

LANDMARK BAPTIST HISTORIAN

Published by Landmark Baptist Church - Folsom, California

November 2012 - Volume 2 ~ Number 7

*"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*



**Reuben Young Blalock
1867 - 1962
His Missionary Life;
An Autobiography**

Chapter XI

We were having to move from our house in Richmond, and we decided to rent in Antioch if we could; so we went over there and found a very suitable house, which we rented and moved there. We soon found a very enthusiastic Baptist, who helped us fix up for an open air meeting. we got Elder M.B. Hubbard, who was pastor at Salinas, to come and help us and do the preaching. We had bills printed and scattered over the city advertising the meeting. We found ten or twelve Baptists and then rented the Adventist church building for Sundays and started Sunday school and preaching. We soon organized the First Missionary Baptist Church of Antioch. I supplied as missionary pastor for a time and bought a lot in the south part of the city and started to build, but the war was on, and they stopped us. We called a Brother Hamby, who was a good man as pastor, but he died suddenly from a stroke.

I commenced a mission near Concord, preaching and running a Sunday school. At the same time we went over to Oakland, rented a hall and started a mission, preaching there in the morning and coming back to Concord for the afternoon.

The war was on, and they were rationing gasoline, and I could not get all I needed. They told me in Antioch to move to my work. We tried to rent in Concord, but could not rent a house, but an agent told us of a man who wanted to sell his equity in a house that he had bought in a government project. We went to see it. He asked \$775 for his equity. Wife and I talked it over, but all we had in cash and bonds was \$275. This was in November, and we told him if he would take \$275 down and move out by December 1st and wait till Jan. 1st for \$500, we would buy it. He agreed to it. We paid him all we had, and had to raise \$500 in less than two months. We wrote to my children and to friends and churches about our need, and asked them to help and send us what the Lord put into their hearts by

January 1st. Well, you know January 1st we had the \$500. I don't know where it all came from, but God sent it. We are now living in that house.

We soon organized the Concord Missionary Baptist Church and met in the Legion Hall. Soon the Southern Baptists organized and bought a lot behind the Legion Hall and built there. We moved to East Concord in the Farm Bureau Hall. Here we met until 1950, when we built a house of worship between Concord and Martinez in a growing community.

In 1944 with the help of Elder R.R. Farris, we organized in Oakland, the First Missionary Baptist Church, which bought a lot in Brookfield addition and built a house of worship there. It is now called Brookfield Missionary Baptist Church of Oakland. They built a good church house there and have full time preaching.

I resigned as missionary pastor of Concord Church and did mission work. I went to Colton, California, and visited my son, Harold Blalock, then pastor of Mt. Vernon Missionary Baptist Church. He took me to a mission point some of his members were running about 90 miles northeast of there. I preached a couple of times for the mission. They invited me to come and hold a meeting of a week or ten days, which I did, and at the close organized Newberry Missionary Baptist Church and ordained a preacher who was called as pastor, and he baptized some five or six into the church. This was the tenth church in which I was the principle organizer in California, and I had assisted in the organization of five others in the past 10 years.

The Western Baptist

(page 3 of July, 1951 issue)

Send Us Your Photos!



GERSHOM DAY: FIRST BAPTIST MINISTER KILLED IN CALIFORNIA.

FEBRUARY 2, 1852

MURDER IN UPPER YUBA

During an uprising Indians murdered two men at Barker House, a traveling preacher and miner whose names and origin *are* not known. The Indians were caught and hanged forthwith near the site, and the murdered men buried-in the south meadow at Barker House.

Thomas Kerns was killed by Indians only 400 yards from a ranch. A party of whites went out the next day to the Indian village and killed six or eight of the tribe. On Monday G. B. Bay, a minister of Mt. Hope, was found dead, with 17 arrows sticking into him. He had been thrown into the mining hole he was working. Citizens assembled in considerable number and went out to have revenge. They made a demonstration at the Indian village nearby, and were assured by the chiefs that the murderers would be given up. The Americans returned with several prisoners, but whether they have the guilty parties or not is a question still to be determined.

