

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



Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 1. No. 6.—March, 1961

IN THIS ISSUE

ARE YOUR AMBITIONS
UPSIDE-DOWN?

HE REFUSED TO
"BE MODERN"

LOVE, COURTSHIP,
AND MARRIAGE

PICTURE FEATURE

A NATURAL WONDER
(WATERSPOUTS)

*The nation of tomorrow
Is the youth of today.*

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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Youth's

Living Ideals

Vol. 1. No. 6.—March, 1961

Are Your Ambitions Upside-down?

TODAY IS A DAY when we are encouraged and taught to think of ourselves. "Self" is the selling point of today's advertising. "Treat *yourself* right," "You owe it to *yourself*" and such phrases are all directing you to see that you take care of *yourself* first. Indeed, all pressures of society are forcing us today to fight to keep our heads above water and many are swallowed up in the race of "keeping up with the Joneses."

The world we live in is one of material things. We are striving to obtain *things*. American society is geared in a race to see who can be the most successful in gaining possession of the most and best *things*. The whole educational system is set up to train you in such a way that you can become successful in life by making enough income to buy these *things*. If you are an average American, you are looking forward to a new car, a new home, a large or moderate bank account for a rainy day, and other material possessions. Whatever goal you obtain, you will always be reaching for another one, and won't be happy until you obtain that which lies just beyond your reach. This force of ambition can be a good thing or an evil curse, depending on its direction.

Are you placing your ambitions on material success or on successfully building your character with virtues, high ideals,—things of "the kingdom of heaven"? I can hear someone say, "Well, we have to make a living." That is true. Indeed, we are obligated and *duty-bound* to provide for our families. God tells us that. For if one does not provide for his own, he is "worse than an infidel." But what I am speaking of is where are we to place our heart's ambition. If we place it on gaining

material things, we will NEVER be satisfied. Why? Because the One who knows says, "he that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase." (Eccl. 5:10). Isn't that just as plain as the nose on your face?

Where, then, should our life's ambition be? At what should our main goals in life be aimed? "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." No man can serve God and riches, so we must serve one or the other. *Too many today live as though God does not even EXIST!* Riches or the dollar has become such a big god to them that the true God is not even in their lives and thoughts. They think, "I have to take care of *myself* and when I get enough for *myself*, I may be able to look around and help someone else." They worry, they fret and plan how to make things secure for *themselves* to the *SAME* extent they would if no God existed at all to look after them. God is out of their thoughts! Sure, we must work to make a living, but I say *God is out of their thoughts!* This attitude is not rare—it is the *way of life* for the average American! They claim to be Christian, but they don't realize that the way of life that Jesus taught was exactly *opposite*. He said, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness and all these things will be added unto you." This is a case where we can have our cake and eat it too. We are to have our heart's affection and ambition on the things of God and faith that He will see to our needs. He never breaks a promise, and He has *promised* that those who seek the things of the kingdom will have added to them all their needs. So we know two things:

(1) If our love and ambitions are directed to obtaining material things, we will *not be satisfied*. If we plan to take care of ourselves first and stack away all our future needs, with the thought that we will then give to others, we will be foolish. As long as our heart is on earthly things, it will never be satisfied, but will keep coveting those things. We will never get around to the life of Christian sharing. We will have the wagon in front of the horse.

(2) We also know that if our way of life is the opposite of this, we will share the joys of Christian sharing; we will enjoy

the things of the kingdom, and on top of this, we will also have all our needs provided by the Father who is *really* a living God.

We may not live in a king's palace or eat steak every day, but it is of far more value to live in a happy humble home with Christ as the Head, than to be discontent in a king's palace with riches as our god.

Now if you think you must still think of *yourself* first or you will be caught out in the cold, I want you to read a promise which God has given which certainly gives more security than an insurance policy or a hundred thousand in the bank. This promise would teach us to forget *self* and remember others who are worse off. It would teach us to reach out and help the other person in every way that we are capable of. Do you want this "insurance policy" which provides security for life? God backs up this "policy." Here it is: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will *preserve* him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth." (Psa. 41:1, 2). What better policy do you want than what God has written. A man-written policy may become worthless by inflation or depression, but God's "policies" are always sounder than gold. A good investment indeed. Truly, the man is blessed who holds title to one. Trust in the abundance of God's riches.

—G. B.



"CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST"

The "Santa Claus" lie belongs to parents who tell it. Watch it "Come home." Two modern little girls were solemnly discussing with each other on their way home from school. "Do you believe there is a devil?" asked one. "No," said the other promptly. "It's like Santa Claus; it's your father." (Back to the Bible Way)



"He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."—Proverbs 19:17

March, 1961

Love, Courtship, & Marriage

WAIT UNTIL MORAL AND SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS ARE SETTLED HAPPILY

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

Many a woman has married some man "to reform him." Then through her heartache she found that she had less opportunity to reform her drunkard husband after she has married him than she had had before. It is folly of the worst kind for any person ever to marry another whose moral standards are not already thoroughly acceptable. No girl is safe to marry a man who drinks until he has at least a year proved his reform by leaving liquor absolutely alone. Girls, do all the reforming you ever plan to do before you marry! And the same advice is good for young men. If the girl does not already fit your moral standards, she will not be likely to do so after you are married. Such problems should be settled before marriage.

Any man who will not quit alcoholic drink totally and consistently for the girl he loves, before he marries her, is almost certain not to do it after he already has her as his wife.

Some Christian reads this who is engaged to be married to one who is not a Christian. You devoutly hope that your beloved will come to know your Savior and live a devoted, Christian life. But the only time to make sure about that is before marriage. All over America are women married to ungodly husbands, women whose lives are made miserable by the fundamental difference between them, yet they have little influence on their unbelieving companions. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," says the plain word of God (2 Cor. 6:14). Such problems should be settled before marriage.

The marriage of a Catholic and Protestant is fraught with great danger. There is a great fundamental difference in the two religions, and the more devoted each is in his own faith the more intolerant he is toward the faith which contradicts his own in so many points. No home should be on such a divided basis as that the husband is a Catholic and the wife is a Protest-

ant, or that the wife is a Catholic and the husband is a Protestant. They will not agree on where to go to church. They will not agree on the rearing of their children. They will not agree on the very fundamentals of the Christian faith; for example, on what it takes to become a Christian. Such a marriage is always likely to end in heartbreak. If two young people know that they love one another devotedly, know that they have so much in common that their love will ripen and last, and know that God has put His approval on the marriage, they may safely wait until this great problem is settled. Let them talk and pray together. Let them go to someone whom both trust, and let them earnestly seek to become of one mind. . .

