Prisoners of Army itself.
In presenting personal experience of army life I have prepared myself especially for young men's Christian associations, and must therefore ask the indulgence of those who hear me tonight for the great prominence given to what pertains so exclusively to Christianity. It is a delicate task as least that can handle personal history of living characters, but it requires something even more delicate to portray one's own Christian sentiments with perfect courage and without egotism: for every Christian has an experience of his own, in essential elements like everybody else, but in characteristic differences as marked as the earmarks of this face of truth. Unvarnished account of such experience is all important to obtain fides for truth. Yet the Christian must always feel that there is great risk of blunting his own sensibilities by too frequent appeal.
an exposure of his inner self to the public. But if he felt assured that his words would be used by the spirit to relieve any heart, struggling to free itself from pain, he would be less inclined to withhold them.

For pictures of real things attract the attention of more and sensibly influence them. And from the watchtower of one's own experience, looking out of its different windows, these pictures, these impressions, which are then fixed, life-like in the soul, may be exhibited for the benefit of other minds.

With these preliminaries I venture to present you my subject.
Christian Experience in the Army.

People do not generally look to the army for eminent Christian development; but why they should not, as much as to the professions of law or medicine, within or without of the army. There seems to be a common belief that the profession of arms is at variance with Christian character.

Therefore a very commonplace Christian in the army, who reads his Bible daily, has family prayers, and attends divine worship regularly, attains a considerable notoriety. Though he is apt to be regarded by the wicked as a counterfeit.
yet, by good men he is recognized as an example. It has occurred to me that this state of things should create sorrow rather than joy; sorrow that the Christian character is believed to be the exception and not the rule in the army.

Without discussing the question of the right and wrong of the profession of arms, I venture an assertion which I believe will receive general assent, that the better the man, the better the soldier. It is not fair to compare one soldier with another, or rather it is not a complete demonstration to show that a certain immoral soldier is superior in his profession to a certain other moral soldier. This is a fallacy which has
led many into an erroneous judgment. The proper demonstration is to take a fearless, energetic, thorough man, like Captain Vickars of the British army, whose name has become a household word (throughout the Christian world) and have him change from an unchristian to a christian life, from a life of worldliness, self-seeking, and pleasure, to one of devotion, usefulness, and joy. Before the change he was manly; he did what was required of him in his calling, and was denominated a good soldier; after the change he was equally faithful in the discharge of his military duty—yes, more conscientious in its performance—and he superadded a character which elicited the confidence of his superiors and the affection of his companions, that became ever after
his conversion, a perennial source of blessings to themselves and to others.

I have watched a soldier high in command on the field of battle, of warm impulses, exhibiting a lively gaiety of deportment, fearless of the danger around him. Handsome in appearance, proud in spirit, he excited admiration. The soldiers followed him with demonstrations of applause. Cheerfully, promptly, and thoroughly he did his duty in battle; he did it in the joyous period of victory, and in the stinging defeat. Yet he was often profane in his expressions, and apt to drink to intoxication. The object of life to him, was mainly himself. It would not be fair to compare this man with another, of inferior manliness, who might...
be exceedingly careful in his moral deportment. But conceive that the first might become, what a host in himself were he only to add to his brilliant qualities the fear of God, to his fidelity to his country—loyalty to Christ.

Retrospect

I entered the Academy at West Point as a cadet in 1850. At that time I was not a Christian; but I am now aware that I was restrained and guided by the hand of God, though I did not then realize it. There were a few Christian cadets in the Academy, and I sought their companionship. Previous education, association, and taste, and the counsels of a kind parent led me to do this. I recall a few of those of my companions who were in Mr. Sprote's Bible-class. McPherson was occasionally there. His patriotic life, and his death on the
field of battle, are familiar to you. Then a cadet he was the same genial gen-
tlemen, kind and generous companion, and able, scholarly man, that he was ever after
in the army.

