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"JOHNNY REBS" WITH GOOD RELIGION
(Christian Confederate Soldiers)

Compiled from the HDM Library
By Duane V. Maxey

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INTRODUCTION

Alfred Cookman, John S. Inskip, and M. L. Haney, all outstanding Holiness men, were also all Chaplains in the Union Army. But, while Milton Lorenzo Haney and Beverly Carradine both heard the guns of the battle of Vicksburg, Haney was wearing the blue, Union Army uniform and Carradine, though perhaps then not in uniform, later did wear the gray, Confederate Uniform. And, who knows how many sanctified Union Army soldiers fired rifles and canons at Edward McKendree Bounds while he fought on the side of the Confederacy in that bloody conflict politely known as the "Civil" War?

It would be interesting to read first the accounts of the men in blue and then those of the men in gray, sometimes called "Johnny Rebs," but we will limit ourselves to the latter -- all accounts being taken from the HDM Library with mostly just a passing mention of the fact of their service in the Confederate Army. I will also include among the "Johnny Rebs with Good Religion" some who were not soldiers, but who were in sympathy with the Confederacy. Soldiers or Citizens, I have dubbed them "Johnny Rebs with Good Religion." In most cases, I do not hesitate labeling their religion as "Good," but if there be some who were not truly Christians, please permit me to include them as part of the subject matter as Southern Ladies and Gentlemen, worthy of respect. Perhaps most that I have included, were indeed people who lost the war of slavery, but won who won the war of salvation, and who shall wear the Victor's Crown in that land where none shall ever learn war again, world without end!

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Part 1

BEVERLY CARRADINE

[Beverly Carradine's service in the Confederate Army was brief, but he made rather frequent mention of the Confederacy in his writings -- enough, and worded in such ways, to make me believe that his heart lay with the South in that struggle. I have first listed below the one passage I have found among Carradine's works that clearly shows he was, if even for a brief while, a Confederate Soldier.]

The Civil War period of 1861-5, covering four years of my boyhood, was full of event and incident to me. But in this volume I do not feel drawn to write about those days so full of pain, suffering and sorrow to millions.

Suffice to say that my mother moved from her home in Yazoo City to a plantation on Bee Lake, sixteen miles away. Here for three years and a half I studied, read, sailed or boated on this beautiful sheet of water, or fished on its cypress-lined shores or roamed with gun on shoulder through the sighing depths of the forest, and one summer listened to the big siege guns of beleaguered Vicksburg booming faintly in the distance.

At Vicksburg occurred the famous siege with Pemberton and thirty thousand half starved Confederates on one hand and Grant and seventy thousand well-fed and well-armed United States soldiers on the other.

Here the Government has a National Cemetery; and we doubt not, the most striking and colossal of all. In addition two military park-like roads have been run entirely around the city, following strictly and exactly the two lines of breastworks occupied by the attacking and defending bodies of troops. On these two roads the different States are erecting monuments in memory and honor of their dead who fell in this long, dreadful, fatal siege of six weeks.

The last five months of the war, I, a mere lad, enlisted in the cavalry, joining Company K, Wood's Regiment, Wirt Adams Brigade, of Forest's Corps.

After the "Surrender" I was sent by my mother to college at the University of Mississippi.
-- From hdm0040, "Graphic Scenes" by Beverly Carradine

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Part 2 COLONEL MOORMAN

We knew a Confederate officer (Colonel Moorman of Louisiana) who was with others rapidly leaving a battlefield closely pursued by the Federals, when a wounded soldier in the Northern army lying near the road cried out to him for the sake of mercy and pity to give him a drink of water.

This Confederate colonel, without a moment's hesitation, stopped and, lifting the wounded man's head, placed his canteen to the sufferer's lips and watched him drink while the bullets cut up the ground all around him. When the service had been rendered, he placed the man's head back upon the turf, and escaped from the approaching column of soldiers as by a miracle.

The bread had been cast upon the waters. To all appearances it had gone to the bottom. But God said it would return after many days. And so it proved. After many days, we think it was ten years, this Confederate officer was in Washington seeking a certain governmental position in the South. As he was trying unavailingly to obtain the appointment, he was suddenly recognized by a leading official in one of the departments, and asked if he did not take time once in a battle to give a drink of water to a wounded man. The reply was that the circumstance was remembered.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, "I was that man."

The outcome of it all was that the official in Washington having great influence with the President, secured at once the position for Colonel Moorman that he had tried in vain to obtain and had desired of receiving. The bread came back in a most remunerative office, which Colonel Moorman held for years.

We ought all to be good and kind, because it is right and Christlike. But the argument for benevolence made by the wise man in the book of Ecclesiastes is that it pays to be good. The Bible says so, and life proves it. -- From hdm0039, "Golden Sheaves" by Beverly Carradine

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Part 3 CIVIL WAR MEMORIES OF CARRADINE

The swamp had a population peculiarly its own; a number of deer, a few bear, panthers and catamounts, some wild turkeys and every kind of owl and variety of bird. It had also its turtles, sleeping on sunlit logs, or falling with a "plunk" into the green sloughs at the snapping of a twig; and snakes coiled up and looking like a bunch of autumn leaves, or dragging their spotted length across the trail before you. In addition to these natural denizens, were the lost travelers of whom I have spoken, and during the war a band of men who were deserters from the Confederate ranks, or flying from draft and conscription, took to this tangled wilderness for refuge, and there, building huts of palmetto, and feeding on fish, turkey, the flesh of the wild hog and such other things as they could silently snare or entrap, they kept a watchful eye out for government officers, and would disappear like a flash in a cane-brake where it would have taken an army to find them.

On one occasion, the writer went with a number of friends on a deer hunt. Two of the party were Confederate officers home on furlough. We had penetrated deep into the swamp and were swiftly following the dogs, whose cry was growing fainter and fainter in the distance as they followed the game. Something had happened to make the deer avoid the "stand," and, forsaking the usual run on the ridge, go deep into the forest. One of the officers and the writer, then a lad, found themselves together galloping at as great speed after the pack of receding hounds as the cane, palmetto and jungle-like woods would allow, when suddenly there stood before us, leaning on his gun, and not twenty yards away, a deserter. When he glanced up and saw the uniformed man by my side, his astonishment was as great as his instantaneous flight was rapid. The soldier gave a great outcry and spurred his horse to a swift pursuit. How the man escaped us has ever been a mystery. The next time we saw him he was fully an hundred yards away in the middle of a cypress slough

leaping from log to log and going where we could not possibly follow. He seemed to thoroughly know his ground, or rather lack of ground, and had we attempted to cross as he did the result would have been death to the horses and certain disaster to ourselves. We had one more distant glimpse of him through an opening of the trees. He had crossed the quagmire and stood for a moment looking back at us, when, with a bound, he plunged into a cane-brake and disappeared.

