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### An Ambassador for Christ: George Pleasant Bostick

Lena Stover Bostick

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*Mrs. R. Hubbard Hamrick*

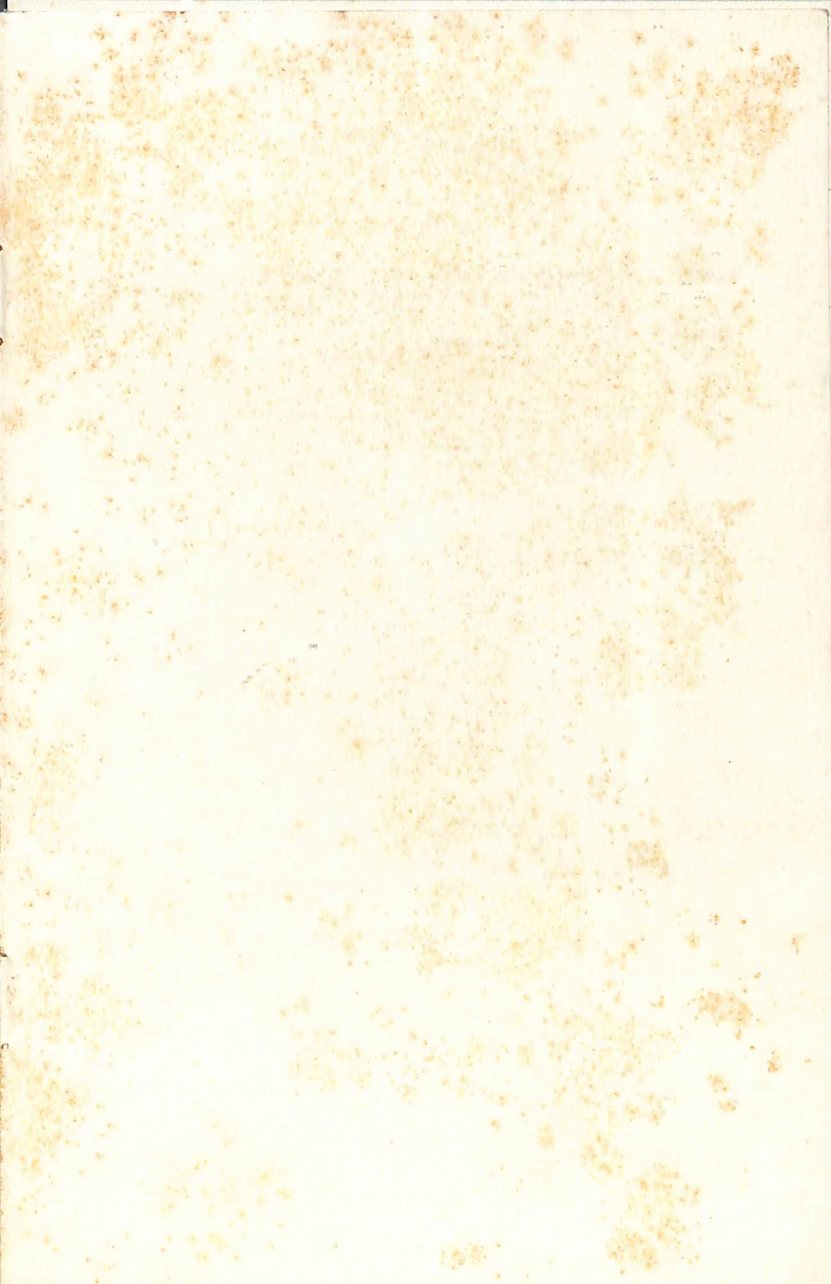
AN AMBASSADOR  
FOR CHRIST

GEORGE PLEASANT BOSTICK

By LENA STOVER BOSTICK









This picture of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bostick was taken in Nashville, Tenn., two years after their marriage in Luray, Va., on November 26, 1907.

Parents of Miss Bertha Bostick  
member of First Baptist Church

# AN AMBASSADOR FOR CHRIST

GEORGE PLEASANT BOSTICK

By his wife

LENA STOVER BOSTICK



*Dedicated to men and women  
whom God will call into His service  
until Christ comes again.*



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Mrs. G. P. Bostick, Luray, Va.



## GEORGE PLEASANT BOSTICK

Born May 29, 1858, died June 21, 1926. These two dates mark the beginning and the ending of 68 years of life of one who loved God supremely and his fellow-man as himself.

The story that lies between is briefly told in the following pages. May God graciously use it for the praise of His great and holy name, and for the calling into missionary service of many dedicated men and women who know and love the truth, and who will preach and teach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, at home or abroad, wherever God may call them to go.



## AN AMBASSADOR FOR CHRIST

We are living in a period of world stress and turmoil and confusion when many men's hearts are failing them for fear of what lies ahead. It is also a period of earnest thought and prayer when many young men and women are facing the vital question of their life work for such a time as this, who might be helped by the story of another Christian boy who early surrendered his life to God and obediently followed His leading as soon as it was made clear to him. God called—he joyfully volunteered for life service.

This simple story is not the history of a life, but the characterization of a man. And in the providence of God may it throw some helpful light upon problems and uncertainties, and give direction to anxious thoughts and prayers. While God may not lead you in exactly the same way, you will still know equally well that He is leading you, if you have met His first requirement of "Surrender."

I want to tell you a little of this unforgettable man who years later became my husband, and the most powerful influence in my life. I pray that it may be a blessing to you in reading as it has been to me in recalling and writing.

George Pleasant Bostick was the fifth son in a family of fifteen children, eleven of whom lived to be grown, and three of whom became Missionaries to China, G. P., W. D., and Attie Texas who is now Mrs. T. J. League.

These three Bosticks gave a total of 110 years to missionary work in China. That went far beyond the answer to their mother's prayers. For many years she had prayed that God would call at least one of her sons to be a preacher of the gospel, but her faith did not anticipate that such a call might reach beyond the borders of her native state of North Carolina. So when she knew that G. P. had answered the call to go to China she felt that she



couldn't bear to see him go so far, and for such a long time.

As the years passed and her youngest daughter, Attie, also answered the call to China, followed by her youngest son, W. D., she had so grown in grace and submission to God's will and plan for her children, that she said with joy, "If I could feel as confident and happy about the other children as I do about those three, I would be willing for them all to go to China. What a privilege and honor!"

Their parents were poor in this world's material things, but rich in faith and hope and love. They were a living example of industry, frugality and resourcefulness, and their children grew to manhood and womanhood with the same sturdy qualities. They knew real privations in both home and school facilities, and early learned the necessity for self-help and self-reliance under the blessing of God.

Very early in life this young boy was brought under deep conviction of sin. One night his Mother heard him sobbing and went to his bed and asked him what was the matter. He answered, "Mr. Justice said the world is coming to an end, and I am not saved." She told him in simple words the way of salvation, and though he deeply repented and trusted, he did not experience a full sense of pardon and acceptance with God until he was fifteen years old. God in His marvelous wisdom was preparing him for special work in the future when he would almost certainly be called upon to help others who were led through similar experiences.

Once God wanted a special man for a special mission, and He said, "Whom shall I send?" He knew whom He was going to send, but He wanted a willing volunteer, as His next words indicate, "Who will go for us?" And Isaiah promptly and I believe enthusiastically answered, "Here am I, send me."

In the same spirit George Pleasant Bostick, young and fresh and clean, joyfully volunteered for life-long service

at God's very first call. He gave himself to God without reservation and trusted Him to make plain the HOW and WHEN and WHERE just as He did the WHOM of the call. That was the fore-gleam of his entire life—complete surrender and complete trust.

It has been said that the missionary is the very heart of Missions. And in a special sense that is true. God ordained it from the beginning that human beings should take the gospel to other human beings. It pleased Him to commit unto men this ministry of reconciliation, and it has gone on year after year, generation after generation, and century after century. And we are persuaded that God will continue that method of advance on down to the end of the gospel age.