—Sacramento Union, February 2, 1852

Excerpt from:

WOODLEAF LEGACY

BY ROSEMARIE MOSSINGER

Illustrated by Pam Gray

Layout and Printing by Reprographics Department

YOUNG LIFE HEADQUARTERS

Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901

April, 1975

What brought on the first killing is not known. J. W. Pratt who was living nearby, described the events in a letter:

William Sherman, a native of Maine, started for the Barker House for provisions when he was murdered by Indians. Mr. Day of Mount Hope preached his funeral, the Indians believing him to be a big medicine man among the whites shot him full of arrows while he was working. Kerns was felled near Strawberry Valley and his partner escaped and gave the alarm. The Indians threatened to burn the Barker House and Oro Lewa and the whites built a fort at Oro Lewa for protection. They

killed a number that were found in the woods but their names we never knew.

Kerns' grave is marked with a square-cut rock, his name hand-carved into the stone. It reads, "In Memory of T. Kern from Mo. Shot by Indians 1852 aged 24." Sherman and Day were buried at the southwest edge of the meadow of Barker House, and their graves were still marked in the early 1940s.⁴

When the Maidu killed Day by shooting him full of arrows, it may have been their repayment for the six or eight villagers killed by the whites, since a medicine man was considered worth more. Day was also well liked within the community of settlers, and for the Maidu the "most bitter revenge is ... not to slay the murderer himself, but his dearest friend."⁵

Pioneer Days

The Life-Story of Gershom and Elizabeth Day

by M. E. D. Trowbridge

Copyright 1895 by the

American Baptist Publication Society

Pages 129 - 140



Gershom Bulkley Day

Born 1804 - Died 1852

Elizabeth Benjami9n Day

Born 1806 - Died 189`

EPITOME

Mr. and Mrs. Day settled in Michigan in 1836, the year in which it was admitted into the Union. Mr. Day believed he had a mission to weak and struggling churches, and Mrs. Day was equally impressed that in the new country she could share and promote his useful labors by maintaining their home. The following pages illustrate, by sample sketches rather than in biographic detail, how their purpose was carried out. These sketches are culled from a large mass of material furnished by diaries and carefully preserved correspondence

M. E. D. T.

OUR traveler has now reached his field of labor. We shall swiftly trace, mainly through his correspondence, his movements and his work until the tragic end of his life came. It will clarify the narrative if the fact be borne in mind that his chosen, or rather heaven-appointed mission was to preach the gospel to the miners.

FEATHER RIVER, Feb. 24, 1851.

One hundred miles north of Sacramento City. I was never in better spirits. I have enjoyed unbroken peace of mind from the time I broke bread to the church in Missouri until I broke bread to the church in Sacramento.

There is no lack of opportunity to preach the gospel in this new country. Congregations are generally made up of men. Five women are the most I have seen at one time in a religious meeting, and that was in a bar-room in a town called Nicholas on the Sacramento River.

We are now tenting on the batik of Feather River. The snow is reported eighteen feet deep in the mountains. Where we have been the winter has been much like pleasant weather in October or April in Michigan. The live oaks do not shed their leaves in the fall. There are other trees, like the redwood, that are never without green foliage.

It is the pleasantest climate I have ever enjoyed. We have no rain during the winter, and only a few showers in October. I do not remember to have seen a flake of snow all winter. Onions, turnips, cabbage, peas, and lettuce were several inches high in February. Farmers in the Sacramento Valley were plowing and sowing, and in some places barley was up and quite green on the eleventh. Grass has been so plentiful that stock has been in good condition all winter. There is a great variety of climate in this country: extreme heat in the valleys; temperate and agreeable on the mountain sides; perpetual snow and winter upon the highest summits. We are just high enough to have a pleasant atmosphere.

The following description of the primitive modes of mining operations in the rivers iii those days will interest many. It is plain that the preacher was in touch with "the boys," and took a lively interest in their work, which doubtless

explains in large measure his influence over them.

About the first of June the miner move to their claims, and climb up and down the mountains, getting out timber in a form that they call "stringers." They are from twenty-five to fifty feet long. They are laid upon stone or other timbers up and down the river. Then they get "ties," which are from ten to fifty feet long, according to the width of the flume. Ours is nine feet wide and five hundred feet long. It took about seven thousand feet of boards. After the flume is in, there are long "toms" and short ones. These are made of boards and sheet iron, the latter punched full of holes to let the water, gold, and dirt through. The coarse gravel is thrown out with a shovel, and in the "pan" in the bottom will be found from five hundred to one thousand dollars in gold particles. Yesterday the boys brought in two hundred and thirty dollars, to-day one hundred and sixty dollars. It is figured at sixteen dollars an ounce, but the pure article sells at seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents.

