, but are now considered politically incorrect. This new hermeneutic does not look to the one true and holy God for direction but to the world to see the direction it is taking. Then they twist the Word of God to make it conform to the new norm with which they desire to identify. One of God's servants who questioned this approach called this "hyper-contextualization." What is the result of this pacification of perversions? The history of generations of people who revered the Lord is being eradicated; their supposed cultural or social sins are being given an apology. These of the past whose ministries God was pleased to bless, the new speak theologians have reclassified as expressing unacceptable behavior in order to fit the modern pagan norms in sociology and psychology. Thus the work of God in history is being repudiated. The Ten Commandments are being violated in relation to honoring father and mother (Fifth Commandment) and the two commandments that deal with slaves or servants (Fourth and Tenth Commandments). "God spake all these words, saying, I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out...." Yes, it appears these so-called evangelicals are in reality by behavior attacking the inspired, inerrant Word of God.

One evangelist, observing this vicious trend, wrote on May 31, 2018:

It seems that they have done this on the issues of creation, social justice, women in the church, and now homosexuality. They seem to be saying, "If we wish to gain a hearing in the scientific world, then we must realize this world mocks our belief in six day creation. If we want to reach the millennial generation, then we must embrace their infatuation with identity politics, human flourishing, and cultural Marxism. In a world where 'can do' women are running major corporations, it seems so culturally irrelevant to claim that women cannot hold office in the church of Jesus Christ. And when homosexuality and same-sex unions not only have the backing of the Supreme Court but also the majority of people in our country, then we must 'join the Twenty-first Century' and get on board with the homosexual agenda."

When the salt has lost its savor it is then good for nothing. We must remember that our God is a Holy God and taking sides with those who pervert His moral requirements is to be a partaker of their evil deeds. Good behavior does not come from corrupt principles. One writer in the early 1800s said, "A man's principles are himself. His morality is himself. Suppose for a moment, that the hypothesis on which we are [commenting] should be realized. Here is a man who is one thing in his principles and another thing in his practice.... He believes that Jehovah is the true God and yet he worships the devil. You call him a madman; and well you may.... His morality must take its rise from his principles. Moral principles constitute the seed, the germ of which moral character is but the development."

God's Word is the only true and absolute standard of morality. The Apostle Paul gave a divinely inspired reminder, "When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, And changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves: Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever. Amen" (Rom. 1:21-25). Arthur W. Hunt III noted "From chapter 1 of Romans one can extrapolate a biblical definition of what it means to be a pagan." And he later wrote, "The essence of sin is selfishness; therefore, all false religions to some degree or another allow for behavior outside of God's holiness; and the behavior is always regressive. Cultures, as well as individuals, typically move in a downward spiral in regard to moral permissiveness unless God intervenes with His mercy and grace."

Such compromise, as these pacifiers of perversions persist in, is a slap in the face of the almighty and all-powerful God who will not hold them guiltless. Are such any better than cultural Marxists? Men get at God in various ways: some by disobeying His inviolate rule for behavior in His world and others in destroying the culture created by the grace of God as in the old South as well as in the European founders of this nation under God. What will the evangelicals do when the people for whom they betrayed their brethren are in charge and seek their eradication?

Please consider ConfederateChaplain.com & Chaplain-in-Chief.com



This issue contains an editorial of your editor. Also, the Chaplain-in-Chief's last message is included. You will also find our Chaplain-in-Chief's final article titled "*Faith in the Fearsome Fight.*" Your editor has provided a biographical sketch of *Chaplain Richard Henry Stone, Part I*. Assistant editor, Mark Evans, has written an article entitled *Joy in the Storm*. This issue, as usual, includes [A Confederate Sermon](#) submitted by Kenneth Studdard, preached by Rev. Charles Minnigerode, which is titled, "*What Shall it Profit?*" Our [Book Review](#) is by your editor on *Our Trust is in the God of Battles*.

Soli Deo Gloria,
Editor H. Rondel Rumburg

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



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THE CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF'S MESSAGE

Dear fellow Chaplains and Friends of the Corps:

This will be my last *Chaplain-in-Chief's Message* for *The Chaplains' Corps Chronicle*. This month at the Franklin Reunion, our organization will elect new leadership. The newly elected Commander-in-Chief will appoint his Chaplain-in-Chief to serve for the two years of his administration.

The past four years have been a highlight in my ministry. I thank past Commander-in-Chief Kelly Barrow for allowing me to serve in his administration. I also thank Commander-in-Chief Thomas Strain for allowing me to continue service in his administration. These two men are great Southern leaders. They have guided the SCV through difficult days. The organization is stronger today because of their leadership. I pray God's continued blessings upon them. In addition, I am sure that the Lord will guide in the choice of new SCV leadership. Our prayers and support will be with them as they guide us to even greater heights and stronger victories.

I also want to thank past Chaplain-in-Chief Ron Rumburg and past Chaplain-in-Chief Mark Evans for their masterful work in the monthly publication of *The Chaplains' Corps Chronicle*. This is truly a dynamic document with a vast resource of valuable information both spiritually and historically. I pray for their efforts in the months ahead.

Due to health reasons I will not be in attendance at the Franklin Reunion. I certainly write this with heavy heart. It was truly my desire to be in attendance. I have been diagnosed with Interstitial Lung Disease. This, as you can imagine, places difficulty on the lungs processing oxygen correctly. I have three medical appointments in July seeking to deal with this physical challenge. I want to thank you as you offer prayers on my behalf.

Let me remind you that all five of the Chaplains' Conference services were recorded. You may order individual services (\$5 each) or the entire set of five (\$25, postage paid). Place your order via this email: wandmclark@aim.com.

Also keep in mind two items of special note at the Franklin Reunion. These are the Chaplains' Prayer Breakfast at 7 AM on July 19 and the Memorial Service at 4 PM on July 20. I hope that you plan to attend both of these Reunion services.

May God bless you and may God bless the South!

Deo Vindice!

Ray L. Parker

Chaplain-in-Chief's Article

This, of course, will be my last *Chaplain-in-Chief's article*. Let's look back to the very first article I prepared for the *Confederate Veteran* in 2014.

Faith in the Fearsome Fight

Ray L. Parker

The author of the New Testament book of Hebrews wrote, "But without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Hebrews 11:6). The Apostle Paul wrote, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God" (Ephesians 2:8). The Apostle John declared, "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (I John 5:4). Someone said that faith believes God in spite of situations, circumstances, and feelings. It can truly be said that the faith of the Southern people sustain them in the fearsome fight for Southern independence.

The Confederacy: A Nation of Faith

The Christian faith of the Confederate States was evident from the formation of the country to the surrender of the last Confederate forces. The Confederate Constitution asked for "the favor and guidance of Almighty God" (Preamble). In his inaugural address President Jefferson Davis declared, "Reverently let us invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles which by His blessing they were able to vindicate, establish, and transmit to their posterity. With the continuance of His

favor ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, and to prosperity.”

