

# THE FREE WILL BAPTIST,

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## ANNOUNCEMENT:

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AYDEN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9, 1910.

## CONTEST CLOSED.

On Wednesday Nov. 2nd the contest for a Nave's Bible and Sunday School Library came to a close. Amounts were sent in for the Bible as follows: Eld. C. P. Johnson, Moscow, Miss. \$10.00; Eld. R. F. Pittman, Ayden, N. C. \$13.00; Eld. J. T. Butler, Aulander, N. C. \$10.00; Eld. D. A. Windham, Walstonburg, N. C. \$21.25. Total amount sent in for Bible, \$54.25. Eld. D. A. Windham wins the magnificent Nave's Bible, a powerful help for any minister. We should feel proud of what Bro. Windham and all the contestants have done.

## S. S. LIBRARY CONTEST.

The following schools sent in contributions for the Sunday School Library as follows: Little Rock church at Lucama, N. C. \$75.00; Gum Swamp, Pitt Co. \$25.00; Bay Branch, Timmonsville, S. C. \$9.00; Bethel, Whortonville, Pamlico Co. \$160.50; Davis Shore, Davis, N. C. \$57.01; Russells Creek, Beaufort, N. C. \$19.15. Total sent for library \$345.75. We congratulate both the contestants for the Bible and the library. Those ministers and schools rolled up an even \$400.00, the principal part of which goes to our Seminary at Ayden. We thank all those ministers and the schools from the very depth of our heart for the valiant work they have done. Several young ladies, bless their earnest souls have done exceedingly well. We can't help mentioning Miss Katie Sawyer of Bethel church, who put her energy into this movement and was a great worker at Bethel. The Lord reward her and all who love our cause. Brethren, just see what a few have done and what might be done. Are there not 50 schools that could have done what 2 or 3 have done? Let us rejoice that a new day is dawning upon us and greater things are in store for our loved Zion.

## GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The echoes of General Conference are many and cheering. Yearly Meetings that failed to represent, did themselves a great wrong and failed to give their full influence for the spread of the Gospel and perpetuity of the Free Will Baptist Denomination. We hope they will see their own interests and that of the world and never be so neglectful again.

We have about twenty-five dollars in the minute fund but we need as much more, if we get the number and kind of minutes the Conference desires. Will the churches who have not sent their one cent per resident member do so, at once, if possible by return mail? If they do we will have sufficient to have quality and number desired and enough to pay the postage required to send them to their destination.

We have the manuscript about ready for publication, but the printer tells us there are several jobs ahead of ours, so we will have to wait a considerable time before ours can be published.

Thomas E. Peden was unanimously chosen, at the General Conference, at Florence, Ala., Treas. of the General Conference, Foreign Mission Society, Home Mission Society, Education Society and A. C. F. Society. All of our Boards, except the Woman's Mission Society. Please take notice and send all money for these purposes to him and it will be sacredly used for the object intended, under the direction of the proper board. We have a good system, let us live up to it strictly and we will see the Lord's cause greatly prosper.

## "NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY."

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises Mr. Mann was asked: "Did you not color that a little when you said that all the expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for the ruin which is so near at hand; but "my boy"—it was worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "my boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter in her days of childish innocence. Today somebody's son is a hungry, weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity in the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "my boy," not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost—Common People.

I can hold there is no such thing as injury, that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury.

## NOTES ON THE WAY HOME FROM GENERAL CONFERENCE.

We left Florence October 15, on the L. and N. R. R. and were soon in Tennessee where very great excitement over the murder of Senator Carmack and the Prohibition question prevails. Our cars were soon crowded with men on the way to Lawrenceburg where the Law and Order, or Temperance candidate for Governor, Benjamin Hooper, was to make a speech. One of our number, Eld. W. M. Rodgers, got off the cars to hear the address. He overtook us the next day, reported a very large and successful meeting and that he preached three sermons, on the streets at intermissions and received twenty-seven dollars on his salary as National Evangelist. If the feeling, we witnessed, extends all over the State, temperance and good government will have a very large majority. When we reached Columbia, we remembered that a fine and costly college building, was, for some military reason unknown to us, burned in time of the Civil War, by order of General Negley and that our good friend and brother Eld. D. E. Dorch, the editor of our Hymn book until recently lived there. A Franklyn, we could, in imagination, hear the roar of the cannon, in the fearful struggle of 1864, between Hood and Schofield. We preached in our church, called Coler's Chapel, in Nashville, Sunday morning and found a good revival in progress, under the labors of their talented young pastor, Eld. J. L. Welch. On Tuesday, we started home, but stopped over Sunday in Dunn, where we preached Sunday morning and night to small congregations. Our church in this wide awake little city, has an intelligent well to do membership, but for some reason, it does not grow as it ought, or as we would naturally expect. The members realize this and are striving to find and remove the cause and we expect soon to hear that they are on the upward trend and are rapidly becoming the leading church in town both in numbers and true piety. We started for Ayden Oct 24 changed cars at Rocky Mount. We ought to have a church in this place. We learn that there are several members living here and a favorable element among the outsiders. A little aid from the Home Mission Board the right man for pastor and an earnest move on the part of the people, would soon establish a permanent church, in the place, that would be a great blessing to the community and soon pay back, to the Denomination through its benevolent societies, much more than was given it. We arrived home the evening of 24th. We can now read the history of thirty four sessions of the General Conference of our beloved denomination. From the first one in Tunbridge, Vermont, in 1827, with only twenty delegates and six states represented, down to the one just closed, at Florence, Ala. in which nearly all the states were represented by letter, or delegates, many of them by both; a steady increase is manifest and we are ready to exclaim "what has God wrought."

