

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12:1



Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 1. No. 7.—April, 1961

IN THIS ISSUE

TEMPTATION

DEBBIE'S FIRST CASE

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE

PICTURE FEATURE

A WONDER IN GOD'S CREATION (KANGAROOS IN FLIGHT)

Boys think it cowardly to go
back on one's friend, but it is
a thousand times worse to go
back on one's self.—J. White

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

Published monthly in the interest of our young people.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Elon College, N. C.

Second class postage paid at Post Office, Elon College, N. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$3.00 a year — Two years, \$5.00

In clubs of 5—\$2.00 a year

Address:

Editors, Youth's Living Ideals
The Primitive Baptist Publishing House
Rt. 2, Elon College, North Carolina

In This Issue . . .

Temptation, Glen Berry	193
The Life You Save May Be Your Own, Mrs. Clyde Kirkman	195
Love, Courtship and Marriage	
Wait Until Financial Prospects Are Considered, Rice	196
Modesty in Dress Pays Off, W. W. Orr	197
From Our Readers	200
Who Teaches the Birds? W. L. Wilson	201
Watch Your Conversation—Children Are Listening, T. J. Fleming	202
Truthfulness, James Terry White	204
The Unfinished Prayer (poem), Col. T. H. Ayers	206
Notes From Mom, Mrs. W. J. Berry	207
Words Fitly Spoken	208
A Wonder in God's Creation (illustration)	
Gray Kangaroos in Swift Flight	209
Debbie's First Case, Mrs. W. J. Berry	210
Another of the 57 Reasons . . . (No. 6), Fred John Meldau	214
Money Can Do Anything. . ., Paul Harvey	216
The Christian Home (poem).....	217
Women of the Bible—Ruth, H. V. Morton	218
News Items	220
How Things Began. . .	
Why Be an Ape? H. J. Appleby	221
The Noblest Revenge, McGuffey's Fourth Reader	223

SPECIAL OFFER

Send a \$3.00 subscription for a friend and receive yours free,
or send two new subscriptions for the price of one—\$3.00.

Youth's

Living Ideals

Vol. 1. No. 7.—April, 1961

Temptation

WHAT DO YOU think of when you think of the word *temptation* or the act of being *tempted*? Is it an evil thing to be tempted? Let us see. The word simply means "to put to trial; to test." Now would we say we had done evil because we had been put to a test or tried for any particular thing? No, the evil is not in the test but if we are tested by being tempted to do an evil and "*give in*" to the temptation, then is when the evil comes in.

Let us imagine that we are walking along a pathway (life's pathway) and in front of us is drawn a line and we come suddenly face to face with a temptation. If we stay on this side of that line, we do no evil. We are only being tested. Yet, because we are weak, sinful creatures, we sometimes fail this test. We "flunk out." Then we have done evil, and must face God's righteous frown. But "blessed is the man that *endureth* temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him," says James (1:12).

It is because we know we are weak creatures that we must pray to be lead not into temptations (where we may fall) and to be delivered from evil. You know, the One who told us to pray this way was also tempted. He knows we are weak, and He knows from experience what it means to be tempted. He had not had anything to eat for forty days and the Tempter came to Him. You might imagine what we would do for a piece of bread if we were in this condition. All Jesus had to do was to speak for the stones around His feet to be turned into bread,

but this would have been obeying Satan and failing the test. Yet, we must remember, Jesus was as hungry for food as any man would be after fasting for over a month. He knew what it was to be tempted, but He knew that man "shall not live by bread alone." He knew that God must be obeyed rather than Satan. Yes, we have a Priest that is touched and moved with tender feelings with the feelings of our weaknesses and infirmities, for He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4:15) "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour (deliver) them that are tempted." (Heb. 2:18). Isn't it a wonderful thought to realize that He knows and understands our every weakness because He, too, was tested. Isn't it a blessed thought, too, to know that He is the Friend that bore our sins and takes upon Himself our cares. "What a privilege to carry everything to the Lord in prayer."

Now, let us look back on our pathway where we come face to face with this imaginary line which we must not cross. We come upon these "lines" almost every day. We are faced with temptations and we must either "pass" or "fail" the tests. If some of these tests are failed they will be harmful to our physical and mental health—leaving us a weaker person, even naturally speaking. But, even worse, some of these tests if failed, will be harmful to the purity of our soul and character—leaving us weaker spiritually speaking.

So, we conclude, whether or not we pass or fail these tests or temptations depends on whether or not we depend on ourselves or on a higher Power. If we depend on our *own* strength, we will surely fall headlong into the evil. Looking to ourselves will be denying or rejecting Christ—a thing which is most serious. But what we must do for victory over temptations is to bow our knees and look to Jesus, begging Him to deliver us. Satan will not turn our feet as long as our eyes are fixed on Christ! We must beg Him to give us strength and grace to withstand Satan's fiery darts. He is able to deliver those that are tempted. *Looking to Him* is the "way of life" we want to live.

—G. B.

The Life You Save May Be Your Own

Is there in our high school a boy, girl, or teacher who would deliberately and in cold blood murder his friend, an acquaintance, or a person whom he does not know? Or is there one who would aim a loaded gun at himself and pull the trigger?

No! would be the emphatic answer if this question were put to the student body. But is it correct? Murder is murder, and suicide is suicide, there is no in-between. It doesn't matter what weapon is used—whether it is a gun or a speeding automobile. The highway patrol—and who could know better than the men whose unpleasant task it is to view the wreck and the pieces of what once was a human body—tells us that after the speedometer on an automobile passes 55 the car is no longer being driven—it is being aimed. The only difference between it and another murder weapon is that too often, in the case of the car, there isn't just one victim—there may be seven, or ten. . . .

"The life you save may be your own" is a catchy slogan and all too true, but apparently it has had little effect on our driving habits. Perhaps we should revise it to say, "The life you *take* may be your own," or to view it a bit more unselfishly, "The life you take may be that of some innocent person—perhaps your brother, your girl, your best friend." The victim will most assuredly be someone who values his life just as highly as you and I value ours, and someone who is loved by parents and friends just as much as you and I are loved.

This may be a morbid thought, but it might be worth thinking about as the speedometer climbs to 60, 90, and 100. It takes only a fraction of time and only one accident to bring death. You aren't given a second chance sometimes. Neither is the person in the car you're meeting. And if not death, life in a wheel chair can be a long, miserable one.

Viewed from any angle, safe, careful driving is a matter of consideration and common sense; speeding, racing, showing-off in an automobile indicate selfishness, lack of consideration, lack of wisdom, and, whether the driver is 16 or 60, an immature mind.

—Mrs. Clyde Kirkman

(From *The Hub*, school paper, Altamahaw-Ossipee, N. C.)

Love, Courtship. & Marriage

WAIT UNTIL FINANCIAL PROSPECTS ARE CONSIDERED

(From *The Home*, by John R. Rice)

Many a marriage has gone on the rocks when a young couple married rashly and then had to move in with the husband's family or with the wife's because there was no money for even a poor home. I have known of couples who married, when the wife must then return to her family and the husband live where he could with no chance to make a happy home. Hasty, ill-considered marriages are usually unhappy.

