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



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

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

## **The Sesquicentennial of Reconstruction**

**1865 - 1876**

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

### Quote from a Confederate Chaplain

**“I desire to feel profoundly grateful to God that our labors have been so extensively blessed. Out of about 1500 men, we thus have 100 who, if they are not made *better* soldiers, we know they are not made *worse*—and in respect to their morals, we know they are greatly elevated; and, what is of no mean importance, they are prepared for life or death; and should they be permitted to return home, it will be to bless their friends and build up the Redeemer’s Kingdom among them. I would I could say this of all, both officers and men, throughout the Confederacy.”**

#### **Chaplain Martin Bibb**

**60<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment**

[Chaplain of HRR’s Great Grandfather]



#### **Editorial**

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

*The Lord reminds us numerous times to not remove the ancient landmarks of our fathers or our neighbors* (Deut. 19:14; Prov. 22:28; 23:10-11). Removing ancient landmarks was/is a form of theft and is dishonorable: applying the idea historically one could say when the truth of history is altered then theft has taken place; when applied doctrinally one could say the distorting of the truths of the Bible is a form of spiritual murder; this is true, just as the moving or removing of property markers is a dishonorable act that cheats someone, robbing the future. There is a warning in the Book of Job, “Why, seeing times are not hidden from the Almighty, do they that know him not see his days? Some remove the landmarks; they violently take away flocks, and feed thereof” (Job 24:1-2). Those tinkering with history as revisionist historians do, in

order to sanitize it, are seeking to conform it to the false narrative of present day political correctness and commit acts of thievery and lying. The same is true of removing historical markers, which in their removal, destroys the remembrances of the past, just as truly as removing the proper identity of the ownership of property violates God's requirement. The opposite of the removal of landmarks is the conserving of heritage. The present day is filled with such thievery in the destruction of monuments.

Job said that such "times are not hidden from the Almighty." The all-knowing God records and ultimately brings such violations into eternal judgment. You may say you do not believe in God or the Bible. You may not! But one thing is for sure, when you stand naked before the eternal, almighty God, He knows how to deal with you—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. 9:17). Effacing history or destroying landmarks thereof is dishonest and flies in the face of God whose providence is a governor of history. Altering the record of history is a way inept men have of trying to play god.

Consider the following passages from God's Word: "Thine, O LORD, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O LORD, and Thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all; and in Thine hand is power and might; and in Thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength to all"—1 Chronicles 29:11-12. "But our God is in the heavens: He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased"—Psalm 115:3. "Whatsoever the LORD pleased, that did He in heaven and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places"—Psalm 135:6. God is longsuffering but will bring all men into judgment. The Lord is Lord of history.

The genesis of history is of paramount importance to anyone who loves God and truth. History cannot be separated from the Creator—Redeemer God. He who is the "head above all" and "reignest over all" has all authority and power in His "hand." He who gives "strength to all" is associated with all to whom He has given strength. This One is almighty over "the heaven and the earth." He has done "whatsoever He Hath pleased ... in heaven and in earth." It would appear that history must have its origin with such a One who is the only true and living God.

Genesis is the beginning, but God must originate the beginning. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth" (Gen. 1:1). These are the first words of origin and the first words of history. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" (John 1:1). The "beginning" in Genesis 1:1 has to do with "the first in time." The "beginning" in John 1:1 has to do with "before all time." We must actually go back before time for history's origin.

There is *truth* in the fact that history, in order to be traced to its roots, must be traced back to its fountain head in eternity past. Remember that in the prayer which our Lord taught His disciples you find, "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, *as it is in heaven*" (Matt. 6:9-10). The request was that God the Father's will be carried out on earth as it is in the place of

the presence of the Father. Obedience should be according to divine purpose and direction. The will of God's "decree" or "plan from eternity" is always realized in heaven before it is on earth (Dan. 4:35; Eph. 1:11). God imposes His *secret will* as a rule on all his actions in grace and in providence. His will cannot be discerned by men until it is evidenced in His actions in time. God's *revealed will* is made known through His holy Word. The prayer Christ Jesus taught His disciples tells us that God's will is done on earth because it was ordained from eternity and obeyed in heaven. It is a mistake to imagine that only the sinless in heaven and the saintly on earth do God's will. The lost unknowingly carry out the *secret will* of God. Remember Peter's sermon and how he charged the Jews, "Ye men of Israel, hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know: Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain" (Acts 2:22-23). Peter related how they were unknowingly fulfilling the will of God, but it only became evident as the will of God when it came to pass. This, of course, did not lighten the gravity of their sin. Men have many devices in their hearts, but the Lord's counsel shall stand (Prov. 19:21). The Lord can either make the wrath of men to praise Him or He can restrain it (Ps. 76:10).

William Childs Robinson, in his book, *What Is Christian Faith?*, remarked on Christian certainty:

God has intervened for the salvation of sinners and for the vindication of His righteousness in preserving a guilty creation. History not only has its source in the will of the Creator, its fabric in His decrees; it also has its theodicy [a vindication of the justice of God, especially in ordaining or permitting natural and moral evil] in the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. A superficial view may scorn the intervention of the Lord Jesus Christ as 'accidental historical truths.' A deeper insight recognizes the Cross as 'the hinge of history.' On the ground of the substitutionary death of Christ propitiating His holy wrath, God decreed history and accomplished salvation.

This being true, salvation had to be a part of decreed history. The cross of Christ is seen as the watershed of history. It was the pivotal point in history.

Toying around with and removing the ancient landmarks will end in a person standing before God in judgment. "Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment.... But the way of the ungodly shall perish" (Ps. 1:5, 6).

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This issue contains an editorial of your editor. Also, the Chaplain-in-Chief's message is included. You will also find our Chaplain-in-Chief's article on his Confederate ancestor, titled *Private Joseph William Parker*. Your editor has provided a biographical sketch of *Chaplain E. M. Bounds, Part I*. Assistant editor, Mark Evans, has written an article entitled *John Lafayette Girardeau: Christian Warrior*. This issue, as usual, includes [A Confederate Sermon](#) submitted by Kenneth Studdard of Rev. John L. Girardeau (1825-1898) which is titled *The Last Judgment*. Our [Book Review](#), by our editor, is on *Confederate Chaplain William Edward Wiatt: an Annotated Diary*, edited by Alex. L. Wiatt.

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:

Let me encourage you to be in prayer for the GEC meeting planned for March 24th in Elm Springs. Many important items will be discussed -- especially in light of the many heritage violations around the country. Pray for the leadership of the Lord in this time of discussion and decision making.

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

Jacqueline Sprinkle and Miriam Clark will provide our special music.  
Pastor Lloyd Sprinkle will serve as our Conference Song Leader.  
Past Chaplain-in Chief John Weaver will be our Thursday evening speaker.  
Pastor Andy Rice will be a Friday morning speaker.  
Past Chaplain-in-Chief Ron Rumburg will be a Friday afternoon speaker.  
Other speakers to be announced.

Between each of the services will be refreshment and fellowship time in the church assembly area under the Sanctuary. And, of course, lunch will be served on Friday. Remember, all of this is free. No registration needed. Just come and enjoy good Southern preaching, singing, food, and fellowship.

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

Deo Vindice!

Ray L. Parker  
Chaplain-in-Chief

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## Chaplain-in-Chief's Article

### **Private Joseph William Parker 50th North Carolina Infantry, CSA (A Typical Defender of the South)**

Ray L. Parker

Private Joseph William Parker, my great, great grandfather, was a typical Confederate Soldier. He was born and raised in Surry County, North Carolina, with perhaps some time in Harnett County. The County Seat of Surry County was and is the small city of Mt. Airy. Perhaps Mt. Airy's "claim to fame" is the fact that it is home to the TV personality Andy Griffith. Griffith is probably best known for his portrayal of Sheriff Andy Taylor of Mayberry, North Carolina. As-a-matter-of-fact, the "atmosphere" of Mt. Airy as a small Southern, North Carolina town is portrayed in the fictional Mayberry, North Carolina, of the Griffith's show in the 1960s. Many of the geographical locations

mentioned on the show have reality near Mt. Airy -- as Mount Pilot which represents an actual mountain peak near the city, Pilot Mountain. Tourists come to Mt. Airy each year to visit the Griffith boyhood home place, or the Mayberry Mall, or the various "Mayberry" displays around the town. Betty Lynn, who played Deputy Sheriff Barney Fife's girlfriend Thelma Lou on the Griffith show, now lives in Mt. Airy.