There would still be many matters to quarrel about, many matters of heartbreak. Such a radical difference in religious convictions may mean the ruin of the marriage, or it may mean the ruin of the religious life of both parties. No one should marry until problems like this are carefully solved.

Some young woman may say, "If I wait till all such problems are solved, I may never get married. If I wait until I am loved and sought by a young man who does not drink, who is a devout Christian, who meets all my moral standards, then I may never have a husband and a home." Yes, that is true. To delay marriage may sometimes mean no marriage. But it would be infinitely happier and better for multitudes of people to go without marriage than to come to the heartbreak and misery that is inevitable when the fundamental rules for a happy marriage are violated. Any girl had better be a spinster, an "old maid," and never have a husband and home and children, than to be married to a drunkard or a libertine and whoremonger. So for a happy marriage, young people should wait until moral and spiritual problems which would hinder happiness and threaten disaster are settled for sure.

PROMISCUOUS PETTING IS NOT LOVE

(W. W. Orr)

You can argue till you're blue in the face that everybody "pets" and that there's really no harm in it, but you won't

change the fact that promiscuous petting is NOT love, it's a cheap substitute, could have dangerous consequences, and it's way out of bounds (1) for real Christians. (2)

By "petting" we mean that rather wholesale type of fondling and kissing that's common today. It's variously labeled necking, pitching woo, love via the braille system, etc. Many young people today mistake it for genuine love.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not objecting to loving someone. Love is basic and as old as life itself. What we do object to is the idea that young people can't go anywhere together without feeling they must engage in a heavy "petting" session before they part. (3)

Listen to me. . . it's quite all right to end a date with a sincere expression of appreciation. No girl need feel obligated to pay for an evening's pleasure by submitting herself to be mauled and pawed over on the way home. And the fellow who demands such "pay" isn't worth having as a friend.

A girl's kisses and caresses are her choicest possession. To give them indiscriminately to everyone is to make them cheap, common and worthless. Promiscuity in petting robs every girl of her self-respect and of her desirability. The girl who pets with every chap who happens along just isn't wanted. While the girl who reserves her caresses for the "one and only" man in her life is much sought after. This is not only "old fashioned," it's also good common sense.

But there's a deeper meaning to this matter of petting. May I speak very plainly here? God made men and women for each other (4). Physically as well as spiritually the sexes are made to complement each other. Temperaments are made to harmonize, abilities to supplement. So also are the bodies of men and women. Each is made for the other. Neither is complete (5) in itself. This is God's wise plan.

Then, it is by the deep, inner spiritual and physical experience of the love of a man and a woman that life's highest pinnacle of ecstasy is reached. And from this union of both spirits and bodies God has chosen to bring forth earth's most amazingly wonderful miracle, the birth of a living child.

Now love is encouraged and stimulated by physical caresses. God has planned it so. And woven into the bodies of men and women are certain natural sex functions that are aroused by physical stimulation or petting. These love-functions, under the proper circumstances, produce the absolute quintessence of happiness. They are the most sacred experiences in natural life.

But these expressions of love are only right and proper when both fellow and girl are eternally pledged to each other, and when that pledge has been sealed by solemn marriage (6) vows. For others to indulge in love and caresses without benefit of the blessing of God and the sanction of the law of the land, is to grievously sin before God, (7) and to deeply stain the soul.

That's what makes petting wrong. Such cheap caressing drags in the dirt that which God intends to be most beautiful. It makes hard and callous the finer sensibilities of both boy and girl. It robs both of the ability to enjoy true love. It spawns jealousy. It leads to insipidness. It's the tool of the devil. And it could lead to immorality of the worst sort.

Girls and fellows should enjoy each other's company. In the world there are ten thousand things to do and see—together. But let the companionship always be on a "hands off" basis. That's both safe and right. (See References below).

In the next issue will appear "Wait Until Financial Prospects Are Fairly Considered" and another interesting article on love.

(1) "Keep thyself pure." (1 Tim. 5:22)

(2) "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." (1 Tim. 4:12)

(3) "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." (Col. 3:17)

(4) "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." (Gen. 2:18)

(5) "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord." (1 Cor. 11:11)

(6) "For this cause a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore, they are no more twain but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:5,6)

(7) "But I (Jesus) say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." (Matt. 5:28)

From Our Readers . . .

Stoneville, N. C.

Dear Mrs. Berry,—Thank you very much for the issues of *Youth's Living Ideals* which you sent me. I have almost finished reading both of the copies. I have thoroughly enjoyed reading them. I've never read any other literature written for the younger generation that has so much to offer. I feel that this magazine will be a real inspiration to anyone who reads it.

May God bless you and your family in your work and may He supply all of your needs.

Again, I say, Thank you very much!

Dorlis Vernon

NOTE: Dorlis is in her senior year of high school, and plans to begin her nurse's training when she has been graduated. Dorlis, being a severe diabetic herself, will know how to help others so afflicted. Despite this great handicap, she has come this far and has made a good record. She is to be very highly commended for her ambition and hard work, despite many discouragements. She is turning her handicap into a blessing, and making her life count for others.

Keep it up, Dorlis, and may God be with you always.

New Boston, Ohio

Dear Mr. Berry,—Have just finished reading the October, November, and December issues of *Youth's Living Ideals*. I congratulate you on this excellent work and approve it knowing from experience that what you have written so far is a light put on a pedestal that will give light and guidance to all who look. May God prosper and bless you in this work to keep on keeping up the good work in His name.

Am enclosing \$1.00 for a 6 months trial subscription for:

Miss Carol Isom,
5503 Anite St., Dallas, Texas

With a gift card reading: A token of love and best wishes for your future welfare and happiness, Your Uncle, Jarvey Floyd.

I hope that your support from the young people continues to grow as it should for the time and effort you and your dear family are giving for the welfare and comfort of God's people.

Sincerely in our Master's name,

Elder Jarvey Floyd

Danville, Ill.

Dear Sirs,—I see your notice in the January *Advocate and Messenger* for your editing a monthly periodical called *Youth's Living Ideals*. Will you mail two or three sample copies to me? I am much interested in good reading for young people. I am 81 years old but I have many young people in my family and would like to see that the have good reading. I enclose a few stamps for postage.

Humbly Yours,

Elizabeth Emley

Hopewell, Va.

Youth's Living Ideals.—I received my copy and am pleased with the reading matter. I think it is a good guidance for young and old and do hope you will be successful with it. I wish to take up the Special Introductory offer in the January issue to send \$3.00 for a friend and get mine free. . . I am also sending you some names which I feel would be interested, as they have young children, and all go to our church.

