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**THEY WERE MEN IN BLUE**  
**Compiled By Duane V. Maxey**

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## INTRODUCTION

This compilation is intended to be a companion of my earlier compilation entitled: "Johnny Rebs With Good Religion," where in I set before the reader a number of Confederates who, although they lost the war over slavery, still won the war of salvation. It was intended to illustrate how alliance with the South during that conflict did not mean that one was not a Christian. This compilation is intended to show the other side of the story -- Union Army Soldiers who, though they took up arms against their Southern brethren, were nonetheless good and godly men who felt justified in shedding their blood in order to rid our nation of this evil.

Soldiers in the Union Army during the Civil War were sometimes called "the boys in blue" and at others times referred to as "the men in blue". In hdm0043, Living Illustration, Beverly Carradine, a former Confederate soldier, used the term "boys in blue" while describing the typical temporizing M. E. bishop. I doubt that Carradine was speaking disparagingly about Union Soldiers, but he was definitely expressing his disgust for M. E. Bishops of the sort he described. -- (caps mine):

"As we go around we are made confident more and more that the favorite pulpit and platform Occupant and Adorner in the eye, mind and heart of High Steeple Cathedral and the recognized Sanhedrins of the land, is the individual who can say with a fine presence and an eloquent roll of words, 'We are all doing nicely indeed,' and 'Everything is quiet, Bishop.'

"If in addition to this he can pay a glowing tribute to the Old Flag, speak of THE BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE at the front, compliment the lodges, brotherhoods and sisterhoods in the land, and conclude tearfully with the moonlight falling on his mother's grave, then his name is made, his salary and liberal remuneration secure, his popularity unbounded, and he becomes a star of the first magnitude in what we call the Terrestrial Heavens."

In hdm0431, E. E. Helms twice used the term "boys in blue" in reference to Union Army Soldiers thus: "Reynolds and THE BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE rush unheeding and unafraid to their sure and swift death. A Confederate ball plows a track through Paul's eyes and never again till his death, twenty-one years after, did he look into the face of friend or foe... Union men before them, disorganized, distracted, driven back, hotly pursued, and that night 8,955 BOYS IN BLUE out of the 15,000 who faced the foe answered not to roll call."

Finally, in hdm0430, Confessions of a Backslider, H. C. Morrison used the same term thus: "If Gen. Grant, and THE BOYS IN BLUE who followed him to war, had have had as little fear of God, and as much fear of rebel soldiers as Col. Ingersoll had, there would now be six million slaves in the United States."

Elmer Ellsworth Helms also used the term "the men in blue" in hdm0431, God in History: "No braver soldiers ever wore the uniform, or drew the sword, or charged the enemy, than THE MEN IN BLUE. You served your country well on the fields of Gettysburg, Spottsylvania,

Wilderness, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg, Manassas. You are true soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. I trust you are as true soldiers of the Grand Army of the Redeemed.

In hdm0724, Symphonies of Praise, Floyd William Nease referred to Union Army Soldiers as "cavalrymen in blue": "The monument erected upon the historic battlefield at Gettysburg to the brave CAVALRYMEN IN BLUE who aided in the repulse of the courageous men under Longstreet and Pickett has protruding from its very heart a granite arm. Clasped in the granite hand is a saber held at a defiant angle. The cords stand out on the wrist of stone. As we gazed in patriotic amazement we could almost hear the challenging cry as blue met gray. Chiseled into the base of the monument were these meaningful words so expressive of soldiery consecration to flag and country -- 'This right arm we gladly dedicate to our God and to our country.' A simple inscription and yet weighted with patriotism and courage. Friends, as they pledged their right arms to make the Union safe, can we not -- yea, must we not -- pledge our right arms, our hearts, our all in defense of the old gospel, the revealed gospel, the gospel of the Son of God?"

Finally, is this impassioned plea by J. P. Brushingham, found in hdm0372, "Echoes of the General Holiness Assembly" by S. B. Shaw:

"Back to Christ. -- What we want in religion is to go back to Spurgeon, back to Wesley. Back! Back! Back to Jesus Christ! ('Amen!' 'Glory!'). There was a wavering in the army. They were falling back before the enemy. Gen. McPherson had fallen dead in battle. Who would take his place? There was a wavering and falling back under the terrific fire of the enemy. It was a critical hour for the 'BOYS IN BLUE.' They didn't know what to do, but the 'Black Eagle of Illinois,' Logan, stepped forward, caught up the starry flag, unfurled it above his head and cried: 'Rally! Rally! Rally! to the colors.' As THE MEN IN BLUE rallied around the flag they were saved from dismay and led to victory. Is there a wavering in the ranks of the Holy Ghost hosts anywhere? Is there a falling back in the face of the enemy? In the name of this great assembly we unfurl this morning the Banner of Jesus, blood red, the flag of the redeemed, and we cry from the depths of our hearts, Rally! Rally! Rally! to the cause of Jesus Christ. 'More love to Thee O Christ! More love to Thee.' Will you join me in that song as if you meant it?" -- Whereupon, the congregation joined heartily in singing, "More Love to Thee O Christ!"

Now, I will set before the reader, from the HDM Library, somewhat about various men who both served Christ and served in the Union Army -- THEY WERE MEN IN BLUE. However, in so doing, I will not confine myself strictly to the accounts of soldiers, and I beg the readers indulgence if any account describes one that might not totally fit the description of a genuinely born-again or sanctified Christian.

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## Part 1 THE FATHER OF J. B. CHAPMAN

"My father was a soldier in the Union Army in the Civil War for a period of four years and two months, and the discipline drilled into him during this experience influenced him all his after

years. For one thing, the soldiers in the old army arose at four o'clock in the morning to answer roll call, and Father continued to be an early riser to the end of his days. Also, the strong respect for authority and love of country marked Father ever, and it was his glory to meet the inevitable and the disagreeable 'like a soldier.'

"Although he was not a professing Christian until after my own conversion, I never saw my father give way to a fit of anger, never heard him swear profanely, and never knew him to do a dishonest or dishonorable deed. He would take one 'dram,' but said he never felt the effect of liquor but twice in his life, and had seen the time in the army when he and one other man were the only sober men in his company. He never used tobacco in any form, although he did raise a small tobacco crop once. He would not gamble. He never in his youth attended a dance, and he refused membership in secret societies on the ground that lodge members offer and receive favors which all men are not permitted to claim, and that in court a man who is not a lodge man is not equal with the man who is. He held that such blocks in the citizenry are undemocratic and dangerous to the peace and equality of the community and the nation. Father was not a regular church attendant, but when he did attend, he always sat down close to the front and was an attentive listener and a reverent member of the congregation.

"Both Father and Mother were 'hard workers,' and looked upon even ordinary industry as insufficient. They believed that one should work hard for long hours, and that so-called weariness was more often laziness. They were healthy and strong, as were their children, and hard work was a substitute for many things that might lead to trouble. My mother knew the motto, 'An idle brain is the devil's workshop,' and she quoted it quite often, it seemed to me." -- hdm0196, Spirit-Filled, The Life of James Blaine Chapman

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## Part 2

### A CONFESSED UNION ARMY DESERTER

In the early years of the great New South, after her bloody war and slavery emancipation, while preaching in a Georgia City, the Lord giving us multitudes of souls, at the altars, passing triumphantly into life and sweeping the land with tremendous shouts of victory, Brother and sister Johnson, were exceedingly prominent, electrifying all by their brilliant testimonies. Eventually Brother Johnson from the platform astounded the packed multitudes by his confession, unearthing the fact that he was a deserter from the Union army, who had found hiding in their piney woods and had escaped destruction as a matter of course having changed his name. He had entered in the wedlock with a daughter of Dixie land; a group of little ones were by his side. Oh, how the people were surprised when that man, a leader of the M. E. church made this paradoxical confession; not only to all the people but to his own wife by his side, who in the delusion, did not even know her own true name. In his confession, he left nothing ambuscaded; but made a clean breast.

At his own request the great audience congratulated him and his wife, no longer as Johnson, but Stevenson, his birth-name, under which he had served in the Union army, till his desertion. Now it is all over and what is to be done, for the man is guilty of high treason against his government, the confederacy to which he deserted and under which he lived, no longer being in existence?

Brother Dunlap, the pastor, and your humble servant, wrote to Congress, stating the matter and revealing his wonderful salvation and asking their pardon for deserting the army, whose penalty is death, they gave us an appreciative audience, and sent the man a free pardon.

The penitent seeker must go down to the bottom, confess everything, restoring everything possible, and doing his best to undo all our meanness, and make all wrongs right. It is wonderful, how God will help us out of trouble, if we will only quit hiding anything and let everything come to the light. -- hdm0455, Repentance, by W. B. Godbey

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### Part 3

#### GENERAL CLAY SMITH

Gen. Clay Smith, a Baptist preacher and the for candidate for the Presidency on the Prohibition ticket, has been eminently useful in the movement. When he was pastor of the Baptist Church in Mt. Sterling and T. J. Godbey, a cousin of mine, of the Methodist Church in that city, they had one of the most interesting campaigns I have ever known (as I was there assisting my cousin in a revival meeting). The good people led by their pastors had labored long and hard and reached the point where they knew they had the majority of the white people, consequently the fight was with the sons of Ham. They had made them a specialty and were very hopeful, though they knew the saloonkeepers would buy them if possible. Finally on Sunday night preceding the Monday of the election they had a union rally in the Methodist Colored Church in their special interest; hither the white pastors and leading brethren had assembled. The house was packed and crowds thronged the doors and windows.

Gen. Smith proceeded to address them, telling them about how his father owned sixty of them and yet he went into the Union Army and fought to free them. He had been wounded on the battlefield, so, holding up his arm which had been lacerated by a bullet, he proceeded to tell them that he was in great trouble, fighting that awful monster, whiskey, which was sending million to a drunkard's Hell, and so he much needed help. Thus appealing to them, he said, "When you were all in bondage, and my father owned sixty of you, I went to the battlefield, fought and shed my blood to break your chains, to set you free, and now when I'm in trouble, if you don't help me, I'll be mad." At that moment shouts roared from all parts of the audience, "We are going to help you, boss, that we will, don't be afraid!" Then the pastor turned, stated that their Conference was coming on and they were behind in their finances and needed money, specifying the amount. Then those white brethren walked forward and laid on the table all the deficiency, to the infinite delight of their sable brethren. Next morning all of the pastors were at the polls bright and early, before they opened. Every colored man was interviewed and a ticket given him. On that day the saloons were all giving out free whiskey, but the Christian women had their lunch-stands giving them coffee, pies, cakes and other delicious edibles free. The tide moved up so rapidly in favor of local option that by ten o'clock the saloon men, despairing of victory, ceased to donate the whiskey, but began to sell it, as they knew their race was run and they would get to sell no more after those few days. -- hdm0296, Autobiography, by W. B. Godbey

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#### Part 4

#### MILTON LORENZO HANEY

M. L. Haney was a "Holiness Dynamo" in Methodism from the middle 1800s until nearly the quarter-century mark of the 1900s! Every Holiness Preacher should read his Autobiography. In Chapters 29 through 42 of his Autobiography, ("Pentecostal Possibilities, or Story of My Life," hdm0095), Haney gives quite a running account of Civil War events during his tenure in the Union Army. But before presenting some interesting items from those chapters, I will first include a sketch of M. L. Haney by Dr. Kenneth Brown -- a brief, thumbnail picture of Haney that is appended to the end of Haney's Autobiography:

Milton L. Haney: Pastor, Chaplain, Evangelist, Seventy-Six Years A Methodist Minister  
By Kenneth O. Brown

The January, 1992, issue of Methodist History included John W. Brinsfield's article, "A Song of Courage: Chaplain (Colonel) M. L. Haney and the Congressional Medal of Honor." The article highlighted Haney's Civil War service, especially his courage during the siege of Atlanta, GA, for which he was later awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Only a handful of chaplains have received that medal and Haney is the only holiness chaplain/evangelist ever to have received such an honor.

That medal highlights Haney's Civil War service, and rightly so, but his entire ministerial career deserves recognition, too. Although his name seldom appears in scholarly reference texts, the Reverend Milton Lorenzo Haney was one of the most colorful Methodist ministers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He served as pastor of several Methodist congregations in Illinois, but spent most of his ministerial life as a freelance holiness evangelist. Called "Father Haney" in his later years, he gained widespread recognition and respect for his preaching of the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification. By the time of his death in 1922, he had been a Methodist preacher for seventy-six years.

The Haney family was unusual for its contribution to the Methodist ministry. Milton's father, James Haney, served as a local preacher for over fifty years and four of his sons, one grandson and one great-grandson entered the ordained ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The most widely known of these seven preachers was Milton whose ministry included the pastorate, the army chaplaincy, a nation-wide ministry of evangelism in local churches and camp meetings, the editorial chair, years of administrative work, extensive missionary activity, and the authorship of hundreds of periodical articles and several books and tracts.

Born on January 23, 1825, Milton became a Christian in his sixteenth year and in 1846 received appointment as the junior preacher of the Dixon, Illinois, Circuit. He had been licensed to preach only six weeks before and was barely twenty-one years old. Three years later he married Sarah C. Huntsinger, of Princeton, Illinois, and the home they established lasted over seventy years!

Milton Haney possessed what he called a "passion for evangelism." From the very first year of his ministry he conducted revivals in the churches he served, and when he professed the experience of entire sanctification at a Methodist camp meeting in 1847, this doctrine became the keynote of his evangelistic emphases. He early identified himself with the "holiness movement" as it developed under the ministries of the Palmers and the National Camp Meeting Association for the Promotion of Holiness. He attended the 1868 National Camp Meeting, held at Manheim, Pennsylvania, and claimed that its baptism of fire and revelation of God had marked his soul for all eternity.

Haney had been a "pronounced abolitionist" since 1847. His very soul flamed with zeal for the Union cause at the outbreak of the Civil War. He had just begun his work as pastor of the Bushnell, Illinois, Methodist Episcopal Church, when he was asked to help enlist a company of local volunteers. Within five days he had gathered over one hundred men, many of them Methodists, who helped make up two companies of the "Bushnell Light Guard." One group elected Haney as captain, and on October 11, 1861 he volunteered for active duty as Captain of Company F, 55th Regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry. Within five months Colonel David Stuart asked Haney to resign as Captain and assume new duties as Chaplain. On March 16, 1862, Haney was mustered in as Chaplain of the 55th Illinois.

This regiment saw considerable action during the war, including the Georgia campaign and the siege of Vicksburg. Haney actively participated in these engagements and took the role of chaplain far beyond its usual limit. He preached, led worship services and offered spiritual counsel, but he also led the men in foraging expeditions, looked after the needs of the wounded and dying, and had command of the regimental ambulances. He sometimes carried the weight of full command, and was once elected Colonel of his regiment. In 1863 he requested permission to raise a black regiment. In 1864 he served as a recruitment officer before being mustered out of active duty.

On July 22, 1864, in the battle outside Atlanta during the Georgia campaign, Chaplain Haney performed several acts of bravery which won him national fame. He shouldered a rifle, rallied his faltering troops, and helped retake the federal works which had been captured. One of his own men called him a hero. At one point it was said that over one hundred rebel muskets were fired directly at him, mowing down the brush on all sides. The Chicago Tribune reported, "A stalwart rebel ordered him to surrender. 'Never,' said the chaplain, and shot him dead." General Sherman remarked that such a Chaplain was worth a thousand men! Over thirty years later, the United States Congress recognized Haney's heroism during this battle and voted him the highest recognition it could bestow, the Congressional Medal of Honor, issued on November 3, 1896.

Haney rose to prominence as a leader in the American holiness movement, especially in the west, and devoted his life and ministry to this cause. He joined the National Association in 1878, attended the Western Union Holiness Convention at Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1880, and quickly became a leader in the rapidly expanding Iowa Holiness Association. He held increasingly important offices in the National and Iowa associations and helped organize the Wesleyan Holiness Association in Illinois, one of the first state holiness associations. He participated in various holiness conventions, including the 1901 "General Holiness Convention" held in Chicago. He helped pave the way for the formation of the National Holiness Missionary



Society as well as the California College and Holiness Bible School. Moreover, he founded one of the earliest western holiness periodicals, the Repository of Holiness, but it soon ceased publication due to financial difficulties.

