

"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. 5.—February, 1961

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PICTURES OF CHRIST

•
A SOFT ANSWER

❧
PICTURE FEATURE

❧
A MAN
WEARING A YOKE

*Are there any "counterfeit"
pictures or crucifixes of Christ
displayed in your home?*

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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Youth's

Living Ideals

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Pictures of Christ

(A vital article for serious-thinking readers)

NOW HERE is the surprising thing. Nowhere in the Bible, either in the Old Testament or New Testament, is there a physical description of Christ. Isn't that strange if God wanted to use the picture of Christ in spreading the gospel or in worship, that we are not told whether Christ was tall or short, fair or dark, light or dark hair, blue eyes or brown eyes.

With all their love for the Lord you would think that Peter or John would have given a description of Him unless, of course, they were forbidden. They wrote under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Surely it is significant that neither they nor any other of the Scriptures gave a physical description of the Lord. Surely if God desired the use of pictures of Christ to further the cause of Christ, He would have had a physical description of His Son in His Word. Why should we consider ourselves wiser than God and provide what He has deliberately left out?

The second amazing fact is that in the first four centuries of the history of the Church no picture of Christ was used. These were the years when the Church made her most astonishing growth. These were the years in which the Christians conquered Pagan Rome. It is so frequently stated that we need pictures in order to teach people the gospel. The apostle Peter did not need pictures of Christ to instruct the young or bring the Gospel to adults. The apostle John did not need pictures of Christ to convert pagans and instruct the Church. The apostle Paul did not need pictures of Christ to convert Barbarians and Greeks. The early church did not need pictures of Christ to conquer paganism. They accomplished it by preaching the Word in the power of the Holy Spirit.

The so-called pictures of Christ which are present today are from the imagination of the artists. That is why there are so many different pictures. Not one of them is a true picture. So every time you say this or that is a picture of Christ you are uttering a lie [shocking, but true]. You cannot teach truth by a lie. Christ is the Truth and surely He would not want the use of a false means to point to Him. Christ abhors lies and falsehoods.

How would you like it if someone who never saw you painted a picture and told everyone that it was a picture of you? Certainly you would resent it. And certainly Christ must resent all those *counterfeit* pictures of Him.

But supposing you wanted a picture of Christ as He is now. The Disciples had such a vision of Him on the mount of transfiguration. We read in Matthew 17:2, "And his face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light." This was the glorified Christ. No one could give us a picture of Christ that would show the glowing of Christ's face as the sun and His raiment as white as the light. They would only rob Christ of His glory by miserably falling short of a true painting of Christ in His present glory.

There is always, also, the danger of worshipping the picture of Christ and attaching power to it. Even a Protestant publishing firm stated that there is power in a picture of Christ. It stated: "When one plants deeply and firmly in his mind the picture of Christ, it has a strong and powerful influence in his life." Thus instead of attributing this influence to Christ and the Holy Spirit they attribute it to the picture they are trying to sell. That is a breaking of the second commandment.

It is amazing how slowly unscriptural practices enter the Christian Church. We must at all times go back to the Scriptures. The Bible is our infallible guide. And if our practices and doctrines do not conform with the teachings of the Scriptures, then we must eliminate them. The Bible instructs the Church not to make any likeness of Christ. The present day pictures of Christ are false and no one would make a serious claim that they resemble Christ upon earth. They separate His humanity

from His deity. They do not at all give us a glimpse of His present glory. They are not condoned by the inspired apostles. The so-called pictures of Christ are a hindrance and a temptation to idolatry.

—J. Marcellus Kik

The Inside Story of Narcotics

Representative Norris Paulson told Congress, "Dope is the real secret weapon of the Kremlin"; and he asked that an investigation be undertaken by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He further stated: "The narcotics traffic has grown to such proportions under Communist tutelage that it has become an important factor in defending the United States.

"The slaves of Stalin swore to break the spirit of resistance in China by killing one out of every four Chinese. They failed. They failed miserably. What was their alternative? To destroy minds and souls, where they had failed to destroy bodies, by forcing or beguiling millions of Chinese into becoming narcotic addicts. . . The Red dope-slaves filter through. . . through this mass-production method 'users' smuggle the narcotics to sailor-smugglers—a small segment of a generally loyal and strongly independent group—carry this load of narcotics to Mexico, to Canada and directly into American ports."—*The Inside Story of Narcotics*, by Jim Vaus. This is an 88 page book revealing the narcotics problem. Price: Only 15 cents.

MR. MEANT-TO

Mr. Meant-To has a comrade,
And his name is Didn't-Do.
Have you ever chanced to meet them?
Have they ever called on you?

These two fellows live together
In the house of never-win,
And I'm told that it is haunted
By the ghost of might-have-been.

—From The Bible Friend

Love, Courtship, & Marriage

WAIT TO KNOW EACH OTHER

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

SHORT ENGAGEMENTS are dangerous. They often do not turn out happily. Young people should not become engaged until they have known each other well for long months, or better yet, years. Then they should not marry for several months, at the very least, so that they may be better acquainted with one another and may carefully weigh the character of his or her beloved.

Love at first sight? It sometimes really happens, I think, but rarely. I had dinner last Sunday with a couple, wonderfully happy, who married forty-five days after they first met each other. But they were members of the same church, each investigated the other's family, and the character of each was unusual. More often it happens that so-called "love at first sight" is only a passing infatuation. On better acquaintance the beloved object proves not to be what one thought. What the young man fell in love with was not the girl she was, but the girl he imagined her to be. What the girl fell in love with was not the young man she met, but her ideal of a young man which she hoped and thought this young man would meet. So the first attraction, the love at first sight, so-called, should always be put to the test of further acquaintance. A more mature love based on character, based on real understanding of one another's personalities can properly grow out of the first attraction if it is well based.

Hasty marriages are always dangerous. Any man who would enter the profession of medicine and bind himself for a life-time to that profession, with no more preparation, no more consideration, no more acquaintance with the facts involved than many young people have before they get married, would be counted a fool. . . So any couple who marries without taking time to know one another well and without proving that their love is deep-seated and based on genuine admiration, compatibility of

character and personality, and attraction of the spirit instead of only animal-like sex attraction, are very foolish. A very large per cent of hasty marriages end in divorce and heartbreak. No couple should marry without waiting to know one another well and until their mutual love has brought deep-seated conviction that they will be happy together for a lifetime and would not be happy apart. Real love must be based upon what people are, what one knows another to be, based upon a deep-seated admiration and devotion. Any marriage based upon a sudden whim, based upon the attraction aroused in an evening at the dance, based on the thrill of a goodnight kiss, or after drinking wine, maybe, is certainly a foolish marriage. And people who enter marriage that way are fools who should expect disaster. Disaster is certainly likely to come to any such ill-considered and hasty marriage.

