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*of the*  
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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**

**“The Lord is at work among us. His stately steps are often heard and his presence felt to the comfort of our souls. We have had for the past week very interesting prayer-meetings. They were well-attended and the very highest interest manifested. Souls are hungry for the ‘bread of life.’”**

**Chaplain P. A. Johnston**

**38<sup>th</sup> Mississippi Volunteers**



**Editorial**

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

“And I saw in the right hand of Him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the backside, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof? And *no man* in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon.... And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, *the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book* and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood *a Lamb as it had been slain*.... And *He came and took the book* out of the right hand of Him that sat upon the throne” (Revelation 5:1-3, 5-7). The Lamb of God is in control of history and thus the Book of History.

The Lamb of God is the possessor of the book which is the source of history. The kingdom of our Lord and its ultimate victory is delineated in advance in this book or scroll which the Worthy Lamb alone can open. It is the vision of the Lord’s government of the world which is sealed in the book, but is about to be revealed in the world.

The Holy Scripture does not contain ALL History but it does contain history from the creation of time and mankind and it prophesies events till the end of history as we know it. God's people are those who can have a true insight of history. Dr. R. L. Dabney clearly recognized the value of history. Church history is a portrayal of the plan of God being implemented in this world. He continued, "The history of the church and of the world, regarded as a whole, is but the ... eternal purpose of that God who 'worketh all things after the counsel of His own will.' Deep in the secrets of His own breast is hid the united plan, from which the pattern is gradually unfolded on the tangled web of human affairs. As that decree is one, even so history is a unit. And as God gives no explanation of His purpose, except by its unfolding, the great whole cannot be fully understood until it is completed."

He seemed to beautifully reflect many of the vital elements in history. What we see today is God's secrets being revealed. Dabney went on, "Revelation gives us the key to unlock the meaning of many parts, and it has told us what is to be the final result." Special revelation (the Bible) has unlocked an understanding of many events and it tells us how everything will work out in the end. "No man but the believer is capable of understanding the philosophy of history. He who learns from the Scriptures, and he alone, can possibly understand the meaning of events or interpret them aright. Your infidel historian must needs blunder on in Egyptian midnight," said Dabney.

The regenerated and converted person is one who is translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. This is why Dabney said that only the believer is "capable of understanding the philosophy of history."

"Not unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake. Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God? But our God is in the heavens: *he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased*" (Ps. 115:1-3). When it is all said and done the revisionist historians will stand before the judgment of God and answer for their perversions of history which is lying. "All liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death" (Rev. 21:8).

"For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: *all things were created by him, and for him*" (Col. 1:16). Yes, the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof and that includes the history of it and those He created. Civil government dishonors God when it seeks to take God's place and believes God's world is its world to do with as they please.

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**Please consider [ConfederateChaplain.com](http://ConfederateChaplain.com) & [Chaplain-in-Chief.com](http://Chaplain-in-Chief.com)**



This issue contains our Chaplain-in-Chief's editorial. You will also find our Chaplain-in-Chief's article giving an overview of the history of and current repudiation of *The Integrity of the Southern Struggle*. Vanderbilt University, like many Southern institutions, including Christian denominations, has sold out their heritage for a mess of politically correct pottage. Your editor has provided Part II of a biographical sketch of *Chaplain Andrew Jackson Potter* which deals with his life from Confederate service to death. Assistant editor, Mark Evans, has written an article entitled *Prayers of a Hero*. This issue, as usual, includes *A Confederate Sermon* submitted by Kenneth Studdard of Chaplain J. B. Hawthorne on *Ebenezer*. Our *Book Review*, by the editor, is of *Behind a Frowning Providence*.

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:

October 15th the General Executive Council will have its Fall meeting at General Headquarters in Columbia, Tennessee. I know that you will be in prayer for these good men during this time of discussion and decision. Attacks continue on all things Southern and many vital decisions will be made. Our leaders need the guidance of God's Spirit and I know that you will hold these men before the Lord.

Be sure to note the important information regarding the new and exciting plans for the National Confederate Museum at historic Elm Springs. Complete details are at this web site:

<https://www.facebook.com/HistoricElmSpringsCSA/?pnref=story>

Let me remind you of the Chaplain-in-Chief's web page ([chaplain-in-chief.com](http://chaplain-in-chief.com)). I hope you will check out the October updates. If you would like to present an article for "The Chaplain's Corner" on the website, please email me at [drparker@mdivs.edu](mailto:drparker@mdivs.edu). I would love to present your article for the blessing of the Corps.

I am beginning to put together some preliminary plans for the 2017 Chaplains' Conference. The 2016 Conference was such a blessing, I am truly looking forward to our next time together. Please share with me your thoughts and ideas for 2017. I am sure that you will begin now praying for this outstanding time of fellowship and preaching.

Thank you Chaplains for all that you are doing. It is so vital that we continue the Christian influence in the Confederation even as it was such a powerful guidance in the Confederate Army of the 1860s -- truly the greatest Army that has ever taken the field of battle.

Deo Vindice!

Ray L. Parker  
Chaplain-in-Chief

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## Chaplain-in-Chief's Article Confederate Honor

Ray L. Parker

### **The Integrity of the Southern Struggle**

Volumes have been written regarding the American struggle of the 1860s. The views presented are often in sharp contrast to one another. There are those who hope to silence honest analysis of the conflict and replace analysis with emotional rhetoric. The 1860s war is at times portrayed as a glorious War of Northern invasion of the South to free slaves -- even though the historic record does not validate that view. Historical revisionists replace the facts of history with colorful opinion and prejudicial narratives. Textbooks, films, documentaries, lectures, museums, etc. at times present these colorful opinions as historic reality.

Southerners are encouraged to be silent about "heritage" and to be shameful of their role in the travesties of American history. The graves of Confederate soldiers are to be abandoned and Confederate monuments are to be removed. The names of streets, high schools, and even athletic mascots are to be changed. All things Southern are branded evil.