Religion was little valued by the young men at that time, and certain professors of
religion suffered a peculiar persecution. The cadet, who took his bible on Sunday after-
noon to join the class of his chaplain, had quite as much to endure in battle
to muster considerable resolution. For he often encountered the laughter and jeers of
his companions, who thoughtlessly accused him of attempting to curry favor with
the instructor, by laying claim to more religion than his fellows. McPherson
attended this class himself and stood up manfully for those, whom others fool-
ishly and wickedly reproached.
General Joshua Sill was constant in his attendance upon this class. He was perfectly exemplary in his conduct. He was small of stature, well made, with a keen black eye. He had a peculiar, penetrating look, often into the Chancery of things of mind. He was never satisfied with any superficial views. I recall with pleasure the deep interest he always took in our Scripture recitations and readings. General Sill became a noble Christian officer, distinguished in the Western army, particularly at Stone River, where he laid down his life for his country. [classmate] did the much loved and honored McPherson subsequently at Atlanta.

A member of this class, who afterward became distinguished, playing a very active part in the war was...
remarkably energetic at the Academy, in keeping the Bible-class respectable in numbers. Some other members of that bible class, ten or twelve in number, I might recall, but as most of them are living, I will not venture to mention their names. One has had the veil of strong drink drawn between himself and the Master. Another has, I have heard, since that time become a skeptic. Yet some of them I know are walking uprightly with their Lord, as did Enoch of old.

As I recall this part of my life I remember how few cadets who were disposed to enter upon a Christian life, and do not forget the difficulties that attended the steps of that few. Matters changed wonderfully for the better at a subsequent period, and I hope no Christian father or mother
need trouble for a son's morality, because he is a cadet at our national school.

My first station in the army was at one of our largest arsenals. When I joined the little garrison at Watervliet Arsenal I was fortunate to be thrown in with two officers, thoroughly upright and unexceptionable in their habits. One of them had been in Mexico where his health was impaired by service. He was then brevetted for good conduct in the field. I remember that I looked up to him with great admiration. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and a consistent follower of Christ. I was there associated subsequently with young officers of about my own age, and I remember that the constant danger, the constant temptation, was strong drink. Strong drink has met me at every turn of life, and I have beheld and recorded one
companion after another, who has fallen a victim to it, or been prevented from bringing any good fruit to perfection, on account of its paralyzing influence.

During the last year of my stay at Waterloo, a young officer of marked characteristics joined our company. He abstained altogether from drink, was of industrious habits, and constantly devoted himself to study, taking great delight especially in studies of a metaphysical character. He left the army to teach in a Southern school, became subsequently involved in the rebellion, and lost his life as Colonel of a regiment, leaving his family quite helpless, dependent alone on that God in whom I know He was trusted. [He was a sincere Christian; and having paid the penalty of his mistake with his life, I trust we shall meet him in Heaven.]
My fourth station was in Florida. Dec. 13th, 1856.

Just about tea-time I was called into the house of a Protestant family at Philadelphia where he surprised me by orders from Washington sending me to Florida.

Being constantly subject to orders, officers are necessarily unsettled in their domestic arrangements. Yet after a few years a peculiar sense of security creeps over them, so that they are always surprised when orders for change actually come.

On the morning of the 24th of December, six days after the reception of the orders just referred to, I gathered my little family around me, consisting then of my wife, her mother, one little child, and my brother. It had been our habit to read a chapter in the scriptures daily without prayer. This
morning I was to leave, all I loved and held, so that I obeyed the impulse of my heart, and after reading, dropped on my knees and committed them to the keeping of God. I was not then a Christian; I was consciously unreconciled to God; yet this was the beginning of a course that was not to end till I found a personal Savior.

It often appears to me that more real experience of life in earnest was concentrated in that one year in Florida, than in all the previous years of my life. Have you not noticed my friends, in travelling, a peculiar interruption of your mental and moral habits? An old colonel of the army used to describe it as a "spirit of dissipation." I realized a similar effect, produced by the constant change of place.
and association. Good thoughts were fewer and good resolutions broken. I seemed to stray farther and farther from the Kingdom of our Lord.