APRIL 13. We are now some sixty miles farther up the mountain than when on Feather River, on the H. cut. Snow melts about the last of June or the first of July. It is hardly safe to go up earlier. A company started recently, thinking they could get through. They encountered snow, but waded and tramped through drifts as high as their animals' backs. The six or seven feet more fell, and their animals and stores were buried in the icy grave. The men got back after having lost everything. A few days ago a man was shot by the Indians. He will recover. Another was killed and badly mutilated. I treat all Indians in a friendly manner and seem to be a stranger to fear. I do not understand why, for I once was afraid of them.

JUNE 10. Mr. Fall, a merchant, gave me a free passage to Sacramento. Reaching here before sunset, I was made welcome at the home of Judge Edward J. Willis. I came to attend the Association.

It has come at last, dated March 31. I paid for it, looked at the handwriting and the postmark. Yes, it was a letter from home. I wept for joy, tempered with fear, for what might its contents be? I retired to an upper room and devoured the news, hungering for more. It is a great comfort to me; and the addition on the margin of the names of the little girls, written by their own hands in token of love for their absent father, is highly gratifying to my lonely heart. I am much gratified that you have succeeded so well with business affairs. My great anxiety is that the daughters grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Last Sunday I preached in the shade of an oak tree on the bank of the Uba River. In the evening I preached in the courthouse.

I am on the eve of returning to the mountains. I have just come up from the river, to which place I went in company with Bros. Wheeler, Brierty, Grenell, Capen, and others, to shake hands in farewell and bid them God-speed.

The Association has closed its session, which was very interesting and harmonious. The ministers are all gone. I alone am left, and I go to Marysville by water at eleven o'clock to-morrow. I have been greatly refreshed by the meetings. I met Dr. Wadsworth, of Providence, Rhode Island. He remembered me.

Bro. Willis is a noble man. At present he is acting Judge of Sacramento County. He is a young man. He went down the river to-day to meet his wife and child, expecting them to arrive by steamer to-morrow. He has a very pleasant home awaiting them, and he has kindly invited me to make his house my home whenever I am in the city.

I may die in the mountains. I may be preserved. When you wish information concerning me, or any advice, address Hon. Edward J. Willis, Sacramento. And letters to me had better be addressed in his care. He is a deacon in the church, and a gentleman of high standing.

I wish you were all in this land. It seems to me the most delightful country in all the world.

The brethren of the Association wish me to labor in the city of Nevada, about seventy-five miles from Sacramento, but my work is not yet done among the miners in the mountains. I preach to them every Sunday, and labor during the week as I can.

JUNE 22. Sunday evening. I preached to-day to a large congregation of men. I was away fifteen days attending the Association and going and returning.

JULY 4. Last Sunday, under the pine and cedar trees, I had the largest congregation I ever had, and all were attentive to the word. Next Sunday I go ten miles to Natches, preach once and return.

I have just received your letters. I know you are working "with hand and head." I am glad that you were able to meet the mortgage. That Mr. Cade came and offered you money is as great a surprise to me as it was to you. I shall always remember him with gratitude for it. But how you have been able to do so much without borrowing money I cannot understand. You say it is so, and of course I believe it. I shall never forget the friendship of some of our neighbors, who in the darkest time of our financial affairs have shown themselves ready to assist us, even to encumbering their own homes.

The Saviour says: "In this world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." The time may come when we shall all meet again in this world. It may not. This we leave with my Father and your Father, my God and your God.

JULY 17. Attended a funeral to-day, and wrote a letter to the afflicted father and mother. Prospectors are coming down from the mountains, having spent everything and found nothing. They paid as much as six dollars a day for food, and in some places it could not be had for money.

