

THE FREE WILL BAPTIST GEM

ORGAN OF THE MISSOURI STATE ASSOCIATION OF FREE WILL BAPTIST
AND OF THE CO-OPERATIVE GENERAL ASSOCIATION—FOR FREE WILL BAPTIST EVERYWHERE

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SPIRITUAL VALUES

By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

From The Free Baptist of August 28, 1900.

From Berlin, where he preached in the American church to a congregation, comprising many of his countrymen who are traveling through Europe, Dr. Talmage sends this discourse, in which, by original methods, he calculates spiritual values and urges higher appreciation of things religious. The text is Mark 8:36: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Men of all occupations are to be found in the assemblies of the house of God, but in these days of extensive business operations a large proportion are engaged from Monday morning to Saturday night in bargain making. In many of the families across the breakfast table and the tea table are discussed questions of loss and gain. You are every day asking yourself: "What is the value of this? What is the value of that?" You would not think of giving something of greater value for that which is of lesser value. You would not think of selling that which cost you ten dollars for five dollars. If you had a property that was worth \$15,000, you would not sell it for \$4,000. You are intelligent in all matters of bargain making. Are you as wise in the things that pertain to the matters of the soul? Christ adapted His instructions to the circumstances of those to whom He spoke. When He talked to fishermen, He spoke of the Gospel net. When He talked to farmers, He said: "A sower went forth to sow." When He talked to shepherds, He told the parable of the lost sheep. And am I not right, when speaking to an audience made up of bargain makers, that I address them in the words of my text, asking: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

I propose, as far as possible, to estimate and compare the value of the two properties.

First, I have to say that the world is a very grand property. Its flowers are God's thoughts in bloom; its rocks are God's thoughts in stone; its dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearl. This world is God's child—a wayward child, indeed. It has wandered off through the heavens. But about 1,900 years ago, one Christmas night, God sent out a sister world to

call that wanderer back, and it hung over Bethlehem only long enough to get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with soft feet of light, comes treading back through the heavens. The hills—how beautifully they billow up the edge of the wave white with the foam of crocuses! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth come to talk to each other in tears after the storm is over! How nimble the feet of the lamplighters that in a few minutes set all the dome of the night ablaze with brackets of fire! How bright the oar of the saffron cloud that rows across the deep sea of heaven! How beautiful the spring, with bridal blossoms in her hair! I wonder who it is that beats time on a June morning for the bird orchestra? How gently the harebell tolls its fragrance on the air! There may be grander worlds than this, but I think that this is a most exquisite world, a mignonne on the bosom of immensity. "Oh," you say, "take my soul! Give me the world; I am willing to take it in exchange. I am ready now for the bargain. It is so beautiful a world, so sweet a world, so grand a world!"

But let us look more minutely into the value of the world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. After you have looked at the property and found out that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds and the book of mortgages and the book of judgments and the book of liens, and he decides whether the title is good before you will have anything to do with it. There might be a splendid property, and in every way exactly suited to your want, but if you cannot get a good title you will not take it. Now, I am here to say that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down upon it, in the very year I so settle down upon it as a permanent possession, I may be driven away from it. Aye, in five minutes after I give up my soul for the world, I may have to part with the world, and what kind of a title do you call that? There is only one way that I can hold an earthly possession, and that is through the senses. All beautiful sights through the eye, but the eye may be blotted out; all captivating sounds through the ear, but my ear may be deafened; all lusciousness of fruits and viands through my taste, but my taste may be

destroyed; all appreciation of culture and of art through my mind, but I may lose my mind. What a frail hold then, I have upon any earthly possession!

In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you must serve upon him a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the premises, but when Death comes to us and serves a writ of ejectment, he does not give us one second of forewarning. He says: "Off of this place! You have no right any longer to the possession." We might cry out: "I gave you a hundred thousand dollars for that property;" the plea would be of no avail. We might say: "We have a warrentee deed for that property;" that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he cannot see a seal and cannot read an indenture. So that, first and last, I want to tell you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world you cannot give me the first item of title.

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You would not be silly enough to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. You would not have anything to do with such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance you can give me that this world is not going to be burned up? Absolutely none. Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the earth is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flames not bursting out because the hatches are kept down. And yet you propose to palm off on me, in return for my soul, a world for which, in the first place, you can give no title, in the second place, for which you can give no insurance. "Oh," you say, "the water will wash over all the land and put out the fire." Oh, no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen, and then the Atlantic and Pacific oceans would blaze like heaps of shavings. You want me to take this world, for which you can give no possible insurance.

Here is a man who has had a large estate for 40 or 50 years. He lies down to die. You say: "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars." Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chains, and you say: "There is a property extending three miles in one direction and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No! You do not want any surveyor, with compass and chains. That is not the way to measure that man's property now. It is an undertaker you need, who will come and put his finger in his vest pocket and take out a tapeline, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way and two feet six inches the other way. That is the man's property. Oh, no; I forgot; not so much as that, for he does not own even the place in which he lies in the cemetery. The deed to that belongs to the executors and heirs. Oh, what a property you propose to give me for my soul! If you sell a bill of goods you go into the countingroom and say to your partner: "Do you think that man is good for this bill? Can he give proper security? Will he meet this payment?" Now, when you are offered this world as a possession I want you to test the matter. I do not want you to go into this bargain blindly. I want you to ask about the title, about the insurance, about whether men have ever had any trouble with it,

about whether you can get all or the ten-thousandth part or one hundred-thousandth part of it.

There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourself, as I shall before God have to make up my mind for myself about the value of this world. I cannot afford to make a mistake for my soul, and you cannot afford to make a mistake for your soul.

Now let us look at the other property—the soul. We cannot make a bargain without seeing the comparative value. The soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and as you see it performing its wonderful work you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with its tremendous faculties; it moves in silence. Judgment without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work—velocity, majesty, might, but silence, silence. You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it encircles the universe and overvaults the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty it throws aside the body as though it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap it springs beyond star and moon and sun and chasms of immensity. It is superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless soul.

I calculate the value of the soul also by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things, and yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You are in a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instruments preparing—the sharp snap of the broken string, the scraping of the bow across the viol. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music. And all the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment is only preparative.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships; but, oh, the grander friendship for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here, but how much sweeter

(Continued on page 13)

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THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

Do you appreciate your opportunity to get the Gem for 75 cents a year, two years for only \$1.50, or the opportunity to get your paper for just a little time and effort? Some have responded, but many have not been heard from; if you are among the latter, why do you wait? the time will soon come when the price of the Gem will go back to \$1.00 per year.

The editor wonders about different ones, whether they appreciate the Gem, and want it, or whether they think the paper is not just what they want, or whether they feel that they must use the dollar in some other way, or is it just neglect?

If you neglect your paper, what right have you to expect it to prosper and grow bigger and better? The editor feels that we have reached the place with our publication that we **must go forward**, but without your help we cannot do it, will you help? All we are asking you to do is to send in your own subscription at 75 cents per year, or get three others to subscribe and get your paper for one year for your trouble, two years for six subs, will you do it?

The future for our paper depends on **you**, what shall it be? It isn't a question of whether you can pay the 75 cents, but can you afford to neglect your paper? This is the Lord's work, so it is His cause we ask you to support. If you obey Him, and support His cause, He will bless you and His cause will prosper. Our prayer is, that you may be blessed.

The Following Paragraphs may be Helpful

1. You believe that God is, and you believe that He will reward you if you seek Him in faith; then never neglect your daily prayer, especially private prayer (Heb. 11:6).

2. Never neglect your daily Bible reading, remembering that it is God's word and that through it He is speaking to you. It is Truth, so believe it and act upon it, and the more you read, the more you will learn about Jesus (John 5:39).

3. Remember that you must worship God and pray to Him in the Spirit; if you cannot do this, you should pray the penitent's prayer, confessing your sins to God, asking forgiveness and pray for Him to make you what you ought to be (John 4:24).

4. If you are in doubt about a thing being right, go on your knees and ask God's blessing upon it. If you cannot do this, it is wrong, for it is not of faith. (Romans 14:23).