I would not say that marriages should wait until a man can own his own home, for many very happy couples have lived with great joy all their days in rented houses or apartments. But at least there ought to be a clear prospect that the young couple can have a cottage, or at least a tiny apartment where they can live to themselves, where the young husband can be the head of his home and the bride can be the queen of her husband's heart and the mistress of her own stove and dish pan! . . .

A young lady's parents should not require, or the young bridegroom expect, that he will from the beginning give his bride all that her parents could give her. No girl is fit to be a wife who is not willing to begin in the simplest kind of home where it will be necessary to scrimp and save and buy carefully and do without and make ends meet, for the sake of happiness. A daughter should be willing to begin where her mother began, and each daughter should remember that her father now, after twenty or thirty years of making a living, cares for his daughter much better than he could care for his wife in the beginning, in most cases. Decent poverty, frugality and some sacrifice should be expected of young people. It is far better for a young couple to marry at twenty-five on small salary than to wait five years more and marry at thirty with every comfort, but having missed five glorious years of doing without together and helping one another and enjoying one another.

But, while the prospective bridegroom need not reach the

heights of financial success before he marries, there ought to be careful, sensible planning before marriage. It may be that the young wife, for a season, will need to work and add her pay check to that of her husband. If both understand this and it is planned out ahead of time, that may be a very sensible thing to do. But it must be borne in mind that sooner or later the husband will need to take full responsibility for making a living, and that, in normal cases God will send little children to bless the home, and a mother will be needed to make home-making itself her career in the home. Sometimes the bride should be willing to work to help make ends meet, but the plans should be that soon the husband will be able to make a sufficient income, though perhaps very moderate, for the support of his own home.

If the prospective husband has experience and training and character, and has for some years made his own way with success, usually he may be depended upon to provide for his wife. But there should be a decent prospect for a job, the young couple should know about what income they can expect to have for a start. The greatest happiness in marriage will be obtained by waiting until the young couple in love have very carefully weighed the financial prospects and find them favorable for a happy marriage.

MODESTY IN DRESS PAYS OFF

W. W. Orr

WHILE THIS page is written mostly for our girl readers, it won't hurt the fellows to read it, too.

We all live in a body. It's true a most marvelous body with ten thousand miracles true of it. For instance, we eat a ham sandwich, and presto—our hair grows, our eyes sparkle, our body warms itself and we have pep to walk miles and miles. All of this happens automatically. Some system!

In our body there are many natural reactions. Our ears thrill to the sound of good music. Our eyes drink in the beauty of a gorgeous sunset. Our minds are intrigued by a story. Our noses challenge us to follow the tantalizing scent of steaming

coffee and sizzling bacon and eggs. God has made our bodies so. And it's wonderful!

There is also in our bodies a sex function. We must needs perpetuate the human race and ourselves, so, God has woven into our minds and bodies an amazingly elaborate system of sexual reproduction. All the senses are connected to this system which is a most powerful one.

But the sex appetite is different from the other bodily functions. Herein is bound up the sacred matter of the impartation of life itself. That is vastly important. But there is also a moral side. Embedded in the exercise of the sexual function is the difference (1) between right (2) and wrong. Sex is right only when it is morally right.

I do not need to tell you that the sexual system is stimulated by the sight of an unclothed body (3). Within the inner limits of the marriage bond there is nothing (4) wrong with this stimulation. Rather, this is the way God has planned—when pure love reigns—for the perpetuation of the race.

But when immodesty of dress provokes improper sexual stimulation in the minds of those who see, the mind (5) is soiled and immorality could result. Do you see the connection between dress and upright living?

Today's world exhibits an alarming immodesty and indecency in women's dress. Girls and women appear in public with clothes so brief, and shorts so short as to make every right thinking person blush for shame.

And far too often even pure minded fellows who look on girls improperly dressed find their minds and bodies wrongly stimulated. Thus the sin of adultery may be committed (2) in one's own heart even though no outward act is provoked.

Some girls do not realize this. Some girls do. But for the young woman who wants to do right in the sight of God, the implication (3) is clear. Don't let your clothing or lack of it pave the way for impurity of thought in others, for the Lord's sake.

Don't misunderstand me here. I do not mean to imply that Christian girls should not dress attractively. They should. There

is no place for dowdiness of dress in the Christian life. Rather, the Christian girl should seek to be the soul of modest loveliness in her appearance.

You see, God set the standard in the first place. In Eden's garden the man and the woman wore no clothing. After sin, however, things were different. One of the first things God did (6) was to fully clothe them both. For proper clothing is always a deterrent to sin.

There's a deep underlying truth here. The savage who knows not God lives in sinful nakedness. In the same manner those who exhibit their semi-naked bodies (under the excuse of fashion, sun tanning or whatnot) are in reality flaunting their brazen sinfulness before the gaze of a holy God who commanded that human bodies should be covered.

Modesty in dress makes for enduring love. The masculine man sincerely desires a feminine girl. And feminine girls wear feminine clothes (7). Billowy dresses, lots of frills, ribbons, laces and such things. Such a girl when also guided by love and modesty becomes her lover's *ideal*, and her husband's (8) adorable queen all the days of her life.

Watch for another interesting article in this series in the next issue.

References:

- (1) "Thou shalt not commit adultery."—Exodus 20:14
- (2) "Ye have heard that it was said of them of old time, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery': but I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."—Matt. 5:27,28
- (3) "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array."—1 Tim. 2:9
- (4) "Let thy fountain be blessed: and rejoice with the wife of thy youth."—Prov. 5:18
- (5) "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Prov. 23:7
- (6) "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them."—Gen. 3:21
- (7) "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God."—Deut. 22:5
- (8) Proverbs 31:10-31

From Our Readers . . .

Portales, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Berry,—Enclosed are some names and addresses which I hope will be of some service to you. I hope some of them will subscribe to **Youth's Living Ideals**.

Your paper has many, many wonderful things in it and I hope you will keep up the good work you have started.

Sincerely yours,

—Wanda Fenter

Woburn Sands, Bletchley, Bucks, England

Dear Mr. Berry,—Many thanks indeed for such a wonderful publication as **Youth's Living Ideals**. It is just what we require here in England, but alas, nothing is at the moment at the news agent. Much of the contents are most valuable writing and as a result I am writing you, wondering if I am allowed to print extracts in our own church magazine, giving acknowledgment to yourselves. I hope so, since much of the contents deserve a much larger circulation than they must have at the moment. . . .

One or two sample copies to pass on to young friends would be much appreciated.

Again with many thanks, and looking forward to reading yet more of your publications, which are proclaiming the "good news."

Yours in His service,

—Barrett E. Field

Charleston, Illinois

Please send me **Youth's Living Ideals**. We have five children from six to fourteen years. There is so much useful reading in this magazine for children. I even enjoy it.

Sincerely yours,

—Mrs. Eugene Janes

Savannah, Georgia

We received copies of your magazine and was deeply impressed with its contents. May God bless you in your endeavors, in trying to reach our Christian youth with such fine literature.

Yours in Christian love,

—Elder Maurice Riner

WHO TEACHES THE BIRDS?

Behold the fowls of the air.—Matthew 6:26.

