

The Stainless Banner

An e-zine dedicated to the armies of the Confederacy

Issue 2, Volume 10
December, 2011

THESE GOOD MEN THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF LEE, JACKSON, AND STUART

General Robert E. Lee the great commander of the Army of Northern Virginia from June 1862 to the surrender at Appomattox Court House was one of the noblest specimens of the Christian soldier that the world ever saw.

In this age of hero-worship, there is a tendency to exalt unduly the virtues of great men, to magnify the religious character of one professing to be a Christian, and even to manufacture “Christians” out of those notoriously irreligious lives. This is so well understood that there may be with those who never came in contact with this great man a lingering doubt as to the genuineness of his piety – a fear that with him, as with so many others, his profession of religion was merely nominal. A few incidents, culled from the many that might be given, will serve to dissipate any such impression, and to show beyond all cavil that with General Lee *vital godliness* was a precious reality.

I can never forget my first interview and conversation with General Lee on religious matters. It was in February, 1864, while our army was resting along the Rapidan. Reverend Beverly Tucker Lacy and myself went, as a committee of our Chaplain’s Association, to consult him in reference to the better

observances of the Sabbath in the army, and especially to urge that something be done to prevent irreligious officers from converting Sunday into a grand gala day for inspections, reviews, etc.

It was a delicate mission. We did not wish to appear as either informers or officious inter-meddlers, and yet we were very anxious to do something to further the wishes of those who sent us, and to put a stop to what was then a growing evil and, in some commands, a serious obstacle to the efficient work of the chaplain.

The cordial greeting which he gave us, the marked courtesy and respect with which he listened to what we had to say and expressed his warm sympathy with the object of our mission, soon put us at our ease. But as we presently began to answer his questions concerning the

What’s Inside:

Christ in the Camp	6
Lord of the Harvest	9
Southern Victory	16
The Bethlehem Babe	18

spiritual interests of the army, and to tell of that great revival which was then extending through the camps, and bringing thousands of our noble men to Christ, we saw his eye brighten and his whole countenance glow with pleasure; and as, in his simple feeling words, he expressed his delight, we forgot the great warrior and only remembered that we were communing with an humble, earnest Christian.

In July, 1862, he had issued a general order to the army in which he said: "Habitually all duties except those of inspection will be suspended during Sunday to afford the troops rest and to enable them to attend religious services."

The day after our interview he issued the following:

Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
February 7, 1864
Special Order No. 15.

"I. The attention of the army has already been called to the obligation of a proper observance of the Sabbath; but the sense of its importance, not only as a moral and religious duty, but as contributing to the personal health and well-being of the troops, induces the commanding general to repeat the orders on that subject. He has learned with great pleasure that in many brigades convenient houses of worship have been erected and earnestly desires that every facility consistent with the requirements of discipline that shall be afforded the men to assemble themselves together for the purpose of devotion.

"II. To this end, he directs that none but duties strictly necessary shall be required to be performed on Sunday, and that the labor, both of men and animals, which it is practicable to anticipate or postpone, or the immediate performance of which is not essential to the safety, health, or comfort of the army, shall be suspended on that day.

"III. Commanding officers will require the usual inspections on Sunday to be held at such time as not to interfere with the attendance of the men on divine service at the customary hour in the morning.

"They will also give their attention to the maintenance of order and quiet around the place of worship and prohibit anything that may tend to disturb or interrupt religious exercise.

"R.E. Lee, General."

As we were about to leave this tent, Mr. Lacy said, "I think it right that I should say to you, general, that the chaplains of this army have a deep interest in your welfare, and that some of the most fervent prayers we offer are in your behalf." The

old hero's face flushed, tears started in his eyes, and he replied, with choked utterance and deep emotion: "Please thank them for that, sir – I warmly appreciate it. And I can only say that I am nothing but a poor sinner, trusting in Christ alone for salvation, and need all of the prayers they can offer for me."



He never failed to attend preaching when his duties did not absolutely preclude his doing so. Nor was he a mere listless attendant. The simple truths of the Gospel had no more attentive listener than General Lee; and his eye would kindle and his face glow under the more tender doctrines of grace. He used frequently to attend preaching at Jackson's headquarters; and it was a scene which a master-hand might have delighted to paint – those two great warriors, surrounded by hundreds of their officers and men, bowed in humble worship before the God and Savior in whom they trusted.

Reverend J. William Jones, Christ in the Camp, (Richmond: B.F. Johnston & Co., 1887), pages 48-51

STONEWALL JACKSON

But to return to the consideration of General Jackson's character. Every right-minded citizen, as well as every knightly soldier, whatever the color of his uniform, will appreciate the beauty of the tribute paid by General Lee to General Jackson, when he received the latter's message announcing the loss of his left arm. "Go tell General Jackson," said Lee, "that his loss is small compared to mine; for while he loses his left arm, I lose the right arm of my army." No prouder or juster tribute was ever paid by a great commander to a



soldier under him.

But a truth of more importance than anything I have yet said of Jackson may be compassed, I think, in the observation that he added to a

marvelous genius for war a character as man and Christian which was absolutely without blemish. His childlike trust and faith, the simplicity, sincerity, and constancy of his unostentatious piety, did not come with the war; nor was it changed by the trials and dangers of war. If the war affected him at all in this particular, it only intensified his religious devotion, because of the tremendous responsibilities which it imposed; but long before, his religious thought and word and example were leading to the higher life young men entrusted to his care at the Virginia Military Institute.

In the army nothing deterred or diverted him from the discharge of his religious duties nor deprived him of the solace resulting from his unaffected trust. A deep-rooted belief in God, in His word and His providence, was under him

and over him and through him, permeating every fiber of his being dominating his every thought, controlling his every action.

Wherever he went and whatever he did, whether he was dispensing light and joy in the family circle; imparting lessons of lofty thought to this pupils in the schoolroom at Lexington; planning masterful strategy in his tent; praying in the woods for Heaven's guidance; or riding like the incarnate spirit of war through the storm of battle, as his resistless legions swept the field of carnage with the fury of a tornado – Stonewall Jackson was the faithful disciple of his Divine Master.

He died as he had lived, with his ever-active and then fevered brain working out the problems to which his duty called him, and, even with the chill of death upon him, his loving heart prompted a message to his weary soldiers, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." That his own spirit will eternally rest in the shade of the Tree of Life, none who knew him can for one moment doubt.

General John B. Gordon, Reminiscences of the Civil War, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1903) pages 98.