As a boy of thirteen, I first saw this swamp, heard it sigh, felt its strange, sorrowful presence, and stood in fear and awe of its secrets, its known and unknown history...

"A River Scene."

When I was a boy I stood one afternoon on the bank of the Alabama River and looked at a steamer going down the stream toward the city of Mobile. The calliope on the upper deck was playing Lorena. As the strains of that pathetic song of the war died, or we might say, faded away in the distance, together with the lessening form of the steamer, I was left spellbound upon the bank. The very ripples of the river seemed as they broke upon the shore at my feet to bring with them fragments of the touching melody that had just ceased reverberating, and out of the distance seemed to come the words of the song:

"A hundred months 'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we'd climb,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime."

We remember at the time, that the Confederacy was going to pieces, Federal forces were raiding the land, and a melancholy not only brooded upon the people, but seemed to fill the very atmosphere. Nevertheless there was something in the scene in itself that left a lifelong impression upon the writer. It has been a long time since that afternoon, but the swelling of the heart, the indefinable longings produced by the scene and hour have never been forgotten.

Some would say, what is there in that simple circumstance to make a lasting picture; a distant bend in the river, a vanishing steamer, the strains of a love song dying away in faint and still fainter echoes along the shore, and the river breaking in a mournful, lapping sound at the feet of a boy?

We reply: some things may never be explained or described--they can only be felt. -- From hdm0045, "Pen Pictures" by Beverly Carradine

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Part 4

WHY JUDGE M. WAS NOT EXECUTED

Among this latter class was a country boy, in one of our Southern States, whose baptismal name was Edward. He started life with a sound body, a splendid mind, and heart, excellent business gifts or qualifications, and a spirit full of industry and perseverance. Crowning and

beautifying all was a blessed Christian experience, which he retained through a life of over eighty years, and which we have never doubted, in view of his deeds, was one of full salvation.

The first time his wife ever saw him he was driving a team of oxen yoked to a large wagon. She was taking a horseback ride with a party of young friends and dashed past the loaded vehicle, little dreaming that the youth walking by the side of the steers and popping his whip as he stood on the big wagon tongue, was her future husband. She galloped on out of sight with her merry companions, but Edward, even then with his mind full of noble, grand thoughts, came quietly and steadily after, driving up the road in a deeper sense than the literal one, and not only approaching the mission of his life, but entering upon its blessed accomplishment so as to win the favor of men and the blessings of heaven.

It is wonderful what he overtook on that road. He soon passed in trueness of living the young men, who loped by him that morning. He left many others beside them behind. He overtook the girl who became his wife. He overtook fortune. He caught up with public honor and general respect. He swept on to still greater wealth, and possessed broad plantations and a beautiful mansion home. At the same time he walked unbrokenly with God. His earthly abundance failed to come in between him and his Savior. The remarkable thing soon noticed by everybody was that the more he prospered financially the more he gave to God.

He did not do like a man we know who, as he made money, would invest it in partial purchases, so as to say to seekers after his bounty that he was in debt. He did not let the money which flowed in metalize his soul, as it has done to many; but as God prospered him he gave. The more his business increased, the greater swelled his streams of gold and silver in gifts to God, and benevolence to men.

It looked like God had found a man he could trust with riches, and so he smiled upon and blessed every enterprise of His faithful servant. The Almighty fairly rained wealth on him, and he showered it back. It looked to heaven and to spiritual observers that a kind of love and trust struggle was going on between the two. God would seem to be saying:

"Here, my son, is more money for you. I know you will not worship it; nor let it make you cold and haughty to your fellow-beings; nor cause you to cease leaning on me. Here is a large amount for you." And the true follower of Christ, who had not lost his head with his great successes, nor surrendered his love for the Savior or his fellow-creatures, would let the dollars fly in thousands to help the bodies of men on earth, and their souls on the way to heaven.

He put sixty thousand dollars in one church. He gave One hundred thousand to a college. There was scarcely a house of worship within a hundred miles of his home but had his means in it from fifty to one thousand dollars. The preachers knew where to come when financial help was needed for the sick and the poor. His purse was ever open to the cry of want.

Not a minister of the Gospel in that Southern State, or from any other State, but was assured of and always received a cordial welcome in the elegant, hospitable home of the subject of this sketch. Sometimes these clerical and lay guests were poorly clad, and unpolished and awkward in manner, but their noble-hearted entertainer never seemed to notice it, and treated the poorest man

who accepted his hospitality with the same courtesy and cordiality that he did one of the neighboring wealthy cotton planters.

On one occasion an humble guest, in tilting back his chair on the waxed floor of the parlor, came near losing his balance and falling on the floor. Two of the daughters of the household gave a little snicker peculiar to the senselessness of youth, but the grave, rebuking look of their father settled them instantly then and there. Then, as if nothing had happened, the courtly, noble man, who had been a poor boy in the beginning of his life, said to his confused guest:

"These waxed floors are a pet idea of my wife and daughters. I have pleaded in vain for carpets all the year round for safety's sake; for even now, after the practice of years, I walk over these slippery floors almost in terror of my life. But they are the queens of the home, and I submit to their superior taste at the risk of a fractured limb or a broken head."

The relief of the guest was immediate, while the speech was so kind and pleasant as to inflict no wound on the family, in coming to the deliverance of the friend or acquaintance.

A number of preachers who at different times spent the night at this house famous for its hospitality, would leave next day with an experience which was made up of equal parts of surprise and pleasure, and caused a general laugh over the neighborhood when it was found out. If any of them came on a poor, broken-down horse and left him tied at the rack, this was the last he ever saw of the animal, for next morning, in taking his departure, there, at the hitching place where he had left a bundle of skin and bones with an old saddle upon it, was a handsome, well-kept steed, and freshly caparisoned.

