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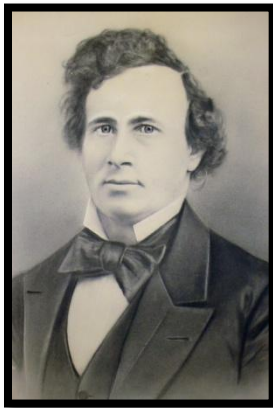
December 2011 - Volume 1 ~ Number 8

*"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee."
Deuteronomy 32: 7*

How the Early Baptist Came to California

Some came by sea, by wagon train, horseback, and even walked. But westward they came to bring the Gospel of the Son of God to California and they established churches and associations for the glory of God.

O. C. Wheeler's Account of the Journey



"Thus the first missionary, the sole representative of the denomination, then numbering more than a million of communicants, was chosen and dispatched to his field.

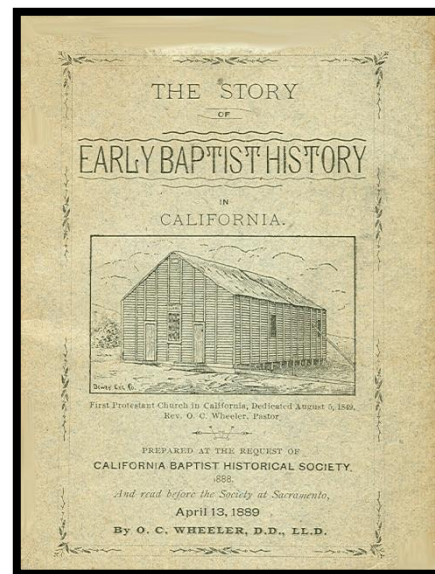
In the fourteen days which preceded the sailing of the steamer I resigned my pastorate, closed up all my business for life (it was not expected that I would ever return), made a trip to Philadelphia, preached ten sermons, delivered three addresses, superintended my entire outfit, and was, with my wife, on board the steamer "Falcon" one hour before she sailed, December 1st, 1848 at 12 M., the first and only instance in which the initial steamer, inaugurating a great national line, sailed promptly at the published time. The order to "cast off the lines" came while the clock was striking 12, and was obeyed in less than one minute. The voyage to San Francisco lasted just ninety days, and was full of incidents calculated to measure the strength and try the grace of Christian patience and fortitude. Between Charges and Cruces we were in a canoe on the Charges river, three days and three nights of watchfulness, in peril and in storm. Although our steamer was the pioneer in carrying the United States mail between New York and San Francisco, and had sailed three days before the news of the discovery of gold was published in Washington, five vessels on hearing the news of gold had been dispatched, their passengers reaching the Isthmus, and overtaking us before we had crossed it.

At Cruces a vast multitude had collected. One afternoon a noble young man, one of our fellow-passengers, was attacked with cholera, and died in two hours. Terrible alarm ensued. A Captain of the U.S.A. being of our number said, "We are all fools; we don't take care of ourselves; we ought to die. I have today eaten five bananas and seven oranges, and drunken both whiskey and brandy, and run a foot-race in the sun, which is enough to give anybody the cholera." He was attacked within an hour, and before midnight was a corpse.

At daylight all was confusion, everybody striving to get away. It was twenty-five miles to Panama, and no roads but a bridle-path over what seemed to be impassable streams and mountains, and no means of conveyance but the worst class of saddle animals. My wife and an intimate traveling companion, each dressed in her husband's cloths, and riding as he rode, under my special care, started, a little after daylight, and reached Panama in ten and a half hours, during which time Mrs. Wheeler did not once dismount, a feat seldom ever performed by the strongest of men, even a general on the day of battle. She was the first woman who ever passed through the gates into the ancient city in males attire, and riding as a man rides, and the enthusiasm with which she was greeted as she passed within the walls was of the most hearty and prolonged character.

We remained in the isthmus, waiting for the arrival of the steamer that had been sent around to meet and take us to San Francisco, thirty-four days. When she, the "California", arrived, the captain came on shore, and seeing the multitude that lined the beach, the first words he uttered were, "I hope to God you haven't any missionaries for me to take." This expression is a fair index of his character and of the treatment we received at his hands during the twenty-eight days of our trip from Panama to San Francisco."