JEB STUART

General J.E.B. Stuart, Chief of Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, has been called "the flower of cavaliers," the "Prince Rupert" of the Confederacy and "Harry of Navarre," and he had been described as a gay, rollicksome, laughing soldier, "always ready for a dance or a fight." And yet Stuart was an humble, earnest Christian, who took Christ as his personal Savior, lived a stainless life, and died a triumphant death. He used to attend our Chaplains' Association when he could, took a deep interest in its proceedings, and manifested the liveliest concern for the spiritual welfare of his men.

Not long before his lamented death, he sought a personal interview with me, and discussed with great interest and intelligent zeal plans for the better supply of the cavalry with chaplains and religious reading. He spoke of the active life the cavalry were compelled to lead, as

at the same time a serious obstacle to regular services among them and an increased necessity for having men of God who would follow them on their rapid marches, or carry the bread of life to them on the outposts.

He was especially anxious to get an efficient man at this headquarters, who could always be found when a preacher was needed, and made a very liberal offer for the comfort and support of such a one. But he was emphatic in saying: "I do not want a man who is not both able and willing to endure hardness as a good soldier. The man who cannot endure the fatigues, hardships, and privations of our rough riding and hard service, and be in place when needed, would be of no earthly use to us, and is not wanted at my headquarters."



He fell in battle at Yellow Tavern, in a heroic and successful effort to save Richmond from Sheridan's raid in May, 1864, and in the full time of a brilliant career. But though thus cut down when full of life and hope,

he said, when the surgeon expressed the hope that he would ultimately recover: "Well, I don't know how this will turn out; but if it is God's will, I shall die. I am ready."

He reached the house of his brother-in-law, Dr. Brewer, in Richmond, and began to sink so rapidly that it was very evident to his friends and to himself that he must soon pass away. He calmly made disposition of his effects, and gave necessary directions. Hearing the sound of artillery, he said to his gallant and trust adjutant, Major H.B. McClellan, who was with him, and whose valuable service in the field he so highly

appreciated: "Major, Fitz Lee may need you," and expressed interest in how the battle was going.

But he quickly added with a sigh: "But I must be preparing for another world."

About noon President Davis visited his bedside, and tenderly taking the hand of his great cavalry man asked him how he felt. "Easy, but willing to die, if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and one my duty." To the surgeon later in the afternoon he replied, when told that he could not live long: "I am resigned if it be God's will. I would like to see my wife. But God's will be done."

His noble wife had been sent for and was hastening him, but she did not arrive until after his death.

To the doctor who was holding his wrist and counting his pulse, he said: "Doctor, I suppose I am going fast now. It will soon be over. But God's will be done. I hope I have fulfilled my destiny to my country and my duty to God."

Turning to Reverend Dr. Joshua Peterkin, of the Episcopal Church, of which General Stuart had long been a consistent member, he asked him to sing:

*"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."*

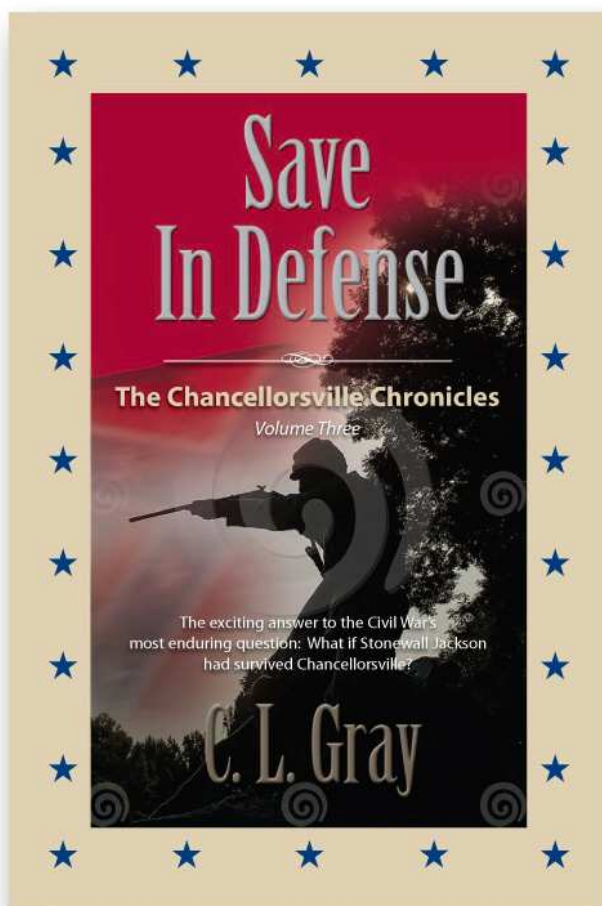
and he himself joined in the song with all the strength he could summon.

He joined with fervor in prayer with the ministers present and again said, just before he passed away: "I am going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done."

And thus the dashing soldier quietly, "fell on asleep," and left behind the record of a noble life and a simple trust in Christ – the prophecy of a blissful immortality, where charging squadrons and clashing sabers never disturb the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Reverend J. William Jones, Christ in the Camp, (Richmond: B.F. Johnston & Co., 1887), pages 102-103.

THE STORY CONCLUDES...



NOW AVAILABLE

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY AT

BOOKS@THESTAINLESSBANNER.COM

CHRIST IN THE CAMP

Reverend J. William Jones, Southern Historical Society Papers, Volume 14, 1886, pages 370-375.

On the night before the last day's battle at Second Manassas occurred one of the most touching episodes of which I heard. Colonel W. S. H. Baylor [I ought really to call him General, for Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee had both recommended his promotion, and his commission had actually been made out when news of his lamented death reached Richmond], one of the most widely known and loved young men in the State, was in command of the famous old "Stonewall Brigade," which had the year before won its name and immortal fame on these historic plains. Sending for his friend, Captain Hugh White – son of the venerable Dr.

William S. White, of Lexington, Stonewall Jackson's old pastor, and himself a theological student – who commanded one of the companies in the brigade, "Will" Baylor (as we used familiarly to call him) said to him: "I know the men are very much wearied out by the battle today, and that they need all of the rest they can get to fit them for the impending struggle of tomorrow. But I cannot consent that we shall sleep tonight until we have had a brief season of prayer to thank God for the victory and preservation of the day, and to beseech His protection and blessing during the continuance of this terrible conflict." Hugh White entered at once into the proposal, Rev. A. C. Hopkins (then chaplain of the Second Virginia Infantry, now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Charlestown, West Virginia, and one of those faithful chaplains who was always found at the post of duty even when it was the post of hardship or of danger) was found in the bivouac near by and gladly consented to lead the meeting.

