

Vol. No. 2.—November, 1960

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

# Youth's *Living Ideals*

*A Magazine of Christian Guidance*

*Wicked men obey from fear--*

*but the good--for love.*

—Selected



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- SHOULD YOU CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS?
- JUST WHAT IS AN IDOL?

## PICTURE FEATURE—

- A CHAINED BIBLE

# Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

Published monthly in the interest of our young people.

Application for Second Class mail matter pending.

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## *Special Introductory Offer*

To get your *Youth's Living Ideals* established help us get new subscribers for it.

The regular single subscription rate will be \$3.00 a year, but you may take subscriptions at \$2.00. Send five subscriptions at two dollars each and receive yours free.

We want to help you with a good magazine,—and you must help us get it established by getting subscribers.

Write us for sample copies to give your friends.

## Youth's

# *Living Ideals*

Vol. No. 2.—November, 1960

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### Should You Celebrate Christmas?

Christ was born in Bethlehem long ago. It was a very important event, and Christians should be joyous; but it is not a joy that can be expressed by festivity and merriment; and if God had intended for us to celebrate His birth, surely there would be some precept or example of it in His Word, and certainly the date would not be so completely hidden, for no one knows the day, the month, or the exact year of His birth.

Christmas—CHRIST-MASS,—is deeply rooted in Paganism. About 600 years after Christ, the Roman Catholic Church ordered it celebrated forever on December 25, the same day the ancient pagans celebrated the birthday of the sun god, and in many ways there is a striking similarity in our mode of celebration. To observe it as Christ's birthday is following traditions of men, and not God.

Just how honoring to Christ is the way most of us celebrate this day, supposed to be His birthday? Don't we honor just about everybody but Him? Aren't we often too busy keeping up with tradition that we don't have time for His service? Haven't we made it a commercial season by our extreme buying and selling rather than a season of worship and adoration of Him? [And we are not to worship Him in *seasons* but every day of our lives.—G. B.] Do you suppose He is honored by over indulgence in drinking, or eating? telling falsehoods, (for what else is the Santa Claus story?) worldly entertainment of every description, and religious programs which misrepresent the truth and make the Word of God of none effect by their traditions?

The fact that Christmas is so popular is proof enough that

it is not of God, for "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." Luke 16:15.

I value my friends, and hope to continue to remember and be remembered, and think it only proper to tell them why I am not sending Christmas cards this year. After we have seen the light, how can we consistently continue to engage in customs of this day under the name of Christianity? I plan to send cards at some other time of the year.

Those who dare swim against the tide of traditional error and stand up for *truth* will be branded by some as queer, fanatical, etc., but there is consolation in these words of Jesus: "Blessed are ye, when men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in heaven." "If the world hate you, ye know it hated Me before it hated you."

The wise men (and the Bible does not say how many there were) presented their gifts to Him, not to each other. We can present no greater gift, or show no greater honor to our Lord than to live a godly life of obedience to Him. Those who do receive an unsurpassable joy, an inexpressible peace that all the combined pleasures of this world cannot produce.

—Helen Smith

Windsor, Missouri



#### "TEN RULES FOR MARRIAGE"

1. Trust each other completely.
2. Never credit circumstantial evidence.
3. Don't carry a grudge.
4. Don't be stingy.
5. Be ready to sacrifice.
6. Remember that marriage is a partnership.
7. Do not hold post mortems.
8. Remember that companionship begins at home.
9. Do not make unpleasant comparisons.
10. Remember that a home should be built upon a foundation of religious belief.

—"Benedicete's Scrapbook"

*Youth's Living Ideals*

## Just What Is An Idol?

*John:* Is an idol just something worshipped such as a golden or wooden image of a beast that some people bowed down to in olden days?

*Bill:* No, it may surprise you, but idol worship or idolatry has many hidden forms that most of us are not aware of. Many don't realize it, perhaps, but they are just as guilty in God's sight as the people in olden days who bowed down to a golden calf. This, by the way, is a very serious offense against God. Under the law the guilty were stoned to death.

*John:* What could we do unknowingly that is so serious?