"Why, where is my horse?" he would say in astonishment. "Some mistake has been made." But the servant told him that there had been no mistake; that "Ole Marster" had made him this present.

Then the next words would be, "I want to see your 'marster',"--"this is too kind"--or, "I want to thank him," etc., etc. But by this time Judge M., for this was the title given him after middle life, was not to be seen; he had vanished. As for the old animal which had disappeared, the Judge superannuated him, and set him free, letting him eat, graze and roll out the balance of his days without work, in view of what he had done.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Judge M. greatly helped the Confederate cause. His factory supplied blankets, and his broad acres yielded food for the soldiers. It was said by one who knew him well that he took care of the family of every poor Southern soldier in a radius of twelve miles of his home.

Such was his powerful help in various ways to the cause of the South that, when a Federal raid swept through that part of the State where he lived in the latter part of the war, he was arrested and taken out in front of his house to be shot.

A file of soldiers was selected to do the shooting, and Judge M., now silver-haired and eighty, was placed before them, sitting in a chair because of his feebleness, to receive their bullets.

The grand old man, with his gray hair falling upon his shoulders, looked like a patriarch, as he sat quietly facing the Union soldiers. He was as calm as when he had entertained his guests upon the gallery or in the parlor, and dispensed the hospitality for which he was famous. Even now he looked more like a prince receiving visitors than a condemned man facing a death-guard and executioners.

Three times the eight men raised their guns at the command of their officer to "Make ready," "Aim," and "Fire!" and three times their Enfield rifles dropped! They could not pull the trigger; they could not fire!

Would the reader like to know why?

It was not only because of the kind and noble face shining upon them; but there was something between them and the victim. Something that they could not move away, nor shoot through. This something was the Word of God!

The special passage was Psalm 41, verses 1 and 2, "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies."

The man before them had cared for the poor all his life; he had won God's promise of protection and deliverance; and now, according to God's own Word, they could not do him any harm. He was as safe from their bullets as though he was in heaven.

Judge M. lived a few years after this and passed sway into the skies in great peace and triumph. Like Jacob he was old and full of days; like Enoch he walked with God and was not, for God took him; and like Abel he being dead yet speaketh. -- From hdm0047, "Remarkable Occurrences" by Beverly Carradine

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Part 5

EDWARD MCKENDREE BOUNDS

By H. W. Hodge

Edward McKendree Bounds was born in Shelby County, Missouri, August 15, 1835, and died August 24, 1913, in Washington, Georgia. He received a common school education at Shelbyville, and was admitted to the bar soon after his majority. He practiced law until called to preach the gospel at the age of twenty-four. His first pastorate was Monticello, Missouri, circuit. It was while serving as pastor of Brunswick, Missouri, that [Civil] war was declared and the young minister was made a prisoner of war because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. He was sent to St. Louis, and later transferred to Memphis, Tennessee.

Finally securing his release, he traveled on foot nearly one hundred miles to join General Pierce's [Confederate Army] command in Mississippi and was soon after made chaplain of the

Fifth Missouri Regiment, a position he held until near the close of the war, when he was captured and held as prisoner at Nashville, Tennessee.

After the war Rev. E. M. Bounds was pastor of churches in Tennessee and Alabama. In 1875 he was assigned to St. Paul Methodist Church in St. Louis, and served there for four years. In 1876 he was married to Miss Emmie Barnette at Eufaula, Alabama, who died ten years later. In 1887 he was married to Miss Hattie Barnette, [a sister of his first wife] who, with five children, survived him.

After serving several pastorates, he was sent to the First Methodist Church in St. Louis, Missouri, for one year and to St. Paul Methodist Church for three years. At the end of his pastorate, he became the editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

He was a forceful writer, and a very deep thinker. He spent the last seventeen years of his life with his family in Washington, Georgia. Most of the time he was reading, writing, and praying. He rose at 4 a. m. each day for many years and was indefatigable in his study of the Bible. His writings were read by thousands of people and were in demand by the church people of every Protestant denomination.

Bounds was the embodiment of humility, with a seraphic devotion to Jesus Christ. He reached that high place where self is forgotten and the love of God and humanity was the all-absorbing thought and purpose. At seventy-six years of age he came to me in Brooklyn, New York, and so intense was he that he awoke us at 3 o'clock in the morning praying and weeping over the lost of earth. All during the day he would go into the church next door and be found on his knees until called for his meals. This is what he called the "Business of Praying." Infused with this heavenly ozone, he wrote "Preacher and Prayer," a classic in its line, and now gone into several foreign languages, read by men and women all over the world. -- From hdm0793, "Selected Articles From the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate" by Duane V. Maxey

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Part 6

STONEWALL JACKSON

In his book, Purpose in Prayer, E. M. Bounds quotes these words from former college professor and Confederate soldier, General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson: "I have so fixed the habit of prayer 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." -- From hdm1042, "2700-Plus Illustrations" by Duane V. Maxey

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Two young Confederate officers were invited to dine with General Stonewall Jackson. Both these young men were known to have commenced to trifle with drink, while General Jackson

was well known as a total abstainer. At the table, evidently bidding for the General's favor, the young officers took up the topic of liquor. One of them said he did not like the taste of liquor. The other said he did not like the effect of liquor. Quietly, the General said, "I like both the taste and the effect of liquor, and that is the reason I never touch it." If these young men were telling the truth, they were trifling with fire without serious cause, and were in the greater danger because they thought themselves master. The General, being warned, was wise enough to leave the fire alone. -- From hdm0266, "Holiness Triumphant" by J. B. Chapman

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It is stated of General Stonewall Jackson, the great Confederate leader, that he was a man of unusual faith. He was constantly in prayer, and believed that not only would his troops be successful in the field, but that the cause of the Confederacy was destined to win. He would often ride into battle with his arm extended high in solemn supplication for God's blessing on the men he commanded. It is an historical fact that he was never seriously defeated in battle. He believed for victory, and God had to give it to him, or break His word! So full of faith was he that the Confederate states must win their freedom-so frequent and impassioned were his petitions for this, that there is ground for believing that God removed him from the scene of action, in order that He might adjust national matters according to His own wisdom. This is the view of one of the Confederate chaplains, who was asked to offer the dedicatory prayer at the unveiling of a monument to General Jackson's honor, when he prayed: "And when Thou didst decree, in Thy almighty wisdom, that the Southern Confederacy should fail, Thou hadst first to take out of the world the soul of thy servant, General Stonewall Jackson." Jackson was offering such a perfect faith channel to God for the establishment of the Confederacy that he was about to compel God to do a thing that He was unwilling to do. Consequently He removed the channel. It is also a notorious fact that He did not even allow Jackson's enemies the privilege of slaying him, but ordained that his own troops should fire upon him by mistake. -- From hdm0396, "Achieving Faith" by Joseph Grant Morrison

