1863

Tuesday June 2
Left Benton Barracks at 11 1/2 O'clock A.M.
Went on Board Steamer 'Arkansas' at 2 P.M.
Left St. Louis at 8

Wed 3
Arrived at Cape Girardeau 10 A.M.
Left at 3 P.M.
160 cavalry men
on Board
Arrived at Camp
8 P.M.
Thursday June 4
Left Camp at 6 A.M.
Fifteen June 6
Arrived at Louis ville at 3 P.M.
Demand on both
remainder of day
and night.

Left
Louisville 7 at 7 P.M. Arrived
at Camp near
Macon 9 at
12 A.M.
1863 June 24

1st Army of the

Commander-in-Chief

Moved past front left

Merrimac's March

and in a heavy fire

motion. Some contac-

in contact with

the pickets of the

enemy when their

shooting commenced,

which was kept up

General.

Army Cortlandt, Gen. The

commander.

Through Rain and
July 30, 1868

Left Cowan at 6 a.m. Marched 11 miles and encamped in a beautiful valley surrounded by high hills. In the morning it was excessively warm.

In the PM, a heavy rain which rendered marching greatly objectionable. 31 marched to Stevenson. Exceedingly hot.
Sat Aug 1 Came to Bridgeport Ala en camped on a very rough hillside command a view of the Tennessee river.

Sunday 2

Spent the day about clearing off ground and putting things generally in order.

Wednesday Sept 2

Left Bridgeport
Crossed the San Juan river and marched 4
3 to 4 miles and encamped at the foot of
of the mountain near a fine spring of wa-

3 and met

more, moving for

trains. Eli-

4 Marched 7
miles

5 Marched

8 miles
Crossted the town never marched 4
5/4 miles and encamped at the foot
of the mountain near
a fine spring of wa-

In 8 did not
move, waiting for
trains. Eli -

4 Marched 7
Miles

5 Marched
6 Miles
1869
Sept.

On the morning of the 7th Harriet early & marched Rap.
sidly for 2 or 3 hours where we suddenly stopped & went
into camp where we remained. We

The morning of the 10th when
we started out & marched about
14 miles. The

weather is
very hot & the road very dusty. Many were unable to keep up.

Friday 11
Marseilles again
Some 15 miles

The last two days have been the worstscene up on me that I have seen since we came to Oklahoma.
Sept 13 (Sunday)

Near sunset we started back on the same road by which we came. Marched two miles & encamped at the foot of the mountains.

14

Started at daylight & marched 12 10 15 miles exceedingly dusty & disagreeable.

Our 13ing and one from each ot
The other Divisions are gradually drawn around, so that the remainder of the Corps is somewhere ahead of us. We hear all sorts of rumors but nothing that new seems to be probable.

Wed 14

Marched 10 Miles N.E. direction supposed to be toward Chattanooga.
Sunday Sept 20
General engagement - all along the lines. Our forces driven back being overpowered by overwhelming numbers.

Lt. 21, 22
At 12 O’clock Mid night our began to move back toward Chattanooga.

Line close to the city and
Began to intrench
Been hard at work all day.

Oct 1

During the last week
we have been for
fixing our lines.
All have been daily expecting an attack from the enemy. There has been occasional their musketry in front but no general engagement.

Thursday, Oct 2

Our brigade went on pocket. Our regt. mobilized. The first day our Co. The 4th relieving the old sentinels 8 hours before breakfast.
Began 6/15 intending
been hard at work all day.

2 3

Waiting for the enemy and straying from our works. There has been some skirmishing in front still moving like a few engagements.

Oct 1

During the last week more than been for repairing our lines.
have been daily expecting an attack from the enemy. There has been occasional sharp sniping in front but no general engagement.

Thursday Oct 2

One Brigade went on pocket Bivouac only the first day. One Co. The full relief. The stood sentinels 8 hours before breakfast.
an occasional shell at the rebels, but few seemed to respond for several days.

Opinions differ widely as to what the future action of events here will be. Some think the Rebels will attack us, while others firmly believe that they will not.

Thursday, Oct. 15
Our brigade again went on picket at the front.
days that we were out making it very disagreeable.

Monday Oct. 19
In the morning early we returned from the picket lines and in the P.M. of the same day Monday our camp about one mile to the left.

Friday Nov. 20
Two men we have now changed since the battle.
During this time, we have been by the immediate vicinity of Chattanooga, Ga. I hear a day has passed that had not been some cannonading that the injury inflicted on us has been very slight. Our men have been on short rations and have also suffered for the want of clothing and blankets.
Nov 21. - Today we received four months' pay, the amount due to Oct 31.

Sat. Nov 21

Some men of our Regt. of 20 men. from our Company "G" were detailed to go to Relays landing 2 miles distant as wagon escort. We left Camp at 10:30 P.M. reached Brown's ferry 2 1/2 miles at 3 a.m.
Sundey Nov 2

Started at 7 o'clock A.M. Reached Pedro's Landing at 1 P.M.

I found that we should have to wait for our load until it should be brought up from Bridgeport by the boat. We remained here until Tuesday 24th at noon when having received our loads we started for camp at Chattanooga, drove to
within 3 miles
late in '18 the enemy we saw about rebel prisoners going to the rear.

Wed Nov 25

Started early reached the bank of the river at 10 O'clock found the bridge broken, end not cross until midnight, at 7 P.M saw a large battle raging on a point of land.
Saturday 28th
Our Corp's moved open parts. We moved
at 1 o'clock P.M.
our regiment at the head of the
column marched about 8 miles &
encamp'd at sun-
set in a beautiful
piece of timbered
land.

Sunday 29th
Marched 10 miles
and encamp'd at
Harrisons Landing
Monday May 16th 30

Hasten at 6 a.m. Marched
22 miles Crossed
Miamitah rapids
and encamped
and then left 8 o'clock

It is said that
Omeonone
in Kansas.

That we are going to remain here
During the last three days or two
I have been about the
house, feeling quite unwell for two
days. In part, have
found it extremely
difficult to keep
up with this day.
I am now well. I could
from the Town.
more a few word
above London.
1868

Our division encamped late on
The evening Monday.

As I near Pinny
Valley. The platoons
march. Our regiment
Shuffled for the
columns null 18 and

I having been the

A. It came up
with the Regt.

The next

& to dark
Wednesday, Dec 9
Our Regiment lies at the Mills. A large number are detailed for various duties. I am quite well, in fact, thoroughly washed & dressed. Some of my clothing which had become very filthy

Friday, 11
Returned to Pensacola

Jan. 19
Went back to the Mills
Dec 15

encamped in the vicinity of Mansfield

County of Mansfield

Plains 1 1/2

Wednesday Jan 6

The 31st Capt. Jhl. Bob

having been enlisted as sol
came to Shampoo Master N. L. to go to the Hospital

a light storm

This afternoon the first of this
Thursday, Jan 14
Bro.iram, with the men who were left at Chattanooga, came also. 
Heard of the death of the general who died at Murfreesboro. R. D. C. 

Friday 16

Sat. came at 7 A.M. Marched 12 miles

Saturday 16

Marched 13 miles to Sandridge, very hilly & stony. Rebels can monadog 4 times Mus. Rejoin in the 10 A.M.

Our Regt. detail led as provost guard.
Sunday Jan 15
Lept Sandtown at 8 P.M. Marched all night. Reached Knoxville 20 at 3 O'clock P.M.

Sat Jan 23
Left Knoxville at 7 A.M. Reached Kings 24 miles distant from Monday 25 at 2 P.M.

During the last 3 days I have been quite lame. The last nine made in the Compancean.

Tuesday February 2
Left Kingston at 7 A.M. Marched 18 Miles.
Wed. Feb. 9. 1866

Started at-sunrise reached London at 9 a.m.
Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

PUBLISHED BY THE
CHICAGO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION.
This book was presented to me at the camp near Chicago. I am writing my wife to tell her that the Mary may join me.
"Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

PUBLISHED BY THE
CHICAGO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
Dear Reader:

The circumstances that now surround you are different from any previous ones, and your peril is much greater. You need, therefore, a greater friend. Other friends are now away. You need one always near. Other friends are weak. You need a strong friend. Such an one is—Jesus. Will you have Him?

He will never leave thee nor forsake thee.
He will support thee and bless thee in health.
He will make thy bed in sickness.
He will go with thee through the dark valley.
He will give thee a crown of eternal life.
Could you ask for more? Then, believe on Christ and accept of Him, and all these things are yours!
If, at any time, you need religious books, papers, or any thing that we, as Christian men, can do for you, please address any one of the Army Committee, whose names you see on the back of the cover.

The Soldiers' Hymn Book.

PRAISE.

1. 
   Coronation.  C. M.
   1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
      Let angels prostrate fall:
      Bring forth the royal diadem,
      And crown him Lord of all.
   2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
      Ye ransomed from the fall,
      Hail him who saves you by his grace,
      And crown him Lord of all.
   3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
      The wormwood and the gall,
      Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
      And crown him Lord of all.
   4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
      On this terrestrial ball,
      To him all majesty ascribe,
      And crown him Lord of all.

2. 
   Christ the Fountain,  C. M.
   1 There is a fountain filled with blood
      Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
      And sinners plunged beneath that flood
      Lose all their guilty stains.
PRAISE.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vie as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

3. The Name of Jesus.  C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

CHORUS.
I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

4. The Cross.  L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5. The Lamb that was Slain.

1 In the far better land of glory and light,
The ransomed are singing in garments of white,
The harpers are harping; and all the bright train
Sing the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.
The lamb, the lamb, the lamb that was slain,
The lamb, the lamb, the lamb that was slain.

2 Like the sound of the sea, swells their chorus of praise,
Round the star circled crown of the ancient of days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain,
Of glory eternal, to Him that was slain.

Cho.—To Him that was slain, &c.

3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint,
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will gain,
With the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.

Cho.—The Lamb that was slain, &c.
PRAISE.

4 Now children, and teachers, and friends all unite,
    In a loud hallelujah with the ransom'd in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.
    Cho.—The Lamb that was slain, &c.

6. Come let us Join. C. M.

1 Come let us join our cheerful songs
    With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
    But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
    To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply
    For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
    Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
    Be, Lord, for ever thine.

7. Loving Kindness.

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
    And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
    His loving kindness, O, how free!

    CHORUS.
    His loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O, how free.

2 Often I feel my sinful heart
    Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
    His loving kindness changes not.
    Cho.—His loving kindness, &c.

HOLY SPIRIT.

3 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
    Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
    His loving kindness sing in death.
    Cho.—His loving kindness, &c.

4 Then let me mount and soar away
    To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
    His loving kindness in the skies.
    Cho.—His loving kindness, &c.

HOLY SPIRIT.

8. The Holy Spirit. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
    With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
    In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
    Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
    To reach eternal joys.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
    At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
    And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove
    With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
    And that shall kindle ours.
9. **Desire for Holiness.** C. M.

1. O for a closer walk with God,
   A calm and heavenly frame;
   A light to shine upon the road
   That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
   When first I saw the Lord?
   Where is the soul-refreshing view
   Of Jesus and his word?

3. Return, O holy Dove! return
   Sweet messenger of rest;
   I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
   And drove Thee from my breast.

4. The dearest idol I have known,
   Whate'er that idol be,
   Help me to tear it from thy throne,
   And worship only Thee.