The truth of history, however, presents an entirely different story. Southern soldiers were on fields of battle to protect their families, homes, and states from armed invaders practicing total war against the population. Not one battle would have been waged if Federal forces were not in the South. Southern soldiers were not "fighting to keep their slaves" or to destroy the Federal government. They were fighting to protect their families. There is integrity in that type of struggle and that kind of integrity deserves to be honored.

Confederate Evangelist Dr. John A. Broadus, former President of The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky, proclaimed on May 22, 1886 at Cave Hill Cemetery:

The great struggle has preserved the self-respect of the Southern people. At a time when we believed that our rights were sorely endangered we could not have tamely yielded merely to avoid suffering and loss, and continued to respect ourselves. 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. And it is better to have been brave and beaten than never to have been brave at all.... The graves of our fallen soldiers make it possible that this generation and the coming generations of the Southern people should feel no shame in consequence of their defeat.<sup>1</sup>

Broadus wrote of the valiant Confederate dead, "No, the dead have not lived or died in vain, if the survivors know aught of right thought and right feeling. They are a power among us today."<sup>2</sup> Broadus concluded, "Let us teach ourselves and our children to draw inspiration from these graves, ... let us all resolve afresh to live worthy of the men who are buried here."<sup>3</sup> The Southern struggle was honorable and is worthy of remembrance. Historical revisionism cannot change the truths of historic fact.

### **The Challenge of that Integrity**

In the 1886 Cave Hill ceremony Dr. Broadus gave this challenge in regard to our Confederate dead: "In proportion as he lived and died with a true manhood, his memory is cherished and proves a blessing to those who survived and those who come after ... (They are) the model of all that is noblest in human character and life."<sup>4</sup>

Though we are over 150 years removed from the Southern struggle, we will honor "the model of all that is noblest in human character and life." We will not abandon the honored legacy of the Confederate soldier. We will stand for the truth even when error is popular. We will give care to the graves of our Southern dead and we will protect our Confederate monuments. We will publish truth through all venues available. We will feel no shame for the efforts of our Confederate ancestors who stood for freedom, justice, liberty, and self-determination.

We will thank our Lord for the mighty spiritual revival that swept through the Southern Army -- a move of God with contemporary results (the South is still known as the "Bible Belt"). The Confederate revivals sustained Southern soldiers in the horrors of the War and prepared them to do the will of God after the War. It enabled them to cope with the defeat of their armies and the destruction of their homeland. It strengthened

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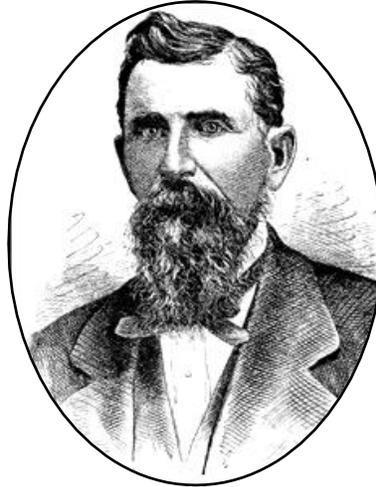
<sup>1</sup> John A. Broadus, *Sermons and Addresses*, 370.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, 371.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid*, 372.

them for the injustice of so called "Reconstruction." These brave men continued to live their faith long after the guns had fallen silent. It is right for us to remember them and to honor them.



## **Chaplain Andrew Jackson Potter**

**"The Fighting Parson"**

(1830-1895)

26<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry, Debray's Regiment

By Dr. H. Rondel Rumburg

Part II

### ***Confederate Service and Chaplaincy***

Rev. Potter volunteered as a private in Capt. Stoke Homes' company of Woods' Regiment, 32<sup>nd</sup> Texas Cavalry that was camped on the Salado near San Antonio. This company had been organized in February of 1862 at Prairie Lee. Andrew's younger brother, nephew and brother-in-law, along with a large group of friends, had already joined. About the same time Dr. P. C. Woods of San Marcos started up a regiment to which the company that Andrew Potter was a member of was attached. They were ordered to Camp Verde to take charge of prisoners. Measles broke out among the soldiers and two of the men died.

A. J. Potter began to preach to prisoners and his fellow soldiers along with doing his soldierly duties. He often received permission from his captain to go into the countryside preaching. He preached on different occasions at Bandera and Kerrville. After being at Camp Verde about three months they were ordered to San Antonio, along with the prisoners, and they camped on the Salado. A number of men in his company were sick and the captain asked Potter to act as a non-commissioned officer. Also, while at San Antonio, there was an outbreak of typhoid fever. The men were taken to the

hospital. A bit later they requested of Captain Homes that Potter be sent to nurse them for they were not being cared for properly. Potter spent some sleepless nights caring for the men. The first death was young Marion Ralls, and Potter sent for his parents just before Ralls' death. The nurse went for three days and nights without sleep; then Doc Persons was dying, and Potter sent for his parents. He described the scene:

One morning, just as the sun began to throw his rays through the windows upon his pale and death-like features, we were standing near to see the last struggles of the sufferer, when he suddenly roused up out of his stupor, and seemed entirely rational, and thanked me for my attentions to him, saying also that he hoped to meet me in heaven. He then gave an affecting farewell talk to his mother and sister, and addressed his wicked father, saying, 'Pa, will you meet me in heaven?' He sobbed out, 'I will try.' The dying son said, 'I am afraid you will not; give me your hand;' and the cold hand reached out, taking hold of his fathers, and the plighted hands sealed the solemn engagement to meet in that land where friends never part. Dropping into a stupor, his unfettered spirit went home to God, leaving his soulless body still in death. I had only slept one night after the death of young Ralls, and had now spent three sleepless nights in nursing this one, and was so nearly exhausted that the captain sent me home to rest; and there I preached the funeral of young Ralls, at a Baptist meeting, at the request of his devoted parents, the ministerial brethren yielding me their pulpit.