Paul, God's spokesman for many deep doctrines, makes the procedure very plain. If men are to be saved they must believe the gospel. If they are to believe the gospel, they must hear the gospel. If they are to hear the gospel, it must be preached. If it is to be preached, there must be preachers. And if preachers go, they must be sent—sent by God and by the churches. "Separate unto me Paul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have called them."

Soon after baptism into old Floyd's Creek Church he had a clear and definite call to preach. The church recognized the call almost as early as he did, and licensed him to "exercise his gifts". Later he was ordained to the full ministry of the gospel at New Hope Church near Raleigh, N. C., while he was a student at Wake Forest College. From that early beginning to the end of his life he was a joyful Ambassador for Christ, giving to God fifty two of the sixty eight years of his life.

He realized the need for adequate preparation for so great a calling, and set his course to attain it. He alternately went to school and taught until he was ready for college. He spent four years at Wake Forest College, where he supported himself by operating an eating house for students. He was buyer and business manager, and

several other students who also needed to boost their meager resources gladly served in the dining room.

But this did not cover all the costs of those strenuous days and years of preparation, and he had to contract a small debt which he regarded as a debt of honor until it was paid in full. He said many times that he regarded such a necessity as a real blessing in the life of a Christian student, to finish college with a DEBT and a CONSCIENCE. He would pay the debt and increase his spiritual stature and his character potential. And in later years he passed that bit of wisdom on to his own children.

"T is the set of the sail, and not the gale,  
That determines the way we go."

It was a keen satisfaction to him to know that while he was making his own way he was also helping other boys to make theirs. That was a life long characteristic. Eyes to see and a heart to help.

Once a woman was telling a man how he should identify her husband whom he was to meet at a railway station. She said, "You will see a tall man helping somebody." That described G. P. Bostick—a tall, stalwart man helping somebody.

After graduating at Wake Forest he spent the next three years in training at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and was called to the pastorate of a near-by country church where he met a young woman who later became his wife.

After graduation he went back to his home state of North Carolina, taking his lovely wife with him, and hunted up a town, Concord, where there was no Baptist Church, but a few staunch Baptists who longed for a church home. One dear woman rejoiced at his coming to the point of shouting, and said to him, "I have been asking God for thirty years to send you to us." (That was "poetic license"—he was not yet thirty years old.) And they rejoiced together at this proof of God's faithfulness in answering prayer in His own set time.

He went to work with vim and vigor to reach and

enlist all unenlisted Baptists and others who had no church affiliations, and under the blessing of God he soon organized a Baptist Church, and settled down (as he thought) for an indefinite period of steady and continuous service. But soon God pointed elsewhere to another stage in the rapid training course He was giving him—step by step—for his real life work which had not yet been revealed. In each stage of training he worked as if he expected to continue there for life, and at the same time as if he had only a week, or month, or year, always doing with his might what his hands successively found to do—as a student, a pioneer, a pastor, and a missionary. Each step was a God-given challenge to do his best.

The next step was a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Durham, N. C., where again he and the church looked forward to many happy years together in mutual service and fellowship. But that too was not God's ultimate plan. He had a greater and far more difficult work for this willing and surrendered servant to do.

There came a second clear and definite call not only to preach but to go to China to preach. Not only the work but the field was definitely indicated. It was authoritative. And he must go. God's choice was again his choice.

To prepare his church for the change in their cherished plans he preached a sermon on "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God," and he supported it by the clear logic of God's word, that the only way to escape is through repentance and faith, and that faith comes by hearing and that hearing comes by means of the sent ones, God's own chosen messengers. He made it strong for missions as God's appointed way to reach and save the lost throughout the whole world.

At the close a deacon came to make protest. He said, "Why, Brother Bostick, I couldn't believe in a God who would do such a thing as that." Mr. Bostick replied, "Brother, the difference between you and the heathen

Chinese is that they make their gods of brass and iron and wood and stone, while you make yours of your thoughts, and when God fails to meet your requirements you reject Him."

That shocked the deacon and sent him to deep prayerful thinking, as his after life proved.

Those two churches and the approximately four years of pastoral work, lived in Mr. Bostick's heart all of his life, as two important stepping stones in his God-appointed road, and his visits to them on every furlough was a large part of the joys of home coming.

Very soon Mr. Bostick and his wife and little ten months old daughter went to China (Shantung Province) where he spent thirty seven years including furloughs in the service that was dearer to him than life. Indeed it seemed at times that life would be required, as in the Boxer Uprising, and twenty five years later when our city of Pochow was captured by bandits and held fifteen days in an orgy of pillage, murder, rape, and destruction of property. He had no sense of fear of what man could do to him, and put himself in jeopardy many times in fruitless attempts to mediate and negotiate terms of settlement between the bandits and soldiers.

Finally as a last resort he determined to go in person and appeal to the bandit chief for the release of our co-workers in the city compound who were held captive, a move which in all probability would have resulted in one of the kidnappings which have made the name of bandit so terrifying to Chinese and foreigners alike. But the Chinese highest civil official in our north suburb would not consent for him to go. He said the bandit chief's word was worth absolutely nothing and that Mr. Bostick would almost certainly be held for ransom, if not actually killed. But that is another and very thrilling story that must be omitted here.

Mr. Bostick was essentially a pioneer from the very beginning of his Christian life. The command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"

meant to him exactly what it said. God's to command, and his to obey, as far as is possible in the scope of one man's lifetime. He was actuated by the great imperative, "I must be about my Father's business," and "The king's business requires haste." And yet he never seemed rushed. There was always a place for every command and time to do the work thoroughly and faithfully. But he must be on full duty until God's purpose had been accomplished, to give the gospel to the millions of Chinese who had never heard it even one time. "Work while it is day. Night cometh when no man can work."

He was ever reaching outward and onward. When his station was enlarged to six or eight missionaries he and one or two others would take up stakes and move to regions beyond. He gave himself joyfully to this continuous outreach for the lost, which often kept him away from home weeks at a time, practically out of communication with family and missionary associates, when just anything could happen and often did, sometimes in a very tragic way.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" sometimes took on a deep and heart-breaking meaning to G. P. Bostick. He was led through the deep waters of family bereavement when God took the dear little wife who went to China with him. And some years later the fine consecrated missionary whom he met and married on the mission field was also taken suddenly. In both cases he was far away from home on business for the Lord. First in Shanghai attending a mission meeting, and second he was in an adjoining province making preparations for another move in his pioneering career.

And both dear ones had to be buried before he could return home! Strange providence that one dares not question!

Twice he was led through deep waters, and twice God enabled him to say with broken heart, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

In mercy and grace God used these and other fiery trials along life's way to temper the elements in him and to produce a finer and more malleable metal for use in His own strong hands. God also gave him grace to yield to His divine touch, and to pray submissively, "Mold me and make me after thy will, While I am waiting yielded and still."

Finally he moved to Pochow, An Hwei Province, with his dear sister Attie to take charge of the home and to mother the motherless children, and to open up work with the Chinese women and children.

When Mr. Bostick told the local official at Taian Fu in Shantung Province of his purpose to move to Pochow, the official said, "I beg you, Mr. Bostick, not to go to a place like that, and take your children. They are wild men and will kill you before breakfast."

Mr. Bostick's reply was characteristic, "Believing as I do that God is leading me, I would go even if I knew that possible death awaited me. I am fully trusting God who has told me to go, and He has promised to be with me all the way."

His faith was well founded. He met only friendliness, or at least tolerance, and no overt opposition.

After a few years of faithful labor, furlough time came and the whole family came home to rest and to adjust again to the complexities of our American civilization in home and school and church life, and to prepare for leaving the children behind when the furlough ended. This last is always the heart-breaking necessity that sooner or later faces all missionary parents.