During the war, President Davis often called the Confederate States to times of prayer and fasting. For example, on February 27th, 1863 President Davis offered this statement: “I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this, my proclamation, setting apart Friday, the 27th day of March, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer; and I do invite the people of the said States to repair on that day to their usual places of worship, and to join in prayer to Almighty God, that He will graciously restore to our beloved country the blessings of peace and security” [*Christ in the Camp*, p. 46].

President Davis was not alone in expressing personal faith or in calling the Confederate States to prayer. Early in the war the legislative branch of the Confederate government issued this statement: “The Congress of the Confederate States of America do resolve, That Friday, the 8th day of April next, be set apart and observed as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, that Almighty God would so preside over our public counsels and authorities; that He would inspire our armies and their leaders with wisdom, courage, and perseverance; and so manifest Himself in the greatness of His goodness and majesty of His power, that we may be safely and successfully led, through the chastening to which we are being subjected, to the attainment of an honorable peace” [*Ibid*, 47].

The Confederate States united in the fearsome struggle for independence, found strength and encouragement in “the faith which was once delivered unto the saints” (Jude 1:3).

Robert E. Lee: A General of Faith

General Robert E. Lee, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, was himself a man of faith. In observance of the day of prayer appointed by President Davis in the spring of 1863, Lee said to his troops, “Soldiers! No portion of our people have greater cause to be thankful to Almighty God than yourselves. He has preserved your lives amidst countless dangers. He has been with you in all your trials. He has given you fortitude under hardships, and courage in the shock of battle. He has cheered you by the example and deeds of your martyred comrades. He has enabled you to defend your country successfully against the assaults of a powerful oppressor. Devoutly thankful for signal mercies, let us bow before the Lord of hosts, and join our hearts with millions in our land in prayer that He will continue his merciful protection over our cause” [*Ibid*, p. 55].

At the death of Lieutenant-General Stonewall Jackson, General Lee wrote his wife, "I know not how to replace him; but God's will be done! I trust He will raise up some one in his place" [Ibid. 76].

Following the war, Lee served as president of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), Lexington, Virginia. As college president General Lee said to the Rev. Dr. W. S. White, pastor of Lexington Presbyterian Church, "I shall be disappointed, sir; I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here, unless these young men become real Christians; and I wish you and others of your sacred profession to do all you can to accomplish this" [Ibid, 76]. General Lee's faith was so real to him he felt the compulsion to share the faith with others.

Stonewall Jackson: A Warrior of Faith

The faith of Stonewall Jackson is historically chronicled. Jackson's favorite Bible verse, written by the Apostle Paul, states, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Romans 8:28).

On one occasion, a friend of Jackson asked if he truly believed that verse. Jackson replied that he did. The friend pursued the topic: "If you were to lose your health, would you believe it then?" Jackson answered, "Yes! I think I should." The friend asked, "If you would become entirely blind, would you believe it then?" Jackson responded, "I should still believe it." The friend challenged, "But suppose, in addition to your loss of health and sight, you should become utterly dependent upon the cold charities of the world, would you believe it then?" Jackson answered with emphasis, "If it were the will of God to place me there, He would enable me to lie there peacefully a hundred years" [Ibid, 90].

General Jackson was not only committed in his personal faith but also in his desire to share the Christian faith within Confederate ranks. He had a keen interest in the work of ministers and chaplains among the troops. In correspondence with the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly he wrote, "Each branch of the Christian Church should send into the army some of its most prominent ministers who are distinguished for their piety, talents and zeal; and such ministers should labor to produce concert of action among chaplains and Christians in the army. These ministers should give special attention to preaching to regiments which are without chaplains, and induce them to take steps to get chaplains" [Ibid, 94].

The churches of the South responded aggressively to the need for spiritual leaders in the Confederate Army. The May 2nd, 1861 edition of the *North Carolina Presbyterian* reported, "The ministers of the Gospel of Peace

throughout the South seem to be fully alive to the awful issue presented to us by the Northern people, who are prepared to invade our homes, and they are meeting it like men who have as much at stake as others" [Ibid, 23]. General Jackson's challenge to the Southern churches was accepted.

Even in the midst of battle, Jackson trusted the Providence of God. Jackson wrote of a particular battle, "Our movement yesterday was a great success; I think the most successful military movement of my life. But I expect to receive far more credit for it than I deserve. Most men will think I had planned it all from the first; but it was not so – I simply took advantage of the circumstances as they were presented to me in the Providence of God. I feel that His hand led me: let us give Him all the glory" [Ibid, 98].

In his death Jackson's faith remained strong. He was wounded by friendly fire on May 2nd, 1863 during the [Battle of Chancellorsville](#). The General survived the wound with the loss of an arm, but died eight days later because of pneumonia. When Jackson was told that he would not survive his wounds he said, "It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven" [Ibid, 100]. Jackson's last words are recounted often: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees" [Ibid, 101]. With this simple statement of faith, General Stonewall Jackson entered the presence of his Savior. His faith sustained him to the end.

Confederate Soldiers: Men of Faith

History chronicles the great revival that moved through the Southern armies (see *The Great Revival in the Southern Armies* by W. W. Bennett, published by Sprinkle Publications). Thousands believed and were baptized. Army chaplains busied themselves not only with Sunday services but also personal contact with soldiers. The chaplains lived in the camps, marched with the troops, stood in the midst of battles, knelt with the wounded and dying on the fields of conflict, and sought to bind up the nation's wounds following the struggle for independence.

A soldier on duty at Manassas Junction came to faith and was baptized. He wrote, "May God's Word be blessed to the turning of their hearts to Jesus. We feel that God's people are praying for us; and surely, the poor soldier, more than anyone else, needs to be remembered at the mercy-seat. Oh, that none may fall in battle till at the feet of the Crucified One they have found joy and peace! My own heart is so sinful that I often tremble lest I may be a castaway, but in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, I hope. I hope that the Christians of this land will pray that the peace of God may be sent into the hearts of all, that our rulers may rule in righteousness, and that the North may see its folly and guilt in seeking to subdue and oppress the South" [Ibid, 26].

From this wartime revival, Southern soldiers returned to their communities and homes with a solid Christian faith. They built churches and communicated their faith in practical ways. The South became known as the “Bible Belt.” The faith expressed in the Confederate Constitution, proclaimed by President Davis, decreed by Confederate legislators, illustrated in General Lee, lived by General Jackson, preached by Confederate chaplains, and embraced by Confederate soldiers is still alive today in Southern churches.

Works Cited

Jones, J. William (1986). *Christ in the Camp*. Harrisonburg, VA: Sprinkle Publications.



Chaplain Richard Henry Stone

(1837-1915)

49th Georgia & Chaplain at Large Gordon's Command

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Part I

The subject of this writing was born in the county of Virginia named for the Colonial Governor Lord Culpeper. John Kelly and Jane Stone had a son born to them at Paoli in Culpeper County, Virginia, on July 17, 1837. They named their newborn son Richard Henry Stone. His parents set to care for their child and to rear him properly. The second or new birth of R. H. Stone occurred in 1856 by the grace of God. The nineteen-year-old, upon profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, was baptized by Pastor Silas Bruce into the Salem Baptist Church in Culpeper County.