Potter was confronted with some wild scenes but remained resolute. His heart was touched with the cry of suffering and the voice of want. There seemed to be no sacrifice of ease and no hardships too severe to prevent him from trying to relieve the distressed. He was there for the dying, trying to minister to both soul and body. Preaching the funerals of the dead or whatever he could do in the light of eternity he wanted to do. It was said, "To know Potter and not like him, is not to be man, but akin to demons; even those whom he has chastised, finding him out, have become his friends."

Colonel P. C. Woods was petitioned by a large number of soldiers to appoint Rev. Potter as chaplain of the 36<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry, after the death of Chaplain Jesse H. Cummings in 1862. The petition read:

We, the undersigned, having learned that a vacancy exists in the chaplaincy, caused by the death of the Rev. J. H. Cummings, which we all regret, we would therefore most respectfully petition the colonel commanding to appoint the Rev. A. J. Potter, of Company K, Thirty-second Regiment, Texas Cavalry, to fill the vacancy. Believing him to be an honest, upright, Christian man, and one who will do good in his calling, we would earnestly recommend him to your consideration.

Col. Woods was a Christian of whom it was said, "Through all His campaigns the Bible was his book. His place was never vacant at preaching or at prayer-meeting." He did not acquiesce in the appointment of Potter as their chaplain.

In the fall of 1863, Potter, along with his unit, was stationed at Beaumont. Potter believed that the burden had become too heavy, for he was trying to keep up the religious services and perform his duty as a soldier. He believed, as a young minister, he needed time for study, so he asked Col. Woods to appoint a chaplain, and he would do what he could to help.

About this time Potter received a letter from Col. J. J. Myers, the commanding officer of Debray's Regiment of the 26<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry. Col. Myers was from the same community as Potter. The following is a copy of the colonel's letter:

Rev. A. J. Potter, Thirty-second Regiment, Texas Cavalry—

Reverend and Dear Sir: My regiment being without a chaplain, and hearing of your great prosperity and success in preaching to soldiers, and the high esteem in which you are held by the officers and men of the regiment to which you belong, and the high place you hold in the confidence and esteem of the people in the community in which you live, as well as a large number of my regiment; and believing that you have performed the drudgery of a private soldier long enough to be entitled to an easier position, I therefore tender you the office of chaplain in this regiment. Hoping this will meet your favorable consideration,

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

J. J. Myers, Lieut. Col. commanding

Debray's Regiment, Texas Cavalry.

Potter replied that he would visit the regiment as soon as possible and would give the request his consideration. Soon, the 32<sup>nd</sup> Cavalry was ordered to Old Caney, and he found that the 26<sup>th</sup> Cavalry was camped nearby. Potter visited and proposed to preach a sort of trial sermon. He wanted to be sure the men would receive his ministry of God's Word, since they had never had a chaplain. The men were anxious for A. J. Potter to be their chaplain. Col. Meyers wrote out his commission at once. It read:

Head-quarters Debray's Regiment, Texas Cavalry, Camp Dixie, Jan. 30, 1864.

Rev. A. J. Potter—Sir: You are hereby appointed Chaplain of this regiment, subject to the approval of the President of the Confederate States. You will signify your willingness to accept of that position by applying (through the proper channel) for the confirmation of your appointment as such. I have the honor to be very respectfully yours,

J. J. Meyers, Lieut. Col. Commanding

Debray's Regiment, Texas Cavalry.

Potter now began preparations to take leave of his old compatriots with whom he had shared trials and tribulations for almost two years. They had developed a strong bond. Col. Woods assured him of his highest esteem and explained the delicate situation he was in and gave the reason he did not appoint him chaplain. Chaplain Potter assured him he understood and did not hold any ill feelings toward him.

He became the first chaplain of the 25<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry and a pistol-packer to be ready if he needed to fight. The new chaplain set to work getting acquainted with the men to whom he would be ministering. He visited each company. He ate with the men and engaged them in conversation. He found that there were very few Christians in the regiment, but there were some who were the genuine article. One of the men, who became a lifelong friend, was Lee Rogan, a lawyer by profession. Rogan was a refined gentleman who had been reared an old school Presbyterian. Chaplain Potter remarked, "I ever found him willing to aid in all the religious services in the camp, in prayer and exhortation." When the 25<sup>th</sup> was camped near a town, the chaplain would preach in the local churches, giving the citizens an opportunity to attend. His friend Rogan would exhort the hearers with great eloquence.

A system of rotating prayer meetings was set up, moving from company to company. On one night, a couple of soldiers came for their chaplain to hold a prayer meeting. A fire had been prepared to give light and warmth. Chaplain Potter discovered a crowd of men with their blankets spread on the ground playing cards. They were usurping the place for the prayer meeting. The captain with a bitter oath said he would have them moved. Potter said, "Hold on, captain; let me manage that case, and if I fail in moving them, then I will call on you." The chaplain went to the men and said, "Boys, did you know that this fire was made for the purpose of holding a prayer meeting?" They had not, they said. So they were directed to conclude their games, keep their places, and there would be a prayer meeting. The men remained.

The 25<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry was ordered to Louisiana in the spring of 1864 to do battle against Federal Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks. The conflict began April 8 at Mansfield and ended May 18 at Yellow Bayou, near Simmsport. At a battle below Alexandria, the enemy seemed to be overwhelming, and Chaplain Potter left the wounded under the care of others and seized a rifle, mounted his horse, and rode to the front. They were forced back, but the chaplain had briefly returned to soldiering. Once the battles were over, they camped on the Red River below Alexandria. Here, he had to battle among the men concerning the misuse of intoxicating beverages.

Chaplain Potter sought to gain the respect of all the men. However, he was never willing to do so at the expense of the Truth. He desired that the men come to Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. He was constantly trying to relieve the wounded, sick, and dying. This chaplain was often observed on the bloody field of battle, where the shells were raining down, carrying off wounded men. He would seek to nurse them in the hospital; he scavenged for food for which they especially hungered; and he did whatever he could to relieve their pain and suffering. Some said he was preacher, doctor, nurse,

and commissary. At night, when the men were doing picket duty, he would be seen carrying fresh water to them. At one time, Chaplain Potter, like many of the men, was without shoes. He was considered by the men an angel of mercy.