A few short months later as told in another story, I was invited, rather urgently, to join the family in Nashville as his wife, and I can still say I am glad I accepted that loving and cordial invitation, although it meant that Attie would surrender her place to me and in due time return to her work in China.

It was not an altogether easy assignment, becoming a little step-mama so suddenly. But balancing the love

and character of the man who gave the invitation against any question I might have had, made it not only possible but even attractive and desirable. And it proved to be the best choice I ever made.

He was the head of the home, and also its center around which we revolved in a fair recognition of the natural law of center and circumference—that the center keeps the circumference from flying to pieces. His love and wisdom bound us together in a normal and helpful family relationship, and we learned lots in those early days which is usually spread out over as many years of trial and error.

When he was away on evangelistic tours he asked us to write him all the home news, both good and bad, so that he might know how best to pray for us and to advise us when needed. Once I wrote him a good report of the children's progress that was very gratifying to me, and I added, "I am learning to love the children as I know you want me to love them, and I am sure they are learning to love me in the same nice way." And I said, "I know you are saying, thank God for that. He replied, "Yes, I did say thank God, over and over. I rejoice at every encouraging report. I want to give back to God and to the world in each one of the children a useful, unselfish and happy Christian. That class of young men and women is so very scarce now, and the world needs them so desperately." (And so far as I can see or know, his hope and prayer and holy ambition have been realized.)

That reminds me of the way our family worship was conducted. All of us had our own Bibles and joined in the reading, the older and better readers taking two verses and the younger ones reading only one verse. That was recognized as both a challenge and an incentive. And when one by one the children were promoted to two verses it was recognized as a real achievement. I joined the family in time to see the two boys graduate to full privilege and honor. We also memorized and repeated a verse, or verses, of Scripture each day.



There is still a vivid picture in my memory of a dear little boy, the youngest of the family, lying on the floor, face down, with his Bible between his hands, memorizing verses for the morning worship hour.

Wouldn't you like to have such memory pictures to cherish all the rest of your life? The only way to have them is to make them now.

I am sure that early training has been a lifetime blessing to each one of them, and I recommend it to all Christian families. And in this way they learned in early life valuable lessons and established life long habits by day-to-day experience, which is the best teacher.

Some of the lessons were for the family as a whole, and some were for individuals. One struck me rather hard about a year and a half after I entered the family. A serious physical condition was found which required major surgery, and it began to look as if my loved one would again have to go through the shadows. But God graciously intervened and blessed the surgery to complete though long-drawn-out recovery, with an added period of waiting (at the surgeon's advice) to see whether the malady should return.

This was a demonstration of the truth that "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord." My illness was working together with the children's need for a father's care in this critical period of their lives. We might not have chosen it exactly this way, but we could not question its wisdom. And since it was God's will we rejoiced in it.

God gave us anew to each other and granted us many more years of blessed companionship, first in America and then the much longer period in China. After all those years I can truthfully say it was the most blessed period of my whole life, and I would not have missed it for anything in the world.

Mr. Bostick was by nature a tender and affectionate man in all of his relationships, and he appropriately expressed it all the way from grand-parents to

grandchildren as they came along. In one of his daily letters when on a long preaching tour, he made some statements that were very gratifying to hear, and my heart prompted this reply, "I find that the more I love you and tell you so—why—just the more I love you and tell you so. Isn't that good logic?"

I tell this to lead up to another great truth that I have discovered. The more we love God and truthfully and humbly tell Him so, just so much the more we are constrained to love and trust and obey Him. The very expression of love increases its capacity. I may not understand the law that is behind this fact, but I do know from personal experience that it is true.

In another letter he told me of an unusually kind commendation of an address on China. Very humbly he said, "I am not the least puffed up or exalted. I asked God for the message, and I give Him all the praise. It is enough for me that He heard and answered by earnest request." Then he added, "This may sound strange to you, that the more God loves, and uses me, so much the more I love others—you, and the children, and the whole world.

Surely, love is the greatest thing in the world. Divine love and human love. And they are both the rich gifts of God.

Another one of his daily letters touched me deeply. He said, "I want you to assure me that you will some time each day go apart, and get down on your knees and implore God to bless and use me **RIGHT HERE AND NOW**, and that He will honor and glorify Himself in the salvation of these precious men and women, and boys and girls.

Yes, I would do that, if only God would help me!

Neither of us knew that very soon we would need the support and power of such praying in our own personal lives.

As the months went by another form of chastening came to my husband. Since coming home his work was

not that of pastor but Missionary-on-furlough, in which he hoped to keep busy for the Lord as a traveling evangelist in a number of states. This was a labor of love next in his heart to Missions.

In such close association with churches and individuals one inevitably meets many men of many minds, and if they don't agree on all points (may be that suggests the impossible) the fact is sure to come out sooner or later.

In brief, differences did arise, not in the important matters of faith and doctrine, but in practice which to some of us did not seem to be of sufficient importance to strain fellowships. Long discussions did not restore harmony, but rather seemed to widen the breach.

Finally after much prayer and supplication to God for sure and unmistakable guidance, Mr. Bostick became convinced that to withdraw might be the best solution for all concerned, in the interest of harmony.

It seemed such a needless tragedy and waste, when it might have been prevented by a little more love, a little more tolerance, a little fuller recognition of individual liberty under God, that should prevail among brethren at all times, but so often does not.

If heaven is even a little like what I think it is, a place where we shall know (and understand) even as we are known, I am sure that all of us who reach that happy land will find all of our petty differences completely harmonized, and will stand in wonder that anyone should ever have allowed them to become an issue and a test of fellowship.

I am sure there was real regret on both sides. I know there was on ours, and also deep sorrow. But in it all we could still rejoice that we were counted worthy to suffer even a little for our Lord's sake.

No matter what happened throughout his life, my husband believed that in some way—God's way—it would eventually turn out for the best. That all things do work together for good to those who love the Lord, with the accent on "all things". He knew that he loved

God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, and no matter what came or went his superb faith held true and undaunted that it was for some good purpose even though he might not be able to see it at once. And he set himself to find the special meaning God had for him, personally, and follow it without fear or questioning. It might be that God was letting one door be closed that He might open another and wider one. He sometimes works that way with His fully yielded servants.

It seemed to me that his faith and trust in God were perfect, and I wanted to know the secret. He was a living example of the truth, "The just shall live by faith".

I will pass on his simple reply to my question, and may it be a blessing to others as it has been to me.

He said, "I commit my problem, whatever it is, to God in earnest expectant prayer, and in complete submission to His will. For I want only His will to be done in my life—His will to become my will. And then, by faith, I follow my best judgment in whatever comes to my hands to do, fully trusting Him to lead me by opening or closing the way, as in Acts 16: 6-10."

Then he added, "That is what we must do now, and I don't believe God will allow us to make a mistake. We must not rush to a decision as to our future, but just wait upon the Lord and He will surely lead us. He has never failed us yet, and I know He never will." That is what we did. And we never had cause to regret it.

He continued in work for the Lord as opportunities opened up until the prescribed period of waiting expired and the children were suitably provided for, with my two sisters taking our place, in an arrangement that would carry them all through the next several years, when they would be better qualified to meet the world on its own stern terms. He committed them all to God's gracious care. He might be anxious at times, and was. That only drew him nearer to God. In love, anxious. In faith, no worry.

How good God is in every time of need! And how thankful we were as our way once again was cleared for action.

So in 1912 we received appointment by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, which operates with a good degree of efficiency and success and continuity in carrying out the Great Commission of our Lord, to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. That is the essential thing—to give the good news of salvation to the whole wide world. And that is what Southern Baptists are endeavoring to do now, having at the present time approximately fifteen hundred missionaries in forty five different countries. That may sound encouraging, but is it enough? Is that a fair proportion of the more than nine million Southern Baptists? Who dares to say it is?