Evidences of the Spirit's influence

The journey completed, at Tampa, Florida, as early as the 22nd of January, 1857. (Turn to page 17)
and association. Good thoughts were fewer and
good resolutions broken. They seemed to stray farther
and farther from the kingdom of our Lord

Romanism

On board

The steamer from Savannah to Palatka
Fla., a bishop and two priests of the Roman
Church—men of education, who had been
Episcopal clergymen. They were born and
educated in this country. For several days
we were in the steamer together, and they sought,
by entering into a cheerful controversy with
several passengers, myself included, to demon-
strate the claims of Romanism as the 'omnium
gatherum' of all truth, the only authoritative
interpreter of Holy Writ, the only safe line
of communication with Heaven. I remember
that they became vexed at me for my stubborn
resistance to their premises. They gave me up
after presenting me with a little book which I was to read and ponder in what they deemed better moments.

A spiritualist, who discussed freely upon his peculiar theories and revelations. He called up the departed, but never called back gloomy people. It was always the gay and lively.

He showed us how to make extensive maps of the heavens, under the guidance of those invisible, spiritual, right hand directors, that as a spiritualist he had at command. There was also a young Methodist brother who had "backslidden", and with an unsatisfied heart was endeavoring to get comfort from the priests. They spent many hours of patient labor with him.

The journey completed, at Tampa, Fla, as early as the 22d of January, 1859.
according to my note book, I was reading the life of Captain Vickars, and made this entry:

He was a soldier and a sincere Christian. Why cannot I be like him? Will not the Lord have mercy on me and help me to overcome wicked inclinations and temptation? May I go and do like him?

Reading the same book, the next entry has reference to his death on the field.

How glorious it is to die the death of a Christian, and particularly so for the soldier! You do not expect the highest examples of Christian character in such. I could not help crying over his letters. How much his fellow officers and soldiers loved him!

Influence of a companion

Suiit. M—— and myself rooming together, often conversed upon the
subject of religion. His wife, far away in the North, sent us religious tracts and papers. Having a beautiful Christian character herself, she was unceasing in her efforts to win him to Christ. [These conversations indicate to me that my mind and heart were already being turned toward sacred things and deeply interested in them.]

The only active church in Tampa at this time, was the Methodist. A Mrs. Lynne, an Irishman, converted from the Roman faith was its pastor. He was a sincere, earnest, and persistent advocate of practical religion. When I heard him preach, I often longed to be like him, a warm hearted and zealous follower of Christ.

Influence of a death

Tampa was the resort of invalids during the winter season.
death occurred at the house where I was boarding, of one of those who had come with his family, cherishing the hope that the climate might benefit him, and enable him to recover from his severe disease. This man's death, and the mourning family made a strong impression on my mind. Noticing his wife I wrote down these words.

"Oh so desolate! Does she love her Savior?
"God comfort that poor broken heart."

Darkness and depression

For nearly three months the Spirit spoke with me in an unusual manner. I felt like a traveler wandering in dry places. I was hungry and thirsty for that nourishment that others professed to have obtained, but of which I had no positive knowledge.

On the 28th of May, 1851, according to my diary, I prayed for God to grant me the gift of His holy Spirit.
was not conscious of receiving His blessing. I attended Church, "strove to keep my mind from wandering," kept attempting some good thing, "was full of vain feelings," proud of my conversation; conversed frequently with the minister and the presiding elder; wrote letters to dear friends attempting to explain the blank condition of my heart, and bought books and tracts of a religious nature. — all this when not prevented by official duty. — Such are some of the revelations of this period.

I remember, however, to have formed a resolution. — I think the strongest, the most decided of my life, that I would continue to seek for light, till I found it; that I would probe this subject of a practical religious experience to the bottom.
During the night of the 30th of May I occupied a little office room some ten or twelve feet square at the ordnance depot which was separate from the rest of the garrison. Before retiring my eye fell on that precious scripture:

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Captain Vickars stated that he was turning over the leaves of his Bible one day, when his eye caught these very words, and from that time forth he was a different man. I asked myself what truth was in these words powerful enough to effect such a change in the life of a man. I knelt to pray, pondering them in my heart. Very quickly the conviction came that Christ had already forgiven me my
sins. This indescribable, overwhelming joy came upon me. I was that night so full of delightful and present happiness that I feared it would not last. To me it was day, it was waking. I can now say with the English soldier (Captain Dickins) that 'from that time forth I was a different man.' With different modes, different purposes, a different object in life.