Haney appears to have become a full-time holiness revivalist in 1872. At first his work centered in southern Illinois, but he quickly expanded, preaching in churches and camp meetings throughout the midwestern states. By the time his picture appeared on the cover of the April 25, 1896, issue of the Christian Standard, Haney had already achieved national recognition for his work as a holiness evangelist. He served several continuous terms as Vice President of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness and later became a contributing editor to the Christian Witness.

It is evident that Haney early saw the value of the printed page for his evangelistic efforts, for in 1881 he published his first book, *Inheritance Restored*, a popular treatise on the subject of holiness which went through at least four editions by 1906. In 1904 he published his autobiography, *The Story of My Life*, reprinted in 1906 as *Pentecostal Possibilities*. In 1910 he published a small book entitled *Tares Mixed with the Wheat*, a compilation of a series of articles he had written for the Christian Witness under the caption, "Unsaved Church Members." In 1911 he published a small paperback entitled *Impatience and its Remedy*, and followed that with a series of tracts including *Fanaticism*, *Depravity*, *Holiness a Hobby*, *Language of Real Consecration*, and *Questions to Objectors*, all published by the Christian Witness Company.

Haney's war service and reception of the Medal of Honor undoubtedly influenced his revival work, and, indeed, helped sustain him in it. For one thing, it helped attract old comrades and other veterans to his services, and the reception of the Medal of Honor brought him free publicity. Haney enhanced that by maintaining an active role in the veterans organization, serving as chaplain of the 55th Illinois for many years. Beginning in 1889, he began to draw a pension of \$15 per month, which increased to \$20 per month in 1893, or, \$240 per year. Since Haney reported only \$590.31 from his revival campaigns that year, paying his own traveling expenses and house rent, his army pension may have made it financially possible for him to continue the evangelistic ministry. According to the pension records, Haney received \$40 per month starting in 1916, and continued to receive that amount of support, \$480 per year, until his death.

In 1916 the Haney's moved to their new residence at 118 Glorietta Street, Pasadena, California. Milton continued his work of evangelism in the local churches and served as Senior Superintendent of the Southern California Interdenominational Holiness Association. He died in California on January 20, 1922, after suffering a severe attack of pneumonia. The funeral was conducted at the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Pasadena on January 23, 1922, Haney's 97th birthday. More than fifty ministers attended the service, including such prominent holiness leaders as Dr. Henry Clay Morrison, editor of the *Pentecostal Herald*, and the Reverend George A. McLaughlin, editor of the *Christian Witness*. McLaughlin preached the funeral sermon, and the body was interred at the Mountain View Cemetery, in Pasadena.

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It is interesting to note that while M. L. Haney and Beverly Carradine were "enemies" in opposite sides during the Civil War, Haney had a high regard for Carradine, and after the war was over, Haney was blessed under Carradine's preaching. The excerpt below from Haney's Autobiography will confirm that:

"The camp at Des Plaines, Illinois, was led by the National this year and was among the best ever held on those grounds. Dr. McDonald was at his best, and stood as a mighty prince in Israel. Dr. Carradine preached graciously and it was there we met Dr. C. J. Fowler for the first time and heard his wonderful sermon on Judas...

"The camp at Des Moines this year was led by Dr. Carradine, Dr. Walker, Aura Smith, and the home workers, with the President, Isaiah Reid, as the overseer, the writer being in the battle from first to last. Drs. Carradine and Walker preached with wonderful strength. Aura Smith and others had great liberty...

"March 30th to April 16th we were with Brother Gott again and had a blessed time, though other meetings were running at the time which somewhat divided the interest and working force. Dr. Carradine was preaching in the great Temple which had been purchased from the Baptists by Brother and Sister Hall for a holiness center... I heard that prince of preachers, Dr. Carradine, in this temple when I could, and was blessed under his ministry....

"The Iowa State Camp in 1900 was a great and gracious meeting. Carradine and Morrison were the chief leaders. These two giant ministers of Southern Methodism have been a blessing to many ten thousands and a great power in the Des Moines Camp. The Harrises sang with increasing power and other preachers, including G. L. Miller, preached with great liberty and success. Dear Brother Reid seemed at his best and Brother Haney was on wings...

"Brother Morrison's ministry was glorious, while he remained, and his wife was distinctively a blessing to us all. Our northern people have exceedingly enjoyed the ministry of Brothers Carradine and Morrison, and if they have more of such, we wish they would send them this way!"

Now, to some selections from Chapters 29-42 of Milton Lorenzo Haney's Autobiography, hdm0095. These will be quite skimpy and we urge the reader to read the whole book:

From "My Country Calls, Chapter 29 -- At the close of the first year in Lewistown, we were sent down to Bushnell. We opened well in that station, and were only well in motion when Rev. W. A. Presson came from Camp Douglass with an earnest request that I help him enlist a company for his brother. He had been in the Mexican war, and now was Captain of a company in Chicago. His brother, Rev. Harrison Presson, was a minister also, but wished now to go to war. I spoke at different points five days, and we rounded up at Bushnell with above one hundred men. I told them in every speech I was not going myself, and that I hoped they would see the way clear to elect Presson as their Captain. They held their election on Saturday, and, with nearly a unanimous vote, chose me for their Captain! A majority of these boys were of Methodist families, and my class leaders and stewards were around me, begging me to go and care for their sons. My heroic young wife gave no sign of opposition, but rather encouraged it. I prayed, and felt that God was in

it; so I was in for the war. We drilled in Camp Douglass for a time, but were then hurried forward...

During our stay in this camp my company had their barracks to themselves. So I had a blessed revival among them, and quite a number of them were beautifully converted.

Company K of my regiment shared in the revival, and other companies had their representatives among the converts. When the regiment was organized the field officers were elected by the commissioned officers of the line. There were several preachers in the regiment and one of them had great influence at headquarters. David Stewart was chosen as Colonel, and Oscar Malmberg as Lieutenant Colonel. The latter was a Swede, and claimed much training in arms from the old country. So he was our main dependence for military knowledge. After their election, they, and the influential minister, had planned for a jollification, leaving me totally ignorant as to its character. But the time came and all the commissioned officers were invited. Colonel Malmberg was back of it and really presided. I had talked with the Lord about it, and settled to do only what I believed would please him. So we were together and a variety of the best liquors of Chicago were there. It had been planned that this preacher should propose the toasts and I should respond to one.

So he stepped forward to the head of the table and motioned me to the other end. I walked up like a lamb to the slaughter! A glass for each of us was beside a cluster of bottles. He poured out some wine in his glass, and motioned me to do likewise. I did not fill mine. Then the pleading began. The Lieutenant Colonel ultimately suggested Madeira wine as only the sour juice of the grape, but I did not drink Madeira wine. Then the preacher proposed I fill my glass with water, but I was not thirsty. The barracks were open and men were all about us looking on. If I drank water they would not know but it was whiskey, and I was there as God's man. The veins of the old Swede's neck swelled like a rope, and his face flushed as though forty curses were within, but he did not let them out! My course really spoiled the whole affair, and seemed very rude on my part. Had they informed me as to what was coming, I could not have been justified in doing as I did, but as they kept me in ignorance to get me in a trap the case was changed.

The next day I took some company papers for Colonel Malmberg's signature, and found him in an excellent humor. After signing my papers he said in broken English: "Well, Captain, I have been tinkering about dat affair yesterday. I tot you were very stiff at de time, but I like to see a man stand by his principles...!" The night after the battle of Pittsburg Landing I passed the Colonel's tent in the dark, and Colonel Stewart made a strong statement in my favor, when Malmberg said with a strong voice: "Colonel Stewart, didn't I tell you after dot affair at Chicago, dot you could tie to Captain Haney?" The dear brother who expected to win laurels by truckling to these wicked men, was out of the regiment in ruins before six months, and to the end of this life suffered the consequences; while by dogged adherence to what I saw as right, I held a power over them to the end of the war. That one battle secured me against a thousand temptations which would have probably overcome me, had I yielded there.

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From: The Duties Of A Chaplain, Chapter 30 -- It can hardly be realized how great a blessing it was to me as chaplain to have first been an officer in the line. There is a natural

antipathy to non-combatants among real soldiers, hence chaplains, doctors, and quartermasters, are judged to be cowardly. A chaplain is a field officer, which makes him a member at "headquarters," and where Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, and Major, are ungodly men and want to do ungodly deeds, a godly chaplain is always in their way. Hence with such men there are strong temptations, by trickery and otherwise, to undermine and get him out of their way. No man wants to use intoxicants, swear profanely, gamble, or indulge in licentious conversation, in the presence of a godly minister.

Great wrongs were perpetrated against good men in the chaplaincy. In my five months of experience as a Captain, I had opportunity to see all this, and learned somewhat how to meet it. While in the command of my company they became exceedingly attached to me, and through them I got the confidence of the regiment. During that time I saw the wrongs perpetrated against the men by their officers, and disapproved of them. This gave me a power with all in the line, so an attempt to put me down, was a serious affair to any officer, for he knew in so doing he would bring the wrath of the men. So I fearlessly did many things in the chaplaincy I never could have done had I not gained those advantages. Hence to the end I was free to follow my own conscience, and none dared to meddle with me...

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From: The Battle Of Pittsburg Landing, Chapter 31 -- ...When in camp an army is usually inspected each Sabbath morning and each soldier is required to appear as neat as possible, with attire in as perfect a condition as circumstances permit. On Saturday night I had preached for a Michigan regiment, in General Prentiss' division, on the very ground where many of them met death on Sunday morning...

New soldiers are especially affected by artillery, and old soldiers by musketry. The Confederates opened on this body of new soldiers with fuse shells. It was the scream and crash of these which gave wings to the 71st Ohio, and portions of the other to regiments. The two regiments left, must have been annihilated had they remained where they began. The 55th Ills. were well nigh panic stricken, and went wildly for some rods, but then they reached the very ridge to which I had asked Colonel Malmberg to take them they halted, and, with the 54th Ohio, held that ground till their ammunition gave out, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon! But nearly one-half of that fighting force were then either dead or bleeding!

I found difficulty in locating my ambulances, and when located I was not sure I could get them out. Wounded men are borne on litters to the ambulances, in such cases, and then carried by the latter to the hospital. A regimental surgeon is expected to do nothing of a permanent character during a battle, but to stop blood, or temporarily bind up wounds and send them right on. He, as well as the ambulances, needs to be located as near to the rear of the battle line as a place can be found that is sufficiently sheltered from danger. I found sufficient shelter near by, but the country was so rough I feared there would be no outlet to the Landing, so I hastened over an old and untraveled road, down the stream till I found where I could mount the hills and get out. Having no horse, I was nearly overcome with the heat, and there, all alone, stood a horse with a saddle and a bridle, loose in the woods. I never learned whose he was, or how he came there. The presumption was his master was shot. So I mounted and hastened back to my post.

I had three litters, with six boys to handle them, and on reaching the ambulances it was plain that our line of battle was changed, and it struck me there might be wounded men between the two armies, who might be rescued by our agency. Our men had moved to the right, as well as rear, which made it possible that sufferers could be reached to the left, and front of where they were then fighting. I addressed my boys and told them there was danger in the undertaking, but I would lead if they would follow, and they said they would. Much timber was strewn on the ground, but we followed a path, and across it lay a dead man whose head was fearfully crushed by a shell. Just at that moment a shell broke in the tops of the trees, and its fragments of iron came crashing through with awful force, breaking the timber fearfully.

It was all my nerves could carry, and I knew the boys behind me must be in like condition. I did not dare to look behind lest it would lead them to break and run, but said with a firm voice: "Forward, men," as I stepped over the dead body, but I instinctively felt that some of my force was gone. In a few moments I discovered two of my litters had fled! Then, stopping, I asked the two boys if they would follow me up the hill. They said they would, but I noticed the farther I ascended the wider we were apart. Reaching the summit, a musket ball whizzed by my shoulder, a second just missed my head, a third and a fourth gave me a close call, all aimed at my vitals and I was in the face of a rebel-regiment! So I requested my feet to about face and take me down the hill without delay. My litter boys were perhaps four rods to the rear, but seeing their leader had voted retreat they nearly flew! The hill was steep and long, but they held to the litter till their speed increased, when the litter went kiting, and I thought it landed forty feet farther down the hill. I have never seen it since.

Reaching a point in front of the ambulances, I saw the wounded who came down the hill had to pass a point here for rods they were under fire, but by going down the bed of the creek this would be avoided. So the best I could do for them was to stand there and direct them. I took shelter behind a tree, which was not quite as large as my body, and I tried to make myself smaller, but the gentlemen I had met at the summit had a clear intention to move me from that tree. If it is yet standing I suppose forty bullets could be found in it today. A large number of the wounded went direct to the landing across the hills, which was less than one mile, while it was three miles by the road.

When my ambulances were filled, mounting my captured charger, I led them to the landing. But before leaving, I thought we would have to go some distance under fire after reaching the high ground, and hinted this to the drivers, whom I ordered to follow me whatever might come. Not long after we reached the hills I found bullets were plenty, and shells were breaking after they had passed our line of battle. I had some fears as to my ambulances, but thought I saw them all in procession. On arriving at the landing I found one was missing. The rear driver, when he came to the place of exposure, cut his mules loose from the ambulance, mounted one of them and made a direct line across the hills for the landing! Providentially all who were in the ambulance were able to walk, and some, less hurt, helped others, going down a ravine till they reached our gunboats and were saved.

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The Battle Of Pittsburg Landing (Concluded), Chapter 32 -- I had omitted to say in the previous chapter, that on returning to my post after opening a way out to the landing I met men who were wild with fear, all facing to the rear. We had one Captain in the 55th Ills. who claimed some war experience, and much drill. Most, of all the line officers, he was longing for a battle, and exceedingly brave. I had really looked to him with great confidence, but met him among the stragglers. It struck me with horror when I saw him, and I said: "O, Captain, are you wounded?" He responded as a man in deepest distress as he flourished both hands in the air above his head: "Oh, Oh, Oh! the regiment is broken all to pieces! Oh, Oh, Oh!" And he rushed forward like a man running from death. There are men who cannot face bullets, and they themselves don't know it till they are tested.

Having reached the landing a little after two o'clock, I found the hills covered with stragglers and the woods strewn with men, wildly coming that way. I knew that, at the front, the sifted braves were holding the line against fearful odds. I saw across the Tennessee the head of Buell's army emerging from the woods, and shouted for joy. If the enemy could be held at bay for two hours, we would have twenty thousand fresh troops on the field and the day would be saved. I was faint from the tremendous strain of the day, but met Grant's Medical Director with a lot of canteens filled with brandy strung round his neck. I said: "Doctor give me some brandy!" And I took a small quantity on an empty stomach, and, living wholly without stimulants as I did, it gave me immediate temporary strength. The stampeded men, I then judged, would not fall short of ten thousand. This may have been a high estimate, but I knew the line in front was growing thinner every minute, and if a thousand or two of these could be rallied, we could hold the line till Buell's army crossed the river, then we would be safe. I never made such speeches before, or since. In one group, where perhaps a thousand were listening, a wounded soldier, whose arm was dangling by his side as he sat on a rock above me burst into tears while I was speaking and cried out, "O, boys, how can you stand it?"

Twenty-two hundred men were rallied and gotten into the last line which was formed on Sunday at Pittsburg Landing. This last line was not one-fifth as long as the first in the morning, but was well organized and near the landing. We had much artillery, and it was now concentrated, and our army was now so located that the gunboats could assist. I wept for joy when our artillery opened, and thanked God as I have rarely thanked him, and the day was won. The Confederate army was practically beaten before sunset Sunday night, and only fought on the defensive from that time till driven back to Corinth. General Buell's troops were over in the morning, and aided in the fight Monday. It was years before I could respect General Buell, because of his dallying at Pittsburg Landing.

The horrors of war are not fully seen in the battle, but in the harvest of agonies which result. Our wounded on that Sabbath, by the hundred, were dumped out on the ground without any cover. There was some relief from the boats, which received many and soon carried them to hospitals beyond, but I was shut in with the sufferers on the hill above the landing. As soon as the 2,200 troops were officered and started for the line, my soul was moved as to the uncared for sufferers. It was plain they would lie on the ground without cover all night, unless somebody acted at once. I saw the camp of some regiment not far away, and hastened to procure their tents. The regiment was not there, but the camp was guarded, and they would not let me have a tent at any price.

