

THE UNION SEMINARY REVIEW

VOL. XXXIX.

APRIL, 1928.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL

Our Book Review Department.—Not a few of our readers testify that our book reviews, under the able direction of our Book Editor, Dr. Ernest Trice Thompson, are becoming increasingly valuable. Our subscribers are greatly interested in good religious books; and the REVIEW is trying to direct their attention to the best books by giving in each issue discussions of current religious books. For example, in this number are to be found reviews of sixty-five books by twenty-four leaders in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

In a letter to the Editor-in-Chief, Rev. Charles G. Gunn, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Bluefield, W. Va., suggests that the faculties of our theological seminaries and Assembly's Training School unite, in co-operation with the Committee of Religious Education, in mailing out to our ministers and church workers each month a MONTHLY BULLETIN OF BOOKS, wherein are given reviews and discussions of the best current religious books.

In reply to Mr. Gunn's suggestion we desire to call attention to the fact that in the UNION SEMINARY REVIEW we already have such a book bulletin—issued not monthly, but quarterly, which, we think, is often enough. At present our Book Review Staff is composed of the faculties of our four theological seminaries and the Assembly's Training School, and in addition thirty-two of our leading ministers and educators. Let each one of our ministers, who desires to keep abreast of current religious thought, subscribe to the REVIEW, \$1.50 a year—and Mr. Gunn's problem will be solved. Mail

discouraged and beaten? Not a bit of it. They still had some of the dynamite of God in their bosoms—and at the midnight hour Paul and Silas sang and prayed, and when that dynamite was unloosed the old prison walls were shaken, doors were opened and stocks were loosed and souls were saved.

Ah, when will the church learn that more important for her missions than dollars and cents are the prayers of the church, which release the dynamite of God under which heathen systems heavy with age will tumble to pieces.

So we find that every step of that early church, begun in prayer, was taken and continued in prayer. And it is not to be wondered at that it soon spread through all the regions round about. The church of today will be a powerful church—a prevailing church, a conquering church, a missionary church as it is a praying church, and not otherwise.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

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We cannot understand the religious character of Stonewall Jackson without considering his heredity, training and profession.

By birth he comes from the sturdy, stout Scotch-Irish strain, as tough and enduring mettle as the human race in its history has yet developed. Of Lowland Scotch extraction, his ancestors settled in the Province of Ulster in the North of Ireland; from which the American immigrant sailed in 1748, settling in the mountain fastnesses of the Alleghany wilderness in old Virginia. The family prospered in the new world. "Judge, senators and soldiers upheld the honor of the name and proved the worth of the ancestral stock." A letter in the possession of General Jackson's nephew, Thomas Jackson Arnold, of Beverly,

W. Va., proves that President Andrew Jackson's ancestors were from the same parish of Londonderry from which Stonewall Jackson's forbears came, and their kinship seems certain. But his genealogy needs no bolstering. His father was unfortunate in business and died in 1827, when Jackson was three years of age; and four years later his mother departed this life, leaving him a penniless orphan at the age of seven years. "To the latest hour of his life he loved to recall her memory, and years after she had passed away her influence still remained. Her beauty, her counsels, their last parting and her happy death, for she was a woman of deep religious feeling, made a profound impression on him. To his childhood's fancy she was the embodiment of every grace: and so strong had been the sympathy between them that even in the midst of his campaigns she was seldom absent from his thoughts."

His early training was of the roughest and of the most exacting kind. At ten years of age, in company with his brother, he wandered down the Ohio to the Mississippi, where the two boys spent the summer on a lonely and malarious island cutting wood for passing steamers. Returning, he lived with his uncle on his farm, leading a life of constant exercise and wholesome toil. The school periods were short. Fox hunting, and horse racing were favorite amusements. As a lightweight jockey the future general was a useful member of the household, and it was the opinion of the neighborhood "if a horse had any winning qualities whatever in him, young Jackson never failed to bring them out."

Transporting lumber from the forest to the saw mill was one of his most frequent tasks, and tradition records that if a tree were to be moved over ground of unusual difficulty, or if there was one more gigantic than the rest, the party of laborers was put under his control and the work was sure to be effected.