Joseph Parker grew up on a Surry County farm and became a farmer himself. Perhaps it should be mentioned that Joseph did not own slaves and had no desire to own slaves. Thus he did not serve in the 50th North Carolina Infantry, CSA, to protect his slave ownership or for that matter any other person's slave ownership. He served in the 50th North Carolina because North Carolina, as the other Southern States, was under the total war practice of the Federal Army. Cities and towns were being destroyed. Populations were being dispersed. Fields were being burned. Citizens were being persecuted. As thousands of men across the South, Joseph responded to this attack and fought back to protect his family, home, state, and country. Slavery had nothing to do with his war-time efforts.

### **History of the 50th North Carolina**

The 50th North Carolina was formed in 1862 and engaged in some 44 battles during the war. They fought at Richmond, Virginia; Malvem Hill, Virginia; Rodman's Point, North Carolina; Wilmington, North Carolina; New Berne, North Carolina; Washington, North Carolina; Plymouth, North Carolina; Fort Fisher, North Carolina; Savannah, Georgia; Fayetteville, North Carolina; Goldsboro, North Carolina; Raleigh, North Carolina; and the last conflict was at Athens, Georgia on May 8, 1865. Over 1,700 men served in the 50th. When the regiment surrendered in 1865, there were approximately 250 men left. Joseph returned to his farm and family in Surry County. Joseph died in Surry County in 1880. His grave has been lost to the passing of time. But even though there is no physical grave to visit, we still remember who he was, what he did for the South, and what he accomplished in his life. He, like thousands of others, took the front lines to defend freedom, liberty, self-determination, and Constitutional government. It is right that we remember.

On May 20, 2000, Camp 1598, Sons of Confederate Veterans placed a monument to honor the Confederate Veterans of Surry County. On the monument are these words:

In memory of the Confederate  
soldiers of Surry County  
1861 --- 1865

“Duty is the sublimest word in  
our language. Do your duty in

all things. You cannot do more.  
You should never wish to do less.”

Robert E. Lee

### **Life Continues**

Joseph married a young lady named Mary Ann Hickman. One of their children they named Franklin (my great grandfather). When Franklin came of marrying age he took as his bride Cordelia Collins. One of their children they named Curtis (my grandfather). Curtis married Sadie Pernell Peeples. Curtis and Sadie had four boys: Curtis, Clarence, Raymond, and Ernest. Raymond is my father. He served in the United States Air Corps during the Second World War. His base of operations was China, Burma, and India. His lovely bride was Margaret Gentry. Of the four brothers, Ernest is still alive and lives in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

### **The Honor of Memory**

As Sons of Confederate Veterans it is our honor to remember the sacrifice and service of our ancestors. Basically they were simple folk -- many were people of the land. Most were not rich and never became rich. Only a few of their names are mentioned in the history books. But all of them did heroic feats in defense of the South. We raise the Battle Flag in their honor. We build monuments in their honor. We defend their good name in the midst of a perverse time. They did their duty in all things. We must now do ours!



**Chaplain Edward McKendree Bounds**

(1835-1913)

3rd Missouri  
By **Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg**

Part I

Perhaps you recognize the name E. M. Bounds because you have read some of his Christian writings, most of which are still in print today. This author's first encounter with Bounds was through his books on prayer. I was a young minister at the time and had no idea that he was a Confederate chaplain. I read and marked passages which had special meaning for me. But most likely the first book of his that I read had within it an expression of one of my heroes. Bounds wrote:

Stonewall Jackson was a man of prayer. Said he: "I have so fixed the habit in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing, never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal, never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward, never change my classes in the lecture room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and for those who come in."

This book of Bound's was written after the War of Northern Aggression. He still favored and honored General Thomas J. Jackson who was then with the Lord. He was not like many, so-called Christians today who find it advantageous to dishonor God's people of the past.

In that same book was the remarkable statement, "We cannot run our spiritual operations on the prayers of the past generation." Wow! This has often been the case with patriotic Americans. He went on,

*Many persons believe in the efficacy of prayer, but not many pray. Prayer is the easiest and hardest of all things; the simplest and the sublimest; the weakest and the most powerful; its results lie outside the range of human possibilities—they are limited only by the omnipotence of God.*

Not that I always agree with Bounds in his assertions and conclusions, but I certainly did with the following,

The parading of Church statistics is mightily against the grain of spiritual religion. Eying numbers greatly hinders the looking after personal purity. The increase of quantity is generally at a loss of quality. Bulk abates preciousness.

Yes, we should desire the Lord's blessings, but when He blesses we need to be sure it is not turned into some form of a curse by our abuse.

W. H. Hodge was one of two men responsible for putting E. M. Bounds' writings into print. He gave a personal testimony of the impact of the man on his own life:

I have been among many ministers and slept in the same room with them for several years. They prayed, but I was never impressed with any special praying among them until one day a small man with gray hair and an eye like an eagle came along. We had a ten day convention.

We had some fine preachers around the home, and one of them was assigned to my room. I was surprised early next morning to see a man bathing himself before day and then see him get down and begin to pray. I said to myself, "He will not disturb us, but will soon finish", he kept on softly for hours, interceding and weeping softly, for me and my indifference, and for all the ministers of God. He spoke the next day on prayer.

I became interested for I was young in the ministry, and had often desired to meet with a man of God that prayed like the saints of the Apostolic age. Next morning he was up praying again, and for ten days he was up early praying for hours. I became intensely interested and thanked God for sending him. "At last," I said, "I have found a man that really prays. I shall never let him go. He drew me to him with hooks of steel."

### ***Birth and Early Years***

The Bible in Psalm 127 tells us that children are a heritage of the Lord for the fruit of the womb is His reward. They are like arrows in the hands of a warrior and a quiver full of such arrows is a divine blessing for they speak with the enemies at the gate. The Lord was pleased on August 15, 1835 to give the fruitful reward of the birth of Edward McKendree Bounds to Thomas Jefferson and Hester "Hatty" Bounds. This was the fifth arrow in the Bounds quiver that had three sons and three daughters. E. M. Bounds was the namesake of Bishop William McKendree who was an evangelist and the fourth bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Bounds was born in Shelbyville, Missouri.

The Bounds family was instrumental in the founding of the town and in the establishing of the Methodist Church in Shelbyville in 1840. They were a Christian family that loved the Lord. It was said that the origin of this local congregation was the result of some camp meetings that were held there by Rev. Richard Sharp, a Methodist minister, and Rev. Henry Louthan, a Baptist minister, who were used of the Lord in an ingathering of souls.

Thomas Jefferson Bounds was one of the pioneer settlers of Shelby County, Missouri, and helped organize the county. He served as the first Justice of the Peace. Later he became the County Clerk before being appointed County Commissioner in 1835. The Bounds family was one of the original families in this county and an original landholder. County Clerk Jefferson Bounds' home also functioned for a time as the first Court House in those founding days.

E. M., as he became fondly known, attended school after his parents had originally taught him many life lessons. The Shelbyville School was a one room educational facility. One room schools were the incubators of many famous Americans. It was likely that E. M. became interested in the study law because court was held in his home and he observed it firsthand.

### ***Early Testing***

The Lord tested E. M., as well as his family, by a great trial which consisted in the loss of his father. He was a lad of fourteen. Thomas J. Bounds contacted tuberculosis and died at age forty-four on September 13, 1849. This, of course, had a enormous impact on this son's life. The Lord used the funeral service to speak to E. M. whose soul began to be searched out by the Lord and resulted in a concern for his eternal relationship to the Lord his God. His mother and siblings were bereft of one whom they loved so dearly. The eldest brother, Thomas, assumed the responsibilities of his father.

This sorrowful and unsettling event plus the news of the gold strike in California lead to E. M. Bounds being moved from Missouri. Some of his relatives, including his brother Charles, to whom he was so close, and cousin John Bird moved him with them to Mesquite Canyon, California. On their way to the gold fields they stopped in Platte County, Missouri to visit relatives. Those relatives, John and Elizabeth, had already been preparing for a move to the west to claim free land in Oregon. Thus they joined with the wagon train to head west.