The chaplain wrote of his need to return home:

During my stay at home I preached all through Coldwell County, and collected one hundred dollars in specie, to buy nourishment for the sick in the army, which supplied them until the war closed. In appealing to the people for contributions to victual the sick soldiers, I told them that a large number of the moneyed and leading men started out furiously patriotic, urging every man to go into the war, and helped fit them out, and there were others who were ten-strikers, who pitched in, and were going to kill ten Yankees as an easy job. Some of them had managed not to go at all, or had gotten out of the ranks somehow, and their ardent patriotism had greatly cooled down, and they reminded me of the man who said that the first three months after his marriage he loved his wife so well he could have eaten her up, but before the next three had rolled away she had become so quarrelsome that he really wished to God he had eaten her.

Chaplain Potter returned to the 25<sup>th</sup> in the fall of 1864 ready to renew his labors. The army was still in Louisiana. A while after his return the army they were ordered back to Texas. Potter was called for an interview with Brigadier-General Xavier B. Debray regarding the conduct of some of the men in the brigade. He was concerned over the marauding nature of their stealing hogs and other food related things. The general asked for the chaplain's help in dealing with the men. Potter explained that they were near starvation which had driven them to this excess. They were very short on rations, after the men had undergone incredible privations and sufferings; this was the culprit. Chaplain Potter asked the general if he might make a suggestion of establishing a government tithe house of goods from the citizens and then bring them to the camps. This was to be done in each county seat. He said, "These men have hungered and toiled long enough to deserve full rations in their own State, where there is plenty; no waste need be the result." The plan was approved by the general, the plan was adopted and there were no more complaints of men stealing from smoke houses, corn cribs, fodder shocks or potato patches. He said the men slept at night with quiet stomachs and quiet consciences.

On Christmas Eve of 1864 the brigade encamped at San Augustine. Chaplain Potter asked the old minister, Samuel Williams, for use of the Methodist meeting house for the next Lord's Day. He asked the chaplain what he intended and received the reply he wanted to hold a service. You cannot get the people out at Christmas. Potter explained that he already had a congregation with him—the soldiers. The building was made available, and he preached on Sunday. He then called for a night service. That night the streets were illuminated with lamps carried by the soldiers going to church. A revival

began that night and lasted for three weeks and some sixty soldiers were converted and became members of the Christian Association. Men under conviction wanted Chaplain Potter over the other ministers there.

The last winter of the war Chaplain Potter was busy ministering the Word and attending the sick. That spring the regiment was marched through mud to the Brazos. On May 22, 1865, it became clear that the 26<sup>th</sup> Texas Cavalry was on the verge of being disbanded. That night Chaplain A. J. Potter gathered the men in the dark with only starlight and campfires to give his farewell. He explained to the men that they would find it hard after four years absence from civilian life to accustom themselves to life. "You will have to put your shoulders to the wheel and push forward," he said. That night he sought to prepare them for the future as he said:

The past years have been years of trial, the present is dark, gloomy, and forbidding, but these things are to brave men no reason for despondency. This beautiful land is yet our own; our homes have not been blackened by fires kindled by the invader's torch; behind the clouds of adversity shines the sun of prosperity, and if you will faithfully and honestly discharge your duties, obeying the laws of the land, however hard and oppressive they may be, the great Father of all in his own good time will cause the clouds to disappear, and bid the sun to shine upon you. But above all I would remind you of your duties to Him who sits upon the throne of the universe, and controls and directs all things according to his own will. You cannot eliminate God and your duty to him from your plans and purposes, with any hope of permanent success. I therefore beg of you to first give attention to your religious duties, knowing that He has said: 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

There was great foresight in his remarks. In conclusion, he said:

I say to you again, your duties as soldiers are about ended; your camp-fires will now go out, never again to be lighted; the bugle will cease to sound the reveille, and the roll-call will be heard no more; your companies will be disbanded, and the men who compose this regiment will be scattered to all parts of the State. Many of us, yea, the most of us, will meet no more until the last grand bugle sound shall awake and summon us to meet before the great white throne, to give an account of the deeds done in the body. As your chaplain, speaking to you for the last time, I again affectionately urge you to prepare at once for the last call which shall come to you, and at an hour when it is not expected.

The next morning was the last roll call and the men were discharged.

### ***Post War Service for the Lord***

Rev. Andrew Jackson Potter was received into the West Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His first assignment was the Prairie Lea Circuit. He was moved to the Kerrville Circuit in 1867, and there he spent ten years labor for the Lord. He organized frontier churches, served as an advisor on Indian affairs, arbitrated and fought Indians. On one occasion his bishop inquired, "Brother Potter, what do you do with that scripture which says the weapons of our warfare are not carnal?" The reply was, "there were no Indians there when that was written." A stockman on one occasion presented Rev. Potter with a Winchester rifle to aid in keeping out savages, for driving out the clans of robbers, and he carried the rifle several years along with his pistol. Items he always had with him were his Bible, Hymnbook, Discipline, pistol and rifle. On one occasion, in a suspicious spot, he made sure of his rifle and lit his pipe and directly two Indians appeared on a hill. They shot at him, and when he returned fire, they disappeared into the mountain. Such was his life. Sometimes he had to fight bandits. Folks were constantly badgering him about carrying a gun. Some called him old "Winchester Potter." His standard reply was:

When God calls me to travel in a region of country infested with lurking savages, my Winchester gun and a full belt of cartridges shall ever prevent distressing alarms about my safety when meeting a savage foe, feeling that in the fearful struggle for life I have some safe means to preserve my God-given manhood. Had it not been for my faithful "Winchester" my bloody scalp would have long since graced the warrior's victory pole, and heightened the wild glee of the merry dance in some distant mountain-gorge. I am not so anxious to wear a martyr's crown as to sacrifice my life when God requires me to use means to preserve it. It is no evidence of a preacher's want of trust in God when he carries a gun to shield his life in the time of peril.