Do you know who teaches the birds to build their nests? The baby birds were not around when the mothers built the nest in which they were hatched. I have never seen a mother bird teaching her baby birds how to build nests. I have never heard a college professor who teaches birds to build nests.

One day I saw a sparrow trying to build a nest under the eaves of the house near my window. The wind was blowing that day in fearful gusts. As fast as the bird would bring a bit of yarn or a piece of grass to the nest, the wind blew it away.

But the little bird was not whipped in such a manner, and I saw her do a very unusual thing. She brought a bit of grass up and stood on it as the gust of wind blew. Then she darted down for another piece, and thus she built her whole nest between gusts of wind.

She learned this lesson from the God who does all things well.

—W. L. Wilson

(From *Stories for the Children's Hour*)

Editors' Note: In an effort to get your paper to more young people, we are contacting high school libraries throughout the United States, asking them if they would like to display "Youth's Living Ideals" before the youth of America in these trouble-filled times. We are thankful to say that response from this effort is very good. On the form we send for the libraries to fill in, we have a place for "Remarks." Most of them send us their name and address with no remarks, but below are two which encourage us to promote this effort even further. You can help by introducing it to your high school and public libraries.

From Canton High School Library, Canton, N. C.—

We shall be delighted to receive copies of your publication. The sample copy was used for devotional material by one of our school clubs, and I feel sure that other copies will be used in a similar manner.

From Altus High School Library, Altus, Oklahoma—

We shall be happy to display this magazine. We need more of its kind.

April, 1961

201

Watch Your Conversation—

Children Are Listening

Condensed from *The American Weekly*

Thomas J. Fleming

"What is the most neglected problem in family life today?"

"The way parents talk to their children and each other in front of their children," says Dr. James H. S. Bossard, director of the William T. Carter Child Helping Foundation and professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Bossard has spent 40 years probing what he calls "neglected areas" of family life, with special emphasis on problems of children. He has paid particular attention to the little-realized effects of family patterns of conversation.

In one experiment, using tape recorders, Dr. Bossard acquired extensive samples of the dinner conversations of Philadelphia families. "I had no idea we would discover a pattern," he says. "We just wanted to learn what families talked about. To our amazement, we found family after family had definite, consistent conversational habits."

The *critical* pattern was one of the most prevalent. "These families rarely had a good word to say about anyone. They carped continuously about friends, relatives, neighbors—almost every aspect of their lives, from the lines in the supermarket to the stupidity of the boss."

This constantly negative family atmosphere had a disastrous effect on the children. A high percentage of them were anti-social and unpopular.

In another pattern, the family's hostilities were turned inward against themselves. "We called these people 'the quarrelers,'" Dr. Bossard says. Without fail their meals were a round of insults and bickering. Here, too, the children absorb a pattern which causes them trouble, though it often does not show up until they have married."

More subtly harmful was a group of families whom Dr. Bossard called "the exhibitionist." The nonexpert observer would probably be dazzled by the bright wit and bubbling good

humor displayed on all sides. But a close study revealed that these families operate like a troupe of actors, each constantly battling for the limelight. Children who grow up in this atmosphere feel that if they are not the sparkling center of any gathering, they are ignored and rejected. The attitude tends to limit their appreciation and respect for others.

Didn't any of the families have good conversational habits? "Of course," says Dr. Bossard. "We call the right way 'the interpretive approach.' Here, the persons and events that enter family life are discussed calmly, with perspective and dignity and, when the occasion called for it, humor. Children are encouraged to participate and are treated with respect. Understanding and a wide range of interest are the key-notes of the interpretive family."

Conversation patterns can be changed. "We have helped dozens of families to do it," Dr. Bossard says.

The first step is to pinpoint your current pattern. If it is a harmful one, the changeover can become a family project.

You might do well to imitate, at the start, a prominent lawyer in Philadelphia who for years posed a question for discussion at the beginning of each meal. Then he, his wife and two sons offered their opinions, considered the subject from every angle."

The lawyer's two sons, now married, admit that though they would joke about "Dad's nightly seminars," the conversation in their own homes today follows essentially the same pattern.

"A long time ago," Dr. Bossard says, "a great teacher pointed out that what come out of the mouth is a great deal more important than what goes into it (Matt. 15:11). Improving your family's pattern of conversation will not guarantee perfectly adjusted children, but it is certain to give them a better chance for balanced living. And it can work wonders for parents, too."—Re-printed in *The Truth*, J. D. Phillips, Editor, 2901 East Second St., Austin 2, Texas.



Even the dancing masters condemn the modern dance. A Russian dancer says: "I willingly drop the dance because it undermines the character, destroys the health, and the mind suffers most of all."

—From "Enemies of Youth"

Truthfulness

DEFINITION:

Truthfulness is the habit of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Truth is reality. Truth is one virtue of which there are no degrees, as Ruskin says. Truth is something more than honesty; a person may be honest, but from lack of knowledge may, without intention, speak untruthfully. Truth is the perception of things as they really are; and therefore one must have knowledge added to honesty of intention to be an exponent of truth. . . Truthfulness may be considered to mean telling the truth.

Lying is a form of dishonesty. A lie told either to get some advantage to which one has no valid claim, and is in reality cheating; or if to defend oneself from the bad consequences of action already done, which is also cheating—cheating justice.

Boys think it cowardly to go back on one's friend; but it is a thousand times worse to go back on one's self. It is better to take the consequences, whatever they may be, and resolve not to repeat the fault. It may be the meanest kind of untruthfulness to let another bear the blame or suffer in the smallest way for something that we ourselves have done; and it leaves wounds upon ourselves, which are the most difficult to heal. If we would stop before speaking an untruth, and call it by its right name, "That would be a lie, and if I say it, I shall be a liar," fewer falsehoods would be uttered. The aphorism of Mark Twain "When in doubt, tell the truth," is a humorous way of saying, honesty in speaking is the best policy.

. . . Dr. Everett Hale said that once he dreamed of playing ball with a companion, and of throwing the ball through a large glass window, and that the owner of the house came out and asked him if he threw the ball, and he said, "No." Then the man pounced upon his companion, saying, "Then it must have been you," and dragged him into the house and gave him a tremendous whipping. Dr. Hale said he exper-

ienced a feeling of meanness and degradation that was inexpressible; he felt himself to be the most cowardly wretch on the face of the earth, and had not a single word to say in his own defense. He stood ashamed of himself before his own conscience. He said the impression was so vivid that he never got over the remembrance, and through life was given a loathing and abhorrence of all forms of deceit.

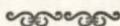
It is related that a young clerk in the drygoods business stated to a customer that such a piece of goods was not "of the weave" which the customer was asking for. The proprietor was very angry, and demanded why he did not show other goods, to which he replied, "We did not have that quality in the store." "Young man," said the proprietor, "if you cannot stretch the truth a little to fit the circumstances, you will never do for me." The clerk's reply should be written upon the conscience of every youth. "Very well, if I must tell falsehoods in order to keep my place, I must lose it. That's all." The clerk was Marshall Field, who later became one of the kings of commerce, while the dishonest employer became a bankrupt and died in poverty.