-Excerpt from:



I acquired an original of this volume by using eBay and it is one of my most treasured possessions. It is indeed a jewel of great price. You can read online at:

www.calhac.org



The Pacific Mail Steamship Company
"California"

~ TWENTY YEARS AGO ~

by
Rev. Dr. Sylvester Woodbridge, Jr.

Clear and beautiful dawned the morning of February 28th, 1849 upon California. The storm of the previous week had given new freshness to the verdure, and the pleasant weather that followed had clothed all the hills of San Francisco with their most beautiful attire. But no one in the town thought of hill-side or of waters of the cove spread out calm and unruffled between Clark's and Rincon Points, or of the fleet of twenty or thirty vessels at anchor, although every mast was being dressed in holiday attire of flags and pennons. All thoughts were turned seaward, and on every summit were groups of persons gazing out where a heavy bank of fog shut in the western horizon. A messenger from Monterey had brought tidings that the first steamer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company having run short of coal, had put into that port to wood up and might be momentarily expected. Many a wild dream has since disturbed our slumbers: but none seemed wilder than the idea, that the slow moving trains, requiring six months to cross the plains, were to be supplanted by a line of steamers, bringing California within one months sail of New York. About ten o'clock the fog lifted, and a few miles outside all beheld a black hull with low masts and a solitary smoke stack from which ascended clouds of black vapor, steadily gliding towards the entrance of the harbor..

"The steamer! The steamer!" shouted the gazers upon the hilltops. Swift horsemen came careering at speed through the little village, shouting at the top of their voices, "the steamer! The steamer!" and throwing the whole community into a fever of excitement. Old ship cannon were hauled out from modest seclusion, and every preparation made to welcome the coming stranger.

Scarcely less excited was the throng on the deck of the *California*. The vessel was crowded with eager aspirants for fortune. Scarcely a person on board but for weeks had been eagerly looking forward to this day. And now in the soft glad sun-light of the vernal morning there rose to view the graceful slopes of the Golden Land. We enter the harbor. Before us lies the Contra Costa with the wooded plain where now stands a beautiful Oakland with its twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Behind the plain were hills radiant in emerald and

sunlight, and one or two crested with redwood forests. Beyond towered the summit of Mount Diablo.

But none took more than an eager glance or two at the fair scenery. A few remarks were made by military officers respecting the points now occupied by the forts, as admirably adapted for purposes of defense; and then almost unbroken silence fell upon the passengers, while the ship steamed slowly against the strong ebb tide, and passed through the Golden Gate. A low brown building enclosed with an adobe wall appears upon our right, and some distance further eastward we see two or three painted cottages. "The Presidio!" exclaim several voices; and Mr. Ward a San Franciscan returning with his fair young wife- alas! Soon to fall into that sleep which knows no waking till the resurrection morn, observed that the houses in sight had been built since he left. The ship passes beyond the bold promontory of Telegraph Hill, and Yerba Buena cove, the anchored fleet, and that far-famed town, the general topic of conversation in every city and hamlet of Christendom, comes full into view.

Close before us lay the great ships of the American fleet; and scarcely were they fully in sight, when the Commodore's vessel began to utter her thunders of welcome. The rest of the fleet followed with their salutes. A Russian ship or two in port joined in the grand harmony. The guns on shore bellowed their loudest to increase the uproar. As with dipping colors we pass the Commodore, a command loud and clear rings upon the air, and up from the decks run masses of sailors into shrouds and out upon the yards, and give voice to their cheers. Scarcely had they ceased when the hundreds crowding the decks of the *California* return the salutation with results apparent in all by a smile and nod, saying, "We gave as good as we got". So the steamer sailed through the whole fleet everywhere cheered and welcomed with guns and dipping colors: and at last came to anchor, as nearly as I can judge, off the foot of what is now Market St.

Boats were speedily brought into requisition, and with many a groan over what were deemed monstrous charges the passengers were set ashore.

It has generally been intimated that the object of all who came to our State was gain. Taking the word in its large sense as covering all increase in property, influence or position, no doubt the remark is true. But in the narrow sense of pecuniary profit it was not so. There were *ambitious* men in our company, who freely spoke to me of their anticipations of position and trust. There were *learned* men, who hoped to increase both knowledge and influence. There were four *ministers of the Gospel*: Rev. Mr. Wiley, Vice President of the College of California; Rev. O.C. Wheeler now of Sacramento; Rev. Mr. Douglas, who returned to the old States, and the writer. No remarks were ever made by them in my hearing, that their intention was other than to build up God's Church. For myself, before leaving the ship I was taken aside by the man whose municipal power was greater than of any other person in the place, and advised to conceal my professional character, and was assured that there was an opening by which we might obtain vast wealth. The project was understood to refer to "Alcade grants," of lands, and the offer

was declined. Nor amid the poverty and toils of humble ministerial life of twenty years in California has the choice been regretted.