5. Never believe and act upon anything that you cannot find agrees with God's word: it cannot be true, if God's word is true, and God cannot lie. (1 John 5:10).

Report of Indian Creek Association

By E. O. Callen, Blue Eye, Mo.

On September second nineteen hundred thirty-one was a scene in the Lord's service that we will not soon forget, when the nineteenth Annual Session of Indian Creek Association convened with our Jones Chapel Church.

Bro. Noel Turner preached the introductory sermon, and we got a spiritual vision of why we are in the service of our Lord.

Bro. O. T. Allred was elected Moderator, with Bro. Winford Davis, Assistant.

There were preachers, deacons and delegates
And lay members in that place,
Praising Jesus our blessed Savior
For His great redeeming grace.

Jesus blessed us with His presence
In the songs and Gospel true,
In the prayers and testimonies,
And the business meetings too.

As we viewed the waiting audience,
There the workers we could see,
Coming in from different churches,
At this great gathering to be.

And they gave reports of labor
For the blessed Master here:
Brother Swaffar and Brother Turner,
For the work went far and near.

Brother Brooks and Cecil Campbell,
And our sister Elda Crain,
In Christian faith were all alive,
And on the Gospel Train.

Many others there were present,
Whom we have not space to name,
But they helped to make the meeting
A success in Jesus' name.

In this great Association,
The dread devil there we found,
But through the blessed name of Jesus,
Praise the Lord, we kept him down.

Friday was a blessed day
In that happy meeting there,
Many souls had found the way;
Had been forgiven through earnest prayer.

In the audience there was shouting
And the Spirit spoke aloud;
God's great love was felt among us,
In that blessed union crowd.

And the preaching was so wholesome;
Good advice we all should heed:
And the Mission talks instructive,
Showing us the Mission need.

And we all enjoyed the singing,
Yes, the music, it was grand,
For it made us think of heaven
That dear, happy, golden strand.

Four young men we licensed to preach
And one other we did ordain;
Let us pray that these young preachers
Will always trust in Jesus' name

We heard reports from committees,
On various topics too,
Telling us in plain language,
Many things that we should do.

The meeting closed on Saturday
And we separated there
To go back home to work and pray
For the next Association year.

Let us pray, if Jesus spares us,
Through another year,
That success will be much greater
In the Master's vineyard here.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MEETING

Well, before we hardly realize it, the time for the Co-operative General Association is going to be here. I am glad that it is to be held with our home church again this year. I take great pleasure in giving you an invitation to be with us; remember it begins on Tuesday night before the third Sunday in November. I trust the Lord that we will have as great a time this year as we had at Tulsa last year, or even greater. It was glorious to be there.

And our State Association is even nearer than the Co-operative. I think the outlook for our State work, generally speaking, looks bright; the dear Lord has been blessing us wonderfully, and will continue to do so, if we stay on the job; but remember that you will not receive that blessing that is waiting for you at the State Meeting unless you go. Let's not be afraid to sacrifice for the cause.

We have just closed the Indian Creek Association—one of the greatest in its history—our Association gets better each year. We received two new churches this year, for which we are thankful. Praise the Lord we have a Captain that knows no defeat. I think of the command of our Lord when He said, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

Just a word now about the "God's Acre Plan." Let's get all the proceeds in we can by the time the note is due on the linotype, which is early in Nov. Of course there are some crops that cannot be harvested by that time, but we will get all turned in that we can.

Winford Davis.

Granby, Missouri

(Jones Chapel Church)

Dear Readers of the Gem: It is through God's tender mercies and loving kindness that I am permitted to write again to our beloved paper.

Since I've known what it means to be called one of God's children, I often wonder if each of us would ask ourselves the question: "Am I doing just what God wants me to do?" how many of us could truthfully say, "Yes." In my mind it is as great

October, 1931

a sin to neglect our duty as it is to do something we shouldn't do. If we will read our Bibles, we will find in 1 Thess. 5:19, these words: "Quench not the Spirit." This one sentence means much to me.

Every one has an influence, either for good or for evil. Now, if we go to church and feel that we should lead in prayer, sing or testify, let's do that. We never know who we might influence, besides it will help us to be better, stronger and braver boys, girls, men or women every time we stand for Jesus.

In 1 Thess. 5:21-22 it reads, "Prove all things; Abstain from all that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil." This doesn't mean that we can go to a dance or a show now and then, play this one game of cards, or swear just one oath, but it means, Abstain from every form of evil. If we start indulging in minor sinful things, it will soon become a habit. We all know that it is much easier to never form habits than it is to break them.

We might go somewhere where we shouldn't go, thinking no one would find it out, but, friends, let me tell you that there is an all-seeing eye watching you. Its hard to say "No" to your friends when they ask you to go to a show, to a dance, with a swimming party, etc., but by the grace of Almighty God it can be done.

When we read the ten Commandments in Exodus 20:1-17, how many think we can steal something, or covet something, or break any one of them in the least without being guilty of breaking them all? We know that if we break one, we are guilty of breaking them all.

Let's each one of us examine ourselves and see just where we stand. Remember that Paul said in 1 Thess. 4:7, "For God called us not for uncleanness, but in sanctification."

Pray for me that I might ever be victorious and abstain from every form of evil.—Doris Turner.

Peshastin, Washington, August 30, 1931

Dear Editor: As I have written to the Gem once before, I feel this morning that I should make an effort to write again. I was still in sin when I wrote before, but have been "converted" since that time; and feel that I should do something for God's cause and kingdom, so I am writing to the Gem again. The subject I will write on this morning is entitled:

"The Little Things"

If we cannot do great things and cannot understand the deep, mysterious sayings of the Bible, let us remember that we might say and do little things that would be of inestimable worth to others, not only while we journey with them, but even after we quit the walks of men. And let us remember, too, that some of the seemingly little occurrences in the days of our Savior, as He journeyed with His poor saints, proved to be of such greatness and worth in the eyes of the Lord that He said they would be held in remembrance and spoken of until the end of time. Do we consider rightly our opportunities to do and say little things that will be helpful to others in our everyday life? Do we remember that "a word fitly spoken is as apples of gold in pictures of silver?" It is so easy to help others bear the burdens of life, and yet we fail. We might bright-

en the pathway of some poor, struggling pilgrim with even a smile or kind word. Are we not forgetful of even little things that we can do to make others happy? I confess that I am, I sometimes forget the most needful things to be done.

Could we not, in our travels through this life, scatter a few flowers along the pathway? Could we not administer, in Jesus' name, a little drink of water to some poor, thirsty soul, which would give encouragement to press on with hope for a brighter day? How I wish sometimes that all of God's children could see and realize the worth of little words that they have spoken through their past life!

The "little things," though often passed up and little thought of by us, or looked upon as worthless, are not overlooked by Him who views the secret motives of all our actions, and who even bottles up the tears of all His saints, even though they may have been poured out in sorrow to bathe His precious feet.

We can never in this world know the worth of little words of encouragement and manifested love for each other. No matter how much love I might have for father and mother and friends, if I do not tell them about it, either in words or actions, it will be of no worth to them. And in writing this article, I have in view, not only to drop a little flower in the pathway of some poor little one who feels the need of comfort and help in this life of disappointments and sorrows, but also to impress on the minds of others the importance and also the joy and satisfaction of doing the little things.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another" (John 13:34). Dear friends, if we live up to this commandment, we should be helpful also, as well as loving to one another. We should try to help someone by doing some kind deed, or by saying some little word. We may not be able to see the good it will do in this life, but we will be rewarded in the land where sorrow never comes.

As I am just a young convert, I ask every Christian to pray for me, that I may be able to do something for the cause of God.

Yours for the cause of God,
Ray Garrison.

Granby, Missouri, September 7, 1931

Dear Readers of the Gem: Bro. Johnnie Swaffar and myself, with Bro. G. A. Garner, closed a meeting at Oak Grove church August 28th. God wonderfully blessed each service, and poured out His Spirit in such a way that souls were saved and made to shout praises unto God.

Fourteen souls were saved, and seventeen united with the church. This makes the little church much stronger, and we thank God for it. The church has only been organized since February 15, 1931, but has a real good chance to become a strong one.