We ought at once to commence preparation for the next General Conference, with a firm purpose to make it the best in our history up to that time. Liberal contributions should be gladly and freely given to all of our National Boards, so that our Home and Foreign Missions and Educational work, may be greatly enlarged and extended. To this every preacher should be actively at work and every laymen prayerfully engaged.

## CONTEST DECIDED.

Our Bible and S. S. Library contest closed Oct. 31st, 1910.

It was a perfect success, and it is a great help for our school.

The result of the contests prove what can be done, when our people are fully aroused.

Bethel, S. S. Eastern Conference won the Library, consisting of 50 bound Volumes, sending in \$169.50 Miss Katie E. Sawyer raised the most of this large amount.

Little Rock, Wilson Co; of the Western Conference, made a noble effort sending in \$75.00. This was indeed fine work.

Davis Shore come next sending \$57.01; Gum Swamp came next sending \$25.00.

Bussells Creek, Eastern Conference came next sending \$19.15.

Bay Branch come next sending \$9.09 and did well. All have the hearty thanks of the Board of Directors and my self.

Eld. D. A. Windham Walsburg N. C. won the Nave's Bible sending \$21.25; Eld. R. F. Pittman next sending \$13.00; Eld. C. E. Johnson, Moscow, Miss \$10.00; Eld. J. T. Butler, \$10.00.

This was also good, and shows those who are interested in our school. The presents are well worth the effort to win them. Each preacher ought to have a Nave's Bible.

I have made arrangements with the company to supply any F. W. B. Elder with the Naves Bible, who may wish one. The time is limited. I will only handle the students. Any wishing the Bible can write me to Edison Ga. or Ayden N. C.

Our school's success. Prof. J. B. Sawyer is meeting all the requirements expected of him.

The young ministers are doing fine work under Prof. Sawyer's tuition and instruction.

Of course there are fault finders. I have personally looked over the work of the faculty and it is as good as can be done under the conditions.

I am leaving the state fully satisfied. I am leaving the management of the hands of Pres. Vause and his able assistants.

Yours to serve.

E. L. STCLAIRE.

A BRIVE BOY.

Far away across the sea there lived a little boy named Peter. If you could visit the home of Peter you would find many strange things. The children wear wooden shoes, and the girls are dressed in quaint white-aps and aprons. Wherever you looked you would see great windmills lifting their arms to the sky. The country is very low and there is always danger of the sea pouring in and destroying all the houses. To prevent this, the Dutch people have built strong sea walls all along the ocean. The sea walls must be carefully guarded.

One day a little boy had been sent on an errand. His path lay beside the great wall. As he walked along he heard a sound that made him stand still. It was the sound of trickling water. Peter knew the meaning of that sound. There was a leak in the wall.

No one was in sight, so Peter ran to the spot and put his thumb in the hole. The dripping ceased.

He called aloud for help. No answer came. It was growing dark, and the water was very cold. He called again and again. No answer came. He was very cold and tired and his little hand ached, but he knew that if he removed it the hole would soon become larger and the water rush in.

In the morning they found him, weak and pale, but bravely holding his thumb in its place.

"He is a very brave boy," said they. "He has saved all our homes."—Ex.

## CARDS.

In the delightful suburban home of a Chicago Judge a group of neighbors "dropped in" one evening for an informal call. A vivacious young woman at once proposed a game of cards.

"Come, Judge," she coaxed gaily, "play a game to pass the evening."

"Indeed, I won't," promptly replied the Jurist.

"Judge, are you such an old fogey that you won't play cards?"

"No, I'm not an old fogey."

"Why don't you play, then?"

"Well," blurted out the Judge, crowded into a corner, "I've watched you card players as a long while, and I've never yet seen a bunch of players that could get through a whole game without losing their tempers. There's always somebody complaining of the way somebody else has played, even in most friendly company. I won't bother with anything that spoils one's temper so."

"But, Judge," still coaxed the young woman, you know we are your guests, and you ought to play a game with us just because we want you to."

"Yes, you're my guests," echoed the Judge, his spirit rising noticeably higher; "you are my guests and that's the reason why you ought to think of my preference for spending my evenings. Why shouldn't you do what I want to—sit down and talk about something sensible?"

"There's just one reason why you play cards, and that's because you are so empty-headed that you can't talk. You don't know enough to spend an evening in any kind of conversation, and so you have to kill time fingering over those useless cards. You can do as you please. I'm going to the library to read."