At the age of seventeen he became a constable of the county. His new duties were uncongenial, but he faced them with a determination which men of mature years might well have envied. He was a model of exactness. He was punctuality itself; his accounts were accurately kept and his patience was

inexhaustible. For two years he filled this lowly office; until a position at West Point becoming vacant, he sought and secured the appointment as a cadet at the United States Military Academy. His record as a student is well known. Entering poorly prepared, he had difficulty at first in keeping up with his class: at the close of the first year he stood fifty-seventh in a class of seventy-one. He steadily rose as the years passed by until, when he entered the last year and the class entered upon the study of logic, that bugbear to the majority, he shot from near the foot to the top of the class. It was a common saying amongst his fellow cadets that if the course lasted only one more year he would graduate first in his class. A book of maxims which he drew up for his government at West Point has been preserved, and among them, written in a strong and fearless hand upon a conspicuous page, is this sentence, "You can be what you resolve to be". Duty was his watchword, although his book of maxims is free from all reference to the teachings of Christianity.

He entered upon the profession of arms, receiving the appointment of brevet Second Lieutenant of Artillery. The Mexican war was in progress. His genius for war was manifested from the first. General Magruder, under whom he served, could find no praise high enough for his industry, his capacity and his gallantry, and within eighteen months of his first joining his regiment he was brevetted Major. Such promotion was phenomenal, even in the Mexican war, and none of his West Point comrades made so great stride in rank. His future in his profession was assured.

Then in a short while came the offer of the Professorship of Artillery Tactics and Natural Philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute. He accepted this position in order that he might devote himself to the study of the science of war, for he regarded the profession of arms as his vocation and sought to equip himself for the most effective service if war should ever come. I suppose there can be no doubt that Stonewall Jackson had no scruples about being the deadliest and the most destructive combatant that his powers permitted him to be when persuaded he was fighting in a righteous cause. In the very

midst of the fiercest tempest of battle his faculties were exalted, his intelligence sharpened, his power of command intensified, while his form dilated, his eye kindled and his blood was stirred. Delivering the famous counterstroke at Bull Run, he rode to the center of his line, where the Second and Fourth Virginia were stationed, and gave his orders, "Reserve your fire until they come within fifty yards, then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge, yell like furies". Nothing had such power to stir his pulses as the rebel yell. "I remember," says a staff officer, "one night at tattoo that this cry—of the rebel yell—broke forth in the camp of the Stonewall Brigade and was taken up by brigades and divisions until it rang out far over field and wood. The General came hastily and bareheaded from his tent, and leaning on a fence listened in silence to the rise, the climax, and the fall of that strange serenade, raising his hand to catch the sound, as it grew fainter and died away at last like an echo amongst the mountains. Then turning toward his tent, he muttered in half soliloquy, 'that was the sweetest music I ever heard'."

Well nigh infinite capacity for work, keen intelligence, indomitable will, towering ambition, such was the man as nature and nature's God had made him; but early in his life at Lexington divine grace visited his heart and transformed the man into the Christian; transfigured the soldier into the saint. In Mexico City he sought interviews with the Roman Catholic Archbishop and was deeply impressed by his piety but unconvinced by his arguments. Later he had been baptized by his Episcopalian Chaplain as an expression of his faith in Christianity without thereby committing himself to any denomination, but at Lexington, after protracted and mature study, he accepted the teachings of the Westminster Standards and joined the Church of his fathers; although he was always a singularly liberal and Catholic Presbyterian.

Faith in God.

The chief mark of his religious character was his unflinching faith in God. He really believed that great statement of the Catechism that "God is a Spirit infinite, eternal and un-

changeable in his Being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth". His religion really entered into every action of his life. He went into battle with supreme confidence, not as has been alleged, that the Lord had delivered the enemy into his hand, but that whatever happened would be the best that could happen. Soon after the election of 1860, when the country was beginning to writhe in the agony of dissolution, one of his clerical friends was visiting him, and after morning prayers was lamenting the condition and prospect of our beloved country. "Why," said Jackson, "should Christians be disturbed about the dissolution of the Union? It can only come by God's permission and will only be permitted if for his people's good. I cannot see why we should be distressed about such things, whatever be their consequence." There is none of his famous maxims he repeated quite as often as "Duty is ours: Consequences are God's". After the second battle of Manassas his medical director, fresh from the ghastly spectacle of the silent battlefield, said, "General, this battle has been won by nothing but stark and stern fighting". "No," replied Jackson very quietly, "it has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence." When delivering the famous counterstroke at Sharpsburg as in company with General McLaws he rode across the field of battle, while the Southern yell pealed from ten thousand throats with a wild note of anticipated triumph, "God", he said to his companion as the shells fell around them and the masses of the enemy melted away like the morning mist, "God has been very kind to us this day". His unfaltering faith in God's providential direction was his own explanation of his coolness under fire and his invincible courage. After the Battle of Bull Run, where he earned this immortal name of "Stonewall", General Imboden asked him, "General, how is it you can keep so cool and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?" He instantly became grave and reverential in manner and answered in a low tone of great earnestness: "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in my bed. God has fixed the time of my death. I do not concern myself about

that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me. That is the way all men should live and then all would be equally brave."