I am so glad that I found out about this book, for young people need something to read that they can understand. The world wants to pull them into their Sunday Schools so badly.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Catherine N. Wyatt

Marshallville, N. C.

Dear Ones,—I am a long time writing you about how much I appreciated the little magazine, **Youth's Living Ideals**. I enjoyed reading it very much, and feel that this is a wonderful work to encourage our young people in the reading of good literature. I have been hoping to get some subscriptions. I should have asked for more sample copies because it has taken so long to get this copy around to our friends. I handed it to a friend at church yesterday who has two sons. They were all so delighted with it that she brought the money today for a year's subscription to this fine little magazine.

Mrs. Zeb Little

Selma, N. C.

. . . The young peoples' paper, **Youth's Living Ideals** is very good. I think it is good for all ages. Some of the things we read in it come very close to our own problems and experiences.

Love always,

Curtis Johnson

Tuscaloosa, Ala

Dear Berry Family,—I am writing to let you know how much we appreciate the **Old Faith Contender** and **Youth's Living Ideals**. There is good guidance in both of these papers, if we will only heed it. They have caused me to stop and think, and search many times. I think the **Ideals** is good for any age. I am reading it even to my six-year-old son.

Please send me a few extra copies, and I will try to get them into more homes.

May the Lord guide and strengthen you for each day's tasks.

Mrs. Raiford Duren



THE COMFORTS OF FRIENDSHIP

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out just as they are, chaff and grain together; as certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of love, blow the rest away.

March, 1961

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A LETTER FROM KOREA

Remarks: Of course I appreciated this letter very much from my son, but thought it might be worth something for the Youth Magazine. Use it, or any part that you want to in the magazine. If parents would do a better part for their children, there would not be so many delinquents among them. Someone said, "If you do not like the way teen-agers do, remember who reared them." Mothers and fathers are responsible in many respects for their actions. Let us help them.

—A. D. Wood, Glen Rose, Texas

THE LETTER

Dear Mother and Dad,

Another week has passed and it is now the 5th day of February. I have been in Korea around 250 days, and I have about 107 days more yet to go. Another thing, I am about to get out of these teenage ranks. Just think, in only a few more days and it will not make me as angry as it once did to hear someone say about all teen-agers are delinquents.

I never will forget the time I had a discussion with a certain minister. He had said something about teen-agers while preaching. I do not know why, but I have many memories about Georgia.

All my life, wherever I went, things were made easy for me because I was your son. In Glen Rose, Texas, if I wanted credit, it was all right because my Dad was always honest and upright. When I went to church I was with you and I was introduced as your son and it was great. Everyone respected me because I was your son. So when I went to Georgia I attended churches who had not met you. They had all heard of you, but very few had actually met you. So I was practically on my own as far as meeting people went. People took me in as for what I was and I was very much pleased. I tried to live right, to honor you, myself, my country, and my God. I know I have failed in many ways. I think I could go to any of our churches anywhere in the states and say I was your son, and I would be accepted. But I do not want to be just Elder Wood's son all my life. I want to have my own name, too. I hope and pray that my name will be as good for my children as yours was for me.

May God bless you both.

—Spc 4 William Wood

Co. A.L.L. Sig. Bn. Apo 59
San Francisco, Calif.

NOTE: See article below.

Who Is Delinquent, Anyway?

In the above letter you will notice that the problem has again been mentioned of teen-agers all being delinquent. It is tough to be a teenager, or is it really? It is that age when we are no longer children but not quite grown-ups, but are looked upon by many as being men from Mars.

We would not forget the great majority of fine young people

in this age group. They are too often crowded out of the limelight by the actions of a comparatively few delinquents.

As the saying goes, "Scandals get the headlines." The bad is broadcast and the good not mentioned. However, it is a fact that juvenile crime is on the increase—so is all crime. But who is to blame? We are told that in the latter days people would, among other things, be disobedient to parents. Disobedience is an unexcusable sin on our part, but there are reasons why so many youths are running wild and committing crimes at such an alarming rate. In places, for example, court records show that 80 per cent of the cases of juvenile delinquency is traceable to *broken homes*. America has the leading divorce rate (broken homes) of any nation in the world. Delinquent adults help to create juvenile delinquents. Our whole society is delinquent. American adults are reaping what has been sown. 25% per cent of the nation's children are "farmed out" for others to rear or left alone while both parents work to make money to buy more luxuries. Is it any wonder that we hear so much about "juvenile delinquency"?

J. Edgar Hoover has predicted that "based on the present alarming rate, more than one million youths in the ten to seventeen age bracket will be arrested in 1962 and in each succeeding year." He also said "that a *major* factor in the youth crime problem is our present society which has substituted indulgence for discipline, pleasure for duty and money for morals." It can hardly be denied that the school of thought promoted by many psychologists in the last twenty years (teaching parents to spare the rod) has been some of the seeds sown that we are reaping today. The Bible way is *train up* a child in the way he should go, and he will not depart from it. Spare the rod, and you will *spoil the child* is what God says. And that has happened on a large scale in America!

Just as an apple shows you what kind of tree it is growing on, a juvenile delinquent shows you what kind of home training he has had. He is just the fruit. To cure the problem we must work with the tree—on down to the root—clean, moral Christian training in the home.

—G. B.

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 THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

5. *The Bible* (written and completed over 1800 years ago, when the British Empire was still unborn, and when the European races were still in the swaddling clothes of savagery) *describes exactly, precisely, with uncanny exactitude, the Jewish people as they are today.*

Jurymen, let me ask you this question. How many times have you yourself used this (or similar) expression—"He tried to Jew me down." Each time you did so, you were, wittingly, or unwittingly, establishing the truthfulness of God's Word for the Bible said millenniums ago that, because of disobedience, Israel should be cast out from their land of Palestine and be "a proverb and a byword among the people." (1 Kings 9:7). And is it not an astonishing thing that the word "Sheeny" comes from the Hebrew word translated "byword" in the passage in Deut. 28:37: "And thou (Israel) shalt be an astonishment, a proverb, and a *byword*, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee."

The Bible further predicted that the Jews would be "scattered among all nations" (Deut. 28:37,64), and that they should be "wanderers among the nations" (Hos. 9:17), to which the common proverb, "the wandering Jew" bears abundant testimony.