The men were quietly notified that there would be a prayer meeting at brigade

headquarters as soon as they could assemble, and nearly the whole of this brigade and many from other brigades promptly gathered at the appointed spot. It was a tender, precious season of worship, there in line of battle and in full hearing of the enemy. Colonel Baylor entered into it with the burning zeal of the young convert – he had found Christ in the camp only a short time before – and Captain Hugh White, with the ripened experience of the Christian of long standing, and many of the participants realized

with Jacob of old that the place was "none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

In the great battle which followed the next

day, when the Confederate line was pressing grandly forward and driving everything before it, Will Baylor, with the flag of the Stonewall Brigade in his hands and the shout of victory on his lips, fell in the very forefront of the battle and gave his brave, noble, young life to the land and cause he loved so well and served so faithfully. Hard by and about the same moment Hugh White was shot down while bearing the flag of his own regiment and behaving with most conspicuous gallantry, and those two young men who mingled so lovingly in the prayer meeting of the night before had entered through the pearly gates, were walking golden streets, and were wearing fadeless crowns of victory...

*That crown with peerless glories bright
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.*

Major Robert Stiles, of Richmond, in an address delivered in 1869 before the Male Orphan Asylum of Richmond, related an

*It was a tender, precious season
of worship, there in line of battle
and in full hearing of the enemy.*

incident which I will not mar by condensing, but give in his own eloquent words:

One of the batteries of our own battalion was composed chiefly of Irishmen from a Southern city – gallant fellows, but wild and reckless. The captaincy becoming vacant, a backwoods Georgia preacher named C— was sent to command them. The men, at first half amused, half insulted, soon learned to idolize as well as fear their preacher captain, who proved to be, all in all, such a man as one seldom sees, a combination of Praise-God Barebones and Sir Philip Sidney, with a dash of Hedley Vicars about him. He had all the stern grit of the Puritan, with much of the chivalry of the Cavalier, and the zeal of the Apostle.

There was at this time but one other Christian in his battery, a gunner named Allan Moore, also a backwoods Georgian, and a noble, enthusiastic man and soldier. The only other living member of Moore's family was with him, a boy of not more than twelve or thirteen years, and the devotion of the elder brother to the younger was as tender as a mother's. The little fellow was a strange, sad, prematurely old child, who seldom talked and never smiled. He used to wear a red Zouave fez that ill befitted that peculiar sallow, pallid complexion of the Piney Woods Georgian; but he was a perfect hero in a fight.

"Twas at Cold Harbor in '64. We had been all day shelling a working party of the enemy, and about sunset, as adjutant of the battalion, I was visiting the batteries, to arrange the guns for night-firing. As I approached C—'s position, the sharpshooting had almost ceased, and down the line I could see the figures of the cannoneers standing out boldly against the sky. Moore was at the trail, adjusting his piece for the night's work. His gunnery had been superb during the evening, and his blood was up. I descended into a little valley and lost sight of the group, but heard C—'s stern voice: 'Sit down, Moore, your gun is well enough; the sharpshooting isn't over yet. Get down.' I rose to the hill. "One moment, Captain. My trail's a hair's breadth too much to the right;" and the gunner bent eagerly over the handspike. A sharp report –that unmistakable crash of the bullet against the skull, and all was over.

"Twas the last rifle shot on the lines that night. The rushing together of the detachment obstructed my view; but as I came up, the sergeant stepped aside and said, "Look there, Adjutant." Moore had fallen over on the trail, the blood gushing from his wound all over his face. His little brother was at his side instantly. No wildness, no tumult of grief. He knelt on the earth, and lifting Moore's head on to his knees, wiped the blood from his forehead with the cuff of his own tattered shirt sleeve, and kissed the pale face again and again, but very quietly. Moore was evidently dead, and none of us cared to disturb the child. Presently he rose – quiet still, tearless still – gazed down on his dead brother, then around at us, and breathing the saddest sigh I ever heard, said just these words: "Well, I am alone in the world."

"The preacher captain instantly sprang forward, and placing his hand on the poor boy's shoulder, said solemnly but cheerfully, "No, my child, you are not alone, for the Bible says, 'when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up,' and Allan was both father and mother to you: besides, I'm going take you up, too;

you shall sleep under my blanket tonight." There was not a dry eye in the group; and



when, months afterwards, the whole battalion gathered on a quiet Sabbath evening, on the banks of the Appomattox, to witness a baptism, and C— at the water's edge tenderly handed this child to the officiating minister, and receiving him again when the ceremony was over, threw a blanket about the little shivering form, carried him into the bushes, changed his clothing, and then reappeared carrying the bundle of wet clothes, and he and the child walked away hand in hand to camp – then there were more tears, manly, noble, purifying tears; and I heard the sergeant say, "Faith! The Captain has fulfilled his pledge to that boy." "My friends, hear the plea of the orphan: I am alone in the world. "How will you answer it? What will you do with

it? Will you pass my noble Georgian's pledge to 'take him up?' "Will you keep it as he kept it?"

We were blessed with a comparatively quiet Sabbath at Cold Harbor in June, 1864, and the chaplains generally availed themselves of the opportunity to hold frequent services. I preached four times that day to very large and deeply solemn congregations. The service at sundown was especially impressive. It was held on the very ground over which the grand charge of the Confederates was made on the memorable 27th of June, 1862, and was attended by an immense crowd.

It was a beautiful Sabbath eve and all nature seemed to invite to peace and repose. But the firing of the pickets in front, the long rows of stacked muskets, the tattered battleflags which rippled in the evening breeze, and the very countenances of those stern veterans of an hundred battles, who now gathered to hear the Gospel of Peace on the very ground where, two years before, they had joyfully obeyed the order of their iron chief to "sweep the field with the bayonet" – all told of past

conflicts, betokening impending battle, and stirred the souls of preacher and hearer to an earnestness seldom attained. There were earnest faces and glistening tears, and when, at the close of the sermon, those desiring the prayers of God's people were invited to come forward, there were over two hundred who promptly responded, a number of whom professed faith in Christ before leaving the ground.

In that long line of nearly forty miles of entrenchments, extending from north and west of Richmond to Hatcher's Run and Five Forks, below Petersburg, the opportunities for preaching and other religious services were varied. Some parts of the line were subjected to almost constant fire from the enemy, and the men could never assemble outside of the "bomb proofs," but other parts were sufficiently distant from the enemy's lines to allow the men to

assemble even outside of the trenches. A large number of comfortable chapels were erected – more would have been built but for the scarcity of timber – and where the men could not assemble in crowds, there were precious seasons of prayer and praise and worship in the "bomb proofs."