Potter was assisted by his bishop and others with the purchase of literature to distribute on the frontier. This was especially true of Bibles, and he sought to see to it that they were made available in the remote areas. He made a long and laborious tour one year with Rev. Wesley Smith, the superintendent of the American Bible Society.

The witty frontier preacher was always ready with a bit of humor or a suitable retort. He went to the mill one day where the miller was an unbeliever. The miller said, "Mr. Potter, you say that your God is a good God; if he is such, why don't he make that old dead cow out yonder, which is so offensive to me, smell sweet as the perfume of the rose?" Potter's reply was, "Why don't he make a buzzard of you, and make the carrion sweet to your taste, and its odor pleasant to your smell, as to all other buzzards, as it would not take long to do the work it would require but a slight change."

In 1880 Rev. Potter established the Ft. Concho circuit. He preached the first sermon in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South at San Angelo. He labored in his maturity as Presiding Elder.

Potter sometimes conducted services with a Bible in one hand and his pistol in the other. He spent thirty years preaching in the rough pioneer settlements of Texas. He held services at any available place including saloons. Fighting scenes were turned into gospel services by “The Fighting Parson.” Fearlessness seemed to be a part of his nature although he was not the aggressor.

From 1868 to 1883 he made his home in Boerne, Texas. This was a German settlement, and where a number of his fifteen children were born. His sunset years were, for some, sadly or gladly described:

No longer is he the “Fighting Parson;” he now owns no “Winchester,” carries no revolver; no belt of death-dealing cartridges encircles his waist—his sword lies rusting in its sheath. His Bible now has no fellowship with the sword; his armory is now of heavenly making. Belted around with the girdle of truth, clad with the panoply of God, and armed with the sword of the Spirit, to defend and build up that “kingdom which is not of this world,” he traverses his mountain district in the name of that immaculate specimen of humanity who said to an eccentric Peter, “Put up thy sword.” No longer do you see in him the preacher and the pugilist—in him the preacher is all, is alone.

It is to be supposed that after conquering the wilderness he no longer required his former accouterments.

Rev. Andrew Jackson Potter was in the gospel harness to the very end, dying in the pulpit of Tilman Chapel near Lockhart on October 21, 1895. His interment was in the Walnut Creek Cemetery which was nearby.

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## Prayers of a Hero

Mark W. Evans  
Past Chaplain-in-Chief

During the War for Southern Independence, a friend gave Rev. Dr. William Brown a strange report concerning General Stonewall Jackson. He said: "The truth is, sir, that 'old Jack' is *crazy*. I can account for his conduct in no other way. Why, I frequently meet him out in the woods walking back and forth muttering to himself incoherent sentences and gesticulating wildly, and at such times he seems utterly oblivious of my presence and of everything else." The following night, Dr. Brown received evidence that the General was sane. Jackson explained to the preacher his method of prayer: "I find that it greatly helps me in fixing my mind and quickening my devotions to give articulate utterance of my prayers, and hence I am in the habit of going off into the woods, where I can be alone and speak audibly to myself the prayers I would pour out to my God. I was at first annoyed that I was compelled to keep my eyes open to avoid running against the trees and stumps; but upon investigating the matter I do not find that the Scriptures require us to close our eyes in prayer, and the exercise has proven to me very delightful and profitable" [J. William Jones, *Christ in the Camp*, p. 89].

The General's prayers were not only beneficial to himself, his example deeply affected others. General Richard S. Ewell, while serving under Jackson, attended a war council which adjourned without a decision. Confederate Chaplain J. William Jones recorded an account of what happened following the meeting: "A. P. Hill laughingly said to Ewell, 'Well! I suppose Jackson wants time to pray over it.' Having occasion to return to his quarters again a short time after, Ewell found Jackson on his knees and heard his ejaculatory prayers for God's guidance in the perplexing movements then before him. The sturdy veteran Ewell was so deeply impressed by this incident and by Jackson's general religious character, that he said: 'If that is religion, I must have it;' and in making a profession of faith not long afterwards, he attributed his conviction to the influence of Jackson's piety" [Jones, p. 97].

Confederate Chaplain W. W. Bennett wrote, "Can the influence of General Jackson over his men ever be fully estimated? And was not this in a great measure owing to the depth and power of his religion? Said a soldier after the battle of Cross Keys: 'I saw something today which affected me more than anything I ever saw or read on religion. While the battle was raging and the bullets were flying, Jackson rode by, calm as if he were at home, but his head was raised toward heaven, and his lips were moving evidently in prayer'" [W. W. Bennett, *The Great Revival in the Southern Armies*, p. 67].

Chaplain Bennett quoted another observer of Jackson: "General Jackson never enters a battle without invoking God's blessing and protection. The dependence of this strange man upon the Deity seems never to be absent from his mind, and whatever he says or does, it is always prefaced 'by God's blessing.' 'By God's blessing we have defeated the enemy,' is his laconic and pious announcement of a

victory. One of his officers said to him, 'Well, General, another candidate is awaiting your attention.' 'So I observe,' was the quiet reply, 'and by God's blessing he shall receive it to his full satisfaction'" [Bennett, pp. 67, 68].

General Jackson's prayers were filled with trust in the Lord, regardless of circumstances. Even the wounds that brought death could not deter the General's trust in God's providence. He told his chaplain, Rev. B. T. Lacy: "You see me severely wounded, but not depressed; not unhappy. I believe it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am today; for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied, that either in this life, or in that which is to come, I shall discover that what is now regarded as a calamity is a blessing" [Bennett, p. 294].

Although the Confederate military was defeated by overwhelming numbers and inexhaustible resources, the cause of the South remains. Constitutional liberty, limited central government, and freedom from tyranny are part of our heritage sealed by the blood of our forefathers. History is replete with examples of God's deliverances of those who persevered in Scriptural truth and prevailing prayers. Like Stonewall Jackson, we must go to the Highest Court and present our plea at the Throne of Grace. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James 5:16b).