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Part 7

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE

A Union soldier, bitter in his hatred of the Confederacy, lay wounded at Gettysburg. At the close of the battle General Lee rode by, and the soldier, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, raised his hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loudly as he could, "Hurrah for the Union!" The General heard him, dismounted, and went toward him, and the soldier confesses: "I thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up, he looked at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and looking right into my eye, he said, "My son, I hope you will soon be well." If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression on General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the General left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody battleground." -- From hdm1042, "2700-Plus Illustrations" by Duane V. Maxey

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An incident well worth repeating, is told of General Robert E. Lee, the Confederate officer during the American Civil War. Jefferson Davis once asked him what he thought of a certain officer in the army, as he had an important place he wanted filled by a trustworthy man. Lee gave the officer an excellent recommendation and he was immediately promoted to the position. Some of Lee's friends told him that the officer had said some very bitter things against him and were surprised at the General's recommendation. "I was not asked," said Lee, "for the officer's opinion of me, but my opinion of him." Only a noble heart could prompt such action. In praying, we are told to love our enemies, but in our everyday life, we too often love only those who love us. -- From hdm1042, "2700-Plus Illustrations" by Duane V. Maxey

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Awhile ago we read a fragment from the history of General Lee, the brilliant general of the Confederate Army, which affords a suggestive lesson. He was stopping at a certain watering-place over Sunday. During the day it was announced that a Methodist preacher was in the place, and would hold a preaching service at three o'clock in the dancing hall. Before the hour for service, the General, himself a devout member of the Protestant Episcopal church, passed around among the cottages and talked up a congregation. Whenever he could spy a person, he went up to him, and said: "We are going to have divine service in the hall at three; will not you be kind enough to join us?" In most cases the simple invitation was accepted, and scores were led to hear the Gospel who would never have thought of such a thing but for the General's call. -- From hdm0524, "Nuggets of Gold" by George Brubaker Kulp

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A story of devotion. From Civil War days we have an interesting story told by Robert E. Lee, Jr., son of the great Confederate general. The son was serving with the army of northern Virginia under the command of "Stonewall" Jackson. The battle of Sharpsburg had proved to be a severe struggle. He says:

On that occasion our battery had been severely handled, losing many men and horses. Having three guns disabled, we were ordered to withdraw, and while moving back we passed General Lee and several of his staff, grouped on a little knoll near the road. Having no definite orders where to go, our captain, seeing the commanding general, halted us and rode over to get some instructions. Some others and myself went along to see and hear. General Lee was dismounted with some of his staff around him, a courier holding his horse. Captain Poague, commanding our battery, the Rockbridge Artillery, saluted, reported our condition, and asked for instructions. The general listened patiently, looked at us -- his eyes passing over me without any sign of recognition -- and then ordered Captain Poague to take the most serviceable horses and men, man the uninjured gun, send the disabled part of his command back to refit, and report to the front for duty. As Poague turned to go, I went up to speak to my father. when he found out who I was, he congratulated me on being well and unhurt. I then said:

"General, are you going to send us in again?"

"Yes, my son," he replied, with a smile; "you all must do what you can to help drive these people back."

General Lee ordered his own son into a place of danger in a desperate battle. This order was a proof of the General's devotion to the cause for which he was fighting. Calvary was the test of Christ's devotion and love for lost and needy mankind. What we are willing to give to God is an indication of our devotion to Him. -- From hdm0281, "My Gold and God" by Earl C. Wolfe

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Denying oneself is not to be equated with losing one's uniqueness or becoming of no value. There have been great people in each generation who modeled self-denial as they made significant contribution to humankind. One such man was General Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate troops during the Civil War. Few eagles soared higher during these darkest days of our nation's history than General Lee. In Northern Virginia, probably on his last visit there. A young mother brought her baby to him to be blessed. He took the infant in his arms and looked at it and then at her and slowly said, "Teach him he must deny himself." -- From hdm1043, "2700-Plus Illustrations" compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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Part 8

DABNEY BALL

Dabney Ball was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, 1820; died in Baltimore, 1878; converted at fifteen; admitted in 1843; he was from 1862 to 1865 chaplain in the Confederate States Army; 1871, in broken health, he was transferred to California; improved in health he returned and finished his work and his life as Presiding Elder of the East Baltimore District, M. E. Church, South. Whether in the itinerant field or in the midst of civil war, he was one of the bravest of soldiers. He often preached standing on feet that quivered with agony. He made long journeys to distant churches in mountain regions till the raiment that covered his racked limbs froze, and refrained from speaking of his sufferings, except incidentally to a few. On the staff of General J. E. B. Stuart, his coolness, courage and unflinching fortitude in the midst of danger were matters of common remark. His social qualities won him many friends. At the last he testified to the settlement of the question of his faith and hope in Christ. -- hdm0805, History of the Old Baltimore Conference, by James Edward Armstrong

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Part 9

GEORGE G. BROOKE

George G. Brooke born in Fauquier County, Virginia, 1808; died in Berryville, Va., December 8, 1878, closing his fiftieth year of active work. He was admitted on trial in the Baltimore Conference, 1829. He was remarkable for constancy and earnestness in his private

devotions, and for unwavering faith in the Divine promises. His labors were blessed with great success in the conversion of souls. In social life he was genial, courteous, kind and obliging, as a pastor faithful and vigilant and uniformly beloved. He served as Chaplain in the Confederate Army during the war, and commanded the respect and won the love of all that knew him. Approaching the close of his life, and the second year of his service on Berryville Circuit (Church South), scores of souls having been converted during a protracted meeting of several weeks, when about to retire he said to his wife: "If I had some items of temporal business attended to I would be ready to die now." Struck with apoplexy he never spoke again. On the Sunday morning following he was "absent from the body and present with the Lord." -- hdm0805, History of the Old Baltimore Conference, by James Edward Armstrong