Note the marvelous predictions in Hosea 3:4-5: "*For the children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without a pillar, and without an ephod and without terephim: AFTERWARD shall the children of Israel RETURN, and seek the Lord their God. . . IN THE LATTER DAYS.*" This passage predicts these facts: the continuance of the Jewish people as a race (1) *Without* a government of their own; (2) *Without* the central rite of

their religion (the daily "sacrifice" in the temple); (3) *without* the house for the public worship—their meeting place, the temple—"pillar," i. e., the temple pillars); (4) and *without* even idolatry, to which they invariably turned when they departed from the living God ("teraphim," i. e., images); and (5) *without* the High Priesthood (ephod, a garment of the High Priest); and mark you, *that persistence as a race should keep on despite the fact that they were to be scattered among all nations.* So here we have the miracle of history: that a scattered, persecuted peoples, deprived of their own government and the central facts and customs of their religion should not be assimilated and lose their national identity. That passage in Hosea reads like *history*, as though some one were describing the past experience of the Jews for the last 2,000 years; but the fact is, universally acknowledged, that it was written 2,500 years ago! We challenge anyone to produce a historic parallel to that: scattering, loss of government, but *age-long continuance as a separate race.* Note also, that *in the latter days* the children of Israel are scheduled to *return to Palestine* [which they are right now still in the process of doing], and eventually to return to God. And the marvelous fact is that this return (to be accomplished gradually—in stages—according to Ezek 37:1-14) has already begun. . . since 1897.

Furthermore, men of the jury, the New Testament distinctly teaches that Israel as a nation would be blinded (judicially, because they rejected Christ) and NOT believe His gospel; but that there would be a believing remnant (Rom. 11:1-10). Today we witness that phenomenon too: the vast majority of Jews do not accept the New Testament; but there are some—here a few and there a few—that *do*.

Well, might the late lord Chancellor Erskine say: "The universal dispersion of the Jews throughout the world, their unexampled sufferings, and their wondrous preservation, would be sufficient to establish the truth of the Scriptures if all other testimony were sunk to the bottom of the sea."

—Fred John Meldau



Notes

from

Mom

Dear Young Friends,

At times all of us have what we call "one of those days." Everything goes wrong. We are all out of sorts. If we stop to think, we usually find that we got out of bed cross and irritable, and things did not grow better, but worse as the day wore on. The irritation seemed to grow and thrive upon itself. The more irritable we were, the more cause we found for irritation.

There is a sure remedy for this. Sometimes it is not easy to apply, but we are repaid a hundred fold if we have the strength of character to apply it. We must stop in our tracks and turn about-face so suddenly that we look ourselves right in the face. We have been behind our face, and could not see ourselves as we really were. But now as we look ourself squarely in the face, we can see what the poor old world has had to see; and we can see why it has reacted so unpleasantly. We started it; we were unpleasant first!

It is hard to do when we feel so very irritable, but if we take off that face that looks so unpleasant, and put on one *we* would like to look at, before we know it, things begin to actually look better. We may have to pretend a cheerfulness we do not feel. But it is strange, but true, that as soon as we begin to "put on" a cheerfulness for the sake of those who must look at us, we begin to *feel* cheerful.

* * * *

We have seen children fall out among themselves, and knowing that Mother would not allow fighting, they would express their ugliness by "making faces" at each other. The stronger their contempt, the uglier the face. I used to see my own little boys do that, and all that was usually needed was to say: "What if your face should freeze like that!" As they looked

at each other the absurdity of the thought usually caused the grins to come back.

We "make a face" at the poor old world sometimes, and it will, like the antagonistic boy or girl, make one right back at us.

If we look at a face all twisted up and distorted, and smile instead of trying to make an uglier one, many times he will break into a smile too. And even if he doesn't, *we* feel better. It is much easier to smile, because our face was made for smiles. We must twist it all out of shape to try to look ugly. The only reason it is hard to smile sometimes is that we feel ugly inside. We don't want to give the other person the pleasure of seeing a pleasant face. But the moment we try to cheer others by pleasantness, the ugliness inside also disappears like magic. We just can't be pretty trying to make others unhappy—and we can't be ugly as we try to make others happy. As surely as the wish to be unpleasant to others makes us ugly, the desire to please makes us pleasant and beautiful.

* * * *

Lest we become discouraged when we fail to reach our ideals, let us remember—Ideals, like stars cannot ever be reached. They are lights to guide us, and keep us reaching upward.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM



OUR DAILY PRAYER

O God, be with us through this day
In all we do, in all we say;
Father, make us kind and true
In all we say, in all we do.

Watch over every word we say,
Each deed we do, we humbly pray;
Even our countenance, let it be
Pleasant for our friends to see.

We are behind our face, and we
Cannot see what others see:
So Father, grant we may have grace,
That they may see a cheerful face.

—Mrs. W. J. B.



A Natural Wonder

WATERSPOUTS

(It looks like a serpent with his head in the clouds and his tail on sea.)

There is always something to amuse and instruct in this country (Palestine). Look at those clouds, which hang like a heavy pall of sackcloth over the sea along the western horizon. From them, on windy days are formed **waterspouts**. These remarkable phenomena occur most frequently in the spring. Here and there fragments of black vapor, shaped like long funnels, are drawn down from the clouds toward the sea, and are seen to be in violent agitation, whirling round on themselves as they are driven along by the wind. Directly beneath them the surface of the sea is also in commotion by a whirlwind, which travels onward in concert with the spout above. I have often seen the two actually unite in mid air and rush toward the mountains, writhing, and twisting, and bending like a huge serpent with its head in the clouds and its tail on the deep.

They make a loud noise, of course, and appear very frightful. "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts; all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me," said David, when his soul was cast down within him. (Psa. 42:7). But, though formidable in appearance, they do very little injury. I have never heard of more than one instance in which they proved destructive even to boats, though sailors are extremely afraid of them. As soon as they approach the shore they dissolve and disappear.

—From *The Land and the Book*, by W. M. Thomson

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

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—James A. Froude.

Today is your workshop and when you look into your kit,
Find what you should do, and do it.—Troy B. McCoy

Beware of the rubber conscience and the concrete heart.

Help thy brother's boat across, and lo! thine own has reached the shore.—Sunshine Magazine

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Ralph W. Emerson.

Hitting the ceiling is not the right way to get up in the world.

The most significant fact in history is that no nation of free men has ever provoked a war. Independent nations of free men, in friendly and voluntary cooperation, constitute the key to peace and freedom.
—William Jennings Bryan

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends toward the Son of Righteousness.—Matthew Henry

An evil thought passes thy door first as a stranger. Then it enters as a guest. Then it installs itself as a master.—St. Augustine

Most of the world's supply of trouble is produced by those who don't produce anything else.—Sunshine Magazine

Many a man who boasts of being the master of the home is only the pay-master.

Worry is the advance interest you pay on troubles that seldom come.