There are some people in the Oak Grove church and community as good as can be found anywhere, and are really alive for God. We are planning for a baptizing service there September 27, 1931.

Yours for Jesus,
Eld. Noel Turner.

COUCH, MISSOURI

Dear Readers of the Gem: I have been reading the Gem for two years, and when I went to visit my daughter in Texas, I took one of the papers with me and told her we must send for it; for I could not do without it. It is the best religious paper I ever read. I enjoy reading the good letters from the brothers and sisters in Christ, and I am going to be a reader of it for the rest of my time.

I believe it is our duty to be a reader of our church paper, but some will say, "I can't, I haven't the money," yet they have the money to go to picture shows and such things.

I read the answer of Jesus to His disciples, "When shall these things be?" that "nation should rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom." I believe this prophecy was fulfilled in the World War of 1914. Before that time wars were fought, army against army, but from 1914 to 1918 it was nation against nation and kingdom against kingdom and every man, woman and child was forced to have some part in either preparing material at home or going to the front or conserving food as a war measure. The nations were organized as never before. It was indeed a world war, and Jesus said it would be followed by famines, pestilences and earthquakes. Many of these have already come, and in 1918 came the greatest pestilence the world has ever known, exactly as Jesus had foretold, that pestilence was called the Spanish Flu. It swept over the population of the earth from the frozen north to the south, and killed more people in six months than the war did in four years, farther testifying in answer to the question of the disciples. Jesus also said that there would be general distress of nations and perplexity. All the nations have been in distress and perplexity since the world war, and no one has yet brought forth a scheme that will overcome the difficulties. The Scripture says in Rev. 12:12, "Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Since the World War the burdens and trials of the people continue to increase. Some of the people's money must be taken to prepare for another great war. "The wicked are set up," the proud appear to be happy, even though they are not and, while this is going on the faithful witnesses for God are carrying out the command given them by the Lord who said, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Jesus says that this will be marked by tribulation upon earth such as man never saw before. "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." We may confidently rely upon the statement of Jesus that this will be the end of tribulation upon the earth, because he says, "Nor ever shall be." Jesus also infers that many shall pass through this trouble and live, and all should take courage from this who desire to see a better

condition. Let each one settle it in his mind for all time that God is true when He makes a promise. It is absolutely certain that that promise will be fulfilled. He has never failed in one of His promises, and all of them are good. The Psalmist says concerning Jehovah, "Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever" (Psalm 119:160). "The testimony of the Lord is sure" (Psa. 19:7). The Lord will not force anyone to accept the truth, but will compel all to obey the truth when they hear it, or else suffer the consequences. The only way back to God and happiness will be to travel over the highway according to way of holiness. Those who refuse to hear the instruction of the Lord concerning the way shall suffer punishment, which punishment will consist of everlasting destruction.

'So, asking all to pray for me, that God will ever bless and keep us humble at His feet, may God bless the Gem family, the editor and his wife.

A sister in Christ,

Mrs. M. B. Cockman.

Yale, Oklahoma, September 9, 1931.

Dear Editor: As I have been elected to write to the paper from the Vance Chapel church and Mission work, I will give a short report.

We have a good church and Sunday school out here in the country, 150 in Sunday school today. We also have a good prayer meeting, which meets every Thursday night. We are getting a good Mission work started. Most of us are new at the work and will have to grow into it.

We sure like the Gem. I read it all through as soon as we get it, there is so much good reading in it, and, Bro. Brown, if you will send me a few sample copies, I will try to get you some subscribers. I will boost for the paper all I can.

We had a good Camp Meeting and Association at Tulsa. It will be at Drumright next year. We Mission workers meet every Wednesday evening, and then all the missions meet together once each month. We sure do have a good time in service for the Lord.

Have you heard that Eld. T. J. Townsend is dead? Well, if I see this in print, I'll write again.

Your sister in Christ,

Mrs. W. L. Bean.

Indian Creek Association Report

Granby, Missouri, September 7, 1931.

Dear Readers of the Gem: Our Indian Creek Association, which met with our Jones Chapel church near Stella, Mo., September 2nd, closed Sept. 6th.

Eld. O. T. Allred was elected Moderator and Eld. Winford Davis Assistant Moderator.

Nine churches were represented, including two that came with petitionary letters and were admitted.

We transacted some important business and also enjoyed some old time preaching, singing, praying, and shouting. Three souls were saved during the meeting.

Bro. Cecil Campbell of the Jones Chapel church acknowledged his call to the ministry and was grant-

ed a license for one year. Also Brothers Kenneth Turner, Johnnie Swaffar, and Joseph Brooks were granted license, and Eld. Noel Turner was ordained.

The F. W. B. Leagues were given time to transact their business. We hope that what has been done is the beginning of more and better Leagues and a stronger co-operation among them.

The Indian Creek Association will meet with our Merl's Chapel church, near Cassville, Mo., beginning on Wednesday night before the first Sunday in September, 1932.

Eld. Noel Turner, Clerk.

Comanche, Texas, R4

Dear Bro. Brown: I am writing to our dear paper, the Gem, which I think is doing a good work in spreading the Gospel. I love the Gem, for it is a letter from home, as I was born and raised in Oregon County, Missouri. I have organized and pastored a number of churches in Missouri.

I came to Texas in 1919, and have been preaching in Texas and Oklahoma since that time. I went back to Missouri three years ago and held two meetings and a number were saved.

Have just closed a meeting at my home church at Comanche, with twenty-one saved and twenty-one added to the church. We have a fine lot of young folks in our church who are fine workers, and will put a program over.

I had the pleasure of meeting Eld. T. C. Ferguson at West Fork Association in Texas, a wonderful man indeed. Bro. Brown, enclosed find \$1.00 for which send the Gem to Mrs. W. J. Irby, Blanket, Texas. Sister Irby is a wonderful worker in our church. Please send me some copies of the Gem, as I am urging my members, all who can, to subscribe for our paper.

May the Lord bless our editor and Gem readers. I will write a sermon soon. Pray for me.

Yours for the lost,

Eld. E. J. Vaughn.

Niangua, Missouri, August 12, 1931.

Dear Readers of the Gem: I feel it my duty this morning to write a few lines to our paper. God bless the one that had the paper sent to me, for I surely do enjoy reading it, especially the letters from the brothers and sisters in Christ of our neighborhood. I sure did enjoy reading Sister Lina Claxton's letter, and others did too. I think it is good for our sinner friends, if they will only read it.

Our Sunday school is doing fine, I sure enjoy going. I am thinking of a friend this morning, Aunt Caroline Blackwell, who used to come to our Sunday school, but she doesn't get to come now, and we sure do miss her. She has moved to Niangua and only gets to come on church days. She wants every one to go to Sunday school.

Bro. Selph Jones has accepted our church at Amity for another year. This will be the eighth year for him at Amity. He has been a faithful pastor.

I wish every Christian would write something for our paper.

A sister in Christ,

Mona Johns.

SELF EXAMINATION

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" (2 Corinthians 13:5).

This verse of Scripture seems to fasten itself on my mind, and the thought I get from it is establishing communications with our heavenly Father, so that we might know, as Christian people, that we are pleasing Him. If His Holy Spirit witnesses with our spirit, we are His, if we have fervent charity for one another, love and perfect peace in our hearts.

To see if our labor in His vineyard is acceptable to Him, let us tune in by our prayers, and let Him manifest Himself to us. To illustrate (if the editor doesn't object), we offer an anecdote found in the Modern Woodman for September, entitled "Sam's Method."

"Sam's Method"

It is well to check up once in a while and be sure that everything is going all right. I will tell you of a good example that came under my observation. The other morning Sam Johnson came into my office and said:

"Good mawnin', Mistah Blank. Kin I use your phone a minute?"

"Why, certainly Sam," I said.

Sam called his number, and, after a few minutes' wait, said:

"Is dis Missus Wallingford? Well, I scēs in de papeh where you-all wanted a good cull-ed man. Is you still wantin' one?—Oh, you got one?—Then de man you is got is perfectly satisfactory, and you don't reckon you-all is gonna make any change?—All right, ma'am. Dass all, thank you."