Let me try to picture several scenes as specimens of our daily work along the Petersburg lines. One day I went to Wise's brigade, stationed in the trenches near the Appomattox, at a point where the lines of the enemy were so close that it was almost certain death to show your head above the parapet. As I went into the lines I saw what I frequently witnessed. An immense mortar shell [the men used to call them lamp posts] would fly overhead, and some ragged gray jacket would

exclaim, "That is my shell! that is my shell!" and would scarcely wait for the smoke from its explosion to clear away before rushing forward to gather the scattered fragments, which he would sell to the Ordnance officer for a few cents a pound (Confederate money)

There were earnest faces and glistening tears, and when, at the close of the sermon, those desiring the prayers of God's people were invited to come forward, there were over two hundred who promptly responded, a number of whom professed faith in Christ before leaving the ground.

to help eke out his scant rations.

Entering the trenches I soon joined my gallant friend, Major John R. Bagby, of the Thirty-fourth Virginia regiment, who accompanied me down the lines as we distributed tracts and religious newspapers, and talked with the men concerning the great salvation.

There was a good deal of picket firing going on at the time; the minie balls would whistle by our ears, and (forgetful of Dr. Dabney's application of the doctrine of "Special Providence") I found myself constantly *dodging*, to the no small amusement of the men. At last we came to a man who was the fortunate possessor of a frying-pan, and the still more fortunate possessor of something to fry in it. As we stood near, a minie struck in the center of his fire and threw ashes all around. He moved about

as much as I should have done to avoid smoke, and went on with his culinary operations, coolly remarking: "Plague take them fellows. I 'spect they'll spile my grease yet before they stop their foolishness."

Soon after the Major looked at his watch and proposed that we should go into one of the "bomb-proofs" and join in the noonday prayer-meeting. I am afraid that some other feeling besides a devotional spirit prompted me to acquiesce at once. But when we went in we found the large bomb proof filled with devout worshippers, and it proved one of the most tender, precious meetings I ever attended.

If I mistake not, Rev. John W. Ryland (then orderly sergeant of the King and Queen company) led the singing, and they sang, with tender pathos that touched every heart, some of those old songs which dear old "Uncle Sam. Ryland" used to sing and which were fragrant with hallowed memories of "Bruington." [I wonder if "Uncle Sam." is not now singing with Richard Hugh Bagby and other loved ones some of those same old songs for surely they were sweet enough for even the heavenly choir.]

I might write columns about those services in the trenches, but I can find space now for only one other incident. In the summer of 1864, I

preached a good deal in Wright's Georgia brigade where we had a precious revival and a large number of professions of conversion. The brigade was stationed at a point where the opposing lines were some distance apart, and I used to stand on a plat of grass in front of the trenches while the men would gather close around me or sit on the parapet before me.

One night, with a full moon shedding its light upon us, we had an unusually large congregation and a service of more than ordinary interest and power. A large number came forward for prayer: there were a number of professions of faith in Christ, and at the close of the service, I received nine for baptism and had just announced that I would administer the ordinance in a pond near by at 9 o'clock the next morning, when the "long roll" beat, the brigade formed at once and in a few minutes were on the march to one of the series of bloody battles which we had that summer.

Several days later the brigade returned to its quarters, and I went back to resume my meetings and look up my candidates for baptism. I found, alas, that out of the nine received three had been killed, two were wounded, and one was a prisoner, so that there were only three left for me to baptize.

PRAY TO THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

Reverend Beverly Tucker Lacy, Southern Historical Society Papers, Volume 14, pages 348-356.

Dear brethren: The relations which we sustain to the various branches of the church of Christ in our country and the position which we hold in the army of the Confederate States, induces us to address you upon the important subject of the religious instruction of the soldiers engaged in the sacred cause of defending our rights, our liberties, and our homes. The one universal subject of thought and of feeling is the war. The hearts of the people, with singular unanimity, are enlisted in the common cause. The object of special interest to all is the army. The political

and social interests involved excite the patriotism and move the affection of all. There is little necessity for exhortation to love of country, or love to our sons and brothers, who are fighting and falling in our defense.

These emotions, strong in the beginning, have become more intense from the heroic fortitude of our noble army and from the wicked designs and infamous conduct of our enemies. The history of the past two years of the war has amazingly developed, and magnified the issues and strengthened and deepened the convictions

under which the conflict began. Base, beyond all conception, must that heart be which does not swell with patriotic devotion to our dear and suffering country, which is not stirred with deep and righteous indignation against our cruel and guilty foes, and which is not melted with profound and tender sympathy for the privations of our soldiers and the afflictions of our oppressed fellow-citizens in the invaded districts. While these emotions may exist in some adequate measure, is the religious interest commensurate with the demand of the times?

Is the church as much alive to its duty as the State? Is the Christian as active and as earnest as the citizen? Duties never conflict. Our patriotism will be all the stronger and purer when sanctified by religion. The natural sympathies require the controlling influence and the plastic power of the love of Christ for their proper regulation. To the political and social must be added the religious element. To patriotism must be added the mightier principle of faith. Let love of country be joined to love of God – let the love of our suffering brother be associated with the love of our crucified Savior – let the temporal interests be connected with the eternal. One duty should not be allowed to exclude another, nor one emotion crowd from the heart the holier presence of another.

The church should clearly understand and fully estimate the relation which it sustains to the war and the duty which it owes to the army. In an important sense the cause of the country is the cause of the church. The principles involved are those of right, of truth, and of humanity, as well as of law, of constitutional liberty, and of national independence. In a sense equally as true and even more important is the fact that the church, to the full extent of its ability and opportunity, is responsible for the souls of those who fall in this conflict. Has she realized this solemn responsibility? Has she discharged her sacred duty? With the opportunities which we have for estimating the work to be done, and of

observing what has been accomplished, we are constrained to say that she has not.

Surely her whole duty has not been done. We tremble when we contemplate the results which may follow from such delinquency. To estimate correctly the work which the church is called to perform, we must consider the vast number of our citizens who now compose the armies. All the men of the country, below the age of forty, are in the field. To these must be added many manly boys below and many patriotic men above the prescribed ages. The intellectual and physical strength of the entire country is assembled in martial array.

