

# The Baptist Worker.

LOYALTY TO CHRIST IN ALL THINGS.

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25 Cents a Year.

## Some Points of Progress.

The South Fork Association now includes Gaston, Lincoln and Catawba counties in its territory. It is about fifty miles in length and about 25 in breadth. It numbers now about 3,700 members. It has grown in twenty years from a membership of 800 to this large number. Its territory has almost doubled. Twenty years ago we gave about \$65 to missions; now we give about \$800.

We will notice some points where our work is increasing rapidly:—

Bethel we found flourishing, having several baptisms and growing in every way under Pastor Hoyle. Five years ago we were locked out in the woods at this point; now we have a church and community which could handsomely entertain our large body.

At Gastonia we find Eld. Watson and people erecting a new house with as good Sunday School as is in the State, baptisms all during the year and the work in general is in excellent condition.

Then comes Hickory with an excellent new house under way, a mission chapel just completed and baptisms frequently, with all departments of the work moving on well, which shows Pastor Gwaltney and his people to be wide awake.

Maiden comes forward with 27 baptisms; increase in liberality, and going to have preaching two Sundays in the month next year.

The work at McAdenville under B. L. Hoke as leader, is moving forward. They are building a new house; baptizing frequently. Brethren Watson and Viperman helped in the good work in a meeting at this point. The work here is in very good condition.

In the front rank stands Mt. Holly under the wise leadership of Pastor Murchison, with 15 baptized; the work in good conditions; a good interest at Tuckasee as a mission point, and having advances from confusion to preaching twice a month, and doing good work all around. Viperman and Watson added to the interest here by their aid in meetings.

Lincolnton is moving along. Eld. B. L. Hoke of Concord, did excellent work in a meeting of ten days. Four have been baptized and the church is just about beginning a new parsonage.

At Leonard's Fork Eld. B. L. Hoke, aided in a meeting in which great good was done and 8 were baptized. In connection with this church, is Crouse, where they are struggling to build a house.

At Newton the work is continually growing in interest. A good Sunday School is doing excellent work.

River View is making great strides forward. Brethren Bridges and Putnam aided the pastor in meetings in which were many conversions. Twenty-six have been baptized and the work is growing under Pastor Havnaer.

At Salem Bro. Watson aided in a meeting where 12 were baptized.

There are other points where there has been large growth. Indeed, there has been a healthy growth throughout the entire Association.

It is remarkable how the whole country is coming to our views of Bible truth, and if we, as Baptists, will only do our duty, it will not be long until every community in our territory will have a live Baptist Church.—From Minutes of South Fork Association.

## From Miss Bostick.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: Brother Moore writes me that you hope to be in your new house of worship by the first Sunday in this month, which is to-morrow. I know it will be a day of rejoicing for you all, and I shall rejoice with you and my prayer for you is that the Holy Spirit may continue to manifest his presence with you and may you all grow daily "In the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

It would afford me great pleasure to be with you on the day our church is dedicated, but as the great, wide Pacific stretches between us and forbids that, I can only be with you in prayer. What a blessed privilege is prayer! The greatest distance on earth can not forbid us all coming together around our Heavenly Father's throne.

My Sunday begins when your Saturday night begins and so at the close of my next Sunday I shall think of you all as gathering together in your new church to worship.

I am still studying on the language all the time I have left from my household duties, and as is the case with most beginners in this language I am making mistakes at my own expense. This week I handed the washer-man my clothes, to go to the laundry and I thought I was telling him there were seven pieces, but he grinned at me in an unusual manner and Mrs. League told me I had told him to "eat the clothes," and so the family laughed heartily at my mistake.

This is a strange language and a strange people. It is astonishing how some of them continue to get something to eat. Every day there are several beggars at our door trying to work on your sympathy as strongly as possible. To-day a young man looking to be about twenty-one years old, came by carrying an old white haired lady on his back begging in the most pitiful tone he could command. Now, of course if he could carry his mother through the streets that way, he could work, but he is like some people you may know, he doesn't care to work. Besides there are so many, many people here it is difficult to get employment, even though men do here, what the horse and mule do at home—that is pull carts and "jinrikishas."

We are waiting here with many other missionaries hoping and praying that matters will soon be settled so that we may go to our stations and tell to these perishing souls "the old, old story of Jesus and his love." We can not tell when this will be, but we hope it will be no later than next spring.

I notice the tendency of some of our Christians in the home land is to say of China; "Ephraim is joined to his idols, come away and let him alone." This is indeed a critical time for poor old China, but when it passes I believe there will dawn a brighter day for her and she will be blessed as never before, because the power of God will be manifest upon her. God's promises are bright, shall we not make them ours for China?

Pray for China that there may be "Showers of blessings" upon her, and pray for me that God may use me to His glory.