## A CONFEDERATE SERMON

**Submitted by Chaplain Kenneth Studdard**

### **Chaplain James Boardman Hawthorne (1837-1910), 21st Alabama**

A silver tongued Baptist preacher and Confederate Chaplain died today in Richmond, Virginia. Today is the twenty-fourth of February in the year of our Lord 1910. Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne was one of the greatest of Alabama's native sons. Some of his prominent pastorates were in Mobile, Baltimore, Albany, Louisville Montgomery and Richmond. His last pastorate was the Grove Avenue Baptist Church in Richmond, Virginia.

Pastor Hawthorne was described as tall, dignified and of commanding presence. A constant in descriptions of him was his great power as a speaker. "His thoughts are fresh and stimulating, his language graceful, his utterance deliberate." An excellent composite of this great man was given by Rev. Edgar E. Folk, the editor of the Baptist and Reflector of Nashville, TN,

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne stands easily as the prince of Southern Baptist preachers.... Dr. Hawthorne is a natural orator. In person he is six feet four inches in height, with a massive frame, which gives him a commanding presence and secures attention before he utters a word. He is a very Apollo in appearance as well as an Apollo in eloquence. His mental characteristics correspond with his physical. He is a strong, clear thinker. He is more the rhetorician than the logician, more the poet than the historian, more the orator than the debater. But he is by no means lacking in the qualities of the logician, the historian, and the debater. His style is smooth, elevated, dignified, never low or vulgar. But while nature has done much for Dr. Hawthorne, grace has done more. His sermons are not simply cold, beautiful, intellectual compositions. They come from his heart as well as from his head. A large part of Dr. Hawthorne's power consists in his intense earnestness. He evidently feels every word he says, and he wants you to feel its importance also. He does not speak simply to please, but to move, to help. His private character is of the purest and loftiest type. He loves virtue, loathes vice; admires honesty and despises meanness or trickery. In short, Dr. Hawthorne may be called the Chrysostom of the South—earnest, eloquent, golden-mouthed.

The young pastor had been busy feeding the flock of God under his care when the great storm of war broke on the South. Hawthorne sought to be a pastor who honored the Word of God and cared for the sheep during a time of great conflict. In 1863 he entered the Confederate Army as captain of the 24th Alabama Infantry Regiment, but resigned to become chaplain. In seeking to do his utmost to help his fellow Southerners and thinking of the men from his congregation, Hawthorne became a missionary for the Baptist cause and a chaplain in the Confederate Army. He desired to carry the saving gospel of the Lord Christ to those not ready to live or die and solace to those who knew the Lord and Saviour.

Rev. J. B. Hawthorne became a chaplain of the 21st Alabama Volunteer Regiment. He was also an agent for the Domestic Mission Board. During this time the church he pastored continued to pay his salary. Early in the war there was a book that Hawthorne read titled Armageddon. The young minister took a special liking to the book which declared the world's destruction around 1863. Hawthorne preached more than one sermon in different locations declaring that the end was in view and his presentation was done in a very startling fashion. A humorous event occurred as a result.

An old carpenter, by the name of Hutto, hearing that the sermon was to be preached at Rock West, got on his horse and rode twenty-five miles across the country to that point. Upon his arrival he announced that he wanted to see Board Hawthorne. He was informed that the preacher had already gone into the pulpit and that he could see him after the service. That would not do. He must see him at once. But why such urgency? He wanted to get the preacher to put off the end of the world for a while until the South could whip the terrible Yankees.

Hawthorne was busy in the work of the chaplaincy. He was helpful to other chaplains and was observant of them. His fellow Alabamian, Chaplain Tichenor, who was in his element as a combat chaplain, was frequently assisted by Chaplain Hawthorne. On numerous occasions Chaplain Hawthorne heard Tichenor preach and described his preaching as "Like the blast of a brazen trumpet." Such an observation is something, coming from one who was known as a formidable orator himself.

### **EBENEZER**

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." 1 Sam. 7:12.

The condition of the Hebrew commonwealth when Eli the priest died was very deplorable. The people were not only sadly ignorant, but had wandered far from virtue and God. Their country was often invaded by the armies of surrounding nations. Their most sacred treasure, the Ark of the Covenant, had been captured and carried away. They were oppressed, broken in spirit, given to idolatry, and immersed in vice. Such was their condition when Samuel became their priest and judge.

Commiserating their degraded and suffering condition, this good man called the people together, recounted their sins, and revealed to them the will of God. He told them that if they would sincerely repent and put away their strange gods, the Lord would deliver them out of the hands of the Philistines. They hearkened to his voice, forsook the worship of idols, and returned to the service of the true and living God.

While they were gathered together at Mizpeh, they drew water from the wells and poured it out upon the ground before the Lord, saying, "We have sinned against the Lord." This ceremony was a symbolic act by which they expressed their deep contrition for their apostasy. In this repentant state Samuel found it easy to settle all difficulties among them. Their quarrels and feuds were readily adjusted, and peace and harmony reigned throughout the camp.

When the Philistines heard that they were gathered together at Mizpeh, they at once moved up in great numbers against them. The Israelites were alarmed, but Samuel soon quieted their fears. He took a sucking lamb, made a burnt offering of it, cried unto the Lord for help, and the Lord heard him. When the Philistines drew near, God spoke in a mighty roll of thunder from the heavens. Smitten with fear they fled. The Israelites pursued and smote them until they came to Beth-car. Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

This rude stone was a simple and inexpensive device, but no monument ever reared by human hands was more pleasing to God. That stone was put there in no boastful spirit. It was not a reminder of what they had done, but of what God had done for them. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

If troubles should come again, if another enemy should march against them, that little stony monument would help them to remember what God had done for them in a season of great peril and inspire them to look to the same divine source for succor and deliverance.