I still wore my Captain's suit, and it was valuable that day. I got a sword and went among the stragglers and to each man I met who was armed I said: "Fall in here, sir," till I had a troop of my own, and marched on that camp. When there before, I interceded; now I commanded! The guard met me, but I was now at the head of an armed force! In my new command there was a little Dutch Sergeant, and as I came near to a tent I said: "Sergeant, take down that tent, sir." And citizens would have been astonished to see how quickly it was read to go to my hospital! Those tents were all up among the wounded, on that ridge, and filled with suffering men before the guard could fully realize they had nothing left to guard! Their camp kettles came with us also, twelve of them, and while my men were building fires, I was down at the landing on horseback with two sacks, and filled them with hams and potatoes, and we had hams, potatoes and potato soup.

When men bleed, they must have food or die. I think wounded men did die at Pittsburg Landing who would not have died had food been furnished in time. When all this was done for the sufferers on that ridge, there were then scores, if not hundreds, who lay all night on the ground without cover. There were sixty in one group, I remember, and during the night we had to carry out their dead. Dear Doctor E. O. F. Roller, though weak in body, went through that terrible night, doing his utmost to save life and alleviate pain. I would like to stand up before him in heaven, and tell angels, and the redeemed about him.

About two o'clock in the night, I was impressed that wounded men were down near the river, and stepped out on a rock and cried aloud to ascertain. My call was responded to by a voice I had heard before. I asked Dr. Roller to lie down for an hour, and I would take the lantern and go down and help what I could and report to him later, but he insisted on going, too. Seven of my own regiment were in the driftwood of the Tennessee. It was very dark and raining. They were all wounded and some of them badly. Young Ennis, from near Elmwood, Ills., who was converted in a meeting I held in his neighborhood before the war, was struck on the ankle with a piece of shell, which had nearly spent its force. His ankle was swollen and looked badly, but the dear boy was so happy in God all night that he had kept the whole company in good cheer. One of them said: "Chaplain, we would have all died if it had not been for Ennis!" Dear boy, he went to glory in a few days, and his dust will be gathered, when Jesus comes, from the banks of the Tennessee!

I did not hear from my regiment, but found by sunrise next morning where it was located. I had strong fears that the men were left without food, and supposed they would be ordered early into battle line again. I seemed impelled to do something for them, and hastened with an empty sack to the supply boat as before, and filled the sack with hams. Just as I came in sight with them they were ordered to march. I rode in advance of them, and dropped a ham here and there, asking them to divide, and dismounted and cut the last ham in slices and gave it to them as they marched. Some of them had not had breakfast Sabbath morning, and all of them had fought all day Sunday and lay on their arms all night without food! They were now going out for a second days battle, with no prospect of food for twelve hours to come.

Many of the wounded were taken to the boats, on Monday, and more help had rallied, so I was relieved of my tasks somewhat, though our cooking had to go on all the same. I had noticed that men who bled suffered with thirst, and, procuring a lot of canteens, I filled them with spring water and rode over the field behind the army. A Chicago battery had been captured on Sunday,

and on Monday it was recaptured with a desperate fight. The horses were shot in their harness and plunged in every shape in death, and the Confederate dead and wounded were strewn about. O, I was so glad to be able to satisfy the thirst of those wounded men. One of our boys had been shot, and captured on Sabbath and the Confederates left him in one of our tents behind them as they advanced, and we retreated on Sunday.

Now, as they retreated, and we advanced, a battle was fought over his head and the enemy was driven beyond him. Our artillery men were harassed by sharpshooters, and the Captain fancied the missiles came from behind that tent where this boy was lying, so he ordered the tent destroyed. The Confederates had run over him twice, two battles were fought over him, and now our artillerymen let loose upon him! In the recital of his experiences of those two days, he came to the destruction of the tent over his head by our own men, and said: "Chaplain, when I saw that tent going to pieces over my head you may depend if I ever prayed I prayed then!" God covered him and he lived to tell the story.

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From: On To Corinth, Chapter 33 -- In that month's unnecessary delay the base was laid for suffering in after years which God only knows. Our chances there, and in the whole thirty days' march to Corinth, only seventeen miles away, were bad to secure even necessities for the sick, though for a time after the battle of Shiloh, Illinois and other troops were gladdened with delicacies brought by Governor Yates, and others. The majority in control of the Illinois Legislature at the time refused to send supplies to the suffering army, and Governor Yates imperiled all he had to bring a boat load of home comforts to our suffering boys. It was an hour never to be forgotten, as I stood on the hill at Pittsburg Landing and saw the flag of "Dick Yates'" boat heave in sight, and I knew relief was at hand for many of our sufferers. Not long afterwards I went on board the vessel and found her laden with comforts. My old Captain's suit was bloody from handling the wounded, and I was a very rough looking preacher, but I fearlessly mingled with that elegant company, and they gladly gave me a sumptuous dinner! Dear Dick Yates! I could see his name inscribed in letters of gold, and would have his manly soul remembered till the world is on fire.

In these months of suffering I had the opportunity of my life of bring courage, and strength, and hope, to sick and dying men. God kept me strong to endure, and my heart revelled in its chances to help the body and the soul of numbers, concerning whom there is a record on high. Blessed be God.

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From: The March To Memphis, Chapter 34 -- The march across from Corinth to Memphis would have been exceedingly enjoyable had it not been for the heat. Field officers are always mounted, and are sometimes utterly incapable of doing justice to infantry when marching in the heat. As we were nearing La Grange the day was very hot and men began to faint in the road till it was alarming. When the army wagons came by these men climbed into them, and their number increased till it became a burden. I think complaint was made to General Sherman, and, coming up, he ordered them out in strong terms. A man of Co. K, of my regiment, had marched till he fainted,



and was now totally unable to walk, and as so outraged he deserted and was not heard from again. He was a first-class soldier and a sterling man. It seems impossible in this world for all to get justice. There were men who ought to have been thus ordered, but who could distinguish? One boy of earthy parents, in New York, died that day and we buried him late in the night in a field, marking his grave with his name, company and regiment. He was a beautiful boy and it was a painful service, but Jesus has His eye on his dust and it will come up in the morning!

When the army came into La Grange, the boys took two hundred thousand dollars of Confederate money from the bank. Our coming robbed the notes of any value whatever, but they could be used in exchange for commodities with the "Secesh." We were weary lying around, and I said to five boys: "Let us go out into the country and see if we can get a good dinner." We reached a nice looking mansion, and the lady of the house met us at the door. Her husband was in the Confederate army, as most of the men were. I said: "Lady could you furnish us some dinner to day?" She said she had nothing but some corn bread and buttermilk. When we had eaten to the full, I took fifty cents of Government scrip, which was then equal to gold, and gave it to her, expecting these larks would follow my example, which they did, but one of them was a little slow and waited till the rest had paid.

He then said: "Madam, can you give me change for a five dollar note on the La Grange Bank?" She began to hand him our currency in exchange. It seemed too bad, and I said excitedly, "Now, my dear woman, that boy is cheating you. The currency we have given you is as good as gold, and that La Grange bill is not worth the paper it is printed on." But she responded: "I guess I know about our own money." I added: "You will find what I have said is true." But she gave him four dollars and a half of good money and that dinner for nothing. When we got by ourselves I handled him without gloves, but he insisted that she was too smart; that she needed her eye teeth cut, and so he cut them.

We reached Memphis July 21st and remained there in camp, excepting a few sallies made upon the enemy, till Nov. 26, 1862. This stay for rest, and drill, greatly increased the health of the soldiers. My wife and our two little boys made us a visit, and remained in camp till our departure for Vicksburg. It was enchanting to get this taste of home life again...

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From: Before Vicksburg, Chapter 35 -- ...I hastened to my Brigadier General to induce him at once to go to Sherman with this outrage. He higgled about it, and after I had pressed it till my heart was sick, he said he would. As I turned away I felt he would not. So I turned toward Sherman's headquarters myself and found him standing by his tent. Saluting him, I laid the thing before him. Sherman was a very nervous man, and when excited strongly he would turn clear round on one foot. He was evidently angry, and much excited as he said: "\_\_\_\_ it, Chaplain, I am not responsible for the neglect of the doctors." To this I responded: "General Sherman, I am aware, sir, you are not responsible for the neglect, but you command all the doctors in this realm, and if this matter is not righted I will publish it if it costs my head!" It seemed but few minutes till the doctors were in commotion, and I think in less than three hours all those dear boys were on nice cots with clean, white sheets and pillows, their wounds dressed, and they nicely cared for.

The next time I met General Sherman was in front of Vicksburg when the regiment wanted to send me home for sanitary goods for our sick, and the papers had to have General Sherman's signature. I went to his tent for that purpose, and he met me very cordially. I said: "General Sherman, if it please you, sir, I would like to get your signature to this paper," and turning to his Adjutant, he said: "Adjutant, sign that paper," and remarked of me that to the end of the war he would be glad to do anything he could to accommodate me. Sherman was a great man, and, of course, knew my course as erratic and not in accord with military usage, but his great soul knew it was right.

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From: Young's Point And Vicksburg, Chapter 36 -- After the capture of Arkansas Post, we came to Young's Point, in front of Vicksburg. The design was to make the impression that we were going to finish Butler's canal, and hence some digging was done, but a higher end was in view. There was much sickness, and many deaths occurred at this point, till it seemed the flower of American youth were going to be left in that levee. It was a time of great darkness as to National destiny, and those at home will never know how dark it seemed to those who were at the front. The papers from home were filled with incidents of merry making, and frolic, showing that the masses had no conception of our peril, or the depths of the clouds which hung over us. If I had been cut off from prayer, I think our environment would have killed me. To me the absence of humility, and genuine repentance, accompanied with such strides of worldliness, and forgetfulness of God, as were apparent in the North, while death was gathering such harvests, were finger pointings of doom.

Our churches at home were increasing rapidly in worldliness, and indulging in festivities beyond precedent, while we were dying by the thousand, and a black cloud was hanging over us by day and by night! I resolved to unbosom my soul to a few devoted ministers and beg of them to call the churches to fasting instead of feasting, and prayer instead of frolics. So I selected No. 1, of Illinois, whom I knew to have been a man of deep piety, and widely known, laying our condition before him, and the danger of utter wreck of our Government if God did not interpose soon. I was relieved in pouring my soul out to him, and waited for his answer with great desire. After days of delay it came, and I tore loose the envelope and sat down on a log to feast my hungry soul. The following is the substance of the answer: "Rev. M. L. Haney: Dear Brother: our letter received; glad to hear from you. I am in the hedge business and seed is very scarce here. I hear you are going up Red River, and I wish you would procure me some osage orange seed. Yours truly, B. L.---." My heart sank within me. If ship loads of seed had been at my disposal I could not have sent him a handful! I was driven to God, and sought a place for prayer by the root of an old elm tree, or gum tree. God heard me, and let heaven loose on my soul and gave me to see through to victory. I was so blessed, and the power of God so rested upon me that I staggered like a drunken man on returning to my tent.

Captain J. M. Augustine was tenting with me at the time. He was a superior young man, but painfully given to doubts as to the Bible and the Christian religion, so that I recognized him as an infidel. He had well nigh ruined a brother, who was at home, with his skeptical sentiments. I had hardly gotten seated when he opened up with some skeptical suggestion, and I was so filled with the Holy Ghost that I answered him, first describing his condition, and then my own, leaving him

floundering in his little canoe, while I was riding into port on Lord the old ship of Zion! The Captain drew a long breath, saying: "Well, if I say anything more, I guess I will have to get a new subject!" from that time till his death I never heard one more skeptical hint from his lips. When on furlough, he begged of his brother, whom he had led into doubt, to forget all he had ever said on the subject, and stick to his mother's Bible...

Having reached our new base of supplies, we crossed the Mississippi, and, coming to Raymond, were halted to rest, and see the prisoners. I knew that prisoners meant wounded men, and asked a citizen where our wounded were. Pointing southward, he said: "That brick church is full of them." Having but a brief time, I hastened and found it as he said, and, speaking to each boy, I went the rounds, but came to a beautiful young man of about twenty years, whose eyes were covered with a wet cloth. I asked as to his wound, and the nurse replied: "His eyes are shot out, sir!" And lifting the bandage, he showed me his wound. A musket ball had struck him in the right temple, cutting off the optic nerve, and came out at the left eye!

I could hardly speak. He was a bright, beautiful boy, with a strong body, likely to lie for many years in utter darkness. At last I said: "My boy, I suppose the sun is forever blotted out." To which he replied with a victorious voice: "Yes, sir, but I have light within!" It seemed no words on my part could reach a case like this--of apparent desolation--but I doubt whether I have ever found a calmer, more restful or triumphant soul. Twenty years after this I was preaching in Iowa about Christ as a wonderful Saviour, and brought this illustration in proof that He could satisfy us in any emergency. After dismissal an old soldier introduced himself to me, saying: "I was among the wounded in that little brick church at Raymond, and you talked with me." I asked if he knew that blind boy, and he said: "I guess I did know him. Mr. Haney, that was the happiest man I ever saw. I was with him for three months afterwards, and I have never seen so happy a human being." O, it pays to have full salvation!

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From: The Siege Of Vicksburg, Chapter 36 -- Coming into Vicksburg from Black River brought great consternation to the natives, and there was a rush for the hills of the Yazoo. The slaveholders forced their slaves to go with them, though many, when they got into the hills stole away and ran for protection to the Union army. There were clusters of slave cabins, and as they returned, bringing what little they could, they entered these cabins. The soldiers all expected a siege, and there was a scrambling for cooking utensils for camp. A black man was carrying a frying pan, and a mounted soldier ordered him to give it to him. The slave answered: "Lord, Massa, I borrowed it, and promised to take it back, sir." He cursed him, but the man ran with the pan and threw it into the door of the cabin where it belonged. The soldier followed quickly and ordered the woman to give it up. She pleaded it was all she had and she could not spare it, and closed the door.

He deliberately got off his horse, put his musket through a crack in the cabin and fired it at her. She fell like a beef, and he went in and got the frying pan and walked away! Her left limb was broken above the knee, and the musket being so close the bone was badly shattered. Dr. Roller amputated the limb and cared for her till he was overtaxed with the sick and wounded, and begged me to take charge of her. I brought soup and other nourishment, and dressed her wound for thirty

days. During that time I made use of every means I thought of to inspire courage and bring cheer to her soul, but in no case could I produce a smile. Her heart had died! She was a slave from infancy, had a child when fifteen years old, and her life had been a horror to her. When we came she, with all other slaves, recognized us as her city of refuge, and at the risk of her life ran into our arms for safety, to be shot down like a beast!

One morning I went in and saw there was gangrene in her wound, and promptly told her she must die. Her face lighted up as I told her, and for the first time in thirty days she smiled! It comforts me now to remember the care I took of that desolate soul. O, what wailing there will be at the judgment seat of Christ!

In the first assault we made upon the works, many were killed, and wounded, and it was a day of great sadness. The next morning I visited the hospital and found among many others, a beautiful boy, who looked young, and had such a sweet face I was at once impressed with him. He was lying on his back reading a well worn little New Testament. He was shot with a musket ball, which had passed through his body in the region of his stomach. I was sure he would die, and did not expect to see him again. I found he was rejoicing in God, had no fear of death, and was ready for the chariot.

The next morning I came in and turned my eyes to that cot, expecting to see it empty, but he was still there, and, as before, reading his Testament. His mind was clear and he could yet talk, so I determined to know something of his past, and asked him, if able to tell me how he found the Lord. He said he was a little waif in the city of New York, and was playing in the dirt of the street one Sunday, when a nice looking young girl came to where he was, and said she was making up a class of boys and wanted him for one of them. He objected because he had no clothes to go to Sunday School, and was ragged. She said her class was to be made up of such. He then objected that he was too dirty and had no parents, but she was making up a class of just such boys, and he went with her and soon had good clothes, learned his letters and to read, and she had brought him to Christ.