Education

As all children born into a loving family, he was taught his first lessons in life, family, and faith at home. His first education outside the home was at an “old field school” as they were called. Here he was introduced to the elementary disciplines of learning. After this elementary preparation he attended Albert C. Simms’ boarding school near Culpeper. At Gordonsville, Virginia, he attended Kemper’s University and then the University of Virginia for a while. Believing that the Lord had called him to preach, he interrupted his university studies to prepare to go to the mission field. He left Virginia to live with his Uncle Isaac Stone in Georgia, where he entered the teaching profession for a while.

Marriage

Young Richard Henry Stone had met the young lady whom he believed the Lord intended for his helpmate through life. She was of the Broaddus family that produced so many Baptist preachers in Virginia. Her name was Susan James Broaddus. John A. Broadus was a double cousin (there is no spelling error of the last name; a “d” was changed by John’s father). They were married on October 22, 1858. She was indeed a wonderful helpmate. He dedicated his book, *In Afric’s Forest and Jungle*, (published in 1899) to her in these words: “To her who still remains the faithful companion of the author, this humble volume is affectionately dedicated.”

The book, *Virginia Baptist Ministers*, by George Braxton Taylor recorded: “To Mr. Stone and his noble, sweet spirited wife were born seven children—five of whom survived him.” In *A History of the Broaddus Family* we find, “Their children, besides one who died in infancy, are Lucy Broaddus, Richard Taylor, James Henry, Mary Conway, Ellen Barbour, and John.”

Missionary to Africa

After the split with the Baptists of the North in 1845, foreign mission work took a different turn. The *Baptist Advance* recorded:

Baptists in the South, appearing first in the closing years of the seventeenth century, increased in numbers quite slowly until the First Great Awakening. From about the middle of the eighteenth century through the spread of the separate Baptists, however, the Baptist movement in the South began to show phenomenal growth. Various types of revivals were experienced sporadically for over half a century. Southern leaders took a large part in the organization and work of the three great national societies: the General Missionary Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States of America for Foreign Missions founded in 1814, the Baptist General Tract Society (later to be called the American Baptist Publication Society) in 1824, and the American Baptist Home Mission Society in 1832. Baptists north and south cooperated effectively together in the work represented by these three societies in these early years.

Separation and Conflict (1845-65).—It would be expected that sectional differences ... would cause tension between Baptists in the different sections of the young nation.... For one thing, considerable controversy took place in the area of home missions. Several of the southern states strongly protested that the South was being neglected in the work of missionaries appointed by the Home Mission Society of New York after 1832. Furthermore, southern leaders had been conditioned in a different background and concept of ecclesiology than the one which prevailed in the benevolent societies in the North.

A consultative convention took place on May 8-12, 1845, taking the direction of the South organizing its own societies similar to the Virginia Baptist Foreign Mission Society. Some of the Baptist Associations in the South began to send out missionaries

from their respective local churches. Richard Henry Stone heard about one of the Baptist Associations in Georgia that desired to send a missionary to Africa. He believed this was what the Lord wanted him to do, so he applied for the position. The Stones would spend two different periods in Africa as missionaries between 1859 to 1863 and 1867 to 1869.

Richard and Susan travelled to Baltimore and on November 4, 1859, they sailed for Africa. The voyage of three months was spent in saturating themselves with the language. They landed at Lagos. They took in some children. Stone wrote:

From these children we learned the language, for they spoke it more plainly than the older people did. In trying to learn their language and to teach them ours, we sometimes had quite a gay time. In the Yoruba language every word terminates with a vowel sound, as, Jamesee instead of James, Jacobu instead of Jacob, Jesu instead of Jesus, and so on. We, in turn, had much trouble in putting the accent on the right syllable. One morning at breakfast, the children were convulsed with laughter by my wife saying that there was a horse in her cup of coffee.

They spent their years in Africa with the Yoruba-speaking people. This is Western Nigeria today. As a Baptist missionary he spent his years in Africa with the Yoruba-speaking people in what is now Western Nigeria. He lived in Ijaye, Abeokuta, and Lagos; and traveled to Ibadan, Lahlookpon, Ewo, Ogbomishaw, and Oyo. Stone observed the Ijaye wars and wrote detailed accounts of the battles while he and his wife, Susan Broaddus Stone, cared for wounded soldiers and conveyed war orphans to Abeokuta. The reports and letters that he sent to his administrators as well as his book, *In Africa's Forest and Jungle or Six Years Among the Yorubans*, provide valuable eyewitness accounts of Yoruba life and culture.

Missionary Stone wrote of health issues among his household and other missionaries. He concluded, "All white people who go to this part of Africa should expect to be sick. If they escape malarial fever they will meet chronic dysentery and the last is worse than the first." His missionary work led him among people with smallpox and other diseases. He confided, "None of us escaped the boils and the dreadful ulcers which sometimes follow attacks of malarial fever. Once forty boils, painful in the extreme, bloomed on my breast at one and the same time."

Susan was under attacks of fever and was ill as long as she remained in the country, but Richard became acclimated after the first year. They were reasonably comfortable physically but there was a lack of social amenities which caused them the tendency of loneliness. Word from back home was a blessing.

This sense of solitude was relieved somewhat every two weeks by the arrival of letters from home. We kept a messenger on the road all the time. The mail reached Lagos every two weeks and it took our messenger a week to go and a week to return.

He always received an ovation when he entered the mission yard on his return. I took my wife to Abeokuta once, but I found that on account of the heat and fatigue, she received more harm than good.

At no time while we were in Africa did we miss the comforts of material civilization as much as we did the intellectual privileges enjoyed in more elevated conditions of society. The customs and ideas of the people around us were either too cruel or too novel to admit of any intellectual congeniality between us. Mentally we were thousands of years apart, and this sense of loneliness was like being thirsty in the midst of a briny deep. I have no doubt this sense of desolation in the midst of teeming thousands, has overwhelmed many missionaries in the midst of careers of much usefulness. It is a cross that crushes mortality to the earth.

It appears that their dress was considered odd. For example: “The appearance of my wife on the street was always the signal for the assembling of a crowd of children who followed us commenting all the time on something about our dress or manners.” There would be such exclamations as “Look at the cloth! Look at the cloth!” Someone else in an undertone said, “What a fool the white man is. He cuts his clothes all up into little pieces and then sews them up again.” And so their oddities were considered.

There was a novelty that Richard observed in the local dress and customs which reminded him of the scenes and incidents in God’s Word. This was pleasing. There were conflicts which he wrote about which included Africans enslaving their fellows.

Though the rulers of Abeokuta had taken sides with the English in their war with Kosoko and his Portuguese allies, many of the other rulers of the country had not. They earnestly desired the restoration of the slave trade, and they hated the missionaries and those friendly to them, because they rightly supposed that the missionaries were opposed to the slave trade. Therefore, these rulers were desirous of driving them from the country.