Jesus gives us specific orders, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest." That is the way to get laborers, even THOUSANDS of them. Does it startle us to think in the thousands? Have we the faith and the courage to ask God for thousands? Jesus also said, "According to your faith be it unto you."

So let us pray earnestly and persistently that He will call, prepare and send forth THOUSANDS of consecrated and dedicated men and women into all the nations of the world, and that MILLIONS of the lost may hear and believe and be saved before the Lord comes again for His own. We know He is coming—He said so. It may be sooner than we think. So should we not pray, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," and save us from the impending chaos that threatens the world.

Now I am going to take a long high jump to China. Or perhaps I should say I am going to skip the rest of our furlough as being irrelevant to the purpose of this story, and go on from the landing field in Shanghai.

At the Missionary Home we received a warm and hearty welcome from old friends, and new, who showed real interest in our welfare and plans. Some one said, "Are you bride and groom? You look so happy."

And indeed we were happy at the unusual combination of circumstances of the day—our arrival in China together, our fifth wedding anniversary, and our National Thanksgiving Day. Who wouldn't be happy on such a day?

Then on by train and river house-boat four hundred miles to our far away interior home, where to me we entered a new and strange world where everything was different—except the warm and hearty welcome those dear Chinese Christians gave us. That was in the universal language of Christian love, and it was the fairest and best part of our arrival.

The scene that met my eyes was bare and bleak and brown. According to custom in the beginning of winter the ground had been swept clean of leaves and twigs and roots which were stored away for winter fuel. So the streets were clean, not from choice or pride but from the abject need of fuel to cook their daily food, and incidentally to get a little warmth for bodily comfort in the pinching cold.

In the midst of brown walls and houses, brown streets and fields, the new-comer's outfit of dress and coat and hat also was brown. There may have been a bit of satisfaction that it matched and harmonized with the prevailing color scheme as far as the eye could reach, over the countless miles.

Though clean and bare the streets and roads were terrific—rough, bumpy, dusty, and filled with multitudes of people rushing busily about their daily work and seeming to be utterly unaware of any lack or need of beauty. It was normal, what more should anybody expect or even desire?

Altruists and Christians say, "I may never pass this way again. So I will make my one passing as great a blessing as possible to those who will come after me."

Pagans say, "I may never pass this way again; so I will just let the next traveler take it as I have had to take it." That philosophy may explain the bad roads, the

broken bridges, and the general lack of improvement and civic pride one sees in every rural community. In other words the STATUS QUO seemed to fully satisfy the average Chinese traveler, and it was so much less trouble and not a cent of cost in either time or money.

In the midst of mud houses and thatched roofs I had to look strtight up to find any thing I could call beautiful. The matchless blue sky that arched above my head, the golden sun, the silver moon, the brilliant stars that studded the sky like diamonds. These were unsurpassed, I thought, anywhere in the whole world, and I thanked God for sharing with the Chinese this celestial beauty and grandeur, all the year round.

When spring time came the face of the earth was transformed into beauty and promise and plenty. Fields of green wheat alternating with vast fields of multicolored poppies, mile after mile, like a gigantic checker board. So beautiful, and so tragic. One the emblem of life—bread. The other the emblem of death and shame—narcotics.

To me our coming was a vague dream realized. To my husband it was a glad reality resumed. And he resumed it with a will, and could almost forget that he had been away so long, as he swung back into line and marched on in the firm, free, resolute step that bespoke a strong body, alert mind, and buoyant faith, all dedicated to God and to humanity.

And God's order was still, "Evangelize—Evangelize!"

He was an evangelist from the depth of his soul and was ready to obey. He loved to preach—it was his supreme calling. Like Paul, he felt, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," and God honored the challenge.

He tarried long at prayer that he might be endowed with power from on high which to him was the absolute need in this great work to which he once again dedicated his life—that souls might be saved, and that God might have all the praise and honor and glory.

Pochow, in An Hwei Province, was again his home and headquarters, where we spent the next fourteen years

in joyful service, broken in the middle by his last furlough and my first one.

Gradually but surely doors of opportunity swung open, prejudice and opposition diminished, one by one men and women gave up their idols and accepted the true and living God. New outstations were opened, schools grew in numbers and enrollment under the direction of Wade D. Bostick, new co-workers were slowly added in answer to prayers until the foreign force was more than doubled though still numbering only nine; Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bostick, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bostick, Dr. Mary L. King who had a clinic and a small hospital, Miss Clifford Barratt, an evangelist, Miss Olive Riddell who had charge of the Girls' School, and the last recruits, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Strother, evangelists.

And from only a few men and women Chinese co-workers, there gradually grew up a fine corps of evangelists, teachers, calporteurs and Bible women.

Along with these encouraging facts there were trials and discouragements and disappointments, enough to keep them all humble and close to the Lord. But none of these things moved them. God gave them the needed grace to accept discouragements and disappointments with unsurprised and undisturbed faith, as a balanced part of the "all things." And they recognized the blessing that such tests often brought, both in the work and in their own personal affairs.

And God many times said to their listening hearts what He said to Joshua, "Only be thou strong and very courageous." And Jesus said, "I am with you always, even to the end of the world." And He promised to supply their every need. What more could they ask?

Mr. Bostick several times said to me how glad he was that God didn't hold him responsible for results or demand successes of him in the work. That he must sow the seed and maybe water it, but that God alone must give the increase. And resting in that blessed assurance there was no room for fret or worry, but only a sublime optimism



that God's will would be accomplished in His own time and way. That wherever the gospel is preached there would be some hearts who would be moved by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit through the preaching of the word, and would repent and believe and be saved.

He said to me, "A man can tell when the Holy Spirit is speaking to and through him. It warms and refreshes his own heart as it overflows to others. That is one of the rich compensations of the gospel."

He not only loved to preach but he loved people. While he hated and rebuked sin he still loved the sinner. And in return he was deeply loved and esteemed as the friend of man for Christ's sake.

A missionary friend said of him, "Brother Bostick is a man of deep convictions and the superb courage to live by them. He once said, 'A man must say what he believes or very soon he will come to believe what he says.' And he warned of the grave danger. He may not always agree with you but he will listen to you with courtesy and understanding. He is unshakable in what he believes to be right, and God's word is his measuring rod."

Another foreign visitor from America whose estimate of mission work shows a deep insight into the very genius of Bible Missions made this observation: "A Missionary's work is not to be judged by the number of fine buildings he has been able to erect, or the great show he has been able to make in a material and numerical way. But the most effective and enduring work is the IMMEDIATE CONTACT WITH PEOPLE, and to make evangelism the aim and end and the very heart of all missionary effort. And to my mind Brother Bostick has fulfilled that requirement as completely and faithfully as any missionary I have ever known any where."

That truly was the end and aim of his whole life. In that spirit he spent his days and years, striving to do all that ONE MAN could do in the scope of ONE MAN'S

lifetime, to bring the knowledge of the Saviour to lost men and women every where God should lead him.

His concept was not so much to bring the world to Christ (as many people say at this time), but to bring Christ to the world. Christ Himself came to the world to save sinners, and He continues to come wherever His commissioned servants obey His command to preach the gospel (Christ, who is the gospel), in all the world and to every creature. Bring Christ to the world, rather than the far more difficult task of bringing the stubborn sinful world to Christ.

While his ideal was "This one thing I do", as a member of a mission station he must also do many other things, such as superintending the construction of a church house or a residence. But these were only secondary though necessary parts of the work as a whole.

We were not professional architects and builders and sometimes mistakes in proportion were made. In building the residence we were to occupy we did not extend the roof quite far enough over the walls for the most pleasing effect. My comment was that it looked like a man wearing a small boy's cap. And I worried a good deal about it. My dear husband who steadfastly refused to cripple his life with worrying, said with a trace of humor, "When we get up there and look down on it, may be it won't look so bad." We both laughed, and I was really comforted by the simple thought. For, truly, perspective makes a vast difference.