Many states require three days' delay after filing intention to marry. The idea is to thwart sudden marriages by half-drunken young people, by those who take marriage as a prank, and by those who run away from home and marry without parent's knowledge or consent. Hasty marriages are evil. Wait until you know one another better!

REAL LOVE HAS A PURE MIND

By William W. Orr

Clean living demands clean thinking. The Christian who earnestly desires his love to be pure must resolutely stand guard, sword in hand, over his thought life. And in today's evil-minded world, this calls for courage of the first order.

Our day exhibits a dangerous laxity in moral standards. Off color literature, risque pictures and even conversation which our fathers would not have tolerated are commonly accepted today without even batting an eye. Ethical barriers are perilously low. And unless something is done our beloved country will be engulfed and destroyed by this flood of immoral filth.

For example our current "literature." The predominate purpose of our magazines seems to be to display the nude figure. Our best selling books are given over to crime, illicit love, sex triangles or worse. Even our children's books run the

gamut of nudity, shady dealings and slangy talk. The consequences of literature like this could eventually wreck our nation.

Sometimes it seems the whole country has gone stark sex-crazy. The billboards, movies, dancing, radio and television all incubate the type of love which is the Devil's own [the Devil's *counterfeit*]. Women's fashions and especially beach and outdoor wear cater to sensuality that destroys pure love. And the philosophy which spawns the whole sorry mess is one which urges you to enjoy your physical senses to the full today, and forget about tomorrow . . . and God.

What can the Christian do? We can't avoid seeing these things, they're on every hand, and then some. But don't despair, don't surrender. There's victory for you. God advises that when evil suggestions arise, you turn and run. Run like mad away from it. That's not cowardice, that's real courage.

Then, fill your mind with the right kind of thoughts. Saturate your thinking with Scripture. [The Bible is always the best antidote against "thought-poison."—G. B.] This is not mere piousness. This is THE answer to the problem.

DO YOU CHICK-PECK?

"Parents are chick-pecked," is how one columnist expressed it. Dad wants to buy a good station wagon so the family can go to picnics and for that vacation trip in the woods. But Bud complains. He needs a car to take his girl out, and who will go with him in a "truck"? So father hesitates, then changes his mind, and the family loses because Dad doesn't want to say No to Bud. Father is chick-pecked.

Mother doesn't want Sherry to go to the party which is unchaperoned. But Sherry says, "Oh, Mother, don't be a square!" And because Mother doesn't want to be a square, she is a jellyfish and says Yes. She is chick-pecked. Chick-pecking starts when the children are small and doesn't always let up until after they are married. But one thing God requires from parents is leadership.—M. P. Simon

CROWDED JAILS

We all know there is a very great increase in juvenile crime. . . We also know that many prisons, which have been shut for years are being re-opened. It is the considered opinion of those who know that this is very largely due to the effect of unsuited films upon children and the youth today.—Miss E. M. Phillips, politician, England

From Our Readers . . .

Rt. 2, Milan, Tennessee, December 31, 1960

Dear Editors,—I received a copy of your paper, *Youth's Living Ideals*. I handed the paper to some of our young members here, for their consideration.

My father, Elder T. L. Webb, edited and published *Young Folks* from 1935 to 1938, at which time he sold the paper to Elder R. H. Pittman, then the editor of *Advocate & Messenger* and Father was placed on the Editorial Staff of that paper. At the time *Young Folks* was published we lived in El Dorado, Arkansas. Father at first received good support in the early days of its publication, but later people became negligent in their support. I think, however, it was a good endeavor, and there is a crying need today for such good material put before our young people who are exposed to the wrong kind of literature.

I liked the contents of your first issue, and if you care to send me some sample copies, I will introduce it to our young people. We have several young people in our churches here.

Any way I may be helpful, please advise.

With kindest regards,

—T. L. Webb, Jr.

Rt. 2, Crumpler, N. C. January 22, 1961

Dear Mrs. Berry:—Will you forgive me for waiting so long to answer your letter? I hope that you are well, and the the Lord is richly blessing your life and work.

I enjoy reading *Youth's Living Ideals*. After reading it, I can see how weak and sinful I am, and how careful we should be in what we do and say. I have said things that I did not think were wrong. But you mentioned some words that are wrong to use. I feel that you have shown how and why certain words are wrong. We often do not stop to consider as we use them.

I am thrilled with the magazine. It has helped me and caused me to be more thoughtful. Such material is all that I care to read. It is hard to find good reading material just anywhere, and few people are interested enough to read such papers.

I want a copy of the "Waterloo Soldier." I am inclosing a check to pay for it, and you may use the rest to help in the publication of the magazine, and to send to others who cannot pay.

Love,

—Kathleen Brown

Note: It is encouraging to know that our labors are bearing fruit by helping others.—Editors

Carthage, Mississippi

Dear Brethren and Friends,—We would be glad to get some sample copies of *Youth's Living Ideals*. We will do our best to get a list of subscriptions. We feel sure you have something that the youth of our land and country need.

Sincerely,

—Jim Cook

February, 1961

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A Soft Answer

ANNE AND KEVIN had been married almost eight years now, and it had seemed to Anne sometimes lately, that some of the "shine" was gone from their love. There had been too frequent quarrels between them. There was no important reason for them—just little, trivial things that led little by little into those hateful words between them which left both of them ashamed. Anne had prayed earnestly over the matter, that she might really do her part to overcome the condition, which seemed to be growing between them.

Take what had just happened for instance. They came in from work, and as she began dinner, Kevin said crossly, "If there is anything in this world that irks me more than things always out of place, I don't know it. I fight that at work all day, and then come home to find the same lack of order!"