*Bill:* If we go after anything for pleasure or honor for self and preferring *self* pleasure above the honor and glory of God, that is idolatry. If we put undue affection on anything to the extent that it keeps our thoughts turned from God,—that is idolatry.

*John:* In our everyday life what do we do that makes us guilty?

*Bill:* Money can easily become an idol if we use it only for our own pleasure or if we become so concerned in making it that our thoughts about heavenly and better things are crowded out. Then we, to just that extent, are worshipping that money and that is keeping us from worshipping God.

*John:* Money is such an every-day thing, I never realized it was worshipped as a god!

*Bill:* Does it surprise you if I say that the radio and television are also things which many folks unknowingly bow down to as idols?

*John:* How can that be?

*Bill:* We should be very "choosy" in what we hear and see on the radio and T.V. In fact there is not much, especially on television that a Christian should see. (Paul tells us that all uncleanness and lust and coveteousness is idolatry). We can be looking at a seemingly harmless program and before we know it, something pops up on the screen that will make us blush—or would if our Lord were beside us. All such things are of interest to the world and are designed to interest the carnal nature and

the world. Therefore, if a Christian takes part in the things of the world, he cannot at the same time be thinking of God. He is letting worldly pleasure crowd out his meditation about God. To that extent he is worshipping the "mystery program and T. V. "shoot'em up" and his thoughts are not even near God.

*John:* But these things always seemed harmless to me.

*Bill:* Yes, Satan is very clever. In fact, if he wore his horns we would know him and dodge him. Why do you think there have been so many religious movies lately? It is Satan's way of getting the more religious people in the "habit of going." Once he has you started, it is much easier to lead you on into deeper and more evil things. Once you get in a habit of listening to mysteries, old Satan just keeps you in there wasting your valuable time. Every minute he can have you is that much time that the Lord God is out of your thoughts. "Life is but a vapor," so we must use our little time to glorify God.

*John:* I am beginning to see how Satan's main object is to keep me from thinking of God.

*Bill:* I am thankful that you can see it. I know you know by experience how one program leads to another and another. The habit makes you keep spending so much of your time with things that the world enjoys but things that are certainly not honoring to God.

*John:* How could I recognize old clever Satan easier?

*Bill:* In my own experience I have felt that anything I could not call God's approval down on was wrong. A God-fearing person who may wonder if his conscience has been "hardened" to a certain thing, may often determine whether that thing is really right or wrong by asking himself, if he would want to be doing it if Christ were beside him. And of course He is always near. We can always ask Christ what we should do. Satan flees at the sight of Christ.

Also, John, a good thing to consider is not to listen or look or read anything that will leave you feeling degraded. If it does, it is wrong. Things that lower your good thoughts and lofty ideals are bound to be of the devil. A book or program that is educational or leaves you inspired and desiring to be a better

person is well to spend your time with. But I would not use this test on things like the movie theater because of what I just said about Satan wanting to "get you in the habit." Then he will slowly lead you further into the ways of the world. There is a saying that the first time you see vice or evil you abhor or hate it. But if you yield or give in to it, then the second time you see it you tolerate it and feel that it might not be so bad, after all. Then the third time you see it, you embrace it.

Regarding movie-going, you also know that the majority who attend are serving the devil and are not thinking of God at all. And I am sure—when Jesus comes again—you would not want to be found mingling with a worldly, carnal crowd which is seeking the pleasures of sin!

By the way, Bill, Christmas is coming up and most professing Christians will be celebrating it. Oh, if they only realized that it is only pagan idol worship with a Christian name. It was brought into the early Church by Rome and has been bowed down to ever since. The believer and the unbeliever, and the good and the wicked,—all celebrate this day, which was a pagan feast day for the "sun god." Even the Christian will exchange presents not even thinking of giving anything to Christ. Just think, even if we *knew* the birthday of Christ, the Bible, which is our Guide, says nothing about celebrating it. And if it *did*, we should notice that the wise men of long ago did not give presents to each other but to Christ. Oh how *Jesus* is left out and Santa Claus is worshipped!

*John*: There is so much to look out for. We can be swallowed up in wordly things before we know it, and then not realize it.

*Bill*: Yes, John, we must pray for knowledge and wisdom and strength to use them. Let us always look to Jesus and ask what He would do and may He enable us to do it His way.