Another little incident reveals this unforgettable man. In reply to his request for home news I unburdened my heart, and perhaps added to his heart burdens, without intending it. I wrote him of a number of small annoyances, some in the home and some in outside business matters he had entrusted to me, and may be I showed some discouragement at my seeming failures. Every one knows how sometimes many small things will add up to one great big thing, and how it stands out in disproportion as a mountain to a mole hill. That is probably what I

did without intending it. However, I assured him that I was not unhappy, and didn't want him to think I was.

In reply he wrote, "How I wish I were by your side right now for a little heart to heart talk. It grieves me to know you are burdened and I am not there to share it. I would also tell you how I wish and pray that my dear little wife could more readily roll all burdens off on the Lord, and not try to carry them all herself. Just do the best you can in all the circumstances and then REST in the Lord. I know how very hard it is to do this sometimes, and yet I know a little of the sweetness in doing it."

That REST in large capitals caught my eye and arrested my attention. I needed such a reminder and prayed that it might remain with me forever. Just to do the best I can, in HOPE, and TRUST, and then REST, in the Lord.

That was the correct formula for China also, and for everywhere else, as I had occasion to prove as the years went by.

There is not time or space to tell of his work in detail, but it was constant and faithful and fruitful. He was pastor of the Pochow Church and intinerant pastor of the many out-stations, where he had the love and cooperation of the Chinese evangelists and colporteurs. That kept him busy and away from home for days and weeks of body-racking and mind-fatiguing toil, but his spirit kept fresh and eager.

Sometimes when he came home from a long trip I asked, "Are you tired?" He answered, "Yes, a little but I still rest quickly." When he would sometimes lie awake long hours at night, thinking and planning and praying, he would say joyfully, "But God makes the sleep I get sufficient for my needs."

That touched my heart and I said, "I wish I could share my hours of restful refreshing sleep with you. I would gladly give you every other night." His answer was characteristic. 'God giveth his beloved sleep.' To

you what you need, and to me all that I really need, and I am grateful for this blessing to us both." What a rebuke to habitual grumblers!

To know a man is to know the character of his work. And conversely the work throws revealing light upon the man. With this thought in mind I will give some incidents which may be enlightening.

People sometimes ask, Do the Chinese make good Christians? The answer might well be, do Americans make good Christians? There and here alike there are all kinds and degrees. It is not a matter of race or nationality, but of faith in God and faithfulness in His service.

People also ask: Are the Chinese ready and willing and anxious to hear the gospel? One must answer, how can they be anxious and concerned about something they have never even heard of.

Then that calls for Paul's question: How can they hear without a preacher, and how can they preach except they be called and sent? And that is the challenge now to God-called men and women to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," so that people everywhere may have the opportunity to hear and believe and be saved.

Yes, there are some people who are really searching in the dark for something, but they don't know what or why. There had been a questioning and a longing that was never satisfied, and no one was able to help them.

There was one old man who was ready and ripe for the gospel with the very first word he ever heard. It was old Chu Sih Foo, a Buddhist priest, who believed in the immortality of the soul and in a future life, and somehow he wanted to prepare for it. He was moral and upright in character and life. Did no harm to anyone, but did much good. He relieved human and animal suffering whenever his thin purse would allow. And all to gain or buy merit for the future life, and to appease the angry gods. He was trying to climb up by himself, the only way he knew.

One day he joined a crowd on a street corner and listened to the Missionary for the first time in his long life. He heard the gospel in all of its fullness and all of its simplicity. It sounded good to his burdened mind. He drew nearer and nearer, and finally asked, "Do you mean to tell us that there is a God somewhere in the heavens who loves us (the gods he knew only hated), and then that he sent his son to save us poor helpless and hopeless people? It is incredible that a father would give his own son. How he must love us to do that."

The Missionary replied "Yes, that is exactly what I came to China to tell you and your people. That God so loved people like you and me that He was willing to give even His son, His ONLY son, for our salvation. And then His son, Jesus Christ, voluntarily gave himself "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

The old man's face lighted up, and he said with a sigh of satisfaction and relief, "That is what I have longed and waited for, many long and weary years. Tell me more. I want to hear it all again."

In simple childlike faith he accepted the truth at once, and after full and free instruction on its meaning, he applied for membership and was baptized into our Pochow Baptist Church where he was a faithful member and joyous witness for the rest of his life. No more working for merit. No more striving to climb up some other way. But rest and peace in Christ for time and for eternity.

He became Mr. Bostick's cook and trusted friend, and served faithfully in the home, in the church, and in the community until his death a few years later while Mr. Bostick was on his long furlough in America. I was sorry he didn't live until I got there. He was one person "whom having not seen, yet I loved," in the Lord.

Another instance of the readiness of a few people to accept the gospel was of a woman who listened for the first time to this same wonderful gospel story—the

sinfulness and helplessness of man and the power and love and grace of God. A Saviour who could and would do for mankind what they could not do for themselves.

Here was another soul groping in the dark for something better. Acts 17: 27-28 expresses it clearly. "That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though he be not far from every one of us." "For in Him we live and move and have our being."

In humble gratitude this dear woman turned to a friend at her side and said, "Sister, don't you remember that I told you there ought to be such a Saviour as that".

What a profound statement that was, though she was unaware of its deep implications. It reached back into the councils of eternity when God the Father and God the Son, in their omniscience, foresaw the ruin and need of a fallen world. And they counselled together and agreed that it would be necessary for the Son to come and give His life a ransom for the world. That was the only way. Later Christ himself said, "Thus it is written and thus it behooved Christ to suffer and rise again the third day, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations." "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." It was the necessary and the only way.

That simple-hearted woman said, "THERE OUGHT TO BE," and Jesus said, "THERE MUST BE."

So we see that the salvation of man was not God's afterthought, but His forethought, based upon His fore-knowledge and His eternal love.

Did you ever try to imagine that you were hearing the gospel for the first time, and try to measure the impact it was making upon your heart and mind and life? Was it anything like the experience of those Chinese who hungered for the truth? Or did it come as an oft-told tale to a fully saturated and pre-possessed mind?

A first hearing might be a wonderful experience that one might wish to have, except for the tragic risk that he

might never hear it at all, as with so many millions throughout the world today.

There was another very interesting story in our Interior China Mission which you may be glad to hear. A man who had heard the gospel with deep interest and wanted more instruction, came to the Li Bai Tang, the worship hall or church, and heard a sermon on the substitutionary work of Christ which aroused his interest and also raised serious questions in his mind. It was new and revolutionary to him. He compared pagan religions of WORKS with Christianity, which is all of GRACE and is a free gift. That somebody else should do it was not acceptable to him, he wanted to do at least a part himself. He went home troubled and perplexed. But a few days later he came back happy and completely satisfied.

He said, "I came back to tell you what I have experienced. I dreamed a wonderful dream in which God spoke to me, and now I know His way is right. I dreamed that I fell into a deep pit from which I could never extricate myself, and I was hopeless and in despair. A Confucian priest came along and leaned over the edge of the pit and said, "My friend, you are in an awful plight. Let me give you some good advice—if you are ever so fortunate as to get out of this pit, never let yourself fall in again."

"Then a Buddhist priest came along. He really wanted to help, and said, "If you can just climb up part of the way I will reach down and pull you out."

"Then Jesus came. He had compassion and He had power. He climbed down into the pit, took me in His arms and carried me out.

"I see now that salvation could not come any other way. Jesus is a complete Saviour or none at all. He is my substitute, as you told me, and did for me what I could never have done for myself. And now I am completely satisfied and happy and thankful."

Once Mr. Bostick was trying to demonstrate faith to a group of enquirers—that faith is made up of belief and

trust. He put his little daughter up on the roof of a low Chinese house and told her to jump down into his arms, and he lovingly assured her that he would catch her. It looked dangerous. She might flinch and refuse. But she didn't.