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Part 10

JOSHUA M. GRANDIN

Joshua M. Grandin was born at Hector, Schuyler County, N. Y., April 3, 1814, was admitted in 1845. His father died when he was eight years old, and he was taken to New York City, converted at the age of twelve, licensed to exhort at the age of fifteen, and the next year, visiting his eldest brother in Portland, Maine, filled the pulpit of an absent preacher for one or two months, studied medicine for several years, entered Dickinson College and graduated. He was the nephew of Joshua Marsden, the English Wesleyan, familiar to the church by his hymns and by his missionary labors in Nova Scotia, Bermuda and the West Indies, as also by his long services at home. He was also the grand-nephew of Samuel Seabury of Connecticut, who received the Episcopate at the hands of three non-juring prelates of the Church of Scotland, a month prior to the ordination of Bishop Asbury, but who did not exercise the functions of his office till June 7, 1785. J. M. Grandin was in some respects a remarkable man. His originality in the conception of Bible truth, and in the vivid illustrations abounding in his sermons was striking. At times he preached with great power and effect. Many were brought through his instrumentality to the knowledge of the truth. He served during the civil war as chaplain in the Confederate Army. "I am only just waiting for the call of Jesus -- it may come any day, but I am waiting and am ready," he was able to say at the last moment, after a long mental haze had, at the age of eighty-two, led him into eccentric turns. -- hdm0805, History of the Old Baltimore Conference, by James Edward Armstrong

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Part 11

JOHN LANDSTREET

John Landstreet was born in Baltimore, Md., April 23, 1818; died in Martinsburg, W. Va., November 21, 1871; was converted at a campmeeting when a young man, and admitted in 1848. Energetic in temperament, eagerly zealous, he joined with Alfred Cookman, Gershom Broadbent and others, in organizing, on an old sea hulk lying at Light street wharf, one of the best known and most successful missions in Baltimore -- the Seamen's Bethel. His labors in the itinerancy were attended with gracious results, especially at Warrenton, Va., where an extraordinary revival occurred in 1855. He was, of choice, with his brethren at the Staunton Conference in 1861, and

when the civil war broke out in that year, entered the Confederate army as chaplain, and in that capacity he continued with eminent success during four years, ready always with the helping hand to administer comfort to the sick and wounded, and to offer consolation to the dying soldier on the field of battle in time of greatest danger. Returning, at the close of the war, to the regular work of the ministry, with undiminished zeal and unremitting service, with touching words at the Staunton Conference, 1886, he asked for a superannuated relation, in which he continued till his death. Social in his tendencies, magnetic in his manner, he drew to him both young and old. In the pastorate he was a power; in the pulpit, earnest; in his home, beloved. With his family around him at the last moment, he repeated the lines of a favorite song: "In the sweet fields of Eden," and finally: "There is rest for the weary." -- hdm0805, History of the Old Baltimore Conference, by James Edward Armstrong

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Part 12 EZEKIEL J. WILLIAMS

My Great Grandfather Williams fought in the Revolutionary War, and my grandfather, Ezekiel J. Williams, both a farmer and an ordained minister, settled in southwest Georgia when the Indians still roamed the forests there. My father was born on this frontier in 1847. He helped to clear the new ground and develop and civilize this pioneer country. This was in the days of slavery, but Grandfather opposed and preached against slavery in the deep south plantation country, where such a stand was unpopular, long before the War Between the States. When the war came, however, my father was eventually drafted. He was in Savannah, Georgia, when Sherman's army approached and pursued the Confederate armies across South Carolina as they set out for General Lee's army in Virginia. He often said of his war experience, I went because I had to go; I fought because I had to fight; I made a good soldier, but I hated no man -- neither black man nor "Yankee."

It was near the latter part of the nineteenth century, when he was in his fortieth year, that his marvelous religious conversion took place at an old-fashioned Methodist tent meeting. This experience produced such a transformation in his life that the news traveled far and wide, as he was well known in that part of the country, and men marveled! He then received the experience of sanctification at a cottage prayer meeting, and subsequently became an ordained minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He evangelized and organized churches in many parts of South Georgia, being one of the founders of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of the South Georgia Conference. This was at a time when great holiness revivals were sweeping the country. Sometimes they were accompanied by overt persecution for those who took the holiness way. -- From hdm0685, "Sin-City Miracle" by Eunice Barbee

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Part 13 ELISHA LOTT

Elisha Lott, he was the Apostle of Non-Episcopal Methodism in the South, incessantly active, counting no sacrifice too great for the cause he loved. His connection with the Southern Olive Tree, for a number of years the local paper of Georgia and Alabama, as editor and publisher, gained him his financial ruin. He served as chaplain in the Confederate army, and, at the close of the war, in his seventieth year, he found himself broken in health. He departed this life at the residence of his son, Rev. G. E. Brewer, in Alabama, peacefully. All honor to his memory. -- From hdm0725, "History of Methodist Reform" by Edward J. Drinkhouse

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Part 14

BISHOP JOSHUA SOULE AND HIS "GRAYBACK" CONFERENCE

During the Federal occupation of Nashville and near the beginning of the fourth year of the war Bishop Soule called a conference of such of the preachers as were within reach to meet at City Road Chapel, the church near his home. The occasion of the call was this: No bishop had been able to visit the Conferences in Tennessee for more than two years past. At the session held at Cornersville in 1862 a number of itinerants had been elected to deacon's and elder's orders, and they now desired Bishop Soule to ordain them. To attend to these offices and to give such pastoral advice as he could, he summoned them to an interview. At this time an article appeared in a Nashville daily paper edited under Federal censorship virulently attacking Bishop Soule and styling his ordination meeting a "Grayback Conference," referring to the gray uniforms of the Confederate troops. Grand, suffering old man! God permitted him to live to see the Church once "peeled and scattered and meted out" prepare to renew its youth and recover its wasted heritage. And if it is granted him to look down from the towers of the distant spiritual city where they have crowned him, he sees today, in the millions who worship at the altars he loved, a vision that helps to gladden his triumphant soul.-- hdm0625, "Life of Joshua Soule" by Horace M. Du Bose