5. So shall my walk be close with God,
   Calm and serene my frame;
   So purer light shall mark the road
   That leads me to the Lamb.

---

10. **The Lord's Prayer.**

1. OUR FATHER in heaven, we hallow thy name,
   May thy kingdom holy, on earth be the same;
   Oh! give to us daily our portion of bread;
   It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2. Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
   That humble compassion which pardons each foe;
   Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
   And thine be the glory forever, Amen.

---

11. **Sweet Hour of Prayer.**

   From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1. SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
   That calls me from a world of care,
   And bids me at my Father's throne
   Make all my wants and wishes known:

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
   Thy wings shall my petition bear,
   To him whose truth and faithfulness,
   Engage the waiting soul to bless;

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
   May I thy consolation share;
   Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
   I view my home, and take my flight:

4. Christ our Refuge. 7s, Double.

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
   Let me to Thy bosom fly,
   While the raging billows roll,
   While the tempest still is high,
SAVIOUR.

13. The Bleeding Saviour.

1 A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
   And did my sovereign die;
   Did he devote that sacred head
   For such a worm as I?

2 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
   While his dear cross appears;
   Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
   And melt my eyes to tears.

3 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
   The debt of love I owe:
   Here, Lord, I give myself away,
   ’Tis all that I can do.


1 WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
   The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west,
   In deep meditation I wandered my feet,
   O'er fields by pale moonlight, in lonely retreat.

2 While passing a garden I paused to hear,
   A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was there
   The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,
   While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

3 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
   What man of compassion the stranger might be.
   I saw him, low, kneeling, upon the cold ground,
   The loveliest Being that ever was found.

4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
   That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood and tears!
   I wept to behold him!—I asked him his name:
   He answered, “’Tis Jesus! from heaven I came!

5 “I am thy Redeemer! for thee I must die:
   The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
   Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me;
   And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee.”

15. Faith in Christ.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
   Thou Lamb of Calvary,
   Saviour divine!
   Now hear me while I pray,
   Take all my guilt away;
   O let me from this day
   Be wholly thine.
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.


1 ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

17. The Royal Proclamation.
From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature:

CHORUS.
Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."

Cho.—Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

Cho.—Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

Cho.—Jesus reigns, &c.

18. The Good Shepherd.
From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 OH, come to the good Shepherd,
And rest within his fold;
He'll guard you from temptation,
He'll keep you—young and old.
His love is all-sufficient,
His grace will bear you through,
He'll aid you in your duties,
And teach you what to do.
SAVBBATH.

CHORUS.
Then come, oh come, yes, come, come, come,  
You're not too young, you're not too old,  
To rest in the good Shepherd's fold,  
To rest, to rest in the good Shepherd's fold.

2 Oh, who would wish to wander  
From such a fold as this?  
Without is gloomy terror,  
Within is perfect bliss.  
Though rough the path, and thorny,  
You will be safe from harm,  
From all your foes defended,  
By the good Shepherd's arm.  
Cho.—Then come, &c.

3 The world is full of trials,  
And sorrow comes to all;  
But happy those who listen  
To the good Shepherd's call.  
For every grief that darkens,  
And all the tears that dim,  
Are sent to us in mercy,  
To draw us nearer Him.  
Cho.—Then come, &c.

SAVBBATH.

19.  
Christ our all.  

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shall be;  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might!  
Foes may hate and friends disown me  
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Perish, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!  
In thy service, pain is pleasure;  
With thy favor, life is gain:  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

20.  

The Sabbath.

1 HOW sweet is the Sabbath to me,  
The day when the Saviour arose!  
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,  
And in his soft arms to repose;  
He knows I am weak and defiled,  
My life is but empty and vain;  
But if he will make me his child,  
I'll never forsake him again.

2 This day he invites me to come:  
How kindly he bids me draw near!  
He offers me heaven for home,  
And wipes off the penitent tear:  
He offers to pardon my sin,  
And keep me from every snare,  
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,  
And show me his tenderest care.
3. I can not, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquered my heart:
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.


1. THE Sabbath School's a place of prayer,
I love to meet my teachers there,
They teach me there that everyone
May find, in heaven, a happy home.

CHORUS.
I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath School.

2. In God's own book we're taught to read
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled:
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man, his soul to save.
I love to go, I love to go, &c.

3. In Sabbath School we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath day:
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.
I love to go, I love to go, &c.

4. And when our days on earth are o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet
And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet
In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above, to part no more.

22. Oh! We love to Come.

1. O! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
And learn of our teachers dear,
Who point us, with love, to our home above,
And the crown that awaits us there.

2. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love Him more.

3. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
But we would not come alone;
We would each bring in, from the depths of sin,
Some wretched, wandering one:

4. Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
Who know not of God or heaven;
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast,
Which our Father's love hath given.

5. Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

BIBLE.

23. The Bible! The Bible!

1. THE BIBLE! the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold:
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.
WARNING & INVITATIONS.

25. **Invitation to Christ.** 8s & 7s.

1 **COME,** ye sinners, poor and needy,
   Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
   Jesus, ready, stands to save you,
   Full of pity, love and power.
   Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
   Sound the praise of his dear name;
   Glory, honor, and salvation,
   Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 **Now,** ye needy, come and welcome,
   God's free bounty glorify;
   True belief and true repentance,
   Every grace that brings you nigh.
   Turn, etc.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
   Nor of fitness fondly dream;
   All the fitness He requireth
   Is to feel your need of Him.
   Turn, etc.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
   Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
   On the bloody tree behold him,
   Hear Him cry before he dies.
   Turn, etc.

26. **Will you go?** 8s & 8s.

1 We're travelling home to heaven above:
   Will you go?
   To sing the Saviour's dying love:
   Will you go?
   Millions have reached that blest abode,
   Annointed kings and priests to God,
   And millions more are on the road:
   Will you go?
WARNINGS & INVITATIONS.

2 We're going to walk the plains of light:
Will you go?
Far, far from death and curse and night:
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share:
Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain:
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again!
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see:"
Will you go?

4 Oh! could I hear some sinner say:
"I will go."
Oh! could I hear him humbly pray:
"Make me go."
And all his old companions tell:
"I will not go with you to hell:
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell."
Let me go."

27. **O say, Will you be There?**

From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 **BEYOND** this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
There is a region fair—
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day.

**CHORUS.**
Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, will you be there?
Oh say, oh say, oh say, will you be there?

WARNINGS & INVITATIONS.

2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin;
Nought that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare.
Upon that bright eternal shore,
Earth's bitter curse is known no more.

**Cho.**—Oh say, will you be there, &c.

3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.

**Cho.**—Oh say, will you be there, &c.

4 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way—I'll lead you home—

**Cho.**—With me, you shall be there, &c.

28. **Judgment Anticipated.**

1 **WHEN** thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To bear my ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?
30. Will You Meet Us?

Girls. Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Boys.—By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.

Chorus.
Glory, glory, hallelujah.

Girls.—Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Boys.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
For ever, evermore.

Cho.—Glory, glory, &c.

31. Come, my Soul.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepar;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself hath bid thee pray;
Rise, and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.
32. **To-Day the Saviour Calls.**  
6s & 4s.

1 **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls:  
Ye wanderers, come;  
O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls,  
O, hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:  
Yield to his power;  
O, grieve him not away;  
'Tis mercy's hour.

33. **Rest for the Weary!**

1 **C**OME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.  
**Chorus**—There is rest for the weary, &c.

2 Hither come, for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest—eternal, sacred, sure.  
**Chorus**—There is rest for the weary, &c.

34. **The Eden Above.**

1 **W**E'RE bound for the land of the pure and the holy,  
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,  
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,  
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

35. **Come to Me.**

1 **W**ITH tearful eyes I look around,  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;  
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest—  
It tells me where my soul may flee;  
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 Come, for all else must fail and die,  
Earth is no resting place for thee,  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion, "Come to me."

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above!  
And gently whisper, "Come to me."
From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1. The gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing,
   The gospel ship is sailing,
   Bound for Canaan's happy shore;
All who would ship for glory, glory, glory,
   All who would ship for glory,
   Come and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS.
Glory hallelujah! all on board are sweetly singing,
Glory hallelujah! hallelujah to the Lamb!

2. She has landed many thousands, thousands, thousands
   She has landed many thousands,
   On fair Canaan's happy shore,
   And thousands now are sailing, sailing, sailing,
   Yet there's room for thousands more.

Cho.—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

REPENTANCE.

37.
Just as I am. 8s & 6s, or L. M.

1. Just as I am, without one plea,
   But that thy blood was shed for me,
   And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
   O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

2. Just as I am, and waiting not
   To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
   To Thee, whose blood can wash each spot,
   O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

3. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
   Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
   Because thy promise I believe—
   O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

4. Just as I am—thy love, I own,
   Has broken every barrier down;
   Now to be thine, and thine alone,
   O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

38. I'm a Pilgrim.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
   I can tarry, I can tarry but a night—
   Do not detain me, for I am going,
   To where the fountains are ever flowing,

   Cho.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

2. There the glory is ever shining!
   O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there,
   Here in this country so dark and dreary,
   I long have wandered forlorn and weary;

   Cho.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
39. The Son of God in Tears.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,  
The wondering angels see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

40. Blest be the Tie.  S. M

1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds,  
Is like to that above.

41. Nearer, my God, to Thee.  6s & 4s.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me!

Still all my songs shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

42. Soldier of the Cross.  C. M.

1 A soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the lamb,  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
2 Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to meet?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

43. The Bright Crown.
From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
Yea happy, praying band;
Though in this world you suffer loss,
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.

CHORUS.
Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the world,
For we've all got the cross to bear;
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.

Chor.—Let us never, &c.

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."

Chor.—Let us never, &c.

CONFLICT, TRIUMPH & JOY. 31

44. Let us walk in the Light.
Sabbath School Hymns.

1 'Tis religion that can give—
In the light, in the light:
Sweetest pleasure while we live—
In the light of God.
'Tis religion must supply—
In the light, in the light:
Solid comfort when we die—
In the light of God.

CHORUS.—Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light;
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light:
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God.
Be the living God my friend—
In the light, in the light:
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.

[Cho.

CONFLICT, TRIUMPH AND JOY.

45. The Pilgrim's Rest. 10s & 4s.

1 Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away,
My heart doth leap when I hear Jesus say
There, there is rest, there is rest!
2 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here must I bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

46. A Light in the Window.
From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 There's a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansion above,
There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free,
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.

Cho.—A mansion, &c.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Cho.—A mansion, &c.

47. The Evergreen Shore.
From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 We are joyously voyaging over the main,
Bound for the evergreen shore,
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
And never see death any more.

CHORUS.
Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er;
We will weather the blast,
And will land at last
Safe on the evergreen shore.

2 We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave,
Under our Saviour's command;
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave
For Jesus will bring us to land.

Cho.—Then let, &c.

3 Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill:
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.

Cho.—Then let, &c.

4 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more,
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.

Cho.—Then let, &c.
CONFLICT, TRIUMPH & JOY.

48. The Jubilee Proclaimed.

1 Blow ye the trumpet!—blow,—
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth’s remotest bound,—
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God—
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransomed sinners! home.