She believed that her father loved her. He was big and strong. She believed he could and would do what he said. So she just trusted and jumped—to absolute safety.

Belief alone is not enough. One must also trust, or commit, in order to have the faith that saves. They saw the point and rejoiced that such a deep truth could be made plain right before their eyes in such a simple object lesson. And they loved it.

A visiting Missionary gave a group of our Pochow women a very telling illustration of waning faith. She lighted a candle and inverted a glass jar over it. The flame was bright and beautiful and shed its helpful light to them all. But as the oxygen of the air was consumed the light grew dimmer and dimmer. The women watched it with tense interest and wonder. One woman with a very tender conscience spoke right out in the meeting, "That is I. That is I." Not Mrs. Li right by her side, or Mrs. Wen over on the other side of the church. She saw the point and made the personal application. Are we always as fair as that?

She had by nature a sensitive mind, and Christianity gave her a sensitive heart, and a deep desire to be clean and clear and honest before the true God whom she had found and whom she loved and trusted.

I want to say right here that many pagan Chinese who think for themselves, believe in a Supreme Being. They call him Tien Foo, the heavenly Father. Also Shang Di, the one above the earth. And they believe that in some remote way he is in control.

Often when Mr. Bostick was traveling on hot summer days on a wheelbarrow over hot, dusty, rutty roads, in his compassion for the poor barrow man he would walk almost more than he rode. But his bedding and food box



were carefully strapped to the barrow, and were always available for immediate use.

Occasionally a cloud would shut out the fierce sun blast, and the barrow man would heave a sigh and say, "Thank the heavenly Father for the cloud."

He didn't know the heavenly Father, but he did have a vague idea that there was some body, away off somewhere, who sent the cloud, and he wanted to thank him.

This naturally opened the way to tell him of God—who He is, and what He is constantly doing for man in this life, and for the far more He has done for man's future life. And what a joy it was to tell that weary coolie that this message was for him as well as for the President in his palace, or any King on his throne. That God is no respecter of persons. That all men are of equal value in His sight, from the highest to the lowest.

Another providential opportunity tells a similar story. One day Mr. Bostick went into a street shop and saw several men sounding coins on a rough table. They sounded dull and hollow, and proved to be counterfeit. He picked up a coin and drew a silver dollar from his own pocket and sounded them both. Of the first he said, "Sih chia di"—it is false, counterfeit. Of the other he said "Sih chen di"—true, genuine.

Then in a few forceful words he contrasted God and idols, the self-existent, all-wise, and all-powerful God and dumb idols made by men's hands, the genuine and the counterfeit. And he fervently and prayerfully admonished them to give up the false and to accept the true.

In such simple every day ways he was alert to see and seize every opportunity, in the home and church, on the street corners, in the shops, on the threshing floors, along the highways, and everywhere — so that the cross of Christ might be held aloft before the eyes of waiting men and women.

People sometimes ask what class of Chinese are most easily reached by the gospel. We found, as in New Testament times, that "the common people heard him

gladly." While it is true that more of the lower and middle classes are reached, there are some notable and outstanding exceptions.

One is Chiang Kai Shek, President of the Chinese Nationalist Republic on the island of Formosa. All of us know something about him and his fine Christian wife. He has many staunch admirers in many nations of the world and also some severe critics. Sometimes people ask if I think he is a true Christian. I sincerely believe he is. But I am glad I am not the judge.

Another man was before the public when I was in China. He was General Feng Yu Shang, the Christian General, as he was called, and he was a living example of Christianity and a true witness for Christ in all of his associations.

He was very strict in the military discipline of his large army—so much so that when one of his subordinate officers was asked if he was a Christian, he answered, "Yes, I am. If I were not, I would still have to act like one. So I go all the way, to be a Christian as well to act like one." Then he added with convincing simplicity, "Yes, I am a Christian."

I have been asked if I think the Chinese people will some day rise up en masse and throw off Communism. At first I thought they would. But since the cruel grip of tyranny is constantly tightening I am losing hope. However unless the Chinese people are utterly and radically changed in character and love of country by adversity and unspeakable suffering, I think they may come back some day, under the blessing and guidance of the mighty hand of God. Maybe I only wish it.

To go back to our Missionary activity, you will be interested to know something of the rigid examinations that candidates for baptism and church membership were subjected to, both in private and public examinations. Many searching questions were asked, and the answers many times haltingly given, bore testimony to the strong Bible preaching and teaching they had received and to the deep personal experience of many of the converts.

One age-old question was "What do you think of Christ?" Answer, "I believe He is the Son of the true and living God." "Why do you believe in Christ?" "Because I was a poor lost sinner, and He is the only Saviour of sinners, and I believe He has saved me." "What are your thoughts now in regard to other people?" "I want to see all others saved—my family, my neighbors and my countrymen. And I am praying for that now, and will continue to do so." "Are you willing to give time and money for the spread of the gospel to those who have never heard it?"

That is a very pertinent question. In heathenism they spend much time and money in visiting the sacred mountains and other shrines, and making expensive offerings to appease the gods and obtain merit. So now that they know the true God in a free salvation, are they willing in pure gratitude to give both time and money that others may have this same great blessing?

The answer is, "Yes, I am," and some add, "And I want to be a witness to them of the Lord and His love and His power to save."

That is the hope and prayer on all mission fields, that the National Christians may hear and answer the divine call to evangelize their own people. That is the best hope for the ultimate evangelization of the whole world. God working through the nationals in every land, to spread the gospel by person to person evangelism, until the whole world has heard it. Jesus taught this method. "Go ye" and tell others, so that they may tell still others, on and on, until He comes again. The gospel must be preached in all the world for a witness, and then shall the end come. Matthew 24:14.

It was always Mr. Bostick's purpose and practice to share with the Christians the responsibility of the work as they were able to take it, and some of them became outstanding preachers and leaders, who could be trusted to maintain the work in its gospel purity and integrity. He and they alike knew that it was not enough to make

disciples, to win people to Christ, but they must also be indoctrinated and trained in New Testament concepts of Christian living and service. They must also be shown and instructed how to organize themselves into strong New Testament churches that will grow into strong self-supporting indigenous churches that will not die.

It is well known that the Chinese people are very ceremonious, formal and dignified in their social relations, and it is sometimes hard for the new Christians to omit their social customs in their church relationship, especially in observing the Lord's Supper. When the elements are passed I have noticed, in old men particularly, the impulse to have others partake first, even though they are assured that we are all equal before the Lord—the high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant. That there is no place of special honor at the Lord's table. And when we eat the bread and drink the fruit of the vine, we do it in remembrance of Him whose broken body and shed blood are symbolized and proclaimed in the meaningful ordinance.

Another thing I observed many times, that becoming a Christian often gave them a strong incentive to learn to read. It was wonderful to hear the gospel but now they wanted to read it for themselves, with their own eyes. Men and women who had never even dreamed of becoming literate changed completely as soon as they were saved. They got right down to hard work, and by prayer and perseverance many of them learned to read their very difficult and picturesque language. They believed they could do it, and they did.

And what a joy it was to see them on Sunday morning and evening and Wednesday evening coming to the house of God with Bibles and hymn books in their arms, and joining whole-heartedly in the service of worship and praise.

In addition to the regular schedule of the local church, of preaching, prayer meeting, Sunday School, Bible study classes, etc., Mr. Bostick continued this itinerant ministry

throughout life. It was so simple and yet so far reaching, so soul-satisfying and refreshing, so vital and so infinitely important—this direct contact with immortal men.

My biggest job was to learn the language, and it was not easy. I never made a howling success of it, but I learned enough to run my own household, and to do some clerical work for the station. I was organist and financial secretary of the church, taught singing in the Boys' School, and filled in at other places that my kind associates said was helpful. It at least released their time for more important work.