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Part 15

JAMES A. DUNCAN

Among such masters of sacred eloquence as Hoge and Jeter and Read and Edwards, he took at once a front rank. After Richmond became the capital of the Southern Confederacy his influence still farther widened. There was scarcely a civilian about the capital or a tattered soldier in the ranks of the armies around the city whose eyes did not light up with pleasure and pride when his name was mentioned. His ministry was fruitful as well as popular. The Church was edified and thousands were touched by his sanctified genius with gracious impressions. A durable monument of his zeal and success is the noble Methodist church on Broad street -- built by him during the throes of the great conflict, when Richmond was a beleaguered camp, with the roar of the battle almost incessantly in her ears and the tramp of marching armies in her streets. He somehow found time, amid all his other labors, to edit the Richmond Christian Advocate, which happily reflected his devout spirit, scholarly taste, and sturdy good sense. In many other ways he was a bulwark to the cause of religion during that dark and stormy time. He possessed the sympathetic heart of the true pastor. The glazing eye of the dying soldier brightened as he bent above him and pointed him

to the Friend of sinners, or knelt at his side and prayed. When the war closed the name of "Jimmy Duncan," as the soldiers fondly called him, was a household word from the Potomac to the Sabine. His two years' pastorate in Petersburg was characterized by the same zeal and success. His foot-prints there are deep and indelible. -- From hdm0699, "Centenary Cameos" by Osie P. Fitzgerald

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Part 16 COLONEL DUNCAN

"This work attracted to itself a great variety of personalities. A peculiar illustration of this was the case of Colonel Duncan. When he came in contact with the Nazarene movement, he was a man of mature life, had regarded himself always as an Episcopalian, and had much prominence in business and political circles, being a man of considerable wealth and many business enterprises. He was a Southerner, and closely identified with the War of the Rebellion. He was a friend of Jefferson Davis, the president of the Confederacy, and when it was impossible to secure proper paper for the making of the Confederate money, Colonel Duncan engaged successfully in the manufacture of paper for that purpose. Being in Europe during part of the Civil war, and the Southern Confederacy not having representatives in the papal states, the pope gave him a passport to the papal states, which he retained and which I saw. It bore the signatures of the pope and his cardinals. Brother Duncan was brought to our church by his friend, Mrs. Willard. As a result, he professed conversion and united with the church. He became one of its first benefactors in arranging for and helping provide for the securing of a permanent home for the work." -- From "P. F. Bresee, A Prince in Israel" by E. A. Girvin

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Part 17 HANEY HELPED A DYING CONFEDERATE GET SAVED

[During the Battle of Atlanta] After the third assault, that afternoon, the enemy retired, leaving their wounded on our hands. I hastened to the front. At the root of a tree nearby lay three wounded, and two dead, Confederates. The wounded boys looked wildly at me as I approached them, having heard terrible things about the "Yanks;" but I quieted their fears by assuring them of the best care we could give them. At this stage of the war, they died from wounds through which our men would live. Their food was insufficient, and their power of endurance crippled by it. I wept more than once when burying the brave boys, on finding nothing in their haversacks but a little unbolted corn meal, and in a few cases ground with the cob, as we grind it for cattle! Then they were disheartened, and felt their cause was practically lost before the end of the war. But few of them, with the best of care that could be given, now survived a thigh breach. The thigh of one of these was badly broken, and before leaving him I asked about his soul. He said he had really opposed the war, but was shut in to either be drafted or volunteer and he finally volunteered. Up to that time he was a Christian and a Methodist class leader, but from the day he entered the army till now, God had seemed to have left him. I told him I was a Methodist preacher, and we both wept, and on giving him what encouragement I could, duty called me. The next day I was at the general

hospital, and some distance away I saw a Confederate holding up his hand and beckoning to me, and, on reaching him, he asked if I was not the man who talked with him at the tree where he was wounded. I said, "Yes." He expressed a strong desire that I talk and pray with him, which I did, and while praying the Lord saved him. He was wondrously blessed from that hour till his death three days later! So great was the triumph of his soul and so glorious the manifestations of God in him, that the Christian soldiers in the hospital felt the ground was hallowed where he gave his spirit up to God, and after his body was removed they held their prayer meetings on that spot. -- From hdm0095, "Pentecostal Possibilities" by M. L. Haney

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Part 18

AN EX-CONFEDERATE CAPTAIN AND JOHN T. HATFIELD

We were in Winston Salem, N. C., seventeen days. During our stay there we were entertained by an ex-Confederate captain, who had a lovely house, and a more hospitable man I never met. He was a Christian gentleman of the highest type. His father was the owner of one thousand slaves when the war closed, and the big mansion still stands and is in good repair. It is antique, but gives every appearance of much cost in by-gone years. They were members of the Southern aristocracy and no doubt entertained many royal guests. I was told George Washington visited this place at the time he was President. -- From hdm0097, "33 Years a Live Wire" by John T. Hatfield

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Part 19

DAVID JAMES JERNIGAN, FATHER OF C. B. JERNIGAN

Charley's [C. B. Jernigan's] father, who was a doctor, was also a captain in the Confederate Army and because of his praying in the barracks was called the "Methodist Captain." -- From hdm0518, "Courageous Jernigan" by Mrs. Jonnie Jernigan

When the war broke out this cotton planter became a captain in the Confederate army and on account of his praying in the barracks with his men he was called the "Methodist Captain". In 1863 New Orleans was captured by Federal gunboats under General Butler. On the following Fourth of July, Vicksburg, Miss., surrendered to that mighty conqueror, General U. S. Grant, which suddenly plunged the whole state of Mississippi into a guerrilla warfare, and like "Sherman's March to the Sea," the whole country around was devastated by roving bands of guerrillas -- cotton gins were burned to the ground, mules confiscated and driven away, while many of these splendid mansions were robbed of all the silverware and jewels, which abounded in these wealthy southern homes. One of these guerrilla bands attempted to despoil the home of David James Jernigan, the father of this author, who was away in the Confederate army, his wife at home with her children and colored slaves of the plantation. They were met at the gate by this black eyed southern woman with a big revolver in each hand, who told them that she had heard how they had robbed other homes, but that they could get her silverware and jewels when they could walk over

her dead body. Just one look into those determined eyes was sufficient, and left one home as they found it.