If we honor God, He will honor us, but if we disregard His honor, He will neither honor us nor our work. Depend upon it.—W.J.B.

## *From Our Readers . . .*

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162 Signal Mtn. Rd.  
N. Chattanooga 5, Tenn.  
November 1, 1960

Dear Brethren,

I have received the sample copy of *Youth's Living Ideals* and after reading it I am grateful that God has given you the wisdom and courage to fill a gap that has long existed in our Baptist literature. This is a magazine that stresses high ideals, moral courage and faith in the Almighty God. I have no children but I am sending in a subscription for one of my nephews who regularly attends the Primitive Baptist Church with his mother. I am also inclosing the names of some boys and girls of the neighborhood. Most all of them have other denomination backgrounds but are of very high morals. I hope at least one of these will be interested in subscribing to the magazine.

A brother in hope,

James R. Hood

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Route 5, Box 428,  
Reidsville, N. C.  
October 28, 1960.

Dear Glen:

I was delighted to get a copy of *Youth's Living Ideals*, and more delighted with the fact that you have been inspired to start its publication. There are certainly many problems facing young people today, and Christian guidance is so important. This magazine seems to discuss subjects which have been neglected by Primitive Baptists. I realize that you can't tell someone how to live a Christian life, who is not interested in such a life, but to those who are interested, guidance can be very important. I pray that the Lord will bless you in this magazine's success. Keep those "Notes from Mom" in the magazine. They are certainly inspiring.

May the Lord bless you.

Garland Paschal

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Vidalia, Ga.  
October 10, 1960

Dear Brother Berry and Associates:

I want to congratulate you on launching *Living Ideals* for the young people. I feel that such a publication is sorely needed among Primitive Baptists. It is my prayer that your efforts in this field may meet with success.

With sincere good wishes for you, and a prayer that God will guide you in your further efforts to serve Him and His people.

I am yours in the bonds of Christian service.

D. R. Temples

Greenville, N. C.  
October 29, 1960

Dear Mr. Berry:

I would like a sample copy of the new magazine *Youth's Ideals*. We have a daughter sixteen and one twelve, also a son five and a half years old. I myself am real interested in this magazine. Perhaps it will be an inspiration to me as well as our children in these trying times. I feel I might like to write an article when I see what it is like.

Mrs. M. E. Garner

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Exeter, California,  
October 29, 1960.

Dear Glen:

I am writing this short letter to you to let you know that I want to subscribe to your new magazine, *Youth's Living Ideals*. I am sending two dollars to take advantage of the offer to receive one year of its publication at this introductory price.

Glen, I am very much interested in this new endeavor, and I feel that it fulfills a purpose long over-due. I truly hope and pray that it will long maintain this purpose of providing good reading, encouragement, and guidance for the young people in our land.

I wish also to thank you for the extra copies received. I will distribute them to my friends and any who are interested.

May the Lord bless you and help you in your work and cause this new publication to prosper, not for any worldly gain nor recognition, but for those who love the Lord, to whom all praise and glory is due.

Remember me to your wife, and your mother and father. I would appreciate hearing from you any time you can find time to write.

Warmest regards,

Bill Clinton

---

Larkslane, Ky.  
October 28, 1960

Dear Brother:

I have just received your nice little magazine *Youth's Living Ideals*. It is a good thought to publish a magazine of this kind. I am sending a list of names of people which I feel will want to subscribe. I thank you for sending it to me.

Your brother in hope,

W. M. Triplett

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Windsor, Missouri  
October 30, 1960.

Dear Glen:

... I like the new magazine *Youth's Living Ideals*, and will do all I can to promote it. I was especially impressed with the paragraph on words in "Notes from Mom." Some of our grown-ups, and even preachers, need this.

In Christian love,

Mrs. Helen Smith

November, 1960

## A Dancing Christian?

(From Presbyterian Young People's Magazine, Scotland)

### PART TWO

It has been asserted that "we have Scripture examples to warrant our engaging in the dance." The devil (as somebody has quaintly said) never goes out without his Bible under his arm! Satan has Scripture at his finger's ends, but he sometimes mutilates and mangles it. Ah, my dear young friends, let me warn you against the sophistical practice of falling back upon Scripture for examples to justify ungodly and worldly actions! . . . If those who quote Scripture in support of their adopted errors and sinful courses would but bring submission of mind to the Word of God as a whole, they would soon cease to make such uses of the inspired volume.