He said, after describing how he found Christ, and what a life of happiness had come out of it, "O, I would be so glad to know where she is now, that I might let her know how God has kept me, and now as I am dying for my country, how happy I am here, and it is all through her agency!" After a quiet season of prayer I left him with my heart all aglow, expecting to see him the next time, in eternity's morning. The third time I came and was surprised to see him still there. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. His Testament was snugly pressed against his left breast, and his eyes were wide open and looking upward. I asked the nurse how long he had been unconscious. He said since early in the morning.

I then addressed him again, but he seemed not to notice me, and his eyes had not moved. I then carefully lifted his Testament from his breast and slowly passed it in range of his vision. The moment he caught sight of the Testament his eyes followed it, and then turned toward me. He motioned that he wanted to die with that against his breast. I replaced it, saying: "My boy, you love this holy book?" And he whispered: "Yes O, yes!" and his happy spirit slipped away! O, what millions could be saved if all Christians loved souls as did that little New York girl!..

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From: Sickness And Rest, Chapter 38 -- When Vicksburg fell, I had strength enough to hold myself up by clinging to the limb of a tree till I witnessed the surrender, and then passed through the most serious sickness of my life. My regiment had gone with Sherman to East Mississippi, in pursuit of Johnston and returned to Black River, where they went into camp during the hot weather. I was weak when disease left me, but was anxious to rejoin the 55th.

So I began by riding a little each day, preparatory to the longer ride. The day before leaving, I rode down into a valley, where I watered my horse, and to the right of me saw a slave woman washing clothes. I felt a suggestion within to turn aside and talk with her about her soul. Looking all about me, I saw no human being but her, and it seemed questionable whether I ought to go, Satan can impress God's people in the name of the Holy Spirit, and anybody who will follow every impression which is made will be pretty sure of ruin. I asked the Lord if this impression was of the devil that He drive it away, but if of Him, to let it settle into conviction and I would obey.

On returning I became clearly convinced that I should go, and turning aside, came to where she was. She was, I suppose, short of fifty years old. I accosted her and she responded, but looked a little confused, as I was a stranger. To relieve her of all fear, I asked: "Colored woman, do you enjoy religion." And, staring at me, she said: "Sir?" Thinking her so ignorant that she did not understand what I said, I changed the question, asking, "Do you belong to any church?" She answered quickly, with force, "No, sir; I don't belong to no church on dis here lower erf, but I do belong to de church of de First Born in heaven!"

Her answer moved me deeply, and the question came to me: How could this poor, ignorant creature find out this deep spiritual truth of the New Testament? So I asked: "Aunty, what church have you where you live?" "There was no church, sir." Thinking the dear soul surely did not understand me, I asked: "Were they Baptists or Methodists where you lived?" "There was neither, sir." And I was well nigh confounded. "Well Aunty, won't you tell me something about where you have lived?" "Yes, sir; I was born off yonder on old Massa ----'s plantation, in Southern Mississippi, and he was a good man, sir, and the Methodists had class meetings in de quarters, but when I was eleven years old, old Massa broke up, sir, and we's all sole by de Sheriff, sir. I was sole to old Massa ----, over in Central Mississippi, and he was very wicked, and allowed no 'ligion to come on his plantation!" The names of both her masters were given, but they have gone from me.

The whole story is this: Her first master was a good man and gave his slaves opportunities to be religious, but they were all sold when she was either nine or eleven years old. She had never known a letter of the alphabet, nor read a syllable of God's word, and since she was eleven years old, at the farthest, she had not seen the face of a minister, heard the gospel preached, nor been in a gathering for prayer. Her last master had prohibited all religious people and religious service on his immense plantation. "Well," I said, as I was bewildered with her knowledge of God, "how did you find out you were a member of the church of the First Born?"

"O, sir," she responded, "seven years ago I was in de cotton field, and dere was a great load of sin on my soul, and I prayed and prayed! One day I went down into a deep holler and got

down by the side of an old log, and prayed and prayed! De load on my soul was so great that I thought I would die. But, sir, dere came a great light, and wid dat light dere come a voice, and dat voice told me I was a member of the church of the First Born! Since dat time, sir, when-eber dere's great trouble, and I feel I can't go through, dat voice come back and tell me, 'You are a member of de church of de First Born!'"

I found by after inquiries, and talk, that she had stumbled into the experience of heart holiness, and was revelling in the joy of perfect love. There are millions of intelligent Christians who claim they have not sufficient light to get wholly sanctified; but this slave woman had! She had no learning, no Sunday School, no Bible, no preacher, no church, but she found God! John 6:17.

I felt I would never be in that valley again, and God opened my mouth to pour out His truth on His lone child, who had now been such a blessing to my soul. Having bade her good-bye, I rode off in unspeakable gladness, and a hundred yards away I faced about to take a last look at my bloodwashed sister, and, sitting on my horse, I said audibly and God heard it: "You blessed saint, black as you are, I love you, and I will see you in the morning!"

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From: Chattanooga, Chapter 39 -- We came by transports from Vicksburg to Memphis, and then across the country to Chattanooga, taking dinner under the guns of the enemy at Lookout Mountain. We camped above the city, near the mouth of the little Chickamauga, which comes down from the north. General Bragg had the Union troops shut in, and his two flanks were on the Tennessee River...

As we came down into a valley I heard a boy say to his mother: "There are more coming; get ready." I found he had been going down to the road and back all day, as the army was passing, and bringing soldiers up, that his mother could give them a warm meal and send them happy on their way. I informed her of my errand and she asked what I wanted. I said: "Some meat, if you have it to spare." "Well, how many pieces would you want?" I said two or three, and the bacon was in Joe's hands at once. I said to him: "You go across the valley there and get what you can, but be sure and do no wrong."

I went in to talk and pray with the family. There was an old lady on her bed who was exceedingly feeble, looking as though eternity was at the door. I said to the woman of the house:

"It may seem singular to you, being at the head of a foraging party, but I am a Methodist preacher and I came in to talk to you about the Lord." The old lady sprang up in the bed and shouted aloud the praise of God. She had not seen a minister for about three years, nor heard the voice of prayer outside their home. They were Southern Methodists, but had been cut off from the church because they were loyal to the Government. Having prayers with them, we all had a Pentecost together, which was glorious. The memories of holy fellowship in those days of war, with such Southern saints thrill me today with the gladness of the Lord!

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From: *Diverse Experiences*, Chapter 40 -- ...One of the boys, who was a brave soldier, came to tell me that he had a strong conviction if he went into this battle he would be killed, and asked me what to do. He had been clearly converted, but had let go of his hold on Christ. After reflection, I said: "You go down into that ravine and pray till you get tremendously blessed. and come to me again, and if you then want to be excused I will see your Captain and get you off." I knew we were to be there yet, for a time. He obeyed orders and disappeared for an hour, perhaps, but when he reappeared his face was aglow with glory, and coming to me, he said: "Chaplain, you need not speak to the Captain now. I am all right," and went into the battle, and came out without a scratch.

A deep cloud hung over my soul as to this battle, and I was pressed with the thought of disaster. My heart friend, Captain Augustine, was commanding the regiment, and it was plain to me that he expected to die that day. A few minutes before orders to charge had come, he turned his back on the regiment and faced me with a steady, long, last look, with feelings between us too big for utterance. To me it was as though he said "I will see you no more!" God had, as I believed used me in pulling him away from the vortex of infidelity, and I trust his soul had so apprehended Christ that I shall see him again. Our dead were left in the hands of the enemy, and that night Lieut. Henry Augustine, the Captain's brother, and myself undertook to secure his body. Their picket line was this side of where the body lay, and we were halted before we reached it.

We both stepped behind a large tree for protection from bullets and I promptly told the picket the object of my coming and plead the case thus: "His mother is old and feeble and has lost one son in battle, and we fear the death of the Captain will take her life; so we want to send the body home, which will be a great relief to her." To this he responded, "Where is General Sherman?" I said: "I suppose he is at his headquarters." "Well," he answered, 'General Sherman can get this body and all these bodies." So in the morning we went to see the General, and laid the case before him. He was much moved, but said: "Chaplain, it is a great humiliation to me to ask any favors of those rebels!" I quickly responded: "General Sherman, we will not ask you to do it, sir."

Young Putnam was a boy of twenty summers, and was converted in Camp Douglass. He had been true and faithful to his vows, and a good soldier. In helping to remove the Captain's body nearer the base of the hill his thigh was broken, and the largest artery cut. Taking his canteen strap, he bound it tightly around the limb and restrained the bleeding, but could not stop it. Having rolled himself down to a stream of spring water at the bottom of the hill, he quenched his thirst, and, seeing he must die, he sang the hymn with the chorus:

"I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more,  
To die no more, to die no more,  
I'm going home to die no more."

His notes of victory rang out amid the thunder of shot and shell while dying under the guns of the enemy. Dear, modest, beautiful, Christian boy! I helped bury his remains, with others who

had lain for days in that hot sun, till I only knew him by the canteen strap about his limb! Luther said "O, God! how dreadful is this world!"

...Hood being repulsed on our left, threw his troops around on our center. It was a woodland and we could not see far. As the order came for battle against three lines of rebel soldiers, six men deep, it looked as though a fearful conflict was before us. Seeing somebody's musket lying there, I thought it ought to be used, and went into our left company with Lieut. Eichelberger in command. or the first time in the war we were behind breastworks and the men had an idea that no force could drive them. When the enemy came in sight a terrible fire of musketry scattered them at once and they were forced to disappear. The 57th Ohio was to our right and their right rested on the railroad coming out from the city, where we also had a battery. When the enemy disappeared an order came to fire "right oblique," so we kept up an incessant fire.

While one man stepped up on the step and fired, his mate stepped into the ditch and loaded. When loading my gun I faced northward, and to my surprise the right of the 57th Ohio was retreating. The brush had been cleared, to our rear, for about twenty steps, and they dashed into the brush. The next time I loaded more were going, and I thought when that comes down to the right of my regiment it will stop; but lo, when they were gone our right began to give away, and I began to command them to stand. This continued from right to left till Captain Eichelberger, and one man, with myself, were all that were left. That one said to me: "Chaplain, don't let us go!" Eichelberger raved like a wild man. He thought we were utterly disgraced. Neither of us saw a rebel anywhere. As we walked back the bullets appeared thick, but we did not seem to care for them.

The Lieutenant broke into tears and wept like a child. Having gone through the brush perhaps thirty rods, a group of the scattered men began to gather around us, and Eichelberger insisted that we return and retake the works. I said it would be foolish with these forty men to undertake that when the whole regiment had been driven from them so wildly. But a soldier came to me, saying: "Our men are still in the line, holding it against fearful odds!" I said that was impossible, as I had seen the last man out before I left. But he insisted they were, and asked me to listen to the muskets. A musket fired toward you has a sharp, short sound; fired from you, a light, prolonged sound, and I was persuaded they were our muskets, and that the men, having seen their foolishness in retreating, had run back and re-entered the works, and were holding them against a great force. Now, we were the cowards, and they the heroes; so it was our duty to reach them in the shortest possible time, whatever it might cost!

The men had said they would not go unless I sanctioned it, and now our duty seemed plain. We fell into a thin line, and the farther we went the faster, till suddenly coming into the clearing, we were face to face with a thousand rebels between us and our works, only about twenty steps away! A rebel seeing me before I saw him, had his musket drawn on my breast. My musket was down at a "trail arms," but was changed to a make ready, take aim, fire! in amazingly quick time and all that could retreated, as the only thing but capture or death! The mystery was now made plain. When they were repulsed, with slaughter, in our front, they turned northward, and one column came down the railroad cut, and filed to the right, and behind the 57th Ohio, and the right company, seeing them, fell back to keep from being captured, and so the retreat of the two regiments was brought about as above described. We on the extreme left did not see the rebels at all, and some of us only left because all the rest had gone! The rebel column which came down the



railroad cut and was in the brush on our side of the line when we retired, was now between us and our works.

The right command given those two regiments as the rebels came through the cut would have sent them back in confusion, with but little loss, but that right command was wanting. But the gentlemen did go out in haste before the sun went down, and we were again in possession. Lieut. Eichelberger was shot through the head a few feet from where I stood, others were killed and some wounded, and a part of our group captured and taken to prison. As I turned after firing, it was said by a cool-headed sergeant who was looking on, that one hundred muskets were fired at my person. It may have been less, but the brush was mowed to the right and left by rebel bullets, and by a miracle my life was preserved. A voice went through me, assuring me that no rebel bullet should touch me, and I praised God till two o'clock that night, that He had covered my head in time of battle, and enabled me to "run through a troop and leap over a wall."

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From: At Atlanta, Chapter 41 -- ...Attention was called to the colonel, and when he was buried the next day we found fifteen bullets had pierced his body! Among that company who were left, was a little boy of probably from eleven to thirteen summers who was at the heels of his colonel till he fell, and the whole remnant surrendered. The dear child threw down his musket and threw up his hands, crying: "Don't shoot me; don't shoot me!" We were below him, and I cried loudly: "Run down to me quickly," and he came down like a little antelope. As I took him into my hands like a mother, he said: "O, I will not go to war any more!" I hid him behind a big rock and patting him on the back told him nothing would harm him there, and we would take nice care of him till he could be sent back to his mother.

Between these three attacks I hastened to help the doctor with those who were hurt. He was sheltered by high rocks not far away, and the last time I went I saw a lone man, up to my left, on an elevated spot of ground, lying on his back and beckoning me to come. I hastened and knelt by his side. A musket ball had gone clear through his body, near the stomach. His eyes were badly sunken, and he was breathing heavily. He looked me, piercingly, in the eyes, in silence, till I had felt his pulse, when he said, "Chaplain, I suppose I have but a few minutes to live, and I feel that I am unprepared for eternity. I hoped you might tell me words whereby I could be saved!" It seems now to me that in all this ministry I never was so empowered from God to bring a soul so quickly and so thoroughly to Christ as in this case. I had a clear inner sense that he saw, and would, with his whole heart, take hold of Christ as his present, Almighty Saviour, and I struck up to sing:

"Grace's store is always free,  
Drooping souls to gladden;  
Jesus calls, come unto me;  
Weary, heavy laden.

Though your sins like mountains rise,  
Rise and reach to heaven,  
Soon as you on him rely,  
All shall be forgiven.

Now methinks I hear one say,  
I will go and prove him;  
If he takes my sins away,  
Surely I shall love him.

Yes, I see the Saviour smile,  
Smiling moves my burden;  
All is grace, for I am vile,  
Yet he seals my pardon.

Streaming mercy, how it flows,  
Now I know, I feel it,  
Half has never yet been told,  
Yet I want to tell it.

Jesus' blood hath healed my wounds,  
O, the wondrous story,  
I was lost, but now I'm found,  
Glory, glory, glory!"

He had closed his eyes while I was singing, but when I was half way through the last verse he opened those eyes now beaming with God light, and said: "Chaplain, I have found Him," and his spirit went up to God.

In this singing I omitted the first and last stanzas. It begins with:

"Drooping souls no longer grieve,  
Heaven is propitious;  
If on Jesus you believe,  
You shall find Him precious;

Yes, He now is passing by,  
Calls the mourner to Him.  
He has died for you and I;  
O, look up and view Him."

In my earlier ministry I think probably hundreds laid hold on Christ while I was singing that hymn, and I wish it were now brought into all our revival meetings.

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.

While we were advancing by a succession of approaches on the west side of the city there was another marvelous exhibition of grace, which, somewhere, ought to have a record. There was no battle going on at the time, but an occasional shot came over from the guns of the enemy. A Christian soldier was standing alone on an open spot of ground nearly facing the enemy, when a six-pound solid shot came over and destroyed his shoulder, leaving the arm hanging by a few cords, making an opening in his windpipe and tearing the flesh from his breast. His comrades hastened to lift him up, and found him praising God. He could not speak except by closing the wound in his throat with his hand. He was laid down in the ambulance to be carried to the hospital, but insisted on sitting up all the way, that he could use his voice in praises rendered to God!

After reaching the hospital he wrote a letter to his wife, telling how God had assured him that He would care for her, and his two children, and that they should all meet in glory. How unspeakably he was now blessed, as he was dying for his country, and he had no regrets that he had put his body on his country's altar. How he gloried in the cleansing blood of Jesus, through which he had no fear of death, and heaven now within him! When his voice gave way, among the last things he did was to reach out his hand and with his finger write in the dust beside his couch: "Glory to the Father, glory to the Son, and glory to the Holy Ghost!" How can people doubt God in the presence of scenes like this?