The family members who were seeking gold, like most who sought the yellow metal, worked exceptionally hard but did not succeed although they gave four years of their lives in its pursuit. The returns for their labors were meager at most. They endured primitive living conditions, narrow escapes, and were overwhelmed by observing the extremely corrupt lives of the miners. They discovered firsthand what avarice brings to those who set for affections on gold. This failure was an incentive to return home to Missouri.

### ***Adulthood***

They stopped in St. Louis for a while. The river there gave brother Charles an idea for a business venture. That idea was to form a freight business on "Old Man River." The return to Missouri for the nineteen-year-old E. M. Bounds led in another direction. His infatuation with the law had not abated so he returned to Hannibal to study for the bar. As a result he became the youngest practicing lawyer in the state. It appeared that his life was settled into a future in law. For three years it appeared that this would be his life's work.

There was a movement of the Lord that occurred in 1857 that was possibly the most widespread awakening in American history.<sup>§</sup> It began with prayer in the east and then

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<sup>§</sup> Revival historian James Edwin Orr summarized the state of the nation at that time in the following five points:

moved west by the grace of God. This awakening impacted the life of young lawyer Bounds. At twenty-four the Lord intervened in his life and he believed himself called to preach the gospel. Thus the awakening that began in 1857 reached Bounds in 1859 when Evangelist Smith Thomas was preaching at a brush arbor on the bank of the Mississippi River at LaGrange. Then it was that the Lord laid hold of E. M. Bounds for His service. He began to ardently study God's Word, he enjoyed reading John Wesley's sermons and then he began preaching to a small church. Thus he closed his law practice and enrolled in the Centenary Seminary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South in Palmyra, Missouri. After two years in seminary he applied for approval to the Conference. On February 21, 1860 at the Hannibal Quarterly Conference Bounds preached. He was recommended to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. There was a special element in the letter of recommendation for it was signed by his sister's father-in-law, the presiding elder, Rev. Cornelius Vandevender.

His first assignment was the circuit of Monticello, Missouri. Here he did pioneer work for the Lord as he traveled constantly to fulfill his duties. The spiritual needs of those to whom he ministered were not taken lightly and neither was prayer and the study of God's Word among the people. Often his pay was farm products, but his great concern was spiritual fruit. He was concerned in the educating of those under his ministry in the Bible and he established a school in the Monticello church building. However, just as his work for the Lord seemed to be taking shape the news of the firing on Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861 reached him. Southern people knew the implications of this action by Federal troops on Southern property.

E. M. Bounds' brother Charles had found the lady that he desired to be his wedded wife. Thus he wanted to attend the wedding in St. Louis. He was delighted to see family and rejoiced with his brother whose wedding took place on April 23, 1861. There was a sense of foreboding even at such a joyous time as a result of the collecting of the clouds of war.



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1. Gain, gambling and greed were rampant. There was spectacular wealth, utter poverty and the gap between rich and poor was growing; this was accompanied by a rapid increase in violent crime.
  2. There was an alarming increase of occult activity because of the vacuum left by the disappointment of many people with the church.
  3. Immorality, a playboy type of philosophy of free love was advocated and accepted by many.
  4. Commercial and political corruption increased. Bribes, illegal business practices and national laws still legalized slavery.
  5. Atheism, agnosticism, apathy, indifference to God and the mocking of God were flourishing.

# John Lafayette Girardeau: Christian Warrior

Mark W. Evans  
Past Chaplain-in-Chief

Confederate Chaplain John Lafayette Girardeau knew the saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. When he entered Charleston College, SC, at the age of fourteen he endured a month of severe, spiritual conviction, which changed his life. The future pastor, chaplain, professor and esteemed theologian was convinced that he would perish under God's just wrath. George A. Blackburn wrote: "He had just entered college when a gloom like that of eternal night fell upon his soul. His conscience pointed to his sinful nature, the unbearable holiness of God, and the flaming bar of judgment. In everything about him he saw the warnings of coming vengeance, while the lurid glare of an eternal hell was ever before his fervid imagination. His case seemed hopeless. He could not see how any one could enjoy a life that was nothing more than a vestibule to the dungeon of eternal woe. He was afraid to put out his light at night lest the darkness should never end. He was afraid to go to sleep lest he should awake in the company of the damned. He had no appetite for food. He could not study. No earthly thing interested him. He spent his time reading the Bible, calling on God for mercy and bemoaning his lost estate."<sup>1</sup> All of young Girardeau's repentance, prayers and attempts at reformation failed. In a state of hopelessness he came to the Lord with nothing but his unworthiness and sin. Blackburn wrote: "One beautiful morning while on his knees begging for mercy, it occurred to him that he had already done everything that it was possible for him to do, and that all of these things had availed him nothing. He would, therefore just surrender himself to Jesus and leave the case in his hands. This was faith. Instantly the Holy Spirit assured him that he was accepted in Christ, that his sins were forgiven, and that God loved him with an everlasting love. He sprang to his feet, clapped his hands and poured out the overflowing joy of his soul in praise."<sup>2</sup>

After graduation from college, the young Christian studied for the Gospel ministry at Columbia Theological Seminary, Columbia, SC. He came under the teaching and influence of James Henley Thornwell and Benjamin Morgan Palmer, preachers and theologians who would have an immense impact upon the South's stand for constitutional liberty. The Presbyterian Church, in his sophomore year, licensed the young student to the Gospel ministry. He supplied the pulpit for an independent congregation, the Wappetaw Church, near Mt. Pleasant, SC, preaching one service to a crowded congregation of whites followed by another congregation of blacks, who "filled every available foot of space." On his way back to Charleston, he would stop at a plantation, gather a black congregation around him and preach the "old, old story of

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<sup>1</sup> George A. Blackburn, *The Life Work of John L. Girardeau* (Columbia, SC: The State Company, 1916), 22, 23.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 23.

Jesus and His love." <sup>3</sup> From this love for eternal souls arose a plan for establishing a separate, black church for the purpose of advancing the spiritual welfare of slaves. The Lord blessed the effort, even with what was described as "the most remarkable revival of religion known in the history of the city or State."<sup>4</sup>

During the War for Southern Independence, Girardeau served as chaplain of the 23rd Regiment, SC Volunteers. With his military congregation he experienced bitter cold, scorching heat, hunger, sickness, marches, camps, and bloody battles. He ministered to the South's defenders in the camps, hospitals and on the battlefields. The ever present chaplain lived before his martial congregation as a Christian example, pointing all souls to the bleeding Lamb of God.

After four years of bitter conflict, Girardeau remained unmoved in his Christian zeal and allegiance to the Southern Cause. As the end approached, his regiment occupied a place of imminent danger in the thin lines defending Petersburg from Grant's siege. The Yankee invader, through an underground tunnel, managed to place a deadly pile of explosives beneath the chaplain's regiment. Shortly before the fatal eruption, the 23rd Regiment was ordered to a nearby position and the 22nd Regiment, SC Volunteers moved to the fatal position, soon to receive the full impact of the impending volcano. As earth and body parts exploded into mid-air the 23rd rushed to secure the breach and rain fire upon the advancing enemy. The haughty adversary met a severe repulse. Yet, the overwhelming numbers of Grant's well supplied, well fed, and armed forces eventually forced General Lee's army back to Richmond. In the retreat from Richmond, the non-combatant chaplain was captured and incarcerated at Johnson Island, contrary to the rules of war of civilized nations. There, the implacable chaplain continued proclaiming God's truth to both Confederates and Yankees. When he was finally released in late June, friends supplied the clothes and means for his return to his beloved South Carolina.