Prayer.

His faith inspired his prayerfulness and let him to pray without ceasing under fire as in the camp. His own statement is that he had long cultivated the habit of connecting the most trivial and customary acts of life with silent prayer. "His faithful body-servant Jeff Shields, after the fashion of his race, quaintly tells us that if the General prayed much, nothing unusual was brewing, but if he was up and down praying all night, that he knew hell was to pay, and so he packed his haversack and was ready to move." Like his Lord, he often spent whole nights in prayer.

While men slept he was pouring out his soul in prayer—

Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God
Lay bare thine arm—stretch forth thy rod.
Amen"—that's Stonewall's way.

Student of the Bible.

His faith made him a constant and faithful student of God's Word. There were three books which he carried always with him on his campaigns, the Bible, Napoleon's Maxims of War and Webster's Dictionary, for, like Lee and Washington, his spelling was somewhat uncertain. He studied daily and systematically his Bible, and sought to guide his life in every detail by its prescriptions. He once asked one of his aides, "Can you tell me where the Bible gives generals a model for their official reports of battles?" The aide laughed and answered that it had never entered his mind to look for such a thing in the Scriptures. "Nevertheless," said the General, "there are such, and excellent models, too. Look, for instance, at the narrative of Joshua's battles with the Amalekites; there you have one. What clearness, brevity, modesty, and it traces the victory to the right source, the blessing of God."

Obedience to God.

His faith reached its climax in his unquestioning and complete obedience to God. No one can think of Stonewall Jackson as hesitating for one single instant before a known command of God. The gifted Southern poetess Mrs. Margaret J. Preston the sister of his first wife tells us she was once questioning him as to his willingness to obey and inquired if he would be willing to go to Africa at God's command to spend his entire life in lonely service there. His reply was, "Yes, without waiting to get my hat". She put the further and harder test, if he would be willing to lie on a bed of pain at God's will. His reply was, "For a thousand years without one single murmur". He knew how to obey and he loved to do the will of his Heavenly Father. He carried this principle into his Church relations. Dr. William S. White, his pastor, says he would periodically report to him as to his superior officer asking for orders. His reports as a deacon are models, showing that he visited every family in his district and solicited contributions from each of them to all the causes of Church beneficence. Amongst the names reported were some who were unfamiliar to his good pastor as constituting any part of his people, and when he asked who they were, the deacon's reply was, "They are some free negroes whom I include in my canvass, for I thought I would bring the militia into action as well as the regulars". That was Stonewall's way, too.

Humility.

His religious life was manifested not only in his attitude toward God, but in the profound and genuine humility which clothed him as with an all embracing garment. His bulletins contain not even the most indirect reference to any part which he played in his great battles and his private letters and utterances were marked by the same absence of self praise or self consciousness. Most of his victories were won according to his own phrase, "by the vigorous use of the bayonet and the blessing of divine providence". One or two illustrations will suffice for a multitude. After the Battle of Cross Keys, he

said, "God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope, with his protection and blessing, we shall do still better today", and Port Republic followed. Publicly and privately in official dispatches and in ordinary conversation the success of his army was ascribed to the Almighty. Every victory, as soon as opportunity offered, was followed by the order, "The chaplains will hold service in their respective regiments". After Winchester, for example, he said, "The chief duty of the commanding officer today and that of the army is to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant success of the last three days and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for His service to us and our country in heartfelt acts of religious worship".

Self Control.

His humility assumed the form of imperturbable and unbroken self control. His self mastery was nothing less than sublime. A striking example is given us by the late Dr. J. P. Smith, who was on his staff during his entire career. "An officer of rank came one Sunday afternoon to the little office building at Moss Neck to urge his personal application for a leave of absence. He violated the guard and entered General Jackson's private apartment without announcement. Never have I seen General Jackson so surprised and then so angry. His face flushed, his form grew erect, his hands were clenched behind his back, he quivered with a tremendous effort at self control, and no word was permitted to pass his lips until the passion was entirely mastered, when he quietly explained wherein the unfortunate colonel was violating all rules and all propriety and sent him to his quarters, the most thoroughly whipped man I ever saw."