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From: Mustered Out, Chapter 42 -- From Atlanta I went home as a recruiting officer, and was to report to Governor Yates. Reaching his office, I found he was in Chicago, attending the great convention where Mr. McClellan was nominated for the presidency. The Governor counselled with the Republican Central Committee, and all agreed that it was dangerous to have any more loyal men taken from the state till after the election, and proposed, if I would not actively work as a recruiting officer till after election, and would make war speeches in two doubtful

districts, that the Governor, and Central Committee, would arrange with the Secretary of War to give me two hundred men from the draft. It was also agreed that I might take any men who should voluntarily offer themselves, and send them to the front.

So I made war speeches till after Mr. Lincoln was elected, and a large number of recruits were secured, and sent to Springfield to report, and be forwarded to the 55th Ills., but, to my utter dismay, I found afterwards, a large majority of them were sent to other regiments, and the draft in Illinois was an utter failure. After waiting till the time of promise had come, and gone, the Secretary of War addressed me an earnest note, expressing regret that he was utterly unable to fulfill his promise to me, as the draft had failed, and I was persuaded that my recruits, sent to Springfield, had been sold to other parties for money. General Sherman had gone to the sea, and I asked the Secretary of War to muster me out, which he did.

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## Part 5 JOHN S. INSKIP

To patriotic men, especially men of high-blood born, there is a strange fascination in the perils and exciting vicissitudes of military service. But while Mr. Inskip was a patriot of the most pronounced type and character, possessing a nature strong with lightning forces, he entered the army as a minister of the Lord Jesus, with no animosity towards the South; but in his great soul of sympathy he felt that the men who were ready to lay down their lives for their country's cause, had a just claim upon his most earnest labors for their spiritual welfare.

Mr. Inskip was constitutionally and religiously opposed to slavery. Soon after his marriage, through his and his wife's influence, her mother (of Maryland) was induced to make provision for freeing her slaves. In later years, whenever the question was up in his conference for discussion, he was always on the side of the weak and the oppressed. It is very evident, therefore, that he comprehended the nature of the conflict between the North and the South, as involving this vexed question; for it was asserted by Mr. Stephens, the political genius of Georgia, to be "the chief cornerstone of the New Republic." To him it was like a vision. When the first gun, fired on Fort Sumpter, awoke the nation from its slumbers, the leaders of the confederacy regarded it as the signal of their triumph and the funeral knell of the Union; but he interpreted it a the announcement of a new era of enlarged freedom, and of a more permanent peace throughout the broad realm of our national inheritance.

Mr. Inskip's feelings, and the motives that prompted him to accept the chaplaincy of the Fourteenth Brooklyn Regiment, are intimated in a letter written to his father, from Washington, D. C., May 22, 1861, as follows:--

"Dear Father, -- We are just about starting to go to our encampment, and I embrace the opportunity to write a few lines to you. I have been strangely and wonderfully favored of the Lord.

"The novelty of my position is very great, almost too great, indeed, for me to realize. Yet I am conscious of being in the line of duty. God is with me, and graciously favors me with His

presence and blessings. I expect to win many stars for my crown of glorification in the kingdom of heaven. No motive influenced me in this movement but an earnest desire to do good. I have made great sacrifices in coming here. But sacrifice in these times is glory!"

After reaching Camp Wool, near Washington, a letter written to his wife, May 25, expresses his feelings and motives more fully in going to the war. He says:--

"My Dear Wife, -- After leaving you at Jersey City, I felt for a time sad enough. It was really a season of the most pungent grief. It was not until then that I fully realized our temporary separation. We have so long and so pleasantly toiled together, that I scarcely know how to act in my isolated condition. Yet I felt assured of Divine aid, and deemed it a privilege to make the sacrifice for the cause of my country and the glory of God. Of the fitness and propriety of my course, I have never had one moment's doubt or hesitation. My mind in this respect is as clear as the light of noonday. I have a steady, peaceful sense of the presence and blessing of God."

After speaking of the route of the regiment from New York to Philadelphia as a continued ovation, and at other places (excepting a few that need not be mentioned), he mentions the first dress parade on Pennsylvania Avenue, which attracted great attention, and won for the regiment universal applause.

In a vein of pleasantry he wrote:--

"I wish you could have seen the officers mess at their first supper. It was about half-past eight in the evening when some thirty of us, weary and hungry, sat down to our homely repast. The moon was shining brightly upon us, as we took our tin plates and cups in hand; but amid the clatter of knives and dishes, and the hearty mirth and jollity of the moment, there were occasional pauses of deep thoughtfulness. A glance around suggested that the brave, warclad heroes were thinking of home and loved ones far, far away. These pauses were protracted and long enough to hear angels whisper -- "Remember the star-spangled banner, and vow it shall wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." Again the work of the moment would be resumed; and again the pause, and solemn reflection would return. What strange extremes that half hour included!"

Thus after speaking of the peculiarities of camp-life, he closes his letter by a statement that the regiment is a happy and united band, bound together by high patriotic sentiment and brotherly love.

It may not only be a matter of interest, but it may also give a fuller view of his purpose in taking his position as a chaplain in the army, by giving some extracts from a letter written from Camp Wool to the Ninth St. Church, New York City, of which he was pastor. May 28, 1861, he writes as follows:--

"My Dear Friends and Brethren, -- By a strange providence I have been called to the field of strife. My business is to preach the Gospel of peace to mankind, and to induce men to love each other, and to do good even to their enemies. To accomplish such a work, at a great sacrifice, I have come hither. What a work it is! presumed it to be important, before an opportunity occurred for me to judge of it by present observation. Now that I am here and the whole matter is plainly presented

to my mind, I really cannot tell how I am burdened with the magnitude of the enterprise. The thousands who have come here prepared 'to do or die' for the honor of their country's flag and the constitution and laws of the land, should most certainly be cared for. Whoever else may be neglected, those noble souls must be cared for.

"You will, however, naturally expect a detail of my circumstances and operations. No opportunity has occurred for any definite religious movement until we reached our encampment. Prayer-meetings have been held in many of the tents. Sometimes you could, without much effort, conceive yourself at a camp-meeting. Prayer and praise may sometimes be heard in almost every direction. For such an exhibition of moral courage as is implied in this, great determination is required. Of course the men who thus hold up the banner of the cross, are in the minority. Surrounded as they are, it is a striking demonstration of the high tone of moral sentiment by which they are governed, that they stand up for Jesus. In the ordinary congregations of Christian worshippers at home, men may readily acknowledge Christ; but here, when there is so much to distract and annoy, only those who have the root of the matter in them can muster courage to be on 'the Lord's side.' Such persons need a leader and a guide. God has called me to this work. May I have grace to perform it.

"Our first Sabbath service was held in a grove contiguous to our camp. The troops were formed into a hollow square; the flag and officers in the centre. All joined in singing,

'Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound,'

to the good old tune 'Lenox.' I never heard so sweet a sound. Earnest prayer was offered up to God. All hearts seemed lifted in one, when we came to the mercy-seat and implored the Divine blessing upon those we had left behind, the cause we had come to defend, our country and the world."

Then he adds:--

"The Lord gave me much freedom in speaking from the 108th Psalm and 13th verse, -- 'Through God we shall do valiantly.' The deep seriousness and general attention given by all present were truly remarkable. The showy costume of the soldiers, the glitter of arms, the waving flag of stars, the song of praise, and the almost oppressive solemnity of the hour, rendered it an occasion never to be forgotten. The three who were with the Redeemer on the mount of Transfiguration, could not have felt holier joys than many felt who were present and participated in the first public religious service of the Fourteenth Regiment. In the afternoon we held a highly interesting prayer-meeting; all denominations of Christians were represented. The day's labor resulted in a number of remarkable conversions."

Then, with the spirit of a prophet, he proceeds to say:--

"How long the war will last, I cannot tell. I will, however, venture to predict that it will not cease until the 'star-spangled banner' shall wave in triumph o'er all the land, and everywhere, -- North and South, East and West, -- this soul-inspiring symbol of our national strength and glory,

will be respected and sustained. When that good time will come, I know not; but it will come. The Lord hasten it. There will be no peace till then. Pray for the soldiers, -- especially those under my care."

In his second letter to the same church, June 5, he writes:--

"I have not had either time or disposition to go beyond the immediate neighborhood of our encampment. All my interest is centered here. My thoughts are occupied by the one fearful and startling fact that we are at war! What an awful truth is this! Were the war conducted against a foreign nation it would be hard enough. But we are here to fight our brethren!

"The exposure and perils incident to a campaign such as we have entered upon, give great weight and responsibility to the relation I have assumed. This responsibility sometimes almost overwhelms me. The hundreds of souls committed to my charge must be faithfully warned and earnestly taught the way of life. The opportunities for doing this are not the most favorable. The intervals between the times assigned to military duty are brief, but when they do occur, I cheerfully embrace them to do what I can to promote the spiritual welfare of these noble-hearted men. The officers of the regiment appreciate the importance of promoting morality and religion; and they cheerfully give their countenance and cooperation to my effort."

On the eleventh of June he wrote:--

"You are at home, surrounded by all the endearments of domestic bliss. I am in the midst of a company of armed men. You sit down quietly in the sanctuary. I worship God with the instruments of death on every hand. You listen to the sweet songs of Zion. I hear the howlings of the 'dogs of war.' In all, however, I am wonderfully supported by the grace of God. My mind was never more peaceful. My faith in the Almighty was never more firm. I am unspeakably happy in the Rock of my salvation. I most truly deprecate the calamity that has befallen our country. The storm cloud gathers with fearful aspect, and soon the dreadful work of death must begin. If it please God to permit it, I most earnestly desire to follow the dying warrior until his noble soul shall pass away. As I have often said, my mission is one of peace and kindness. I am here to heal rather than to wound, -- to make alive rather than to kill.

"It is a matter of gratitude to God that many of these high-souled men are truly devoted Christians. The object of such in coming here was not to slay and destroy, but to sustain the constitution and laws. They are not so much the enemies of the South, as they are the friends of good government. They do not hate their foes, but rather love their country and its glorious flag of stars. To sustain this symbol of our national sovereignty and glory, no effort should be spared, no sacrifice is too great."

On the twenty-fifth of June he wrote:--

"I would not exchange my position with any living man. I am here where God has placed me. The glorious flag of our country protects me, and a thousand true-hearted men stand ready to die that its honor may be vindicated. No man ever felt more proud that he could say, 'I am an American citizen,' than I do. The Lord continues to bless me in the discharge of my duty. Every day

brings fresh encouragement to further effort in my Master's cause. I am glad that it is my privilege here to proclaim the glorious Gospel of Christ. I pray constantly that our enemies may see the error of their ways, and be converted into good and loyal patriots."

This little prayer reveals the true inwardness of the man.

During the time of his active relation to the Fourteenth regiment, no chaplain in the army was more devoted to the welfare of those under his spiritual supervision. No opportunity for religious services was neglected. Prayer-meetings were held, and personal advice and admonition were given on all suitable occasions. And for the greater encouragement and protection of the morals of the regiment, he organized a society, designated "The Chapel Association of the Fourteenth Regiment of the New York State Militia."

The object of this Association was as follows: "The object of this society shall be the promotion of morality and religion among its members, and to persuade others to turn from the error of their ways."

We mention this association to show how, in every way, Mr. Inskip labored to benefit the members of the regiment under his charge. This association, together with a library and tent, as I reading-room, with conveniences for writing, to accommodate and encourage the soldiers, was a means of diverting the attention of many from dissipating associations and habits. Also, a large tent given by the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, furnished with ample accommodations for the meetings of the whole regiment, as often the scene of wonderful displays of the power and presence of God. Not infrequently the officers and their staffs, from headquarters, were present at the services. Prayer meetings, temperance meetings, and concerts of instrumental and vocal music, were given, with recitations and discussions, once a week, so that every evening was occupied in these ways for the improvement and entertainment of the regiment, and all others desiring to attend. But one of the most interesting meetings of the week, was a meeting for religious experience, in which all denominations participated. Mr. Inskip's journal shows, also, with what tender solicitude he sympathized with the soldiers. Their long and heavy marches, their exposure to storms and cold, greatly oppressed him. Though he was often drenched with rain, and chilled with biting frosts, he seldom spoke of himself; but his pity was excited for the men. It often occurs in his diary: "Terrible rainstorm all day, -- worse at night. How much our men must suffer! Poor fellows, I am very sorry for them." His heart was tender as a woman's, and his love poured out streams of pity and inspired deeds of kindness to all.

A few extracts from a letter respecting the battle at Bull Run, may be of interest.

July 23, 1861, he wrote to his wife as follows:--

"Of course you have heard of our disaster. The struggle was a fearful one, and many, very many, of our poor fellows, are now sleeping that sleep from which there is no waking.

"The battle commenced on Sunday at about half-past eleven o'clock. The roar of the artillery, and the discharge of musketry, was perfectly terrific. We occupied as a hospital a good farmhouse, which was continuous to the field, and being surrounded by beautiful shade trees, was



eminently well calculated for the purpose. The yellow flag was hoisted in front of the house. Soon the fearful work began, and the wounded men were brought in. It was a sad sight; -- one, indeed, I hope never to see again.

"At first the Confederate forces gave way, and but for some singular mismanagement we would have won the battle. We really had more than half succeeded. But for some cause, I know not what, our success was not followed up, and the fortune of the day turned against us. A panic spread among our forces, and it was impossible to rally them. Our colonel was wounded and brought from the field on a litter. I found him in a small house with a few of our regiment. I proposed that the surgeon and I would remain and take care of him; but the suggestion was considered inadvisable. So he was carried by our noble men about seven miles. We then got him into an ambulance wagon. I continued with the ambulance for three or four miles further, when we came to a bridge which was glutted by men and teams crowding across, and which was also enfiladed by the enemies' artillery. As for myself, I saw it was of no use to wait to cross the bridge, so, with many others, I forded the stream, and thus escaped to the other side, beyond the reach of the missiles of death.

After resting a short time in the camp of the Garibaldi Guard, some two miles further on, I gave God thanks for my single biscuit and a drink of water, and said to myself, My wife is praying for me: I shall get through. Though scarcely able to stand, I trudged along about two miles more, and found to my dismay that the regiment had left. I had then marched about forty miles that day, and saw at once I must have help, or give up. Just then I saw one of the heavy wagons belonging to the regiment, standing a little way ahead, which had strangely got behind the rest. I hailed it, and got in and rode the balance of the way. This deliverance, I firmly believe, was in answer to prayer. Praise the Lord! We thought at first, that half of our regiment had been killed or wounded; for they were in the thickest of the fight! But seventy-five will doubtless cover the number of both the killed and wounded. Our camp is near Washington. I have a great work here to do, by encouraging the men, and attending to the sick, and writing letters to the friends of the poor fellows that fell upon the field of strife. Indeed, now is really the time for me to be of essential service. A golden opportunity to do something for the glory of God, is now before me."

Soon after the battle of Bull Run, Mrs. Inskip having heard that her husband had returned from that terrible conflict very much prostrated from the long and exhaustive marches, hastened to join him near Washington, here the regiment was encamped. His joyful surprise may be imagined, when entirely unexpected, her carriage drove into the camp about nine o'clock in the evening, and she announced herself at the door of his tent. But her coming proved a great blessing to many poor sufferers. For the next day, as the wounded men were brought in from the field, she, with her husband, devoted herself to the work of caring for them and for the sick.

Mrs. Inskip, at different times, and in different camps, spent in all some nine months with her husband; laboring with him to promote, in every way, the temporal comfort; and spiritual welfare of the regiment. She was especially helpful in the religious services. Speaking of the wonderful meetings held in chapel tent, she said: "I never, no, never, shall forget one meeting where hundreds rose for prayers, many of whom experienced the forgiveness of sins, and the evidence of their acceptance with God."

When orders came for the regiment to move, March 10th 1862, Mrs. Inskip returned to Baltimore.