That morning Anne had been late getting up, and in her hurry to leave for work had left her robe draped over a kitchen chair. Ordinarily she, too, was an orderly person, but doing double duty as she was, sometimes things became almost too much for her. So the words, and his irritable manner hurt her deeply. Kevin's business was having quite a struggle and he had been trying to get along without a secretary. So Anne had brushed up on her shorthand, and was helping. She thought to herself, "If I had nothing to do but keep house, it would always be clean and orderly. I really keep it the best I can, what with performing, at times even janitor's duty at the office!"

Because of his unkind words she felt that Kevin did not appreciate her help, nor understand the problem of trying to keep house too. Hot, retaliatory words were on the tip of her tongue: "If I had a dime for each time I have picked up your shoes and put them away, or half crawled under the bed for your sox, we wouldn't be as poor as we are, I can tell you!" But wait! Hadn't she prayed to overcome this kind of bickering? Wasn't this just how those petty quarrels developed? Of course! Why pray to be kind and big, and then *act* small and petty, and unkind? So swallowing her words unspoken, she

said instead, "That does look awfully careless, doesn't it?"

Still the hurt was there—the sense of discouragement. Kevin had been irritable all day it seemed, and despite her efforts to relieve his burdens, she felt unhappy in his seeming lack of appreciation. But having controlled the first hateful impulse, it seemed that she felt better. Let others be unkind, if they must, she thought, but it gave one a sense of strength and satisfaction to resist the temptation to fight back. In this she saw the wonderful teaching of Jesus. Render good for evil. If she could just put this into practice in such a small instance and feel this satisfaction, wouldn't it be a wonderful world if we all could practice this principle in *every* phase of our lives?

Thinking thus, she had forgotten Kevin's words, and as they came again to her, there was no hurt or resentment. Instead she saw him only as too tired, too burdened, and the expression of his irritation not against her—she just happened to be the target at the moment. If such a release of the tension he had been under all day helped, was this another good purpose in life she could fulfill? He could not give vent to this tension to just anyone. But she was his wife, who had taken him solemnly, for better or for worse. We so often really want only the "better" she thought, and when the "worse" crops out, we fight back. Young people should realize this. So often they think only of the glamorous excitement of romance, forgetting that "worse." Girls should realize that their Prince Charming could not always be charming. Young men should realize that the pout he now thinks so cute in his bride would be hateful in a mature wife.

Marriage is really a matter of "give and take" she thought and that is the cause of most of the unhappiness—each one wanted to take and not give. Why, just think back, she said to herself. That is exactly what *she* had been doing. She remembered the sad time when they had lost their baby. The Dr. had said they were to have no more. It was a heartbreak for both of them. She just had not been able to take it. Bitterly unhappy, heartsick, ill in body and mind, she had not always been kind to Kevin. Her unhappiness had, for a time, come out in a self-

pitying peevishness, which must have been most trying for him. But he had understood. He had been a tower of strength to her, even though he, too, was unhappy. He never once chided her for her fretful selfishness in that period of grief. Now he was undergoing a great stress of another kind. It was time for her to give.

So absorbed was she with her thoughts that she peeled too many potatoes, and smiled at her own absent-mindedness.

Dinner was about on as Kevin came in from doing some work in the garage.

"Dinner will be ready in a jiffy, Darling," she said, throwing the tea towel over the extra potatoes. "You must be famished."

He came and stood by her, and she knew with her heart that he was sorry for his earlier crossness. She didn't want him to be sorry. She wanted only to help him, and she wanted desperately to do something to help lessen the tension he felt. She knew that saying he was sorry came hard for him, and he need not say it, she thought. She hoped he wouldn't. But he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, saying, "I'll take on that sink, Sweetheart—you're tired, too!"

The breakfast and lunch dishes were to be done as dinner cooked, as she often had to leave them since she had been working at the office. Usually she did them after getting dinner on. What a sweet way to say he was sorry! He hated doing dishes.

"No, Darling, I can handle them fine now. You go and relax, and listen to the news," she urged, but he insisted, and they worked happily together, the earlier irritation completely gone.

Our dear Lord really knew how to advise wisely she thought. It works today the same as when He first spoke those wonderful words, "Render not railing for railing!" If only more of us could really practice His loving advice!

She no doubt would fail in one way or another again and again, but she felt she had received the answer to her prayers that she and her beloved Kevin could overcome their recent frequent, and petty bickering.

No, the lustre was not gone from the love she and Kevin possessed. Its beauty, like her cherished silver service, increased with the years. But if she neglected an occasional polishing, her sterling would become discolored and tarnished, pure and genuine though it was. Was their love not the same, and did it not need to be cherished and polished, and not allowed to tarnish?
—Mrs. W. J. 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

4. *The Bible gives us a pre-written history of a nation—the Jews.*

Next, men of the jury, I want to call your attention to this phenomenon: The Book tells accurately, **BEFOREHAND**, the hectic history of the children of Israel. Their Egyptian bondage, their conquest of Canaan, the outcome of all their wars, the division of the kingdom after the reign of Solomon, the Babylonian captivity, the partial restoration to Palestine with the rebuilding of the Temple, the destruction of Jerusalem, the worldwide dispersion, **ARE ALL PREDICTED.** (See Gen. 15:13-16; Exodus chapters 1-12; 1 Kings 11:30-33; Jeremiah 25:1-14; Dan. 9:24-27; etc.)

The strange thing about many of these predictions is they speak of **MISFORTUNE** for the very nation that gave them, and because of that the very nation to whom they were delivered **REJECTED THE PROPHET WHO GAVE THEM, AND HIS PROPHECIES.** (One reading of the book of Jeremiah will demonstrate this fact to the average reader.)

None but God could write an accurate history of a nation, and in some cases, hundreds of years before the events happened. Men of the jury, the logic is inescapable; we are **FORCED** to the conclusion **THAT GOD WROTE THE BOOK.**

Condemned by Public Opinion

WHILE THE NATION is movie-mad, public opinion is condemning the movies as an immoral, degenerating influence upon current society. This condemnation is voiced in every circle, and it demands to be heard.

"We might as well try to sweep the incoming Atlantic tide back with a broom as to build up the moral character of our children while the present types of films are being shown promiscuously," affirms Dr. Norman Richardson, professor at Northwestern University.

C. C. Martindale says, "I come to my main objection to the cinema. I regard it as standardizing the imagination of the white world; and as standardizing it downward; and as debauching the imagination of the brown, yellow and black world."