3 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pard’ning grace;
Ye happy souls! draw near,
Behold your Saviour’s face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits! rest,
Ye mourning souls! be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

49. Watchman, tell us of the Night.

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What the signs of promise are?
Traveller, o’er yon mountain’s height,
See that glory beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

50. Here we Meet to Part Again.

1 Here we meet to part again,
Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan’s plain,
There’ll be no parting there.

Chorus.—In that bright world above,
Shout! shout the victory,
We’re on our journey home.

2 Here we meet to part again,
Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There’ll be no parting there.

Chorus.—In that bright world above,
Shout! shout the victory, &c.

3 Here we meet to part again,
Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There’ll be no parting there.

Chorus.—In that bright world above,
Shout! shout the victory, &c.
51. **Watch and Pray.**  
S. M.

1. **My soul, be on thy guard,**  
Ten thousand foes arise,  
And hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

2. **Oh! watch and fight and pray,**  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day;  
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won;  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done  
Till thou hast got thy crown.

4. **Fight on, my soul, till death,**  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

52. **Joyfully Onward.**  
R. H.

1. **Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,**  
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;  
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, "Come;"  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

2. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,  
Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the blow;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—  
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.

53. **Christian Confidence.**  
C. M.

1. **When I can read my title clear,**  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. **Should earth against my soul engage,**  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3. **Let cares like a wild deluge come,**  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all!

4. **There shall I bathe my weary soul**  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

**Chorus—**I want to go, I want to go,  
I want to go where Jesus is,  
I want to go there too.

54. **The Gospel Advancing.**  
C. H.

1. **The morning light is breaking,**  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears.

2. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar.  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
CONFLICT, TRIUMPH & JOY.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
   In many a gentle shower,
   And brighter scenes before us,
   Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
   Abundant answers brings,
   And heavenly winds are blowing,
   With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
   Pursue thy onward sway,
   Flow thou to every nation,
   Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
   Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
   Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Zion's Pilgrim.

From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 PILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound,
   Our journey lies along this road;
   This wilderness we travel round,
   To reach the city of our God.

CHORUS.
   O happy Pilgrim, spotless, fair,
   What makes your robes so white appear?
   Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood,
   And we are traveling home to God.

2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
   In this dark desert to complain;
   A few more sighs, a few more tears,
   And we shall bid adieu to pain.

   Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

3 We all shall reach that golden shore
   If here we watch, and fight, and pray;
   Straight is the way, and straight the door,
   And none but pilgrims find the way.

   Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

LIFE AND DEATH.

4 O may we meet at last above,
   Amid the holy blood-washed throng,
   And sing forever Jesus' love,
   While saints and angels join the song.
   Cho.—O happy pilgrims, &c.

56. Delightful Views.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
   And cast a wishful eye,
   To Canaan's fair and happy land,
   Where my possessions lie.

2 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
   Would here no longer stay!
   Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
   Fearless I'd launch away.

LIFE AND DEATH.

57. Shining Shore.

Sabbath School Hymns.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
   And I a pilgrim stranger;
   Would not detain them as they fly,
   Those hours of toil and danger;

   Cho.—For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
   Our friends are passing over;
   And just before the shining shore
   We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
   "Let every lamp be burning;"
   We look afar across the wave,
   Our distant home discerning;
   For we now stand, &c.
58. **Homeward Bound.**

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride—
   We're homeward bound;
   Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide—
   We're homeward bound;
   Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've roved,
   Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
   Promise of which on us each he bestowed—
   We're homeward bound.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—
   We're homeward bound;
   Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—
   We're homeward bound;
   Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
   Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
   Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!—
   We're homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world as we journey on,
   We're homeward bound;
   Try to persuade them to enter our throng—
   We're homeward bound.
   Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
   Join in our number; oh! come and be blest;
   Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
   We're homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide—
   We're home at last;
   Softly we drift on its bright silver tide—
   We're home at last;
   Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
   We stand secure on the glorified shore,
   Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
   We're home at last.

59. **Lonely Traveler.**

   From the **Golden Chain**, by permission.

1. I'm a lonely traveler here,
   Weary, oppressed,
   But my journey's end is near—
   Soon shall I rest,
   Dark and dreary is the way,
   Toiling I've come,
   Ask me not with you to stay,
   Yonder's my home.

2. I'm a weary traveler here,
   I must go on,
   For my journey's end is near,
   I must be gone.
   Brighter joys than earth can give,
   Win me away;
   Pleasures that for ever live—
   I can not stay.

3. I'm a traveler to a land
   Where all is fair,
   Where is seen no broken band—
   All, all are there,
   Where no tear shall ever fall,
   Nor heart be sad;
   Where the glory is for all,
   And all are glad.

4. I'm a traveler, and I go
   Where all is fair;
   Farewell, all I've loved below—
   I must be there.
   Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
   All I resign;
   Welcome, sorrow, grief and pain,
   If heaven be mine.
5 I'm a traveler—call me not—
Upward my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I cannot stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call
Yonder's my home.

60. The Better Land.
From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
    Going each with staff in hand?
    We are going on a journey,
    Going at our King's command.
    Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
    We are going to his palace,
    We are going to his palace,
    Going to the better land.

2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
    You, a little, feeble band?
    No, for friends, unseen, are near us,
    Holy angels round us stand.
    Christ, our leader, walks beside us,
    He will guard and he will guide us,
    He will guard and he will guide us,
    Guide us to that better land.

3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
    In that far-off, better land?
    Spotless robes and crowns of glory
    From a Saviour's loving hand.
    We shall drink of life's clear river,
    We shall dwell with God for ever,
    We shall dwell with God for ever,
    In that bright, that better land.

4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
    To that bright and better land?
    Come and welcome, come and welcome,
    Welcome to our pilgrim band!
    Christ, oh come, and do not leave us,
    Christ is waiting to receive us,
    Christ is waiting to receive us,
    In that bright, that better land.

61. 'Tis not too soon.

1 Can any one begin too soon,
    In early years, to know
    That heavenly Friend, whose steps attend
    'Mid earthy weal or woe!

2 'Tis not too soon, when life's begun,
    To sicken and to die:
    'Tis not too soon, when wrong is done,
    To seek for grace on high.

3 'Tis not too soon, our guilt to own,
    In tender, humble prayer
    'Tis not too soon, when we're undone,
    To trust a Saviour's care.

4 'Tis not too soon, the path to shun,
    That leads the soul astray;
    'Tis not too soon the race to run,
    Along the heavenly way.

5 'Tis not too soon, in childhood's noon,
    To put our trust in God:
    'Tis not too soon for any one
    T' escape the downward road.
62. **Asleep in Jesus.** L. M.

1. A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
   From which none ever wakes to weep—
   A calm and undisturbed repose,
   Unbroken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
   Whose waking is supremely blest;
   No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
   That manifests the Saviour's power.

3. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
   May such a blissful refuge be:
   Securely shall my ashes lie,
   And wait the summons from on high.

4. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
   Affects this precious hiding-place;
   On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
   Believers find the same repose.

63. **Rejoicing in Death.** Peculiar.

1. COME, sing to me of heaven,
   When I'm about to die;
   Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
   To waft my soul on high.

   Cho.—There'll be no sorrow there,
   There'll be no sorrow there;
   In heaven above, where all is love,
   There'll be no sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
   Roll off my marble brow,
   Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
   Let heaven begin below.

3. Then to my raptured ear
   Let one sweet song be given;
   Let music charm me last on earth,
   And greet me first in heaven.

4. When round my senseless clay
   Assemble those I love,
   Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
   My glorious home above.

64. **Death a Blessing.** 11s.

1. I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
   Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
   The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
   Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2. I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
   Temptation without, and corruption within;
   E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears;
   And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
   Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
   There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
   To hail him in triumph ascending the skies.

4. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
   Away from ye heaven, that blissful abode?
   Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
   And the merriment of glory eternally reigns?

5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
   Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
   While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
   And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
65. Shall we Sing in Heaven?
From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 Shall we sing in heaven for ever—
   Shall we sing?
Shall we sing in heaven for ever
   In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
   They that meet shall sing for ever,
   Far beyond the rolling river,
   Meet to sing, and love for ever
   In that happy land!

2 Shall we know each other ever
   In that land?
Shall we know each other ever
   In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
   They that meet shall know each other,
   Far beyond, &c.

3 Shall we sing with holy angels
   In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
   In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
   Saints and angels sing for ever,
   Far beyond, &c.

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
   In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
   In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
   They that meet shall rest for ever,
   Far beyond, &c.

66. Heavenly Home.

1 I'm but a traveller here—
   Heaven is my home,
   Earth is a desert drear—
   Heaven is my home.
   Danger and sorrow stand
   Round me on every hand;
   Heaven is my fatherland;
   Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
   Heaven is my home,
   Short is my pilgrimage—
   Heaven is my home.
   Time's cold and wintry blast
   Soon will be overpast;
   I shall reach home at last,
   Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side;
   Heaven is my home.
   I shall be glorified—
   Heaven is my home.
   There are the good and blest—
   Those I love most and best;
   There, too, I soon shall rest;
   Heaven is my home.

67. Foretaste of Heaven.

1 Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints.
   How sweet to my soul is communion with saints—
   To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
   And feel in the presence of Jesus at home?
   Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
   Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
2 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
Home, home, etc.

68. Beautiful Zion.

1 BEAUTIFUL Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there—
Thither I press with eager feet.
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our king,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

69. I'm Going Home.

Oriola, 28.

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.
I'm going home, 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.

2 My father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

CHO.—I'm gone home, &c.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

70. Mansions of Rest.

8s, 7s & 6s.

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre
I, a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, etc.

4 Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

71. We come with Song to greet you.

1 A YEAR again has passed away!
Time swiftly speeds along;
We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our greeting song.

CHORUS.
We come, we come, we come with song to greet you,
We come, we come, we come with song again.

2 We come the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.
We come, &c.

3 We'll sing of mercies daily given,
Through every passing year,
We'll sing the promises of Heaven
With voices loud and clear.
We come, &c.

4 We'll sing of many a happy hour
We've passed in Sunday School,
Where truth, like summer's genial showers,
Extends its gracious rule.
We come, &c.

5 Our youthful hearts will gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing
A general song of grateful praise,
To Heaven's eternal King.
We come, &c.

72. Kind Words can never Die.

1 KIND words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;
Like Childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go thro' all years and climes
The heart to cheer.

CHORUS.
Kind words can never die, never die, never die
Kind words can never die, no, never die.

2 Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past,
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last.
Many a happy thing,  
Many a daisy spring  
Float o'er Time's ceaseless wing,  
Far, far away.  
Childhood can never die, &c.

3 Our souls can never die,  
Though in the tomb  
We may all have to lie,  
Wrapt in its gloom.  
What though the flesh decay,  
Spirits pass in peace away,  
Live through eternal day  
With Christ above.  
Our souls can never die, &c.

73. **Dear Father, ere we part.**

1 Dear Father, ere we part,  
Now let thy grace descend,  
And fill our youthful heart  
With peace from Christ our Friend;  
May show'rs of blessings from above  
Descend and fill our hearts with love.

2 May we, in after years,  
With gratitude review,  
The service of this day.  
The work we now pursue;  
And speed our way to the worlds above,  
With hearts all fired with holy love.