Upon landing in San Francisco we found the place already occupied with religious labor. About three years previously a ship carrying missionaries to Oregon, had put into this port. Sunday elapsing during her stay, one of the ministers came ashore and held religious services. When the time arrived for service- Wm. S. Clark, Esq., is my informant- not a Bible could be found in town; and it was necessary to delay the appointment until a boat could be sent to the ship for a copy. At a later period, Capt. Montgomery's ship, the *Portsmouth*, lay in port for some months; and being a man of decided piety he held regular religious services in town. His influence was very great, and his name and that of his ship will be handed down to coming generations in our principle street and the Plaza. Often when standing in the magnificent thoroughfare, I think of those massive structures as laid upon the foundation of Christian faith. All those stately edifices have grown up as it were, upon the earnest, effectual prayers of a righteous man.

A few months after the discovery of gold the Rev. Dwight Hunt, an American missionary from the Sandwich Islands, was employed by the municipal authorities as Chaplain, and afterwards organized the First Congregational Church. He was laboring here upon our arrival. A careful estimate led to the belief that at this time the population of the town was between three and five thousand persons, of whom one thousand were supposed to have arrived the last week in February.

Have our expectations been realized? In some respects they have been surpassed, in others not accomplished. We underestimated the difficulties of obtaining permanent emigrants and constructing improvements. We fell into the error of supposing that a gold product is capital; and this only can build cities, establish government, construct rail-roads. Only the gold that accumulated after all drafts were made was capitol, and it gathered very slowly. We anticipated an overland rail-road and a population of a million in ten years. Twice that length of time has been required. But our religious success is greater than we had any reason to anticipate. A vast emigration, a floating population, the "passionate hunger for gold," are not favorable to the progress of the Gospel. We are far away from the religious public sentiment of the world. - But God has wonderfully prospered us. Deep in ten thousand hearts are fastened the strong fibers of divine truth. All our communities abound with the means of grace. Especially our principle cities boldly announce their religious profession by the towers and spires of the churches rising above the roofs of the dwellings. With all the wickedness prevalent among us, still the Gospel is steadily advancing, and public Schools, Sunday Schools, Missions, Orphan Asylums and Houses of Relief, attest the mighty influence of the kingdom of God.

Two thirds of the persons present on that memorable day here described are dead. When another twenty years shall have fled scarce one will remain. But our

works live forevermore. California, San Francisco, are to advance in their mighty career of wealth and power. The cause of Christ weeps over the nations, turning them to God. Oh, wonderful future! Pregnant with undying glory! our hearts leap forth rejoicingly foreseeing the prosperity of that dear land for which we live, toil and die. Oh, Cause of God! As we sink into the waters of forgetfulness our last prayer shall ascend for thee! God bless California! God prosper his Gospel which shall fill the earth with salvation and eternal life. ~
Occident.