Men are born with two eyes and one tongue in order that they may see twice as much as they say.—Rumanian Proverb

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.—The Defender.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.—Proverbs

He Refused to "Be Modern"

Donald Crane, tall, handsome, and twenty, refused the cocktail offered him by his beautiful young hostess. Mockingly, she said:

"You wouldn't spoil my party, would you, Donald dear, by refusing to drink with me?"

"I'm afraid I would, Louise."

"I thought you loved me," she pouted.

"I do, too much to drink with you, or any other woman."

"But, Donald, I'm not asking you to get drunk. I only want you to be sociable and modern." By now, several guests had joined Louise in her urging.

"I think he's on old 'meanie' not to help initiate your lovely new bar," giggled a small unsteady blond.

The evening wore on. There were more drinks before the late supper in the lovely dining room where again glasses clinked merrily.

Donald Crane, a newcomer in the city, had met Louise Dyer two months before and had fallen in love at once. Later, finding out how different their views were about drinking, he was very unhappy, and undecided what to do about their friendship. Turning to him now, the girl asked seriously:

"Donald, why are you so opposed to liquor? You must have a reason, tell me."

"Yes," chorused the others, loudly, "tell us, Mr. Teetotaler!"

"Remember you asked for it, so I'll tell you why I refuse to be *modern*, as you say; why I refuse to help swell 'Uncle Sam's revenue by risking my health and my happiness with alcoholic drinks."

"Hear, hear! this should be good, as good as a sermon."

"Be quiet, everybody," urged Louise, sternly, and Donald went on:

"A year ago my mother was having our house remodeled. I begged her to have a private bar installed. She refused. I insisted, urging her since 'Uncle Sam' didn't care, she shouldn't. After much argument she conceded, 'Donald, you and I are going on a trip and when we return, if you still want your bar,

I shall say no more.' Two days later, on my nineteenth birthday, we boarded a train for a distant city. Arrived at our destination, I asked, with much curiosity, 'Where to, now?'

" 'For a drive,' said mother. A few minutes later the cab we had taken drove up before a large building. Reading the sign, I asked, angrily: 'Why are we stopping here?'

" 'To—see—a friend.'

" 'I'm sure I have no friend in this place,' I said.

" 'We entered the building and after mother gave her name, we followed an attendant down a long hallway and stopped before a cell. Behind the bars was a man who cried out:

" 'Catherine, my dear, what does this mean?'" Mother spoke tremulously:

" 'I've brought our son to see you, dear. Donald, this—is—your father!'" "

As the boy paused in his story, a murmur of horror ran around the table. Flushing, he resumed: "I tried to speak, but no words came. My knees refused to support me and I sank trembling on a bench. My father, whom I had thought dead—was an inmate of the state penitentiary! This, then, accounted for my mother's mysterious trips from home.

" 'The two who were responsible for my being looked on helplessly. Mother stooped and drew me into her arms. Father, trying vainly to reach through the bars, wanted to comfort me. He asked timidly:

" 'Why did you bring him here, Catherine?'

" 'It seemed the time—to let him know, dear. I wanted him to hear from your own lips what put you here behind the—bars.' Accusingly I turned to mother:

" 'You've always led us to believe he was dead!'

" 'My father replied for her: 'It was my wish. For I *am* dead, worse than dead, to the world, and to—you.' He brushed his hand across his eyes and began wearily, 'It was drink that broke up our home, my boy. When you were a baby of four, I committed the crime that brought me here, and broke your mother's will, I had built a private bar in our basement.'

" 'A *private bar*!' I exclaimed, and looked to my mother silently begging forgiveness.

" 'I had thought it smart to defy the prohibition law,' my father continued, 'to entertain my friends with illegal liquor, not that being legalized makes it any safer, or more decent. One night while you and your mother were away I had a stag party. I got drunk, quarreled with my best friend, and killed him—with a whisky bottle—from my own private bar!'

"With trembling voice I asked: 'How long must you stay here, father?'"

"Sobbing in utter hopelessness, he replied: 'For—as—long—as—I—shall—live! Because I became so desperate and tried, on two occasions to escape, I am denied all privileges, and must remain alone in this cell. Because of my private bar at home I must stay forever—behind these public bars.'

"Oh! I wish I had never known!' I sobbed. Mother spoke softly:

" 'I would have continued to spare you, Donald, had I dared, but I was afraid, for myself, and for you. You were so insistent and I could not bear another bar in my home; another bar crushing my heart, taking from me the happiness you bring.'

"Holding her close in my arms I promised: 'Nor shall you have to stand it. From now on, nothing alcoholic shall pass my lips, so help me, God!'

"My story is finished. I know it sounds melodramatic, my friends. I've told it only in the hope that you might understand why I am sure only sorrow can come from drink.

"Perhaps you no longer will care for my companionship since you know I am the son of a man behind the bars—for life. But of one thing I am justly proud—I am also the son of the finest mother in all the world, and for her, as for myself, I am through with drinking—forever!"

There were tears in Louise's eyes as she put a trembling hand on Donald's shoulder and faced her guests:

"I thank God for the courage Donald has displayed. I am proud and happy to call myself his friend. I hope you will join me in deciding on a new venture—on life without liquor and regrets. My bar comes out to-morrow." One by one the glasses were set down until every guest has accepted the challenge.

—The Union Signal

Youth's Living Ideals

This I'll Remember

It's raining today. And every time it rains my memory takes me back to that afternoon when I ducked into a shoe store to escape a sudden wintry shower. It seemed a good time to purchase the bedroom slippers I had been needing for weeks.

The little girl in the next seat in the shoe department was perhaps the loveliest child I have ever seen. She had short golden curls that formed a nimbus around a heart-shaped face; and her eyes were large, expressive, and unexpectedly dark.

She was happily trying on shoes, while her mother watched. But only one shoe—the right one. Her left foot was encased in one of those rigid, heart-breaking braces that are worn by children who are victims of polio.

"I love pretty shoes," she told me smilingly, in the confiding way that children have. "'Course, I can't walk so good now, but I like to have a pretty shoe on, anyway."

I tried to keep the pity from showing on my face and in my eyes.

"Yes, dear," I agreed. "Those shoes are so pretty that I wouldn't know which to get if I were buying them."

"I'm not sure, either," she admitted, as a puzzled frown gathered on her brow.

She turned to the only other customer in the store—a slender, middle-aged lady who evidently was waiting for the clerk to wrap her purchase.

"Which do you like best?" the little girl inquired of her. "The red ones or the blue? Which look prettier?"

The child's mother, when she heard these words, appeared as though she had been stricken. But the lady smiled warmly.