#### IS THERE JUSTIFICATION FOR DANCING?

Let me examine the alleged Scripture arguments in favor of or justification for dancing. It is said that David danced, and that Miriam danced, and that the daughter of Jephtha danced, and that, consequently, you may dance. It is true—quite true—that David and Miriam and Jephtha's daughter danced, but let us see *why* they danced, and *how* they danced. I read in 2 Sam. 2:12 to the end, that David employed himself in bringing the ark into Zion, and that David was so overjoyed at the successful issue of the work that he actually flung aside his dignity for a time—forgot himself, in a manner—despised appearances, and danced and leaped again before the Lord.

And, mark you, the Bible tells us that when David danced, he took off his imperial robe and clothed himself in a plain linen ephod. What David put off young men put on; what David danced for, they never think of. And now, with this plain and unrestrained interpretation of this oft-quoted and oft-mutilated passage, will any young man or woman, any lady or gentleman, aver that there is a justification here for their dancing? Will any member of a ball or dance, in modern times, tell me that he or she has a warrant to dance because David danced? Is your motive religious joy? I think not; so there is

an end to any hope or prospect of justification for your practice from the case of David.

Let me now examine the case of Miriam. Miriam danced, and therefore you say you may dance. Just meditate a moment upon the passage in which the fact of Miriam's dancing is alluded to: "And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dance. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and rider hath he thrown into the sea" (Exod. 15:20,21). Look at it again and again. Do you read that Miriam led off the dance with a handsome young Jew or a naturalized Egyptian? Is there any mention of male partners, hand and glove with the damsels, who followed her? No. Here was a company of godly women praising Jehovah, in the best way they could, for His late wonderful deliverance of them from the power of Pharaoh. The men were otherwise engaged. The women only danced, and danced alone, too.

#### WOULD YOU SPEAK THE NAME OF JESUS THERE?

Now, tell me, when you dance, is the name of the Lord upon your lips? Is He influencing your hearts? Is it for the purpose of glorifying Jesus that you dance? Ah! my friends, is it not a fact that if the word "Jesus" were to escape the lips of any of you, in praise or commendation of Him, in the ball or in the dance, you would be sneered upon? Would not the Name, "which is above every name" (Phil. 2:9), be the signal for mockery? If, during the dance, you were to sing out unto the Lord, and say, "Praise Him in His name Jah"—"Praise Him in the dance"—would you not be laughed to scorn? If you object and say, "Oh, there is a time for all things; what have we to do with Jesus in the ball or in the dance?" I reply in the words already quoted, "Whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God"; and, further, the individual who has nothing to do with Jesus in the ball or in the dance has nothing to do with Him at all. But may the Lord have pity upon such, so that Jesus may be enthroned, and have His name magnified and glorified, in whatsoever company they may be!

There is no parallel, then, between you and Miriam—no warrant whatever for your sort of dancing from her mode. The two are as essentially different as a loose immoral song is from a hymn of praise to Jehovah. Will you consider the case of Jephtha's daughter? She danced, certainly, but, then, it was a dance of filial love—love which induced her to come and congratulate her father upon his victory over the enemies of God. There is no analogy whatever between this case and the dancing of a modern ballroom. I may express a wish in passing that daughters who are devoted to the sinful practice of modern dancing, and who are ever ready to seize for the instance of Jephtha's beloved child's dancing as a warrant for theirs, were as amiable and dutiful and religious as she! Suffice to say, that the dancing noticed in Scripture, from which you profess to take your warrant for the modern practice, was invariably the ebullition of religious joy, and was totally different and distinct from modern dancing, and, consequently, can afford you no authority whatever for your present tastes and practices.