There are events in every man's life that are worthy of special recognition. There are signal interpositions of divine power which shield him from peril and save him from suffering. He owes it to God and to himself to commemorate such events. It is well for every one of us to keep in mind every special manifestation of God's guiding and preserving care. We should never begin a new year without raising an Ebenezer, to testify that hitherto the Lord has helped us.

In the history of our households there are events which mark the genesis of new and potent influences for good or evil. Births, marriages, deaths, loss of property, sicknesses, escapes from imminent peril, are events which have a vital bearing on the character and destinies of families. Every man among you can remember occurrences which deeply stirred his inner being and helped to strengthen his love of virtue, or helped to sink him to a lower level of moral life. These things he should never forget.

The Christian should persistently cultivate the recollection of the beginnings of his spiritual life. Every day he should go back in thought to his first conviction of sin, his mourning over divine goodness and mercy rejected and despised, and his despair when it seemed to him that there was "no eye to pity and no arm to save." Every day he should recall the hour when God responded to his cry for help, when the darkness that shrouded his soul disappeared, when he saw the Lord God, merciful and gracious, bending over him, and heard his pitying voice, saying, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." Every day he should review his spiritual life, and celebrate the occasions when God empowered him to overcome mighty temptations and "put to flight the armies of the aliens." Every day he should recall his seasons of spiritual exaltation and rapture. Every day he should sing:

Through many dangers, toils, and cares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will take me home.

Man's truest and deepest life is in the unseen realm of his spiritual being. No events in his history deserve such celebration as the victories which he wins on the battlefield of his own soul. In comparison with his triumphs over his own unrighteous thoughts and affections no outward achievement is worthy of notice.

When a man is elected to a great political office how promptly his friends come forward and shower congratulations upon him. Bonfires, illuminations, booming cannon, and vast processions are employed to celebrate his victory.

If the newspapers should announce tomorrow that a rich uncle had died and left me a million dollars, or that by some bold financial adventure of my own I had become immensely rich, I imagine that my friends would be almost drunk with joy. But how few would congratulate me if it were known that I had triumphed over some mighty temptation to wrong-doing, and had risen to some higher level of moral and spiritual power.

God's greatest gifts are bestowed upon the soul. While we should never despise external blessings, while we should not undervalue wealth, office, and distinction, we should remember

that the things that are not seen are vastly better and more enduring than those which come within the range of our mortal vision.

Man's first and strongest aspiration should be for imperial sway over his own inner being. To uproot some unholy affection, to extirpate some ignoble ambition, to triumph over some revengeful feeling, to crucify some lurking jealousy — these are achievements which, in God's eye, eclipse the conquest of a nation. My brother, if you have won such victories raise your Ebenezer, and thus testify to the world that hitherto the Lord has helped you.

We are constrained to confess that we are shamefully forgetful of the favors which God's helping hand has bestowed upon us. We imagine that we are the architects of our own fortune. We seldom think of God as having anything to do with our successes in life. We are almost blind to the manifestations of his guiding, protecting, and supporting presence.

I have spent whole nights in gazing into heaven. The glory of God beaming from the silent stars would not let me sleep. I felt that it would be a sin to close my eyes beneath that magnificent display of Jehovah's wisdom, power, and goodness. What are man's inventions and creations, what are all the productions of human power and skill, compared to those frescoes of light and beauty which God has painted on the midnight sky? But while day speaks to day, and night to night repeats the story of God's goodness and love to man, how feeble are the exhibitions of our appreciation of what he has done for us!

God keeps a record of the blessings with which He enriches our lives, and what is worthy of record in heaven is not unworthy of remembrance on earth. Let us make some external record of the special displays of God's love and mercy along our earthly pilgrimage. Let us set up some visible memorial somewhere that will serve to remind us and others of the great things the Lord has done for us. There are many ways in which this can be done. Every man's home should be a sort of museum, a place for the exhibition of souvenirs — things that will keep alive the memory of every year and month of the family history.

I have a large collection of photographs in my home. They are the likenesses of persons connected with the churches and congregations which I have served. Sometimes my wife and I open the big box in which these things are preserved, take them out one by one and carefully study them. Each one of them revives a hundred blessed memories, and in going through the collection we pass through forty years of history. We have numerous pictures of our own children — pictures taken at intervals between their infancy and the present. In looking at them, we go over the history of our two boys. As soon as our eyes fall upon one of them, we recall the place where it was taken and group around it a hundred events in that period of the child's life.

There is one peculiarity of the Germans that has always pleased me. If a German is able to have a private art gallery, he builds it apart from his residence. On the walls of his dwelling you see no landscape paintings, no pictures of animals, no portraits of kings, warriors, philosophers, poets, and scientists. You see nothing there but the faces of those who belong to his own household, and of their ancestors for many generations. As he walks through his home and gazes upon those faces, a thousand blessed recollections are revived.

I have sometimes found a Bible which the owner had converted into a record of his spiritual life. I can show you the Bible of a Christian mother that has two or three thousand passages marked, to denote that they had been especially comforting and precious to her.

The most sacred treasure preserved by my father's family is my mother's Bible. In all the world there is nothing that stirs my emotional nature more profoundly than a look into the well-worn pages of that dear old book, which was the light and solace and strength of my mother's life.

Christian mother, set apart some copy of God's word to be known in the family as "mother's Bible," and when you read a passage of it which opens a fountain of comfort to your soul, mark it with your pencil or write something on the margin which in years to come will remind you, your children, and your children's children, how the Lord helped you as you meditated upon those sacred words.

Nothing is more beautiful to me than a home filled with mementos — a home in which almost every object is a reminder of some special manifestation of God's loving-kindness and tender mercy. Blessed is the child that is reared in such a home. The sons and daughters who go out from it will be the truest witnesses for Christ and the brightest ornaments to society.

Let us make our piety thoroughly practical. Let us transmute every religious sentiment into something useful to the world. If you wish to commemorate the goodness of God to you in answering your prayer for the recovery of your sick child, go out and bestow some substantial and lasting benefit upon the unfortunate child of some poor neighbor.