"Any person brought up on the psychology of the movie world," writes Earl Barnes, an educator, "is unfit for life. The lower minds go to the movies, and the longer they go, the lower they will be."

The famous author, Peter B. Kyne, states, "Your intelligence is insulted every time you go to a movie. . . In the movie industry there are a great many ignorant people."

Bernadine Freeman, a teacher, says, "The movie contains the most sexually suggestive elements. It shows lawlessness and crime in all their horror and brutality. It pictures drunkenness in its most licentious aspects. The movie serves to glorify indecency and immorality solely by its presentation."

Dr. Edward A. Ross, famous sociologist, lays this at the movie industry. "Never has there been a generation so much in revolt against their elders as this. In my judgment this psychic revolt springs from the motion films. . . We have a generation of youth sex-excited, self-assertive, self-confident, and parent-critical."

Bob Jones, famous preacher and educator, declares, "Unclean movies and unclean actresses and actors have about damned our young people."

The Collier's Magazine has this to say, "The movies are making their mark on ten million American minds every day.

We are already beginning to pay the price in lowered standards of democracy."

"On all sides we find movies that are grossly sensual and glorifying crime. The youth breaks the law that in the movies he is taught to break," says Judge George W. Martin, of New York.

Theodore Dreiser, famous American novelist and by no means a church man, lays this at the feet of the movie industry, "I have seen movies that would curl your hair, in spite of the motion picture censorship we are supposed to have."

"Most of the photoplays of the present time should never be exhibited before the eyes of the child or of young folks. These pictures are unfit for exhibition before the eyes of adults," testifies Judge Alonzo McLaughlin in the New York Times.

"The Motion picture is sensual, and nothing demoralizes more than sensuality. At the movies the young people see things they never should be allowed even to hear or think about. Under such conditions the downfall of young girls is not remote," speaks Judge Franklin Taylor of New York City.

—Movie Mad America



CAN YOU? _____

- Admit on error?
- Follow instructions?
- Acknowledge your faults?
- Do more than is required?
- Take opposition good-naturedly?
- Take criticism without resentment?
- Stick to something until it is finished?
- Work faithfully without being watched?
- Withold judgment until sure of the facts?
- Resist the temptation to speak cutting words?
- See good qualities in those who disagree with you?
- Make yourself do the unpleasant tasks that need to be done?
- Use the property of others with the same care you give your own?



"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."—Luke 6:31.



Notes

from

Mom

Dear Young Friends,

One spring I watched Mama and Daddy mocking bird fly busily about building their home in the bushes near the front door. After the nest was all finished, lined inside with soft pieces gathered here and there, Mama bird laid her pretty eggs in the soft, cozy bed. One, two, three, four. I counted them day by day when she left her home for a few minutes. When she had four, she decided that four growing birdies would be enough to fill their home. She now began her tiresome time of waiting as she patiently waited for the first peep from beneath her warm protecting wings.

All the while Daddy bird was most attentive, bringing food and dropping it into her open mouth, as he chirped encouragingly and lovingly. In a few weeks her patience was rewarded by a nest full of wriggling, hungrily chirping, big-mouthed birdies. Mama now joined Daddy in bringing food to their ever-hungry babies. They worked so happily, seemingly as proud of their ugly, naked little birdies, as we are of our own little ones. No one could have told *them* they were ugly. To them they were beautiful, and life seemed complete, as the warm sun shone down, and the gentle breezes rustled in the leaves, making many little fans to air-cool their happy home.

At night Mama sat lightly upon them, keeping the chilly night air from them, as Daddy sat near by, softly singing a lullaby now and again. I could hear him outside my window when I would be awake for awhile. It was a comforting sound to me, and it must have been more so to them to whom he sang in the dark. What a beautiful lesson of devotion and faithfulness to us poor human mothers and daddys!

Their peaceful days were not to last long though. One day I heard the excited anxious cries of Mama and Daddy bird. I

looked for the reason for their distress, and one bold, partly feathered little one was teetering on the rim of the nest. He had learned he had wings! Why was Mother keeping him all cooped up in that hot nest? He could fly! His poor little baby wings, which he thought so strong, were fairly "itching" to fly. He could easily make it to the nearby oak where Mama sat scolding. Mamas are such fussy things anyway, he thought. But neither the poor, silly little bird, who thought he knew so much, nor I, saw what Mama bird saw. She had a keen sight, and an acute sense of danger, a God-given wisdom. She saw old Professor the black cat crouching out of our sight beneath the shrubbery. She had protected her babies so lovingly and well that they didn't even know there was such a monster as a big black cat. He thought Mama was just being her fussy self as usual. I imagined I heard him say, "But you don't understand! I can fly! Why do you want to keep me from having fun?" He didn't care! he seemed to say; he would just show her! So he fluttered his new wings, and sure enough, he could carry himself through the air. But the tree was farther away and the limb higher than he thought it to be while in the safety of the nest. He struggled valiantly, but too late he realized that he had left the nest a little too soon. And Mama looked on helplessly, and before I knew Professor was anywhere about, he darted from his hiding place and had our poor foolish birdie for lunch. I felt so sorry for the Mama and Daddy bird? I suppose there is a kindred feeling between mothers, whether human, animal or bird. They have one thing in common: love for their little ones.

Usually stories have a happy ending. In a fiction story, no matter how bad things seem to be, the author usually makes the ending happy. But if we are foolish in real life, the ending is not always happy. We often pay for our folly and disobedience in real life—maybe not like the poor bird, with our life. We may even pay with our life, too, but we must take the consequences of our disobedience in many unhappy endings, in much unhappiness and suffering.

This sad little story can have a happy ending, though, if we apply its lesson to our own lives.

There are many "black cats" in this world. We may have been protected and cherished so that we don't even know of their existence, but they are lurking for us even as old Professor was for baby birdie. If we don't know, we may learn a lesson from this simple little story, and listen to those who *do* know about "black cats."

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

If you feel dog tired at night it may be because you growled all day.

Nothing is opened by mistake more often than the mouth.

After the tongue has once got a knack of lying it is almost impossible to reclaim it.—Montaigne

It would be a fine thing if all those who point a finger would hold out a hand instead.—Southern Planter

Religion is meant to be bread for our daily use, not cake for special occasions.—Sunshine Magazine

When a man starts throwing dirt, he's losing ground.—Mel Johnson

Most of us are too poor to go about giving money to everyone we greet, but all of us are rich enough to give away plenty of smiles to those we meet.—G. B.