74. **Come, Christian Brethren.**

1 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart;  
One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Brethren! we here may meet no more,  
But there is yet a happier shore;  
And there, released from toil and pain,  
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

75. **Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.**

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below,  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

76. **I love thee! I love thee!**

1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;  
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God;  
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,  
But how much I love thee I never can show.
2 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!  
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest;  
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,  
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

3 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King  
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him with notes loud and shrill,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

77. Anniversary Day.

1 With joy we meet,  
With smiles we greet,  
Our schoolmates bright and gay;  
Be dry each tear  
Of sorrow here,  
’Tis anniversary day.

Chorus.—’Tis anniversary day,  
’Tis anniversary day,  
’Tis anniversary day,  
’Tis anniversary day.

2 Religious sound  
Now rings around,  
And brightens every ray;  
Our banner floats  
’Mid happy notes,  
On anniversary day.

Chor.—On anniversary day, &c.

3 We children sing,  
And echoes ring  
Along the heavenly way,  
Where angels blest  
Have for their rest  
One anniversary day.

Chor.—One anniversary day, &c.

4 Come, children, come,  
For there are some  
Who have been wont to stray,  
Come, take our hands,  
And join our bands,  
This anniversary day.

Chor.—This anniversary day, &c.

78. Greenland’s Icy Mountain.

1 From Greenland’s icy mountains,  
From India’s coral strand,  
Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error’s chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim;  
Till earth’s remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah’s name!

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o’er our ransomed nature,  
The lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

79. Zion’s Hill.

Sabbath School Chimes.

1 What are these soul-reviving strains  
Which echo thus from Salem’s plains?  
What anthems loud and louder still,  
So sweetly sound from Zion’s Hill?
CHORUS.
Glory, glory, let us sing,
While heaven and earth with glory ring,
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Hosanna to the lamb of God.

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings.
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name,
Glory, glory, etc.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.
Glory, glory, etc.

4 Proclaim Hosannas, loud and clear,
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to Him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.
Glory, glory, etc.

80. Saviour, like a Shepherd Lead us.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

81. The Angel's Song.

1 THERE'S a song the angels sing,
And its notes with rapture ring,
Round the throne whose radiance fills the heav'n's above:
Shepherds heard a distant strain,
Watching on Judea's plain,
"Glory be to God, to men be peace and love."
Cho.—Through the earth and thro' the sky
Let the anthem ever fly,
Peace, good will to men, and glory be to God on high.

2 'Tis a song for children, too;
To the Saviour 'tis their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
Join with the angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,
"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
Cho.—Through the earth, etc.

3 Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease,
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise,
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."
Cho.—Through the earth, etc.

82. Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
O give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

TEMPERANCE AND PATRIOTIC.

83. Touch not, Taste not.

1 FRIENDS of freedom! swell the song;
Young and old, the strain prolong;
Make the temperance army strong,
And on to victory!
Lift your banners, let them wave—
Onward march, a world to save:
Who would fill a drunkard's grave
And bear his infamy?

2 Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears,
Of ruined families!
Raise the cry in every spot,
"Touch not, taste not, handle not!"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

3 Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.

Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, till you die!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4 God of mercy, hear us plead:
For thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.
Haste, oh! haste the happy day
When beneath its gentle ray,
TEMPERANCE all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

84. The Sparkling Fountain.

1 GUSHING so bright in the morning light,
Gleams the water in yon fountain;
As purely too, as the early dew
That gems the distant mountain.

CHORUS.

Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,
And leave the cup of sorrow;
Though it shine to-night in its gleaming light,
'Twill sting thee on the morrow.

2 Touch not the wine, though brightly it shine,
When nature to man has given
A gift so sweet, his wants to meet—
A beverage that flows from heaven.
Then drink, etc.

3 Not only here of the water clear
Is God the lavish giver,
But when we rise to yonder skies
We'll drink of life's bright river.
Then drink, etc.
85. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

CHORUS.

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam?
In full glory reflects, now shines in the stream.

CHORUS.

'Tis the star-spangled banner—oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the haroc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.

CHORUS.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

86. America.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

CHORUS.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture fills
Like that above.

Chorus.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong!
PATRIOTIC.

4 Our father's God! to thee,
   Author of liberty,
   To thee we sing:
   Long may our land be bright
   With freedom's holy light;
   Protect us by thy might,
   Great God, our King!

87. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean;
   OR, THE "RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

   O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
   The home of the brave and the free,
   The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
   A world offers homage to thee.
   Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
   When Liberty's form stands in view,
   Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
   When borne by the red, white, and blue!

   When war winged its wide desolation,
   And threatened the land to deform,
   The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
   Columbia, rode safe through the storm!
   With her garlands of victory around her,
   When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
   With her flag proudly floating before her,
   The boast of the red, white and blue!

   Come, soldiers! come, sailors! come hither,
   With true hearts full to the brim,
   May the wreath they have won never wither,
   Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
   May the service united not sever,
   And hold to their colors so true;
   The Army and Navy forever,
   Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

INDEX

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed .......................... 10
A light in the window .................................... 32
All hail the power of Jesus' name ......................  3
Am I a soldier of the cross ............................... 29
Anniversary Day ........................................... 54
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep .......................... 44
Awake my soul in joyful lays ............................  6
Beautiful Zion, built above ............................... 43
Blest be the tie that binds ............................... 28
Blow ye the trumpets, blow ............................... 34
Can any one begin too soon? .............................. 43
Columbia, the gem of the ocean ......................... 62
Come, christian brethren, ere we part ................. 53
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly love .......................  7
Come, humble sinner in whose breast .................. 22
Come let us join our cheerful songs ...................  6
Come my soul, thy suit prepare ........................ 23
Come sing to me to heaven ................................ 44
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy ...................... 19
Dear Father 'ere we part ................................ 53
Did Christ o'er sinners weep ............................. 28
From Greenland's icy mountains ......................... 55
Gushing so bright in the morning light ................. 59
Here o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam ............. 31
Here we meet to part again .............................. 35
Home, sweet home ........................................ 57
How sweet is the Sabbath to me ........................ 15
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds ....................  4
I love thee, I love thee .................................. 53
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ...................... 27
I'm but a traveler here .................................. 47
In the Christian's home of glory ....................... 49
I think when I read that sweet story of old .......... 18
I would not live alway ................................... 45
Jesus, I my cross have taken ............................ 14
Jesus, lover of my soul ..................................  9
Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move .................... 36
Just as I am, without one plea ........................ 27
Kind words can never die ................................ 51
Let us walk in the light .................................. 31
Lonely traveler ............................................. 41
Mid scenes of confusion, and creature complaints ... 4
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>My country, 'tis of thee</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My faith looks up to thee</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My soul, be on thy guard</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My heavenly home is bright and fair.</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nearer, my God, to thee</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O, for a closer walk with God</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! say will you be there</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! we love to come</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Jordan's stormy banks I stand</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out on an ocean all boundless we ride</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rest for the weary</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rock of Ages, cleft for me</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saviour, like a shepherd lead us</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Say, brothers will you meet us</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall we sing in heaven forever</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet hour of prayer</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Angel's song</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The better land</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bible, the Bible, more precious than gold</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The bright crown</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eden above</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The evergreen shore</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Good Shepherd</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The gospel ship is sailing</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lamb that was slain</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord's Prayer</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The morning light is breaking</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Royal Proclamation</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The sabbath school's a place of prayer</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The shining shore</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The star spangled banner</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a fountain filled with blood</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To day the Saviour calls</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touch not, taste not</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watchman, tell us of the night</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We come, with song to greet you</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're traveling home to heaven above</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I can read my title clear</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I survey the wondrous cross</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While nature was sinking in stillness to rest</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When thou my righteous judge shalt come</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With tearful eyes, I look around</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zion's Hill</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zion's Pilgrim</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE CHICAGO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, in entering upon the new field of labor opened by Providence among the soldiers of the United States Army, desires to do all in its power to supply the religious wants of our brave defenders, and will be most happy to become the medium of communication between them and their friends; or in any other practicable way, will cheerfully labor to mitigate the inconveniences and diminish the deprivations incidental to life in the camp.

The Association has appointed an "Army Committee," consisting of the undersigned, to supervise its operations in connection with this branch of duty. To them, or either of them, communications may be addressed.

J. V. FARWELL,  
TUTHIL KING,  
D. L. MOODY,  
B. FRANK JACOBS,  

Army Committee.

Address, Drawer 5801, P. O., Chicago, Ill.
THE ROLL CALL OR
How will you answer it.

PHILADELPHIA:
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BOOK SOCIETY,
1224 Chestnut Street.
THE ROLL CALL;

OR,

HOW WILL YOU ANSWER IT?

"It's all up with me!" exclaimed Dick Holmes, starting from the arm-chair in which he had been dozing; for the chimes of the clock, sounding through the little apartment, told him that he had outstaid his time by half an hour, and was too late for roll call.

As he snatched his cap from the table, the half-stifled laughter of his village companions increased the soldier's vexation, and he began to curse and swear at them; adding, "If I'd but five minutes to throw away upon you, I'd make you remember it. But never fear; I'll pay you off yet" — and he shook his fist, with a furious look, as he darted from the door, while they shouted after him, "The roll call, Dick! the roll call! How will you answer it?"

"Vagabonds!" he muttered in reply, as, at full speed, he ran across the fields,
taking the shortest possible cut toward the barracks.

How should he answer it, was, indeed, a question that Dick Holmes could not solve.

The officer then in command of the regiment was a strict disciplinarian; and having succeeded one who had been rather too indulgent, he took great pains to enforce the most rigid attention on the part of those around him. Dick had been begged out of a scrape, with very great difficulty, not long before; and the sergeant, who then stood his friend, had promised to keep a strict eye over him, and to report him immediately should he again transgress.

After a very hard run, our friend Dick reached the barrack gate, near which some soldiers were standing, who hailed him in no small surprise; for Dick seldom appeared in such haste, unless when going to the canteen. "Halloo! comrade. What hurry? What news?" Dick paused, and stared about him, for it was evident that the muster had not yet taken place.

"Hang the clock!" he exclaimed; "'twas a false alarm, then, after all."

And then, amid the loud laughter of his merry comrades, he wiped the dust and moisture from his face, and explained the occasion of his violent speed.

"Oh, depend on it, they put the clock forward," said one. This was indeed the case; and Dick’s roguish companions had played him the trick in consequence of his having expressed such dread of the colonel, whose strictness he described to them.

Dick was much joked by his comrades about the clock; but there was one old soldier who took it up in a different manner. He did, indeed, smile when he heard the story; but not when Dick swore to be revenged on the parties concerned.

This veteran, whose name was Gray, took an opportunity the next morning of getting into conversation with Dick Holmes, and asked him how he felt during his forced march.

"Why, really," said the other, "I can hardly tell; I was completely bothered
by the question the rascals sent after me — "How will you answer it?" I couldn’t get that out of my head."

"It’s a pity that ever you should," observed Gray.

"Why not? I was in very good time after all, you see."

"Ay; but the last roll call isn’t over yet; and I often fear, Dick, that you will not be found in your rank there."

"What! do you think I’ll desert?"

"I think you are already a deserter."

"I’ll tell you what, Gray," said Dick angrily, "I’m tired of being jested with about this nonsense, and will hear no more of it."

"But I’m not jesting, my lad; and if you listen patiently I’ll show you my meaning.