The author of this sketch was born on September 4th following. This may in some way account for the "pioneer spirit" in him, deep-seated by pre-natal influences and future environments, preparing the soul and body for hardships and conflicts, which are absolutely necessary for a real pioneer. -- From hdm0526, "From a Prairie Schooner to a City Flat" by Charles Broucher Jernigan

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Part 20 W. A. DODGE

Just following this great apostle of holiness in Georgia, came Dr. W. A. Dodge, who was converted at the age of fourteen, and licensed to exhort on his sixteenth birthday, and licensed to preach on his seventeenth birthday, and entered the Civil war in 1862 as a chaplain in the Confederate army, where he remained during the war. During his entire life he preached holiness of heart and life, and became the acknowledged leader of holiness in Georgia, and throughout the southern states in his day. He traveled largely, preaching at many of the great holiness campmeetings in the South, and establishing campmeetings where there were none.

He was gloriously sanctified in the study of his own church in the city of Atlanta, where he was pastor. He launched the first distinctively holiness paper in the South in March, 1882, called The league of Fire, was afterward called The Way of Life, and later sold to Rev. H. C. Morrison and the name changed to The Methodist, or rather it was merged into The Methodist, in 1895, a paper then published in Louisville, Ky., by Rev. H. C. Morrison, which was afterward changed again and called The Pentecostal Herald, which is still published under that name.

Below we reproduce from "The Life of Rev. W. A. Dodge," written by Mrs. W. A. Garbutt, the article of consecration drawn up and signed by himself.

Rev. W. A. Dodge's Consecration in 1876
Atlanta, Ga., April 15, 1876

I this day make a full consecration of all I have to God; Now, hence forth, forever. Myself, my body, eyes, tongue, hands, feet, mind, and heart.

My wife, Mary Dodge, my boy, Wesley Atticus Dodge, and my little daughter, Mae Belle Dodge, my books, clothes, money, all I now have, and all I ever expect to have. Yes. all my means are, and shall be Thine. My time, and if there is anything else that appertains to me, that I have not mentioned, I lay it on the altar to stay there forever.

I do this from a conviction of duty that all I have belongs by right to Him. Not as a compromise, but from a sense of duty, simply asking that I may be aided by Him to keep it there.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in the study of St. Paul Church Atlanta, Ga., April 15, 1876, in the presence of Him who sees all things.

(Signed), W. A. Dodge

Several months after Brother Dodge went to the good world. The above consecration was found written on a sheet of paper, in an old trunk in which he kept valuable papers.

On the envelope enclosing it, after it had been sealed, he wrote the following instructions:

"This is to stay sealed during my natural life, being the instrument of my 'consecration' to God

"(Signed), W. A. Dodge."

Dr. Dodge lived up to his profession for thirty years without wavering from his position on the second work of grace, entire sanctification, as a clear and definite experience received instantaneously by faith in Jesus. He fully believed the gospel he preached and expected sinners to get converted and believers to get sanctified under his ministry, and as a result thousands of people were led into the experience in his meetings. He was one of the purest and sweetest men in all Methodism. He put his soul into his work and yet never ignored his church, nor abused it, but, on the contrary cooperated with all her institutions. He was for years the treasurer of the board of church extension and held that office when he died.

Dr. Dodge organized the Georgia Holiness Association in 1883. -- From hdm0527, "Pioneer Days in the Holiness Movement" by C. B. Jernigan

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Part 21

HIS LOVE FOR THE CONFEDERACY VS. HIS LOVE FOR CHRIST

One morning the pastor of the Lexington church stood up in the talking meeting, and said: "Brethren, I feel like I ought to be in sackcloth and ashes. I am ashamed of myself" -- a grand man he was, too; a true man. Said he, "I will tell you, when I look back twenty years ago or more, I see how my love for the Southern Confederacy and for the Southern cause marched me out in the ranks of Gen. Lee in Virginia, and my love for the Southern Confederacy, and my consecration and my loyalty to the Southern Confederacy, marched me many a day barefooted; I slept out many a night in the snow and mud, and I had many a day without anything to eat; I bared this breast to ten thousand bullets, and all for the Confederacy; and I have been a minister for twenty years and I have never marched barefooted for God. I have never slept out a night for God. I have never gone hungry a single meal; and today I renew my allegiance to God, and I mean to march for him or to die for him, or to bear the load for him!" Oh, Lord Jesus Christ! give us that sort of religion! -- From hdm0409, "Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons" by Sam P. Jones

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Part 22

THE OTHER HENRY CLAY MORRISON

[Yes indeed, there were two H. C. Morrisons! and the H. C. for both stood for "Henry Clay". Further, both Henry Clay Morrisons were Methodist Preachers. However, the one of this item was a Bishop in the M. E. Church, South, while the one most widely known among holiness folks was President of Asbury College.--DVM]

Bishop Henry Clay Morrison, of the M. E. Church South, was born May 30, 1842, in Montgomery Co., Tennessee, near Clarksville. Because he had to work on the farm to help support the family, he received only 8 months of schooling. He became a Christian at age 14 at Baker's Camp Meeting near his home. In 1857 his family moved to Kentucky, and he took every advantage to learn and was licensed to teach in rural schools.

He was licensed to preach in 1863, and began his ministry in the Memphis Conference. His first circuit covered 150 miles and 27 preaching places! He served as a soldier and spiritual advisor in the Confederate army during Civil War. He transferred to the North Georgia Conference in 1886, and was stationed at First Church, Atlanta. At the 1890 General Conference he was elected as one of the secretaries of the Board of Missions, and in 1894 became Senior Secretary. In the panic of 1893 the board faced a deficit of \$132,000. Henry took it on as a challenge, and raised \$150,000.

He was elected Bishop in 1898, and served 20 years [to approximately 1918]. He was a strong, kind leader, and a true bishop to the church. He died in Leesburg, Florida, December 20, 1921, and the church there is named Morrison Memorial in his honor. -- From hdm0599, "Introducing the Other H. C. Morrison" by Duane V. Maxey

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Part 23

HIS SONG SAVED HIM

It is related that during the Civil War a Confederate soldier who was placed far out in a lonely wood to watch suddenly felt a strange dread and fear come over him. The moon was shining dimly in the deeply wooded place. And while it seemed strange and unwise, he felt constrained to sing softly the old song, "Jesus, Lover of my soul let me to Thy bosom fly," and the stanza, "Other refuge have I none." This he did, and immediately felt relieved of his fear.