"When I was a small girl like you, I always loved red shoes," she said, in a soft pleasant voice. "They sort of cheered me up."

At this moment the clerk handed her a package and she got up and followed her Seeing-Eye dog out of the store.

"I'll take the red shoes," the little girl told the clerk. "They make me feel cheery, too."

Now she turned to her mother inquiringly. Didn't that lady

have a pretty face?" she asked. "And what a nice dog! Just like Rin-Tin-Tin!"

I got up to go. Having become emotionally involved in the little drama that had been enacted in my presence, I had forgotten all about bedroom slippers.

"You're a very nice little girl," I said, smiling at her. "And I think the red shoes are prettiest, too."

The little girl smiled at me with unbelievable sweetness, and with happiness glowing on her face. Though she could hardly hobble along, she was radiant.

I went out again into the rain. I shall always remember that afternoon. One doesn't often meet Courage, face to face, twice in the same day! —Gina Bell-Zano in *Sunshine Magazine*

READ IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

- Debbie's First Case, by Mrs. W. J. Berry
(Debbie's dreams start coming true,—but in a way that she did not expect. Another heart-warming story, teaching that God works things out for good for those who love Him.)

Readers, Write—Right Now

(DON'T LET GEORGE DO IT!)

This is your paper! Express your ideas on paper and send them to us. Share your thoughts and ideas with others and we will all be helped.

Do you have problems that might be solved if we discussed them? Send them in. They say two brains are better than one.

Have you had problems that you solved in a way that might help others? Let us have the solutions. Some other reader may have the same problem and your answer may help. Your ideas are certainly worth considering!

If there is anything else you come across that may be of interest and help to other *Youth's Living Ideals* readers, don't just stack it back in the closet—pass it on to us. Thank you!

But remember: DON'T LET GEORGE DO IT! *You do it first.*

Rebekah

(From *Women of the Bible*, by H. V. Morton)

In the February issue we saw the lovelier side of Rebekah. But the Bible is different from most books in giving the lives of the various ones. In many books we may read only of that which is beautiful and charming in the characters described, but the Bible tells of the failing and sins as well as the more beautiful side of the various characters. Their sins are all told in this Book, but not like in our modern writings, which many times glamorize even the vilest sin. In the Bible when a person's sin is described, it is in all its heinousness without any glamorization.

So now we see how Mr. Morton has been faithful to show us some of the bad side of Rebekah's nature, as faithfully recorded in the Book of Books.

Rebekah was younger than her husband. May it have been the quarter of a century that separated them and grew wider as Isaac aged, that explains the estrangement expressed so dramatically by Rebekah's cruel deception? The sweetest love stories do not always last. Rebekah in middle life, the mother of twins, was a different character from the young bride who rode south so happily to meet her lover in Canaan.

There are some women, and Rebekah is the first on record, who develop a fanatic passion for their children which far outweighs any love they ever felt for their husbands. Motherhood came to her late in life, and by that time Isaac was an old man. All the longing stored up for years was poured out by Rebekah in the violence of her maternity. How violent it was can be gathered from the fact that she championed one twin against the other.

So real are the four characters in this drama that one naturally takes sides with the poor old Isaac, blind and helpless against the scheming Rebekah. It seems to us difficult to understand how even an infatuated mother, and there are no deeper depths in infatuation, could prefer the smooth, spoiled Jacob to the honest, hairy Esau.

From the first moment of his life, when his infantile hand tried to catch the heel of Esau and pull him back, Jacob, in his dealings with his brother, secondly in his deception of his father, thirdly in his sharp practice with the peeled wands,

exhibits the regrettable character of the business man who is ready to double-cross his adversary.

How much of this was due to Rebekah's influence, and to what extent his personality, which she loved so much, should make us revise our opinion of the sweet maid from the Euphrates, I am not prepared to say.

The fact remains that Rebekah's plot to obtain the birthright of her elder son, Esau, for her favorite, Jacob, remains one of the classic deceptions in history.

One remark of Rebekah's seems to illuminate her with a flash of almost tragic light. When Jacob objects that he cannot steal his brother's blessing because his old blind father will feel his smooth skin, which is not rough and hairy like Esau, his mother cuts him short and tells him to slay two kids, whose skins she will place on his hands and his neck.

"I shall bring a curse upon me, and not a blessing," says the fearful Jacob; and Rebekah replies:

"Upon me be thy curse, my son, only obey my voice."

That is almost the last picture we are given of this woman. It is the picture of a strong-minded, decisive girl, who has grown into an autocratic matriarch. Whatever love she once bore her aged husband vanished when children came. Her one passion is her favorite son. There is nothing she would not do for his sake. And in this scheming, clever life we seem to see an extension of the less worthy qualities of his mother.

We may profit by this sad end of our once lovely young bride, if we see in it the danger there is for all of us. So many times a slightly noticeable fault in youth will develop into an ugly, hateful thing which entirely covers the nobler traits as we grow into maturity, and the older years. If we, like Rebekah, have a strong determination, and ability to make important decisions, not faults in themselves, do not keep a prayerful watch over them, slowly they will develop into a domineering, dogmatic character in later life. Even what we might think of as a "cute" little weakness, as it develops into age, may become a most hateful characteristic in an older woman. The young

man with a slightly contentious nature, which may be taken for a carefulness to have things correct, without prayerful watching, may grow into a tyrant in his middle and old age.

How careful we should be, how prayerful, that we nourish the more pleasing characteristics, and keep in proper control those qualities which, if unguarded, may become serious faults. When we have reached young manhood and womanhood, we have just begun to grow.

Getting the Worst of It

One day a boy with a basket on his arm went to the door of a home and asked the lady if she wished some berries. He had spent several hours gathering them, and now he was looking for a customer.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket to measure the berries while the boy remained at the door whistling to the canary bird in the cage nearby.

"Don't you wish to come and see that I measure your berries correctly?" asked the lady.

"I'm not afraid," answered the boy. "If you cheated me, you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady in surprise. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," replied the boy, "I would only lose some berries, but you would make yourself dishonest. Wouldn't that be getting the worst of it?"

—*Sunshine Magazine*



HE SAW HE WAS PRAYING TO THE WRONG ONE

A little lad in Central Africa had learned to read the New Testament in the mission school. Some time later, the Roman Catholic fathers persuaded him to be baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. They gave him a medal to wear, on which was a representation of the virgin. "It will be easier for you to pray when you look at that," they said, "and the mother of Jesus will pray to her Son for you."