This mindset of those about them was not known to the missionaries until the following event took place. He was mounted on his horse “Bucephalus” on a Mexican saddle with spurs and a new pair of boots. In 1860 Missionary Stone was captured by a part of Ebaddans and taken to their town and tried for his life. The charge was spying. Please consider his account:

We set out on the morning of the first anniversary of my arrival in Ejahyay. We found the farms and wayside villages entirely deserted. By this we knew that we might meet enemies at any moment and proceeded with increasing caution as we got farther from home. But I was too young and too thoughtless to take in the seriousness of the situation, notwithstanding the fact that my companion had become both watchful and silent. I could not realize that a Yoruban might harm me,

and I tried to enjoy the ride as if all was peace. On the other hand, my companion had been a soldier in the Liberian army and he knew what war in Africa meant.

In about six hours, one of which was occupied in passing through a dense forest, we came to the farm shanty of our friend and found that it was in Ebaddan territory. About one mile farther on was a collection of huts used as a stopping place for caravans on their way to and from Abeokuta. From this place a road branched off to Ebaddan which was about twenty miles distant. Pigeons were flying around the shanty and a bunch of bananas was hanging at the door, but we could get no answer to our calls, and my companion rode on to the wayside village to look for Vaughn.

After waiting sometime and hearing something like the sound of an uproar in the distance, I rode on to join Russell. But soon everything was silent again. Just before reaching the village clearing, I was met and quickly surrounded by a body of men armed with guns and cimeters. At first I did not feel much alarm. It was plain that some of them, were not Yorubans and, from the way in which they looked at me, I knew that they had never seen a white man before. They seemed to be under the control of an officer or leader, but I did not at all like their countenances. The eyes of some of them were greyish and had the cold, merciless gleam of the steel in their hands. They stared up into my face and pressed closer and closer to me like beasts of prey ready to spring upon their victim.

“Whence do you come?” demanded the leader.

“From Ejahyay,” responded I.

As quick as a flash, they sprang forward and attempted to unhorse me. But I touched my powerful horse with the spur and he broke loose from them with me still in the saddle. But they got my broad-brimmed grey felt hat, my umbrella, my lunch satchel, and also tore my coat skirt to tatters. The strong leather strap of the satchel broke before they got me out of the saddle. In their ferocity they jerked it too hard. Their leader was evidently a Yoruban and when he gave me a signal to surrender, I thought it was an invitation to flee and escape. I wheeled my horse and endeavored to do so, but they closed up in front and after a desperate struggle in which I came near being shot, I was unhorsed and thrown to the ground with great violence.

But their leader pressed them back with his drawn cimeter and thus gave me an opportunity to spring to my feet. In the Yoruban language, I rebuked them sharply for thus wanting to kill an unarmed man and the officer appeared to approve what I said. But they stood looking at me in profound silence. Not a single word had been spoken by one of them during this whole time. That dreadful silence was their sentence of death. But the officer firmly cleared the way to my horse and commanded me to mount. On hearing this command, the cutthroats seemed to fear that they were about to be cheated of their lawful prey and the uproar that followed was more appalling even than their strange silence had been.

At this juncture, my companion was brought up, still mounted, but a prisoner. The sight of his face confirmed me in my belief that I was to be killed. He was from a friendly town, but his face plainly showed that he was expecting to be murdered. He understood their language perfectly, and knew what they were saying in all this din. I saw and heard enough to chill my blood. One man yelled, "We can't sell them. If we take them to Ebekoonleh, we will not get anything. Let us kill them now." For several moments we waited in sickening suspense the decision of the commander-in-chief as to our fate. Then a young man, with the bearing of one high in authority, suddenly broke through the noisy throng and, taking my horse by the bridle, led him down by a very narrow path into a dense and dark forest. My companion came along behind, while a soldier with a gun brought up the rear. We thought we were being led to death.

When we came to a little opening, the young man in front called a halt and seemed to be waiting for someone. Presently I heard a sound that made my blood freeze in my veins. It was the rattling of war accoutrements of soldiers approaching us rapidly from behind. With deep emotion, my companion called to me and said, "They are certainly going to kill us now, sir." I looked back and saw those same wolfish eyes glaring at me through the foliage. My guard now halted, took his cimeter from his shoulder and came up to the side of my horse. Pointing to the men who had just come up, he said with much authority and dignity, "Oto geh!" (It is enough.) The last word was pronounced with great emphasis and prolonged into a deep growl.

It seemed certain now that, helpless and defenceless, we were about to be butchered in that lonely spot and our bodies given to the wild beasts of the forest. Language cannot picture my feelings at that moment. I have been several times called to look death in the face since that time, but never in a form so indescribably hideous. But the young man, instead of being our executioner, was our guard. After uttering the words mentioned above, he sternly commanded our pursuers to return and to take the places assigned to them and to fight like men, for Arch's army was coming to attack them. They faced the young leader in silence for a while and then, to my inexpressible relief, reluctantly and slowly retired.

Then with long but not ungraceful strides, my guard plunged deeper and deeper into the forest. This was a very merciful providence to me, for I was entirely bareheaded. When we came again into the burning tropical sun, my Liberian companion placed his own hat on my head and made a turban for himself out of his handkerchief. My neck was already blistered and this thoughtfulness of his probably saved me from a deadly sunstroke. We had no idea what our captors intended to do with us, but escape was impossible and there was nothing for us to do but to trust in God alone and to resign ourselves as much as possible to His will. Yet it was with a sinking heart that I came in sight of Ebaddan and saw its brown thatched roofs

extending many miles over hill and dale, for I had reason to fear that it was to be my prison until it became my grave.

We entered the city about sundown and were taken at once to the judgment place of the governor, Ebekoonleh. This was a counterpart of that of Areh. At the gate or door of the court, the young man ordered us to dismount and, placing me under guard of the soldier, entered alone to report to the governor. After a little delay, I was taken in under guard. I have a very vivid recollection of something that happened just here for which I cannot certainly account unless I had now become partially crazed by heat and thirst, combined with excitement. When I saw the majestic and ponderous form of Ebekoonleh on the judgment-seat, and a great crowd of people standing on the left, a sudden feeling of indignation seized me, and by the side of the soldier I stalked defiantly up to the governor, looking him squarely in the eye all the time. But he did not seem to notice my disrespectful bearing, and with quiet dignity ordered me to take my position on his right.

Stone had been charged with a capital crime but explained that he was not an officer in the opposing army. This future Confederate Chaplain had a suspicion of an attempted assassination.

My suspicions being confirmed, I refused to obey; but my companion again exhorted me not to resist yet, but to obey until I knew positively what they were going to do. As I turned away from that vision of a Christian home, to go down into that dark valley, it was like a lost spirit turning away from a vision of heaven to go down to hell. My young heart with all its cherished hopes still clung to life, and I felt determined to make all reasonable effort to escape when any seeming opportunity presented itself.