The first person I met next morning was my former roommate. I told him that 'I had found it.' He could not then understand me. A little more than two years thereafter this beloved friend wrote me a full account of his own experience, wherein he also emerged from darkness to light, from discontent to peace and joy.

During the late war he became one of
aw distinguished officers. Wounded several
times, his life was despaired of, yet he remains
today a living monument of mercy and an
excellent christian officer. He has received
not only scars in his body, but scars in his
soul - he has been tried and purified several
times in the furnace of affliction.

The change felt.

For me a change passed upon
everything. The skies were brighter; the
songs of the birds sweeter; the sunday school
and church were delightful; the terrible army
hospital and house of mourning attracted me
as the places to elicit my sympathies; the places
where I could engage with others in works
of love. Soon after this time, I was associ-
ated with Colonel L. - then eminent in the
army for the marked change that had
transfigured in his life. Once a wild
passionate leader in quiet and indulgence, he became a Christian, true, consistent, and stable. Often we talked and prayed together, and sweet is the communion that I enjoyed with this noble Christian soldier, this brother in the Lord. His example is ever before me.

So Christian people are accus-

ated to do, I drew up simple rules. The first was: ‘Rise early enough to have time to read and pray before breakfast.’ This one I have kept. It has been a profitable rule, and it is perhaps as much as one should bind himself to perform. Perfunctory efforts at reading and prayer I have found not always the most remunerative.

Wine is not too much for a single occasion.
A pleasure upon this period of my personal experience and describe to you the numerous officers with whom I was associated, of every shade of character, many of whom ridiculed my professed change as a species of insanity, as fanaticism, but who afterwards looked upon life from a different standpoint. Some of them, too late, would gladly have escaped the terrible power of strong drink. Some lived in slavery to it, and died in wretchedness. Others gave up their precious lives on the field of blood. One dear friend whom I remember to have heard reciting the discrepancies of the Bible sought earnestly the peace of God, and I believe he found it before his body was broken and his life taken by a cannon shot. You may be curious to know if, at
that time, the officers had much to do with
the negroes.

For one, I saw a great deal of them,
conversed with them, but could not meet them in
public assemblies except when other white men
were present. This was the law. I did however
frequently address them in religious meetings. I
recall to day the earnest face of a colored man who
at one of these meetings seemed to drunk in every
word uttered. At the close he came to me and
said: "For seven years I've had that joy in there' (sticking
his breast.) "Every word you say is true." There
was necessarily from the condition of society then, a
disposition rather to foster religious emotion amongst
the negroes, than that Christian training which is
so essential to give consistency, and strength to
character. I hope the time has now arrived
when all people who love Christ will combine
to help the black man to add to his faith, so often remarkable, that knowledge, which is an important part of which was so universally denied him in 1854.

Certain it is that even as the children of the young people can be reached.

About this time I had a very interesting expedition with my brother officers, bearing a white flag, into the interior and south of Florida, and to the vicinity of Lake Okeechobee in the hope of communicating with the Indians with whom we were then at war.

Baptism

After returning from this expedition I was baptized by the minister at Tampa, appointed his missionary assistant, called an exhorter, and spent many delightful sabbaths with him in the camps of the Florida volunteers. The custom was to take a box or bundle for a stand in the open woods, gather the people in groups around us. The meetings were...
conducted in Camp meeting style, and many were conversions that took place at these gatherings.
The besetting sins of these men were drunkenness & gambling. I noticed that many soldiers who were seriously inclined, and who would sorrowfully over the grave of a companion, went directly to houses of dissipation and yielded to the pernicious influences of horse-racing and drunkenness, seemingly to get relief from their heaviness of heart.

Instructor at
West Point, N.Y.

My next station was West Point where for nearly four years just preceding the war, I was an instructor of cadets. You can hardly conceive with what peculiar feelings I returned to that beautiful spot. The change
in myself stamped a change upon everything else. Everything afforded enjoyment. From the privations of frontier life to the pleasures of home and the society of congenial friends, the transition was sudden and complete. The sundays especially —— were looked forward to with delight.