Several months passed and the boy returned to the evangelical mission. Asked the reason why he did not go to the "Catholics," he said, "I read in the Gospels that Mary lost Jesus when she was on a journey; so I thought, If she forgot her own little boy, she will surely forget me, so I am going to pray straight to Jesus."

—*Christian Digest*

"What's Eating You?"

"What's eating you?" said one man in a very unkind tone, to his fellow-worker. He *was* rather "all out of sorts." It was just one of those days, as we sometimes say, when *nothing* seems right. So he answered in the same manner, and tempers flared, angry words flew, and unhappiness resulted. If he had been merely despondent before, now, added to this, was a further dissatisfaction with himself, a deeper unhappiness inside. For that was at the root of his unfortunate behavior which had brought forth the words, "What's eating you?" Those words, though spoken in unkindness, were descriptive of his condition. There really was something gnawing at his very heart. It was a sense of his own inadequacy in so many phases of his life that had caused his despondency. But his friend's unkind question, and now his own unkind answer, only added immeasurably to his sense of utter personal failure.

If his friend, seeing his dejection, had been more understanding, much unhappiness could have been avoided. Had he said something like: "You seem to be troubled about something today. Is there anything I can do to help?" At this first sympathetic, kind word, he would have been encouraged to express his inner discouragement. Often merely by giving expression to our depression causes it to disappear as the fog before the morning sun. A kind, sympathetic word has this power to disperse discouragement and despondency as surely as the sun has power to overcome gloom.—Mrs. W. J. B.



SHOCKING—ISN'T IT?

America was shocked by the Chicago fire in 1871; the Johnstown flood in 1889; the Iroquois Theater fire in 1903; the San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906; the Titanic disaster in 1912; the Cloquet forest fire in 1918; the Illinois tornado in 1925; the Florida hurricane in 1928; the Long Beach (Calif.) earthquake in 1933; the Morro Castle disaster in 1934; the Atlanta (Ga.) hotel fire in 1946; and the Waco (Texas) tornado in 1953. The dead in all of these disasters total 8,212, while alcohol involved traffic deaths in **only one year**—1956—reached the shocking total of 12,000.—Pertinent Paragraphs

"A drinking driver was involved in about 30 per cent of all fatal accidents in 1956."—Accident Facts, 1957

For Teen-agers Only

They tell us the teen-ager is crying, "What can we do? Where can we go?" Here are some suggestions: Go home. Hang the storm windows. Paint the woodwork. Rake the leaves. Mow the lawn. Shovel the walk. Wash the car. Learn to cook. Scrub the floor. Get a job. Help the minister. Visit the sick. Study. Read a good book.

Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your town does not owe you recreational facilities. The world does not owe you a living.

You owe the world something—owe it your time and energy and talents.—From the *Presbyterian Journal*

News Items . . .

• **YOUTH FITNESS**—A recent report compiled by the American Association of Health, Physical Education and Recreation shows children in the United States inferior in physical fitness to British youth. The British state that American children spend too much time "watching their team play," while the British "encourage the children to play themselves."

• **A SNAIL'S PACE—HOW FAST?**—The University of Maryland recently discovered that a snail travels along at an average speed of 23 inches an hour, that it can pull items 200 times its own weight and slide along the sharp edge of a razor blade without getting cut.

• **THE ORIGIN OF THE PENCIL**—The origin of the lowly but mighty pencil is an interesting item. The *Indianapolis Star* reports that the first wood-cased pencil was invented around 1686 in France. Prior to that event, graphite had been pushed into quills or tubes, which were held tight with string, or was put in metal holders called port-crayons. About 2.8 board feet of wood is required to make 12 dozen pencils.

• **HERE IS A BIT OF ADVICE** that makes sense. It is from top highway people. They say: "When you are in the driver's seat, concentrate only on driving. Driving is a full-time job. Trying to carry on conversation, or viewing the scenery, is a dangerous practice. Driving requires your complete attention."

• **TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH** while you have it! There are some 16 million persons past 65 years of age in the American population of 180 millions. The number of these elderly citizens increases at the rate of 1,000 per day. They pay 44 per cent more for physicians' services, 92 per cent more for hospital care, and 120 per cent more for drugs than do people under 65.

• **READERS—KEEP YOUR EYES** on the lookout for newsy items of interest and mail them to *Youth's Living Ideals*.

How Things Began . . .

Fossils — Fossils

YOU WILL SAY: How about all these fossils that have been found? Fossils which scientists say are millions of years old—surely *they* prove the theory of Evolution?

Well, as a matter of fact, fossils are one of the proofs that we have of Creation! They certainly do not help to prove Evolution. Does that surprise you? Let me explain.

If Evolution is true, then our present kind of world was formed by one kind of animal slowly developing into another. So if we dig far enough into the past, we should be able to find fossils of animals that show signs of changing from one species to another. In addition, as we dig further back we should find that the fossils of animals grow more simple in shape, and also fewer in number. Because Evolutionists say that everything has developed from a few simple beginnings.

But the difficulty is that the fossils of early animals that have been found completely disprove both these points! To begin with, the earliest fossils discovered are of the same kind of creatures that we can see today. Fossils have been found of some 4,000 species of animals which lived first—and looking at them today you can recognize them for what they are.

Again, all these fossil animals evidently came into existence suddenly. There is no evidence that they slowly appeared. Judging by the sudden appearance of these thousands of early fossils they must have appeared suddenly on the earth, in huge numbers. And some of these early fossils are fearsome fellows. For example, a sea scorpion nearly six feet long! Our present-day shrimps are insignificant things in comparison.

Nor is there any trace, among fossil remains, of any animal developing into any other kind of animal. For example, fossil fish begin just as suddenly as other fossils, and are quite clearly fish. Nowhere has a “half-fish” been found.

And when we come to examine fossils of amphibians and

reptiles, still the same is true. They all appeared suddenly, and fully developed in their kind. There is no fossil of an "in-between animal."

Perhaps you may have heard of the Pterodactyl. He is a peculiar gentleman, whom the Evolutionists say is half reptile and half bird—thus, as they say, proving their theory.

But in the first place, if only one "half and half" animal has been found, when there ought to be thousands of these "in-between animals" (i. e. missing links), surely that should make us a little suspicious? Why only *this one*?

And anyway the Pterodactyl is quite definitely a reptile, and not a bird. It hasn't got feathers and its "wings" bones are utterly different from those of every known bird—even from fossil birds. Really, old Mr. Pterodactyl is no more strange than our Mr. Bat.

So all the fossil evidence proves Creation—and doesn't help Evolution at all.

(1) Because early fossils all begin suddenly and simultaneously.

(2) Because early fossils are easily recognizable from present-day species.