The unreconstructed pastor, preacher, and theologian continued his spiritual warfare for the good of eternal souls. In time he was called to fill the chair of theology once occupied by Dr. James Henley Thornwell at Columbia Theological Seminary, Columbia, SC. There, he faced a battle that would affect him until his last breath. The Seminary, a citadel of Christian orthodoxy, must endure a controversy threatening its foundational beliefs. A professor, Dr. James Woodrow, began teaching the tenets of Darwinism as compatible to the Scriptures. The battle was long and hard fought, but Dr. Girardeau led the way in ridding the seminary from a deception that would destroy many Christian institutions and denominations. A contemporary, R. A. Webb, wrote: "The tender hearted, the saintly, the knightly Girardeau went down to his grave under the displeasure of some of his life-long friends, who always thought he was needlessly alarmed. Has evolution shown itself to be a harmless hypothesis which boded no evil to

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<sup>3</sup> Ibid, 26, 27.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid., 379.

the Scriptures, a mere romance in science which had no bearings on the cause of Christ? What is the story of its own evolution?"<sup>5</sup> The writer answered his question: "Today it is the regnant philosophy. It has overpassed all the limits affixed by Dr. Woodrow. With a reconstructing and reversing hand, it has swept the whole gamut of the Christian Faith. Every theological distress of the hour is traceable to its baleful influence."<sup>6</sup>

The unreconstructed chaplain remained faithful to the old paths to the end. His Presbytery recorded the details of his entrance into glory: "Early in the winter of 1895, he was taken sick, and from this he never fully recovered. He lingered, physically a feeble and broken man, until the 23rd of June, 1898, when, surrounded by his heart-broken family and friends, he gently and quietly fell asleep in Jesus, in the full hope of a blessed entrance into his Lord's presence, and of a glorious resurrection."<sup>7</sup>



## A CONFEDERATE SERMON

**Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard**

**John Lafayette Girardeau** (1825-98) was a Presbyterian pastor and theologian of great ability. His life was devoted to the preaching of the gospel. His heart was deeply moved to work among the slaves of his native South Carolina. Prior to the outbreak of the War Between the States, he served as pastor of a predominantly black church.

Girardeau was once called the "Spurgeon of America," and many were moved by his powerful Christ-centered preaching. In *Preachers with Power*, Douglas Kelly describes Girardeau as one who "had a profound grasp of the reformed faith and was skilled in preaching it with unusual power, clarity and unction to the men and women of his own culture...not a few observers expressed surprise at the theological nature of his preaching to the black slaves."

Girardeau served the Confederate Army as a chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment of the South Carolina Volunteers. Following the war Girardeau continued in the pastorate until he was called to the chair of Didactic and Polemic Theology of Columbia Theological Seminary. He would continue in that position until retiring due to poor health.

This is from Girardeau's volume of sermons. It is a powerful and searching message.

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<sup>5</sup> Ibid., 283.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid, 382.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT

2 Cor. V. 10. *"For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christy that every one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. "*

I invite your attention, my brethren, to a subject of more than usual solemnity and awe. And I confess that I approach it not without fear, lest, on the one hand, a theme of terrific grandeur and transcendent interest should suffer from inadequacy of treatment, and lest, on the other, it should meet with a reception disproportionate to its claims, and only render more fearful a subsequent thoughtlessness and disregard. Conscious of this danger, I would earnestly invoke the influence of the Holy Spirit to impress upon every heart the truth which may be spoken.

The text brings to our notice the last act in the great drama of this world's history. Among minds fond of speculating upon the probable issues of the future, considerable discussion has taken place as to certain circumstances connected with the last judgment which can never be clearly ascertained before the event itself. The precise time of its arrival, the place of assembly, and the duration of the trial are matters which, however we may speculate about them, God has never seen fit definitely to reveal.

In regard to the time when the judgment will begin we are, happily for ourselves, in total darkness. The Scriptures assure us that the day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night, and that when men shall solace themselves with the cry of peace and safety, then sudden destruction shall come upon them as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape. The very ignorance which shuts out the knowledge of the time is the most powerful incentive to diligent preparation. "Watch, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh."

As to the locality, it has been conjectured,—with how much truth I venture not to say,—from a certain passage in the First Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians, in which the apostle says, we shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, that the atmosphere which environs the earth will be the scene of the last great assize.

With reference to the duration of the judicial process, it has been the opinion of some that the usual phraseology in which the Scriptures advert to the day of judgment is to be received according to the interpretation of prophecy, and that from the important relation which it will sustain to the present state, the judicial process will mark a new dispensation. Most, however, understand the language of Scripture in its simplest and most obvious sense, and suppose that there will be a definite day in which the final destiny of all mankind shall, with rapidity not impossible to almighty power and infinite knowledge, be at once and forever settled. "For He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness."

I. There are two independent but concurrent lines of argument which furnish a powerful rational presumption in favor of a future judgment. In the first place, there is

something significant in the fact that the decisions of conscience are felt not to be ultimate, but prospective and premonitory. Conscience represents God in the human soul, and derives its authority entirely from Him. It is God's law, God's court, and God's bar in the nature of man. It is this which gives it its power to bestow peace upon the righteous and to break the carnal security of the ungodly. Were it not for the felt conviction that it refers its decisions to the sanction of a higher tribunal, men might be content to flout its feeble utterances and laugh at its vain protests amidst the furious clamor and the deafening uproar of the passions. Imbecility would render the court ridiculous. But its finger points to another court and another bar. It pronounces its decisions with references to the future. This it is which clothes it with indisputable authority. It is felt to be founded on eternal rectitude and supported by the resources of omnipotence. The pervading conviction is—and it is one which cannot be shaken from the soul—that these solemn sentences will be ratified by the doom of a higher judge, and carried into execution by an invincible arm. There thus arises out of the depths of our moral nature an awful testimony to the certainty of a future and final judgment.

Nor, in the next place, ought the fact to be overlooked that a moral government, embodying in itself as an integral element the distribution of rewards and punishments is begun but not consummated in the present life. It is clear that the providence of God, both in its natural and moral aspects, proceeds in some degree upon the principle of retribution; but it is equally clear that that principle is not employed to its legitimate extent. There does not appear to be in all cases a precise adaptation of rewards and penalties to the nature of moral actions and the conduct of moral agents. For, although it must be admitted that no suffering, however severe, is undeserved even by the most pious, still the fact cannot be disguised that some godly men are called upon to endure more frequent and protracted trials than some who are ungodly. Here lies the difficulty. And on the supposition that there will be no adequate distribution of retributive consequences in another state than the present, it would be an inexplicable anomaly. But admit the justice of God as the moral governor of mankind, and the presumption is irresistible in favor of the completion of the now existing scheme of retribution in a state beyond the grave. Of that moral government which is here begun, and enforced just enough to establish its leading principles, the consummate exhibition is laid over to another life.

The wicked and reckless transgressor of every principle of right, the man who tramples under foot every obligation to his Maker and every sacred relation to humanity, who curses God to His face, and soaks his hands in the warm and bubbling life-blood of his brother; he who revels in filth and licentiousness, and slaughters on the altar of his lusts the dearest covenants between man and man, who creeps like a viper into the bosom of virtue and fastens his poisoned fangs upon unsuspecting and helpless innocence,—yes, the monster whom the earth groans under and the heavens frown upon, upon whose head the voice of injured and outraged humanity cries bitterly for vengeance,—this man is permitted to flourish like the green bay-tree beside quiet

waters, and at last it may be without a struggle or a pang to lie down in peace and die. Is this, can this be, all that the justice of a perfect being requires?

Now turn and look. Here is a man who is actuated by a constant desire to glorify his God; who, with every morning's light and evening's shade gathers around the family-altar the wife and children whom he recognizes as the gifts of his Heavenly Father; who delights to tread the courts of the Lord's house, to sing His praise and hear His word; who respects every relation which binds him to his fellow-man; who would rather be the "trampled on than the trampler," carrying a heart from whose sweet and brimful fountain are ever gushing streams of charity to all around him; who sits and watches till the breaking day by the dying bedside of his foe: who gently wipes away the orphan's tears, and by timely compassion causes the widow's heart to sing for joy,—this man is left to drag out a life of poverty and want and squalid wretchedness, and at the last to roast in the martyr's flame or to stretch himself on the bare, cold earth, and breathe out his spirit without a friend to close his dying eye. Oh, say, is there no future judgment? Is there no tribunal beyond the grave where this man will be rewarded? Yea, there is, there must be. Justice herself rises in indignant majesty at the question, and with gathering brow and portentous finger points to a flaming bar, at which, with equal balances in hand, an impartial and infallible Judge will rectify the inequalities of life and assign to every soul a proper and incontestable doom.