It's harder to conceal ignorance than to acquire knowledge.

Our passions are like convulsive fits which make us stronger for the time, but leave us weaker forever after.—Swift

A sharp old Jewish proverb says that "A man may be known by the talk of his child when at play in the street." He repeats what he has heard at home.—Little Gleaner

The rose and the thorn. . . and sorrow and gladness, are linked together.—Saadi

Doing nothing is the most tiresome job in the world, because you can't stop and rest.—Mel Johnson

A MAN WEARING THE YOKE



Wearing the Yoke

By the term "yoke" in 1 Kings 12:4; Isaiah 9:4; Jeremiah 30:8; Acts 15:10, and other parts of the Bible, we are not to understand merely a piece of wood which is sometimes put upon the neck of an animal to prevent it breaking through a fence, or a collar on a horse or an ox to enable him to draw; but a painful instrument of a triangular form, which was put tightly around the neck of a prisoner, and in the lower part of which one of his arms was inserted. When he wished to ease his neck from the weight of his arm, then his arm became painful from having to hold it up; and when he wished to ease his arm, then he had to bear heavily upon the yoke, which pressed distressingly upon the neck. The poor wearer is bent double, but yet obtains no relief. The custom still exists in Persia. And sometimes this yoke was made of iron, and became so "grievous" that it literally "destroyed" the wearer (Deuteron-

omy 28:48). It was kept upon the neck, heedless of the poor sufferer's cries, until he died a most agonizing death. To have to wear a yoke, therefore, was no light matter. So says Christ, "Take My yoke upon you, for it is easy." There is no agonizing pain with it bearing you down; but you will be able to walk "uprightly" (Leviticus 26:13).

Note: This is taken from the book, *Slavery, Adoption and Redemption*, by John Gadsby, a book which will help you better understand language of the Bible by explaining such customs as this. Price, \$1.00

This Is What the Doctors Say

A well-known nerve specialist has this to say: "I attack the modern dance as a reversion toward savagery. As a medical man, I flatly charge that modern dancing is fundamentally sinful and evil. I charge that dancing's charm is based entirely upon sex appeal. I charge that dancing is the most advanced and most insidious maneuvering preliminary to sex betrayal. It is nothing more or less than damnable, diabolical, animal, physical dissipation."

". . . We doctors know there are mysterious currents, affinities that seem almost chemical. I am no prig or prude, and so I tell you frankly it is not safe to subject even the strongest of men and women to the subtle temptation of the dance. A trail of broken homes shows this."

Dr. A. C. Dixon said, "The modern dance is the fine art of covering, with music, indelicate, immodest, and indecent attitudes and postures between men and women. It is too bad for reformation and its only remedy is extermination. It deserves destruction. It ought not to be tolerated in any home, and its indulgence in public is an advertisement of indelicacy, immodesty, and indecency. The ruin of young women which it brings to pass is arousing whole communities to protest against it."—From *Enemies of Youth*, by the young author, John Carrara. Price, \$2.00. Strongly recommended for all youth.

Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.—Gal. 5:1

Silver and Gold Have I None

Tonight as I was reading the last issue of *Youth's Living Ideals*, my mind was carried back to a true story about a young couple who had recently been married and a few of their neighbors and friends came together to give them a party, each one to bring a present. A certain lady was invited who had very little of this world's goods to offer. Notwithstanding, the newly married couple were close friends of hers and after some deep thought of how or what she might do for them to show them that she loved them, she thought of the many trials, disappointment and obstacles that are in the way of young ones who have not experienced responsibilities of providing for a home and family. Finally, she decided she would do for them what she would do for her own son or daughter. She wrote a letter, beginning with this scripture: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have in the name of Jesus I give."

She then mentioned how that true love for each other would carry them through, more than conquerors over the roughness of life with all its hardships. She cautioned them not to expect riches of earth to fall their way easily. After writing the letter, she hesitated then to take it to the shower, thinking that the crowd would only sneer or make fun. Nevertheless, she did take it and there happened to be in the gathering there a young girl who had not long since been married also. Request was made for her to read the letter (which all had been looking at strangely with curious eyes.) The lady who wrote it shrank so very small for fear of what the others would think of her humble and simple gift.

As the girl read the letter, her voice became husky and unsteady with deep felt emotion. The lady could discern that the reader was touched by the sound of her voice and the tears in her eyes. When she had finished reading, instead of hearing a burst of laughter, which the lady had expected, everyone in the room was quiet and very solemn.

The ones in that gathering that night all spoke a word of agreement with what had been read, and I am quite sure the one who had written the letter, even though she felt it to be

the smallest gift of all, felt as happy in the breaking up of the party as the one who had given the costliest present.

—Mrs. Isaac Jones

Richlands, N. C.

Note: We appreciate this good story and invite our readers to write or send in such writings for the benefit of others. If you know of a story that has meant much to you, and you think it will be of interest to other readers, please share it. We will be looking for them.—G. B.



SOMEBODY ELSE

Somebody else had a heavier cross
Than the one I bear today;
And the path was far too steep for me
Had not somebody led the way.

Somebody else had a sadder heart
Than the weary one in my breast;
And Somebody's aching, thorn-crowned head
Had nowhere to lie and rest.

Somebody' else's tired hands,
And Somebody's wounded feet
Were never too weary to minister,
And Somebody's smile was sweet.

Somebody else's head was bent,
Not with the weight of years,
And the light in Somebody's beautiful eyes
Was dimmed with many tears.

Somebody else's love was spent
And tears were wept not in vain;
Shall I then count my weeping cost,
Or grudge a little pain?

Somebody else's was left alone
Beneath an olive tree,
And Somebody else had a heavier cross
Than the one you had today.

—Nancy Hardy



About twenty per cent of convicts studied say that the movies taught them ways and means in theft and robbery, and affirm that the movies started them downward.—H. Blumer, University of Chicago



The world cannot be cleansed with soft soap.

The World and Its Lusts

By Wanda Fenter, Seventeen

(Continued from last issue.)

APPAREL

Another lust of the world, which we many times ignore, is the way a Christian should dress.

Warren E. Bell wrote an article in *The Truth*. I quote him only because I feel I cannot put into better words the feeling I have about women's apparel.