But there is a phase of truthfulness which should be carefully cultivated—the integrity of personality. A person says one thing today and a contrary thing tomorrow. He promises, and supposes he means it, but fails in the fulfillment. A man must be true throughout. Every word and act must ring true. His motives of life and action must be transparent. The writer once had a friend who was accused of stealing. In defending his friend he said: "He has no place in his soul where he could possibly hide the theft." His friend could not steal. His personal integrity of mind made it impossible to know how to steal.

There is still another phase of truthfulness—manfully acknowledging a fault and facing the penalty. One of the duties of the writer during the first days of his clerkship was to "lock up." One morning in the very first week of his employment he found the door unlocked and a policeman standing guard. Had he forgotten to lock that door? A hasty survey revealed that nothing had been taken away, and the policeman

was dismissed. Should he confess the delinquency? It was almost sure dismissal. But he resolved to make a clean breast of it, and when his employer came in later he told all the circumstances, and bravely admitted that he must have failed to lock the door. While making this confession the policeman walked in, to report finding the door unlocked. But his report had been forestalled, and, with an injunction to be more careful in the future, the matter was dismissed. The confession forestalling that report was all that saved dismissal. But that confession won the confidence of his employer, and won a higher trust and esteem than existed before. This is one of the first lessons to learn. Confess instantly a fault, a loss, a mistake, and it is half retrieved.

But there is another reason for not stealing or being dishonest besides that of it being wrong to others. It is wrong to one's self. As Emerson put it: "The thief steals from himself; that is, he loses his own self respect, and in the end it is himself who always pays the penalty."—James Terry White.



THE UNFINISHED PRAYER

"Now I lay me,—say it, Darling,"
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.
"Down to sleep." "To s'leep," she murmured;
And the cuddly head bent low.
"I pray thee, Lord," I gently added—
"You can say it all, I know."
"P'ay de Lord," the words came faintly—
Fainter still, "my soul to teep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And my child was fast asleep.
But the dewy eyes half-opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice gently whispered,
"Mama, Dod knows all the yest."
Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry!

—Col. Thomas H. Ayers

(From "A Treasury of Memories.")



Notes

from

Mom

Dear Young Friends,

We cannot say too much about friendly relations with others. If we remember that these are times when the world is torn by strife, we will see that we can't think too much about maintaining good relations in our own little world. We think it well for heads of nations to meet and talk of peace, and to strive for it. But peace comes hard. We must give up something—sometimes our own way—for peace. If we can't live peaceably with Dad or Mother, with sister or brother, with school friends and later with our employer or fellow-workman, how can we expect *nations* to find peace? World peace begins with YOU!

* * * *

Often we are discouraged with the little good we can do in a world where there is *so much bad!* We may think our efforts wasted—like throwing a drop of pure water in an ocean of muddy water. But thinking thus we forget the power of good. One tiny vial of medicine may wipe out a great epidemic of disease and death. One drop of powerful anti-toxin may destroy the serpent's deadly bite. One little ray of light dispels darkness in the corner where it shines.

It is not possible to measure the effect of one noble life.

* * * *

"I'm sorry!" "I put beans back!"

I turned at the sweet words lisped so earnestly by dear little two-year-old Melody. She had been having such fun playing in my cupboard. The beans scattered all over the kitchen, and the dear little thing was going to "put beans back." Her little fingers were picking them up one by one, and she would never have been able to put them all back. But she was truly sorry for her accident and she thought I would scold. But she was so

April, 1961

207

dear there picking them up to undo the harm. I took a spatula and helped her gather them up, and she was not satisfied till the last one was back where it belonged.

If we could remain this sweet in disposition as we grow, so truly sorry for an occasional "accident," there would always be someone touched by our penitence to help us undo the wrong.

The dear heavenly Father will not scold either, when we come to Him, as dear little Melody, saying, "I' sorry!"

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

Words Fitly Spoken . . . | "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Proverbs 25:11

Vision is definitely affected by glasses—especially after they have been filled and emptied several times.—Southern Planter.

Folks who really want to get ahead, use one!

Live so that your autograph will be wanted—not your finger prints.

America's ideals cannot be preserved in alcohol.

A drunkard is a man who commits suicide on the installment plan.

The kind of ancestors we have had is not as important as the kind of descendants our ancestors have.—Cadle Call.

Keeping a secret from some people is like trying to smuggle daylight past a rooster.—Sunshine Magazine

God doesn't call us to be successful. He calls us to be faithful.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of ourselves.—Milford Hall

To be of real service you must give something which cannot be bought or measured with money, and that is sincerity and integrity.

A Wonder in God's Creation



GRAY KANGAROOS IN SWIFT FLIGHT

They are moving in jumps 7 feet high and perhaps 25 feet long. Coming down on their hind feet and tails, they immediately spring again. The legs of the one on the right are coming forward for his 3-point landing. The great gray kangaroo reaches a weight of 200 pounds and a length of ten feet from nose to tip of tail.

—Taken from Compton's Encyclopedia

Debbie's First Case

—Mrs. W. J. B.

"Debbie," as her father affectionately called Deborah, had just been graduated from high school. The problem of how she might now make best use of her life was solved for her, as it is often in our lives, by the sudden helplessness through a fall of her Aunt Mattie. She would not have thought it a very happy solution right at first.

Aunt Mattie was her father's maiden sister. And how two people could be so unlike as her kind, genial, and loving father and his sister was often a mystery to the family. She was the soul of honor; she never spoke a bad word; she never told a lie. How anyone could have so many virtues—especially in her own estimation, and yet be so unpleasant was a puzzle to all the family, especially to happy, obedient and pleasant little Debbie.

Aunt Mattie was so unpleasant to be with that the other members of the family shunned her like poison ivy. Because Debbie was a kind young person with her father's cheerfulness, and her mother's quiet grace, she of all the family, had a feeling of sympathy for poor Aunt Mattie. What if she did bring her loneliness on herself, thought Debbie. That didn't make it any easier to bear. In fact she often thought, as she heard some of the others say, "It's good enough for her," "She has brought it on herself by her hateful ways," etc., that the fact that she was solely to blame for being now alone and unloved, made her seem even more pathetic to Debbie. And so she always had a kind word to say to her.

But now just as she was ex-

citedly looking forward to preparing herself for a useful life, the problem of Aunt Mattie became a real one—and young as she was, she must make a momentous decision. She had looked forward with excitement to begin her nurses training. That seemed a very worthwhile calling she thought—and she could just see herself in those cute caps and uniforms. A brilliant young doctor would fall in love with her, or perhaps she would nurse a handsome man who would fall madly in love with her. Of course he would be wealthy, and everything a romantic girl could dream of. She couldn't be blamed for these day-dreams. She was in the day-dream time of life. But despite the dreams, she really wanted her life to count for something, even though she did see it now through the romantic haze of youth.

All these happy anticipations, however, were rudely interrupted by the reality of life. Her father had received an urgent call from a kind neighbor who had found Aunt Mattie where she had fallen, and had taken her to the hospital. Her father had gone immediately to her, finding her most wretched, encased in a cast, and lamenting her sad fate. She had no money she said to give this "fool hospital." And besides, the silly nurses didn't care a fig for a poor old woman. They had even taken away all of her funny old clothing, and "hid all my own belongings," moaned Aunt Mattie, as she lay looking almost comical in her unaccustomed hospital white gown. "What am I going to do?" she cried to Debbie's father, over and over.