**As printed in THE EVANGEL
San Francisco, California, March 18, 1869**

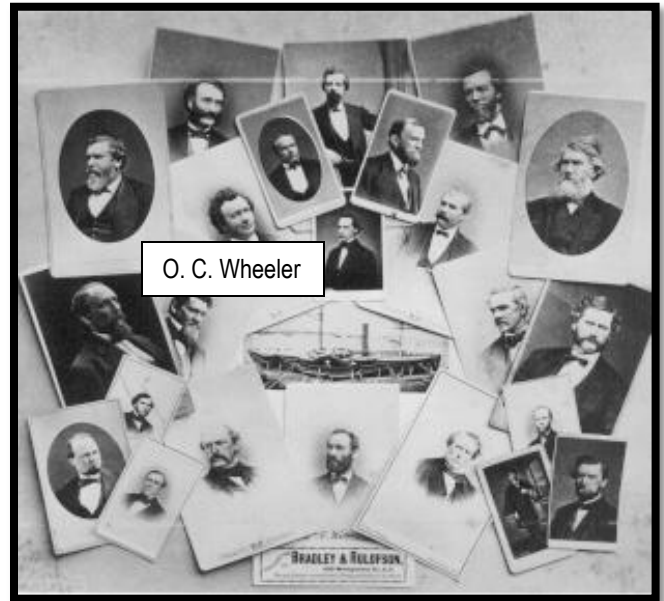
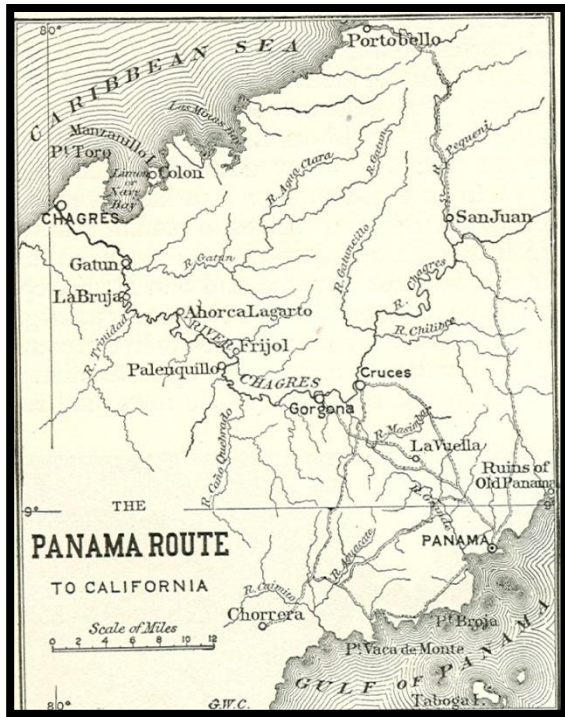


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California Room



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Selected Letters of Osgood Church Wheeler

From CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

Volume XXVII * Number 1

By SANDFORD FLEMING

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO

From the New York *Recorder*,

V (Only 25, 1849),65.

San Francisco, March 16, 1849

Mr. Editor:-You will join us in expressions of gratitude to God for the safe and happy termination of our long, tedious voyage. After pioneering the way over a new route, nearly eight thousand miles, we dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor of San Francisco on the morning of the 28th of February, about half past ten o'clock-twenty eight days from Panama, sixty-two from Chagres, ninety from New York. Never did the sunrise on a more interested company than ours, and never did a more beautiful morning smile upon the close of a pioneer voyage...As we rounded the point of land which secludes the town from me view of those passing, directly into the bay, the assembled multitudes...greeted us with a thousand huzzas, while the magnificent "line of battle ship" Ohio 22 bade us "good morning" with a double broadside,

which was echoed by three other men-of-war. This seems to have been a sort of signal for all hands to "charge," for such a rush of boats as surrounded us, and such hosts of men as boarded us, indicated at least an eye to the "spoils." Had we not stopped at Monterey and received dispatches from here, we should have been sadly disappointed to learn that there was not comfortable lodging to be found in the entire place for the eight ladies whom we had on board. But we were prepared for it, and of course took it in all good nature. Some of " our ladies were invited to take lodgings on board the "Ohio," while others remained on board the steamer a few days till shelter was either built, bought, or hired for them on shore. But what think you of a town so crowded that single rooms, in the *garret*, without an article of furniture, and only twelve by ten feet, rent for *one hundred dollars per month*? ... where numbers of men lie drunk in the streets every day; where nearly every public place is the gateway to death, all the pavements of the streets made of broken bottles, which have been emptied to make room for greater numbers; and only one small place of worship 23 (seating about one hundred and fifty) for six or seven thousand souls? ...There is no law, or order, no government. Oh! that Congress could have left the slavery question to .be settled *here*, and given us a government. Let the people here decide the question, and California will never wither under the blighting curse. Had Congress known that the mineral wealth of this territory was not equaled on the globe; that the precious metals by *tom* were carried to other nations; that to govern, protect and secure California, was of more value than all the offices east of the Rocky Mountains multiplied by all the funds of the Union, methinks we should have had a government. But of these things others will write, and hence I will not pursue them further. More than fifty thousand souls here need the Gospel, and in ten months that number will be doubled; and there are but five ministers in the territory, if we except those trading, speculating, gold-digging preachers, who violate their ordination vows, disgrace themselves, and bring odium upon the Christian name.²⁴ When shall the number be doubled, tripled, quadrupled? There are several places, of considerable magnitude and great promise, where the people would gladly sustain a man who would labor faithfully for their souls.