"A great Commander, whom both you and I are bound to obey, has given notice of a great roll call and inspection, where every man must both answer to his name, and have his clothing, his arms, and accouterments examined, his past conduct inquired into, and his fidelity proved, or else he will be treated as a deserter, and punished accordingly. Now Dick, if I see you without any of this uniform, wearing, indeed, that of his enemies, and your weapons either rusty and useless, or employed against your Commander; if I hear you continually speaking ill of him, and know that you break all the rules of his service, and encourage others to do the same, am I not justified in fearing that he considers you a deserter, and asking you, when thinking how near the great roll call may be, ‘How will you answer it?’"

"I know nothing of what you mean," said Dick, sullenly.

"Yes, you do," replied Gray; "your looks show it. Conscience tells you that Jesus Christ, the Captain of your salvation, has this charge to bring against you. You acknowledge yourself bound to be a follower of him. You receive his pay in the very air that supplies your breath, the food that supports you, and all the mercies which you enjoy. Can you deny this?"

"What weapons does he give me?"
against the eyes, limbs, and souls of your companions; and besides, the great and terrible name of the Most High God is so constantly in your mouth, at such times, as to prove that you are appealing to him; and the real meaning of these horrible prayers is to implore that he will deliver you, and all around you, to the pit of hell. What say you to this, Dick? "How will you answer it?"

"Pho! Gray, you are making too much fuss about trifles."

"Trifles! Are God's commandments trifles? Is the blood of Jesus Christ, shed on the cross, a trifle? Is the everlasting torment of hell a trifle?"

"Why, no; but I mean that you are making out a worse case than is fair against me. There are many excuses."

"Well, name some."

"Why, then, temptation is so strong, and human nature so weak, that a man must be led astray sometimes; and besides——"

"Stop, comrade—remember the roll call. Fatigue, the heat of the weather, and a little drink, made you drowsy last

asked Dick, without answering the last question.

"All your senses and faculties are given you to be employed in his service; but more especially, as you have strong enemies to fight against, he gives you a sharp, two-edged sword, even the Holy Bible, (Heb. iv. 12, Eph. vi. 17,) and the powerful weapon of prayer, with which you may conquer all who oppose his government. Now, the first of these you never touch—it rests in the scabbard. The other you constantly employ against your Captain."

"That is false," exclaimed Dick; "for if ever I pray at all, I certainly don't pray against him."

"You certainly do. His work and his glory it is to save souls. Your prayer is that they may be damned, and your own also. Why, Dick, if I were to write out the prayers that you put up in one day, aloud, you would be astonished at them."

"Pshaw! swearing is not praying."

"It is. The dreadful wishes that you utter must be addressed to some one. No mere man can do what you ask to be done
night; you might have dozed for half an hour longer, if the clock had not been altered; and you had a very good excuse to offer, as far as the weakness of human nature goes; but would that have saved you from punishment?"

"No, but the case is different."

"Different, indeed! Here is one single offence, merely a breach of a particular order, and committed against our fellow-man; yet for that you freely admit that you would have deserved to be punished. The other is one continued course of offences, persisted in day after day, year after year, against the dreadful majesty of the Lord God, who will not be mocked, and whose wrath is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men."

"But I have often heard you say that Jesus Christ will save sinners."

"That brings us back to the question of desertion, Dick. Jesus Christ does indeed save sinners, the vilest of sinners, who believe in him. But then, becoming believers, they cease to serve sin. They no longer wear the devil's uniform, nor receive his wages, but form a little army, of which the Lord Jesus is, as I said, the Captain; and they are safe, and none but they. Now, are you in the ranks of this army, or have you deserted to the enemy?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Dick.

"Then I must help you find out. If you meet a soldier going on furlough, you easily discover his regiment by examining the badges. I'll tell you the uniform of Satan's troops, and you may judge of yourself by it. He clothes them in the works of the flesh, which are manifest; and these are some of them—adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, hatred, variance, wrath, strife, envyings, murders, drunkenness, thyings, thefts, false witness, lyings, blasphemy—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Dick; "I have not robbed or murdered any body; so I am clear."

"Say not so," answered Gray. "If you have offended in one point you are guilty of all."

"How do you know that?"
“God declares it in the Bible; the second chapter of St. James’ Epistle, and tenth verse. One willful sin, Dick, habitually committed, is like the number marked on your buttons. It will show what corps you belong to, though there were nothing else to prove it. Then let us see how Satan arms his followers: an angry temper; a lying, lewd, or swearing tongue; an eye roving after forbidden objects; feet hasting to works of revenge or mischief; hands stretched forth to smite, to defraud, or to grasp at strong drink; thoughts of covetousness, ambition, malice. He has a vast armory, comrade; and though he does not often load one man with all, any more than each of us has sword and bayonet, musket, pike, and pistol, yet so long as all bear this stamp of his manufactory, and are laid up for the service of his garrison, whatever weapon you carry, you are his follower.”

Dick Holmes began to look rather uneasy; the seriousness and earnestness of Gray prevented his turning it into a jest, as he would gladly have tried to do. Conscience, too, bore witness that much of the description suited him. Gray observed his embarrassment, and went on still more solemnly:—“Comrade, the hour approaches fast, and you must appear at the great roll call. Clothed and armed for the service of your Lord’s enemies, oh, how will you answer it?”

“Why,” said Dick, with a shrug, “I suppose I must share the fate of other deserters.”

“And that fate is the worm that dieth not, the fire that is not quenched; the devouring flame, everlasting burnings, outer darkness, where no ray of light can ever come; weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Oh, my friend, if the fear of a day’s punishment, even without a reasonable hope of escaping it, induced you to make such exertion last night, will you not rouse yourself to one effort when a sure way of escape is opened for such horrors as these? The enemies of your soul would gladly put forward the clock, not for an idle jest, but that your last hour might strike, and your soul be dragged to the terrible muster, with all the badges of hell upon it.”
"Sure enough, Gray, the thought is an awful one; but what can such a fellow as I do? I can’t deny having, as you say, the devil’s uniform on me, and his weapons too; and what should I get by delivering myself up, in such a trim?"

"A free pardon, comrade; a full pardon! Our Captain has said, ‘Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.’ (John vi. 37.) ‘Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.’ (Isa. lv. 7.) There is more joy in that army, Dick, over one returning deserter, than over ninety and nine who never went away."

It seemed that the words of his pious comrade sunk deep into the soldier’s heart. He considered for some time and then said, "I have been in the enemy’s camp so long, Gray, and am so used to his service that if I got among God’s people I should never be able to do as they do. I should be like a fish out of water, and quite at a loss."

"Why, Dick, when you enlisted to serve your country, were you sent to do duty in your old fustian jacket with a flail for a weapon, and engaged on the hard terms of ‘nothing a day, and to find yourself?’"

"No, truly," answered Dick, smiling; "the government made a more reasonable bargain, or they wouldn’t have got me into their ranks. I got good clothing, pay, quarters, and arms, to enable me to fight their battles, which I’ll do to my last drop of blood."

"Don’t wrong the King of heaven, then, by imagining that he will deal less bountifully by his soldiers than an earthly power. You must strip off the disgraceful uniform of his enemies, and come to him, a poor, naked, beggarly object; but he will presently clothe you, and arm you, and give you a place among his own troops, so beautifully described in the Revelation, (chap. xix.) ‘And I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True; and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of
fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood; and his name is called the Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. That linen, we are elsewhere told, is the righteousness of the saints; not any merit that they have, or ever had, of their own; but because they, that is, all who ever were or shall be redeemed from sin and death, washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. But to return to the description of Him who leads the armies of heaven. "Out of his mouth goeth a sharp, two-edged sword, that with it he should smite the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS." This is my Captain," added Gray, looking up with a countenance full of earnest, humble hope, "and this the army by which it is my heart's desire and prayer to be acknowledged as a comrade."

"They are strange and wonderful things," observed Dick Holmes.

"Ay, too strange and wonderful for the natural man to receive. To such they are foolishness. But, O comrade, if you would indeed study the blessed Bible with prayer for the help of the Holy Spirit, you would find what would make you loathe the ways of sin; you would feel your own sinfulness, and cry out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' And once sending up that cry from a contrite heart, you would be shown the preciousness of this Captain of our salvation, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, and you would never rest till he smiled upon you. He would smile on you, my friend, and gird you with strength unto the battle. He would make all your enemies flee before you; and, after a short campaign, clothe you with conquest. Oh to be able to say with St. Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have
kept the faith!” These are the things to interest an immortal soul, not the toys and empty follies, or filthy sins, with which Satan tries to keep us from looking into them. But the bugle sounds; we must to our quarters. Only remember, Dick, that I have set before you both your danger and its remedy. Both are certain, both eternal; and if you refuse the good and choose the evil, I cannot prevent it; but the day will arrive, the roll will be called, and, oh, my deluded comrade, HOW WILL YOU ANSWER IT?

Reader, you too must appear at the great Day of Judgment to give account of the deeds done in the body, AND HOW WILL YOU ANSWER IT?
PRESENTED BY THE

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION,

CENTRAL OFFICE,

No. 13 Bank Street, Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. STUART, Chairman.

JOSEPH PATTERSON, Western Bank, Treasurer.

REV. W. E. BOARDMAN, Secretary.
A

RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

PHILADELPHIA:
Protestant Episcopal Book Society,
1224 Chestnut Street.
A RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

It's a cheerless, lonesome evening,
When the soaking, sodden ground
Will not echo to the foot-fall
Of the sentinel's dull round.
God's blue star-spangled banner
To night is not unfurled;
Surely He has not deserted
This weary, warring world.

I peer into the darkness,
And the crowding fancies come;
The night-wind blowing Northward,
Carries all my heart toward home.

For I 'listed in this army,
Not exactly to my mind;
But my country called for helpers,
And I couldn't stay behind.

So, I've had a sight of drilling,
And have roughed it many ways,
And Death has nearly had me;
Yet I think the service pays.
It’s a blessed sort of feeling,
    That though you live or die,
You have helped your bleeding country,
    And fought right loyally.

But I can’t help thinking sometimes,
    When a wet day’s leisure comes,
That I hear the old home voices
    Talking louder than the drums;

And the far, familiar faces
    Peep in at the tent door,
And the little children’s footsteps
    Go pit-pat on the floor.

I can’t help thinking, somehow,
    Of what the Parson reads,
All about that other warfare
    Which every true man leads.
And wife, soft-hearted creature,
    Seems a-saying in my ear,
"I'd rather have you in those ranks
    Than to see you Brigadier."

I call myself a brave one,
    But in my heart I lie!
For my Country and her Honor
    I am fiercely free to die;

But when the Lord who bought me
    Asks for my service here
To "fight the good fight" faithfully,
    I'm skulking in the rear.

And yet I know this Captain
    All love and care to be:
He would never get impatient
    With a raw recruit like me.
And I know He'd not forget me
When the Day of Peace appears;
I should share with Him the victory
Of all His volunteers.

And it's kind of cheerful, thinking,
Beside the dull tent fire,
About that big promotion
When He says, "Come up higher!"

And though it's dismal, rainy,
Even now, with thoughts of Him,
Camp life looks extra cheery,
And death a deal less grim.

For I seem to see Him waiting
Where a gathered Heaven greets
A great, victorious army,
Surging up the golden streets;
And I hear Him read the roll-call,
And my heart is all aflame,
When the dear Recording Angel
Writes down my happy name!

But my fire is dead white ashes,
And the tent is chilling cold,
And I'm playing win the battle,
When I've never been enrolled.