"Now, that's too bad, Sam, that the place is filled," I said.

"Oh, dass all right," he smiled. "I is de nigger what's fillin' it, but I jess want to check up on ma efficiency."

We arrived home safely from Indian Creek Association, and wish to thank every one for making our visit so pleasant and home-like; and extend a cordial invitation to our Association when it meets at our Hannon church next year.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Fast and Mary.

The Mercy Seat

From every stormy wind that blows,

From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat—

'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds

The oil of gladness on our heads—

A place of all on earth most sweet;

It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,

Where friend holds fellowship with friend,

Though sundered far, by faith they meet

Around one common mercy seat.

There there on eagle's wings we soar,

And sin and sense molest no more,

And heaven comes down our souls to greet

And glory crowns the mercy seat.

—Contributed.

Hartville, Missouri

Dear Gem Readers: As a testimony for my Lord, I will write a few lines for our paper.

I love the Lord, and God knows my heart, that my desire is to please Him. I thank God for the good rain He has sent. I have been very happy today. I love Him and expect to live for Him every day while I stay here. I sometimes fail, but I try to get my eye off myself and on my blessed Redeemer and, dear readers, though we make mistakes, if our intentions are right, He will help us to overcome our mistakes. I want to live right each day and be ready to go at His bidding. I can't afford to idle away my time in sin. I often regret that I didn't turn to God sooner, but I thank God that He has revealed Himself to me and I don't want the favor that He has bestowed upon me to be in vain, so I am going to work for Him. May God help us to abstain from all sin. Some people say there is no harm in the Sunday ball game, but the same God that said, "Thou shalt not steal," said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and Jesus said, "If ye keep all the commandments, yet offend in one point, ye are guilty of all," so if we refuse to hear Him that speaketh from heaven, what will be the end? Now, dear readers, let us lay aside these things and serve God, and let us begin now to pray for a great revival of meetings this fall. Let us go with prayer on our hearts, that God will save lost souls. May God help all His children to grow in grace and to abstain from every sin, for sin cannot enter the kingdom of God and, dear brethren, as this is the beginning of a new year for our ministering brethren, let us stand by them in the work and strive to make this year a more prosperous one than last. Let's not depend on the pastor to do all, but let us work with him and help to lift high the blood stained banner of Christ. May God bless you all is my prayer.

Lucy Deckard.

FROM NOW UNTIL JANUARY 1, 1932

Between now and January 1, 1932, we hope to double the circulation of the Gem. To do this, we must have your co-operation and your help. We are now in the last half of the third year of our publication: for more than two and one-half years we have sent out the Gem once a month, feeling that it was appreciated by most of its readers, and praying that God would bless it to the upbuilding of His kingdom. We have not just existed: but we have done good. We have a good linotype and, thanks to Bro. York; his Subscription Campaign for Mothers' Home Life will more than finish paying out on the linotype, and yet there is need. You

may not believe it, but the editor of the Gem needs money.

During our six years of experience as publisher of a church paper, three years or more with the New Morning Star and nearly three years with the Free Will Baptist Gem, we have learned something about what it costs to publish our paper; and about how far the money received for subscriptions will go toward paying that expense; and we find that any paper that doesn't carry advertising, must have help from some source other than subscriptions at so much per year. During all these years, and especially during the last year, we have realized that, if we really succeed with our paper, we must carry advertising. Of course the advertising must be clean and wholesome. We can't advertise anything that a real Christian could not approve. We know where we can get suitable advertising: it is ready for us when we get the circulation.

During the financial depression, which still continues, we have been sorely taxed to keep the paper going. Several months ago, when we had around 650 paid up subs to the Gem, we had hope of increasing our circulation to 1000 or 1200 in the regular way, but we have lost 100 or more from the 650, and still losing, for we have to drop more names each month than we add during the month. If we can increase our circulation to 1000 or more, we can get advertising enough to pay the expense of publication: our present circulation is not sufficient.

We are not asking you for a gift or donation: only asking for your subscription and all the subscriptions you can get between now and January 1, 1932. Come on folks, let's put on a real campaign for subs the rest of this year. To show you that we mean just what we say, and to encourage all who are willing to work for subs, we have reduced the subscription price of the Gem for the rest of this year to 75 cents per year.

You can get the Gem for a whole year for only 75 cents; 16 months for \$1.00; two years for \$1.50.

Get three yearly subscriptions to the Gem at 75 cents each (new or renewal) and have your own sub for one year for your trouble: get six subs and get the Gem for two years.

Now, when you have read this announcement, don't think it is only for the other fellow: it is for you, and for every one to act upon. How much do you care for the welfare of OUR paper? You should care at least 75 cents worth: then you have a chance to save one-fourth on the price, or get your paper for just a little time spent in an honest effort to help in a good cause. If you are already paid up, send in your sub anyway; if we are to take in advertising, we must keep up the circulation.

OBITUARY

Melton—Our dear Sister Melton passed away August 30, 1931. She was fifty-seven years old and was loved by all who knew her.

She had been a Christian for a long time, but had been in our church for only about six months. We hated to give her up, but our loss is heaven's gain.

Her funeral service was at Vance Chapel, conducted by Eld. W. L. Bean.

Written by her true friend, Mrs. W. L. Bean.

Holman—Robert Franklin Holman was born in Lincoln County, Tennessee, December 1, 1872. He departed this life at Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., August 15, 1931, aged 58 years, 8 months, 14 days.

He was converted about seventeen years ago and joined the M. E. Church, but later changed his membership to the Free Will Baptist church, and lived a true Christian life until death.

Bro. Holman was a devoted husband, father, brother, and friend to all who knew him.

He was married to Miss Tisha Yarbrough, who survives him, thirty-three years ago. To this union seven children were born, four daughters and three sons, who were all present during his illness and death, besides a host of relatives and friends.

Bro. Holman was assessor of this county for two terms of four years each, from 1908 to 1916. He was well known and well liked by a host of people who attested their friendship by their presence at the funeral, which was attended by a large gathering from various parts of the county.

Funeral services were conducted by Eld. Gaines of Thayer, Mo. and Eld. Crase of Myrtle, Mo., at the New Salem church, and the body was laid to rest in the New Salem Cemetery.

A sad heart heals within our breast,
A loneliness is there;
Death has come into our home
And left a vacant chair.

We know he is better off;
His soul has gone to rest:
We know not why it should be,
But God knows what is best.

We miss his daily presence here,
The counsel he has given
And, if we follow in his path,
We will meet him up in heaven.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors who were so kind to us during the illness and death of our dear husband and father.

Mrs. R. F. Holman
Mr. Sperlin Holman
Mrs. Mabel Easley
Mrs. Maud Crinshaw
Mr. Polk Holman
Mrs. Ruby Norman
Mrs. Edna Powell
Mr. Woodrow Holman

Written by a friend, Miss Mary Moore.

FREE WILL BAPTIST LEAGUE

Johnnie Swaffar Reporter

Macedonia League Report

This finds our Association over and everyone back at their post. I hope we are stronger and better bands than before.

I was looking through our League Quarterly and found a topic entitled, "If we Neglect." "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2:3). I thought how true it was and how well the author illustrated it, when he compared the thought to the cake of ice bearing the carcass, floating down the Niagara river toward the falls. The eagle, sailing above, saw it and descended to eat it. We picture the scene as the eagle glides down toward the falls. No doubt she had done this very act before. No doubt she realized there was a fall just ahead, but she knew her strength and was able to use her wings to sail out and above the sudden falling of water. As she comes near the edge, it seems that we would make some move if we were her, but she is relishing her prey and is going to stay till the very last. Just as the cake of ice comes to the falls, she spreads her wings to escape, but what happens? She had stayed too long; her feet were frozen to the ice, and of course she went down and down. Why? Because she had neglected her opportunity to escape too long.

Leaguers, if we can see a weakness in our leagues of any kind, and it seems that it is going down, then and there is the place to do something. Don't just sit and watch it go down, as the eagle did, but make a move to improve it. Let's not neglect our duty, a move on our part may mean much.

Kenneth Turner.