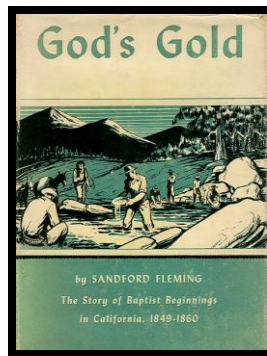
Every Student of California Baptist History should read this volume, written by Dr. Sanford Fleming, of Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, to commemorate the 100th Anniversary of the Baptists in California.

Below is a scan of the "Fly" of this excellent work.

BAPTIST missionaries were already on their way to California when the electrifying word went out: "Gold discovered!" That announcement set in motion a wave of emigration unprecedented in our nation's history. The thousands from every state and even from foreign lands who then poured into California increased the missionaries' opportunity; the "gold fever," however, added greatly to the difficulty of their work.

In this book Dr. Sanford Fleming, eminent church historian and long-time resident beside the Golden Gate, has recreated for the reader the boisterous days of the Pioneer Decade (1849-1860). With rare skill he has drawn warmly human portraits of O. C. Wheeler, J. W. Capen, Benjamin Brierly, and scores of other Baptist ministers who dedicated their strength to the establishing of Christian work on the Pacific Coast.

Many books have been written about the gold in hill and stream which led to the rapid settlement of California; this book telling of "God's gold" — the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ — is the first definitive history of the early proclamation of the gospel in that state. Written with understanding and after thorough research, it makes a significant contribution to the literature called forth by the Centenary of the Gold Rush, a contribution without which the rest of the romantic story would be disappointingly incomplete.



Ministers of California of Pioneer Decade mentioned in this volume:

1. Osgood C. Wheeler, New Jersey
2. Ezra Fisher
3. Benjamin Brierly, Salem, Mass.
4. John Cooke
5. Amariah Kalloch, Maine
6. James W. Capen
7. Edward J. Willis, Virginia
8. Levi O. Grenell
9. Francis Edward Prevaux
10. William R. Rollinson, Wisconsin
11. J. B. Saxton, New Jersey
12. Joseph Morris, Alabama
13. J. T. Ricketts
14. Gershom Day
15. Stephen Riley, Missouri
16. A. A. Guernsey, Wisconsin
17. J. K. Barry
18. James Oates, Florida
19. Myron Newell
20. S. S. Wheeler
21. J. M. Winn
22. Richard Chamberlain Fryer, Arkansas
23. William Foreman
24. John Fuqua
25. H. Richardson
26. O. B. Stone, Ohio
27. J. L. Shuck, Virginia
28. H. Holcombe Rhees, New Jersey
29. H. Hiram Hamilton
30. Thomas Attwood
31. H. M. Henderson
32. Charles Satchell, Ohio
33. S. A. Davidson
34. C. King
35. Harvey Gilbert
36. W. H. Pendleton
37. Daniel King
38. C. N. West
39. Wittenback (German)
40. George E. Davis
41. James Webb
42. J. A. Freeman
43. J. H. Buckner
44. S. W. Hull
45. Orin Crittenden
46. J. Gilbert
47. D. B. Cheney, Philadelphia
48. J. B. Morse
49. S. Charlton, Philadelphia

This volume was used as the basis for researching the early Baptists of this State.

~ Letter of Francis Edward Prevaux ~
To His Parents

(Transcripts made by Mrs. Everett C. Brown)