Prayer meetings with the cadets struggled into existence after much hesitation and misgivings on the part of the few who had named the name of Christ. The Chaplain's permission was obtained and the Commandant gave us the use of a vacant room. The invitation was whispered from brother to brother, and some ten or twelve gathered together on the first night. These prayer meetings established in the half-house
Recreation just after supper were continued, twice each week, while I remained at West Point. The exercises were reading a small portion of the scriptures, singing a hymn, and then all kneeling, as many prayers as we could have in the time; again singing a verse or two at the close. Not more than once or twice was there any speaking, except a few comments of the leader in connection with the passage read. Occasionally the exercises were varied by a story or short selection from some interesting author.

Subsequent record of attendants.

The young men who attended these prayer meetings have for the most part an eventful history. In 1862, I stood by the bedside of General Edmond Kirby, at the House of a friend in Washington, a few days...
before he breathed out his life. He told me that among the sweetest of his reminiscences were those little prayer meetings which he had attended at the Academy. Many a time I had heard his calm, thoughtful and direct petition put up in prayer. I once saw him on the battle-field after his battery had been destroyed by the enemy, with the blood from his wounded horse sprinkled on his face, endeavoring to save what he could of the wreck of his carriages. I next saw him, as I have said, in Washington. He had his leg amputated above the knee. He was waiting patiently for death which was then already creeping slowly and surely upon him.

When, after the battle of Gettysburg in '63, my command had made its rapid journey by railroad to the vicinity of Chattanooga, I found there
amongst the officers, a young man, already distinguished as a soldier, enjoying the special confidence of the Commanding General. He was afterward Genl. W.G. Harber.

The next spring, by the changes that occurred in organization, he came to command a brigade in my corps. Harber was a handsome officer, erect in figure, with a light complexion and a clear blue eye. He was courteous and genial as a companion, conscientious in the performance of duty, careful that every trust should be minutely fulfilled. His command was always in the best order that field service would permit. Brave himself, yet cautious for those under him, no truer, nobler example of an American officer could be found in our ranks. I remember well the day of his death.
It was during that terrible assault at Kennesaw, in Georgia, on the 24th of June 1864. He led his brigade in person through the ravines, amongst the trees that bullets and cannon shot were loaping down, through the thick underbrush, through the abattis carefully felled and interlaced, and on till he neared the very parapet of the enemy's works. He kept his horse till his horse was shot down. The resistance was more than his command could meet and overcome. Thrown out by the losses in killed and wounded, the rest stopped for shelter. Since he rallied his command and pressed them forward, when he received a terrible wound from which he never recovered. In a few days he surrendered his noble life.
American liberty might be established and preserved. This was another member of that little praying circle.

Rebel Christian

You may ask me if all of them remained true to the Union. No: one whom we regarded as among the purest, the nearest like His Lord, went South. He expressed himself then in these words: "I am sorry to leave the service, but my first allegiance is due to my State."

This young man and two others were among the very first after the war was over, to write me affectionate Christian letters, by the tone of which, and by their subsequent conduct, I judged that they were heartily sorry that they had ever gone from

me.
Another query may arise as to whether the members of these prayer meetings, in active service, remained true to their vows of discipleship. One of the most active and energetic of its members, one who was a leader while at the Academy in every good word and work, fell into the habits of the many around him. He told me that in the heat of the conflict during the first battle in which he was engaged, he began to use profane words, and that the habit had grown upon him since, that he had yielded also to the temptation to drink liquor, and that that habit had also followed him. He told me these things with apparent contrition. I trust that the influence of his sainted mother, and the remembrance of a father, who at his death, left an unusual record of Christian...
labor, aided by the grace of God have helped this brought this young man back to the peace and confident faith that he formerly enjoyed.

Conviction

During my stay at the academy as an instructor the conviction was ever present with me that I had a special Christian work to perform. Among the officers and professors there were several regular communicants of the Episcopal church. None of these threw any obstacles in my way, and most of them gave me their Christian sympathy.