He knew that none of the other members of the family would even visit her because of her previous insults. And he surely didn't have the money either to keep her in a hospital or in a nursing home, even if she would agree to be cared for in that way. So, kind brother that he was, he said, "Try to be as comfortable as you can for the time, Mattie. As soon as you can be moved, you will come to us."

The first trace of a smile he had seen lighted her pain-strained, faded countenance. "Oh, John! Could I? Little Debbie is always so kind to me. Since I can't be home, I would rather be where she can wait on me than anywhere!"

Debbie's mother could not be expected to help, as she had nearly left them during a serious illness a short time before, and since had had a very bad heart condition. In fact, John feared that even the worry of her being there might be too much for her.

So it was a worried father that called Debbie into his study that night. He explained the matter to her, asking her if she would feel too unhappy to postpone her own plans for a time at least. She had always been a most thoughtful daughter, and she loved her father and mother devotedly. She wanted to do anything she could to ease their anxiety, but her heart sank. She knew that it would mean staying almost constantly with Aunt Mattie night and day. The work did not bother her so much, but what could be more depressing than hearing her fretful complainings constantly? Why just the week-ends she spent with her to brighten her loneliness were a bit of an ordeal. Then to give up her bright dreams of becoming a nurse which had taken on a certain glamor, was just too much!

As she thought of the problem, her father said kindly, "If you are going to be too unhappy about it, Darling, I will try to work something out,—though for the life of me I can't see how right now. We don't have to decide tonight, though. Try not to worry. Things will come out somehow." But she saw the dejected droop of his dear shoulders. Mother's illness has been so hard on him, she thought, and now this! It just seems unfair that no one will help him solve this problem. But wait a minute, Debbie, she said to herself. They are all just like you, too busy with their own lives, and refusing to care for a trying, poor old lady. Suddenly she saw her duty, young though she was. Her nurse's career the way she had planned it seemed now to be far away, if she could ever realize it. She might have to care for her for years and years, and even be an old maid like Aunt Mattie, she smiled a bit grimly to herself. But that could hardly be possible with her cheerful disposition, which now came to the rescue, as she said, "Daddy, don't you worry! I wanted to be a nurse, didn't I? Here is my first case before I quite got ready for it." She smiled to herself as she thought of how different the patient to her romantic dreams of some knight in disguise. Oh well, that's life! she thought philosophically.

Her father smiled lovingly at her, and it made her happy to see the tension of his dear face relax a little.

The next week Aunt Mattie was moved to the little room at the back of the house so as to be near the kitchen. This way Debbie could help her frail mother and keep an eye on her "patient" at the same time.

She set about the care of her

aunt with a real interest in relieving her discomfort, and she thought she would honestly try to cheer the poor soul and make her days as bright as she could. She would forget the disappointment, comforting herself with the thought that she was being useful in the best way she could just now. But there were many trying, gloomy days. Physical exhaustion after moving a helpless person about in the bed all day; mental depression after hearing nothing but fretful complaints all day; no time to go out with other young people. Often she felt terribly discouraged, feeling that if she could just feel she were at least making Aunt Mattie happy, she could have that satisfaction. But it was a constant struggle to be patient as the unreasonable demands and unjust criticism heaped up day after day.

All of her life she had thought of nursing as requiring patience. But it was in a vague kind of way. It was something different to be so tried every moment of every day. She was sometimes overcome by a sense of futility, and in discouragement she wondered why she must have this particular trial. She did want so much to be patient, but she felt close to impatience at times. It was increasingly hard for her to keep back the sharp words at each new unreasoning complaint.

One day after a particular trying time, suddenly it was as if the sun broke through the clouds. Why had she been so slow to recognize the fact that she was being prepared for her chosen career in the best possible way? How foolish we often are, she thought. We want our cake and want to eat it too, as they say. Or, as in her case, she

really wanted to live a worthwhile life of service to others, but unconsciously wanted also the glamor and excitement which now she was denied. But it dawned upon her suddenly that to live a life of service to others, one's selfish desires must be denied.

"Make up your mind, Debbie, little girl," she scolded herself. "Do you want to be a nurse for the good of others, or for your own selfish pleasure?" Well then! What better training could one have in the nursing profession than she was now receiving? A nurse must, before everything else, have a love for those who suffer. And she did love poor old Aunt Mattie despite her unpleasant manner; and she did so want her to get well! What pleasure it had given her when the doctor had told her how well she was doing under her faithful care. A nurse must also have patience, and develop an almost iron self-control. Surely she was having the most effective training in this than she could get anywhere else. Any condition of life that caused one to have to exercise patience and self-control constantly was sure to result in learning, even if a person were not so apt to learn as our little Debbie was. We learn anything more quickly and more perfectly by practice. "Practice makes perfect," we often say; and surely she had much practice in the exercise of self-control and patience.

As soon as Debbie fully realized this, her arduous and trying tasks were far less unpleasant. Each day she pretended she must be graded upon all of the qualifications of a nurse. Often as she lay wearily on her bed at night, she felt that her grades were low—especially after a very tiring day,

and Aunt Mattie would call her in the night for some very poor excuse. But then she would remember her lesson. A good nurse never shows her irritation and weariness. She suspected, too, the poor old dear just felt lonely, and wanted the presence of a loving hand in the long, pain-filled night. So as she wearily went back to bed she could grade herself fair, if she had made her patient feel that she didn't mind being disturbed in the least. And strange as it may seem, in her sincere desire to reassure her in the night, she really didn't mind at all. This surprised her, because she was a bit of a sleepy-head. So as she fell quickly asleep, she felt that surely she had not "flunked out" on her test, but was slowly but surely acquiring the needed qualities of a good nurse. Then, as on other rare occasions, her aunt had said, "Thank you, dear. You are so kind to me." Some of the family would hardly believe their ears if they hear her use such loving, appreciative words. But they were heard more and more often as the days passed, and Debbie felt that she would soon be "almost human" if she could just give her love enough. Somewhere along her unhappy road of life, she had been terribly hurt, Debbie thought, and she had built up this hard shell of antagonism in a mistaken attempt to protect a really lovable character within.

As she fell asleep that night she did not realize that she had passed another most important test. One necessary not only for a nurse but to live happily and graciously with others in any relationship in this life. That is, to understand the reason for another's behavior. It is very important for proper rela-

tionship all through life, for to understand is to remove any resentment of even unkindness and unpleasantness. Now Debbie could look back a few weeks and remember how immature had been her attitude toward nursing. It was as if one looked back on the first blundering A-B-C's. What a help Aunt Mattie's coming had been to her in really causing her to gain a degree of maturity beyond her years, and so necessary if she was to realize her ambitions.

So what had begun as a most painful duty was now becoming almost enjoyable. Each day was a challenge for her to give the best she possessed, and she felt a deep satisfaction at the apparent successful way she was handling her first case. Her dear father seemed more relaxed, and her mother was certainly no worse for Aunt Mattie's presence, as it had helped Debbie in her own dear mother's affliction, as she learned more of her illness from dear old Dr. John, as they called their family doctor. He had taken a deep interest in her desire to make a good nurse, and had taken up much time to explain many simple medical problems to her.