Panama - 29 June 1850

When I left the account of our journey we had just started from Charges. Our boat was a flat one about 25 feet long and 8 feet wide at the widest part; so full of baggage as to leave rather narrow quarters for our company and the crew. The crew was composed of the Captain, the rower and four stout rowers. It rained some when we started, but soon cleared up, and prospects for fair weather were good. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible and kept steadily but slowly on our way. For miles we could see no bank to the river. The foliage of trees growing near the bank and so thickly set, completely concealed the river banks. We were passing through a region of eternal summer. I could learn of only one tree that ever sheds its foliage. We saw the most beautiful trees, fruit and flowers. Some were familiar to us. But the most of them we could only admire without knowing what they were. Perhaps mother would recognize among the flowers the "Dusty Miller Lily." We could see for almost the entire day nothing but immense forests of various kinds of trees and vines blending their foliage and forming the most delightful prospect I ever saw. Fruits were abundant; but we dared not touch or handle it, lest it might bring on disease. We drank the river water which was very thick; but sweet, though very warm. We however made it quite palatable by using lemons, cold tea, sugar, etc. The heat being intense caused great thirst and we had to drink perhaps ten times as much as we would at home. About 1 o'clock it commenced raining. No that ain't it, pouring expresses it better. Then a rush for our india rubber garments. And oh didn't it rain! Why, you have no idea of rain at home. We found it impossible to proceed, so we fastened the boat to overhanging branches, and commenced bailing out. When going up the river in these rains, one hand has to be employed in bailing most of the time. After the rain was over, we started again. Our four men rowed hard all day and just at the edge of evening we arrived at Gettoon, about 10 miles from Charges. We found a place to lodge; our carpet bags, provision baskets, etc., were taken out, and we were preparing to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Just then the Captain and owner of the boat came and told us that they were very sorry that they had undertaken to ascend the river. It was impossible to go on farther. They would refund the money we had paid them and would take us back to Charges early the next morning. This made us open our eyes wider than ever before, and we were about to insist that they should go on with us. Just then we heard voices and on looking down the bank we saw a boat the mate to ours and owned by the same man coming down the river. They landed not far from us. From them we learned that they started from Charges the day before us i. E. Tuesday. After a hard days work they reached Gettoon, stopped on Tuesday night. Wednesday morning very early they left Gettoon, rowed hard the greatest part of the day and found they had made only seven miles. They then held a council of war when they determined that the idea of going ahead was preposterous. They turned about and reached Gettoon as before stated, wearied, sad and disconsolate. Early on Thursday morning we concluded that it was unnecessary for the ladies of our company to return and that one of the men should remain as their protector. It was

accordingly determined that I should remain with them. Mr. McMakin and Mr. Grenell returned to Charges to get boat to take us along. We expected them back the same evening; but we saw nothing of them again until Friday night at eleven o'clock. Leaving them on their way to Charges I will give you some account of Gettoon and our situation there. Gettoon is quite a considerable town. There is only one American settled there who keeps what is called the American House. He is a young, enterprising and accommodating man from Indiana, and has more courage than I have thus to trust himself alone wholly in the power of the natives in their present hatred against Americans. The American House is unlike the public houses in Charges. It has neither board on the sides nor ends. Perpendicular poles are stuck in the ground a few feet distant, on the top of these are rough boards; laid side by side, which make the sleeping room; and over this canvass is thrown to protect the room from rain. There were no beds, cots, nor anything of the kind; but rags thrown on the boards (the soft side of course) constituted the best bed that could be formed. Having Ladies in our company we had superior accommodation. Here is a very imperfect picture of the native rancho which we occupied. And we had it all to ourselves. It was not far from 10 feet square. The floor was only the well-trodden earth. Four large poles sunk a few inches in the earth were the corner stones of the massive building. To these poles rough split rails were tied about six inches apart on the average. They were not regular however for in some places an ordinary sized pig could come through and in several instances did come through and ran away with some of our provisions. This was the first story of the rancho. You will readily perceive that it was not airtight. We could see and be seen from any quarter. Then Mr. McMakin accidently leaned against one end of the building thinking it strong enough to support him. But it gave way and he fell carrying the whole broadside with him. Now we will go upstairs if you please. Our stairs were not carpeted. They were in the rough and consisted of a pole about eight inches in diameter with notches sawed in it at convenient distances apart. You would have laughed could you have seen us going upstairs that night. Such a getting upstairs you never saw. But we soon got used to it. Before we retired I went up to make discoveries. Oh dear what a place. The palm leaves which covered the walls were full of spiders; not such as you have at home, but tropical spiders; big as --- I won't say what as you may not believe me. But they are big enough. Then on the floor which was made of a kind of bamboo and so old that we had to step lightly or go through, were innumerable bugs about three inches long. Then cockroaches by the peck, bugs, spiders, ants of all sorts and sires constituted the inhabitants of that room we were to occupy. I went below, sick at heart and told the company that those who chose might sleep upstairs but I could not nor would not. Lydia however was weary and needed sleep, but would not go upstairs without me, so for her sake I consented to pass the night with the bugs. After having hung up our provisions, we went up the pole. Luckily for us the pole was not greased. After laying down we put our handkerchiefs over our faces, that when the spiders dropped down they should not fall into our eyes and mouths. But what a night was that! Those bugs crawling over us! I cannot longer think of it. As soon as we left the lower room, it was taken possession of by about thirty pigs which laid close to the house on every side by day, and occupied the parlour by night all the time we remained at Gettoon. The next day we were alone the