After going some distance in the hollow, we entered a large compound and were placed formally in charge of the bale. Our new guard, after conferring a while with the governor's messenger, took us back the same way we had come to the missionary's house, with the warning that if we left there without the permission of the governor, we would be killed by Ogumulla's men. The missionary, Mr. Hinderer and his wife, were absent in Abeokuta, and we were placed in charge of the assistant of Mr. Hinderer. He received me with such tender sympathy that I sat down and gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. Thank God for tears! After that, I felt more like a Christian man ought to feel under the circumstances. I have no doubt that I would feel very differently now, if I should be placed in similar circumstances, but I must tell things as they happened. Yet I sincerely thanked God that my hands were still unstained with blood. The next day Mr. Hinderer and his wife arrived from Abeokuta, and told us that the Dahomians were rapidly approaching that place in accordance with the agreement with Ogumulla. He then informed me of other things in connection with this man's schemes, some of which I have already

mentioned. I found out that while Ogumulla had not yet invaded Ejahyay territory, he had cut off all communication with that town by the regular ways, and that he had gotten together in several camps on the roads leading to Ejahyay, an army numbering about 100,000 men. These soldiers were not only from Yoruban towns favorable to the war, but many thousands of them were from Nufe, Benin and other war-like and marauding nations nearer the Niger. I was told that the men who captured me were Tarkpar and Foolah adventurers under the command of Ebaddan officers, and that to save me from them, the son of the governor himself had brought me to Ebaddan and delivered me to his father that I might have a fair trial before being delivered up into Ogumulla's power.

Missionary Stone was a prisoner for five days. Ogumulla demanded that he be executed. Now Stone realized he must steal away if he were to preserve his life and not depend on the consent of the governor. He did just that and escaped but soon realized he was being followed. He also became physically prostrated but his mind seemed to be working overtime. He wrote, "I seemed to see many of the scenes of my boyhood days. I also saw my wife wandering weeping about our home in Ejahyay." He pillowed his head on his saddle trying to find some rest, but he passed a frightful night. When a bit of rest came so did a distressing sound. He found that his hearing was very acute. He had an intense physical pain in the night. Next day they rode in constant fear of being ambushed. Midday they came to a river where they had to pay some form of tax. Before long Stone said, "I heard a man yell, 'Allah Mohammedu!' When I came up to the place, I found him crouching in the vines by the path as if very much afraid of me. When he saw my big horse and Mexican saddle, and the cadaverous face of the rider, he doubtless thought I was an apparition from the unseen world." Information gained here caused them to alter their route of travel.

It appeared that the only way to escape was to head to a neutral town some sixty miles away in the interior at the boarder of Western Sudan. They were headed away from Ejahyay and his wife Susan whom he feared would fall into the hands of the enemy. Soon his problems increased as he became afflicted with African fever. He was given quarter that night and he described the following incident:

As I was lying on a grass mat in the little room, by the light of a little native lamp I saw the mat which hung over the door pushed aside. Then a hand holding a book was thrust within and that book was an old English Bible. Our host could not speak English, and why he had the Bible, I can't imagine. But the sight of it brought indescribable joy to my heart. I arose from the mat and opened it at random. The first thing my eye fell upon was the twenty-seventh psalm, and as I read it aloud, it seemed to be the very voice of God speaking from heaven. After the reading, we both kneeled together and I prayed aloud. While I was praying the burden of my heart seemed to melt away, and I became conscious of a very strong assurance that I

would soon be delivered out of my distressed condition. The feeling was so strong that it greatly strengthened my body by refreshing my spirit. My body was racked with the pains of the African fever but my heart was sweetly at rest in God; and the night I passed in Ewo, is vividly contrasted in my memory with my hideous experience at Lahlookpon.

Stone's companion had a similar experience to himself. This day they had greater physical endurance. They were in the saddle for sixty miles that day until late at night giving their guide only a brief respite. Stone still could not retain food and his body ached but he would not allow this to delay him. The experience he had with the Lord kept him going. They finally reached the neutral town and were safe inside its walls. Although the American missionary was absent in America, "The house of the American Baptist Mission was then temporarily occupied by two travelers with abundant supplies, and here for two nights and a day, I found food, shelter and rest."

Missionary Stone knew that his wife was possibly in great trouble. He believed he needed to inform her of his safety as soon as providence allowed. His companion who had been a lifesaver left him as he headed home. As he approached Awyaw it was with a strange mixture of dread and joy. "In the mysterious providence of God, the petty African despot who sat under the towers [of Awyaw] have become the arbiter of my fate" he said; "I fervently prayed again, as I had done before that God would put it into his heart to grant my petition." Stone had made the acquaintance of Rev. T. A. Reid, a missionary of the American Baptist Mission in Awyaw, and it was in his house he found hospitality. Reid, his fellow missionary, sent a salute to the king to inform him of Richard Henry Stone's safe arrival. He related to the king that Stone was too fatigued to appear before him in person. This prompted the king to dispatch a messenger with congratulations and a permission of free safety. Reid accompanied him as far as the Awyaw army and bid him a farewell. They never met in Africa again although they did in America.

Stone was received kindly by the commander of the Ejahyay army. He wrote:

All suspense was now over. I was safe. I was free. Oh, the happiness of that moment! My heart was ready to burst with tumultuous joy and, for a moment, I forgot what might be before me. With an exultant shout I put spurs to my horse and went in a sweeping gallop across the plain. Dashing through the intervening forest and the city gate, I came in another moment to the mission compound. But nobody greeted me. No one was in sight, and the silence of the grave reigned throughout the place. My heart sank within me. I leaned over the wall and saw my interpreter within a few feet of me reclining on a mat in the piazza of his house. His countenance was much dejected, and when I saw how really distressed he was, I was much moved by this evidence of his sincere affection. In a low tone, I spoke his name, and when he looked up, I made a gesture for silence. But there was no

restraining him. At first his eyes dilated as if he had seen a ghostly apparition, then he sprang to his feet with a loud cry of joy, and started for the gate with his arms held aloft as if about to fly. As I rode into the gate he threw his arms around me and dragged me from my horse. Soon all the children of the mission compound were clinging to my hands and my knees, frantic with delight. Freeing myself from these I rushed into the house and met my wife, pale and tottering, at the door of her room, and all our troubles were over for one while, anyhow.

In a short time all the converts and many of the neighbors crowded in to hear the story of my deliverance, and the joy they manifested was very gratifying. In a few days both my wife and myself felt almost as well as usual, so much has the mental to do with the physical, especially in this strange climate.

Missionary Stone made detailed accounts of the battles while he and Susan cared for wounded soldiers and conveyed war orphans to Abeokuta. These accounts were preserved in his book *Afric's Forest and Jungle or Six Years Among the Yorubans*. He related:

The scenes through which we had been passing for a year were beginning to tell seriously on my wife's health. Outside our faith, we had little to cheer us. Daylight brought battles, blood and suffering, night brought alarms. While awake, we were in a constant suspense which was very trying on a female constitution in this climate. The faith of the converts during all this ordeal was as simple as that of children, yet it made them giants in the strength of their characters. It was, indeed, an impressive object lesson.