Mr. Inskip remained with the regiment, devoted to his duties, after the engagement at Bull Run, until the following spring, hoping for something more active and effective in restoring peace to the nation, than marching and counter-marching. His natural love of excitement, his ambition to be doing, was provoked almost beyond endurance, by long delays and continued suspense. Thus camp-life became irksome and a weariness to him. At the same time, the exposure to storms and climatic pressure, together with long and heavy marches by night, as well as by day, made serious inroads upon his general health. These facts appear in the reasons assigned for his resignation presented July 14, 1862, while in camp near Fredericksburg, Va. He says in his communication to Lieut. Col. Fowler commanding:--

"I am led to adopt this course for two reasons: First, my health will not justify me in making any further attempt to endure the fatigue and exposure of camp life; and secondly, the necessity of my service at home, arising from the severe affliction of my aged father, which refers to me certain important interests, that imperatively demand my attention.

"Respectfully yours,  
"J. S. Inskip  
Chaplain 14th N. Y. S. M."

A similar communication was forwarded to the Secretary of War, accompanied by the recommendation of Col. Fowler.

On the 22d of July he received the following honorable discharge: --

"Headquarters 3d Army Corps, Army of Virginia, Warrenton, July 21, 1862.

[Special Order No. 29.]

"The following named officer having tendered his resignation, is hereby honorably discharged from military service of the United States, to take effect from the date set opposite his name: Chaplain J. S. Inskip, 14th Regt., N. Y. S. M., July 21, 1862.

"By command Major Gen. McDowell.  
"S. F. Bartow, A. A. General."

Thus closed the fourteen months' chaplaincy of Mr. Inskip; during which period his labors were incessant; and few, if any, were more successful in their spiritual work, and none more esteemed and beloved. -- hdm0131, "Life of John S. Inskip, Chapter 11, Army Chaplaincy," by William McDonald and John E. Searles

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## H. C. MORRISON'S GRANDFATHER

My grandfather was a strong Union man. He had no bitterness or prejudice. He had a son in the Southern Army whom he loved devotedly, and a son who volunteered for the Union Army. In any discussion he would quietly say, "We must preserve the Union and the Constitution." As the armies passed, we fed them at our table, scores and hundreds of soldiers of both armies. Grandfather would quietly say to Southern soldiers, "Boys, you are wrong. The Union must not be broken up." But he had such a quiet, kindly way of saying it, it never seemed to arouse resentment.

One cold day a group of fine looking soldiers, cavalymen, wheeled up at our front yard. Grandfather was at the woodpile and one of them called out, "Old gentleman, can we come in and warm?" "Sure, get down, hitch your horses and go in. I'll get some fire-wood." A soldier said, "We are the Louisiana Bull Pups." Grandfather answered, "I never heard of you before." The soldiers came in with their rattling sabers, set their guns against the wall. The women folk and myself got back out of the way; they surrounded the fire. Grandfather came in with a great armful of wood, pressed in among the soldiers, and was laying it on the fire, when the spokesman of the group said, "You say you never heard of the Louisiana Bull Pups?" Grandfather answered rather gruffly, "No, I didn't know we had any such breed of dogs among us." The soldiers looked at each other and grinned and sat very quiet. When they got warm, they gave their thanks and went on their way...

When the Union army got possession of the State of Kentucky, there was a detachment of troops that built fortifications and set up a camp in Glasgow, our county seat. Some of the remains of the old fort can be seen today out near the cemetery. They sent word through the country that the citizens must bring in and deposit with the army officers all fire-arms. They said it was to prevent bush-whacking. Grandfather took in his long, old, trusty rifle. The colonel looked him over and said, "Old gentleman, I don't think that there is any danger in you. You can take this gun home with you." Which pleased our family very much.

There was very little hunting for game during the war. People didn't like to hear the sound of a gun. Game increased wonderfully. There was much forest down in that neighborhood at that time, which has since been cleared away. The squirrels were plentiful. They ate the corn from the time of early roasting ears until it was dry in the late fall. They would destroy several rows of corn near a forest. Coons would break down the cornstalks and eat roasting ears until it would look as if shoats had been in the field. There were covies of quail all about everywhere. It seemed there were several opossums for every persimmon tree in the neighborhood. -- hdm0139, "Some Chapters From My Life Story," by H. C. Morrison

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## Part 7 UNCLE SAM

While pastor of the Methodist Church in Frankfort, I had one of the most remarkable conversions that ever took place under my ministry. I am reminded that I had an evangelist with me holding meetings at the time. His wife was an excellent preacher. She could give texts, illustrate

the point, tell of the manifestations of God's grace on various occasions, and of the conversion of hardened sinners. It was under the preaching of this woman that the subject of this sketch fell under deep conviction. I had labored with him before and labored with him during his seeking the Lord, and so I think of him as at least part mine. It is a beautiful thought that we are co-workers and any one of us must be very careful of claiming that we have done thus and so, when God only knows how, and who, and what, brought souls to repentance and to saving faith. It is a delightful thing for a great company of people in love and prayer and service to create an atmosphere and put on a spiritual drive that produces a revival and brings immortal souls into the Kingdom, and then with one accord give the glory to our blessed Lord, and so we will in this case.

"Uncle Sam," and that is name enough for the party of whom we write, was a cavalry soldier in the Union Army. They say he was a good fighter in time of battle and was generally in a brawl with his comrades between battles. He was a blacksmith by trade. He was at one time a sailor on ships at sea. He was a man of remarkable intellect. He had never learned to read or write. He had now grown old, quite past seventy when I met him the first time. He lived in a shanty boat on the Kentucky River up and down and around about Frankfort. He made his living fishing and selling the product of his hook and nets and baskets to the people of Frankfort.

Uncle Sam was a drunkard. He was very profane. He was easily excited and always ready for a fight. He served a term in the penitentiary for theft. He served a second term for killing a man. When the police went to arrest him he hid behind a barrel full of ashes and shot at them; he was struck by several bullets, but he was that kind of man that is remarkably hard to kill. He recovered, was convicted, served his term, and was in his fishing boat drinking and swearing and always ready to fight.

His abused wife lived in the basement of a house on the hillside. Passing by, I saw her face was fearfully bruised and asked a policeman the cause of her condition. He said that Sam, her husband, had beaten her almost to death some time before and was now in the city workhouse, serving a term for wife-beating. I must confess I did not feel much love for the poor old sinner, but I did love the Man who hung on the cross for him and loved him, and so I went out to see him. He was in a cell with a trace chain run through an auger hole in the door of his prison, wrapped around a log and locked with a padlock. A colored girl let me into his cell, put the chain through the auger hole, wrapped it around the log, locked it and went off. I had heard of his desperate character, and locked up there with him and the girl with the key gone away, I felt a bit uncomfortable and I determined at once in my exhortation to use the word "we" instead of "you." He was a very bad looking customer, head perfectly bald and dirty, with a little rim of hair down close to his neck. He was lying on a pallet on the floor and he rose up, looking more like a beast or a savage than a man. There was a heavy stool sitting near him and it occurred to me that it would be very convenient for a club in his hand if he should become displeased with me.

A little note that might go into the newspaper ran through my mind in a very short period of time. It read like this: "Rev. H. C. Morrison, a much beloved pastor of the Methodist Church, went out to the workhouse to admonish and pray with one of our famous ex-convicts, a thief and man-killer. He became indignant and beat the preacher to death before any one could get into the cell to protect him. The news of this tragedy created a great shock in the community. The people of his church are heartbroken over this untimely and tragic death. Mr. Morrison was winning the

respect of the townspeople, generally. The funeral services will take place in the Methodist Church on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock and the various preachers of the city will be the pallbearers."

As these thoughts ran through my mind, I determined to keep this notice out of the newspaper, if possible. I didn't have a word of reproach or scolding but I talked about what weak creatures we are and how patient we ought to be with each other, and how I wished I might be able to help him a bit, if possible. He looked at me quietly for a moment in surprise. He then broke into tears and said, "Mister, I am an awful sinner. I wonder if any one would have enough interest in me to come out here and speak a word to me and pray for me." That was a great relief to me. We got on our knees and prayed and wept and pledged each other that we would never drink and we were going to try to be better.

I went away quite hopeful. When his time was out, we met on the street and renewed our acquaintance, and soon after this we had our revival. I do not suppose he had been in a church in sixty years, but he came and heard the woman preach. It got hold of him. He came back the second night; I asked him to come to the altar, which he did. He was quite in despair. I encouraged him with the Word of God. He went away in deep conviction and with little hope. The next morning before breakfast he knocked on my door. When I opened the door I hoped he had come to tell me he had found pardon. He said at once, "Old Tom Averill, an old sinner like me, is dying. He is unfit to go. I have come for you to pray for him. Get your hat. We must hurry." I got my hat and we went to one of the worst parts of the city into a back alley and a shack of a cabin and found Tom close to the borderland. I knelt close to his head, Sam knelt down by him. I gave Tom the gospel just as plain and simple as possible. He caught at it with all his poor old troubled mind and heart. He wept, confessed, and we prayed, and he was converted. I am sure it took place. I seemed to catch some of the gleam of the blessing that fell upon him. This encouraged Uncle Sam to believe there was salvation for him.

He came to the altar that night and tarried long. Other people were saved and went away. Most all the congregation left. One very prominent woman of my congregation who didn't manifest much spiritual life stayed and watched him struggle, with intense interest. He was powerfully converted about ten o'clock. The proud, worldly church woman came up to me in tears and said, "Dr. Morrison, the Lord is here tonight. I feel his presence." There was a brilliant young infidel doctor, the husband of one of my members, who attended my church quite regularly. He and his wife tarried until Uncle Sam was saved. The old man clapped his hands and praised God. The skeptical doctor came up and took my hand and said, "I have known that old man since I was a boy. If he has found salvation, is changed and holds out, I am done with infidelity. I will not have another word to say against the Bible, the Church, and the saving power of Christ."

Uncle Sam joined the church. Some good women got interested in his wife. She was converted and came into the church. We made Uncle Sam sexton and the people helped him. He became the "uncle" of all of us. Everybody loved him. He was happy. He worked about the church and was often on his knees at the altar.

At Conference I located for evangelistic work and after some years had passed, I was holding a brush arbor meeting in the woods some twelve miles below Frankfort. Uncle Sam heard

I was preaching down there and walked down to the meeting and when he heard me preach on sanctification, he got up and gave a good testimony and closed by saying: "What I have got is good, I want all there is coming to me." He came to the altar at once, prayed with all his might, and directly was powerfully sanctified. After a few services he said he must return to Frankfort and tell his wife what a wonderful blessing he had received. The meeting closed, wife, myself and daughter were in a buggy going up to Frankfort, and we met Uncle Sam on his way back to the meeting, not knowing that it had closed. He walked along by our buggy and looking up with a smile he said, "Do you know, you can't have this blessing I got and chaw bakker. I have chawed bakker all my life, but the first chaw I took after I got this blessing I felt that wasn't the thing. It didn't taste good. I throwed it out of my mouth. I am done with bakker."

Several years passed on and Uncle Sam came walking into my office in Louisville and said, "The river got up and washed away my fishing boat with my nets and boxes and hooks, and I ain't got a thing left and I have come to live with you." "Well," I said, "You have come to the right place." We went out and rented him a cottage, sent for his wife who was radiant with the love of Christ. We gave Uncle Sam employment in The Herald office to build our fires, sweep the floors, and keep things in order. He did it well. I think he was with us about three years. He was quite old and very happy. Much of the time he was praising God. He loved everybody and everybody loved him. When I would come home from a meeting I would go up to their cottage and we would have prayer together.

I was preaching at the Wichita Camp Meeting and received a telegram. I went to myself and opened it. It read: "Uncle Sam left our office praising God, went home and threw the week's wages into his wife's lap, went across the street, was struck by a street car and killed instantly." I walked out in the woods nearby and wept and laughed, and said, "There is not the slightest question in my mind about where he is today." His dear old wife lived comfortably with some of her relatives for several years and I have no doubt she has joined him in a better world. As I think of that old man, what he was and what the Lord did for him and in him, and where he is and what he is now, it seems to me it were worth one's whole life in the ministry to see him born again, sanctified, filled with perfect love, live and walk in righteousness with a joyful testimony and at once go home to Paradise to worship at the feet of Jesus, our dear Redeemer. How could any one fail to love and praise a Christ like this, so mighty and so gracious to save from the uttermost to the uttermost. -- hdm0139, "Some Chapters From My Life Story," by H. C. Morrison

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## Part 8

### DAVID H. MOORE

David H. Moore, president of Denver University, Colorado, was born near Athens, O., Sept. 4, 1838. He graduated from the Ohio University in 1860, and in the same year was admitted as a probationer in the Ohio Annual Conference. In May, 1862, he volunteered in the Union army, and was captain commanding an Ohio company at Harper's Ferry when General Miles surrendered that post. Released on parole, he was soon exchanged and entered the service as major, and was promoted to lieutenant-colonel. He had command of a regiment during almost the entire Atlanta campaign, his colonel having been placed in command of a brigade. After the fall of Atlanta, his

health being impaired, he returned to Ohio, and was immediately employed as a pastor. In 1872 he was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference and in 1875 became president of Cincinnati Wesleyan College. In 1880 he was elected president of Denver University. -- hdm0307, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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#### Part 9

#### LUCIUS C. MATLACK

Lucius C. Matlack, was born in Baltimore, April 28, 1816; converted and admitted to Union church, Philadelphia, in 1832; was licensed to preach and recommended to the Philadelphia Annual Conference in 1837. Because identified with "modern abolitionism" he was rejected at that Conference, by a unanimous vote, both in 1837 and in 1838. For the same reason his name was stricken from the Local Preachers' Association, and license to preach was withheld in 1839. Presuming to preach without license, he was threatened by the pastor with expulsion. In June, 1839, by invitation of Presiding Elder Kilburn, and at the request of the churches, he was made junior preacher with Orange Scott, in Lowell, Mass. He united with the New England Conference in 1840, and was stationed in Holliston and Boston. With O. Scott and others, in 1843, he aided in organizing the "Wesleyan Methodist Connection." Afterwards he was their book agent, editor, and president of the General Conference in 1860.

Entering the Union army as chaplain of the 8th Illinois Cavalry, he afterwards became a field-officer in the 17th Illinois Cavalry, with important commands, and when mustered out, in 1866, was colonel by brevet. In 1867 the Philadelphia Annual Conference, by unanimous vote, reversed their position of thirty years previous and admitted him to their body. His pastoral work has been performed since then in Elkton, Md., New Orleans, Wilmington, and Middletown, Del. -- hdm0307, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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#### Part 10

#### THOMAS LOGAN

Colonel Thomas Logan, delegate from the Central Illinois Conference to the General Conference of 1872: entered the Union army in the Civil War as a private, and served in all grades from sergeant to brevet brigadier-general, and commanded the 118th Illinois Volunteers. For a number of years he has been an active member of the M. E. Church, and has also been devoted to the cause of temperance.-- hdm0301, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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#### Part 11

#### BENJAMIN ST. JAMES FRY

Benjamin St. James Fry was born in Rutledge, East Tenn., in 1824, but spent his childhood and early manhood in Cincinnati, receiving his education at the Woodward College. He was received into the Ohio Conference in 1847. Among his appointments in that Conference were Portsmouth, Newark, Chillicothe, and Zanesville. He was four years president of the Worthington Female College, and served three years as chaplain in the Union army. In 1865 he was put in charge of the depository of the Methodist Book Concern at St. Louis, and conducted its business till he was elected editor of the Central Christian Advocate by the General Conference of 1872, and, having been re-elected, now occupies that post. He was a reserve delegate of the General Conference of 1868, and served a part of the session, and was secretary of the committee on Sunday-schools. At the General Conference of 1876 he was secretary of the committee on education.