three ladies and myself. It was a long day. We were visited by numbers of natives, who came and gazed at us and then went away. We could not converse with them but by signs could make them understand a few things. Miss Tuck is a maiden lady and a little too nice to cross the Isthmus comfortably. Her fine feelings were frequently shocked by the nude statuary which everywhere presented itself to view. In the afternoon I borrowed a fishing pole and link of one of the natives and I think the only one in town and stood on the bank with no hope of taking fish but of passing away time. Presently a most glorious nibble and I jerked a fine fish out of the water and landed him safely on the bank. The natives gathered round watching every movement. Pretty soon another more glorious nibble still, and out came a fish weighing I should think not far from 16 pounds. But he landed on a slippery part of the bank and slid into the river. Then such a bawling and splashing as three of them jumped into the river hoping to seize him. But all was in vain he was off and was never seen again. He was large, fat and beautiful when on the bank; but when in the river and out of sight we concluded that "he was not so very fat after all." After a long day the night came on, and I was to be the defender of three ladies. The only weapon of defence I could get was a gallon demijohn which I filled with cold water, resolving if we were attacked I would scald our enemies. But we passed the night in safety, being attacked only by bugs, fleas, spiders and bugs and the morning came. Another long, hot and oppressive day was before us. Mrs. Grenell was worrying about her husband. And none of us were without concern on account of our missing companions. The day passed. Hundreds of times during the day we cast anxious glances toward the river. The evening came we waited late before retiring. At last we reluctantly went to rest and just after we retired heard the sound of their well known voices. Then were we glad; and slept but little on account of excess joy. These three sheets will make as much of a letter as can be sent for simple postage; and I now bring it to a close. You shall have another letter (when I cannot now say) with a continuation of our journey. We are now over the worst of our journey and we laugh at the hardships of the past. I have been remarkably well ever since we left home. And it would be difficult for me to believe that any two persons could enjoy this toilsome and exceedingly unpleasant journey. This day is the first of July. Yesterday I preached to a large and attentive audience. The particulars of our meetings you shall have hereafter. We are now comfortably situated- And we feel in duty bound to render our most sincere thanks to the Author of all good who has thus far preserved us and so signally blessed us. For you my dear Parents we send much love. We often think of you and oh how would we rejoice to see you now. We often, very often exclaim how rejoiced we should be to pass a day among our friends provided we could be in Panama on the succeeding day. We are bound to California and though we would love to see the friends who are so dear to us; yet we would not allow even that to prevent us from proceeding on our journey with all possible dispatch. To Rosalie, Ann and family, Charlie, Eliza, Henry, Susan, Margaret and all we send much love. Remember me affectionately to Father and Mother Rowell, and all the family. A kind remembrance to Brethren Bryan, King, Rhoda, Sis. Luxbury and family and all those friends too numerous to mention. Believe me dear Parents your very devoted and affectionate Son. F. E. Prevaux-

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The Sixth of a 12 part Series in
The Western Baptist

THE SECOND COMING OF OUR LORD NO. 6
BY J. H. MILLER

THE SECOND COMING OF OUR LORD NO. 6

BY J. H. MILLER.

The executors of Divine vengeance will be 200 millions of calvary from Satan's armory. Where it is located the four angels were by the river Euphrates and seem to have authority over the infernal forces.

Let the reader turn to and read the appearance, character, and manner of working—making it all literal. A company of men compounded a liniment in Iowa some 50 years ago—calling it "Centaur" liniment—it being especially intended for and applicable to men and horses; and as a representative figure they had on the wrapper enfolding each bottle the picture of a horse's body which had man's body for neck and head; and it was the consensus of opinion the picture had been drawn from the description of the hellish cavalry of Rev. 9:17. From verse 12 it would be some time between this fifth trumpet and the sixth. The seventh more severe than any, worse indeed than all the rest taken together: Deity seems very reluctant to have it sounded, and waits long, giving men an ample opportunity to get out of its way. Much is to be done before we view the terrible scenes.

"And I saw a mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face as it were the sun and his feet as pillars of fire." This portraiture can be filled by no one but He who appeared to John in first chapter (which see).

