Sherman with his victorious troops is on South Carolina soil. He has nearly reached the goal of his ambition, and expects now, by fire and sword, to glut Yankee vengeance on that naughty State which dared four years ago to set the vile example of contumacy and rebellion to her Southern sisters. He intends that she shall pay dearly for her folly. He is determined that she shall suffer for the crime which, in his estimation, has put her beyond the pale of mercy and justly outlawed her from God and man. Hear what a writer in his army says: "Our troops have turned their faces Charlestonward. Could you have heard, as I did, their shouts of exultation—could you have seen their countenances lit up with enthusiasm and resolve, you would have augured woe and only woe for that stronghold of rebellion." But neither Sherman nor his men are yet at Charleston, nor do I think they will ever get there. Here on South Carolina soil, I believe that that hitherto successful chieftain will get his first great repulse—a repulse that will finally lead to his utter discomfiture and perhaps ruin. The soil of our mother State will again drink the blood of those foes who would, if possible, call down the fire of Heaven to consume her. Do you ask me whence comes this conviction of success which I dare to cherish, while so many are crying out "We are a God-forsaken people?" I answer, because I believe that God will favor a cause so sacred as ours—because, above all, I believe in the power of prayer, and Christians are praying now as they never prayed before; they are enlisting the God of battles on our side. As a true daughter of the South, I intend to pray for the salvation of my country as I plead for the salvation of my soul. "According to your faith be it unto you," is the answer I expect to receive, and as surely as I know to-morrow's sun will rise, so surely do I know that a great deliverance awaits us by the hand of Him who, thoughout the Bible, declares himself as the champion of the oppressed among the nations.