Give crutches to some little cripple, or educate some widow's son or daughter, or send some young man, divinely called to the Christian ministry, to a theological seminary, or build a chapel for one of our foreign missions. Such a token of your grateful remembrance of divine favors to you would be more pleasing to God than a monument of stone or brass.

Let us begin this New Year by looking back over the mercies of the years which preceded it, and by such a consecration of ourselves to the Lord's cause as will express our gratitude for his past favors.

If in the year that has just fled sorrow shadowed your home, do not think of it as a year of calamity. We can never know the best things until we enter the shadows of sorrow. Remember that the Master said, "Blessed are they that mourn." There are blessings rich, deep, and satisfying which we never can know until we mourn. You would never see the stars if the sun continued to shine all through the twenty-four hours. The glare of human joy hides from our sight ten thousand blessings which we cannot see until our lives are darkened by some great grief. Some of the richest and most precious words of the Bible can be understood only when the soul is passing through some keen and lonely anguish.

The monuments which some of you have reared in yonder cemetery over the resting-places of your dead serve only to commemorate your troubles and to keep alive your grief. Oh, that you had the Christian faith to convert those monuments into memorials of God's wise and merciful discipline of your souls! Oh, that you could stand by them and fully realize the blessedness of the truth that, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth!"

The surest way to get rid of the anguish which comes from looking back is to turn our faces to the future, with the determination to be, more than we have ever been, helpers and healers of our suffering fellow-men. Look through love's eyes upon your neighbor's troubles, and in your eagerness to bless him you will receive a blessing on your own soul that will lift it into a realm of peace and gladness. One of the noblest sentiments to be found in the world's literature was written by Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot and martyr. He said: "If I had to choose my place among the forces of nature, do you know what I would choose to be? It would be the dew that falls silently and invisibly over the face of nature, trampled underfoot and unconsidered, but perpetually blessing and refreshing all forms of life." In this losing of one's self in desire and effort for the good of others one finds the truest peace and the sweetest happiness which the human heart can know.

If I can live to make some pale face brighter, if I can give a second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye, if I can impart one throb of comfort to an aching heart, if in passing through the world I can cheer some way-worn soul, if I can lend a helping hand to the fallen, if I can discrown some wrong and diadem some right, my life will not have been in vain. The joy that is farthest from earth's alloy and nearest to the bliss of heaven is realized when conscience says, "You knew your duty to your fellow-man and you did it well."



## Book Review

### *Behind a Frowning Providence*

By John J. Murray

(c) 1990, The Banner of Truth Trust, 30 pages, paperback,

**Reviewed by H. Rondel Rumburg**

This reviewer took *Behind a Frowning Providence* by John J. Murray with him to minister at the Widows' Retreat, run by Pastor and Mrs. Dale Wallace, in the mountains of North Carolina. At around three o'clock each morning it was a pleasure to read God's Word and begin reading this booklet for personal devotions before other preparation for the day. Therein were found drops of honey that popped out of the comb, and some of those droplets were shared in the morning devotions with the widow ladies and workers. This booklet was of private value to the reviewer and would be to any of the Lord's sheep. Suffering and sorrow are a part of our lives whether we like it or not, but these seeming contraries are not devoid of blessing in the life of God's child. There are no needless tears for the child of God.

The author of this booklet is John J. Murray. He was born in Dornoch, Sutherland, Scotland. He was brought to Christ in his teens. He joined the Banner of Truth Trust in London as an assistant editor in 1960. After 13 years with the Trust he trained for the Gospel ministry at Edinburgh University and at the Free Church College. He served congregations of the Free Church of Scotland in Oban, Argyll (1978-89) and in Edinburgh (St Columba's) (1989-2002). Since retiring he has been assisting in congregations of the Free Church of Scotland (Continuing) in the Glasgow area. He was elected Moderator of the 2003 General Assembly of the Church. His writings include

*Behind a Frowning Providence; John E Marshall: Life and Writings; Catch the Vision* (the story of the Reformed recovery in the 1950s); *John Knox: A Bitesize Biography* and *A God-Centred Vision for Church and Nation*. He is married and the father of two adult children.

Note the divisions:

*Chapter 1: There is a Providence.* Herein one learns that God in His providence “works all things according to the counsel of His will.” This includes good things, bad things and things in the gray area. I came away realizing again that there is not a gnat out of place in God’s universe even when he gets in my eye.

*Chapter 2: There are Dark Providences.* Our Lord told his disciples that in the world they would have tribulations. Yes, “through much tribulation” we enter the kingdom. There is no such thing as “problem-free Christianity.” No, there is no problem free life in a fallen world!

*Chapter 3: God’s Designs in Dark Providences.* The author said, “There is a right and a wrong way of asking ‘Why?’ We must reflect on what God is doing. What is the Lord seeking to teach us through these unpleasant experiences?” The author listed some of God’s designs:

Sufferings are to try us.

Sufferings are to expose our sins.

Sufferings are to build character.

Sufferings bring us to know God better.

*I walked a mile with pleasure,  
She chatted all the way,  
But left me none the wiser  
For all she had to say.*

*I walked a mile with sorrow  
And ne’er a word said she,  
But oh the things I learned from her,  
When sorrow walked with me.*

Sufferings produce fruit in our lives and prepare us for usefulness.

Sufferings lead us to make God our all and to prepare us for glory.

*Chapter 4: Our Comfort in Dark Providences*

There is always a purpose of love behind dark providences.

There is much that remains a mystery and for which there is no immediate answer.

The only ultimate solution is to cultivate nearness to God. “Pray that I won’t waste all this suffering.”

We can be assured that the outcome will be ‘Big with mercy.’ “Every work of Christ towards His people,” said Ralph Erskine, “carries something more great and precious in the bosom of it than we are capable at the time of understanding.”

*Conclusion:*

“God’s people never sacrifice or suffer in vain. Our present suffering is an investment in future glory. The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory.”

This booklet was of great spiritual benefit and blessing to this reviewer. Do you want a blessing? Read it!



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.