In Thine army vast receive me,
Thou Saviour of the world!
And I'll follow wheresoever
Thy banner is unfurled.

Oh, give me zeal and courage,
My heart and life renew,
That I firmly to my signet
May set that Thou art true!
To reach the Eternal City,
I'll brave Death's sullen
flood,
My Saviour crossed before me:
I'll triumph through His
blood!

BOOKS FOR THE ARMY.

SOLDIER'S PRAYER BOOK. Cloth, $6
per hundred.
Do. do. do. Boards,
$3.50 per hundred, or 4 cents each.
RAINY DAY IN CAMP. 32mo., paper,
$1.50 per hundred, or 2 cents each.
COLOR SERGEANT. 32mo., paper, $1.60
per hundred, or 2 cents each.
ROLL CALL. 24mo., with covers, $1.50
per hundred, or 2 cents each.
MAY A PENITENT BELIEVER BE
SAVED? $1.60 per hundred, or 2
cents each.
THE INVITATION. $1.60 per hundred,
or 2 cents each.
WORDS OF COMFORT. Thirty Tracts
for 10 cents.
SINNER DIRECTED TO THE SAVIOUR.
$1.50 per hundred, or 2 cents each.
WORDS OF JESUS. Paper, 10 cents.
MIND OF JESUS. Do. 10 cents.
FAITHFUL PROMISER. 6 cents.
TRACTS IN PACKETS, from 5 to 25 cts.
RECORDS OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE. By
C. B. TAYLOR. 75 cents.
EARNESTNESS. Do.
THANKFULNESS. Do.
MARGARET; or, The Pearl. 75 cts.
SCENES IN A CLERGYMAN'S LIFE. 75c.
PRESENTED BY

U.S. Christian Commission,

GEO. H. STUART,

CHAIRMAN,

Office, 13 Bank Street, Philadelphia.
H. J. Adcock
Bremen
Tompkins Co.
Ohio
Co H 9th Regt.

C. H. H. Hospital
Indianapolis Ind.

John C. G. Smith
I am here sick
Here at the Naval Hospital.
Patching would
like to come in and
visit me. You
will find me
in Ward 16. See
John G. Smith
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Entry</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>Letters from mother</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>Aug 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td>Aug 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>M M</td>
<td>Nov 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>Nov 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sept 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>2 Armored</td>
<td>Nov 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Motta &amp; Son</td>
<td>Nov 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Motta</td>
<td>Nov 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td></td>
<td>Oct 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>M M</td>
<td>Nov 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>M M</td>
<td>Nov 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>Dec 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Motta</td>
<td>Nov 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Alva M M</td>
<td>Nov 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>M M</td>
<td>Nov 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>Dec 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Armored</td>
<td>Nov 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Motta &amp; Son</td>
<td>Nov 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>Nov 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td></td>
<td>Nov 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td></td>
<td>Jan 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td></td>
<td>Feb 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td></td>
<td>Feb 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dec 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dec 20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1863 Letter from Mr. Bland

Blana Feb 24
1 1
1 1 March 3, 4
1 1 7
1 1 15
1 1 21. 22. 23

Robert Bell
Newbern, Alaco
Co. B. 30th

John Williams
Richmond, Alaco
Co. A. 101st

Geo. Mitchell
2 Penn Canal

Yohn Bzene
Richmond, July
40 & 36th
1862 Cash Dr

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug

Aug
Thursday Sept 4
Left Chicago on 7 am. & encamped in freight cars. Arrived at Jeffersonville.

Thursday Sept 11
Left Jeffersonville at 2 am. Came to Cincinnati. Attended a church service at 11 am.

Thursday Sept 14
Left Cincinnati at 5:30 pm. on board the steamer Garago. Arrived at Louisville 7 pm.
Know how relia. about one hour

Monday Oct 6

Reached Springfield

By 6 p.m. Camp part were killed and 7 ame beyond

at 10 1/2 day across

The news in an old cornfield

Thursday Oct 9 Cannonady commanded at 7 1/2 was not Repe in. The en

heard Cannon fire union appear to be gone

before day light Con

command at here at dur

Monday 13 We have

sum this day At 2 p.m. had no fighting since

13 in our regt Was the 9th We are mostly

ordered to move We are about 3 mile from

Came under. The fire of the enemy above are said to be in

and continue entrenched at camp
Dick Robinson 3 or 4 into the East, we'll cultivated farm.

Tuesday 14th 5 1/2 pm interments with.

We have marched 18 groves of beautiful

or 20 miles. Today the

run.

And now lying on the

bank of Dick's River at

10 1/2 O'clock. The

we hear Cannon Cannonading still

coming on. May

the fight, and help

Cannonading ceased

us all to the fore. About 11 we have

jocks whatever may 12 or 13 miles to

await us.

The County around

Danville is in my eye.

Very Beautiful, Bell.
Sunday Oct 18

This is the last day in an old campfield

Yesterday we left about 1/2 mile

Hopped on a piece of pasture land on
The borders of a grove

We were ordered to build shelters and
Prepare to stay awhile. Today we

Have received orders to

Be prepared to

March at a moment's notice.

As the life of a Soldier

To me there is nothing
Alluring about it.

Monday Oct 20

Left Camp Breckinridge and marched back on
The same road

By which we came from Louisville.

I have not been

Well for two or
Three days. Royal

Arms while I

Wound when I was

Obliged to stop

After resting and

On a mile or two

Further from our

Few men cooking

As little food and

There. More are coming

Here and I shall soon

Have a large C.
Some say the Can is a mile ahead. Some say it is six. If the latter I lost 2 miles to catch up. Unless I got lost then we soon 2 must inevitably be left behind.

Thursday, Dec. 23

Caught up with the Regt. Jones from Macon. Have been with it since. Also, last 24 days had been very hard for me. I have been and still am suffering from pneumonia. Macon about 50 miles from Crab Orchard & are now lying about 6 miles from Lebanon. There are all sorts of reports as to our destination. Some say we are going to Nashville. Some to Louisville & some to Cincinnati. I know nothing about it.
Sunday Oct 26

10 a.m. 10 miles. Today fine.


7:30 a.m. Nashville

4:30 p.m. Nashville.

5:30 p.m. Nashville.

7:30 p.m. Nashville.

8:30 p.m. Nashville.

9:30 p.m. Nashville.

10:30 p.m. Nashville.

11:30 p.m. Nashville.

12:30 p.m. Nashville.
Mr. Philip Master, where I now am. They treat me very kindly &
have now rested a day & a half but don't feel much better.
I thought last night they should go on this morning but didn't feel able to.
About a dozen soldiers stand here last night. They are now all gone.

I am Mary's son, Turk,
a son born buggy & bony
2 other boys & myself
24. Car 24 miles, distance
12 miles. Only two of us could ride at

Sam. One of the Ohio boys was so sick that he had to ride all the time. The other & I took turns. We reached Can City at 4 o'clock & took cars for Bond County. Came around at 6. I heard about a day of our Co in the Court-house yard.

Don't know whether the Regt. has come or not. I think my health is a little better, but I am not going to move.

Sat Nov 1

The Regt. came a long about 1 O'clock. Camped about a mile from town.
of our Co who were at 13 & 14 Jones. Friday.

 Reached Nashville after a flying many miles of it always pleasant.

 The Cholera was all the time there.

 My health continued to be so considerably worse.

 My hopes of getting well are all but over. I hope you shall and may be able to improve.

 Wednesday, 19

 My health but if the March continues the March cannot.

 Shall go if certain.

 Cannot March.

 Tuesday, Nov 4

 Marched 16 miles toward Nashville, and camped at 2½ P. M.

 Very nice & cloudy.

 My health is better.
Sat Nov 24

Moved from near Nashville about 6
miles S & E from the City & encamped
on a hill-top everywhere.

Thursday Dec 11

Moved our Camp
about 15 miles.
Near the City of
Nashville.

Friday Dec 26

Left our encamp E of the town easter
near Nashville ed & sh. began to
move. In the direction of memphis.
Many soldiers went
out & a large no
of teams w
soon after

We started &
continued during
the day. S(y)ning
this & the nearest
mugday we heard
almost constant
cannonady until
opened with en-
cannoned some
by musketry. We con-
cluded to advance
until Sat Eve
when we were
about 20 miles from
Nashville Sat.
Wed Jan 14 1863
Atlanta, Georgia
It has now been more than two weeks since I have written any thing in this diary. We were told that our regiment had re-arranged to receive us & that we must go back and after 24 hours hard riding we were readied. This place was slightly burned & taken possession on the 31st. I am being a prisoner & unable to go any further. When first y. e. stopped, I am now in a hospital where I was told that if I was be paroled with all possible dispatch.
I am exceedingly well & my health seems to have improved. I think a few of the conveniences of camp life are useful.
Thursday Jan 13

About 80 sick & wounded men, myself included left Atlanta for Richmond. Arrived at Richmond near 2 O'Clock in the evening. We are (Wed 2) confined in a hospital here. There is no telling when we shall get away. I have suffered intensely from cold during this journey. My health continues poor but does not seem to grow worse.

Wed 2 & Thursday after 10 O'clock on Board Steamer New York We left Richmond Monday night at about 6 O'Clock. Went on the cars to the City point where we took boat. It is cold & disagreeable. I hope we will get to Annapolis today.
Sunday, Feb. 21

This day for the first time since I came here I went out on the street, I have been confined to my room for two days, most of the two days I have been here the weather has been very unpleasant. This is a pleasant day though

Tuesday, Feb. 17

Several days have elapsed since I have written in the little Journal. For three days after I came here it seemed to be getting along finely when all of a sudden I began to be sick again, rather cold.

Saturday, Feb. 21

Morn. I have not left my room today. The room itself is cold & cheerless.

My health is very uncertain, the doctor constantly prescribing me North Medicine.
1868

Monday July 23.

Another pleasant day though civil war is still laying on the

ground. I went out to the library & got a

book. The second time I have been

on the street since I have been here


Wednesday March 11

Left Annapolis at 4 P.M.

Arrived at Baltimore at 12

Midnight. Left 13 Thurs

12 at 2 P.M. Arrived at

Bellefonte Ohio Sat 14

at 2 1/2 P.M. Reached

Benton Barracks Mo

Tuesday 17 after a long

journey of nearly a week.
THE TREASURER OF

Ohio Rail Road Co.

Will pay
ONE DOLLAR
on demand in
City of Ohio

Sec. H. Stone
Pres. A. Allen

Perpetual
Capital Stock, $4,000,000

Chartered March 8th, 1836
MOBILE, ALABAMA,

We or either of us will pay on demand in Confederate Funds

FIFTY CENTS, 50

to Bearer, when presented in sums of Five Dollars.

September, 1862

[Signature]
50 CENTS

50 CENTS

Redeemable in Mobile, Selma, Demopolis and Tuscaloosa,

Alabama, and Meridian, Mississippi.
The following are of pages from Gilmer's Journal kept during a large part of the war. The larger Journal was kept from his enlistment at Chicago. The pages are approximately 2 ¾ inches wide by 5 5/8 inches long and are written in pencil. The Journal itself is a leather bound book. Inside one cover is written:

D.G. Watts
Arthur Guards
Co. A 88 Regt
Ill Vol
Capt. G. W. Smith

The first page of the Journal is a short letter that never got mailed. It is still in the Journal, and has been crossed out.