During all these events Susan, his wife, had been a nurse but she also had been fighting extreme illness, but her recovery was about as extreme as her illness had been severe.

Health would be the ultimate reason for their return to the Confederate South. Both had had health issues in Africa. One account states, "His health failing, especially on account of many and severe hardships, he and Mrs. Stone returned to America, by way of England, in 1863." Their arrival from England was expedited by the need for Susan Stone to reach her gravely ill mother. They ran into complications for they were held at City Point, Virginia which was at that time under Federal control. The Federals sought to pressure them into taking the oath of allegiance to the United States of America. This they refused to do because they were Southern people. A friend in the ministry came to their aid. It was Dr. George Whitefield Samson[§] who was a Northern man by birth but a

[§] George Whitefield Samson (1819-1896) was pastor of E Street Baptist Church in Washington, DC, and president of Columbian College. Before the war, as early as 1845, when the Southern Baptist Convention was formed, the E Street Baptist Church, at the suggestion of Pastor Samson, voted that collections for missionary work would be divided equally between the North and South. The pastor was in association with boards of the Baptists in both sections of the country. He was a trustee of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, SC. During the war he was permitted by the government to keep alive

man who had a special work related to missions North and South and he interceded with the government to secure “an unconditional permit to visit their kindred in their native State of Virginia, and when prepared to resume missionary efforts, to return by way of the North to their field of labor.” After reaching home they attended Susan’s mother’s funeral.



True Courage

Mark W. Evans

Past Chaplain-in-Chief

Soon after the death of Lt. General Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson, Dr. Robert L. Dabney, theology professor serving as the General's chief-of-staff, delivered a commemorative sermon at the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Virginia. He labeled the chieftain's courage as "moral courage." This courage, he explained, was "the moral courage of him who fears God, and, for that reason, fears nothing else. There is an intelligent apprehension of danger; there is the natural instinct of self-love desiring to preserve its own well-being; but it is curbed and governed by the sense of duty, and desire for the approbation of God. This alone is true courage; true virtue; for it is rational, and its motive is moral and unselfish. It is a true Christian grace, when found in its purest forms, a grace whose highest exemplar, and whose source, is the Divine Redeemer; whose principle is that parent grace of the soul, *faith*. 'David and Samuel, and the prophets, *through* faith subdued kingdoms waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens" (Heb. 11:33, 34). [Dabney, *Discussions*, (Sprinkle Publications), vol. IV, 438.]

Jackson's moral courage was practical. His motto was, "Duty is ours; consequences are God's." Once he perceived his duty, he determined to accomplish it, trusting in the Lord's strength and good providence. Dabney took his Scripture text from Luke 12:4,5: "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: fear Him which after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell: yea, I say unto you, fear Him." There was something deeper within Jackson than his martial genius. His moral courage put iron into his soul and stamped "success" upon his plans. Before the war, in 1859, he began a letter to his wife with these words: "I wrote you this morning that you must not be discouraged. 'All things work together for good' to God's children.'" Later in the same letter he explained: "Try to look up and be cheerful, and not desponding. Trust our kind heavenly Father, and by the eye of faith see that all things with you are right, and for your best interest..... The clouds come, pass over us, and are followed by bright sunshine; so, in God's moral dealings with us, He permits us to have trouble awhile, but let us, even in the most

all possible religious and missionary exchanges between the two sections. Dr. Samson was also a prolific writer.

trying dispensations of His providence, be cheered by the brightness which is a little ahead." [Dabney, *Life and Campaigns of Lt. General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson* (Sprinkle Publications), p. 123.]

In his sermon, Dabney detailed how Jackson exercised moral courage in his decision to enter the war: "Had he not sought the light of the Holy Scriptures, in thorough examination and prayer, had his pure and honest conscience not justified the act, even in the eye of that Searcher of hearts, whose fear was his ever-present, ruling principle, never would he have drawn his sword in this great quarrel, at the prompting of any sectional pride, or ambition, or interest, or anger, or dread of obloquy. But having judged for himself, in all sincerity, he decided, with a force of conviction as fixed as the everlasting hills, that our enemies were the aggressors, that they assailed vital, essential rights, and that resistance unto death was our right and duty. On the correctness of that decision, reached through fervent prayer, under the teachings of the sure word of Scripture, through the light of the Holy Spirit, which he was assured God vouchsafed to him, he stood prepared to risk, not only earthly prospects and estate, but an immortal soul; and to venture, without one quiver of doubt or fear, before the irrevocable bar of God the Judge." [*Discussions*, 440.]

It was moral courage that enabled Jackson to send his command into fierce battle against overwhelming numbers. Dabney told the Richmond congregation that he saw the General's eyes closed and his lips moving in earnest prayer as his brigade threw themselves upon the Northern hordes. The fighting preacher believed he knew the thoughts that likely passed through his mind: "[T]he sovereignty of that Providence which worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, and giveth the battle not to the strong, nor the race to the swift: his own fearful responsibility, and need of the counsel and sound wisdom, which God alone can give; the crisis of his beloved country, and the balance trembling between defeat and victory; the precious lives of his veterans, which the inexorable necessities of war compelled him to jeopardize; the immortal souls passing to their account, perhaps unprepared; the widowhood and orphanage which might result from the orders he had just been compelled to issue. And as his beloved men swept by him to the front, into the storm of shot, doubtless his great heart, as tender as it was resolute, yearned over them in unutterable longings and intercessions, that 'the Almighty would cover them with His feathers, and that His truth might be their shield and buckler.'" [*Ibid.*, 444].

The same moral courage needs to be in our hearts today. The defense of the good name of our relatives and their righteous cause requires courage to prevail against lies, hatred and bigotry heaped upon us. Our hope is in the Lord. He never loses a battle and His victories are eternal. The Apostle Paul said, "If God be for us, who can be against us" (Romans 8:31).



A CONFEDERATE SERMON

Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard

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

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

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

Mark, viii. 36

This is a startling question, brethren, and startling the more as it is asked by Him who made both the world and the soul, and therefore is best able to judge of their relative worth. The manner of the question itself leaves no doubt on the mind which of the two God considers most valuable; and by the sacrifice He made for the soul of man, He showed that He esteemed it above all else, and knew no other price for its worth but His own blood!

And all men know the worth of the soul well enough; but they do not consider its worth sufficiently to let it influence their life! There is, in this respect, the same difference which exists with regard to every point of Religion—the difference between Knowledge and Wisdom, which is drawn occasion ally in the Bible; between theory and its practical application. Men know enough of Christ and his redemption, but they do not possess the wisdom to act accordingly. You all know the worth of the soul; may God give you the wisdom to act up to your knowledge.