IRONDALE, MISSOURI

Dear Readers and League Workers: Just a few lines again to let you know that I have not vanished away, but am still on the firing line for God, swinging the sword at every opportunity. I am rejoicing in my Savior's love.

I have just returned home from a great feast, for God was in our Southeast Missouri Yearly Meeting. We witnessed an old time meeting, where His Spirit was leading minds and heart.

We had a good delegation, also a good League delegation, which met to elect officers for the coming year and to transact business, and plan for our State Association. We also examined our Constitution and By-Laws.

Our officers elected for the coming year are:
President Alva Holman Mine La Motte, Mo.
Vice Pres. Eld. L. A. Ferguson Flat River
Sec.-Treas. Myrtle Denton

I wish to say that I am very proud of this League Association, they are in the fight to win. We have had four Associations this year and each one is better than the one preceding it.

We are looking forward to our State Association with great interest. I feel that, if I should miss that, I would miss a great feast, for we have a good and great future before us for our young folks.

(Continued on page 13)

Mothers, What Do You Think?

I noticed in the September issue of the "Household Magazine" that they are featuring the opposite opinions of two mothers relative to their boys playing football. One says, "Yes, my boys shall play;" the other says, "No, my boy shall not play." One is the wife of a poet and publisher, the other a doctor's wife. Both give their reasons. I notice that Mrs. Farror says she wants her son to play football in spite of all the criticisms and corruption that have filled the news treating on the game. She admits that the system of football must be controlled and reorganized, but says, in so many words, that its misdoings, as a system, depends not on individual players. She asks the reading mothers to follow her in this article, that she may convince them that there is some good in football after all, but she does not say how large a some. She says, "A great many mothers who see their sons grow into manhood must be thinking about football these days." That's the truth. Our present motherhood has the brutal football question on their hands and it is impossible to remain neutral about it. You have been dragged into it to where you must say "Yes" or "No."

As to the brutality of the game, she says, "Over exploitation has made the game seem much more hazardous than it really is." I want to say here that broken arms and legs, disfigured faces, yea and lifeless forms are the most substantial testimony. She says, "I refuse to be worried about the physical dangers of football." She admits in that statement that the nature of every true mother is to be anxious about her boy when she thinks he is in danger. That is as natural for a mother as for water to run down hill; and it is true that the mother that isn't worried when her boy is at war in a football game, simply refuses to be worried. I want to say here that too many of our mothers of today are rebelling against those natural traits that belong to a mother.

She is right when she pictures the football crowd sitting through the rain and biting cold, yelling themselves hoarse. Again she says, "The almost universal interest in the game proves that it means something to the American public and should vitally concern every one of us." She quotes from the psychologists that "football is the logical outlet for the normal fighting energy of youth." That reminds me of the statement of another man that "our boys should be taught boxing to enable them to settle their disputes with their fellow man." How sad! Isn't there some other way to control this fighting energy in youth without having to use the brutal football game as a safety valve? I want to say that a little home discipline would help, and also I want to say that there is a balm in Gilead. So many other things could be painted out on this side of the argument, but space will not permit.

Let's turn and examine the reasons of Mrs. Wynkoop for her opinion. She begins by giving us a mental picture which I shall relate word for word: "The stadium is full of color and sound. We are eighty thousand strong, on our toes, hoarse with cheering, so excited that we do not know we are cold and that the sun is almost down. All we know

is that it is the last quarter and the last 'down and the score is 0 to 0.

The whistle blows; the players disentangle themselves from their muddy, struggling fellows on the field and trot away to their places. But one boy does not get up and trot away. He lies there on the blackened grass, writhing. The doctor and his helpers run out on the field. The bands stop playing and the stands are silent. The men carry the boy off the field, his feet limp and helpless, and they hold his head carefully. Another player dashes out, the boy who was hurt gets a cheer from his side, and the game goes on. But I hope his mother wasn't there to see him writhing in the mud and carried off the field with concussion of the brain. That is my reason, biggest reason, why I do not want my boys to play football."

She says there are other ways to develop good qualities in boys without the dangerous football game. She also says, "It does not seem to me necessary to the development of American manhood, that 152 college boys from 25 institutions should, in one recent year, have concussion of the brain, and that ten more should have internal injuries from football as the Carnegie Foundation reports." This lady, in this statement, has given us something to think about. Also another good thought we get from this statement, she does not want her boys placed in danger just to entertain the public. Let me add another word, too many of our mothers have lost sight of what development in youth really is, and of what it takes to make a real boy. Mrs. Wynkoop doesn't state it wrong either when she says, "We Americans have lost our heads." She says, "Each fall we have a large number of broken bones, dislocated shoulders, sprained wrists, knees and ankles, and cracked heads over football; and I do not think it is worth it." Mrs. Farrer said there was some good in football; but I feel that where good abounds evil doth much more abound. She also speaks out against the moral and ethical hazards of a commercialized sport; which, if I know anything certainly needs to be spoken against by somebody. God says, "The love of money is the root of all evil." You take a lot of our big football and baseball promoters: their interest is not in the welfare of your boys, but its the easy money there is in it. Let me again quote her exact words: "The insidious thing here is that half grown boys are just beginning to learn that in life there is often more than one way to kill a cat. They begin to see that a great many things in this world are not so simply right or so simply wrong as they seem at home or at Sunday school. They like tricks at this age, ways to "get by" appeal to them as being funny." Now we know that this is true and what boy is it, regardless of how well reared, can get all mixed up in sport, commercialism and trickery and not get contaminated with it? It is just like telling a baby it may wade in the mud, but be sure and keep clean.

Other good things this mother said could be cited, but space will not permit. Let us say, God bless such mothers who have the right views on such things and are not afraid to speak them before a frowning world. I am sure that you mothers who are real God fearing mothers will agree with this last lady's views.

—Winford Davis.

THE IMAGE OF THE MASTER

Bishop Thoburn tells a beautiful story about a picture of his dead child. It seemed a very imperfect photograph, so blurred and scarcely a trace of the loved features could be seen in it. But one day he took the picture to a photographer, and asked him if he could do anything to improve it. In three weeks the bishop returned, and, as he saw the picture in its fram on the wall, he was startled. It seemed as if his child were living again before him. The image had been in the old picture, but was concealed beneath the blurs and mists that were there also. The artist, however, had brought it out in strong, living beauty, until it was like life in its tender charm. In every true disciple of Christ there is the image of the Master. It may be dim. Its features are overlaid by blurs and blemishes, and are almost unrecognizable by human eyes. It is the work of Christ in our lives to bring out this likeness, more and more clearly, until at last it shines in undimmed beauty. This is what Christ is doing in many of His ways with us.

Who from unsightly bulb or slender root

Could guess aright

The story of the flower, the fern, the fruit,

In summer's height?

Through tremulous shadows voices call to me,

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

HIS CALL TO PREACH

Bishop Matthew Simpson has told in a most touching manner the story of the early struggles that led him to the ministry. As he left boyhood behind, the conviction grew on him that he must preach. But how could he? He was halting in speech, with a harsh voice, and with an impossible manner of declamation—the last one to face an audience.

After turning the question over in his mind many times, with increasing discouragement, he at length reluctantly dismissed it, and took a three years' course in a medical college.

But the idea of entering the ministry haunted him day and night, so that it almost seemed to him, as he said, that if he "did not become a preacher he could not be saved."

This led him to pray over the matter, as a result, the morbid anxiety that had grown upon him vanished entirely one day at the sight of a Scripture text: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart." The words had been written on purpose for him, he said to himself; and from that time he felt content to let God decide his course.

A day came when his obedience to the Divine direction was tested. The impression came upon him very strongly that he ought to speak at a certain prayer meeting, because the minister was away. "But how can I?" he said. "I shall make a fool of myself. What will my friends say—and my uncle?" Above all people young Matthew dreaded that old uncle.

Afternoon came. He was trembling with indecision. To his amazement his uncle looked up and said, "Don't you think you could speak to the people tonight?"

"But do you think I ought?"

"Yes. I think you can do good," was the grave reply.

The young man spoke. He carried the crowded audience with him. His words had power because they came from a full heart.