OCTOBER 21. FORBES, BUTTE CO. Dear Elizabeth: To-day you enter upon a new year for the second time since I saw you. Time! Oh, how it flies! I have received your letter dated August 7. Postage, ten cents; express charges up the mountain, one dollar and forty cents; making the expense of it one dollar and fifty cents in all. I have read your letter over more than ten times, and I give thanks to God for mercies bestowed upon you and the family. Make religion the first object of life. Let peace of mind be based upon the merits of Jesus Christ's atoning grace. Take good care of my daughters. Oh, how much I think of them and pray that they may be washed with the washing of regeneration and

renewed with the renewing of the Holy Ghost! Pray for this, and pray for me. Peace abide with you.

OCTOBER 23. I have not been well for some days. When I am sick whose face do I long to look upon? Whose voice would be music to my ear? Whose presence would convert this lonely cabin into a palace? Whose? Elizabeth's! My dear, I hope you appreciate the blessings of society and friends. I do not know what is in the future for me or for you. One thing I wish: If the Lord will, I want to see that face and listen to that voice once again. May the will of the Lord be done with Gershom and with Elizabeth.

The reader cannot fail to be impressed by this time that Mr. Day had strong premonitions that he would never see his family again on earth. Though these apprehensions are veiled under general expressions as to the uncertainty of life, and though they are offset now and again by expressed anticipations of a happy reunion, they assert themselves so often and so strongly, and break out of a nature so uniformly sanguine and cheerful, it is plain that he had little expectation of surviving the perils of the mountains. How well he measured the probabilities of the situation will be seen a few pages farther on.

OCTOBER 24.. I am better. I have just preached under the shadow of a towering balsam. In the evening, as now, I am usually alone and thinking of home. We were married nineteen years ago to-day.

A few Sabbaths since, I had a most comforting season, speaking upon the words of Jesus to the weeping Mary. I hope my little Mary will think of those loving words.

Last Sunday I preached from the words: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him" (Col. 2 : 6). On Monday I walked six miles before sunrise to meet a gentleman going to San Francisco, by whom I forwarded the letter to you, and was back home before breakfast. I am very solemnly impressed that the sun has set for the last time on my forty-eighth year.

My greatest earthly pleasure is in anticipation. What a day it will be to me if I should ever see you all again in health and love! I trust by the blessing of God your last days may be happy.

The confidence expressed in the last sentence above was fully realized, as in the sequel the reader will discover :

NOVEMBER 1. Your letter came to-day, dated April 19. It cost me two dollars; but it was a great bargain at that price, for I would not have sold it for twenty-five dollars. I most fully approve of all you have done and planned. You certainly have proved your ability to manage affairs.

It is very expensive living here. Flour is twelve dollars a hundred; forty-two pounds of potatoes cost six dollars and thirty cents; fourteen pounds of pork, two dollars and eighty cents; six pounds of onions, one dollar and eighty cents; two quarts of molasses, seventy-five cents.

NOVEMBER 2. I had a pleasant Sabbath and an interested congregation. Prayer is made for you every Sabbath and every day, as for others who are separated from those most dear. I am waiting anxiously for letters. I have an opportunity of sending to Sacramento by merchants and traders. It is not

so expensive as getting letters by express. Letters are a great comfort to me in my voluntary exile. I wish I could be at home for a little visit. Home! What a word that is, and what visions it brings to mind!

NOVEMBER 31. This is the last day of autumn. I have read with profit this forenoon Psalms 95:12l, inclusive, with several hymns upon the opening and closing of the year. I read your letter over again and thought much of home, "sweet home."

SUNDAY, Dec. 14. I attended the funeral of William Sherman, of Maine. He was shot eleven times and stabbed three times. Ecd. 9:11,12 was the text, especially the last clause.

SUNDAY, Nov. 21. Preached another funeral sermon on Job 33:24: "I have found a ransom."

SUNDAY, Nov. 28. It has rained almost constantly for some days. We could not hold service out of doors, so I preached in a small house in town.

The small-pox is raging, also the scarlet fever. There have been several deaths. Nothing sobers the people save death. For wickedness California exceeds description. A God-fearing man in California is an isolated, lonely being.

Yesterday one of the men was in the rain hunting. His horses came running to him, and his dog was barking and crying. He ran to where the sound was, and a mountain lion was tearing the dog. He shot the lion and it ran a little way and fell.

JANUARY 4, 1852. . . I know not if it is God's will that I should see your faces any more, but may he whom we serve save us all in a covenant of everlasting love through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

I have no greater joy than in pointing men to Christ as the only Saviour. This work I love—I cannot say with my whole heart, because my love, like that of every earthly creature, is so interwoven with the things God has made, that my affections run in two channels, one direct to God, the other around and through the beings he has made it my duty to love.