The Soul! Who can doubt its worth? "Show me the soul," said a skeptic to me; "let me see it, that I may learn to value it, and know it is no mere phantom of the brain; no flattering unction falsely laid to the heart." Can inconsistency go farther? The Soul! It beams in that eye which is bent on you in love; it lives in that hand which presses yours in affection; it weeps those tears which are shed over your departed friend; it soars in that thought which compasses the Universe, and reads the laws of the Creator; it yearns for immortality in that uplifted countenance; it dreams of a bliss, and dwells on a happiness for which this earth, and the clay in which it is shrouded on earth, give no satisfaction; it seeks its equals in the realms above, and holds communion with beings as invisible to the natural eye as is its own essence!

Show me its worth! The Creator but spake the word; and earth, fire, water, air, with their countless organizations, burst forth into existence from the womb of Nothing. But when God created man, He took counsel with Himself, in the recesses of the Holy Trinity, and said: "Let us make man in our own image!" On the soul is impressed the image of God! who is a Spirit, and can only be known and worshipped in spirit and in

truth. Show me its worth! Look upon the temple which God built it in the flesh, the noblest work of physical creation; with the brow turned heavenward, and the stature erect, all symmetry, all beauty, such as shines in nothing else! Rehearse its capacities, and see how it compasses the Universe, and molds Nature to its will, and carves out for itself a way of life, and seeks a happiness to satisfy demands which cannot rise in inert matter! Time does not exhaust its aspirations; life does not set bounds to its desires; it rises above the drudgery of flesh and blood, and seeks its kindred in the heavens! It grasps the idea of God, and rises to the union and communion with the Deity; it rises as on eagle's wings; and in the conception of poets, the thoughts of philosophers, the acquirements of knowledge, gives proof of its heaven-born descent! It is enthroned above the visible creation, the master of this globe, the measurer of the worlds above; and all the treasures of the deep, all the glories of the firmament, all the wonders of science and literature, cannot satiate its appetite, or exhaust its powers. It demands eternity for its progress, infinitude for its development!

It is the soul, alone, brethren, which makes man what he is—a candidate for eternity! and oh, either for eternal bliss, or eternal misery! It is the treasure enclosed in the casket of flesh and blood, watched over by powerful spirits, whether for good or evil. Two worlds are contending for it, and offering their prices for its gain!

There is in this life a contest going on between the powers of Heaven and the powers of Hell. The object of contention is the soul of man. God stoops down from Heaven, and bids for the soul; Satan, from beneath, offers his prices for the same.

Whose offer will you take?

Behold from His radiant throne, and the choirs of adoring angels, the Son of God descends, and pleads in accents of love: Give me thy soul! I have come for it to earth, and borne the sufferings of the creature. I have borne the form of a servant, and poured out my blood in the death of ignominy, to purchase for it the glories of eternity and the favour of God, who is life; and His loving kindness, which is better than life. Heaven is yours, and eternal joys, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, if you but give me your soul!

Oh, in love He pleads, in love which passeth understanding; and a price he offers, the worth of which eternity shall be too short to exhaust. Heaven for the soul! God's presence for the soul! the love of a dying Redeemer and ever living Saviour for the soul! The care and protection of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being here below; support and strength in every trial, every warfare; triumph over the adversary; victory over death and the grave, in the passage through the dark valley. Infinitude and ever-growing assimilation to the God head, as we pass from the Church militant on earth to the Church triumphant in heaven: All for the soul! Ah, brethren, God asks no sacrifice but of what would make the soul miserable and contemptible. He does not stint His gifts, and gives you for the soul, both the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Time and eternity unite their appeals to make you take the offer of your Lord, and trust your souls to Him!

What are the prices which the Tempter offers? Ah, can he speak to you of eternity? He never does! for his eternity is one of wretchedness indescribable, where the worm never dieth, and the fire is not quenched! Can he point you to future bliss and satisfaction? He never does; his wisdom is to hide the future, and drop before it an impenetrable veil of present cares or joys. This life, its glory, its power, its wisdom, its lusts, are his all; for beyond them nothing is found in his gift but Hell! This life, its glory,

its powers, its wisdom, its lusts, are his baits; the prices he offers for the soul, that stays here but for a moment, and before which the present enjoyment flits by as a dream, and if it leaves its mark, it is the sting of death!

This life is one great fair, where men's souls are bought and sold. The Church brings it life and salvation, and offers it without money and without price. The World—that great Vanity Fair—it offers it the baubles of the moment, the regrets and remorse of an eternity. And still it bids for souls, and sells them to its cruel master. There is a constant bargaining of this kind going on! There is not an ungodly pleasure, not an unrighteous gain, not an impure gratification, not a revengeful satisfaction, but the soul's blood is paid for it!

The mind of man ever and anon wakes up to this truth: What are all the fictions which have come down to us from more imaginative ages, and now enchain the attention of the young in fairy tales and oriental stories: of men deeding away their souls for the purse that is never empty, the gratification of never-satiate lusts? What are they but the musings of your own heart, its most hidden secrets and deepest wishes, embodied, incarnated in the fascinating form of parabolical fiction? Those legends about the adepts of the black art, the gold makers, or the lords of every pleasure, with evil spirits at their beck and call; yet who with their blood signed away their soul to the adversary, and whose end was the end of despair, in the loathsome embraces of their former demon servants, and the torments of everlasting fire kindled by their busy agency: what are all, but illustrations of this truth, this actual, ever present, experimental truth: that man cannot give himself only to the pursuit of the wants, the pleasures and the cares of time, the power, wisdom, glory or shame of earth, without surrendering his soul to Him, in whose presence shall be misery for evermore? Oh, that men's eyes were opened to see how, behind every unholy aspiration, every unrighteous transaction, every godless thought, every lustful indulgence, every act of cruelty or hatred, intemperance, or any wickedness, the Evil Spirit stands, ready to take the soul as his pay for all.

And, brethren, look at his prices! Religion and the favour of God will indeed insure you, not only the glories of eternity, but the real joys of earth. Industry will ever find its support, contentment be always rich, the peace of heart a source of never failing happiness, a conscience void of offence a tower of strength amidst all the trials of earth. But the ways of the transgressor, truly they are hard! You ask wealth of this life, and the destroyer turns in its pursuit your thoughts from God and heaven, and thus ruins your soul! but does he give you wealth? How many of those who are without Christ have gotten wealth? wealth to satisfy their wishes, the wants of their greedy nature? "Give! give!" is the constant cry of the soul, its appeal to the king of the world. But, brethren, there are too many applicants for this glittering idol, and you must be satisfied with toiling for it in the sweat of your brow, and working for it "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," and take the paltry gain which scarcely supports existence. See how the devil pays! Are any of you the richer for being without religion? Any of you the better off on earth for having never bestowed a thought on heaven?

Behold the work is as hard and harder in the service of Satan, and his pay, even here—it is all a fraud!

You ask happiness, and seek it at the hands of the world, and court its fickle favours, or debase your selves in its licentious orgies, and seek satisfaction for the thirst of your soul. And after you have roamed through all the haunts of pleasure, and drained the poisonous dregs of its brimming cup, and wallowed in the mire of beastly degradations, are you happy? Are you satisfied? Has the Devil kept his promise, when he bade you join

his merry band, and tread the flowery path of vice? You ask satisfaction, lasting pleasure, but, alas, in his service nought is lasting but misery and torment; and surfeit and remorse follow up every pittance that he pays for your soul.