“... Women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety’ (1 Tim. 2:9).

“She must be modest in her apparel. ‘Modest’ means unpretentious. ‘Pretentious’ means exhibiting pretensions. A pretention is any quality or feature that invites or aims to invite admiration or attention. This is what is wrong with mixed bathing. When a woman so dresses that men are tempted to cast indecent glances at her and think indecent thoughts about her, SHE IS DRESSED INDECENTLY. Two things make clothing immodest—if it exposes parts of a woman's body which ought to be covered, or if it accentuates parts of her body which ought not to be emphasized. This is the very case against form-fitting sweaters and shorts. They are pretentious. They are immodest.” (Warren E. Bell, “The Ministry of Mothers,” *The Truth*, Nov. 1957, p. 2.)

A Christian woman is to be adorned in shamefacedness which means bashfulness. If she is dressed in indecent clothing, is she showing bashfulness?

“... Her adorning is to be the ‘incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price’ (1 Peter 2:4). Wouldn't we be disappointed in mother if she painted up her face, poured herself into a form fitting sweater and skin-tight peddle-pushers, and trotted into public for every Tom, Dick and Harry to ogle at? Certainly! I am just as disappointed when any sister in Christ does it. . .” Ibid. pp. 2-3.

These words express my feelings exactly. Why will a woman

want to lose her womanliness by putting on a pair of pants? I would like to refer to the Old Testament and bring out one more point. Deut. 22:5 says, "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, . . ." The word pertaineth means resemble; therefore wouldn't pants of any kind resemble man's apparel? Matt. 5:28 says if a man looks at a woman to lust after her, he commits adultery in his heart. If we wear clothes which cause a man to look at us indecently, have we not caused that man to sin because of our indecency? [A very serious question!]

SHORT HAIR

"Everyone cuts their hair," some may say when they read this, but just because many people do cut their hair does not make it right.

1 Cor. 11:5-15 says that a woman is to pray with her head covered and if she does not have her head covered she might as well be shaven. But if it is a shame for a woman to be shorn, then let her be covered. Verse fifteen says that a woman has long hair it is a glory to her; for her hair is given to her as a covering. Therefore, if a woman's hair is her glory, one would cut off that glory if she cut her hair. If a woman is to pray with her head covered, and her hair is her covering, she would be uncovered if she cut her hair.

Some have said, though their hair is short, that they are still covered. Are they? Let us look at the fourth verse of 1 Cor. 11: "Every man praying or prophesying, having his head covered, dishonoreth his head." Doesn't a man still have hair? If he then is uncovered, still having hair on his head, then a woman with short hair would also be uncovered.

I am a woman; I want to keep feeling, acting, and looking like one. If I have cut my hair, which is my glory, how can I continue feeling as a woman should? Would I then be adorned as one professing Godliness?

If it made no difference whether we had long or short hair why would it have even been mentioned? Ponder this question.

DATING

This seems, at first glance, a strange thing to put in an article

called "The World and Its Lusts," but I do not refer to the exact word "date." When I refer to this, I am referring to the things that are done on dates. Many people say that I am old-fashioned, because I do not go in for petting.

I believe that a girl should be pure. How can one be pure when she has kissed and petted with every Tom, Dick, and Harry? In 1 Cor. 7:1 it says that it is best for a man not to touch a woman. Also in Matt. 5:28 it says, "But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." If by just looking on her one is committing adultery, it would be an even greater sin to hold her and kiss her. A girl should remember to keep herself pure for her husband, and if she does not marry, what has she lost?

I have been told that it is no fun unless one can give a good-night kiss. A good-night kiss can lead into many things. How many children are born out of wedlock because of a few good-night kisses!

". . . In *Old Paths Advocate*, page 6, Jan., 1947., it says of the moral condition in England, 'One out of eight children is born out of wedlock.' Of all girls who marry under 20 years of age the report added, 'no less than forty per cent are already pregnant on their wedding day. . . ' Awake to this base crime and teach the young against this terrible tradition that is robbing many of our young men and women of their most priceless possession, their purity." (H. C. Thomas, "The Marriage Tie," pp. 23-24).

Note: Wanda invites any of you to correspond with her. Address: Wanda Fenter, 1700 South Main, Portales, New Mex.



The easy roads are crowded and
The level roads are jammed.
The pleasant little rivers
With drifting folks are crammed.
But off yonder where it's rocky,
Where you get a better view,
You will find the ranks are thinning,
And the travelers are few."

—From "Climbing the Heights"

What Can I Get Out of It?

- If in this life we "get" more than we "give" someone receives more than his share, and someone else does not receive his share. For things are supposed to be equal. Life is a give-and-take matter. And if one takes more than he gives, he is really cheating his fellowman, and taking what is not rightfully his.

When we are children, of course, we receive much more than we give. Good parents plan their whole life to give to their children. But often they give to the extent of spoiling their children. They sometimes grow to manhood and womanhood continuing to take from their parents, and giving little. It is easy to see why, but it is not right. The parent who gives too much is as bad for the child as the one who gives too little. He is kind and conscientious and unselfish; his intentions are the best, but he denies his child that which best fits him for a useful life. He sends him forth in life with the mistaken idea that the world owes him a living.

He does not realize it, but this colors all his relations with his fellowman. "What can I get out of it?" is the basis for every transaction. Having been the center of the universe so far as loving parents are concerned, he has become the center of his own world. All of his dealings with others are based on his own good. He is still a child in this regard. His entire philosophy is, what can I get, rather than what can I give?

If you are one whose parents have unselfishly, but unwisely given you too much, you can remedy this error now, by reversing the process. You give and give till it hurts, and soon you will know the pure joy of giving. Yes, it is still true, as Jesus said long ago, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." I challenge you to try it. See if you do not experience a fuller joy as you turn your thoughts outward by giving to others.

You may not have money or possessions, but you may give yourself in service in innumerable ways. Just the moment you begin to consider how you may help someone else, see if you do not feel an inward enlargement and a deeper satisfaction than you have ever known before.

What can you get out of it? Well, just pure joy deep down in your heart!

—Mrs. W. J. B.

GENTLE JESUS

'Twas a time of bitter sorrow;
Stormy had the daytime been;
How I trembled for the morrow,—
Dreading too the night between:
Then I heard a sweet voice saying,
"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild;"
And another, white-robed, praying,
"Look upon a little child."