These powerful presumptions of reason in favor of the fact of a future judgment are so amply sustained by numerous and explicit testimonies of Scripture that I will not pause to signalize them, but pass on to remark in the next place:

II. Jesus Christ will be the final Judge. With respect to judicial authority it is true that the triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will be the Judge. This the Psalmist magnificently sets forth when he says, "The heavens shall declare His righteousness, for God is Judge Himself. The mighty God, even the Lord hath spoken and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof." Doubtless the terrors and splendors, the glory and the wrath of absolute and infinite Deity will be gathered around the judgment-throne, and render insufferably august and imposing the pageantry of the tremendous day. There will nothing be lacking to clothe the scene with the authority and sanction of the present Godhead. Heaven will lend its glories and hell its horrors to emphasize the proceedings of the day. Sovereign grace, heavenly mercy, spotless holiness, insulted justice, unerring truth, resistless power, and consuming wrath, will all be present and preside at the solemnities of the occasion.

But, although God in three persons will be the Judge as to original authority, we are assured that the Lord Jesus Christ, as Mediator, will be the Judge in respect to the immediate exercise and dispensation of the judicial prerogative. "God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained." He will appear in human nature with all the marks of His sufferings on Calvary, so as to be visible to every eye that shall behold the eventful scene. And it is no doubt eminently proper that Christ, as Mediator, should be the Judge, because the

judgment will constitute an integral part of the scheme of redemption, and will be the closing act in the history of its application, and the inviolable seal of men's relations to it.

The salvation of His blood-bought people will not be completed until He comes to judgment. Many, we are taught to believe, will then be alive upon earth, and will be struggling with the world, the flesh and the Devil; and in regard to none will the formal and final sentence have been pronounced which will be the signal of their complete redemption, and of their abundant entrance in their whole personality into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Until the announcement of His second coming, all His saints cast an anxious eye to the future and look forward to the glorious appearing of the great God, even our Savior Jesus Christ. Not till then will the whole church stand confessed, the church triumphant, stripped of the sweated armor of conflict, arrayed in the white robes and crowned with the amaranth of victory. Not till then will He be admired in all them that believe, and the headstone of their salvation be brought forth with shoutings of grace, grace unto it! Then will that august temple which far outshines the glory of Solomon's, built on the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone, cemented by atoning blood and composed of living stones, be finished, and the top-stone laid on amidst the rising hosannas of ransomed sinners and the thundering hallelujahs of angelic choirs. Then will the scaffolding of earthly ordinances, as no longer necessary, be removed, the veil of the upper temple be rent in twain, and the sanctities of the heavenly holy of holies, whither our forerunner had gone, become conspicuous to the ravished eyes of long expectant saints. The earthly sanctuary shall be closed, the Bible shut, the pulpit vacated, and the voice of intercession stilled. The evangelic trumpet—the melodious cheering, thrilling trump of jubilee—proclaiming deliverance to the slaves of sin and death and hell be silenced and laid aside; the Apocalyptic angel, flying mid-heaven with the everlasting Gospel, shall close his wings and cease his flight; the invitations of mercy and the calls of incarnate love shall be issued no more, and the beaming sun of the day of grace shall have set in the blackness of an everlasting night. Our Savior, as the final act of His redeeming work, shall shut the volume of grace and open that of eternal judgment.

It is also fit that Jesus should be the final Judge, because He is the Son of Man, because He possesses the nature which is to be arraigned at the bar, and having been a companion of men in the flesh, experimentally knew their temptations, though Himself without sin, and by actual observation as a man among them is acquainted with their constitution, motives, and weaknesses, their circumstances, opportunities, and chances. No foreigner to the human race will fill the judgment seat before which that human race shall stand to receive irrevocable assignment to heaven or to hell. A man will be the judge. He knows the measure of their case.

It is moreover fit that Christ should be the Judge because His session on the judgment-throne and the exercise of the judicial prerogative are part of the promised

reward of His humiliation during the discharge of His mediatorial work. He had in view of this reward voluntarily humbled Himself to undertake the stupendous task of man's redemption. He denuded Himself of His glory, descended the ladder of humiliation, assumed our feeble flesh, was born in a stable and cradled in a manger, was destitute of a pillow on which to lay His head when the labors of each toilsome day were done, offered up prayers with strong cryings and tears, was roughly arrested like a felon, was arraigned and condemned at an iniquitous human bar, was excommunicated from His own visible church, suffered an ignominious death as a chief malefactor between two thieves, was jeered by ministers and elders in His expiring agonies, and died without a foot of ground in which His mortal part could rest. But, in that day the shame of His humiliation shall be remembered only to heighten the glory of an unparalleled reward. The apostle portrays it grandly when he says, "Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation and took upon Him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. For once, at least, shall angels, men and devils be assembled in one great congregation,—it shall be before yon blazing throne, on bended knee, to pay a willing or reluctant homage to the glorified Nazarene.

Still, further, it is fit that Jesus Christ should be the final Judge, that the person and claims of the dishonored Savior may be vindicated before an assembled world. Although He sacrificed glory and honor and the worship of the heavenly host, and became poor that we, through His poverty, might be made rich; although He carried the cross that sinners might wear a crown, yet was our blessed Master despised and rejected of men. He is to many a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness, and when they see Him there is no beauty that they should desire Him. Albeit He was the living personification of virtue—a sight which Plato said if men could behold they would be beguiled from the path of vice and allured into that of right, and although He exemplified in His own conduct every holy precept which He inculcated, and stood forth the sole instance among men of unstained character and uncompromised principle—the blooming flower of humanity and the brilliant reflection of the divine glory, yet is He treated with contumely and scorn; and the sacred religion which He established at the expense of his life, the institute of human salvation, the infirmary for human sicknesses, the asylum from human woes, and the charter of human hope, is caricatured as an imposture and rejected as a fraud. Infidelity scruples not to laugh at miracles, which, as instances of mercy, conquered nature to relieve the wretchedness of men, and as instances of power wrought conviction in the devils themselves. He healed the sick of their every malady; He cured the leprosy with a touch. He strengthened the palsied with

a word. He gave speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, and sight to the blind; He speaks and the ravings of the tempest are hushed, the shrieking wind subsides into a whisper, and the storm-tossed and foaming billows sink into sudden and surprising peace; He arrests a funeral procession by startling the corpse from its bier, and standing at the mouth of the grave, rouses with His almighty voice the mouldering flesh from the cerements of the tomb. And yet, when He stands at Pilate's bar, derided, scourged and spitted on, the very men who had been witnesses of these amazing displays of His divine power, and these unimpeachable credentials of His divine commission, press around His mangled body and lift the cruel and pitiless shout which demands the blood of His heart. Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be ye horribly afraid!

And ever since, wherever His Gospel is preached and His cross uplifted. His mercy is rejected, the offers of His dying love are disdained, nor does the holy and exalted name of Jesus cease to be bandied as a plaything and a by-word in bold blasphemers' mouths.

But, brethren, the scene ere long shall change. Let us hear the testimony of Scripture to His second glorious advent to judgment. To the disciples who stood on the mount following His receding form as it vanished through the blue heavens and ascended to God's right hand, a delegation from the skies said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." (He Himself said to His earthly judges, "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven.") Yes, this Jesus who was shamefully entreated and crucified, this Jesus whose claims are now despised perhaps by some in this assembly, this same Jesus shall come again. He shall come, but not to bleed. He shall come, but not to suffer shame and die. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so. Amen." He comes, surrounded by dense columns of angels, and the palm-bearing host of a triumphant church. He comes, attended by the floating ensigns of salvation and the trophies of victory wrenched from Satan, Death, and Hell. He comes, heralded by the chant of armies, the thrilling call of trumpets and the shout that wakes the dead.

"Lo, He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain;  
Thousand, thousand saints attending.  
Swell the triumph of His train.  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus comes, and comes to reign."

Oh, how changed from the estate of His humiliation! Once the crown of thorns was wreathed around His temples; now on His brow flashes the mediatorial diadem.

Once His hands were nailed to the accursed tree; now the right hand of His omnipotence grasps a thousand thunder-shafts and wields the sceptre of universal and resistless sway. Once without a home He lay in the midnight air and His head was wet with the dews and frosts of heaven; now He sits in majesty on the great white throne, canopied with clouds and girdled with embattled cherubim. Once the silent tear of anguish trickled down His pallid face; now see! before His withering frown the shrinking earth and heavens haste to flee away.

"The Lord, the Judge, before His throne  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;  
The nations near the rising sun.  
And near the western sky.