He has been a frequent contributor to the periodical literature; is the author of several volumes of Sunday-school books, including lives of Bishops Whatcoat, McKendree, and Roberts. He is also the author of "Property Consecrated," one of the prize volumes issued by the church on systematic beneficence.-- hdm0766, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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## Part 12 JOEL W. EATON

Joel W. Eaton, a delegate from the Troy Conference to the General Conference in 1876, was born in Enosburgh, Vt., Sept., 1831, and was graduated from the General Biblical Institute at Concord, N.H. He joined the Troy Conference in 1857. He served as a chaplain in the Union army in 1862 and 1863. Mr. Eaton was one of the short-hand reporters in the four General Conferences preceding the one to which he was elected a delegate.-- hdm0723, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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## Part 13 CLINTON WILLIAM SEARS

Clinton William Sears -- President of Illinois Wesleyan University in 1855, was born April 27, 1820, in Carroll, Chautauqua Co., NY. He was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1841, and afterwards studied in the Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, Oh. He joined the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1842, and performed pastoral work in that and the Ohio Conference until 1852, when he was elected Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature in Illinois Wesleyan University. In 1854 he was elected professor of the same branches in Ohio University, and in 1856 was elected president of Illinois Wesleyan University. He returned to pastoral work in the next year, at Springfield, Ill., preached at Morris chapel, Cincinnati, from 1858 to 1860, and entered the Union army in 1861 as chaplain of Ohio volunteers. The disease from which he died was contracted while in this service.-- hdm0830, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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Part 14  
DAVID TRUEMAN

David Trueman -- A minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, was converted in his twenty-second year, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He passed through all the official relations of the church, from that of class-leader to traveling elder in the Pittsburgh Conference. During the late Civil War in this country, he served as chaplain in the Union army with the 1st regiment West Virginia Cavalry. In 1869 he connected himself with the Methodist, now M. E. Church, and became a member of the Muskingum Annual Conference. He was elected as representative to the General Conference at Princeton, Il., in 1875, a messenger to the United Brethren General Conference in 1877, and a delegate to the Union Convention at Baltimore, in May, 1877. He has been for years a contributor to periodical literature; has published a volume of poems, and various sermons, essays, addresses, etc., in pamphlet.-- hdm0834, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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Part 14  
MARCUS DALE

Marcus Dale, a minister of the Louisiana Conference M. E. Church; born at Gallipolis, O., 1834 converted in 1851; educated at Oberlin, O. ordained 1861. He served in the Union army two and a half years. At present (1877) pastor of Union chapel, M. E. Church, New Orleans.-- hdm0722, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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Part 15  
HARVEY C. DE MOTTE

Harvey C. De Motte, was born in Greene Co., Ill., July 17, 1838; entered Illinois Wesleyan University 1859, and graduated and was elected Professor of Mathematics in same institution in 1861. Served as first lieutenant in the Union army for several months in 1862, and returned to his duties as professor in the same year, which position he still holds. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, upon a written examination, from the Syracuse University in 1877.-- hdm0722, Cyclopedia of Methodism

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Part 16  
SAMUEL ASHTON KEEN

The Rev. Samuel A. Keen was born in Harrison, Hamilton County, Ohio, May 12, 1842. The environments of his early child-life, as he himself gratefully records in his precious little book entitled "Praise Papers," "were a Christian home, the family altar, and godly parents."

In December, 1855, at the age of thirteen, he was born again, and united with the Church of God.

On January 10, 1869, while pastor of Main Street Church, Chillicothe, Ohio, the blessing of perfect love came into his soul, and since then, to use his own words, "The characteristics of my experience have been rest, freedom, and a holy warmth in my soul." He was licensed as an exhorter in January, 1860, and as a local preacher in May of the same year.

August 1, 1862, he entered the Union army, enlisting as private soldier in Co. D, 83d Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry; was promoted to the office of first lieutenant in April, 1864, the duties of which office he faithfully discharged till September, 1865, when he was honorably mustered out of the service by reason of the close of the war. While a soldier of the Union, he never forgot that he was also a soldier of the Cross, and it was his delight, when opportunity was given him, to preach Jesus to his comrades. Hastening home on receiving his discharge, he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University from which he graduated June, 1868.

In October, 1868, he entered the Ohio Conference as a traveling preacher, filling with fidelity that responsible position until 1881, when he became presiding elder of Lancaster District, and for four years his work on that district was that of a mighty evangelist, under whose incessant labors of love revival fires were kindled and kept brightly burning all the time. From 1885 to 1891, he was again in the pastorate.

In 1891, feeling deeply impressed that he was called of God to devote the remainder of his life to the evangelistical, Pentecostal work, he was granted, at his own request, a supernumerary relation, and retransferred to the old Ohio Conference, in which he had begun his life's labors, and in which so many of his rich triumphs had been won.

Eminently useful and successful as Dr. Keen has been in the pastorate, he has been none the less so in that fruitful corner of the wide field of literature to which he gladly devoted his spare moments. In 1888 there came from the press the little book called "Faith Papers," 50,000 copies of which have since been sold. The lessons of that little book came from our brother's glowing heart like burning coals from off the altar, and have been wonderfully helpful to multitudes whose privilege it has been to study them. Following the "Faith Papers" came, in 1891, "Praise Papers, -- A Spiritual Autobiography," published, as the sainted author says in the brief preface, "as a souvenir in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the experience of full salvation by the baptism with the Holy Ghost." Of this, 10,000 copies have been sold. His third book, to which he gave the name of "Pentecostal Papers," came from the press July 1, 1895, and already 5,000 have been sold. "Salvation Papers," his fourth and last book, is now in the press, the Lord having graciously spared the author the time to finish it.

It may be mentioned as one of the many evidences of the genuineness and fullness of his consecration to the Master, whose he was and whom he served, that all the profits from the sale of these books have been given to benevolent causes.

But successful and singularly acceptable as he was in the pastorate, and valuable as are, and will continue to be, the precious books which he has given to the church, it was as an evangelist that he brought the greatest good, and won his greatest victories. For more than four years, and until within a few weeks of his death, he was unceasingly engaged in evangelistic work; visiting the Annual Conferences in the autumn and spring time, the camp-meetings in the summer, and the churches in the winter.

If any man since Wesley could say, "The world is my parish," Dr. Keen was that man. In the comparatively short period of four years, he traveled 80,000 miles, held Pentecostal services at 70 different Annual Conferences, and conducted no fewer than 135 revival meetings. Changing somewhat the wording of those lines of Whittier, we may say of him:

"And comet-like, adding flame to flame,  
This prince of the wide evangel came."

From ocean to ocean, and from Mexico far up into Canada, he went, spreading Scriptural holiness over all the land.

On October 6, 1868, Dr. Keen was united in marriage with Miss Mary J. Palmer, daughter of Harvey and Philadelphia Palmer, by the Rev. Dr. Granville Moody, of precious memory. How Brother Keen esteemed his precious companion is best told by himself in the "Dedication" to "Praise Papers":

"To my wife, Mary Palmer Keen, whose companionship for a quarter of a century, next to that of the adorable Comforter, whose presence and grace these pages gratefully record, has been the constant inspiration of my devotion to God, and to my fidelity to the work of the ministry; and still,

"She blessing is; for God hath made her so;  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless."

Last Sunday night, after the evening services were over, Dr. Keen sent for me to come to his room, an invitation I gladly accepted; for there has always been inspiration and helpfulness for me in his presence, and more in his godly conversation. After a most affectionate greeting, conveyed by word and look, and warm grasp of the hand, he told me he was going home, and then he disclosed to me his wishes regarding his burial. When this was done, he said: "This has been a blessed day to me, my brother; I have had great joy and gladness in my work, but have never been happier than now.

'Jesus, all the day long,  
Is my joy and my song.'

I claim nothing on the merit of anything I have done in the service of my dear Lord. My hope is in Him.

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I sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine;  
I sing His glorious righteousness  
In which all perfect heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.' "

On the afternoon of that last and best of his Sabbaths on earth, some young people sang at his request a few of his favorite hymns. Referring to it he said: "I told them that they had made me shouting happy, only I hadn't the strength to shout."

Monday night, a few hours before his translation, he raised his head from the back of his chair on which it had been resting, and with a glorious light shining in his face and beaming from his eyes, he sang, slowly but distinctly the second stanza of that beautiful song called "The Land of Beulah":

"I know I am nearing the holy ranks.  
Of friends and kindred dear;  
For I brush the dew from Jordan's banks  
The crossing must be near."

Then the chorus:

"O come, angel band, come and around me stand,  
O bear me away on your snowy wings,  
To my immortal home."

A little later he told this story to the company gathered about him as he sat in his chair, like the happy king that he was, joyously waiting for the crown that was so soon to complete his happiness: "A good old Baptist preacher was once preaching to young men. In the course of his sermon he said to them: 'When I am dead, and you come out to see my grave, don't come in the evening when the shadows are lengthening; come in the morning when the sun is risen, and the birds are singing, and the grass and flowers glisten and sparkle under the dew-drops.' So say I to you," he added; "when you go out to yon beautiful cemetery to visit my grave, don't go in the evening, go in the morning; however," he concluded, looking up with a sweet smile on his lips, "I will not be there."

I can understand now, I think, what Dr. Keen meant when, in concluding, his "Praise Papers," he wrote these words: "The best of all this pentecostal noontide to my soul is to have no eventide. This sun is never to set; for He who has brought me to this meridian glory, has promised, 'Thy sun shall go no more down, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light.'"

"My Joshua has commanded, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon.' So I shall steadily march on and fight on beneath its effulgence, until my warfare is accomplished and my last enemy is avenged.

"I recognize, should I choose, I can pluck this sun from the sky of my soul by retracting my consecration, by canceling my faith, or by committing willful and persistent sin. But so long as I, in humble abandonment to God, sustained by trust in Jesus, and loving obedience to the light, continue to walk in the Spirit, this noontide shall know no decline, and this day no night; yea, more, it shall change from glory to glory, until the resplendence blends with the light of the city that needs no light of the sun. Hallelujah!"

I can understand that now; for there was no decline to his noontide, no night to follow his glorious day. "I am going into the valley," he said. "It is not a dark valley," I replied. "O no!" he quickly answered, "it is all sunshine."

At another time, when I asked him if all was well, the one word "Glory!" came from his lips in that quick, exultant way so well remembered by all who have ever been with him in his great meetings when his heart was overflowing.

He was not only conscious that it was well with his soul, but he had that richer boon of glory in his soul. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and precious in our sight was the death of this saint. May we die such a death, and may our last end be like his!

Source: by Rev. David C. Thomas, in "Western Christian Advocate" and reprinted in "Pentecostal Messengers" by M. W. Knapp -- hdm1228, How They Entered Canaan

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## Part 17

WILLIAM COLUMBUS WILSON

Life of Rev. W. C. Wilson

By M. O. Childress

Our hearts have been doubly saddened; for not only has our Senior General Superintendent been taken from us, but the sickle has been thrust in the second time, and our Junior Superintendent has been cut down in the prime of his life and in the midst of his labors.

William Columbus Wilson was born in Hopkins County, Kentucky, December 22, 1866. His father, J. C. Wilson, was a captain in the Union army during the Civil War. After its close he settled on a farm in Hopkins County, but one year after his son, Columbus, was born he sold and moved ten miles north to an unimproved farm. Here the young boy, Lummie, or "Lum," as his associates called him, was reared to manhood. This community had poor school advantages, one term not lasting more than five months, so "Lum" attended school very little; in fact, his father needed him most of the time on the farm, as it had to be improved and paid for; thus most of his boyhood days were spent in the woods, clearing, chasing rabbits and getting acquainted with nature. He liked this quiet country life, and spent a great deal of his time alone. Although very contemplative, at school he was a leader among his associates, and was often called to settle disputes or to act as a judge in the trouble.

In some notes he had written on his young manhood he says: "From my early childhood I was very much impressed religiously, and was often under conviction. If anyone spoke about the judgment, or if there was a death in the community, or even public worship and religious songs, I was much affected." He further states: "I attended the summer meetings and wished to be saved, but as no one would speak to me about my soul I was not converted. I wanted to be good, I prayed a great deal, and tried to be good, but came short of doing so." At the age of sixteen he attended a meeting at the Providence Church, near Hanson, Kentucky. The pastor, John King, spoke with him personally and said he was praying for him. This seemed to be the necessary encouragement, for soon the boy was at the altar, and after two days of earnest seeking he was converted. He says in his notes: "I received such peace into my heart, I thought I never would have any more trouble." He started out well by taking an active part in public services, but soon became discouraged on finding that there was still carnality in his heart, and before long he backslid; but at the end of the first year he was reclaimed and remained a true Christian the remainder of his life.

On October 30, 1886, he was married to Eliza Jones, a very devoted Christian and loyal companion. As she was a Baptist, he joined the same church to be with her. Around their family altar were reared four children, three girls and one boy, who by their beautiful Christian experiences showed and are showing the effects of their parents' careful and prayerful home training. Their father was not satisfied that his children should have mental culture alone, but wished also that they should have the best of spiritual training. Before his death Brother Wilson saw the desire of his heart fulfilled in his children. The two eldest, Guy and Bertha, are now engaged in evangelistic work, and one, Hallie, was waiting in Heaven to welcome her father home.

Early in his married life he was led to have public worship in his home on Sunday morning. From this he received an impression that some day he might have to preach. In the spring of 1888 a Holiness evangelist came to his community to hold a meeting. He was opposed by Brother Wilson's pastor, but kept sweet, shouted the victory, and continued to preach sanctification as a second definite work of grace, in spite of all opposition. This brought the people under conviction. One night Mrs. Wilson came home in trouble and asked her husband to pray for her. He says, "I wanted to pray more for myself." That night his wife was sanctified. This brought such conviction on him that in a few days he was seeking the blessing. On May 14, 1888, he was sanctified, and from this time his impression to preach was greater. It seemed to be the only way to tell the people about this wonderful blessing, but his opposition was great. He was not educated, so the devil told him that he could not preach, and it looked that way; yet he could get no relief from this impression. Accordingly, one day he announced to the people of the Methodist Church that he would preach there the next Sunday. So, in the Methodist Church in his home vicinity he preached his first sermon, from I Thess. 5:23. The Lord wonderfully helped him and blessed his soul to overflowing, and from that Sunday he never doubted his call to the ministry.

At the age of twenty-four the way opened for him to attend school. He spent part of a year at Bremen, Kentucky, when some trouble in the school broke it up, and he entered the pastoral work in the Methodist Church. His first charge was the Greenville circuit. He had three churches and organized the fourth. The first year he received \$180, had many souls converted, and added to the church; two boys of this number were called to preach. The next year he took the Vinegrove circuit, with eight churches, which were scattered over a large territory. Here he had to walk a

great deal; this, with other exposures, greatly impaired his health, yet he had great success and the churches prospered under his ministry; for Brother Wilson was a minister of full salvation and never compromised, although he had much opposition. His preaching was not confined to churches, but he preached in homes, courthouses, tents, and wherever he had an opportunity. He was a man of sincere trustfulness, open-hearted and candid, with convictions and courage to stand by them. He was a holy man, a man of prayer, and a successful fisher of men. He preached with plainness and unction. He was a fearless presenter of the truth, and did not shun to declare both regeneration and entire sanctification.

On September 11, 1893, his wife died, and at the end of the conference year he entered the evangelistic work, preaching mostly in cities and small towns. Sometimes a church would oppose him; if so he would secure a tent or engage the courthouse, for the people were anxious to hear this gospel wherever he went, and many souls were led to Jesus as he continued to present this full salvation. This traveling and change of conditions kept him in very poor health, consequently after about three years of evangelistic work he again entered the pastoral work.

On June 17, 1896, he was married to Miss Sarah Ragsdale, of Paducah, Kentucky. To this union five children were born, four of whom are still living. One little girl has gone to be with Jesus. In 1903 Brother Wilson joined the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, where he labored until his death. In April, 1905, he came to California. He had no place to preach when he arrived, but as he was a man who did things, he went to Long Beach, held a six weeks' revival, organized a church there and became the pastor. After the assembly he took the church in Upland, California, where he spent three very successful years as pastor. In 1911 he resigned his church at Pasadena, California, to enter the evangelistic work, when he was elected to the superintendency of the Southern California District, where he served with great efficiency for four years. In the meantime Brother Wilson was connected with our University as a member of the Board of Trustees, and showed much interest in the upbuilding of the institution. He seemed to have an insight into the need of education, and we often heard him encouraging the preacher boys to make a thorough preparation and then stand true to their calling, whatever it cost. In the last General Assembly, which met in Kansas City, September, 1915, he was elected one of the four General Superintendents. In this capacity he was serving when he died at his home in Pasadena, December 19, 1915.