Afterward the Judge explained why he foreswore cards.

"I never played much, and was always poor at the business. One evening, however, I sat down at home with my wife, my son and a young lady neighbor for a game of whist.

"Pretty soon I made some misplay. My son groaned, 'O, father, that was wretched!' I turned toward the young woman. Her face was white with anger.

"Was that such a very bad play?" I asked.

"It was inexcusable!" she almost hissed.

### Order Blank.

To FREE WILL BAPTIST PUB. CO.,  
Ayden, N. C.,

GENTLEMEN:—Find enclosed \$....., for which  
you will send to my address the following S. S. Literature for the ..... quarter of .....

..... Dozen Senior Quarterlies, @ 60c \$.....  
..... Dozen Junior Quarterlies, @ 50c \$.....  
..... Dozen Child's Primers, @ 30c \$.....

Total. . . \$.....

NAME.....

P. O.....

Co....., State.....

Note.—Detach and send above. Remit by M. O. when obtainable, otherwise by registered letter or stamps.

"I laid down my cards 'Here,' I said, 'is where I quit. If this paltry, good for nothing game can raise such a tempest as this over a blunder that I'm likely to make any time, I'm never going to touch it again. I know I can't play very well, and I'm not going to put myself in position to be scorned any more like this for an ignorance that isn't worth curing.'—Unidentified.

## "GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

"Yes, it is an awful scrawl, but it's to mother. She won't mind," said Pepita. "As long as she knows we arrived safe and sound she won't criticize the writing."

And happy, hurried Pepita gayly scratched an illegible address on the envelope and tossed it into the post box without a stamp, and this was to the loving mother, anxiously waiting for a word from her careless, pretty, selfish daughter.

Pepita would die rather than appear at her hostess' breakfast table with her hair in curl papers, but at home she goes about with her head thus decorated sometimes half a day.

Pepita never uses slang or chews gum or dog ears books or keeps her room looking as if a cyclone had just passed—when she is visiting. She does all these things at home.

Pepita would open her eyes with horror at the idea of being rude or discourteous to any one—outside of her home. She may not act according to any formulated rules of conduct, and doubtless does not realize the strict line she draws, but her motto seems to be, "Anything will do for the family."

Poor Pepita is one of a very large class. To this class belong the husbands who rush to open doors and fetch chairs for women they know slightly and let their wives go up three flights of stairs to bring them a magazine or a handkerchief.

To this class belongs the woman of gentle manner and refined speech who, in the privacy of the nursery, boxes her children's ears and scolds them shrilly.

To this class belong the men who allow themselves to be trampled and imposed upon in business, and who tyrannize over their children and bully their wives.

The charity that begins at home is a good thing, and it is a better thing when it extends beyond the home. But why do these people not cultivate for home enjoyment as well as for public exhibition, self control, courtesy, thoughtfulness, tact and tolerance?—Selected.

## SELF HELP.

"Get the dictionary and look it up yourself, dear."

"But, auntie, it is so much easier to ask you."

"Of course it is, Betty, but, if I tell you today, you will have forgotten by tomorrow and will have to ask again. There is a homely old saying that fits you all too well: 'Easy come and easy go.'"

"Oh, dear! the dictionary is such a great big thing and I am never anywhere near it when I want to look up a word."

"How would you like to have a little one that you could carry about with you? If you will look up every word you are not sure of in the big dictionary and write it down carefully with its definition for—let me see—yes, for one month I will give you the best and prettiest pocket dictionary that I can buy at the end of that time."

"What a dear auntie you are! It's a bargain! I promise to do my part faithfully."

And so one little girl formed the habit of consulting that wonderful book, the dictionary.

The beginning of the school year is a good time to make good resolutions. Will you not try this year, little cousin, to get just as much as you can out of your lessons instead of skimming them over quickly and asking other people for help that you could give yourselves? The things that we look upon ourselves and that we teach ourselves are the ones that we always remember.—Cousin Joan.

## WHAT CAN YOU BRING?

"How many loaves have you?" It is the Lord's first question, and the hands of those who really want his help search their robes to see what they have hidden there. One brings his joy, another brings his pain, another brings his poor condition, another has nothing to bring except his sorrow that he has nothing. It is a poor condition—only seven loaves and a few little fishes—but it is enough. His blessing falls upon them; and they come back to the souls which gave them up to him, multiplied into the means of healthy, holy, happy life.—Reformed Church Record.

The average saloon is the most disreputable place in the community; it is a bureau of information on vice; it is the first place one would enter to inquire for a gambling hall or for a disorderly house. It is likewise the first place visited by the officers of the law when they are looking for a criminal, and the first place closed in case of riot and disturbance. Those who defend the open saloon, do it on the ground that it is a necessary evil, and that the use of liquor can be better regulated by license than by prohibition, it is never defended on the ground that the saloon is a center of morals, an educational institution, a social asset or even an economic advantage.—W. J. Bryan.