A few years later, when the war was over, he was at a meeting and sang the same song. After the song, a stranger came up to him and said, "I never saw you before, but I have heard that voice before." Then he asked him if he sang that song one night during the war. Then he related to him how he and some of his men, who were Union soldiers, were hidden behind trees and had their guns turned on him and were ready to fire! "But," said he, "as we heard that song, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' and, 'Other refuge have I none,' I said to my men, 'Don't shoot that man,' and we

slipped away and left you. I shall never forget the voice I heard that night." -- From hdm0231, "Pointed Illustrations" by William Moses Tidwell

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Part 24

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD

Atticus G. Haygood, president of Emory College, Georgia, was born in Clark Co., Ga., Nov. 19, 1839; converted in early childhood, he united with the M. E. Church South in 1854; was licensed to preach in 1858, and graduated at Emory College in 1859. The same year he was received on trial in the Georgia Annual Conference, and served on various stations and circuits, and as chaplain in the Confederate army until 1867, when he became presiding elder of the Rome district, and subsequently of the Atlanta. In May, 1870, he was elected by the General Conference Sunday-school secretary of the M. E. Church South, and was re-elected in 1874, but resigned to accept, in December, 1875, the presidency of the college which he now fills. Dr. Haygood has written many articles for the press, and is the author of "Go or Send," a prize essay on missions, and of a work entitled "Our Children." He was a member of the General Conference of the M. E. Church South in 1870 and 1874. -- From hdm0769, Cyclopedia of Methodism, Letter H, by Matthew Simpson

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Part 25

F. H. M. HENDERSON

F. M. H. Henderson, of the Methodist Protestant Church, was born in Anderson District, S. C., Nov. 27, 1831; converted in August, 1860, and licensed to preach in 1861. He was stationed on Carroll circuit, Georgia Conference, in 1863. In 1865 he was appointed chaplain of the 56th Georgia Regiment, Confederate service, and continued to the close of the war. He returned to the active itinerancy, until, in 1868, he was appointed professor of Ancient Languages in Bowdon College, Bowdon, Ga. Subsequently he was called to the presidency, and filled the position until 1874, when he resigned on account of ill health. He returned to the itinerancy, and is now residing at Bowdon, Ga. He was president of the Georgia Annual Conference three years; a delegate to the General Convention at Montgomery, Ala., in 1867; also to the General Conferences of May, 1870, and 1874. Delegate elect to the General Convention of 1877. Received the degree of A.B. at Bowdon College, and of D.D., in July, 1875. -- From hdm0769, "Cyclopedia of Methodism," Letter H, by Matthew Simpson

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Part 26

BISHOP ENOCH MARVIN

Enoch M. Marvin, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was born in Warren Co., Mo., June 12, 1823, his parents having removed thither from Massachusetts. In

August, 1839, he united with the church at a camp-ground in St. Charles County. In 1841 he entered the ministry in the Missouri Conference, and in his fourth year was stationed in St. Louis. He was for a time agent for St. Charles College, and was also pastor of the Centenary and First churches in St. Louis. During the Civil War he served for two years as chaplain in the Confederate army under General Price, remaining a part of the time at Marshall station, in Texas. In 1866 he was elected bishop, and spent a little more than eleven years in the episcopacy, being the youngest and yet one of the most earnest and successful in the board of bishops. He traveled extensively throughout the Conferences, and completed a missionary tour around the world on the 10th of August, 1877, having been absent just one year. He was attacked about a week before his death with symptoms of pleurisy, and died of pneumonia, Nov. 26, 1877.

Bishop Marvin had written several works: a small book on "Transubstantiation," another on "Christ's Atonement," and a "Biography of the Rev. W. G. Capels." He had also in press a sketch of his tour around the world, entitled "To the East by Way of the West." -- From hdm0307, "Cyclopedia of Methodism," Letter C, by Matthew Simpson

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Part 27

ALEXANDER H. STEVENS, VICE-PRES. OF THE CONFEDERACY

I was a small boy in Atlanta when Alexander H. Stephens died. Stephens, as many of you recall, was Vice-President of the Confederacy. He opposed secession and fought with all his power against it. His oration before the Georgia Secession Convention will last as long as history. Stephens was a cripple and died shortly after becoming Governor of Georgia. When it became known that he was soon to die, and that the physicians had no hope of prolonging his days, the great men of state crowded his bedroom and besought him to sign important documents. But Stephens waved them away and called for his private secretary and told him to bring out of his private desk an old, faded paper. The secretary found it; it was the petition of an humble woman back in the hills seeking the pardon of her sinful son in the penitentiary.

With the great State officials begging Stephens to lay it aside and take up weightier matters, he replied: "No, I am going to sign this. The great matters will take care of themselves." And being propped on his pillow, Governor Stephens took the yellow, faded appeal of the heartbroken mother who had no other intercessor at the Governor's mansion, and he dipped the pen in the ink and across the yellow appeal he wrote: "PARDONED." Underneath, he scrawled his name, "Alexander H. Stephens, Governor," and dropped back upon his pillow and died. -- From hdm1042, "2700-Plus Illustrations" compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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Part 28

JAMES MOORE

In one of the mighty battles in old Virginia, a Union officer fell severely wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. He lay crying piteously for water. A noble-hearted Confederate

soldier heard his cry, and resolved to relieve him. He filled his own canteen with water, and though the bullets were flying across the field, and he could only go at the risk of his life, yet he went. He gave the suffering officer the much needed drink, and it so touched his heart that the officer instantly took out his gold watch and offered it to his generous foe, but the noble Confederate soldier refused to take it. "Then give me your name and address," said the officer. "My name is James Moore, of Burke County, North Carolina," said the soldier. Then they parted, and the soldier was subsequently wounded by losing a limb. In due time the war was over, and the wounded Union officer returned to his business in New York. And not long after, the Confederate soldier received a letter from the officer to whom he had given the "cup of cold water" telling him that he had settled on him \$10,000, to be paid in four annual payments of \$2,600 each. Ten thousand dollars for a drink of cold water! That was noble on the part of the Union officer, but to give that drink of water at the risk of his life was still more noble on the part of the brave Confederate soldier! -- From hdm1041, "2700-Plus Illustrations" compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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THE END