All the members of the Nazarene Church and a host of outside friends mourn his death. He was yet a young man, just reaching a field where he could make himself felt for the Lord in His service. As Brother Cornell says, "That he was cut down in the prime of life, when we needed him so much, is one of the mysteries of Divine Providence, but God makes no mistakes." In this short career, having come as he did from the most humble walks of life, without many advantages or school training, he has given to God a life of usefulness and to us an example of a true Christian character. It could not have been so if he had not met with Jesus in his boyhood days and given his life and service into His hands. He that seeks first the kingdom of God and His righteousness shall have all these things added unto him. -- hdm0263, "Life Sketches of Two Great Religious Leaders: P. F. Bresee and W. C. Wilson

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## Part 18

### GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

One of the most outspoken Christians of the Union army was General O. O. Howard. Howard came from the Army of the Potomac to join Sherman in the campaign from Chattanooga. At Atlanta, many of the officers joked about his Christian ways and his total abstinence. On one occasion, one of the high generals urged Howard to go with them and have a drink, and was twitting him with his peculiarity. Sherman, who was present and who himself was not noted for his piety, spoke up in his abrupt, severe manner: "Let Howard alone! I want one general in this army who doesn't drink." -- hdm1040, 2700-Plus Illustrations

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## Part 19

### AN UNNAMED VOLUNTEER

The beginning is personal surrender to Jesus Christ. I remember early in the war of the rebellion, when the days were dark, I was at a great gathering of the people; recruits were being solicited -- the nation must have soldiers. Among those who enlisted that day was a man who most literally left the plow in the furrow -- he left home, wife and children at his country's call. He was not a soldier, but he was ready to be. He was mustered in, took the oath and became a soldier. In some sense he lost his identity; he lost his will; he lost his rights; he gave them up under the flag. He gained some things -- a place in an organized body; the right to be shot at; the right to suffer in the trenches, to die on the battle field. His life was given up to his country when he took the oath. Jesus said: "Come, take up the cross and follow me." "Take the cross;" Jesus said that before the cross had ought of sacredness about it. It was simply an instrument of death.

Let him be ready to die for me. Not for truth outside of me, not for any cause which is not of me -- but follow me by way of the cross. Erasmus is reported as saying that he knew of no reason why he should die for truth. There seems to me to be many truths which are scarce worth dying for, but for Him who is "The Truth," we are to live and die. -- hdm0192, "Twenty-nine Sermons" by P. F. Bresee

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## Part 20

### HANEY AND LEONARD ROSS

In 1860 we were sent to Lewistown again, and found ourselves midst the excitements of the coming war. I had been known since 1847 as a pronounced abolitionist and known as such by the brethren at Lewistown. They were of Southern blood, and prejudices, but had especially asked for us that year. Mr. Buchanan was the President of the United States, and the whole Nation as reaching a state of fermentation. Bro. McCandlish was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and a blessed minister. The President had issued a proclamation for a fast day to consider our National and personal sins asking all the churches to come together and humble themselves before God. Bro. McCandlish came over to counsel and request that I should preach the sermon, which I did.



I read the 58th chapter of Isaiah, and took the President's proclamation as my text. So the theme was, "Our Personal and National Sins." Bro. McCandlish had suggested that I needed the "wisdom of Daniel and the faithfulness of Jeremiah." In the sermon I aimed strongly at the latter, but gave less attention to the former. On coming to the National sin of slavery, the war opened. Directly my most influential man arose and left the house, having a dreadful cough as he went down the aisle. Dear Sister\_\_\_\_\_ followed, and on reaching the door proposed to some wild young men "If they would ride me on a rail, tonight, she would furnish the lights!"

The sermon was finished in good order, and we retired to our peaceful home. Shortly the "printer's devil" thrust a poster in at the parsonage door, calling an indignation meeting that night in the Court House, "to take into account the way in which the pulpit had been desecrated." I answered the call and was present in due time, but some hours for reflection had intervened, and these dear souls waked to see where they were drifting.

There was also a remarkable number of Republicans in attendance. Mr. Lincoln had been elected, the South was in open rebellion and war was in the air. The leaders of the indignation movement wisely proposed to discuss some other theme and made no reference to the pulpit outrage of the morning! The more thoughtful of the Democratic brethren were disgusted with the procedure, and five of their number issued a call to meet at the Court House to take into account the propriety of sending a company from Lewistown to help put down the rebellion.

This generation can hardly realize the condition of things then prevailing. May it never be repeated! Men who were loyal to the Government were wrought up to a tremendous tension. Those who were in heart sympathy with slavery could hardly restrain their wrath, nor keep from pouring it out against defending the Government. We met, and the Court House was filled with excited men, many of them armed. Mr. Shope, a lawyer, made a speech full of rebellion, making fearful and vile charges against Lincoln, as a despot, and his soldiers as hirelings, till suddenly from at least fifty voices came the command: "Sit down, sir! Sit down, sir!" and the gallant lawyer was seated and quiet as a lamb. I have never doubted that had he continued another minute a fearful scene would have been before us.

Leonard Ross, a born Democrat and one of nature's noblemen, arose and moved that all who favored the Government and the raising of a company to help put down the rebellion, should come to the north side of the building and those opposed go to the south side! The stampede northward which followed was overwhelming! That sent Leonard Ross to the war as Captain of a hundred men made him Colonel of the 16th Regt. Ill. Vols., and afterwards a Brigadier General. The old General yet lives and is a beautiful specimen of manhood in old age.

The war cloud was heavy, but God broke through it here and there, and saved souls. We had a camp east of the city, where many were brought into the light. The religious people nearly all took sides with the Government, and that greatly increased the prejudices of the opposite party, bringing a condition of rowdyism in that locality which would have been less culpable fifty years before. But the Lord managed it and brought us victory; and afterwards the very leaders of antagonism to the camp were converted and became good men So we did rejoice, and do rejoice.

The meeting in town that winter was circumscribed, but souls were saved, some of whom are now in heaven and others yet living. I was so moved after the battle of Bull Run, that I enlisted in a cavalry company, as a private, but was elected First Lieutenant. Our company was ordered to Governor Yates, but we were one day too late and not accepted. Some preachers who loved me took me out at camp meeting and greatly pressed me not to enlist again unless I went as chaplain, and I promised them unless I felt plainly that God called that way I would not, but the war was on my soul both day and night. Such was my interest in the life of the Government, that my life seemed a small offering to preserve it. -- hdm0095, "Pentecostal Possibilities" by M. L. Haney

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## Part 21

### A UNION GENERAL AWED BY SOUTHERN SACRIFICES

Methinks I can see the long lengthening shadows of eventide, as they stretch out into purple twilight. I believe the gentile dispensation has about run its course. It seems as if I can almost hear the grind of the chariot wheels as the Son of the living God is on his way back. I'm looking for him to come, are you? If you are looking for him to come, let us fill the air with a hallelujah anthem, let's lift high our heads and hearts and voices and challenge the world, the devil, and everybody else, to walk in with the glory of God.

The devil's leveled his big guns and churned the earth up with his awful barrage. The sulfurous smoke has hung over a million battlefields, Zion's little army has backed off in a corner somewhere and some of them have been a bit cowarded, some of them have been a bit defeated, but I think of a story that came out of the Civil War. I went North one time to hold a revival in the state of Illinois and was sitting on the front porch of one of the sons of an old Yankee soldier, he said to me, "Mr. Hicks, you are a southern lad, aren't you?" I said, "I surely am a southern lad." I kinda straightened up all my six feet four inches. He said, "Would you accept a compliment from the son of a Yankee soldier to the grandson of some southern soldiers." I said, "Sir, I'll receive that compliment, what is it?" He said, "My father's regiment had marched all day long retreating before a southern army. At the close of the day they dug along the edge in a field of five hundred rolling acres of bluegrass, the southern army formed in battle line on the other side of the field.

The commander of the northern regiment said, "Don't shoot until they get near enough so you can see their eyes, then shoot, and shoot to kill!" He said "About that time the southern bugler folded his hat brim back and lifted the bugle to his lips and sounded a charge. With guns with bayonets fixed they marched, like they were marching on parade right across that field and almost within reach of the northern gun muzzles, until a sheet of flame leaped from those muskets and cut them down, until it looked as if scarcely a man was standing. As they writhed, and tumbled in their own gore that bugler stepped out again and sounded the second charge. That many more men formed a new line and walked right across that field and were shot down on top of their comrades. A third group formed at the bugle call and marched across that field, and were shot down also. The commanders could stand the carnage no longer, a truce was put up. The southern commander and the northern general met in the middle of a field. The northern general said, "I've never seen as brave men in my life! How many more men have you got?" The southern officer said, "Enough for one more charge, and we're ready to make that now!" I tell you that to tell the devil, and everybody

else, the old holiness movement has got enough left for one more charge! I think I can hear a trumpet across the walls of glory! We are ready to make that charge today, by the grace of God! -- hdm990, "Restoration of Israel" by Lawrence B. Hicks

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## Part 22

### WHY HE GAINED AUDIENCE WITH THE FATHER

"If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John xiv, 13, 14.)

During the great Rebellion [Civil War] two boys went into the army. They belonged to the same regiment, the same company, and the same mess. They became very much attached to each other. They were almost like David and Jonathan, they loved each other so well. About a year after they had enlisted, one of them got a furlough that he might go and transact some very important business in a village in Illinois. Just as he was about to leave, his chum said to him: "My father lives in that village. I will give you a letter of introduction to him. He is a lawyer, and will assist you in your business." He took the letter, and, on reaching the village, went to the office of his chum's father. He entered the office and inquired for Mr. Blank. "Mr. Blank is very busy. He can't see you nor any one else today," said a young man who sat in the office reading. The young soldier took from his pocket his chum's letter, handed it to the young man, saying, "Will you kindly give this to Mr. Blank?" The young man took the letter, passed into another room, and gave it to Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank opened the letter, and read something like the following:

"Dear Father, -- This will introduce you to my very dear friend. Please favor him for Charlie's sake.

"Your Son,  
Charlie."

Mr. Blank was startled, rose to his feet, and said to the young man, "Go and tell that soldier to come in." A moment afterwards the soldier was ushered into the genial presence of Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank arose somewhat excited, and, grasping the young soldier's hand, greeted him in a most cordial manner.

"Sit down, sit down," said Mr. Blank. "You are a friend of my son."

"O yes, we are chums. Your son is the best friend I ever had."

Mr. Blank took that soldier to his own home, gave him the best room in his fine mansion, treated him like a prince, and transacted all his legal business for him without charging him a cent, all for his son Charlie's sake.

Would you have your prayers answered? Go to God in the power of Jesus' name, and the Father will grant your requests for His Son's sake. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do." -- hdm0358, "Coals From the Altar" by H. T. Davis

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## Part 23

### JUST AS CLOSE TO HEAVEN FROM WHERE HE WAS

Mrs. Anna Whittenmyer was army nurse during the Great Rebellion [Civil War]. After one of the bloody battles she went into the hospital tent. As she passed down the long aisle, on either side of which was a row of cots, on which lay the wounded and dying soldiers, she came to a young man whose shining face attracted her attention. She sat down and began to talk with him. He was cheerful and very hopeful. He said, "The surgeon says when I get well, I shall have a furlough that I may go home and visit my mother and sisters up in Iowa." Mrs. Whittenmyer was impressed that he never would get well. She went to the surgeon and said:

"Can that young man recover?"

"No," said the surgeon; "there is no hope for him at all. He is liable to die at any moment."

She went back, sat down by his cot, and began to talk with him. "It will be very nice," said she, "if you get well to go home and visit your mother and sisters."

"O yes," said he, "I am anticipating a delightful visit."

"But," said Sister Whittenmyer, "suppose it is not God's will that you should get well, but that you should die here in this hospital, what then?"

"He gave me a look," said Sister Whittenmyer, "I shall never forget. It thrilled me through and through. I shall carry that look with me to the grave. His smiling face beamed with unearthly brightness, and laying his hand upon his heart he said: 'Madam, I have the Comforter. If it is God's will that I should not get well, it is just as near heaven from this hospital as it is from my beautiful home away up in Iowa.' The next morning I went to the surgeon and said, 'How is that young man?' 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'He died just a little while after you left last night.' 'Well, where is he? I want to look into his face again.' The surgeon took me out and showed me a long row of cots on which lay those who had died during the night, and pointing to the last cot in the row, said, 'There he is.' I went up to the cot, drew down the sheet that covered his face, and there was the same sweet, heavenly smile that was there when I left him the night before."

O, my friend, have you the Comforter? If you have, all is well, and it will be just as near to heaven for you from one place as from another. -- hdm0358, "Coals From the Altar" by H. T. Davis

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## Part 24

### ALFRED BRUNSON, THE SOLDIER PREACHER

Born a Connecticut Yankee, living for a time in Yonkers, New York, then emigrating to Ohio when it was a new country, Alfred Brunson entered the ministry after serving as a soldier in the War of 1812. He was one of the pioneers of Methodism in Detroit, some parts of Illinois, Wisconsin, and farther West. He was the founder of our mission to the Chippewas, served as Indian agent at Lapointe, Wisconsin, and practiced law for ten years while struggling with ill health. He served as member of the State Assembly for two years. He was presiding elder for many years and a member of three General Conferences of the church. He was especially strong in debate with the Campbellites. He had a sermon three hours long which he delivered to the people far and near. In those days the Campbellites were great proselytizers, and this sermon completely answered them.

Among the Indians he was known as "White Rabbit." He asked them why, and received this tribute to his character: "Your head is white, and your appearance as innocent and harmless as a rabbit."

He served one year as chaplain of the Thirty-first Regiment of the Wisconsin Volunteers during the Civil War, but as the life was too hard for him, he was compelled to resign. His autobiography is very readable and abounds with information and anecdote.

He records, among others, this amusing and interesting story of the War of 1812: "When asked how I could pray for my enemies, and then shoot them, I related the anecdote of the deacon in Connecticut, in 1813, when the British were marching up to burn the shipping at Middletown. The militia was called out en masse, the deacon among the rest, to defend their property and their homes. He cleaned up his old musket and marched with others to the field. They were drawn up in line behind a stone fence, or wall, and when the enemy came within range, and the word was given to fire, he leveled his gun and took deliberate aim, and prayed, 'God have mercy on your souls, while I kill your bodies!' and fired upon those who were aiming to kill him. The result was the enemy were defeated, and returned to their shipping without doing the intended damage."

At camp meetings he was usually on guard to keep order. We can get some idea of how efficient he was by an account he gives: "'And now I'll just tell you the upshot of the affair. I have a strong guard, besides a numerous patrol, who are watching you, and will be at your heels; and if you contrive or do mischief, or disturb us in our worship, they will give me your names, and I shall have you fined, and your names will be published in the newspapers.' The preacher for the evening then took the stand, and a more attentive audience I never saw. After the sermon, the prayer meetings were in operation, and I was on the alert to keep and preserve order. But I could but be a little amused at the course things took. Numerous groups of men were seen standing and talking in different parts of the ground, but orderly and harmless, and, of course, not the objects of my pursuit. As they usually stood in a circle, the eyes of some one would be in the direction of my approach, and, seeing me coming, they would separate, as if fearful of capture."

He was sometimes a little odd. He once announced to a small congregation that on his return he would preach on the words of the devil (in Job). He did so, and then announced that he

would preach the devil's funeral sermon when he came that way again. His text was Rev. 20. 1, 2, 3, 10. "A backslider went to a cabinetmaker to induce him to make a coffin and carry it to the meetinghouse. 'I will make it,' said he, 'if you will carry it to the house. If you don't carry it, you shall pay me for making it.' But this he declined, and the scheme fell through; but the word went out through the community that he had spoken for a coffin, and he was frequently jeered on account of it." After this the people came to church better.

He had many narrow escapes, but none more thrilling than his escape from some wolves. This is too long a story to quote, and we refer the reader to his autobiography (Vol. II, pp. 52-54).

We can do no better than to close with the concluding words of his biography: "In purity of motive and entire consecration to God and his cause, I could hardly hope for any improvement, for in these I have given all I have, and am to him for life or death, for time and eternity." -- hdm0531, "Methodist Heroes of Other Days" by Samuel Gardiner Ayres

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THE END