I am free to admit there is dancing of another sort than that I have just been noticing mentioned in Scripture; but then, I take it for granted that you would not for a moment acknowledge you copied from it. I allude to the dancing which accompanied the horrible sin of idolatry (Exod. 6:19), and to the dancing in which "the world" and the profligate amongst Jews indulged (Job. 20:11; Matt. 19:6,8). You will not confess that you take your warrant for dancing from the voluptuous performances of Herodias' daughter, which evoked the sensual delight of the adulterous monarch of Judea? Nor are you willing to trace back your practice to the libidinous pastimes of the East? The Scriptures leave you totally unsupported and unequivocally condemned. Remember, it is written, "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

I would now notice two or three commonplace objections in this connection and reply to them.

**OBJECTION:** "People might do a deal worse than dance."

**ANSWER:** True, people might be profligates, but does the possibility of deeper degradation warrant any degradations? If dancing is sinful, objectors do a great deal worse than dance, for they lessen the sin or extenuate it.

OBJECTION: But Solomon has said, "There is a time to dance."

ANSWER: Dancing here and elsewhere in Scripture is put as a general expression for joy and gladness. "Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing" (Psa. 30:18), exclaimed the Psalmist, evidently meaning joy of heart, not physical play of the limbs.

OBJECTION: "It is better to dance than to join a coterie in scandalizing one's neighbors."

ANSWER: This is begging the question. We have no right to do either. The gossip and the dancer are on a par. I am certain that much unprofitable and sinful conversation takes place among religious professors; but surely a man is not justified in sinning because he knows of the existence of hypocrites or of the abuse of privileges.

OBJECTION: "Young people will dance, and to prevent their going to objectionable places to learn, it is better to countenance the thing and to provide them with the means of learning in a quiet way."

ANSWER: This is advocating the principle, that we may "do evil that good may come," a maxim abhorrent to the Apostle Paul, and which ought to be repudiated by all moralists, though they never made a profession of the Christian religion.

By this time, I fear, I have quite tired my readers, but I must say two or three words more.

You who feel yourselves condemned will come to the conclusion that my religion extinguishes all amusements, but you wrong me. My religion teaches me to *give up "the world" with its "poms and vanities, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh."* My religion teaches me to *avoid the ballroom, the concert room, and the theatre.* My religion teaches me that if I do ought over which *I cannot ask God's blessing, it is SIN—it is forbidden!* My religion teaches me that *"the world's" practices and God's requirements are totally at variance—that it is impossible to "serve two masters"* (Matt. 6:24). I thank God for having enabled me to come out from "the world." I never do mix, and I hope I never shall associate with any but decided Christians.

My hopes, my desires, my longings, are all centered in Christ, and though I feel and know that I am a "miserable sinner," I have the happiness to possess Scriptural evidence of my call of God. Yea, I am convinced that no one can have sound and satisfactory reason to believe in his or her personal interest in Christ's atonement until such repudiation of "the world," its joys and its amusements, has been accomplished—not, mind you, by self-power, but by supernatural power.

Dancing by adults has been proved by experience and by

Scriptures to be injurious to the soul, and against the command of God. I shall never cease to warn both rich and poor against the folly of it. Let serious readers look out for and meditate upon the following texts of Scripture, viz: Psa. 1; 90:12; 119:37; Prov. 4:14,15; Matt. 6:13,24; 26:24; Rom. 12:1,2; 1 Cor. 6:19,20; 10:31; 15:33; Eph. 5:8,16; 1 Thes. 5:22; 1 John 11:15.



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

## One of 57 Reasons

### WHY WE KNOW THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

The judge was much provoked that a certain man did not appear in court at his summons. Finally, the man's son came; and the judge thundered at him, "What's the reason your father isn't here, young man? He should have been here two weeks ago."

"There are seventeen reasons, your honor, why my father is not here."

"What are they?" roared the Judge.

"The first is, my father died a little over two weeks ago," said the youth.

"Well," said the judge after a moment's hesitation, "that reason is sufficient, we don't need the other sixteen."

We are presenting fifty-seven reasons why we know that the Bible is the Word of God. Any one of them, especially the first, or the last, is enough.

1. *We know that the Bible is the Word of God because Christ said it.*

Imagine a court room scene. *You* are one of the jurymen. The Bible is being tried. On one side are the witnesses who speak against it. On the other side arises Christ, the Incomparable, unique in His Person, sinless in character, matchless in wisdom. He witnesses FOR the Bible.