The ratio of religious instructors assigned by the bill for the appointment of chaplains (a

bill in some important respects still defective) is one chaplain for every regiment. How has this arrangement been seconded by the church and the

ministry? How many of the five or six hundred regiments are now supplied with faithful pastors? We have not the means of determining the number engaged in the whole service, but we give you the result as to our own corps – a body of troops commanded by that sincere Christian, Lieutenant General T. J. Jackson, who has given special encouragement to the work of supplying the corps with chaplains – not one-half of the regiments of infantry are supplied. Some entire brigades have no chaplain at all. In the artillery attached to the corps the destitution is still greater. With these facts before us, is it too much to affirm that there are not two hundred chaplains now in the field in all our armies? At the same time will not the statistics of the different churches in the Confederate States show an aggregate of five or six thousand ministers of the gospel?

Ministerial brethren ought this thing so to be? Church of the living God, awake from your lethargy and arouse to your duty. We are well aware of the pure and lofty patriotism of the Southern ministry. We know that your hearts are as truly and deeply enlisted in the cause of the country as ours; and we are also aware of the

Our patriotism will be all the stronger and purer when sanctified by religion.

fact that a large number of chaplains are stationed at posts and laboring faithfully in hospitals and many ministers of the gospel are serving as officers and as privates in the army. But how great is the destitution in the field? And how many of our soldiers are perishing without the bread of life?

There are no great difficulties in the way of obtaining an appointment for any suitable minister in any denomination of Christians. God has opened a wide and effectual door of access to the work. In the work itself there are no difficulties which zeal and faith cannot readily overcome. The chief obstructions are those which exist everywhere in the conflict between sin and holiness. There are no vices nor prejudices peculiar to the army which are any greater hindrances to the work of grace than those which are to be encountered in the cities and throughout the country.

Our work is a hard work, and there are privations which must be endured. The fare of the chaplain is that of the soldier. The exposures and discomforts to be encountered are in striking contrast with the previous lives of most ministers of the gospel. The health of some has failed in the service, and some, indeed, have laid down their lives for their brethren, but to many the change of habits has been beneficial, and the feeble have come to endure hardness as good soldiers.

The chaplain, however faithful, will at times be discouraged. Men will seem to take little interest in his preaching; profanity, card-playing and Sabbath breaking, will be on the increase, his presence often will be no restraint upon vice, and when he has faithfully discharged his duty he may meet with censure and ridicule. In camp life there is an indolence of mind produced, and an aversion to serious thought. There is also a disposition to seek entertainment in all manner of foolish talking and jesting.

On the march and on an active campaign, the attention is much absorbed, and time is often wanting for religious duties. The carelessness and open apostasy of professors of religion are here, as well as everywhere else – a great

hindrance to the success of the gospel. The readiness with which chaplains have resigned their places, or absented themselves from their regiments, is a source of discouragement to the soldiers and to their brethren who remain.

In the hasty opinions and sweeping judgments of many in and out of the army, the deficiencies of some have been unjustly attributed to others, and the failure of a few regarded as the failure of all. But these you perceive, brethren, are essentially the same difficulties, in a different form, which the minister of God must encounter everywhere in this sinful world. Our chief ground of discouragement, however, is in ourselves. With more faith in God, and more love for the souls of men, with more of the spirit of our blessed Lord, we should behold greater and more precious

results.

If there are discouragements peculiar to our work, there are peculiar encouragements also. We believe that God is with us, not only to

own and bless His word to the salvation of men, but that His blessing rests upon our cause and attends our armies. It is a high privilege and a great satisfaction to preach to soldiers to whom God has given such signal victories. The moral influence of a just and righteous cause is a happy introduction to, and a good preparation for the holier cause of religion.

The objects for which our soldiers are fighting possess incalculable power in controlling the naturally demoralizing influence of war. We are thankful to God for the large number of Christian officers who command our armies and aid us in our work. The presence of so many pious men in the ranks gives us a church in almost every regiment to begin with. The intercourse and communion of Christian brethren in the army is as intimate and precious as anywhere upon earth.

It is an interesting fact, that by this work ministers of the different denominations are brought into closer and more harmonious cooperation, thus promoting the unity and charity of the whole church, and greatly encouraging each other. Many of the greatest

Our work is a hard work, and there are privations which must be endured. The fare of the chaplain is that of the soldier.

temptations to vice are excluded from the army. There is much time for profitable reflection. The near approach of death excites to serious thought. Religious reading is sought and appreciated. Many opportunities for personal kindness to the sick and the wounded on the battlefield and in the camp bind grateful hearts to faithful chaplains.

In preaching the word, conducting prayer-meetings and Bible-classes, by circulating the Scriptures and other religious reading, and by frequent conversation in private, we have ample opportunity for doing our Master's work and laboring for immortal souls.

Our greatest encouragement, however, has been from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit among us. He who has led our armies to victory, conducting them, like the hosts of Israel, with the pillar of cloud and of fire by night and by day, has also encamped round about us, and the tabernacle of the Lord has been in the midst of our tents. We believe there have been more powerful and blessed revivals of religion *in* the army than *out* of it during the last two years.

We know of a large church in which almost all the additions for more than a year have been of young men visiting their homes on furloughs from the army. At this very time a most interesting and extensive work of grace is in progress amongst the troops stationed in and around the desolated city of Fredericksburg. The evidences of God's love and mercy are thus brought into immediate and striking contrast with the marks of the cruelty and barbarity of man.

Brethren, do not these movements of the Holy Ghost indicate where God's ministers should follow and in what work they should engage? Our work, though hard, is a pleasant work, and we feel it to be a precious and glorious work. Much more has been accomplished than has been made known abroad. Comparatively few publications have been sent out by the chaplains, but many earnest and faithful sermons have been preached, many copies of the Holy Scriptures have been put into the hands of the soldiers by chaplains and colporteurs, and much printed matter in the form of religious newspapers and tracts has been circulated and eagerly read; precious

communions have been held, and souls have been added to the church of Christ, of such as, we believe, shall be saved. Eternity alone can disclose the extent of the blessed work which faithful chaplains have accomplished in our armies.

We have told you these things, brethren, that your interest might be increased in this cause and in ourselves, as identified with the cause. If we have only mentioned what was before familiar to you, we desire to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. We would respectfully, and in Christian love, submit the following suggestions for your consideration, earnestly beseeching your cooperation, your sympathy and your prayers:

Let the church humble herself before her Lord – let all Christians of every name in our land engage in acts of humiliation and of prayer. The frequent calls of our excellent and pious President to this duty have been attended by evident tokens of the Divine favor. May the observance of the appointed day, which is now at hand, be followed by the signal blessing of Almighty God, and may the solemn day be kept holy unto the Lord by the army and by all the people. If ever a nation was called to prostrate itself at the foot of the cross, and to supplicate the mercy of God with strong crying and tears it is this. God, we believe, will deliver us from our enemies, but that deliverance must come in answer to prayer.