One thing that gave me great satisfaction was teaching English to four young Chinese students of well-to-do families, whose tuition was enough to pay the salaries of four Chinese evangelists. In that way I far more than quadrupled any thing I might have been able to do, with my limited language ability, and it gave those young men the opportunity to get acquainted with at least the mechanics of the Bible, and to observe at close range the meaning and the desirability of a Christian home.

On mission fields "Home, Sweet Home" is much more than the words of a beautiful song. However simply lived (and we kept ours simple) home means rest and relaxation and refreshment of body and mind and spirit. And that is what our home was to us both.

Before and after our marriage my husband never idealized or glamourized missions, or the Chinese people. Missions was serious business for the Lord, and the people were well worth our best efforts. He told me all the facts. It was better, he said, to be pleasantly surprised than to be sadly disappointed. So it was not difficult for me to recognize the similarities and adjust to the differences, and to become an understanding friend (I hoped) to those very friendly people. So much so that when our first furlough time came I hated to leave, and could easily have stayed on if it had been wise or necessary. It had become home to me as it was to my husband, and the people were my people as well as his,

in those early decades of this century before Communism came.

Every morning just after breakfast we had our reading and prayers in English. After that and just before the Chinese breakfast hour we had prayers with the Chinese in the compound and possible visitors, in Mr. Bostick's study, when all took part in reading God's word, and many of the Christians soon ventured to lead in prayer. It was a period of joy and strengthening and real growth in grace and knowledge.

Sometimes when I came down stairs early in the morning I would find Mr. Bostick in our Chinese guest room—a kind of inner sanctuary—alone, pleading with God for the needs of the day for himself, for me, for the children, for the work, and for the whole world. He was a man of prayer and that made every thing else possible—his highest hopes and aims and objectives—as he prayed—alone—with God.

When he was away in the out-station work for days and sometimes weeks at a time I always felt confident that God would be with him every moment and bring him back in perfect safety. He had the same confident trust which amounted almost to a positive promise that it would be so, even when the Pacific ocean rolled between us as it did twice in our married life. We both had the same comforting faith that God would also keep me through all the separations. And so we had peace.

"Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away.

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they."

Once when I expressed concern for his safety when he was starting out to new territory near a robbers' hide-out, he quoted one of his favorite verses, Ps. 37:5, with little comments of his own for emphasis and comfort. "Commit thy way" (and me) "unto the Lord" (without reservations), "trust also in him" (don't worry, just trust. Then the blessed assurance) "and he will bring it to pass."

That was a verse he lived by, and on occasion quoted

it so often that others took notice. And still it never wore out, but grew sweeter and more comforting with this reverent use. Once at a mission meeting when favorite verses were called for I repeated the verse, and a fellow missionary said, "Mrs. Bostick, that is Brother Bostick's verse." I replied, "Yes, I know it. But it is also mine—and yours. He will just have to find another one this time." And he did from the scores he had hidden in his heart from his early youth.

In his last busy days he began the story of his missionary life, with the hope and prayer that God would use it to call others to the ripened harvest fields of the world, just as God first spoke to him through missionary biography. He wrote one chapter. The rest of the record is in the archives of heaven and will be known only when the books are opened at the last day.

I wish he might have finished the story as only he could have done. There seems to be now a renewed sense of the value and need for missionary biography as a means of calling others to definite work for the Lord at home and abroad. God used the biography of Dr. Matthew T. Yates, an early Missionary to China, to call G. P. Bostick to the same great work in the same great country. Then it was a sermon by Mr. Bostick while at home on furlough, that God used to call his sister Attie to missions and to China.

And years later Mr. G. W. Strother said that it was a letter from Mr. Bostick, pleading for an evangelistic Missionary for Pochow, that God used to speak to his heart and to give direction to one of the great decisions of his entire life. Who will follow in their train?

And thus the call goes on in endless succession, as the Holy Spirit directs and leads in the fulfillment of God's eternal purposes. He calls, and He chooses the men to carry the calls at His bidding, and He makes it effectual.

Mr. Bostick was looking forward with happy anticipation to our next furlough in about a year. When asked if he planned to remain in the homeland he replied,

"I shall still be under orders of my Commander-in-Chief, and I am ready to do His will, whether to finish my work at home or in China, my adopted home."

But God answered the question in His own way, and that must be right and best. But the suddenness startled and stunned!

In traveling over night and resting in a railway station in close contact with a group of Chinese soldiers he contracted typhus fever. He came home apparently well and went about his usual work with no hint of the deadly poison that was relentlessly working havoc in his body, until in due course serious symptoms appeared and increased until we realized that he was a very sick man, with the first major illness of his life.

We took him to a hospital forty miles away where the doctors pronounced it typhus fever. The prognosis was that at his age the case was serious, but with his strong heart and clean life there was hope.

As the days went by there were fluctuations of hope and fear that kept us constantly at prayer. One morning I went into his room and he called out "Good Morning," in a strong cheery voice, and I said, "Oh, it is a good morning when you say it that way." And my heart leaped for joy as I thought the crisis had passed and that he was going to get well.

Again I wanted to share—half and half. I asked God over and over to give him half the time yet allotted to me and let us go together, or close together. May be He saw some selfishness as well as love in the heart-broken petition. It was not to be!

The terrible fever ran its deadly course in about twenty five days. His strong body succumbed, and his radiant spirit went back to God.

He loved life in all of its fullness, for God, and family, and humanity. And he died as he had lived. I have never seen such a passing—a going out, as it seemed to me. He was in a coma, and was breathing deeply and strongly to the bottom of his lungs. On the border line he called



the names of loved ones who had gone on before. Then a few more breaths, deep and full, and his spirit left his body. It was as if he gave up his life—went out in power and volition. God called and he obeyed in strength and gallantry, just as he had lived. In the spirit of Stephenson's Requiem, "Gladly did I live and die, and I laid me down with a will."

To one of his active temperment no end could have been more fitting than thus to die in harness, among the people whom he loved and to whom he had given so many years of loyal service. No laying up on the shelf. No weakness of old age. No prolonged suffering. No failure of body, mind or spirit. Just a quiet laying down of the temporal life and a joyous taking up of the life eternal with God. "He walked with God and God took him."

It was taps on earth, and a glorious reveille in heaven.

In the world's thinking that was the end of the story. The last chapter cut short. The end in the middle of the page. Life's little day too short for the unending tasks.

But in the Christian's thinking it was the very beginning of the glories of eternity—with God, and loved ones, and the redeemed hosts of all the ages.

His wife's testimony was, "He showed me how to live." His brother said, "I never saw G. P. do a selfish act." A fellow missionary said, "He was a friend indeed. I could get closer to him and feel surer of sympathetic understanding than with any other man I ever knew." A Chinese brother said, "Pastor Bostick was my best earthly friend. He led me to know God as my Father and Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Lord" A missionary friend said, "He talks to God in prayer as to a dear familiar friend. He leads us up to the very throne of God." Another said, "How we shall miss his ready smile, his wholesome influence, his helping hand, his faithful counsel." The Chinese evangelists quoted of him Paul's triumphant words, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." And they rejoiced for the crown

of glory that awaited him. The city officials recognized the power of his influence for good and expressed sincere regret at his going.

A beautiful tribute was written by one of the younger missionaries of the Interior China Mission, Dr. E. McNeill Poteat, a part of which I quote: "Mr. Bostick was true to a type that the early days of missionary work saw much of, but which today is fast passing and being replaced by other types.

"He knew the thrills and thralls of pioneering. He denied himself the comfort of family and friends, and wandered far into fallow grounds, sowing seed in field and hedge-rows, expectant of yields even when the fowl of the air hovered waiting to devour. Hopeful of harvest even though the tares flourished to choke good growth.

"In his mind China needed nothing more than Christ. And his aim never fell below the lofty level of giving nothing less than Christ as his answer to all personal and national ills.