And He had in His hand a little book open. That book, as I see it, is mentioned in chapter 5: 1, then in the hand of the Father; and as Christ as the "Lamb slain" takes the book, to open the seven seals upon it, as the lion of the tribe of Judah He will break the seals [see chap. 6:1 to 8:1] but the four living ones (not beasts), and the 24 elders fall upon their faces and begin a universal chorus of praise because the Lamb-Lion will now proceed to close up the whole scheme of Redemption. The angels near the throne hear and take up the song, and those farther out on the farthest parts of creation hear and join in the wildly rapturous song; but it seems more than heaven can hold, and down through the portals of the skies the impetuous torrent runs till every creature contributes what he can to the immense volume of praise; "and the four living ones say Amen." Let us say it.

The "Lamb-Lion" and "Lion-Lamb."

There is only a seeming incongruity in this matter. The "Lamb" of God is standing as It had been slain. Redemptive sacrifice paying the death-penalty, after His life of perfect obedience, was sufficient to give Him a just title to man's lost inheritance, but a lamb is a poor warrior.

This angel has a little book open in his hand. I take it to be the same book that was in the hand of Him who sat on the throne—there called bibleon—a diminutive from biblos—meaning book; but here in 10: 2 it is called bibilaridion a very small book, as the seals are broken and the great world war followed by famine (third seal) followed by pestilence (from forth seal). Then the seventh seal sends out, and six of them have blown their calamities upon creation and sinful men, men on whose account the curses come: and now the seventh is about to sound—the third woe trumpet and the last of all the trumpets.

Though every thing is virtually ready for the perfect clean-up of the wicked world, yet that Christ—angel has a rainbow on his head—an emblem of covenant—mercy in his heart and mind, ready to forgive and save the returning penitent ones; but he puts his right foot upon the sea and his left upon the land, and cries with a mighty voice, as a lion roars—as it is supposed the lion does as he bounds upon his prey—so Christ, in pre-action takes possession of the world. Then seven thunders utter their voices—indicating that His action of taking possession in a formal way will be enforced by all the perfect thunders of Jehovah's power. When the world hears that Divine and those loud thunders of Jehovah, the last warning is given. Prepare to meet the judgment.

Continued on next column

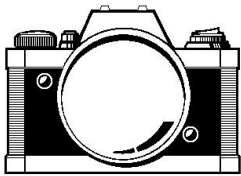
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Verse 5 And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted his hand to heaven and swore by him who liveth forever and ever — literal: into the ages of the ages — that time should be no longer. But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel when he shall begin to sound the mystery of God should be finished, i. e., there should be no more delay. Here, again is another warning to mankind to hasten and get from under.

John is commanded to eat the book — as our representative he is to digest, know, understand the things coming on the world, and sweet in

his mouth — glad to get the knowledge, but when he learns the tremendously terrible effects of the last trumpet's sounding on the whole world of mankind it gives him deeply bitter and sorrowful sadness. Verse 11—He must prophesy etc, he must give out these things and warn the world generally. This now becomes our duty.

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Minister Photos Needed

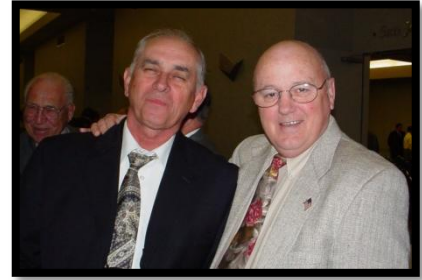
If you have or know of someone that may have minister photos, please send a jpeg image of the following brethren to: e-mail: Lbfolsom@aol.com

- Leo C. Moraine
- Javier Moreno
- Larry Morey
- Bobby Don Morris
- Henry Morris
- Rick Morrison
- Raymond Mouser
- Lonnie Mullins
- Ellis Murders
- Richard Dale New
- Keith Newton
- Leroy Nixon
- L. J. Odom
- Buiel Orange
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- Marvin Owen
- Ben Palmer
- Steve Parker
- Alan Patterson
- David Peay
- Sabino Perez
- Richard Perfecto
- W. Dave Peterson
- J. T. Phillips
- William W. Pitts
- Elmer J. Polson

More requests each month.



2004 Cooperative Association Meeting in Visalia



Roger Youders & Larry Crouch



Richard Wharton & Bill Gurnett



Andrew McClung & Butch Shipp



State Ladies Auxiliary
Front Row: Left to right
Peggy Ross, Deanna Bailey, Unknown
Back Row: Left to right:
Katherine Olson, Lisa Keeling, & Debbie Thompson