Southern apologists for slavery frequently employed religious rhetoric to defend the institution. They could use proof texts (scriptural passages taken out of context) or make typological arguments (employing a past biblical precedent to make sense of a present circumstance). But although most religious institutions of the Old South accepted and often endorsed slavery, some religious whites in the South dissented from the mainstream view. White southern abolitionist Moncure Conway published his book *The Golden Hour* in 1862. The book is a plea for emancipation. Often addressing Lincoln directly, it argues that emancipation will cripple the Confederate war effort and hasten peace. Conway uses the Biblical imagery of Revelations to call for a holy war against slavery.

*The battle of Armageddon is one that never ceases. Let the Cabinets at Washington and Richmond join again around the communion-table, with the blood of the Christ crucified between them upon it—and the old siege of Liberty against the Union, which has been raised for a moment, begins again. Garrison, the old standard-bearer, will unfurl his banner of Disunion, which he keeps only tucked away in the Liberator room, as Bennett of the Herald keeps the Confederate flag. The clear bugle of Phillips sounds the old martial call again. And all along the sky sleeping thunders will awaken, and ten thousand trumpets proclaim that the siege against the ancient wrong is renewed—the siege whose arrows are thoughts, whose shells are fiery inspirations of truth, whose sword is the Spirit of a just God. All this will go on until the ballot-box is conquered again, and some such man as Wendell Phillips is elected President. Then another Sumter gun will be heard. Then will come the war of which the present is but a picket skirmish. John Brown will be commanding general of all our forces then; and all will not be quiet on the Potomac. His soul will go marching on; ’t is a way it has.*

*For I fear that over the eye of this nation Slavery has gradually formed a hard cataract, so that it cannot see the peace and glory which are an arm’s-length before it—a cataract which only the painful surgery of the sword can remove. If it be so, we can only say—Bleed, poor country! Let thy young men be choked with their blood; let the pale horse trample loving hearts and fairest homes; if only thus thou canst learn that God also has his government, and that all injustice is secession from that government, which his arm of might will be sure to crush out!*