Self Confidence.

His humility explains his serene and untroubled self confidence or fortitude—a trait which Napoleon declared was more necessary for a great soldier than genius or a mighty army. He never held but one council of war, and overruled by that

council, he cried out, his face fairly blazing with the fire of wrath that was burning within him, "That is the last council of war I will ever hold". He had no counsellors. His great English biographer says, "His self confidence was supreme. He never doubted his ability with God's help to carry out any task his judgment approved. In this respect Jackson was Lee's superior, for Lee, on the other hand, was oppressed by a consciousness of his own shortcomings. Jackson kept his subordinates in their place, exacting from his generals the same implicit obedience he exacted from his corporals. Lee lost the Battle of Gettysburg because he allowed his second in command to argue instead of marching."

Jackson's humility was so profound and all controlling that it allowed no question about self to interfere with the work which he believed God and duty had appointed him to do.

Interest in Others.

The religious character of General Jackson appears also in his warm and generous interest in others. A day or two after the Battle of Bull Run an anxious crowd was gathered round the Post Office at Lexington awaiting intelligence from the front. A letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White, who, recognizing the handwriting, exclaimed to the eager groups about him, "Now we shall know all the facts". On opening it, he found the following, and no more: "My Dear Pastor.—In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution to our colored Sunday School. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience and oblige, Yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson." The world was ringing with the news of his great victory, but his thought was of his colored Sunday School, to which he had so long and so faithfully ministered. His own wife tells us that one of his marked characteristics was his "almost feminine sympathy with the poor and feeble. His servants, as was the universal rule in Virginia, were his slaves; but his relations with his black dependents were almost of a paternal character, and his kindness

was repaid by that childlike devotion peculiar to the negro race. More than one of his servants—so great was his reputation for kindness—had begged him to buy them from their former owners. Their interest was his especial care: in sickness they received all the attention and comfort that the home afforded; to his favorite virtues, politeness and punctuality, they were trained by their master himself and their moral education was a task he cheerfully undertook. There was one little servant in the family whom my husband took under his sheltering roof at the solicitation of an aged lady: to whom the child became a care after having been left an orphan. She was not bright, but he persevered in drilling her into memorizing a Child's Catechism, and it was a most amusing picture to see her standing before him with fixed attention, as if she were straining every nerve and reciting her answers with the drop of a curtesy at every word. She had not been taught to do this, but it was such an effort for her to learn that she assumed the motion involuntarily." This is a picture for memory and quiet smiles and gentle tears and earnest prayers—the great Stonewall teaching God's truth to the ignorant negro child. He brought into the study of his astonished pastor the pastor's own son to talk, as an inquirer, on the subject of personal religion. His Chief of Artillery is my informer that the students of Washington College and the young men of Lexington knew no other man who by personal interview and influence sought so constantly to bring them into God's Kingdom and work.

But the life story must have an end. Thirty-nine years of heroic living: three brief years of glory and undying military renown—and then Chancellorsville must do its work. His last fight must be made; his last dispatch written—"General R. E. Lee: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellors, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success. Respectfully,

T. J. Jackson, Lieutenant General."

His last world renowned thunderbolt stroke, turning the flank of the Federal right with the deadly rout of Hooker's unsuspecting thousands of followers: his eager pursuit as he

gives his last orders, "Press them; cut them off from the United States Ford; press them". And then in the confusion the order given by an officer of the Eighteenth North Carolina to fire and Jackson falls mortally wounded by his own soldiers, May 2, 1863. Now comes Lee's famous letter—"I have just received your note informing me you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee, General."

When this letter was read, Jackson said, "General Lee is very kind, but he should have given the praise to God". A short, swift week speeds by and Jackson is dying, and when told that he is to die today, his only reply is, "Very good, very good; it is all right", and in a little while he said quietly and clearly, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees", and the rest of God descends upon the great captain and saint.

THE SEMINARY AND EXTENSION.

BY REV. MARSHALL B. WYATT,
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A householder employed a hundred men to prepare the ground, plant, and cultivate his crop. The time of harvest came. He sent only ten men to gather the fruits of his fields. They were able to gather only one-tenth of the crop. The balance rotted. The neighbors said he was a foolish man.

A capitalist built a reservoir with a capacity of a million cubic feet of water capable of delivering a thousand cubic feet an hour. His patrons demanded seven hundred cubic feet an hour. He made provision for the delivery of only one hundred cubic feet an hour. They said he was a foolish man.