In order that our prayers may be heard, and our solemn days be not an abomination unto the Lord, we must put away sin from among us. There are sins, both of a national and individual character, which are rapidly engendered in a time like this – a spirit of recklessness and profanity – a disregard of the laws of life and of property – too great a reliance upon an arm of flesh – and it may be, under peculiar aggravations, a sinful feeling of malignant and bloodthirsty revenge has been indulged. But, more than all, a spirit of unhallowed greed, of unrighteous extortion. Illgotten gains will prove a curse to the individual, and injurious to the country. It is no time for amassing wealth.

Can the true patriot, can the true Christian grow rich in the hour of his country's peril? If in any proper and legitimate manner, without

injury to others, money is accumulated, give it to your country, give it to the poor, give it to the suffering families of the soldiers, send a chaplain to the army, and assist in the support of his family while he is engaged in the work. Let the church of Jesus Christ clear herself of this sin, and let not the hidden wedge and the Babylonish garment be found in her tents. By precept and example let the church seek to foster a generous and self sacrificing spirit among all classes of the people.

Brethren, send us more chaplains. The harvest truly is great, the laborers are few. We send abroad to the churches the Macedonian cry, Come and help us. The work is an earnest, a pressing work. Now is emphatically the accepted time for the army. The cause will not brook delay. A series of battles, which may speedily follow the opening of the campaign, will sweep away thousands of our brave comrades and friends – thousands of your own sons and brothers. Then come while it is called today. Come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and escape the curse of Meroz.

We especially appeal to the churches in their organized capacity, and ask of conventions, conferences, presbyteries and associations, to set apart men of the best talent and largest experience unto this work. Such a call, coming with the potential authority of a church of God, would doubtless decide many of the ablest ministers in the country to cast in their lots with us. We cordially and earnestly invite the venerable fathers of the church to visit the army and preach for a few days or weeks in the regiments. Such voluntary labors, in many instances, have been signally blessed. The churches should be willing to spare their pastors for this work, and seek temporary supplies from neighboring ministers; or, at least, all congregations might allow their ministers to visit the army for a time and labor for those who have gone forth in their defense. Have not the soldiers, who are away from their homes and churches, the right to claim a part of the time of their own pastors? But especially do we call

upon the younger men in the ministry – and we call upon you, young men, because you are strong – come, take part in this sacred cause and this holy fellowship with us.

If the ministers of the gospel, below the age of forty, are exempted from ordinary military duty, are they not bound to serve their country and the army in the capacity of chaplains? Have you a right to stay away while this destitution exists? We urge no extreme or fanatical view. Let all the regiments be supplied, and still the vast majority of ministers will remain at home with their congregations. We plead only for that which is just and equal. And we feel that we but do this when we maintain that congregations should assist in the support of the families of chaplains while laboring in the army. Such an arrangement would give hundreds of excellent men to the work.

Brethren, send us more chaplains. The harvest truly is great, the laborers are few.

Brethren, pray for us. To know that we are constantly remembered at a throne of grace – in the churches and in the families – in the public and in the private

devotions of the people of God—will greatly encourage our hearts and strengthen our hands. Prayer should be made without ceasing to the God and Father of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in behalf of our cause, our country, our officers and our soldiers. Pray for us, that we may be faithful, and that our labors may be blessed in the conversion of souls.

We ask these things of you, dear brethren, because we believe that the final success of our arms is intimately connected with the fidelity of the church in fulfilling its duty to the army, and closely related to the religious character of the army itself. It was remarked by one of our distinguished and Christian generals, that “the only ground of apprehension to be felt is from the want of piety in the army. Were all the soldiers sincere Christians and praying men, in a cause like ours, they would be invincible.” In such an army there would be two distinct sources of success in addition to the ordinary elements of military power – the loftier courage derived from Christian faith, and the direct blessing of God in answer to prayer. If the want

of faithfulness on the part of the church, the impiety of the army and the people, should prevent God's blessing, then the unfaithfulness of the church will have blasted our hopes, destroyed our country, and left a continent in ruins.

There should be no separation made between the army and the country, between the soldier and the citizen. The army is composed of the people, and the soldiers are citizens. At this very time the soldiers in the field are the only electors of representatives for many of the congressional and legislative districts. Those who achieve our independence are the same who must maintain it. The sole governors of the country, for one generation at least, will be the survivors of the army. Those who win the battles, must make, administer, enforce and obey the laws.

If these be depraved and godless through the neglect of the church, and their want of moral integrity and elevation destroy the government, and bring upon the land the curse of God, then in vain the mighty sacrifice of treasure and of blood – in vain the army of our martyred dead – in vain the sacred gift bequeathed from bleeding sires to sons. Better never to have fought and won the victory, than afterwards to forfeit it and lose the blessing.

This may be the last struggle for constitutional liberty which will be made on this continent. The progress of the race, the happiness of millions is involved. A grand responsibility rests upon our young republic, and a mighty work lies before it. Baptized in its infancy in blood, may it receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and be consecrated to its high and holy mission among the nations of the earth.

This, we fondly hope, will be the last year of this bloody war. But of that no one can certainly know. How ardently is a permanent and honorable peace desired! For this object united prayers should go up continually to the throne of God by night and by day. Weeping between the porch and the altar, Zion should lift up her voice without ceasing unto her Savior and her God. This war must be regarded by all

Christian men as a chastisement from the hand of God on account of our sins. The object of all chastening is purification. War, pestilence and famine, when they came upon God's ancient people, were designed to turn them from their sins, and to bring them back to his love and service. When that result was accomplished the chastisement was removed. Has the church in our afflicted land learned aright the chastening lessons of her God? Have the rulers and the people, like those of Nineveh, repented before the judgments of the Lord? In some hopeful measure this undoubtedly has been the result.

We believe that in humility, in sincerity of faith, in thankfulness for mercies, and in prayerfulness, there has been improvement. Men have been called to sacrifice self for principle, and freely has the sacrifice been made by millions. A tenderer charity, and a larger benevolence than ever before, open the hands and fill the hearts of many.

A higher estimate has been placed upon *truth* and upon *right* by a people resisting unto blood, striving against sin. We may indulge the hope that the results which God designed are following from the war. And when they are accomplished the war will cease. The coming of peace will be insured, and will be hastened by our fidelity in duty and our devotion in prayer.

But, brethren, our great argument with you is the salvation of the souls of men, the salvation of our sons and brothers, the salvation of our dear soldiers. We plead for those who are ready to lay down the life that now is. Shall they lose also the life which is to come? If the sacrifice of the body is demanded shall that of the soul be made? If time is forfeited must eternity be lost?