Quickly then my troubles vanished,
As the mist before the day;
And all anxious care was banished,
For the moment, far away:
Then the precious dewdrop glistened
"Pity my simplicity;"
And I melted as I listened—
Suffer me to come to Thee."

Oh the music of those voices!
"Perfect" praise and "perfect" prayer!
And a father's heart rejoices,
Even in the midst of care,
When he hears the sweet petition—
"Fain I would to Thee be brought,"
Joined to His divine permission—
"Gracious God, forbid it not."

Now my soul grew calm and tender,
Though as hard as stone before;
Softened to a sweet surrender,
I became a child once more:
With them in my spirit kneeling,
"In the kingdom of Thy grace,"
I could ask with holy feeling,
"Give a little child a place."

I could view my Father's pleasure
In the sorrow of the way,
With His all-sufficient treasure
As my portion day by day;
Faith could pierce the clouds above me—
"O supply my every want;
Knowing He would ever love me—
"Feed the young and tender plant."

Lord, I thank Thee for Thy kindness
Shown to me, a child of dust,
And deplore the sin and blindness
At the root of my distrust:
What from Thee my soul shall sever?
"Day and night my Keeper be;"
Since Thy mercy last forever,
"Every moment watch round me."

—William Wileman



Liberty is from God; liberties from the devil.—Defender

Rebekah

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

A file of ten camels moved north into Samaria from the yellow plain round Beersheba and, crossing the green hills of Galilee, mounted into the highlands of Lebanon, where the snow lies even in the summer time.

The ruby points of the camp-fire shone by night along the ancient highway to Damascus. Then the caravan, crossing the great desert, came after many days to the banks of the Euphrates and, moving still to the south, went onward to the city of Haran.

Leading the caravan was Eliezer of Damascus, the steward of Abraham. He was journeying at the command of his aged master to discover among the patriarch's kinsfolk a suitable wife for Isaac. . .

The story of the steward who went in search of a wife for Isaac and discovered Rebekah at the well is one of the most lovely idylls in the Bible, the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis.

It was evening. It was the time when women come out from the city gates with pitchers on their shoulders to draw water from the well, and above them in the brief twilight of the east the first star burned in the sky.

The dusty caravan halted before the walls of Haran. Eliezer made the weary camels kneel and, after praying that the bride of his master's son might be revealed to him, settled down to watch "the daughters of the men of the city."

The inner voice had told him that the girl who gave him drink and offered water to his tired beasts would be the girl destined for Isaac. Rebekah came to the well, a girl "fair to look upon," and she went down the steps of the well to fill her pitcher.

"Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher," asked Elizer.

"Drink, my lord," answered Rebekah, "and I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking."

Anyone who has seen a thirsty camel slake his thirst will not under-rate the courtesy of Rebekah. As she filled and re-filled

her pitcher, giving water to the ten camels, the steward knew that she was the chosen bride. He took the emblems of betrothal and pressed them upon the wondering maid: a gold ring of half a shekel's weight, and two bracelets to ten shekel's weight of gold. Then the scene moves into the house of her relatives.

In this episode, as in the story of the three strangers in the tent of Abraham, one appreciates the unchanging attitude of the East. The interview might be taking place in a Bedouin (Arab) tent today.

The first thought of Rebekah's family is to give hospitality to the stranger and to find fodder and straw for his camels. If you ride up to an Arab encampment today, food and hospitality will be offered and no one will ask such questions for three days. Hospitality always precedes inquiry. So it was thousands of years ago when Eliezer went seeking a bride for Isaac. But the steward was so full of his mission and so happy to realize its success, that he refused to fall in with the usual procedure.

"I will not eat until I have told mine errand." He tells the story of his mission and distributes gifts so dear to the Eastern heart. Then Rebekah, faced with instant departure from the bosom of her family, is called and asked.

"Wilt thou go with this man?" And she said, "I will go."

From which we are at liberty to assume that Rebekah was both beautiful and decisive. So the caravan set out for the distance south; and went on for weeks and months.

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide: and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming—and Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off her camel. For she had said unto the servant, What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us? And the servant had said, It is my master: therefore she took a veil and covered herself."

What a superb touch that is. At the sight of her bridegroom she veiled her face.

And Isaac brought her into his mother's tent, and took Rebekah and she became his wife; and he loved her. So ends the exquisite poem of the meeting of Isaac and his bride.

How Things Began . . .

In a Miracle Things Happen Instantly

Christians believe that Creation was a miracle; something that God did, by using His great power and skill. Now if we keep this fact in mind we can go a long way towards understanding how things began. You see, there are one or two things that we know for sure about miracles—we have learned them from the miracles that Jesus did when He was on earth. (And those miracles must have actually happened, incidentally, because no one who lived at that time has ever denied them. If they had been make-believe, someone who lived at that time would have exposed the Christian miracles as frauds. But no one ever did. So we can be sure that they did actually take place.) And we can learn some interesting things from the account of them.

First, a miracle accomplishes, in no time at all, something which otherwise might take a very long time to do. If you like, in a miracle, the processes of Nature are speeded up so terrifically that they happen instantly. For example, when Jesus stilled the tempest on the lake of Galilee, the waves ceased just as suddenly as the wind. Now normally the waves take a very long while to die down, after the wind has dropped. But in the miracles, it was calm immediately. When Jesus turned the water into wine, the change took place at once. But in Nature, the process takes many months—from rain, through the vine, to wine. In the miracles it was all done instantly.

Secondly, the result of a miracle is always perfectly natural and normal. It doesn't look miraculous any more—in fact, unless you were told, you would never know even from examination, that the result had been produced miraculously. For example, the bread and fish that Jesus miraculously created at the feeding of the multitudes, tasted just like ordinary bread and fish. He created it already cooked, just the same as the original loaves and fishes had been. If you had examined that miraculous bread you would have said that it had once grown as wheat; had been threshed, milled, and baked. You would

have said that it had been months being prepared and made into a loaf—but you would have been wrong. For it had been miraculously created in an instant. Yet it looked exactly as though it had taken a long time to be developed.

Now these two things are most important. For if Creation is a miracle, then these two things will apply to Creation. And Christians believe that Creation was a miracle; that God simply spoke, and it was done. And in view of what we know about miracles, this is a perfectly reasonable thing to believe.