No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
Judgment will ne'er begin;  
No more abuse His long delay  
To insolence and sin.

Throned on a cloud our God shall come.  
Bright flames prepare His way;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.

Heaven from above His call shall hear.  
Attending angels come;  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice and their doom."

III. Let us now consider some of the awful circumstances which will accompany and aggrandize that day of last account. But how shall we describe them? What tongue can tell, what mind conceive, the glory and the pomp, the agitation, tumult and alarm, the surprise, the joy, the woe, which shall mark that "great day for which all other days were made"? Let us approach the fearful subject with the lamp of Scripture in our hand.

We are taught that no signal will forewarn the nations of the coming of that day, and that none shall suspect it nigh until it bursts upon the world. Secretly and furtively will the grand consummation draw on. The world will be engaged, as it ever has been, at its business and its pleasures. "As the days of Noah were, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days of Noah they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark and knew not until the flood came and took them all away, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." None shall know that the great day is at hand. All will be busied about their several ' employments. The infidel will be saying, "Where is the promise of His coming? For since

the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the foundation of the world." The student will be closeted with his books, poring over the pages of some favorite author, or absorbed in the attempt to unravel some intricate argument. The merchant will be posting up his accounts, or anxiously calculating the issue of some grand speculation. The farmer will be riding over his crop, or congratulating himself on the fullness of his barns and the plenty of the succeeding year. The politician will be wrapped up in the perusal of some recent intelligence, or striving after a higher pinnacle of fame. The military chieftain will be pushing his conquests with all "the pomp and circumstance of war." The bridegroom will be rejoicing over his bride, the mother over her new-born infant, and the mourner will be following the remains of a departed relative towards a last house which they shall never occupy. Senates will be convened, courts sitting, travel rushing, commerce arriving, and the ocean whitened with many a sail.

In one part of the world the silence of midnight is reigning, save where it is broken by the music and the laugh of some festive throng. In another is the bustle and stir of busy noon, or the clash of contending armies on the ensanguined field. In another the shadows of evening are lengthening, the sun is setting no more to rise, and the evening star is shining with peerless radiance for the last time upon a doomed world; while in yet another, the early bird is waking the dawn, the dew yet gems the grass, and the sunrise is bursting in glory as it broke on that clear morning when Sodom was fired from heaven. All will be unconscious of approaching danger; when of a sudden, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, a thunder-burst breaks over the world and rocks the pillars of the earth. Hark, that terrific sound! The blast of the trump of God peals from the sky, is swept on the wings of mighty winds towards north, south, east, and west, penetrates ten thousand burial grounds, and startles "the dull, cold ear" of the quiet sleepers there.

"Doubling along the arch the mighty peal  
To heaven resounds. Hell returns a groan;  
And shuddering earth a moment reels confounded  
From her fixed pathway, as the staggering ship,  
Stunned by some mountain billow, reels. The isles  
With heaving ocean rock: the mountains shake  
Their ancient coronets: the avalanche  
Thunders: silence succeeds throughout the nations.  
Earth never listened to a sound like this;  
It strikes the general pulse of nature still.  
And breaks forever the dull sleep of death."  
*-James Hillhouse's Judgment, accommodated as to tense.*

At that all-arousing summons the sceptic swallows his cavils, the student starts up from his books, the merchant forsakes his accounts, the farmer forgets his harvest and his barns, the politician wakes up from his day-dreams of preferment, the warrior relaxes his grasp upon his blade, the bridegroom hurls his fainting bride from his embrace, the mother drops from her bosom her new-born babe, the mourner neglects the last offices of humanity, Senates rise in confusion, and courts adjourn to meet no more. At that dread alarm the wheels of nature stop; the flight of time is arrested; Death, in mid-career, reins up his pale horse and drops the fatal shaft.

And now what ominous sights appear! Above the firmament is cleaving asunder, and through the awful rent beam the glories of the invisible world, while "the Lord Himself descends from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." "And, lo, a mighty angel comes down from heaven clothed with a cloud and a rainbow on his head, and his face as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire; and standing upon the sea and upon the earth, lifts up his hand to heaven and swears by Him that liveth forever and ever that there shall be time no longer," Awful announcement! The changes and notations of this sublunary scene will cease; the sweet vicissitudes of morning and evening fail, and the seasons roll no more. The days and weeks, the months and years of an evangelical probation shall revolve no longer, and man will enter upon the measureless duration of eternity. Thenceforward naught will remain but two unchanging forms of existence—an unbroken sabbatism, or an endless funeral of the soul.

The hour is come when all that are in the graves hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation. Behold the stupendous scene! The dead are rising! From every part of this vast charnal house the victims of death are awaking from their long sleep, and obey the summons which commands them into the presence of their Judge. Magnificent mausoleums are bursting, in which lie inurned the ashes of sceptred monarchs; moss-covered sepulchers are cleaving, beneath which moulder the remains of priests and high-priests, nobles and princes, legislators and warriors, philosophers, orators, and poets; while the grass-grown mounds under which the slave and the peasant repose in death are not disobedient to the heavenly call. From dim cathedral aisles, from every crowded churchyard, from forest burying grounds, from profoundest ocean depths, the long-forgotten dead are starting into new, immortal being amidst the thrilling realities of the judgment day. The solitary traveler rises from the lonely grave which he found in a land far distant from home; while from the narrow beds in which they slept side by side in the populous cemetery whole families rise together. The father sees his children again, the husband extends to his wife the salutations of the resurrection morning, and the mother once more clasps in her arms the babe that had slumbered with her in the same grave, and mingled its dust with hers.

And now the throne is set, the Supreme Arbiter of destiny assumes His seat, the books are opened, and mankind is convened for judgment. "And I saw a great white

throne, and Him that sat on it from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." All who have ever lived, and all who will live to the farthest bounds of time, will be assembled before the judgment seat by angels who will act as marshals of the final day. From our first parents to the babe which shall draw the earliest breath of life on the resurrection morning and shall hear at the same moment the first endearing word from its mother's lips and the awful voice of the archangel,—all will be there. Not one of earth's unnumbered millions shall be absent from the dread assize. Patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, kings with their subjects, masters with their servants, parents with their children, ministers with their flocks, the goodly company of confessors and the noble army of martyrs,—all will be there. Pagans, Mohammedans and Christians, sceptics, infidels and atheists, —all will be there. The pale-faced Caucasian, the red rover of the forest, the yellow Mongolian, and the swarthy Ethiopian,—all, all will there. Band after band, throng upon throng, nations massed upon nations, with a sound like the deep and hollow roar of a storm-lashed ocean, they will crowd to the rendezvous of being and stand before the final bar.

"In one vast conflux rolled.  
Wave following wave, are men of every age.  
Nation and tongue: all hear the warning blast,  
And led by wondrous impulse hither come."

Nor shall devils be absent from that trial. Hell shall disgorge itself of its inhabitants; the doors of the eternal prison, grating harsh thunder, shall swing open for egress to the desperate and innumerable mob. Rising with the gloomy vapors of the bottomless pit, and clanking their everlasting chains, countless legions of lost angels shall press upward, and driven by almighty power shall be forced to join the great assembly and await the sentence of their doom.

Come with me in imagination, my hearers, as erelong you must in reality, to that scene which shall be presented before the tribunal of judgment. How unspeakably solemn! A world in one vast congregation! See, multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision! Farther than the eye can reach extends a boundless sea of human beings, swayed to and fro with new and unutterable feelings. Before the august Judge are gathered all nations, and He proceeds to separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. He sets the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left. All human and perishing distinctions are swept away. The mask is torn from hypocrisy, the veil stripped from secrecy, the paint and varnish expunged from the face of deceit. Missed are the strut and fret of "a little brief authority." The tiara, the mitre and the crosier, the chasuble, stole and cowl are looked for in vain. The tinselled insignia of rank and the gilded baubles of nobility, the arms of heraldry and the stars and crosses of honor are rent away from human beings, and leave them to appear as they are—"naked, unvarnished, unappendaged men." The standards, ensigns, and gonfalons of

earthly parade float not in the air of the judgment morn. Beauty, wealth, and power, gifts, talents, and fame,—of what avail are they now without true and heartfelt religion? The righteous and the wicked, the followers and the foes of Christ,—these are the only distinctions which have a place in that overwhelming presence.