In the Sunday schools for the soldiers' children which I was invited to superintend, several Christian cadets were teachers. The lectures of Wednesday and Sunday evenings for the soldiers and their families, the visits to the sick in their private quarters, and in the
hospital, the conversations with classes and with individuals amongst the soldiers and workmen, the revival scenes at the neighboring settlement that I participated in, furnish incidents of great interest to me, [and fill up a period replete with an experience most valuable. I cannot tell you how hard the field seemed there, with all its facilities for Christian labor, how little apparent fruit grew out of the efforts of the Chaplain, myself, & other Christian workers. Yet I perceived that my Florida life was God's preparation for West Point, that my West Point life was God's preparation for a larger & more important field of service.

For a short time in the beginning of '61, I had, doubted, with regard to the
I am grateful to Dr. Smith for his kind interest in our project. He has expressed his belief in its importance and has given us valuable advice and encouragement. We are indeed fortunate to have such a supportive mentor.

His expertise in the field of computer science has been invaluable. He has provided us with insights into the latest research and has helped us refine our approach. His encouragement and guidance have been instrumental in our progress.

I would like to express my gratitude to Dr. Smith for his tireless efforts. His contributions have been vital to the success of our project. I am confident that with his help, we will be able to make significant contributions to the field.

Thank you, Dr. Smith, for your support and guidance.
future, whether or not it was my duty to leave the army and enter the ministry, but now the whole atmosphere became clear, and I began the work of the war without misgiving, believing firmly that my special duty was that of a Christian in the army. I do not remember that I ever had any well digested plan of operations, but I thought if I could lead the life of an every day Christian in the camp and on the field, that God would bless the example and make it fruitful of good.

Scribes at Head Quarters

At the headquarters of the regiment, the brigade, the division, the corps, in the army which I had the honor successively to command, the practice of having service on the Lord's day, whenever it was at all practicable, was uniform. Generally on Sunday evenings...
my tent was used for a prayer meeting, I will
give you a few instances illustrative of the effect
produced by these services.

A private soldier

I remember a private soldier, who was first invited to attend. He came
with reluctance, but in a few days he
preferred himself a Testament, broke off
from his habit of profane swearing, and
soon looked forward to these Sunday meetings
with great interest and expressed his delight in
them. I saw that soldier when a bullet passed
through his foot. He bade me good-bye, said
with tears in his eyes, that he was glad that
he was wounded instead of myself, and then
grew back to give up his devoted life in
the hospital at Chattanooga. His wife
and children in Rhode Island mourn...
for him. May they not rejoice that they can meet him in Heaven?

I have often seen Genl. Ransom present sabbath mornings at the Headquaters of the Army of the Tennessee, listening attentively to the words of some Chaplain who had come to preach to us. You have seldom seen a handsomer young man than he. His father was an officer who lost his life in Mexico. This son was very able, beloved by his command and all of us who knew him.

When Hood turned the flanks of Genl. Sherman after the taking of Atlanta, Ransom had been some time ill. He ought not to have left his cot, but he was too resolute and too patriotic to give up. Commanding the 17th Corps, at that time, he kept at
Meant to come out in Vienna later this afternoon.

It's been a long time since I've been here, and I'm looking forward to meeting you again.

We had a good time in Vienna last year.

Please let me know if there's anything else you need.

Best regards,

[Signature]
its head day and night through those long and tedious marches back past Kenneaw, through Alatoona Pass, over to Rome Ga, thence to Resaca, and thence through the mountain passes into Alabama. He rode his horse as long as he could. Then had himself drawn in an ambulance, and finally carried upon a stretcher. The campaign was nearly completed before poor Ransom could be induced to start for the more comfortable hospital accommodations. He left us at Daltonville, Ala. Before he reached Rome Ga, he died. He died as much a sacrifice to his country as if he had been killed in battle. I well remember the pleasure our religious services afforded him, and I believe he took his departure trusting in his Redeemer.
These meetings gave the opportunity for Christian recognition. Many were associated with me who worked diligently for the master's cause.

Not long since I received a letter from an officer who was constant in his attendance at these meetings and who always took part when he could in the exercises. This letter conveyed the joyful tidings that a general of our mutual acquaintance, whom I had noticed often as an attentive listener at the services, had now become a decided Christian man.

Captain Gillispie I recall at this moment an officer, who was very quiet in his departmen, a brave, kind, and generous gentleman, whom we at first hardly recognized as a Christian brother.
was my fortune to read a few words with him from the Bible and to kneel by his side in prayer after he had received the fatal wound which was soon to call him away. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he bade me farewell. He had no fear for the future, and his only regret was to leave us and his dear family at home.