The old argument about which came first, the chicken or the egg, is pointless. The world didn't begin by slow development: it began all complete. The chicken and the egg came together. At one moment there were no chickens and no eggs; at the next moment there were both. God had spoken, and the miracle of Creation had happened.

—H. J. Appleby



LOVE

A young poet had written a number of poems. She obtained a letter of introduction to an editor, and when she met him, told him that she had some poems she would like to have published in his magazine.

"What about?" asked the editor.

"All about love," was the reply.

"Well, what is love?" questioned the editor. "Tell me."

"Love," replied the young woman, casting her eyes heavenward, "is gazing upon a lily pond at night, by the shimmering moon-beams, when the lilies are in full bloom, and—"

"Stop! Stop!" cried the editor curtly. "You are all wrong. I will tell you what love is. It is getting up cheerfully out of a warm bed on a cold winter night at two a. m. to fill hot water bottles for ailing children. That's real love. I'm sorry, but I don't think we can use your poems."

The editor was right. Real love is doing something for somebody at some inconvenience to ourselves.

—Benedicts Scrapbook



Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?

I'll tell you a wonderful trick

That will bring you contentment, if anything can,

Do something for somebody quick!



There is all the difference in the world between a "house" and a "home." A house is something material, whether it be a palace or a cottage, or a shack. A home is something more. It is the total contribution of love on the part of each one dwelling within it.

It is a sanctuary wherein the real presence of family life and family love dwells.—Contributed by Margaret Johnson, Selma, N. C.

Harry's Riches

One day, our little Harry spent the morning with his young playmate, Johnny Crane, who lived in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in a fine new car. When Harry returned home, he said, "Mother, Johnny has money in both pockets!"

"Has he, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; and he says he could get ever so much more if he wanted it."

"Well, now, that's very pleasant for him," I returned, cheerfully, as a reply was plainly expected. "Very pleasant, don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma'am; only—"

"Only what, Harry?"

"Why, he has a big popgun, and a watch, and a hobbyhorse, and lots of things." And Harry looked up at my face with a desconsolate stare.

"Well, my boy, what of that?"

"Nothing, Mother," and the telltale tears sprang to his eyes, "only I guess we are very poor, aren't we?"

"No, indeed, Harry, we are very far from being poor. We aren't so rich as Mr. Crane's family, if that is what you mean."

"Oh mother!" insisted the little fellow, "I do think we are very poor; anyhow, I am!"

"Oh Harry!" I exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Yes, ma'am, I am," he sobbed. "I have scarcely anything—I mean anything that's worth money—except things to eat and wear, and I'd have to have them anyway."

"Have to have them?" I echoed, at the same time laying my sewing upon the table, so that I might reason with him on that point; "do you not know, my son—"

Just then Uncle Ben looked up from the paper he had been reading: "Harry," said he, "I want to find out something about eyes; so, if you will let me have yours, I will give you a dollar a piece for them."

"For my eyes!" exclaimed Harry, very much astonished.

"Yes," resumed Uncle Ben, quietly, "for your eyes. I will

give you chloroform, so it will not hurt you in the least, and you shall have a beautiful glass pair for nothing, to wear in their place. Come, a dollar a piece, cash down! What do you say? I will take them out as quick as a wink."

"Give you my eyes, uncle!" cried Harry, looking wild at the very thought, "I think not." And the startled little fellow shook his head defiantly.

"Well, five, ten, twenty dollars, then." Harry shook his head at every offer.

"No, sir! I wouldn't let you have them for a thousand dollars! What could I do without my eyes? I couldn't see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the horses, nor anything," added Harry, growing warmer and warmer.

"I will give you two thousand," urged Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank notes out of his pocket. Harry, standing at a respectful distance, shouted that he never would do any such thing.

"Very well," continued the uncle, with a serious air, at the same time writing something in his notebook, "I can't afford to give you more than two thousand dollars, so I shall have to do without your eyes; but," he added, "I will tell you what I will do, I will give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a few drops from this bottle in your ears. It will not hurt, but it will make you deaf. I want to try some experiments with deafness, you see. Come quickly, now! Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

"Make me deaf!" shouted Harry, without even looking at the money temptingly displayed upon the table. "I guess you will not do that, either. Why, I couldn't hear a single word if I were deaf, could I?"

"Probably not," replied Uncle Ben. So, of course, Harry refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said, "no, not for three thousand dollars."

Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with large bids for a "right arm," the "left arm," hands," "feet," "nose," finally ending with an offer of ten thousand dollars for "mother," and five thousand for "the baby."

To all of these offers Harry shook his head, his eyes flashing,

and exclamations of surprise and indignation bursting from his lips. At last, Uncle Ben said he must give up his experiments, for Harry's prices were entirely too high.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the boy, exultingly, and he folded his dimpled arms and looked as if to say, "I'd like to see the man who could pay them!"

"Why, Harry, look here!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, peeping into his notebook, "here is a big addition sum, I tell you!" He added the numbers, and they amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars.

"There, Harry," said Uncle Ben, "don't you think you are foolish not to accept some of my offers?" "No sir, I don't," answered Harry, resolutely. "Then," said Uncle Ben, "you talk of being poor, and by your own showing you have treasure for which you will not take thirty-two thousand dollars. What do you say to that?"

Harry didn't know exactly what to say. So he blushed for a second, and just then tears came rolling down his cheeks, and he threw his chubby arms around my neck. "Mother," he whispered, "Isn't God good to make everybody so rich?"

—From *McGuffey's Fourth Reader*

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WITH A DIFFERENCE

It was a pretty song of spring
That Tommy Jones had learned to sing
Before the school on closing day—
A song appropriate and gay.
The words of his first line were these:
"The buds are bursting on the trees."

But when that day Tom's name was called,
He faced his audience appalled;
And this, alas! was what he sung,
While terror twisted up his tongue,
And stage-fright shook his voice and knees:
"The birds are busting on the trees."

—Caroline Roberts

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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'-
LORD delivered thee ¹Ps 18:20 ²Jos 13: 2
hand to day, but I would not ³Isa 3:10,11 ⁴Jg 1:29
forth mine hand against the ⁵1s 15: 7,8
a-lek-ites: for those ⁶1s 15: 7,8
were of old the inhabitants of the land,
as thou goest to Shur, even unto the
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