And then wasn't there a kind of mischievous gleam in his kind old eyes as he had brought young Dr. Barton to the house yesterday? Oh yes, he pretended he wanted the young heart specialist to consult with him about her dear mother. But she wondered! . . . And did Dr. Barton look at her more than he did her mother? Did he hold her hand just a bit longer than necessary as Dr. John introduced them? Well, time would tell! It was a thrilling thought on which to go to sleep, anyway.

Especially for young college students who are facing men who will try to shake their faith by undermining the Bible.

Another of the 57 Reasons

WHY WE KNOW THAT THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

6. *The Bible gives a pre-written life of Christ.*

Gentlemen of the jury, this phenomenon is most amazing. It is a fact unparalleled in the profane and other so-called "sacred" literature of the world! Who could have written the principle facts of the life of George Washington from 400 to 1500 years before he was born? BUT THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT THE OLD TESTAMENT DOES WITH THE LIFE OF CHRIST. Over 250 distinct, definite prophecies tell *where*, *how* and *when* He was to be born; the visitors (shepherds and wise men) He was to have at His birth; the tribe (Judah) and the family (David) that He was to come from; the return from the flight into Egypt; His public ministry; His forerunner (John the Baptist) and scores of other events. (See Micah 5:2; Isa. 7:14; Dan. 9:24; Psa. 72:10, 15; Psa. 89:4,36; Gen. 49:10; Hos. 11:1; etc.)

His death is given in great detail, in the Old Testament prophecies. Read the 22nd Psalm, written 1,000 years before Christ came, as a description of His death by crucifixion. When it is remembered that the Jewish method of capital punishment was by STONING, and they knew nothing about death by crucifixion (which was a Roman institution) until centuries after this prophecy was written, one is compelled to admit that the chapter HAD to be written by inspiration of God.

As an illustration of the *minute detail* that prophecy deals with, thus marking it genuine and fool-proof, note verse 18 of the 22nd Psalm. "They parted my garments among them and casts lots upon my vesture." This was literally fulfilled, but unconsciously, by the Roman soldiers who crucified Christ. Here is the New Testament record, "Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took His garments, and made four parts, to

every soldier a part; and also His coat now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be." (John 19:23-24). How amazing! There were *four* soldiers, and each of them took one of His five garments; there remained the fifth: Christ's seamless robe. How should they divide that? They did not care to spoil it by cutting it, so they threw dice for it! To think, that this insignificant action of throwing dice should find its way to the prophetic page, and be revealed 1,000 years before ever it happened! Where is the possibility of guess work in that? Even a moron would not accuse such detailed prophecies of being "shrewd guesses."

The above, as well as scores of other predictions, fully demonstrate two things: That the God who knows all things is the God who dictated the Bible, and that Jesus of Nazareth was the true Messiah, for all the predictions were fulfilled in Him. The Old Testament gives a *photograph* of the coming Messiah; when the Messiah came He had to answer EXACTLY to that photograph. Jesus did. None but God could write a Book, using a score of men, during several centuries of time, containing a puzzle like that! None but God could give the *solution* to the puzzle and *present the Individual who perfectly fulfilled ALL the predictions!*

—Fred John Meldau



BURY YOUR WRONGS

In the very depths of yourself dig a grave. Let it be like some forgotten spot to which no path leads; and there, in eternal silence, bury the wrongs that you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a weight had fallen from it, and a divine peace come to abide with you.—Charles Wagner

* That is what the dear Father does with our sins, no matter how great, nor how black they may be. He puts them away in everlasting forgetfulness, to never be remembered against us!—Mrs. W. J. B.



Money may still talk, but today's dollar doesn't have cents enough to say much.—Sunshine Magazine

April, 1961

215

Money Can Do Anything . . .

Excerpt from PAUL HARVEY NEWS, February 22, 1961

(Printed by permission from Paul Harvey News,
American Broadcasting Company.)

"Paper money will bandage any hurt." Won't cure, but might hide it. That is the credo of the age in which we live. That is the star we steer by.

"If you want it, buy it. If you don't have the money, steal it."

Who gets justice is determined by who can buy the best lawyer.

In the jungle the natives get restless; "send them money."

You don't like Castro; don't buy his sugar; "cut off his money."

Personal budget doesn't balance; don't economize; run to Washington with a tin cup and get a handout. Washington doesn't have any money? Tell'em to take it from your neighbor's pocket, but get it! Or get voted out!

Money will fix anything. Anything.

Shovel money into the cancer fund. Don't stop dissipating. Don't stop smoking. Don't inhibit yourself. Give money; that'll make everything all right. All the things Americans used to pray for, they now pay for.

Are taxes taking too much of your money? Don't take time to change the laws. Cheat.

Juvenile crime is increasing five times faster than the juvenile population throughout the nation; parents are terrified by their own children. Don't take them to church. Send a donation. And get Washington to appropriate money.

New York's Senator Javits has it figured out. "Youth crime is increasing at an alarming rate. Young offenders become hardened criminals." So, he says, our government must launch a "crash program" to combat delinquency. He says 47 million dollars ought to do it.

Money will fix anything.

Dad, last night at the dinner table, was talking about gouging an extra fifty out of his expense account. That was clever. The

youngster steals \$50 from a supermarket and it's a crime. He's too young to understand.

The store clerk is bribed to "push" a particular mattress, perfume, camera. It's all right. If he gets caught, he can bribe the department head to look the other way. Money can do anything.

We want an airfield in Afganistan? Make a deal. "Foreign Aid" for one airfield. Money will buy anything.

You hire labor pickets or buy labor peace. But this is the password of the day: pay.

Our Savior told us there would be days like these. He said they would come close to the time of the end.



READ IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

- The Family—Old Fashioned Ways Best, by Bill Kendrick, Strafford, Missouri. Bill is just a young man, but shows in this article a wonderful grasp of problems faced by young people, and offers some old fashioned remedies for both parents and children.



THE CHRISTIAN HOME

Where family prayer is daily said,
God's word is regularly read,
And faith in Christ is never dead—
That is a Christian home.

Where father, mother, sister, brother
All have true love for one another;
And no one ever hates the other—
That is a Christian home.

Where family quarrels are pushed aside
To let the love of God abide
Ere darkness falls on eventide—
That is a Christian home.

Where joy and happiness prevail
In every heart without a fail,
And thoughts to God on high set sail—
That is a Christian home.

Where Jesus Christ is Host and Guest
Through whom we have eternal rest
And in Him are forever blest—
That is a Christian home.

— Selections by Irving Goldberg, a Christian Jew

Women of the Bible . . .

RUTH

The name of Ruth has always seemed a most beautiful one. In fact the meaning of the name is **beauty**. She was a beautiful character, and her story is written beautifully, one whole book of the Old Testament scriptures being devoted to her story.

We give here some thoughts on this beautiful story from the book, **Women of the Bible**, by H. V. Morton.