I will speak of one more of our brave companions—one to whom the Sunday services were a great source of comfort and strength. He went out a private soldier, and at the first battle of Bull Run, waited beside his brother to see him die, and was taken prisoner. After having passed through all the experience of Southern hospital life, he was finally exchanged. He went home to confess Christ in the presence of his old schoolmates and friends.
He afterwards became an officer and an aide-de-camp to my staff. He was faithful in the performance of every duty, pure and blameless in his every day life, and fearless on the field of battle. I learned to love him as a brother. Just before the battle of Pickett's Mill near Dallas Ga. while reconnoitering the enemy's works, I saw him fall. A ball striking his breast, passed completely through his body. He was borne to the hospital and thence further West. Partially recovered, he came back to participate in the battle of Jonesboro', August 30th, 1864. He was too weak to bear the shock of the battle. During the first night after his return he bled freely at the lungs. His life continued, though, till after the war; but consumption had set in so that he never saw...
To determine the presence of a certain component, we need to analyze the experimental data. It appears that the concentration of the component is significantly higher than expected, suggesting a potential issue with the setup or the reagents used. Further investigation is required to verify these findings and understand the implications.

Our current hypothesis is that the high concentration is due to a contamination during the preparation phase. To test this, we should re-examine our procedures and ensure that all steps are performed under aseptic conditions. Additionally, we should consider running a blank test to establish a baseline for comparison.

The implications of these findings are profound, as it could affect the validity of our ongoing experiments. Immediate action is required to address this issue and prevent any further contamination. This might involve retraining the laboratory staff on proper protocols or implementing additional quality control measures.
a well day, till he died in Florida.
If you have ever had a true friend, who
was faithful even to guard you against
yourself, a friend whose life and character
were as pure as the driven snow, such to
me, and more, was that young man—
St. Col. H.W. Stinson.

Perhaps it will be
of some interest for me to say a few words
with regard to the feelings of a soldier on the
eve of battle. On approaching the battle-
field, when I heard the sounds of cannon-
ading in the distance, and was aware
that an action had already commenced
in which my command was soon to bear
a part. I have experienced a singular
depression and sinking of the heart, together
with a sense of great weakness almost
paralyzing effect on my mind and body. I have instantly turned my heart to God, praying this prayer: "Oh God give me strength to do my duty." In this prayer I have found relief.

But just as soon as work commenced, when there was necessity for constant watchfulness and provision for every emergency, I have experienced a peculiar buoyancy, sometimes approaching to gaiety. After an action commences there is little opportunity for an officer to think of himself.

Towards the latter part of the war, during those combats in Georgia, where we were under fire constantly for days together, the feelings that I speak of, in approaching the battle field, had passed away. Every day we went to our work with very much the same feelings that you would experience in undertaking an important business.
No text readable due to handwriting.
was a sense of solemn responsibility that could not be evaded, so strong that it brought into activity every faculty of the mind, often tarrying to the utmost one's physical strength.

I have found that, in times of defeat, when everything seemed lost; when the Providence of God seemed to be against us, true Christian men were most reliable. They have encouraged me to renew my efforts, reform my lines, entrench some new and important point; they have spoken cheerfully; they have worked without murmuring the live-long night; they have been the most persistent, the most indefatigable in forwarding supplies.

And why? — For the simple reason that they had experienced enough of disappointment and disaster to know that the darkest cloud has always a silver lining; that the righteous will not be forsaken, that in
The end when the cause is just, truth & righteousness must prevail.