Gen. Hospital
Annapolis Md.

Dear cousin

I am here sick here (sic) at the Naval school Hospital. I would like for you to come in and visit me. You will find me in ward 16 Section 2.

John Zimmer

J.J. Smith

This is in Gilmer's hand writing. John Zimmer was a fellow parolee at Annapolis after he (Gilmer) was wounded, but not yet eligible for nor able to return to active duty. I would surmise that either John could not write or perhaps was too ill to write to his cousin, and Gilmer was doing it for him. The fact that it was not mailed is rather ominous; perhaps John succumbed to his wounds before it could be sent.

The next several pages of the Journal are a record of letters written to and received from various people, although primarily Clara. They are numbered and dated.

1862 Letters written

1. Clara Aug 10
2. " 12
3. **“”**
   
4. **“”**
   
5. **MW (?)**
   
6. **Clara**
   
7. **“”**
   
8. **“”**
   
9. **Sept. 1**
   
10. **“”**
    
11. **“”**
    
12. **“”**
    
13. **“”**
    
14. **“”**
    
15. **“”**
    
16. **Oct 9**
    
17. **“”**
    
18. **FNW (?)**
    
19. **“”**
    
20. **Clara**
    
21. **“”**
    
22. **Nov 3**
    
23. **“”**
    
24. **“”**
    
25. **Mother**
    
26. **Alice MW**
    
27. **“”**
    
28. **Clara**
    
29. **“”**
    
30. **“”**
    
31. **“”**
    
32. **T Norwood**
    
33. **Mother & Sissie**
    
34. **Clara**
    
35. **“”**
    
36. **“”**
    
37. **1863 Jan 29**
    
38. **“”**
    
39. **“”**
    
40. **“”**
   

On a new page:

1863 Letter Written

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Clara</th>
<th>Feb. 24</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>March 3, 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>21, 22, 23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
On a fresh page Gilmer kept a record of letters written to him, the date they were written and the date he received them.

1862 Letters Recd

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Writer</th>
<th>Writ.</th>
<th>Recd</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>Aug 12</td>
<td>Aug 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>MW</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>24-25</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Sept. 11</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Oct 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Oct 1</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>TMW</td>
<td>Sept 27</td>
<td>Oct 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>MW</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Nov 2</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>Nov 6</td>
<td>Nov 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>Mother</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>Mag</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>Oct 20</td>
<td>Nov 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Nov 14</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Dec 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Dec 7</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>Mother &amp; Alice</td>
<td>7 &amp; 9</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Feb 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>21,22</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>27,28</td>
<td>Mar 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>March 4</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36.</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This Journal was also used as an address book and had the following names recorded in it:

Wm. A. Keith
Canal P.O. Ind.
Co K 42 Regt.

(Keith was a Private from Warrick Co. in Indiana. He enlisted on Oct 30, 1861 and was discharged on Oct 10, 1864 at the expiration of his service term.)

Robert Bell
Newben(?) Allen Co. Ind.
Co D 30 Regt

John Williams
Fitchville Huron Co.
Ohio Co. A 101 Regt.

Geo. Whistler(sic)
2 Penn Cavalry

(The name was actually Whisler. He was a farrier. He enlisted on Aug. 28, 1861 for a three yr. term. He re-upped and was transferred to Co. G 1st. Provisional Cavalry on 6/17/65 and was rated as a veteran.)

John Zimmer
Richmond Ind
Co F 36 Rgt

H A Adcock (?)
Bremen
Fairfield Co Ohio
Co 44 90 Regt
The next two pages in the Journal are cash ledgers.

1862

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aug.</td>
<td>Amt on hand</td>
<td>$12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Cook Co Bounty</td>
<td>60.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Us</td>
<td>27.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov &amp; Dec</td>
<td>Recd. from C at Sunday House</td>
<td>8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1863</td>
<td>Feb 27 Recd from Clara</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar 7</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$113.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1863

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aug</td>
<td>Pd. Bray for watch</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Sent Clara by Ex</td>
<td>45.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 3</td>
<td>Gave Clara at (?)</td>
<td>25.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>80.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Balance</strong></td>
<td><strong>$33.00</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>$113.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The following are the Journal entries documenting Gilmer's travels and thoughts during the period from Sept. 1862 - March 11, 1863.

Thursday Sept. 4  (1862)
Left Chicago on freight cars. Arrived at Jeffersonville, Ind. on Friday 5 at 9 PM (Jeffersonville is just outside Louisville, KY)

Thursday Sept 11
Left Jeffersonville at 2 AM. Came to Cincinnati via Seymour Ind. Reached Cin Friday 12 at 8 PM

Thursday Sept 18
Left Cincinnati at 5 20 PM on board Steamer Arago. Arrived at Louisville 19 at 7 PM

Sat 19
Marched 2 miles & encamped in a clover field.

Tuesday Sept. 23
Marched 5 miles & encamped in the suburbs of Louisville.

Friday 26
Moved from west to East side of city

Wednesday Oct. 1
Marched from Louisville about 15 miles south & lay down in a stubble field.

Sunday Oct 5
Reached Bardstown By about noon without finding any rebels. heard various reports of skirmishes but don’t know how reliable they are.

Monday Oct 6
Reached Springfield Ky at 6 ½ PM. Camped 7 miles beyond at 10 ¼. Lay across the rows in an old cornfield.

Wednesday Oct 8
heard cannon firing before daylight. Continued to hear it during the day. At 2 ½ oclock PM our Regt was ordered to move. We came under the fire of the enemy about 5 and continued about one half hour. One man of our company was killed 4 wounded, one (Jackson) mortally. Loss of Regt 4 killed, 36 wounded.
Thursday 9 (1862)
Cannonading commenced at 7 3/4. Was not kept up. The enemy appears to be gone.

Monday 13
We have had no fighting since the 8th. We are now lying about 3 miles from Danville (Ky). The enemy are said to be intrenched (sic) at Camp "Dick Robinson on 4 miles to the East.

Tuesday 14 5 1/2 oclock PM.
We have marched 18 or 20 miles today. We are now lying on the bank of Dicks river. We hear cannonading in the advance.
It may be that a General engagement is coming on. May God protect & defend the right, and help us all to be prepared for whatever may await us.
The Country around Danville is to my eye very beautiful. Rolling or hilly with well cultivated farms interspersed with groves of beautiful timber.

Wednesday morning 15 10 1/2 oclock.
The cannonading still continues in advance. We have moved a short distance & I am now lying in a cornfield. Cannonading ceased about 11. We have marched 12 or 13 miles today.

Sat Oct 18 Crab Orchard, Ky
We came here Wed eve 15 & lay two days in an old cornfield. Yesterday eve we moved about 1/2 mile & stopped on a piece of pasture land on the border of a grove. We were ordered to build sheds & supposed we were to stay awhile. Today we have received orders to be prepared to march at a moments notice. Such is the life of a soldier. To me there is nothing alluring about it.

Monday Oct 20
Left Crab Orchard & marched back on the same Road by which we came from Louisville. I have not been well for two or three days. Kept up until 4 1/2 oclock when I was obliged to stop. After Resting went on a mile or two further. Found a few men cooking at a little fire. found them. More are coming in & will soon have a large Co.
Some say the camp is a mile ahead & some say it is six. If the latter I'll find it hard to catch up. Unless I get better very soon I must inevitably be left behind.
Thursday Morn Oct. 23
Caught up with the Regt Tues. morn. Have been with it since. The last 4 days have been very hard for me. I have been and still am suffering from Diarhea (sic). We have marched about 50 miles from Crab Orchard & now lying 6 miles from Lebanon (KY). There are all sorts of reports as to our Destination. Some say we are going to Nashville. Some to Louisville & some to Virginia. I know nothing about it.

Sunday Oct. 26
We moved about 10 miles yesterday. A cloudy Raining (?) day. Last night the snow fell to a depth of 4 or 5 inches. Today is cloudy with snow flying. My diarrhea is better but my Back is very lame so that I scarcely walk. It has been so for two days. Yesterday I got to ride in the ambulance. The first kindness I have received except for one fellow private since I have been in the Army.

Monday 27
Marched 10 or 12 miles today. Diarrhea continues. Back better but not well. I rode about 2 miles today. It is generally believed among us that we are Enroute for Nashville via Bowling Green. (KY). We are now 120 miles from Nashville.

Thursday 30
Yesterday I was utterly unable to keep up. I fell behind early in the day. Kept moving along slowly until about one o'clock when feeling that I could go no further I stopped at this house of Mr. Philip Maxey where I now am. They treat me very kindly. I have now rested a day & a half but don't feel much better. Thought last night that I should go on this morning but didn't feel able. About a dozen soldiers staid here last night. They are now all gone but 4. Made about 5 miles yesterday.

Friday 31
Mr. Maxey's son took a one horse buggy & brought 2 Ohio boys & myself to Cave City (KY). distance 15 miles. Only two of us could ride at once. One of the Ohio boys was so sick that he had to ride all the time. The other & I took turns. We reached Cave City at 4 o'clock and took cars for Bowling Green. Arrived at 8. Found about a Doz of our Co. in the court house yard. Don't know whether the regt has come or not. I think my health is a little better but I am yet far from well.

Sat. Nov 1
The Regt came along about 1 o'clock. camped about a mile from town. 9 of our Co, who were at B.G. formed the Co. here. My health continues very poor. Some think we will stay here awhile. If we do I hope
I shall be able to improve in health, but if the march continues I know not what I shall do. I certainly cannot march till I get better.

Friday Nov 4
Marched 16 miles toward Nashville. Encamped at 2 ½ P.M. Very tired and dusty. My health is better.

Friday 7
Reached Nashville after a fatiguing march of 4 days from Bowling Green. My health is considerably improved.

Wednesday 19
Our Regt with two others & about 250 wagons started on a foraging expedition. Returned Friday 21 with a supply of corn, Hay, cattle sheep hogs etc. A pretty good three days work.

Sat Nov 22
Moved from near Nashville about six miles SE from the City & encamped on a hill top.

Thursday Dec 11
Moved our camp about 1 ½ miles nearer the City of Nashville.

Friday Dec 26
Left our encampment near Nashville & started in the direction of Murfreesboro. It commenced to rain soon after we started & continued during the day. During this and the succeeding day we heard almost constant cannonading interspersed with occasional vollies of musketry. We continued to advance until Sat Eve when we were about 20 miles from Nashville. Sat eve the rain ceased & it became fair.

Sunday 28
Rested. Many soldiers went out foraging & brought in a supply of various articles.

Wed Jan 14 1863 Atlanta Georgia
It has now been more than two weeks since I have written anything in this little journal yet They have been in many respects two of the most eventful weeks of my life. I cannot now give any detailed account of them. I was slightly wounded & taken prisoner on Wed Dec 31. Have been a prisoner ever since. When just taken we were told that we would be paroled with all possible dispatch. We started for Vicksburg, after six days reached Montgomery Alabama. There we were told that our govt had refused to receive us & that we must go to Richmond. Accordingly
we started back and after 24 hours hard riding in open cars reached this place.

I had been quite ill for some days before. Reaching here & feeling unable to go any further I stopped. I am now in a hospital where there are a few of the conveniences of civilized life. My health seems better.