FEBRUARY 1. I have just finished reading the book of Proverbs, and am reading Montgomery's poems a second time. The following fits my case:

*My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come
With letters or with news from home.
Believe me, 'tis your husband's word,
Although the doctrine seems absurd,
The paper messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends.
Now, if you think I jest or lie,
Come to California and try.*

The writer fails to say just where the quotation from Montgomery ends and his own composition begins. It is left to the judgment or knowledge of the reader to decide the point.

On account of small-pox I did not preach last Sunday nor to-day. Two deaths occurred last week. Others are sick. Dr. Conduit charges sixteen dollars a visit.

Dear ones at home, remember that you must one day die. May God prepare you for a heavenly world, so that if we should not meet again in this, we may be reunited in the kingdom of God above. Peace be with you. Farewell.

This was his last message to his family. On the thirteenth of February Mr. Day was surprised by Indians and killed. He was buried in Forbestown, the funeral occurring on the Sunday and at the hour appointed for him to preach. Many came to the place expecting to listen to words from familiar living lips, who heard instead the mute but powerful appeal of one who being dead, yet spoke to them.

The Rev. P. G. Ames conducted the burial service, speaking from the words in the ninetyeth Psalm, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Messrs. Thomas Schofield, of Barring, Massachusetts, D. C. Norcross, of Farmington, Maine, and H. S. Horton, of Catskill, New York, procured a slab to mark the place of his burial, and erected a fence about the grave. It was nearly two months before the family learned of their bereavement.

Several of the Indians who perpetrated the crime were apprehended. All declared that they had no personal enmity against the man they had slain, only saying, by way of explanation, "Kill chief, have no more trouble with white man." Not knowing the language when they heard him preaching, they did not know that he was proclaiming the glad tidings of "Peace on earth."

And so this faithful man's life came to so tragic an ending in that far-off land. He who loved his home so well, yet made himself homeless for so long a time in obedience to convictions of duty, died among strangers and by violence. In him was the spirit of the holy martyrs. Earth gives him the noble meed of "Died on the field of honor," and heaven its higher commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant."



Miners-Unknown Source

From The Baptist Sentinel
The Dalles, Oregon

**Americanism
or Romanism,
Which?**


—BY—
JOHN T. CHRISTIAN, D.D.

Cloth.

280 Pages.

PRICE \$1.00

AGENTS WANTED



"Picturesque and able."
—The Congregationalist.

"It ought to be put in our public
schools as a text-book."
—North Carolina Baptist

"The book is of great value."—Western Methodist.

W. A. Jarrel, D. D.

BIOGRAPHY: Texas Baptist and Herald, Thursday,
May, 5, 1892

"Rev. W.A. Jarrel, D.D., was born in Indiana 1849. He was educated in Franklin College of his native state. He is a bold and independent thinker, an able polemic, and a scholarly and voluminous writer, having published several works, the ablest and most learned being "Old Testament Ethics Vindicated." After many years of pastoral work, he has devoted himself for the last two years exclusively to the work of an evangelist in which he has been eminently successful."

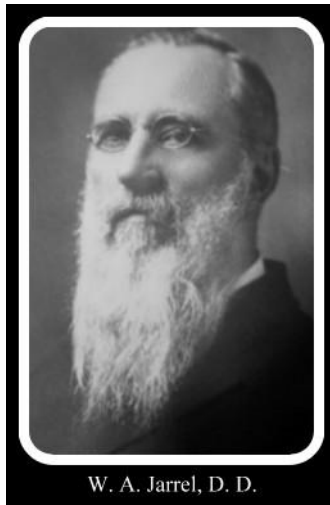


Photo from Internet:
Find A Grave
Enhanced by
photo software

JANUARY 10, 1895

**BAPTIST CHURCH PERPETUITY
OR HISTORY.**

BY **W. A. JARREL, D. D**

With an Introduction by
REV. W. W. EVERTS, JR.

The latest and by far the best book on the subject treated. To those who may not agree with the author in all his positions, the book is valuable for the wonderful amount of information compiled therein. This work is the result of many years study on the part of the author. Read what the following able critics say.