Our experience of life tells us that recorded history is not always the whole story: while nations rise and fall, the little dramas of the human heart go on in secret all the time.

History does not often notice these dramas. History deals in large canvasses crowded with struggling figures; it is like a searchlight that, probing in the dark of the past, lights up the march of armies, sweeps over battlefields, strays a moment on a king struggling to maintain his power, or on slaves fighting to be free.

Just now and again, however, the beam of history falls, as if by accident, on a quiet little landscape where the sun is shining and the corn is growing, where men are courteous and noble, and where women are brave and kind of heart. One of these quiet corners of history is the short Book of Ruth.

It is one of the most lovely idylls in literature. It has enchanted every age. Ruth and her mother-in-law, Naomi, are among the best-loved women in history, for the fragrance of their devotion has shed itself down the centuries.

The story of Ruth is so well known that one may be criticized for telling it again. But I believe such stories cannot be told too often."

Naomi and her husband, because of famine in Bethlehem, journeyed to Moab where their two sons were married to Moabite women. One of these was Ruth. But sorrow and hardship was their lot there, and Naomi's husband and both of her sons died. Broken-hearted and griefstricken, she told her daughters-in-law that she must leave them to return to her own people.

"First she broke the news to Ruth and Orpah that they must

return to their families, because there would be no welcome for them on the opposite hills. Orpah kissed her, and tears running down her face, turned back, but Ruth 'clave unto her.' She clung to Naomi and gave voice to the most exquisite expression of love and loyalty in the whole of literature:

" 'Whither thou goest,' she cried, 'I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.'

"So Naomi and Ruth went on together to Bethlehem; and it was the time of the barley harvest.

"Ruth is unique in the history of woman because her story is not primarily that of her love for a man, but of her passionate devotion to a character which modern humor has claimed as its own: her mother-in-law. . . . It is an axiom in modern life that a man's mother and his young wife do not agree. . . . I cannot think of any literature, other than the Book of Ruth, in which this relationship is exalted.

"The character of Ruth is intensely interesting. There is nothing to suggest that she was beautiful as Rebekah and Rachel were beautiful, or that she was competent as Sarah was competent. Ruth's outstanding quality was a beauty of character and heart, a generosity of soul, a firm sense of duty, and a meekness which often goes hand in hand with the gift of decision. Her desire to follow Naomi into poverty was no sacrifice. She loved the older woman and asked only to be able to help her and to make life easier for her, to work for her and to share her life. Thus, to my mind, Ruth was not an abnormal character, but an unusual one. . . . The Bible, casting the floodlight of its revelation on her portrait, has placed her among the immortals.

"Under the Jewish law the poor were allowed to glean in any harvest field. So Ruth set herself this weary, humble task in order to support the older woman. The picture of Ruth in tears amid the alien corn is an immortal one; and when you

stand in Bethlehem, it is easy to imagine how she would often gaze across the Moab Mountains, remembering that among their purple shadows was lived all she had known of happiness."

(Next month we see that happiness again awaits Ruth in a most unlikely place. One would not think to find romance in the barley field, humbly gleaned after the harvesters, but unknown to her a great and noble man is soon to take notice of her.)

NEWS ITEMS . . .

- **WEIGHT OF SNOW**—Ten inches of snow covering one square mile weighs 72,320 tons. 123 inches on ten miles amounts to 8,895,360 tons. But if you are waiting for it to melt, give a thought to it. That quantity of snow when changed to water will turn to 1,779,720,000 gallons.—Halifax "Gazette"
- **HOW MUCH DO YOU WATCH?**—The British Broadcasting Company reports that the average TV viewer sits before the screen two hours every evening. BUT the higher a Britisher's educational level, the less time he devotes to TV.
- **THE COST OF WAR**—According to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, the last World War cost 30,000,000 lives and 400 billion dollars. With that money every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia could have been given \$2,500 towards the purchase of a house, with \$1,000 worth of furniture, on five acres of land at \$100 an acre. Then there would still be enough left over to have given every city of over 20,00 people in all these countries a \$5,000,000 library and a \$10,000,000 university.
Another way of faintly realizing the tremendous cost of this war is say that it cost the equivalent of more than \$20,000 for every hour that passed since Christ was born.—"Timothy"
- **THE WHITE ELEPHANT**—In Old Siam, when a potentate wished to impoverish a rival, he would make him a gift of a white elephant. The recipient was soon in desperate straits, because the sacred beast could not be given away, and it literally devoured his resources. Nowadays, when people say "white elephant," few know the history of the phrase, but the meaning remains unchanged: possession of an unwanted and costly encumbrance.
- **KILLING YOURSELF ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN**—A medical authority has estimated that for every cigarette that is smoked, a person loses a minute from his life. One who smokes a pack a day would lose a little over three days of his life by the end of the year.—Sunshine Magazine.

How Things Began . . .

Why Be an Ape?

No doubt you will be bursting to ask, "Well, what about the apemen that have been found? Surely *they* prove that men came from things like apes?" Probably you will have seen pictures of these "men," or perhaps even models of them. Stern, shaggy-haired, walking with a stoop, they are said to be half ape and half man—"the missing link" in fact. Sometimes scientists proudly call them "our ancestors."

Some of these fearsome fellows have been given special names—according to the place where their remains were dug up. There are for example the Java man, the Neanderthal man, the Piltdown man, and the Peking man. You can find drawings of these gentlemen in most encyclopedias, and in the Natural History Museum.

Now when you are looking at these pictures and models, there is one very important fact that you must not forget. You see, nobody can ever prove that these creatures did look like these pictures of them. In other words, these pictures are only imaginary. One famous scientist, Professor Wood Jones, calls these drawings: "Nightmare products of the imagination." The scientists have only guessed that these "apemen" had shaggy fur, and walked with a stoop. They have only imagined the shape of their faces.

You see, the scientist could only make a guess at these things, because only the bones, and very few of them, have been found of the creatures. The remains of the Java man, for example, are a broken skull, three teeth, and perhaps his thigh bone. But no one is sure about that thigh bone. The remains of Peking man are less fragmentary but all we know for certain even of this creature, is the skull and jaw bone. In any case it is now said that Java "man" was actually a gibbon, and not a man at all.

Neanderthal man, we now know, was a real man, walked upright and had a man's brain; he used tools, lit fires, and buried his dead—things which only human beings do. There is every

reason to believe that Piltdown man was a real man, although all we know of him for certain is his skull. But in any case the study of "apemen" is a waste of time because fossils of real men have been found which go back much further. At Castenedolo and Olmo in Italy, at Caleveras in the U. S. A., and at Foxhall near Ipswich, fossils of real men have been found which are older than all the "apemen" ever discovered.

No, "apemen" are definitely no help to the theory of Evolution. There is no evidence at all that men developed from them, for men were first.

Certainly, apes often look very human; and humans often behave like apes. But that doesn't prove that one developed from the other. Naturally you would expect them to look similar—for they both live in the same world, breathe the same air and eat similar foods. And they have both been designed by the same designer—God. So it is not surprising that they may look alike.

The Bible says very plainly that in the beginning there was only one man and one woman—not lots of in-between "apemen." Neither did God take the body of a monkey and turn it into a man—as is sometimes suggested. When the first man was created, God started with the dust of the earth. So why be an ape?