Each one of that immense concourse is seen. Each one is known. Each one must give account of himself to God. No one shall share responsibility with his fellows. No one shall shield himself behind the instruction, the counsel, the example of others; no one shall cover himself with the skirt of minister, parent or friend. Families are sundered: individuals are parted from individuals by a discrimination awfully searching and particular. Oh what a sifting! Jehovah's fan is in his hand, and he winnows the chaff from the wheat: he gathers the wheat into his garner, and consigns the chaff to unquenchable fire.

Now is the day of full redemption come to those who served their Lord amidst temptations, trials, and fears, and waited and prayed and longed for His second glorious appearing. Clad in Jesus' righteousness, washed in Jesus' blood, pleading Jesus' atoning merits, they stand at His right hand and look into His smiling face. "Come," saith the King. "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger and ye took Me in: naked and ye clothed Me: I was sick and in prison and ye came unto Me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these. My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." O welcome word! O thrice happy souls! Their tribulation is past, their conflict with the world, the flesh and the Devil is ended, the narrow way has all been trod, death, their last enemy, is conquered, and not one of them remains a tenant of the grave. The last battle has been fought, the last sin has been committed, the last tear is wiped away. The world's laugh and frown are alike no more. No more the cross, the fire and the stake. No more the chain, the dungeon and the rack. Shout, ye ransomed sinners, shout! For yours are harps of gold, crowns of righteousness, the beatific vision of God, and the celestial glory that fadeth not away.

Now do all Christ's people meet each other at His right hand. The sundered ties of earth are reconstructed; and the scattered fragments of families are re-gathered into a union no more to be broken forever. What passionate embraces! What mutual congratulations! What ecstasies of joy! Glorious day when the whole blood-bought Church of the Redeemer meet for the first time in His immediate presence!

But, alas! across yonder dividing line stand the wretched children of doom. Their visages are clouded with the horrors of despair. They are torn by an irresistible hand from the companionship of the godly and the consolations of hope. O, fellow-sinners, take warning in time and forecast that day. How will ungodly parents part with those who were their children in the flesh, but who became the children of God in the spirit? How will unconverted children part with pious and sainted parents? How will they endure that final clasping of hands and those everlasting farewells? How will hardened

sinners look in the face the ministers of Christ who besought them in vain to seek salvation in the blood of the Lamb, and who were driven by their refusals to weep in secret places over their pride? How will every sermon stare them in the face, and every broken Sabbath bear swift witness against them? How will the infidel, the sceptic, and the persecuting inquisitor look upon that abused and calumniated Bible that now lies open on the judgment-seat as the law by which they are judged? Resisted it, opposed it, slandered it, burnt it, they may once have done, but confront it they must now, as God's unbroken and eternal word. How will the despisers of conscience meet its testimony before the final bar? How will it rise upon them like a strong man armed, and thrust its unerring finger at them, and charge them with their forgotten but now resuscitated sins? Hidden motives that lay down in the foundations of the soul, shameful thoughts and feelings that were screened from human eye in the secret chambers of the spirit, deeds of wickedness perpetrated in the darkness of night,—lo! they are now dragged forth into light and divulged before an assembled world. When God manifests Himself and pours the insufferable glory of His holiness, justice, and law upon the trembling sinner at the bar. His heart will melt within him like wax in the devouring flame. To hypocrites and false professors of religion is fulfilled that fearful word of Christ: "Many shall say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord; and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you." Too late will they wake up to the consciousness of their fatal mistake. Standing with a lie in their right hands before the judgment-seat, what infinite disappointment, chagrin and horror seize their souls when they find that "there is a way to hell even from the gates of heaven."

Ye lascivious and unclean, malicious and uncharitable, ye Sabbath-breakers and defrauders, how will ye stand before the majesty of that fiery law which once broke in flashes from the thick darkness of Sinai's mount, but now blazes in consuming brightness and terrific wrath? And O ye rejecters of Christ, how can ye confront Him who sits as your Judge with the print of the nails in His hands and feet and of the spear which cleft His heart in twain?

"Yonder sits my slighted Savior,  
With the marks of dying love;  
Oh, that I had sought His favor  
When I felt His Spirit move!  
Golden moments,  
When I felt His Spirit move!"

He offered you His Gospel; you refused it. He tendered you His hand; you thrust it from you. He shed His tears over you; you trampled them under feet and counted His most precious blood as an unholy thing. Salvation! Salvation! How unspeakably important will you then deem it? How will paleness bespread your faces and trembling make your knees to smite together? What groans of anguish will rend your hearts? What

tears of blood will you weep? And are they gone? The Sabbath, the Bible, the preacher, the mercy-seat, the Gospel,—are they all clean gone forever? Yea, poor sinner, and Christ is gone, and the Spirit of grace is gone, and heaven is gone, and hope, that was wont to gild the fiercest storm with rays of light, hope that made even the thought of death, judgment and eternity tolerable, hope too is gone forever. And come is judgment, come is divine vengeance, come is the blackness of darkness and the second death. And is it come to this, that Jesus the merciful Saviour, who so loved sinners that He wept and bled for them, must now pronounce their doom? Must those lips that were wont to speak in blessing utter irrevocable curses on their souls? Alas for them! In tones of deepest thunder Jesus shall say, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels."

The sentences of destiny are pronounced; but look, what rising light is that which sheds a lurid glare over the vast assembly, throws a ruddy tint upon the blanched countenances of the doomed, and crimsons the face of the great white throne? 'Tis the world on fire! The atmosphere ablaze wraps the earth in a winding-sheet of flame, immense volumes of smoke roll upward and dim the lights of heaven; the sun is turned into darkness, the moon into blood, and the stars are falling like untimely figs. From mountain top to mountain top the flames are leaping and playing, while a deluge of fire sweeps across the face of nature whelming cities, towns and villages in its sea-like swell and roll. Water which quenches fire is itself devoured; oceans are licked up and dried to their beds like the water in the trench around Elijah's altar in the minor judgment-day of Carmel.

Alas! will there be no wailing voices to chant a fitting death hymn for a doomed and dying world? Will no kindred planet in the solar family, as it gazes upon the dread disaster, veil its lustre and clothe itself in mourning for a sister orb? Once it was a sanctuary of praise, a theatre of glory, a paradise of charms. The morning stars sang together its natal hymn, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, when, adorned by the hand of its Maker as the home of holiness, it took its co-ordinate place in the society of shining worlds, and helped to swell the doxology pealing in God's ear from the grand harmonies of the universe. But Sin entered, and Death followed after. They converted it into an Aceldama of blood and a Golgotha of bones, and at last dissolve its fair and beautiful proportions in a universal sea of flame. Pale now, and paler yet, wanes the light of the direful conflagration. Earth utters her expiring groans in rumbling detonations from her deepest caverns; and reiterated thunders of mighty explosions seem the volleying discharges of God's artillery at the funeral of a world.

A few words more and I shall strain your attention no longer to this awful, yet delightful theme. The judicial process ends; the books are closed, the Judge rises, and the Supreme Court of the world adjourns. The separate destinies of human beings are now evolved. Collected around the person of their glorious Lord, the jubilant saints begin their triumphal march to the portals of their heavenly home. Onward they sweep in majestic array, hallelujahs are bursting from every lip, and as they come in view of the

shining gates, hark! they sing: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!" And again, as in the ascension from Olivet of the victor of sin, death and hell, the challenge of angelic sentries is shouted from the battlements of heaven: "Who is this King of glory?" And then the response is rolled back in thunder from ten thousand times ten thousand voices: "The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of hosts. He is the King of glory. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!"

It is enough. They enter, they pass beneath the arches of triumph, they tread the golden streets of the New Jerusalem lined the while with dense ranks of angels who cheer the conquerors home. They seat their Saviour-King in glory on Mount Zion, and massing, massing, massing before the eternal throne they prostrate themselves in adoring worship of the Triune God and cry: "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts!" Then rising and waving their palms of victory in the morning air of an endless day, with a sound like the noise of many waters, or the voice of mighty thunderings,—hark, they chant again: "Glory and honor and power, and might and dominion, and wisdom and thanksgiving and blessing be unto Him that sits upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever!" Redemption is completed, and the pauseless chorus of everlasting praise begins.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me;  
When shall my labors have an end  
In joy and peace and Thee?