"One wonders if with the passing of his life there will be a softening of sacrifice, a weakening of heroism in the preaching of the gospel. His spirit would offer keen rebuke."

These tributes epitomize my husband's life. Surrendered, dedicated, faithful, joyful, expectant, full, overflowing.

No, G. P. Bostick was not perfect. He would have been the first to disclaim such a thought. And he loved to sing of the amazing grace that saved and kept and led him. And those who loved him best can say, as Oliver Goldsmith said of his father, "E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

I had perfect trust and confidence in him from the first time I saw him until the last. That is much to say of any human being. And I thank God upon every remembrance of him.

As I said in the beginning this is not the history of a life, but the characterization of a man who loved God supremely and his fellow man as himself. I have

endeavored to speak objectively and honestly. And my purpose is to help the reader to see the kind of man God was pleased to use to preach the gospel in a heathen land, and to bring into the fold some of the other sheep that Jesus said He must bring in.

Let us continue to pray, in the love of Christ and in the power of the Holy Spirit, until THOUSANDS of devoted men and women have responded to our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And while we pray may God lay it heavily upon our hearts to answer our own prayers by giving back to Him the necessary financial support for those whom He calls and sends forth. Surely there should always be this vital relation between our praying and our giving.

The harvest is still plenteous. The laborers are still few. And the command is still ringing in the hearts of men, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

And the promised rewards God still holds high. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." And "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing and bringing his sheaves with him." "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." The face of God was as the sun shining in his strength all the day, and at evening it was light."

## Addenda.

At the time of my husband's death the weather was quite warm, and the doctors advised a temporary interment in the hospital compound until the autumn, to which we agreed. And in October final interment was made in our foreign cemetery at Pochow just outside the North Suburb Wall.

The services both in the church and at the cemetery were comforting and beautiful and impressive, led by several of our missionaries from the other stations of the Interior China Mission. Surely God moved their hearts and minds as they talked of the life beyond the grave, and brought hope and comfort from the God of all comfort, directly from His blessed word.

I was glad that the large number of Chinese unbelievers who attended to pay their respects, had the opportunity to see a Christian funeral and to hear words of hope and absolute certainty of a happy and immortal life after death.

When I saw that dear body lowered into the grave, I lifted my eyes and my heart to God in thanksgiving for the resurrection. That the grave is not the end. That that same body will rise and live again in glory and immortality. God's sure promise sustained me then, and it sustains me now.

That blessed hope is both sure and steadfast, and is anchored to that within the veil, that we shall live again with God, our Father and Creator and Preserver, Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Lord and Master, and the Holy Spirit, our Comforter and Teacher and Guardian. And that we shall join our loved ones, and the redeemed hosts

of the ages, in endless adoration and praise and worship and service to the triune God throughout all eternity.

Attie and Wade and Flora stood by me in a wonderful way during the five months before I came home, and I can never forget it. Attie lived with me at Pochow and was a great help and comfort in every way, in the home and in the work. She was always a comfort and help wherever she went.

I have sometimes told friends who were passing through the same sorrow, of my experiences upon entering our home without my dear husband, hoping I might encourage them not to try to get away from the heart-breaking reality, but to face it in the love and strength of our compassionate Lord who wept with those who wept. That is my purpose in telling it now.

One of the first things I did was to go into my husband's study, sit down at his desk, look at his picture, and thank God for the precious memories I had of him. In the same way I went into our room without the least feeling of reluctance, and at bedtime I lay down with a deep sense of thanksgiving that God was helping me to accept the reality in complete submission and not trying in any degree to get away from it. That made all the difference, and I had peace.

Yes, I wept—many times—in grief and loneliness, but never in rebellion against God.

Day by day He graciously held back the full realization of my great loss until I was able to bear it. How good He is in always dealing with us according to our immediate needs.

So do not try to seal sorrow up in your heart by silence. Talk of the loved one and your hope of meeting him

again. It will ease your heartache and bring you deep comfort and reconciliation.

In my book I spoke of Mr. Bostick's calling the names of loved ones in passing over the border line between earth and heaven. This I think helps to answer the question so eagerly asked by so many people: Shall we recognize one another in the future life? I truly believe we shall. And that we shall also remember our earthly relationships of father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, daughter, friend, neighbor. We shall be the identical personalities who lived our natural lives in close association in those various relationships while here on earth, and those same personalities will live together in the environment and atmosphere of the heavenly realm.

We shall also know WHO we are, and WHO others are, I am very sure God will not blot out the recollections of our past, or any part of them, as some people seem to believe.

But our relationships will be different. We don't know just what they will be, but according to inspiration they will far surpass any thing we know and love so well in this life. While we cannot know now what God has in reserve for us over there, still we have the assurance of His word that it will be absolutely satisfying and perfect and complete in every aspect of that life.

Recognition proves our identity and our continuity as nothing else can. That we are the same persons both here and there, and will remain the same persons forever, in complete approval and joy and praise.

We don't find these identical words in the Bible, but we do find the spirit of them throughout the Scriptures. And we can rejoice in the truth that once we have become

a person in our natural life, we shall remain that same person forever, and we shall have all of the capacities and potentialities of that immortality of growth and service.

In a land like China today and under a government that apparently cares nothing for its citizens except as servants to do their bidding and as pawns to carry out their ambitions to dominate the world, there are millions of expendables who are used to carry out that and other wicked and fiendish purposes. Men in high places seem to accept with real satisfaction if not actual glee, the famines and other calamities that reduce the bursting population by other means than actual warfare. Famines will close millions of starving mouths forever, and so leave a little more food for the millions of other starving mouths. One cries out against "man's inhumanity to man."

We don't know much that is happening in China today, but we do know that streams of refugees are constantly pouring over into Hong Kong with heart-breaking stories of suffering and pain, famine and pestilence, cruelty and injustice, too great for human endurance. And in desperation they venture into the unknown with the hope that they might find something a little more tolerable.

And how thankful we are that Southern Baptists and other evangelical missionaries are there and ready to give them aid in food and clothing and shelter and the effort to get work for them to make their own living. Meager as that living is, it is heaven compared to what they left in China. And in addition they now have the priceless gift of freedom.

Many of the refugees are Christians, men and women of spiritual character and steadfast purpose to worship and

serve only the true and living God who has promised never to leave them nor forsake them.

Their firm resolution encourages us to hope and believe that there are still many men and women of faith and fidelity in China today who will perpetuate Christianity in their homes and families generation after generation, in spite of suffering and pain, persecution and humiliation of body and mind and spirit.

Such fidelity also gives evidence that the spiritual and financial investment of many years of missionary endeavor has not failed, and that it is still carrying on in courage and perseverance though it may have had to go underground.

We do not know that this is true, but God's promises prompt us to hope and believe that it is, and to pray for them, and commit them to His loving care and keeping until He takes them home to heaven. For Christ's sake we should and must do that much for them—to pray for them.

In these after thoughts I want to tell you what I have discovered about the Chinese language besides its picturesque structure and its musical rhythm. It is a wonderful medium for expressing delicate shades of meaning in many Bible verses that sometimes escape us in the English reading. For example take this verse from I John 1:9. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The last clause in Chinese is "Wash clean our each and every unrighteousness." To me that throws much light upon the meaning of cleanse. It figuratively suggests the method and the thoroughness



and also the extent of the cleansing—wash—clean—our every sin.

That is an emphasis which I like very much, and I am glad the Chinese people have that added light every time they read the verse.

I will now bring this book to a close. My regret is that I was not MOVED to write it much earlier. But I know that God can still use it, if He will.

And I now commit it to Him, and pray that He will send it where it will bring praise and honor and glory to His great and holy name, and spiritual blessing and encouragement to every one who reads it.

I now wish us all bon voyage and a happy landing on the other shore.

It is so beautiful down here. What must it be over there?

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

*(End)*

## NOTES

**NOTES**