With Christian love, I am your servant in the Lord.

ARTIE T. BOSTICK.

C. 833, Woosung Road, Shanghai, China, Nov. 3, 1900.

## The Church Not a Place of Rest.

The Church is not a Pullman sleeper in which one may embark on earth and in due time awake in heaven. It is a place for work which is to result in blessing to the individual and salvation for others. The most useful and successful churches are those in which suitable work is found for each person, and where each is found at his work. Mr. Moody somewhat recently said: "There is a great mistake that a good many people are making at the present time. They have an idea that the Church is a place of rest. Instead of going there to work for God, they go there to rest. 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God.' We will rest when we go home. We will have all eternity to rest in. We do not want to talk about rest here. I hope the time will come, and I believe it will come when they will ask this question of all who are candidates for membership in the Church. 'What work do you expect to do?' and if they are going into the Church to rest they will be told that we have enough of such members now; and if we could only get them out, and get some others in who will go to work in earnest, it would be a good thing for all. We should understand that we come into the Church to work. All that seems to constitute a Christian these days is to unite with the Church and then, after they have joined it everyone in the Church must wait on them—the ministers, the laymen all the members must go and call on them; and if they do not do this they go to some other Church—and the quicker they do it the better. 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God.' The idea of our talking about rest here, where Christ has been cast out, where they have taken the life of God's own Son. Why should we want to stay in the enemy's country at rest and peace? As long as it is the enemy's country let us not dream of rest. We will rest by and by when Jesus comes. Let us not talk about rest now."—Selected.

## Love's Cost.

We hear much of the sweetness of love, of the joy of loving, but it has another side also and that is why it is forever the antithesis of selfishness—love's cost. "Every love that enters the heart opens the door to sorrow." No pain can touch the one dear to us and we do not suffer, also; no danger can threaten and our heart not keep anxious watch. Every cloud that darkens that other sky throws its shadow across our sunlight. Every sin that stains that beloved soul, hurts and aches in ours as if it were our own—aye worse! for our own sins we may cast aside and seek pardon for, but who can repent for his brother?

Love's pain lies in its powerlessness. To long to bring relief and to be unable to suffer with, because we cannot suffer for, to watch from without the battle we cannot help to fight, and to share every heartache, disappointment and loss—this is the cost of loving. But only so does our human life grow deep, and take on worth and dignity. Only so can we ever be akin to Him who bore "our griefs, and carried our sorrows," who, "having loved his own which were in the world, loved them"—through all their blundering, their blindness, their sins—"unto the end."

## Ministers' Children.

The salaries of the clergy of the United States do not average \$500 a year, and yet as a class they are the best educated, most active, refined, and elevated of the nation. With less culture, with less character, with less mental power, there are men all over this land who earn from \$1,600 to \$5,000 a year. But look at the results. Taking them as they come, the biographies of a hundred clergymen who have families show that of their sons 110 became ministers; and of the remainder of their sons by far the larger part rose to eminence as professional men, merchants, and scholars. As to their daughters, their names are merged into others; but there is a significant fact, which we do not remember to have seen noticed in that connection, that not only here, but in England, where titles are so highly prized, and the possession of gentle blood is a passport to high places, it is very often referred to as a matter of note, as indicating softy and respectability, "his mother was the daughter of a clergyman." We will venture the opinion that three-fourths of the great men of this nation are not over two degrees removed from clergyman's families, or from families strictly religious. When it can be said of a man or woman that his father or grandfather was a clergyman, there is a feeling within us of a certain elevation of character—a kind of guaranty of respectability of blood, of purity, and integrity.—Dr. Haven.

## His Eyes Opening.

The long list of distinguished Pedobaptist scholars who bear witness to the truth of the Baptist position on baptism is continually lengthening. The latest addition is Rev. John Watson, better known to the great public as "Ian Maclaren." In the Expositor, the well-known London religious paper, of recent date, he has this significant sentence: "Without doubt the perfect idea of baptism is realized when one who has come to the years of discretion makes himself his own profession of faith in the Lord, knowing what he has done and having counted the cost, and then is immersed in the waters of baptism."

That about disposes of the whole question, it seems to us; for why any one should deliberately choose an "imperfect" idea of baptism, when its "perfect idea" is so easily realized, it is difficult to understand.

Nor is Dr. Watson content to stop here. With this as a promise, he goes a step further. He declares that the two ordinances of baptism and the supper are binding "upon all Christ's disciples;" "so that, if one desires to enter into the church visible, it must be through the laver of baptism." These positions include the idea of a regenerate church membership, baptism for believers only and at the entrance of the Christian's life, and the supper following baptism and church membership. "Ian Maclaren" probably does not know it, but, if he will stand by these views and their logical implications, he will be a full fledged Baptist.—Religious Herald.

When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.—Emerson.