The experience of that evening was like a revelation. After those three years of unwilling study, he recognized his call, and in no uncertain voice. But even now he was troubled, so that he did not dare to decide "yes." His mother was a widow, and Matthew felt that it would break her heart to have him change his profession and leave home. After many struggles he decided to tell her what he thought God required of him.

"Never," he said, "shall I forget how my mother turned upon me with a smile, and said, 'My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born.'"

Then she told him how she and his father—who was then a dying man—kneeled beside the infant in the cradle, consecrated him to God, and prayed that he might become a minister. And she added that not a day passed but that the repetition of that prayer had mounted to the throne of God.

And yet that mother had never intimated to her son the secret of her heart's desire. She was one of the reserved women of the older times. That talk crystallized the young man's purpose, and young Simpson went forth to his wonderful career. —Youth's Companion.

FAMILY PRAYER

The good results of family devotion will never be fully known in this world. Many years ago a Christian family in a Western State lived in a lowly cabin on a little farm. Religious worship was conducted in that humble home regularly every night. The father was a devout man of God, who, amid the struggle with poverty which continued almost throughout his entire life, never neglected to commend his family to the care of the Heavenly Father at the close of the day. The mother was also a pious Christian, who was not ashamed to let her light shine before her children. When her husband was absent from home she gathered her children about her at nightfall, read a portion of Scripture, and, with a voice tremulous with emotion, offered a brief evening prayer. The cabin was lowly, the comforts of life meager, but the fires of devotion were never allowed to die out from the family altar.

In that family were several sons growing up amid the temptations to which youths in rural districts are always subjected, and before which thousands go down to ruin. One of those boys was very susceptible to these evil influences, and began early to yield to the pressure of sinful allurements. But one thing restrained him, even when out of sight of his parents—the religious atmosphere of the home followed him wherever he went. One evening, while listening to his father's prayer, a strange feeling came over him. He saw the folly and danger of sin in a new light. The beauty of righteousness completely captivated him. Future possibilities rose before him like an inspired vision. The conviction of duty which took possession of his mind

at that moment proved the turning point of his life. He heard the voice of God speaking in accents clear and strong, calling him into His service in the Christian ministry.

It was a distinct call from God to turn from sin and preach the Gospel. Before the prayer was ended the response was given and the purpose unalterably formed to live for God.

He proceeded at once to execute his purpose. He united with the church, followed Christ, found means to take a course in college, entered the Christian ministry, and remains to this day on the walls of Zion calling sinners to repentance. A career of nearly forty years in the Christian ministry, with the conversion of hundreds of souls and other good results, many of which will not be known until the books are opened at the last day, are all to be traced back to that small beginning at the family altar. —Zion's Watchman.

Lessons From the Birds

By the Editor's Wife

We have had a great many birds in our yard and garden this summer, the Brown Thrush, robins, doves, Blue Jays, and even a pair of small owls that live in a hollow branch of one of the trees.

Some of these birds are very tame, especially the robins. They will hop around over the grass, and they do not offer to fly away, even though we may walk within a few feet of them. They look up at us with their bright eyes, but do not seem afraid, and they have been very busy all summer, keeping the insects picked off of the vegetables. How kind we should be to these little insect gatherers! We could not raise crops and vegetables without them.

But I have noticed lately that our birds have been acting differently. Flocks of blackbirds have been getting together and chattering in the trees and they certainly have been having happy, noisy times together. I have been watching them and have decided that they are planning to go south. They have noticed that the nights are beginning to be cool, and the dear Heavenly Father who watches over and cares for His creatures has given them the wisdom to know that the ice and snow of winter will soon be here, and that they must be going soon to their sunny southern home. We do not like to give them up, but we are glad that they have such a warm comfortable winter home prepared for them for,

"Far to the South is a land that lies
Basking beneath soft summer skies;
When we are chilled by winds and snows,
There sings the lark, there blooms the rose."

I firmly believe that the dear Lord would have us learn a lesson from the birds. Do we ever stop to consider how obedient the birds are to Him? They live just the kind of lives He wants them to live and because they are obedient to Him, He is able to direct all their ways and take care of them. Not one sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, and He cares for them winter and summer. They are busy and happy here all through the summer, raising their families, and they love their homes here

in the tree tops, but when He calls them to the Southland, they are glad and willing to go.

The dear Heavenly Father has given us a blessed summer time to prepare for a better home and a better clime than this. The Savior has gone on ahead to prepare this home for us. If we commit all our ways to Him, and live obedient lives in His service, He is able to direct all our ways and make us understand the things He wants us to do, and He surely knows the things that are best for us to do.

If we have been busy and happy in His service, and we see that our summer time is coming to a close, and our work is nearly completed, we think more and more about going home. We have so many treasures there. We have loved our home here and have been happy in the Master's service, but the home to which we are going is so much dearer than this. The little brother that we loved and lost many years ago, who put his dying arms around us and told us how much he loved us—he is there. The little sister who dreamed of heaven before she died, and told us how beautiful it was—she is there. The dear father and mother are there and, best of all, the dear Lord who has been so good to us and has given us every good thing we have ever had is there, so why shouldn't we be getting ready, and why shouldn't we be ready and willing to go? Why shouldn't we sometimes be homesick for heaven?

The Lord is reminding us daily that this life is just a preparation for a better life than this, so why shouldn't we heed these lessons, even when the birds help to teach them?

Where is Home?

John 14:2; Rev. 7:16-17

Where is home?

Is it where stately mansions rise
With dazzling splendor towards the skies,
The poor man's dream—the rich man's prize?

Where is home?

Where is home?

The humblest place beneath the skies,
When viewed with love's devoted eyes,
Becomes a perfect paradise!

This is home!

Where is home?

'Tis where the heart's best treasure is,
For perfect love is perfect bliss.
Deny me wealth, but give me this:

Love is home!

Love is home!

And when our earthly loves are o'er,
And earthly mansions are no more,
For ever on the other shore,

Heaven is home!

Irondale, Missouri

(Continued from page 9)

Let us all go there with prayerful hearts to keep this good work moving on. Cease not to pray for the right ones to be elected as our State League officers. Let God have His way. If, for instance, there should be one whom the leagues deem better qualified than myself for the place (Vice president) which I now hold, I will gladly give way for the one chosen, and will by the help of God keep working and praying for the League work, for from the very start it has been the desire of my heart to see the young people of the Free Will Baptist denomination given their chance in this work, for as one good Bro. has said, "The future of the church depends upon the training of our young folks."

I will close now, hoping that, if it be God's will, to meet you at the State Association.

Pray for me, that I may ever be faithful.

Yours for the cause,

William Reeves, Vice President.

Notice—Dear League Workers and all who are interested: Our Constitution and By-Laws are now ready to be placed before the State Association for their approval and, if approved, we want to have them printed soon, so let each and every League send to the Association your part for printing of same, so we can get them out to the leagues.—W. R.

HARTVILLE, MISSOURI

(Wolf Creek Church)

Dear Readers of the Gem: Another beautiful Sabbath day has come and gone and, as the twilight hovers down upon this earth, God's great footstool, I just wonder how many, at this time, realize that it is just the protecting care of a Savior's love that keeps them day by day? But while there are thousands running to and fro, heedless of God's love, not realizing that in a moment's time they could fall a victim to death, and into the hands of one that will render them justice without mercy; there are some good old praying fathers and mothers that are still walking in that old path of righteousness, and are leading some of our boys and girls in their footsteps.

Last Sunday night was prayer meeting night at Uncle Rube Keelen's and a little girl about fourteen years of age, that had been saved at a prayer meeting, was the leader. While that little child was standing there conducting that service, it seemed that the great Spirit of God was leading and directing in every way, some rejoicing, some weeping, some praying. That little girl stepped boldly out and made an altar call, and six came and went down on their knees at the altar and began to pour out their hearts to God in prayer. One was gloriously saved, and everyone felt that it was good to be there.

Dear readers, you that haven't got a prayer meeting in your neighborhood, start one for the sake of lost souls. It was through the effort of a cottage prayer meeting that the prison doors were opened for the apostle Peter. If you don't believe that an old time prayer meeting is a good thing to have in your home, just invite it there some time, and see what a great blessing the Lord will bestow upon you and your home! There is lots of strength and spiritual food in a prayer meeting.