Thursday Jan 15
About 80 sick & wounded men- myself included left Atlanta for Richmond. Arrived at Richmond Tues 20 in the Evening. We are (Wed 21) confined in a house here. There is no telling when we shall get away. I have suffered intensely from cold during this journey. My health continues poor but does not seem to grow any worse.

Wed 28
Chesapeake Bay on Board Steamer New York. We left Richmond Monday morn. about 6 o'clock. Went on the cars to to(sic) City Point where we took boat. It is cold & disagreeable. They say we will get to Annapolis today

Thursday 29
Annapolis Md. Safely out of the confederacy at last! During the 5 days that we were kept at Richmond 69 of us all wounded or sick were confined in a dark, dismal basement Room, with the floor for our bed & utterly destitute of any of the conveniences of civilized life. About the same care being taken of us that an ordinary farmer would take of a drove of hogs.

I now occupy a comfortable bed in a pleasant room & think I have good reason to hope that I shall soon enjoy my usual degree of health. May God help me to be truly & deeply grateful for the loving kindness & tender mercy which have followed me thus far.

Tuesday Feb 17
Several days have elapsed since I have written anything in this little journal. For 3 or 4 days after I came here I seemed to be getting along finely when I began to be sick again & for about 8 days was very unwell, the doctor constantly plying me with medicine. I have now been improving for 3 or 4 days. The Doctor says I am doing finely. I still have to take a dose of medicine every 3 hours.

Sat. Feb 21
This day for the first time since I came here I went out on the street. I have been confined to my room for 23 days. Most of the time
since I have been here the weather has been very unpleasant. There is a pleasant day though rather cold.

Sunday 22
   Cold & stormy. I have not left my room today. The room itself is cold & cheerless not being sufficiently warmed.

1863

Monday Feb 23
   Another pleasant day though cool & snow lying on the ground. I went out to the library & got a book. The second time I have been on the street since I have been here.

Wednesday March 11
   Left Annapolis at 1 PM. Arrived at Baltimore at 12 midnight. Left B Thursday 12 at 2 PM. Arrived at Bellaire Ohio Sat 14 at 2 PM. Reached Benton Barracks, MO Tuesday 17 after a tedious journey of nearly a week.

(The Journal ends at this point. There are blank pages after this last one and they are bound in the Journal, so none have been torn out. Gilmer just stopped making entries. There are loose pages of another, smaller Journal which picks up again in June 1863 when he is leaving Benton Barracks. This runs up to Feb 3, 1864. Nothing further from any Journal after that date.)
These are pages from the smaller Journal, which cover part of 1863 and 1864. The pages are 2 ½ inches wide by 3 ¼ inches long, written in pencil, and hard to decipher.

1863

Tuesday June 2
left Benton Barracks at 11 ½ oclock AM. Went on board Steamer Meteor at 2 PM. Left St Louis at 3.

Wed 3
Arrived at Cape Girardeau (MO) 10 AM. Left at 3 PM. 160 Cavalry members on board here. Arrived at Cairo (ILL) 8 PM.

Thursday June 4 1863
Left Cairo at 5 AM.

Sat June 6
Arrived at Louisville at 3 PM. Remained on board remainder of day and night. Left Louisville at 7 PM. Arrived Murfreesboro 9th at 12 0clock.

1863 Jun 24
The Army of the Cumberland “quorum pars Sui (?) “ left Murfreesboro marching in a southerly direction. Some came in contact with the pickets of the enemy when skirmishing commenced which was Regt (?). for several days our army continuing to advance slowly through rain and mud wading streams from two to four feet deep.

July 1
We came to Tullahoma (TN) where we expected a severe fight. The rebels however retreated without offering any resistance.

July 3
reached Chowan Station (TN. should be Cowan) where we now lie

July 5.

July 30 1863
Left Cowan St. at 6 AM. Marched 11 miles and encamped in a beautiful valley surrounded by high hills. In the morning it was exceedingly warm. In the PM Raining which rendered marching quite disagreeable-----

31 marched to Stevenson (AL). Exceedingly hot.
Sat Aug 1
   Came to Bridgeport Ala. Encamped on a very rough hillside commanding a view of the Tennessee river.

Sunday 2
   Spent the day at work clearing off ground and putting things generally in order.

Wednesday Sept 2
   Left Bridgeport. crossed the Tenn river marched 4 to 5 miles and encamped at the foot of the mountains near a few spring of water
   3 did not move, waiting for trains etc---
   4 marched 7 miles
   5 marched 8 miles

1863

Sept. On the morning of the 7 started early & marched Rapidly for 2 or 3 hours when we suddenly stopped & went into camp where we remained until the morning of the 10 when we started early & marched about 15 miles. The weather is very hot & the road very dusty. Many were unable to keep up.

Friday 11
   Marched again some 15 miles. The last two days have been the most severe upon me that I have seen since we came to Tullahoma.

Sept. 13 (Sunday)
   Near sunset we started back on the same road by which we came. Marched two miles & encamped at the foot of the mountains.

14
   Started at daylight marched 12 to 15 miles exceedingly dusty & disagreeable.
   Our Brig. and one from each of the other

Wed 16
   Marched 10 miles N.E. direction supposed to be toward Chattanooga.
Thursday Sept 17
   Started early & marched 22 miles.

Friday 18
   Started at sunrise. Moved cautiously 2 or 3 miles without meeting any enemy supposed to be in our immediate front. At 7 PM started to move toward Chattanooga. Marched until 2 ½ oclock AM.
   The other Divisions are guarding train. The remainder of the Corps is somewhere ahead of us. We hear all sorts of rumors but nothing we know to be reliable.

Sat Sept 19
   A furious battle has been raging all along the lines during almost the entire day. Our Brigade has been very near the scene of conflict, and several times went forward at "doublequick" but has not been actually engaged.

Sunday Sept 20
   General engagement all along the lines. Our forces driven back being overpowered by overwhelming numbers.

21-22
   At 12 oclock midnight we began to move back toward Chattanooga formed our lines close by the (?) and began to intrench (sic). Been hard at work all day.

23
   Waiting further enemy and strengthening our works. there has been some skirmishing in front but nothing like a General engagement.

Oct. 1
   During the first week we have been fortifying our lines. We have been daily expecting an attack from the enemy. There has been occasional skirmishing in front but no general engagement.

Friday Oct 2
   Our brigade went on picket. our regt on duty the first day. Our Co, the first relief. We stood sentinel 8 hours before breakfast which we took at 5 oclock PM.

3 & 4
   Lay quietly at reserve picket post varying the monotony by occasional work on entrenchments.
Monday 5
A brisk cannonading has been kept up by the enemy for several hours. They threw a large number of shells at us but we have not learned that they did us any damage.

Sunday Oct 11
But little of interest has transpired during the last week. We came back to camp the morning of the 7 since which we have done nothing except occasionally a few hours work on the fortifications. Our batteries shoot an occasional shell at the rebels, but have received no response for several days.

Opinions differ widely as to what will probably be the future course of events here. Some think the Rebels will attack us, while others firmly believe that they will not.

Thursday Oct 15
Our brigade again went on picket. It rained during two of the four days that we were out making it very disagreeable.

Monday Oct 19
In the morning early we returned from the picket lines & in the PM of the same day moved our camp about one mile to the left.

Friday Nov 20
Two months have now elapsed since the battle of Chattanooga. During this time we have been lying in the immediate vicinity of Chattanooga. Scarcely a day has passed that has not been some cannonading but the injury inflicted on us has been very slight. We have been on short rations and have also suffered for the want of clothing and blankets.

Nov 20
Today we received four months pay the amount due to Oct 31.

Sat Nov 21
Nine men of our Regt five of them from our Company "Quorum pars sui" were detailed to go to Kellys landing 9 miles distant as wagon escort. We left camp at 1 oclock PM reached Browns ferry 2 ½ miles at sunset.

Sunday Nov 22
Started at 7 oclock AM. Reached Kellys landing at 1 PM. Found that we should have to wait for our load until it should be brought up from Bridgeport by the boat.
We Remained here until Tuesday 24 at noon when having received our loads we started for camp at Chattanooga. Drove to within 3 miles of Chattanooga and halted for the night. Heard heavy firing from the direction of Lookout Mountain during the day of Monday Nov 23.

Could not hear any firing on Tuesday but learned in the evening that a severe battle had been fought on the mountain, our men being victorious and driving the enemy from their position. late in the evening we saw about 1000 rebel prisoners going to the rear.

Wed Nov 25
Started early reached the bank of the river at 10 oclock. Found the bridge broken. Did not cross until midnight. In the PM saw a furious battle raging on a portion of Missionary Ridge. Heard later that our forces had charged along the whole line driving the rebels at every point.

Thursday 26
Arrived in camp at 1 AM. Our Regt returned at dark having lost one man wounded. Loss of Regt 5 killed 42 wounded.

Saturday Nov 28
Our Corps started for parts unknown at 1 oclock PM. Our regiment at the head of the column. Marched about 8 miles & encamped at sunset in a beautiful piece of timbered land.

Sunday 29
Marched 10 miles and camped at Harrison Landing.

Monday Nov 30
Started at 4 oclock AM. Marched 22 miles. Crossed Hiawatha river and encamped on left Bank.

It is said that Gen. Burnside was threatened by Longstreet also that we are going to Murfreesboro.

Friday Dec 4
During the last three days we have marched about 16 miles per day. I have been quite unwell for two days past, have found it extremely difficult to keep up with the Regt. We now are 3 miles from the Tenn river a few miles above Loudon (TN).

1863

our division encamped late in the evening Monday Dec 7 near Knoxville. Next morning our regiment started for Waylands Mill 18 miles distant. Dunham & I having been behind since Monday PM came up with the regiment Tuesday 8 at dark.
1863

Wednesday Dec 9
   Our regiment lies at the mills. A large number are detailed for various duties. I am quite unwell. In the PM washed and boiled some of my clothing which had become very filthy.

Friday 11
   Returned to Knoxville

Sat 12
   Went back to the Mills

1863

Left the mills Dec 16. Arrived at Knoxville 17 at 12 AM. Left for Strawberry Plains same day at 9 PM.

Dec 18
   encamped in the vicinity of Strawberry Plains

1864

Wednesday Jan 6
   The 36 Regt III Vol having re-enlisted as veteran volunteers started to go to Ill today.
   A light snow fell this morning. The first of the season.

1864

Thursday Jan 14
   Our train with the men who were left at Chattanooga came up. Learned of the death of George Gilmer who died of pneumonia, 3 miles beyond Knoxville on the 13th at 3 ½ AM.

Friday 15
   Left camp at 7 AM marched 12 miles.

Saturday 16
   Marched 13 miles to Dandridge (TN). Very tired & lame. Heard cannonading & some musketing in the PM. Our Regiment detailed as provost guards.
1863 (Gilmer has this page headed as 1863, but it is actually 1864)

Sunday Jan 17
   Left Dandridge at 9 PM. Marched all night---Reached Knoxville 20
at 3 o'clock PM.

Sat Jan 23
   Left Knoxville at 7 AM. Reached Kingston 40 miles distant Monday
25 at 2 PM. During the last 3 days I have been quite lame. The last two
made in the ambulance.

Tuesday February 2
   Left Kingston at 7 o'clock marched 13 miles

Wed Feb 3 1864
   Started at sunrise reached Loudon 5 miles at 9 AM.

This is the end of the Journal Notes.