An officer, high in rank, who from his habits, I should have judged was far from the Kingdom of God, gave me a touching account of the death of a favorite subordinate of his command. This young man was mortally wounded, and was placed upon a stretcher. His commander finding he could not live, spoke to him of his future, perhaps with the hope of catching some precious last word to send to his family. He assured his commander that his hope was in God, and said "I have been praying all the time." Upon another occasion, during an action, a stretcher passed me bearing a regimental commander. I was standing on the ground and noticed that he was in great pain. I aided him by placing a little
something under his leg which had been shattered. His groaning ceased. He looked up sweetly in my face and said "Jesus sustains me." General 

Have you ever visited the army hospital, after the battle, and beheld rows of men lying on your right and on your left, men with their faces bound up with bandages, with their arms broken or amputated, with one leg or with both severed from the body? I have often passed through the hospitals, in almost without exception have received a cheerful response from the wounded, and it seemed to give especial delight to any one severely wounded to speak to him of his mother, his wife, children, his Bible, or his Savior. Once only do I remember meeting a man mortally wounded, who seemed indifferent to his future.
twilight, the sight of the shattered ranks around us, produced a feeling of sadness in me not unmixed with awe; and I am sure no friend of our brother soldiers could have stood at the lonely grave, and not been a mourner, as I was there.

"Lonely grave," should we say? Those graves, hidden as they may be in the shades of the forest, or remote from the homes of those whose bodies rest in them, shall not be forgotten,—shall not be unvisited. Memory shall watch over them. Fathers shall point them out to their sons; they shall speak forth their mute lessons of self-sacrifice and patriotism in the ear of generations yet unborn.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

III. WIPING THE TEARS FROM THEIR EYES.

Few men have had means so ample for learning the spirit of our soldiers as the Rev. Mr. Savage, agent of the American Tract Society, in the Western Department.

While I have conversed (he says) with thousands of our wounded from the battle-fields of Lexington and Pea Ridge and Fort Donelson and Shiloh and Corinth and Iuka, sometimes on the field, sometimes on transports,
sometimes in hospitals, I have never found the first wounded man yet that has uttered a single word of complaint, or expressed a regret at having enlisted. It is most wonderful to me. I have seen them armless and legless, pierced through every part of the body, and upon the surgeon's bench, undergoing amputation. I have seen them dying, and heard them speak of wife and children and loved ones at home; but I have never heard a word of complaint or regret at having enlisted in the army.

I made a recent visit to the wounded at Vicksburg, at Arkansas Post. I found there cases of the deepest interest, one of which I will mention. There was a noble young man lying upon his cot on the hospital steamer, who, by the bursting of a shell directly in front of him, had had an arm cut off by a fragment, and another fragment had struck the right arm, and shattered it so that it had to be amputated. There he lay upon his cot, with both arms gone, and knowing that such must be his condition for life; but yet with a cheerful, happy countenance, and without a word of complaint. I ministered to his wants; and, as I put the food into his mouth, which he had no hands to convey thither, he would say, "Well, now, how good that is! How kind of you! The Lord will bless you for it. I don't see why you are so kind to me;"—as if any one could be too kind to a man who had suffered such a loss in defence of his country!

When I spoke to him of his religious feelings, he said, "When I had my arm shattered, I was no professed Christian; but as I lay upon that battle-field at Hurlman's Post, I felt, as I never felt before, the importance of immediately making preparations for another world; and I cried mightily to God that he would have mercy upon me, and I believe Jesus heard my prayer, and granted me forgiveness, and that I did there consecrate myself, on that battle-field,
This one knew that he could not live. He seemed irritated that I spoke to him, and intimated that he had no religion, and seemed to care little for it.

Conclusion

I have already prolonged these details far beyond my intention, with a few reflections permit me to close.

The army has accomplished for you and for the country a great work. It has been the instrument of breaking the yoke of oppression, of securing and re-establishing American liberty. I know you will labor to preserve the fruits of victory; but do not forget the hand of God in this great work; do not forget His purposes. I see, under the protection of our beneficent government, millions of opportunities afforded us that we never had before, opportunities
to promote the cause of Christ. Let these opportunities be improved to their utmost by those who profess the Christian faith. But while pressing forward to occupy the fields that have been uncovered by this war, with the purpose to cultivate them for the Master, do not forget the army. Do not suffer Satan, unrebuffed to back and destroy its officers and men by the power of temptation. Encourage the Christian spirits amongst them to keep their lamps trimmed and burning.

Pray for the officers and soldiers who have done you good service. Pray for them that they may not make a shipwreck of their own salvation, but that they may attain unto the reward of good and faithful servants who shall surely enter into the joy of their Lord.