As far back as my mind will go, I can remember the family altar, around the old fireside at home, when dear old daddy would read, sing and pray before our darling mother would put us little tots to bed. Father and mother are old, wrinkled and grey, and stooped with the toils and cares of life, but Oh, how I thank God for them and for the teaching they gave us children.

May God's love and mercy rest on all who read this, especially on our dear editor and his wife.

Pray for me, that I may ever be willing to be obedient unto God.

Mrs. Emma Pryor.

MONETT, MISSOURI, R1

Dear Readers of the Gem: What is wrong with so many of our readers that used to send in so many good articles to the Gem? It seems that they are laying out and expecting some one else to do the writing. You that once were in the habit of writing articles for the Gem, get down a few of your recent numbers of the Gem and see who you are leaving the writing to.

Folks, we have a fine paper, if we will just do our part to help push it. Let's not leave all the writing, labor and expense to the editor. Of course, if you fail to do your part, it is left up to him to bear it. Let's see that the next issue has something in it that you have composed. Let's not leave it all to Bro. and Sister Brown and a few of the faithful ones. Make it a better paper by your help.

Kenneth Turner.

SPIRITUAL VALUES

(Continued from page 2)

they will be there! I do not think that when flowers die on earth they die forever. In the sunny valleys of Heaven shall not the marigolds creep? On the hills of Heaven will not the amaranth bloom? On the amethystine walls of Heaven will not the jasmine climb? "My beloved is come down into his garden to gather lilies." No flowers in Heaven? Where, then, do they get their garlands for the brows of the righteous?

Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after awhile! A conqueror comes back after the battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling, and the other arm holds a crutch. As he mounts the platform, oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say: "That man fought for us and imperiled his life for us," and how wild the huzza that follows huzza! When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitudes of the redeemed of Heaven and we meet Him face to face and feel that He was wounded in the head and wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the side for us, methinks we will be overwhelmed. We will sit some time gazing in silence until some leader amid the white-robed choir shall lift the baton of light and give a signal that it is time to wake the song of jubilee, and all Heaven then will break forth into "Hosanna, hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg

there is a diamond that the government paid \$200,000 for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable or the government would not have paid \$200,000 for it." I want to see what my soul is worth and what your soul is worth by seeing what has been paid. For that immortal soul the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through His holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

I argue also the value of the soul from the home that has been fitted up for it in the future. One would have thought that a street of adamant would have done. No; it is a street of gold. One would have thought that a wall of granite would have done. No; it is the flame of sardonyx mingled with the green of emerald. One would have thought that an occasional doxology would have done. No; it is a perpetual song. If the ages of Heaven marched in a straight line, some day the last regiment, perhaps, might pass out of sight; but, no, the ages of Heaven do not march in a straight line, but in a circle around about the throne of God. Forever, forever, tramp, tramp! A soul so bought, so equipped, so provided for, must be a priceless soul, a majestic soul, a tremendous soul.

I was reading lately of a sailor who had just got ashore and was telling about his last experience at sea. He said: "The last time I crossed the ocean we had a terrible time. After we had been out three or four days the machinery got disarranged, and the steam began to escape, and the captain, gathering the people and the crew on deck, said: 'Unless some one will go down and shut off that steam and arrange that machinery at the peril of his life we must all be destroyed.' He was not willing to go down himself. No one seemed willing to go. The passengers gathered at one end of the steamer waiting for their fate. The captain said: 'I give you a last warning. If there is no one here willing to imperil his life and go down and fix that machinery we must all be lost.' A plain soldier said: 'I'll go, sir,' and he wrapped himself in a coarse piece of canvas and went down and was gone but a few moments when the escaping steam stopped and the machinery was adjusted. The captain cried to the passengers: 'All saved! Let us go down below and see what has become of the poor fellow.' They went down. There he lay dead." Vicarious suffering! He died for all! Oh, do you suppose that those people, on the ship ever forgot, ever could forget, that poor fellow? "No," they say; it was through his sacrifice that I got ashore." The time came when our whole race must die unless some one should endure torture and sorrow and shame. Who shall come to the rescue? Shall it be one of the seraphim? Not one. Shall it be one of the cherubim? Not one. Shall it be an inhabitant of some pure and unfallen world? Not one. Then Christ said: 'Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.' and He went down the dark stairs of our sin and wretchedness and misery and woe, and He stopped the peril, and He died that you and I might be free. Oh, the love; oh, the endurance; oh, the horrors of the sacrifice! Shall not our souls go out toward Him, saying: "Lord Jesus Christ, take my soul. Thou art worthy to have it. Thou hast died

to save it?"

God help you rightly to cipher out this sum in Gospel arithmetic: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

A Sweeping Revival at Non, Oklahoma

Dear Editor and Gem Readers: I have never written to our paper before, but I feel that God has so wonderfully blessed our church and community that I want to tell others about it.

On August 22, Eld. M. M. McKee and his helper, Bro. H. C. Croger, began a revival meeting here. The power of God was felt from the beginning, and was manifested in many ways. The old the young were saved from sin, and in several homes the entire family was saved. We feel that great and lasting good has been done. 35 were saved; 33 additions to the church; 30 baptized, 25 one Sunday and five the next. Bro. Tom Wainwright, a man 60 years old that people had prayed for for years, was saved. Thank God for such men in His service as Bro. McKee and Bro. Croger. The church has called Bro. McKee for pastor another year.

Our plan for financing the church is to have a "Church Crop." This year we have 20 acres, 14 acres in cotton and six acres in corn. Each member does his or her part of the work and we always have money in the treasury. The ladies meet and prepare dinner while the men and young folks do the field work. Last spring there were 72 working one day.

Our meeting closed on Wednesday and several delegates attended the Association at Pickett, near Ada. Pray for us, that we may grow and prosper in the Lord.

Frank Purser, Church Clerk.

MANSFIELD, MISSOURI Pleasant Ridge Church

Dear Readers of the Gem: Will write a few lines to our paper. We enjoy reading the good letters from our brothers and sisters in Christ.

I am glad to say that all is well with us. We feel like going on, doing all we can for our dear Savior.

I was converted forty-one years ago and am still determined to go on. I thank God for salvation that saves souls. We are still praying for sinners, as we see so many going on in sin. Our hearts are burdened for we have loved ones still out in sin. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3).

We are thankful to have Bro. G. W. Scott, Jr. for our pastor another year. We feel sometimes that we can't wait for our meeting day to come. Our meeting day is the fourth Sunday in each month.

We are still having a good Sunday school and League, and also our Bible class each Wednesday. I do hope the class will continue to be interested in the Bible study, as there is so much to learn. God's word is our guide, it calls both our hopes and our fears. We all desire kindness and there is only one way to get it and that is to be kind. He who strives to treat others as he would be treated by them, will not fail to come near to the perfect life.

Your sister in Christ,

Mrs. Lula Crippen.

Grandma Jones' Birthday Dinner

The following is a report of a birthday dinner given for Aunt Mattie Jones, near Oskaloosa, Mo., September 18th.

The writer being in a meeting at Hannon, was invited to this dinner and there were so many things of interest, that we felt we would like to pass some of them on to the readers of the Gem.

Sister Mattie Jones was born in Miami County, Ohio in 1843. She came with her husband to Barton County, Mo. in 1867 and settled on the farm where she yet resides. This saint of God was converted in the year 1862 and the life she has lived for her Master has been one of unspeakable greatness.

The home where Sister Jones yet lives has been the home of her children, not only in childhood, but the two sons have raised their families in the house and still reside there, the house being one that would remind one of the Colonial home of the pioneer days of the United States. The house has fifteen rooms, most of them large, and one room is much larger than the others, being built for church services. This and the different pieces of furniture, made back in the days of the Civil War, were very impressive to us who are younger, but the greatest thing of note is the Christian influence that has constantly gone out from Mother Jones' life.

A number of good talks were given during a prayer and praise service in the afternoon and God's presence was felt in our midst.

So with the wonderful spread of temporal food at the noon hour, the privilege of meeting our old friends and forming new acquaintances, the enjoyment of God's presence in the prayer service and again in the service at Hannon that night, we must call this another great day in God's service.