The great object for which the church of God was instituted upon earth is the same as that for which the Son of God died upon the cross – the glory of God in the salvation of men.

We urge you, then, by this last and greatest of all considerations, to aid us in this blessed work by your presence, your sympathies, your contributions and your prayers.

March 24th, 1863.

SOUTHERN VICTORY!

Brother L.E. "Len" Patterson, Th.D., Chaplain, Army of Trans-Mississippi Sons of Confederate Veterans

What began as a spark, ignited a flame. A flame that grew, spread and burned throughout the Confederate Armies. Not since the "rushing mighty wind" on the day of Pentecost and Peter's sermon to the multitude in Jerusalem has there been such a movement of God's Spirit on the hearts of men. Dr. W. W. Bennett in his book, *The Great Revival in the Southern Armies* (pg. 413), writes, "Up to January, 1865, it was estimated that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers had been converted during the progress of the war." The Reverend J. William Jones states that at least fifty thousand men in Lee's Army alone became Christians, and then goes on to say, "I am fully satisfied that my own estimate is too low (there were, of course, many professions of conversion which were never reported at all...)" (*Christ in the Camp*, 391) Truly, Christ was in the Southern camps. He was also on the long hard marches, battlefields, and in the hospitals, and, as the Bible tells us, "*The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.*" (Acts 2:47)

In addition to the vast number of men being converted from sin and death to a new life in Christ, there were many thousands more restored to the joy and peace of fellowship with the Lord who had forsaken their Christian convictions to walk in worldly ways. The Reverend Dr. Theodorick Pryor, a Presbyterian Chaplain, writes, "I might cite hundreds of cases that came under my own observation where lukewarm, careless Christians were stirred up to their duty, and made more zealous and efficient workers for Christ than ever before." (*Christ in the Camp*, 394)

To what can we attribute such a wide-spread and protracted out-pouring of God's Spirit throughout the Confederate Armies? Some, following the old adage of "there's no atheists in foxholes," might consider it a result of fear. Others may assign the reason for this great revival as simply an emotional response to the raving antics of some preachers. But, Reverend Jones assures us this is not the case. He writes, "And yet I do not hesitate to affirm –

and think that I can abundantly prove – that the revivals in our camps were as genuine works of grace as any that occur in our churches at home." He then goes on to say, "The very material of which our congregations

"Up to January, 1865, it was estimated that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers had been converted during the progress of the war."

were composed were a safeguard against undue animal excitement in the meetings. We had not women and children, but men to deal with – men who were accustomed to go into the 'leaden and iron hail of battle,' and to face death every day, and who could not have been 'scared into religion,' even if the preachers had tried to do so. Besides, there were ministers of every denomination and of different temperaments co-operating together, and if one were disposed to get up any undue excitement, or use improper "machinery," another would have restrained him." (Ibid. 392)

Surely, the catalyst for such an outbreak of spiritual activity and revival can only be accredited to God. But, just as our Lord chose common men to be His disciples, God used common men to do His great work among the soldiers of the Southern Armies. They were chaplains, and many were soldiers themselves. They fought the Union on the battlefield with sword and musket for the cause of Southern independence and fought the devil in the camps

for the souls of men with the “*sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.*” (Eph. 6:17) In his book, *Chaplains in Gray* (pg 26), Charles F. Pitts writes, “When the call to arms rang through the South, the pastors were among the first and most enthusiastic to respond. From official religious bodies came resolutions of support for the Confederate cause. Into the ranks stepped the ‘men of the cloth.’”

Of course, most of the Chaplains that served in the Confederate Army were not soldiers themselves, but they endured the same hardships and privations as those to whom they ministered. They came by the hundreds from the various denominations of Southern churches. They were Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, and Episcopalian, but all denominational differences were set aside as they worked together to reach out to the spiritual needs of men. “The main burden of the chaplain’s message dealt with sin and retribution, pardon and salvation. This was the message that he (the chaplain), by personal conviction, by the situation of battle, or the desires of the soldiers, felt compelled to bring.” (Ibid. 111)

Perhaps it was this cooperation between Christian ministers of the Gospel that allowed God to so greatly use them in His great work of salvation in the Southern armies. J. William Jones writes, “Unquestionably one of the most potent factors in the grand success of our work was the union of hearts and hands on the part of chaplains and missionaries, and indeed of all Christian workers of the evangelical denominations.” (*Christ in the Camp*, 223) He then goes on to quote Dr. William J. Hoge as writing of an incident in Fredericksburg in the spring of 1863, “And so we had a Presbyterian sermon, introduced by Baptist services, under the direction of a Methodist chaplain, in an Episcopal church. Was not that a beautiful solution of the vexed problem of Christian union?” (Ibid. 223)

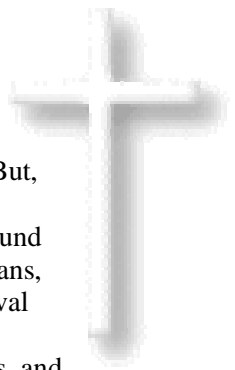
Besides the official chaplains, there were also missionaries and evangelists who came to the camps for a few days or weeks at a time to help in the preaching of God’s Word. Colporteurs were also sent to provide and distribute Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and

religious newspapers. Christian reading material was handed out by the ton, and chaplains proclaimed the Good News of Jesus Christ to overflowing crowds of our boys in gray, as often as three times a day. Prayer meetings were conducted in the camps, in tents, on the march, and whenever and where ever there was opportunity. And, what may well be called the greatest revival in history continued to grow and prosper. Reverend D. Stiles writes, “There was scarcely a brigade in the army in which the work of revival did not go forward with deepening power.” (*The Great Revival in the Southern Armies*, 205)

Certainly, God was doing a great work, and He was using chaplains, ministers, and colporteurs to accomplish His purpose. But, at the heart of it all were the rank and file of the Confederate soldiers. Their lives in camp, their actions on the battlefield, and the words they spoke in their dying hour, all gave witness to the true and abiding presence of Christ. Dr. A. B. Woodfin, a chaplain in Gordon’s Georgia Brigade, writes, “One of the most potent instrumentalities in our work was the personal activity of the young converts, and I could easily fill pages with illustrations of this.” (*Christ in the Camp*, 398)

Of course, the true test of any revival, small or great, must be examined in light of it’s aftermath. Reverend J. William Jones writes, “But, after all, the best evidence of the genuineness of the revival is to be found in the after lives of professed Christians, and of the young converts. That revival which does not result in more consecration on the part of Christians, and a ‘Godly walk and conversation’ on the part of the new converts, is not worth calling a revival.” (Ibid. 394) So, what were the results of the great revival in the Southern armies?