It is fearful to think how many are thus deceived, how many are thus toiling in the bonds of iniquity. How many are ready to purchase a moment's imperfect gratification with long, long hours of wretchedness and remorse; and consent to give up for such wages the hope of heaven?

Oh, when I see the young man madly turn from the lessons of early piety and godliness, and think it manly to throw himself into the ways and vices of a godless world; when I see the acquirements of earth and time become its all to the aspiring mind, and the heaven-born glory of our nature degraded in the service of what cannot satisfy, and its strength wasted for that which must prove its ruin; and when I think of the loving remonstrances which a father or mother may in vain address to them, the ceaseless prayers of a Christian wife or sister, whose fervour has not yet been extinguished by repeated failures—a feeling of awe steals over me. It seems to me I see that soul under the hammer, and hear its reckless possessor offer it at auction to the highest bidder. God offers, Christ offers, the Church bids, friends add their prayers. In vain! The Devil seems to bid higher! One more gratification and the soul is "going;" one more successful bargain, and the soul is "going;" one more promise of earthly lust and glory, and the soul is "going," until, brethren, an invisible, almighty hand brings down the hammer—the hammer of death! and, as with the archangel's voice, the bargain is sealed for eternity—gone!

The silent grave hides its tale of woe. And others come up to the stand, and the auction of this life goes on; and Hell is peopled with immortal souls for the wretched prices of sin, and lust, and greediness! Oh, God!

Brethren, let us follow that soul under the green sod; let us learn the value of the soul from the experience after death! Ah, perhaps success smiled upon it on earth, and the bargains were pleasing, but what is its judgment then? I got a good situation, or a good business—but lost my soul! I made a large fortune—but lost my soul! I had many friends, but God is my enemy. I lived in pleasure, but now pain is my everlasting portion. I clothed my body gaily, but my soul is naked before God; its bed the lake of fire, its sheet the flame that is not quenched, its fellow the worm that never dieth!

Let us go up and ask at the gate of Heaven! Ask the bright spirits in the presence of God, and hear what is of the greatest worth in all God's creation: and in language of adoring gratitude they say, the soul, Let us go to the gates of Hell, and ask the suffering demons—what is of the greatest worth in all God's creation? and with the howl of despair they cry, the soul! Let us visit the graves of the dead, and call up their spirits, Dives and Lazarus, and hear how both, the one from his blissful rest in Abraham's bosom, the other from his bed of torment in Hell, bear the same testimony to the worth of the soul. And, in the stilly Sabbath-hour, kneel down in your own chamber, and ask yourselves:—"What shall it profit me if I gain the whole world, and lose my own soul?"

The world! Far be it from us to underrate its claims. We are called into the world, and have our post assigned in it, as the servants of God; and in all its phenomena we may see the overruling power of God, and learn the lessons of His love and justice. We are called to do good in the world, to bear our brethren's burden, and win their souls with ours for Heaven. We are to glorify God in it, by letting our light shine to His praise, and doing our part in its regeneration.

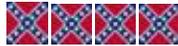
With the love of Christ in the heart, the world cannot hurt us, but will become for us the wrestling place, where the life of the soul is strengthened, and after having enjoyed

in it the bounties of God, and been blessed by its every gift, through the gratitude it has waked in our breast to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, we shall bid it farewell calmly, and in the full assurance that from its vale of sorrow and temptation, and its state of imperfection, we shall rise to the blissful home above, where there shall be no more death, sorrow, crying or pain, and "where God shall wipe away the tears from every eye."

But, without the love of Christ, and apart from the salvation of the soul,—the world! Ah, surely it cannot be reckoned of more worth than Christ's blood; that was God's price for it! And all you seek and gain here, in an ungodly life on earth, is worth no more than the thirty pieces of silver that Judas got, and can purchase nothing better for you than the field of blood in Hell! The potter's field in Hell, where the souls of strangers shall find their place of execution. Strangers, for Hell was not built for men, but for devils; strangers, for man was not created for condemnation, but has been called to Heaven by the love of a gracious Redeemer.

Brethren, in the name of my Master, with the authority of my office as His messenger, with the urgency of love and deep concern which only a Christian pastor's heart can realize, I ask you to answer the question:

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?



Book Review

Our Trust is in the God of Battles: The Civil War Letters of Robert Franklin Bunting

The University of Tennessee Press, 436 pages

Edited by Thomas W. Cutrer

Review by H. Rondel Rumburg

Bunting was the chaplain of Terry's Texas Rangers, C.S.A. Although the editor does not always understand spiritual things, the volume is still of great value. Bunting's letters are descriptions of the actions of his unit through thick and thin. The book is almost like a regimental history.

The letters were written for publication in various Texas newspapers. There are references to his duties as chaplain, the Lord's visitations in revival, etc. One can by reading this book get the sense of being with this chaplain and the rangers. His task was much greater than being chaplain in an infantry unit, for cavalry was constantly on the move.

Robert Franklin Bunting was born in Beaver County, Pennsylvania on the 9th of May 1828. He was converted by God's grace and joined the Presbyterians. His education was at Hookstown Academy, Washington College (now Jefferson College) and then entered Princeton Theological Seminary. He requested to be ordained as an "evangelist to Texas." He was impacted at Princeton by Daniel Baker whose influence was partly responsible for taking him South. His desire was that Texas become a "Bible State." Upon arrival in Texas he went to see Daniel Baker who was then president of Austin College at Huntsville. This friend helped him get his bearing.

Bunting went to LaGrange where he found the nucleus of a church and decided by God's grace to start a local church. God blessed his ministry and a church was established. There were many sad providences in his life, for he married and then lost his bride to yellow fever in eight months, his health broke down and other problems as waves broke over him. Later he went to San Antonio to establish a church, believing this town was critical to evangelizing Mexico. While raising funds for a new sanctuary he received a nice donation from none other than Lt. Col. Robert E. Lee who was commanding the Second Cavalry on the frontier of Texas.

When the war came he found some of his former parishioners at Bowling Green serving under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. He began to preach to these men and eventually received a commission as the chaplain of the Eighth Texas Cavalry. He was greatly used by the Lord and loved by the men. Major General Dabney Herndon Maury said, "There are none in our armies who held and who still retain more of the confidence, the respect and the affection of the Confederate soldiers than the Confederate chaplains." What an opportunity chaplains have to serve the Lord.

Bunting like most of the Confederate Chaplain's Corps was faithful to the Lord and the gospel of grace. Oh, that we would be the same today.

After the war Bunting continued to pastor. Some of the places he pastored were Galveston, TX, Nashville, TN, and his final pastorate was in Rome, GA. The Lord summoned this His servant on the 19th of September 1891, and he was buried at Gallatin, TN.



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.