Eld. O. T. Allred.

ABOUT OUR \$1,000 CAMPAIGN

Hannon, Mo., Sept. 21, 1931

Dear Readers of the Gem: Perhaps you are all interested to know about our deal with Mothers Home Life Publishing Company.

There was just a little misunderstanding on my part with the Company, concerning the contract, which will cause a little delay in our settlement.

The deal so far as I know is good, and up to date the company has shown a fair and square deal on their part. They have refunded all the money loaned for the purpose of putting the deal over, and as soon as the contract is released, final settlement will be made. Then I will give a full report in the Gem.

Knowing the conditions as I do, I am not in the least uneasy.

For any further information, I will gladly furnish the same to any who will write for it, as space in the Gem would not permit of its lengthy explanation.

Yours for the cause,

Eld. W. H. York.

MAUMEE, ARKANSAS

The Free Will Baptist Gem:

Greetings in the name of the Lord:

My heart is exceeding glad and my soul is running over with joy as I meditate on the wonders of His matchless grace, by which man can be made every whit whole (John 5:6).

I have closed the meeting at Marshall, Ark. and I want the readers of the Gem to know that we had a wonderful time. The attendance was good, ranging from four hundred to eight hundred. The old time heart felt Gospel was preached and they received it with joy; and there was much shouting. The singing was fine and enjoyed by all. Eighteen souls were saved and a new F. W. B. church was organized, which we believe will prosper and grow. I am now working in a union meeting at Hickory school house. Have two more revivals to hold as soon as this one is over. Will make a report of them later on.

If there is an idle preacher anywhere with nothing to do and is willing to deny self and work for God, come over and help us. The harvest is great and all so ripe. Every child of God that reads this report remember us when you pray, and ask God's blessings upon us.

Your brother in Christ,

Eld. J. E. Phillips.

Mountain Grove, Mo., Sept. 21

To, the Free Will Baptist Gem: Just a few lines to let you know that I am not dead yet, but have not been doing any revival work yet, as I live on a farm and have

so much to do. Some one may say: "Let the work go," but my children are all in school except our baby and some one has to cut the corn, sow the wheat, milk the cows, and pay our debts.

I am trying to pastor four (4) churches this year, namely: Mtn. Grove, Caudle just north of Norwood, Mo., Ashley and Wolf Creek close to Mansfield, Mo. I was at Wolf Creek yesterday. Sure did have a good meeting. I baptized three (3) and two (2) joined the church. We sure do have some good people over there. They have cottage prayer meeting each week and have been having conversions in them.

I went to the General Baptist Association last week. We sure did have a good time. They have some very able ministers. Bro. R. F. Haskins preached one sermon well worth my trip. I got to see all of their ministers, I am acquainted with most of them, so it was quite a treat to me to get to be there.

Well I hope to see you all at the State Association.

Yours for the Master,

Eld. G. W. Scott, Jr.

HAVE YOU READ THE BOOK?

Hartville, Mo., Sept. 14, 1931.

Dear Editor and Gem Readers: I want to talk to you a little while about a book I have been reading for a number of years, a book that shows exactly what the present world conditions, the wars, food scarcity, and all existing complications mean, and what has caused them.

The Writer sees precisely how everything will come out, for the Author of this Book of which I speak is not man, but God. The Book which declares the outcome of present world conditions is the Bible; don't you think you should read it? You can afford to neglect your newspapers, for they only tell you what is happening from day to day, their editors know nothing of what will follow tomorrow.

The Bible will yield you the world's whole digest, its yesterday, its today, its tomorrow, and things that are now happening. The wars would not so happen if the war leaders lined up to this Book. The Book tells you how to conduct yourself in the hour full

(Continued on next page)

Information

The Gem office is well prepared to do your job printing, and that at prices that are right.

We do minute work in first class shape, and want your work.

We print letterheads, envelopes, cards, circulars, posters, etc.

Ask us for samples of any work you are interested in, and get our prices; perhaps we can make you better prices than you can get elsewhere. Give your publishing house a chance to do your job printing; it will help us to meet our expenses.

Letter Heads

Printed on Hammermill Bond
Size 8½x11 inches

100	\$1.25
200	1.50
500	2.25
1000	3.50

Envelopes

Good envelopes printed as ordered
Size 6¾

100	\$1.25
200	1.50
500	2.25
1000	3.50

10 inch Size

100	\$1.35
200	1.70
500	2.75
1000	4.50

Blanks

Size 8½x11 inches
Suitable for framing

Minister's Ordination blanks, 10c
Minister's License blanks, 10c
Deacon's Ordination blanks, 10c
Evangelist's Cert. of Election, 10c
If less than 5 blanks are ordered, 5 cents should be added for postage.
5 or more, 10c each, postpaid.

Treatise

Treatise of the Faith and Usages of the Free Will Baptist, 25c each.

Letter Blanks

Letter from a Church to a Q. M., Y. M. or Association. Letter from Y. M. or Association to State Association, 5c each, 6 for 25c, postpaid.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The announcement of your Association, Quarterly Meeting or 5th Sunday Meeting should appear here. Send in your announcement so it can be printed in the next issue of the Gem.

MISSOURI STATE Association will meet with Free Will Chapel No. 1, better known as Pleasant Ridge Church, near Urbana, Mo., beginning on Tuesday night before the third Sunday in October, 1931. Eld. E. E. Winfree to preach the introductory sermon. Eld. G. W. Scott, Sr., alternate. Winford Davis, Clerk, Monett, Mo.

CO-OPERATIVE GENERAL Association will meet with our Macedonia Church, about four miles northeast of Purdy, Mo., beginning on Tuesday night before the third Sunday in Nov., 1931. This is a regular meeting, and election time for all officers.

Eld. M. L. Sutton, Clerk, Box 211 Sylvania Station, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Butler-Dunn Theology

The Butler-Dunn Systematic Theology, the standard book on Free Will Baptist faith and doctrine, is now reprinted, and every minister and Christian worker should have a copy. This is an important book in the SCHOOL OF THE BIBLE, conducted by Eld. John H. Wolfe. Ministers and Christian workers, wishing to better prepare themselves for Christian work, should have this book, and should take the correspondence course offered by the "School of the Bible."

The book is well bound, has 476 pages, at \$2.50 postpaid.

Send orders to the F. W. B. Gem, Purdy, Missouri or to Eld. John H. Wolfe, Pawnee City, Neb.

Hartville, Missouri

(Continued from page 15)
of horrors, which hour is just coming upon the earth, how to

make good for yourself, and how to help others to make good in this time of terror, of calamities so soon to arrive, which is going to be worse than anything ever yet to happen on the earth. God says to you at this crisis, especially when you remember that God is the author of your existence; God is the Preserver of your life, in His hands is your very breath at this instant. He also has demonstrated His love for you in the gift of His only Son to die for you; He must wish you well when He gave so priceless a gift as His Son to die for you. His Son Jesus says: "By my words ye shall be judged." Have you read the Book? The prophecies of the Book reaches over the main events of the 6,000 years of the race of man. Have you read the Book? What man could write of someone who should live thousands of years in the future? what kind of clothes he would wear? how men would shake their heads at him? the criminals between whom He would die? the rich man's tomb in which He would lie? and one hundred thirty details, some uttered by the pen of one man God employed to write? Don't you think you had better read the Book? This Divine Book is the Volume you and I will be judged by and if we fail to build with it, we shall be judged by it. "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned" (Matt. 12:37). Do you read the Book? What are you doing with the Book, which brings you the message of God's love? Are you reading God's great love letter from Heaven to you? Have you read the Book of all books?

I want to tell you some things I have read in this Book, if I am permitted to talk to you again. I know there will be room in Heaven for all who love to read this Book, called the Bible, and yield your whole being to God to be forever His, and take reverently His Book in your hands to learn His will, that you may do it. Oh, may God help us to read and understand the Book, what it means to us. Bless every body dear Jesus, who is reading the Book and obeying as best they can

Pray for me and my family.

Your sister in Christ,

Mrs. Lina Claxton.