WILLIAM CATHCART, D. D., Philadelphia: "Every Baptist should possess the work."

J. B. GAMBLELL, D. D., Pres. Mercer University, Ga: "I wish many B. Y. P. U. would adopt it."

H. B. WESTON, D. D., Pres. Crozier Theological Seminary, Pa: "I have read your book with much interest and no little amazement at the amount of investigation which it manifests."

A. HOVEY, D. D., L. L. D., Pres., Newton Theological Seminary, Mass: "I can say without hesitation that your Baptist Church History has proved interesting reading to me. . . . I prize very highly a connected account of the dissenting churches which in many respects were similar to Baptist churches of our day. Such is the record of facts given in this volume. . . . It will prove to be interesting and profitable reading to many others as well as myself. The Lord has always had witnesses for the truth in every age."

JOHN T. CHRISTIAN, D. D., (Author of "Baptism and Communion,") Louisville, Ky: "The very best work on the subject."

Rev. WM. R. ROTHWELL, D. D., William Jewell College, Mo: "The best book of its kind known."

T. H. FRITCHARD, D. D., North Carolina: "Your examination of the case seems to me the most critical, scientific, and elaborate that I have yet had the privilege of examining."

THE WATCHMAN, Boston: "Dr. Jarrel makes the best argument in support of church succession, which it has been our fortune to meet."

JOHN C. CLIFFORD, D. D., Pres. Baptist Union of Great Britain London, England: "I heartily thank you for your work. I have to-day made the work the basis of an address at a baptismal service. The book contains 479 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Price \$2.00.

Address THE BAPTIST SENTINEL,
Dayton, Wash.



THE BAPTIST SENTINEL

THE DALLES, OREGON
G.H. WICK, PUBLISHER

THURSDAY - - - - - JANUARY 7, 1897

CORRESPONDENCE

An Encouraging letter

**Albert Brayton.
Cloverdale, cal.**

As The Sentinel is a Baptist paper standing for the truth of the gospel, surrounded by the many, many errors of the world, yet strong and unrepulsed by the foe; I take great courage and joy in reading its pages, and to always find it stedfast and unmovable from the truth as it was delivered to the saints.

The battle for truth is raging from the southern shores of this beautiful state of California to its northern borders, as it has never raged before. faithful soldiers who once stood at the front in the thickest of the contest have been relieved from the field of action, taken to that home - beyond the enemies fire, where toil and sorrow never more shall meet to darken their path with gloom. yet their vacant places, by the high calling of god, are being filled by young and brave men, who with an eye single to the glory of god, are teaching and exhorting men to observe and follow the principles of the doctrine of Christ, advocated by the dear Sentinel.

In standing for our distinctive principles here in the sunny south, it takes a man with unwavering courage and strong determination. he must be one that is not ashamed to have his character trampled under the feet of the swine. there has never yet been a true baptist preacher step his foot upon California soil, but what the devil and his imps have tried to prevail against. Jesus said, "woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." therefore when i see the harlots of mystery Babylon working to overthrow our preachers, I take it for granted that they are truly the sent of god.

AQs my calling is to preach the gospel regardless of any human creed of doctrine, I, of course, like all others of this vocation, meet day by day the discouragements of the world and * * * * *that cross our pathway are but stepping stones to a higher and better location in the divine life. As we walk by faith and not by sight, and as the things that are seen are temporal, and the things not seen eternal, and as the path of the just grows brighter until the perfect day, it becomes necessary for us to press forward from trial to trial, from persecution to persecution, until the son arises and we enter into the haven of rest. forever at rest in the son-shine of endless ages. courage my fellow-workers of

the north and of the south, the east and of the west.

I made a visit some time ago over the mountains to the point arena baptist church. i found the brethren, with the exception of two or three, spiritually alive, doing what they could in their feeble way for the cause of truth. within the last year this little church has been on a stand-still, but the future looks much brighter, as the lord has sent them a pastor by the name of Childson. brother Childson is an able speaker, well versed in the bible, and a man that the church should be proud of. this little body of baptized believers stand as an example of primitive Christianity, persecuted by a modern-reformation from Catholicism, with all deceivableness of unrighteousness. May god have mercy on those that are instrumental in breaking down the land-marks of truth, that guides us to our home above.