O mother, dear, Jerusalem,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end  
"When I thy joys shall see."

Would that we could say this is all: this is the glorious destiny of an unsevered and un mutilated race! But from the left hand of the judgment-bar a funeral procession of lost human beings, in the train of devils, slowly and reluctantly wend their way to the frowning gates of hell. They defile through those gloomy portals over which despair reads the fatal legend: "They who enter here leave hope behind." The irrefragable bolts of the eternal jail are shot by penal justice behind them; and between them and a lost and irrecoverable paradise yawn the terrific jaws of an uncrossable chasm—a gulf wide, deep, and dark as starless midnight, save as the profound abyss is gilded by some mocking rays that may straggle into it from a far distant and inaccessible glory.





## Book Review

### *Confederate Chaplain William Edward Wiatt: An Annotated Diary*

**Edited by Alex. L. Wiatt**

**(c) 1994, H. E. Howard, Inc. 255 pages, hardback**

*Reviewed by Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg*

The editor of this volume was the great great grandson of Chaplain Wiatt. The volume is excellently footnoted and indexed. There are biographical footnotes that help the reader identify the persons referred to in this great diary. Here is first hand history.

Wiatt's fastidious habits are at times visible to the reader, for example he numbered each letter from his wife and numbered his letters to her. For instance, Wiatt in his diary recorded, "Tuesday, December 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1863, Received letters from my beloved wife (58<sup>th</sup>)." Then on "Wednesday, December 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1863, ... wrote to my beloved wife (69<sup>th</sup>)...."

Wiatt had to move his family from Eastern Virginia to Alabama where his wife's family could help during her illness. So when Wiatt was following the sickness of his wife via letters he knew she was far away from him, but not far from God. The chaplain's personal experiences perhaps strengthened his compassion for others. Chaplain Wiatt's wife grew weaker and weaker. He arrived in time to see her before she passed into eternity. The scene is thus described,

My beloved wife has grown much weaker this week; she seems very near her journey's end; thank God she appears perfectly resigned; she is calm and patient... 'His' grace is sufficient; naturally timid and somewhat desponding, she has had many doubts and fears; but God has answered them all, and her soul is filled with peace and joy, as well as with faith & hope.... Monday ... weaker ... she does not fear death ... God's grace is sufficient.... Tuesday ... my beloved wife grew weaker and weaker till about 8 o'clock, p.m., when she died ... I do thank God for having given me such a wife ... my heart is afflicted & desolate; Oh! God, be merciful to me and give me grace sufficient.

This chaplain had to get others to take care of his motherless children so he could return to his duty as a chaplain. Wiatt, like most of the chaplains in the Confederate service, was faithful and placed eternal importance on his duties as a chaplain.

If a person is interested in learning about the everyday events in the life of a chaplain, the difficulties encountered by chaplains during war, the varied kinds of activities performed other than preaching, the Bible classes taught, the baptisms performed, the Yankee atrocities observed, the burial services performed, the thankfulness exhibited, the love for Virginia his state, his willingness to submit to the will of God, etc. this volume will put the reader into the very life of this Confederate chaplain.

Wiatt was very compassionate as a reading of his diary will demonstrate. On one occasion they were on a very difficult march. Chaplain Wiatt carried the guns of several soldiers because they were ailing. He literally took the soldiers burden.

On Sunday, April 9<sup>th</sup>, 1865 Chaplain Wiatt described hearing the news that General Lee had surrendered the army of Northern Virginia. How did this news impact this chaplain?

The will of the Lord be done; it was His will that it should be so; it is all right because He had done it, or suffered it to be done; may we have grace to bear our troubles & trials with faith & patience; the question? has God forsaken us? is our Confederacy ruined? I, for one, can't believe it; God, I verily believe, has humbled us to exalt us; I believe He will, yet, in

His good way & time grant unto us deliverance & prosperity & honor; His wisdom & power & goodness are the same.... A touching incident occurred in the afternoon; General Lee rode along from the enemy's lines, and hundreds of officers & men thronged each side of the road and waved hats and sent up cheers; the old hero was in solemn silence, with head uncovered, his countenance indicating deep sorrow; I could not refrain from shedding tears again; it has been a sad day to us; may God's grace be sufficient for us; at night sang the hymn "God moves in Mysterious ways &c." And had a prayer by Lieutenant of the 34<sup>th</sup> Virginia Regiment.

Chaplain Wiatt described the way he was treated in the days thereafter. He walked a picket line with Major Perrin and heard many taunts by the enemy. He related that it was hard to endure without replying. Later he heard a stirring patriotic speech by General Gordon. When the parole was signed "it was a bitter cup for me to drink," he said, "but the Lord willed it to be so." In spite of all the sadness he related they had singing and prayer at night.

On Thursday April 13 he started home, but not before he visited the hospital to see, pray and minister to the sick and wounded. He traveled many miles and slept on the floor of a shed at Burkeville. In the days following he was grossly insulted by a negro soldier in McCulloch's old factory where he fetched his trunk.

Chaplain Wiatt had been paroled and the war was over, but his concern for the men and their souls was not ended.

Tuesday, April 18<sup>th</sup> 1865, Rose early and went down to the depot to take the train to City Point ... on arriving at City Point, visited some of our wounded soldiers to ascertain if possible, the fate of some in our Brigade, but could learn nothing of them; conversed on religion with many of the wounded ...; was insulted again by a negro soldier; about sunset left in the steamer Maryland for Fortress Monroe; during the night had a chill & fever and was very unwell indeed; made the acquaintance of Chaplain Donnon....

The next day Wiatt confided,

today is a sad anniversary to me; twelve months ago, my beloved wife died; God only knows what I have suffered during the past year. I hope I have not murmured against God's will; God forgive me if I have; Oh Lord! sustain me by Thy all sufficient grace; *'Thy grace is sufficient;'* help me not only to submit to, but to acquiesce in Thy will; may Thy Holy Spirit teach & lead me; be a father to my dear little ones & direct their steps in all things; Oh Lord! leave us not in our day of trouble; be with us at all times; we cannot do without Thee.

Upon arriving in his native country in the Eastern part of Virginia he found he had lost almost all his property and he was still far away from his children (they were in Alabama). And he wrote, "know not when or how I shall go to them."

It is very interesting how Chaplain Wiatt ended his diary,

[H]ere my journal ends for the present; it may never be resumed by me as Chaplain in the Confederate Army, which position I was commissioned to hold on the 4<sup>th</sup> of October, 1861; may the blessing of God be upon all of my labours as such; may I have some 'Crowns of rejoicing' in the great day as chaplain in the army of my beloved country; this journal was begun on the 1<sup>st</sup> day of January 1862 and has continued till the present without interruption; I regret the ending of it.

And he signed it, “Wm. E. Wiatt, paroled Chaplain 26<sup>th</sup> Va. Reg’t Inf’try, Brig. Gen. Wise’s Brigade, Maj. Gen. B. W. Johnson’s Division, Lt. Gen. R. Anderson’s Corps, Army of N. Va.

Here is a volume that is well worth reading and is firsthand history. The diary form helps the reader put himself in the chaplain’s place so as to understand his difficulties, his ways, his purposes, his ministry, his conflicts, and so many other things.



We must remember who we are and what we must be about:  
The SCV Challenge by Lt. Gen. S. D. Lee

*To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier’s good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish. Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations.*

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**Chaplain’s Handbook**  
*Sesquicentennial Edition*  
Sons of Confederate Veterans

This is an enlarged Sesquicentennial Edition of the *Chaplain’s Handbook*. It is enlarged from 131 pages to 165 pages. A chapter has been added on the topic, *SCV Chaplains Should be Gentlemen*; there has also been added a third burial service, *The Order for the Burial of the Dead of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States of America*; a chapter on *Praying in Public* has been added; and a chapter on *Prayer Suggestions for Public Use*. All the other chapters remain the same.

Hopefully, those using the handbook will find it even more useful than before. There is the same cloth cover, acid free paper for longevity, sewn signatures, etc.

The retail price is being kept to a minimum of \$12, which is very low for a hardback quality publication. Contact SCV headquarters or [biblicalandsouthernstudies.com](http://biblicalandsouthernstudies.com) for a copy.