—H. J. Appleby

TWO FOR ONE OFFER

The regular subscription rate is \$3.00 per year, but for a limited time you may send in two subscriptions for this price. You may have a brother or sister, or a friend who would like to have "Youth's Living Ideals" mailed to him in his own name. Take advantage of this offer and you will each pay only \$1.50 for a subscription.

DUST OFF YOUR PREJUDICES

There is a story about the little girl who could not dust the furniture to suit her grandmother. She made her dust it again and again—once, twice, three times, and still she was not satisfied.

Finally the child looked up and said, "Grandmother, the dust is not on the furniture; it is on your glasses!"—Sunshine Magazine.

The Noblest Revenge

"I will have revenge on him, that I will, and make him heartily repent it," said Philip to himself, with a countenance quite red with anger. His mind was so engaged that he did not see Stephen, who happened at that instant to meet him.

"Who is that," said Stephen, "on whom you intend to be revenged?" Philip, as if awakened from a dream, stopped short, and looking at his friend, soon resumed a smile that was natural to his countenance. "Ah," said he, "you remember my bamboo, a very pretty cane which was given me by my father, do you not? Look! there it is in pieces. It was farmer Robinson's son who reduced it to this worthless state."

Stephen very coolly asked him what had induced young Robinson to break it. "I was walking peacefully along," replied he, "and was playing with my cane by twisting it round my body. By accident, one of the ends slipped out of my hand, when I was opposite the gate, just by the wooden bridge, where the ill-natured fellow had put down a pitcher of water, which he was taking home from the well.

"It so happened that my cane, in springing back, upset the pitcher, but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names, when I assured him that what I had done had happened by accident, and that I was sorry for it. Without regarding what I said, he instantly seized my cane, and twisted it, as you see; but I will make him repent of it."

"To be sure," said Stephen, "he is a very wicked boy, and is already very properly punished for being such, since nobody likes him or will have anything to do with him. He can scarcely find a companion to play with him; and is often at a loss for amusement, as he deserves to be. This, properly considered, I think will appear sufficient revenge for you."

"All this is true," replied Philip, "but he has broken my cane. It was a present from my father, and a very pretty cane. I offered to fill his pitcher for him again, as I knocked it down by accident. I will be revenged."

"Now, Philip," said Stephen, "I think you will act better in not minding him, as your contempt will be the best punishment

you can inflict upon him. Be assured, he will always be able to do more mischief to you than you choose to do to him. And, now I think of it, I will tell you what happened to him not long since.

"Very unluckily for him, he chanced to see a bee hovering about a flower which he caught, and was going to pull off its wings out of sport, when the animal stung him, and flew away in safety to the hive. The pain put him into a furious passion, and, like you, he vowed revenge. He accordingly procured a stick, and thrust it into the beehive.

"In an instant the whole swarm flew out, and alighting upon him in a hundred different places. He uttered the most piercing cries, and rolled upon the ground in the excess of his agony. His father immediately ran to him, but could not put the bees to flight until they had stung him so severely that he was confined several days to his bed.

"Thus, you see, he was not very successful in his pursuit of revenge. I would advise you, therefore, to pass over his insult. He is a wicked boy, and much stronger than you; so that your ability to obtain this revenge may be doubtful."

"I must own," replied Philip, "that your advice seems very good. So come along with me, and I will tell my father the whole matter, and I think he will not be angry with me." They went, and Philip told his father what had happened. He thanked Stephen for the good advice he had given his son, and promised Philip another cane exactly like the first.

A few days afterward, Philip saw this ill-natured boy fall as he was carrying home a heavy log of wood, which he could not lift up again. Philip ran to him, and helped him to replace it on his shoulder. Young Robinson was quite ashamed at the thought of this unmerited kindness, and heartily repented of his behavior. Philip went home quite satisfied. "This," said he, "is the noblest vengeance I could take, in returning good for evil. It is impossible I should repent of it."

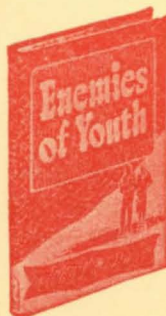
—*McGuffey's Fourth Reader*

The complete set of **McGuffey's Readers** is available. The Primer and six Readers may be bought individually or by the set.

Order from: **OLD AUTHORS**, Dept. CT-5, Rowan, Iowa

Suggested Reading

A strongly recommended book to add to your library.



Enemies of Youth

By

John Carrara

(171 pages—\$2.00)

An Ideal Young Folks' Bible

For a limited time we are including with every Bible the new 4-ribbon marker.

- CONCORDANCE EDITION

- SELF-PRONOUNCING

- Page size $4\frac{1}{4}$ x $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches

A small Text Bible with 3 color Presentation Page, Simple Helps to Bible Study—A New Practical Course in Bible Reading, The 230 Most Interesting Events of the Bible, 8 Colored Maps, Ribbon Marker, Genuine French Morocco leather, with gold titles and edges.



Retails for \$5.50, but will be sent to you by "Youth's Living Ideals" for only \$3.50 Red Letter Edition for \$4.00.

More Biblical helps are in this Bible than most Bibles twice the price.

Including: Treasury of Biblical Information, 4,000 Questions and Answers on the Old and New Testaments and a complete Concordance.

Given Free to You . . .

Send in five \$3.00 subscriptions to "Youth's Living Ideals" and receive this fine Bible with RED LETTER New Testament.

No Bible Like It!

(KING JAMES VERSION)
(Retail for \$9.00)



Contents

Combined Dictionary-Concordance, 230 Most Interesting Events of the Bible, For Today and Everyday (devotional guide), Presentation Page, Family Record—Ribbon Marker, Maps.

Page Size, 5 1/4 x 7 7/8 inches

THE NEW "Thin-O-paque" EDITION OF THE
VERSE REFERENCE JEWEL BIBLE (KING
JAMES VERSION) BY HOLMAN

TODAY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PAGE

ing men come over and fetch it. he LORD render to every man teousness and his faithfulness: LORD delivered thee ^{1 Ps 18:20} ^{2 Isa 3:10,11} hand to day, but I would not ³ forth mine hand against the ⁴ And David and his men went up, and invaded ¹ the Gesh'u-rites, ² and the Gez'rites, and ³ the Am'-a-lek-ites: for those ^{1 Jos 13: 2} ^{2 Jf 1:29} ^{3 Ex 17:16} ^{18 18: 7,8} ¹⁹ were of old the inhabitants of the land, as thou goest to Shur, even unto the
(Partial Type Specimen)

Special Features . . .

- REFERENCES IN THE VERSE FOR EASY USE
- CORNER LISTING MAKES BOOK & CHAPTER EASILY FOUND
- CHAPTER SUBJECTS AT TOP OF PAGE
- MESSIANIC PROPHECIES ARE STARRED
- SIMPLIFIED PRONOUNCING
- LARGE CLEAR PRINT
- GENUINE FRENCH MOROCCO LEATHER, GOLD EDGES
- NAME IMPRINTED IN GOLD

SEND ORDER TO:

Youth's Living Ideals
Rt. 2, Elon College, N. C.