Essentially, everything we know about the great revival, and the resulting effect in the years following the war, we learn from numerous reports, letters, and first-hand accounts of faithful and devout chaplains who were there. In 1865 the boys in gray who had experienced conversion and the movement of God’s Spirit in the Confederate camps returned to their homes,



farms, and families. They became pastors, deacons, elders, faithful members of the Lord's Church, and leaders in their community. They were the main force in building new churches, hospitals, and institutions of learning. One Christian College stated that fully four-fifths of the students studying for the ministry had been converted and convicted while serving in the Confederate Army. And, up from the ashes of destruction and devastation there rose a new, brighter and more Godly South. Again, Reverend Jones writes, "If my voice could reach all the young men of the South today, I would ring in their ears the words of that maimed hero, and would beg them to imitate the example of our returned Confederate soldiers." (Ibid. 464)

The War for Southern Independence was over, and in the one hundred and fifty years since, it has been well studied and discussed. But another war was also fought during the years 1861 to 1865. A war against the dark and evil forces of sin, Satan, and eternal death. This war, the South won.

The Christian should carry his religion into everything. Christianity makes man better in any lawful calling; it equally makes the general a better commander and the shoemaker a better mechanic. In the case of the cobbler, or the tailor, for instance, religion will produce more care in promising work more punctuality, and more fidelity in executing it from conscientious motives; and these homely examples were fair illustrations of its value in more exalted functions. So prayer aids any man, in any lawful business, not only by bringing down the Divine blessing, which is its direct and prime object, but by harmonizing his own mind and heart.

Stonewall Jackson



THE BETHLEHEM BABE

Elaine Bridge, 2011.

“It will be worth it when you see the baby at the end.”

Such was the promise of the patient church worker who herded us through the seemingly endless turnings of a line that resembled something you'd see at an amusement park rather than at a Christmas nativity display. We'd stood outside in the cold wind for the first 45 minutes of our wait before at last reaching the warmth of the lit building. But as we gratefully crossed the threshold we were dismayed to find not yet the live scene we were looking for. Rather, we entered a roomful of people moving slowly down the length and breadth of the building in long lines that snaked towards the closed and guarded door at the far side of the room. Periodically that door would open and 35-40 lucky people would head into the display, leaving the rest of us to shuffle a little closer to the front each time.

This was not what we expected when we decided to attend the *Bethlehem Experience*, an annual production of the Eaton Church of the Brethren in Eaton, Ohio. We thought we'd arrive at the Preble County fairgrounds only to be plunged immediately into the streets of Bethlehem, hearing the Roman soldiers shout orders over the noise of the crowd. We were ready to be jostled by busy traders selling their wares on streets that were crowded with travelers who had come to sign the census and pay their taxes, while dodging live sheep and goats that ran between our feet. Standing in line for two hours was never a part of that plan.

We'd come at my son's insistence, his school chum having secured a part in his church's annual Christmas presentation. Various

other people we knew likewise had parts to play. Truly we'd heard high praise of this dramatic presentation for years but had never made the time to come and see it for ourselves until my son had a personal interest in doing so this year. As I marveled at the size of the crowd I thought to myself that surely not all these people were first-time visitors like myself. What we were about to see must truly be something special to draw so many people back year after year.

“It will be worth it when you see the baby at the end.” The usher's words echoed in my ears but didn't resonate in my heart. I waved at a woman I knew in the crowd, a teacher's aid at my son's school. Her ready laughter was strangely absent, however, and her smile somewhat forced. Her thoughts must surely have been running along the lines of my own, those being that even the most spectacular church production rarely merits a two hour wait before it begins.

At long last we reached the closed door. Our group of 35 was welcomed into another room where the church's pastor discussed with us briefly what we were about to see, encouraging us to talk to citizens we'd meet and ask them about what was happening in their city at this time. And then a Roman guard appeared and shouted at us to hurry along as we at long last entered the streets of Bethlehem.

Truly the church people did a wonderful job. The scenery and props were authentic, the costuming convincing, and the actors carefully schooled not to wear, do, or say anything that wasn't appropriate to the time period being represented. The city streets were littered with sawdust and still crowded as we, now fellow travelers, made our way through the town, pestered on every side by tradespeople trying to sell their goods. We stroked the pet goats penned



in a corner of one Jewish home, as well as the donkeys and sheep corralled near another. The whole production was well done and very realistic, and we admired greatly the dedication and stamina of these ordinary people who gave up so much of their non-existent spare time during the busy holiday season to make the whole thing possible. But just as I thought to myself that the experience was too short to make up for the long wait ahead of time, we rounded the last curve in the city street, ...and there we saw Him. In a last cubbyhole, almost as an afterthought, sat a tired mother, a watchful father... and a newborn infant, perfect in every way, sound asleep on his stomach despite the noise and confusion in the streets just beyond, his tiny thumb stuck in his mouth. The sight literally took my breath away. I didn't want to move past. How I *wished* I'd brought my camera, only to hear God say that capturing that picture in my heart was all I needed to do to hold on to the moment forever. Truly that usher was right. The tiring wait beforehand was well worth it to see the long-awaited babe at the end.

Surely Mary must've felt that way all those many years ago. She'd endured the humiliation of her condition, the long months of pregnancy, the difficult journey followed by a long night of laboring alone in the dark as she gave birth.

Surely it was worth it all to see the Babe at the end.

And what of the Wise Men who traveled so long and so far, following a star for months that slowly turned into years? Hadn't there been times when they longed to return to their loved ones at home, to give up the long days of travel in pursuit of this wandering light in the sky? When at last it came to rest over the unlikely birthplace of a king, didn't they feel privileged to finally lay their gifts at the feet of the young child they found there?

And what of us? We, too, grow weary in the waiting... tired of the obstacles we face as we, too, work our way towards the promise of a Heavenly Light. There are days when we wonder if it's all worth it. Sadly, some turn back before reaching Heaven's Gates and entering the City they've heard about for so long. Thankfully God puts people in our path who pat us on the back and encourage us with the words, "Hang on. It will be worth it when you see Jesus..."

They're right, you know. If a baby in a manger can take my breath away, I'll gladly give my *life* away to see the King of Glory on His throne and lay my treasure at His feet. My personal Bethlehem experience has taught me that the wait will be worth it in the end.

To subscribe, send an email to:
subscribe@thestainlessbanner.com
or visit our website at www.thestainlessbanner.com

Subscription is free.