I don't believe that truth will ever die in California as long as the sun shines upon our fair land. Alienism may spread from the north to the south, yet there will be a remnant scattered here and there, who shall stand for the gospel, fearless and unrestrained by any worldly foe, even unto death. many are the wolves that come to us here, in sheep's clothing, teaching doctrines contrary to the word of god. Calistoga seems to be the place they most frequently attack, I believe it is because they think that brother Colyar cannot defend our position. how often are they deceived in their own vain imaginations. if there is one man that can stand for our distinctive principles in this state it is brother Colyar.

From your fellow worker in the gospel.



BAPTIST SENTINEL
THE DALLES, OREGON
G.H. WICK, PUBLISHER

FEBRUARY 25, 1897

Editorial.

Well do we remember soon after coming to this field, a little over seven years ago, reading the startling declaration of the now sainted J. M. Pendleton, criticizing the work of a baptist counsel in New York, recognizing an alien ordination in which he said, "**surrender the question of ordination and baptism, and Baptists have not another inch of ground on which to stand.**" It came like a flash of light from the upper sanctuary. We saw the point at once. Our faith was very much strengthened in the stand we had taken and during the years of trying conflict that have intervened, we have seen no reason to depart from this stand. We stand there today and by God's grace we expect to stand to the end. We can look back over the past and see what alien practices have wrought for our beloved

Zion. Many of our friends said to us, "It will not do to take this stand. The influences are against you - you will starve out." through it all, however, we have been sustained. Many of those men today are on the other side. Many who were with us then, are standing with us now. Many have been the joys, as well as the sorrows, we have experienced while striving together for what we have thought was right. All honor and praise to those who, from an honest conviction of heart, have stood on the other side. Some of them have believed we had a right to exist, and have not interfered with our work. We are grateful to our heavenly father for the many noble and true men and women who have toiled and sacrificed together for the old banner of truth. Surely no impure motives can be attached to them. They have stood here because they have felt that god wanted them to do so. The angel with his inkhorn has recorded the results of the past in the book of heaven, and god only knows what the future will be; we leave it all with him. One thing we know, our work will soon be done. Very, very soon we will have to give an account to god for our stewardship. We are glad he is raising another generation of witnesses for his truth.

**THE PACIFIC COAST BAPTIST
VOLUME ONE ~ NUMBER 8
FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1931
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON.**

THE WAY OF BAPTISM
By R.Y. Blalock, Caldwell, Idaho.

1. It came from God.

"There was a man sent from God whose name was John." (John 1:6). Then John says, *"But He that sent me to baptize with water."* (John 1:33).

"The baptism of John, whence was it? From heaven? Or of men?" (Matt. 21:25).

2. Its purpose: To show the death, burial and resurrection.

"Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father even so we also should walk in the newness of life." (Rom. 6:4).

"Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him from the dead." (Col. 2:12).

3. Its for saved people only.

(1) John the Baptist required "repentance" first. He said, *"Bring forth fruit meet for repentance."* (Matt. 3:8).

(2) Jesus commanded His church to *"make disciples"* then baptize them. (Matt. 28:19).

(3) The saved are baptized by the church, *"Then they that gladly received His word were baptized."* (Acts 2:41).

"Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?"

"And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." (Acts 10:47,48.)

4. It is immersion in water.

"And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water." (Matt. 3:16).

"And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him." (Acts 8:38).

"Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death." (Rom. 6:5).

5. It must be of divine authority.

John the Baptist had his from God. (John 1:6, 33).

Jesus received John the Baptist's baptism. (Matt. 3:15-16).

The Apostles all received it from John the Baptist. (Acts 1:22).

Jesus Christ being baptized by a Baptist preacher, and all the Apostles were baptized by the same Baptist preacher, that made them all Baptists.

Jesus organized them into a Church. (Luke 6:12-12 - Matt. 16:18). That church was a divine institution. Jesus Christ as its founder and head, and it was of necessity a Baptist church, as all of its members were Baptists. Jesus gave His commission to that church to make disciples, then to baptize them. No other institution but His churches has that divine authority to baptize.

Have you had Baptist baptism? That is the kind Jesus received and you should have nothing less.

H.A. C. MICROFILM COLLECTION [ROLL 3]

Hume Lake 2012 Retreat



Great Time of Refreshing