(3) Because there are no "half and half" fossils—no missing links.

All of which we should expect to find, since we believe that these creatures were all created suddenly, in their own kinds, and fully developed.

I must warn you that the study of fossils is really far more complicated than might seem from this little chapter. These are only some of the discoveries that have been made, very simply described. But if ever you do seriously begin to study geology and fossils, you will discover what I have said is true. Fossils give a great deal of evidence to support Creation, as the Bible describes.

(Gen. 1:20-23,24,25; 1 Cor. 15:39)

—H. J. Appleby

Perseverance

OR A LESSON IN FLYING A KITE

"Will you give my kite a lift?" said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly by dragging it along the ground. Lucy very kindly took it up and threw it into the air, but, her brother neglecting to run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

"Ah! now, how awkward you are!" said the little fellow. "It was your fault entirely," answered his sister. "Try again, children," said I.

Lucy once more took up the kite. But now John was in too great a hurry; he ran off so suddenly that he twitched the kite out of her hand, and it fell flat as before. "Well, who is to blame now?" asked Lucy. "Try again," said I.

They did, and with more care, but a side wind coming suddenly, as Lucy let go the kite, it was blown against some shrubs, and the tail became entangled in a moment, leaving the poor kite hanging with its head downward.

"There, there!" exclaimed John, "that comes of your throwing it all to one side." "As if I could make the wind blow straight," said Lucy. In the meantime, I went to the kite's assistance; and having disengaged the long tail, I rolled it up saying, "Come, children, there are too many trees here; let us find a more open space, and then try again."

We presently found a nice grassplot, at one side of which I took my stand; and all things being prepared, I tossed the kite up just as little John ran off. It rose with all the dignity of a balloon, and promised a lofty flight; but John, delighted to find it pulling so hard at the string, stopped short to look upward and admire. The string slackened, the kite wavered, and the wind not being very favorable, down came the kite to the grass. "Oh John, you should not have stopped," said I. "However, try again."

"I won't try any more," replied he, rather sullenly. "It is of no use, you see. The kite won't fly, and I don't want to be plagued with it any longer." "Oh, fie, my little man! would you give up the sport, after all the pains we have taken both to

make and to fly the kite? A few disappointments ought not to discourage us. Come, I have wound up your string, and now try again."

And he did try, and succeeded, for the kite was carried upward on the breeze as lightly as a feather; and when the string was all out, John stood in great delight, holding fast the stick and gazing on the kite, which now seemed like a little white speck in the blue sky. "Look, look, aunt, how high it flies! and it pulls like a team of horses, so that I can hardly hold it. I wish I had a mile of string. I am sure it would go to the end of it."

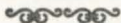
After enjoying the sight as long as he pleased, little John proceeded to roll up the string slowly; and when the kite fell, he took it up with great glee, saying that it was not at all hurt, and that it had behaved very well. "Shall we come out tomorrow, aunt, after lessons, and try again?"

"I have no objection, my dear, if the weather is fine. And now, as we walk home, tell me what you have learned from your mornings's sport." "I have learned to fly my kite properly." "You may thank aunt for it, brother," said Lucy, "for you would have given it up long ago, if she had not persuaded you to try again."

"Yes, dear children, I wish to teach you the value of perseverance, even when nothing more depends upon it than the flying of a kite. Whenever you fail in your attempts to do any good thing, let your motto be,—try again."

—From *McGuffey's Fourth Reader*

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GROWING UP WITH CRIMINALS

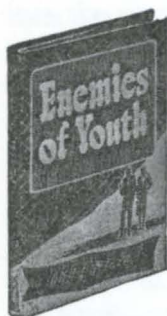
Mrs. Charles E. Merriman, crusader for a renovation of the movies, strikes the nail on the head when she writes, "The recreational hours of our youth are making criminals of them today. You cannot expect them to become good citizens if you feed them on vice and crime. Vice and crime beget vice and crime. We have learned that a child cannot live among criminals and not be affected, but we have not stopped to realize that pictures of vice and crime are just as bad as the reality."—From "Movie-Mad America," by U. E. Harding

March, 1961

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Suggested Reading

A strongly recommended book to add to your library.



Enemies of Youth

By

John Carrara

(171 pages—\$2.00)

This book "will answer why one million young people are living criminal lives; why 18 million young people have never been on the inside of a church building; why 20 million young people have never heard a gospel sermon preached; why the United States is spending 15 billion dollars a year to check crime."

As one review says, (The Alliance Weekly) "This book is a startling revelation of the bids the cesspools of sin and iniquity are making for the youth of our land. John Carrara, a young man himself and a noted evangelist and preacher, holds the torch high, revealing not only the terrible depths of sin and all its sordidness, but pointing young people to the only solution of their problems—the saving power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

A few paragraphs from the book:

"Why do we have so much sex appeal and lust on the screen? These are the type of pictures which draw the crowds, and of course the larger the crowd the more money pours into the coffers.

"... We find in a certain city in one state a certain moving picture which was considered famous by many because of its

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daring, obscene scenes, was run out of town. Just across the border in a certain city of another state that same moving picture was welcomed and thrown wide open to the public. That city became popular with the young people from far and near and they drove miles to get there and attend the theaters because of the lustful attractions. The movies are feeding and encouraging lust in our young people, and older people as well, and should be condemned without mercy. . .

"Why do they have such influence? Because they are molding the minds of the youth of the nation—the eager, plastic mind of youth. The older folk go to the radio or newspaper, but youth to the movies for their news and amusement! . .

"The power of pictures can hardly be estimated. It is not only nation-wide but world-wide. A recent British report said that now nations can be judged by the films they export. I am aware that the movies can be the greatest educational institution America has [if the instrument were not in the devil's hands] but in its present state it is anything but a favorable institution of learning. . .

"Now we must admit that some good characters are portrayed and good lessons can be drawn from some of the plays. People often say, 'You must and do admit that there is some good in the movies, don't you?' I must reply, 'Of course there is and there is also some good in most every garbage pail, but you would not think of going through the dirty filthy rubbish to find it there, would you?' . .

"The figures quoted from in this chapter were taken from an investigation made by educators, research workers and scientists and not by preachers or religious leaders."

Chapter headings: "The Modern Dance," "The History of the Dance," "The Movies," "The Cigarette," "The Killer Drug," "The Assassin of Youth," "My Final Ulea."

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ing men come over and fetch it. ⁸ ¶ And David and his men went up, and invaded ¹the Gesh'u-rites, ²and the Gez'rites, and ³the Am'-
a-lek-ites: for those ¹nations ²were of old the inhabitants of the land, as thou goest to Shur, even unto the

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