The value of testimony in court depends on three things: the witness' character (is he honest? can his testimony be depended upon?), his intelligence, and his knowledge of the facts in the particular case before the court.

Put on the stand the best representative of Atheism the world has to offer. Who knows best whether the Bible is God's Word, Christ or the Atheist? Who would you rather believe? Remember, Christ the Son of God is the greatest "Specialist" of all time on the question of religion. His sinless life, His miraculous power, His resurrection from the dead, prove Him to be what He claimed to be, the Son of God. Men are finite and earthly; Christ is the Eternal One who came down from Heaven. He KNOWS whether the Bible is a God-given Book.

And Christ emphatically, repeatedly, unequivocally testified that THE BIBLE IS GOD'S WORD. He said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Matt. 5:18. "The Scripture cannot be broken." John 10:35. ["If it were not so, I would have told you." John 14:2. Jesus is here speaking of the mansions in His Father's house, but it also lets us know that He would not teach us that the Scriptures were the Word of God, if it were not so.—G. B.] And there are scores of other utterances from the Son of God, revealing clearly that the Bible is an infallible, inspired Book from God.

Young Reader, who will you believe? Will you depend on the word of a fellow-creature, who is sinful and who knows no more about it than you do, or will you depend on the testimony of Him, [God manifest in the flesh].

—Fred John Meldau



#### WHY I READ MY BIBLE

I read my Bible because: (1) Within its pages I find power for the ordering of my inner life. (2) It offers a way of escape from those inner perils which threaten our modern life. (3) In its pages are found the secrets by which men walk the pathways of light and hope and freedom. (4) It assures me that man is supremely dear to God. (5) It points the way to brotherhood. (6) It tells me whither I am bound, and why. (7) It offers me sound social philosophy. (8) It teaches me, in the words of Emerson that, "the lesson of life is to believe what the years and the centuries say, as against the hours."

—Paul B. Kern



Notes . . .

from

Mom

---

Dear Young Friends,

Which would you say?—

“I don’t know what you mean!” or “I am sorry, I don’t believe I followed your reasoning.”

“How do you get it that way?” or “Would you mind explaining to me your reasons for reaching that conclusion?”

If you fail to understand any matter, it will show your culture and true greatness to always take the blame for any failure to understand upon yourself.

\* \* \* \*

“If you got your feelings hurt, I’m sorry!” Her feelings had been wounded by what she felt to be unfair, unduly harsh words spoken, and try as she would, she could not keep back the tears.

But he said he is sorry, she told herself. Why must the hurt remain? The hurt was still there because this was really no apology at all, even though the words, “I am sorry” were spoken. It was really still another rebuke. It was as if he said, “If you are so foolish to get your feelings hurt over nothing, I am sorry.” He did not really feel *he* had been unkind—only that *she* had misjudged his words.

If he had truly been sorry, he would have said, “Oh, I have hurt your feelings! I’m sorry!” and the wound would have been healed instantly.

Let us be quick to admit our wrong, offering a true apology when it is due—not a half apology, still blaming at least to some degree, the one we have wronged. *True* repentance—a *true* apology takes all the blame.

\* \* \* \*

Five-year-old Jimmy had struggled to put his shirt on until

it was all wrinkled and twisted. Mother didn't know there were so many wrong ways to put on a shirt as he had found. She *did* want him to learn self-reliance, but finally, in a manner of impatience, she took it from him and began to help him. Her obvious displeasure brought quick tears to his big blue eyes, as he said: "I'm not a big boy; I'm dis a *little* boy."

Oh yes, Moms and Dads often forget this. They have grown so wise that putting on a shirt is a most simple operation. And on through the years, things that are so perplexing to their young ones are so clear to Mother or Dad, that often there is a sharpness of tone at their slowness to understand. She says: "Be your age!" when really that is what they are doing. *She* might better try to "be *their* age," herself just for a little bit, looking at life's complexities from *their* level.

So dear children, be patient with us, and like dear little Jimmy, remind us once in awhile of the difference in our ages.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM



#### THE LULLABY YEARS

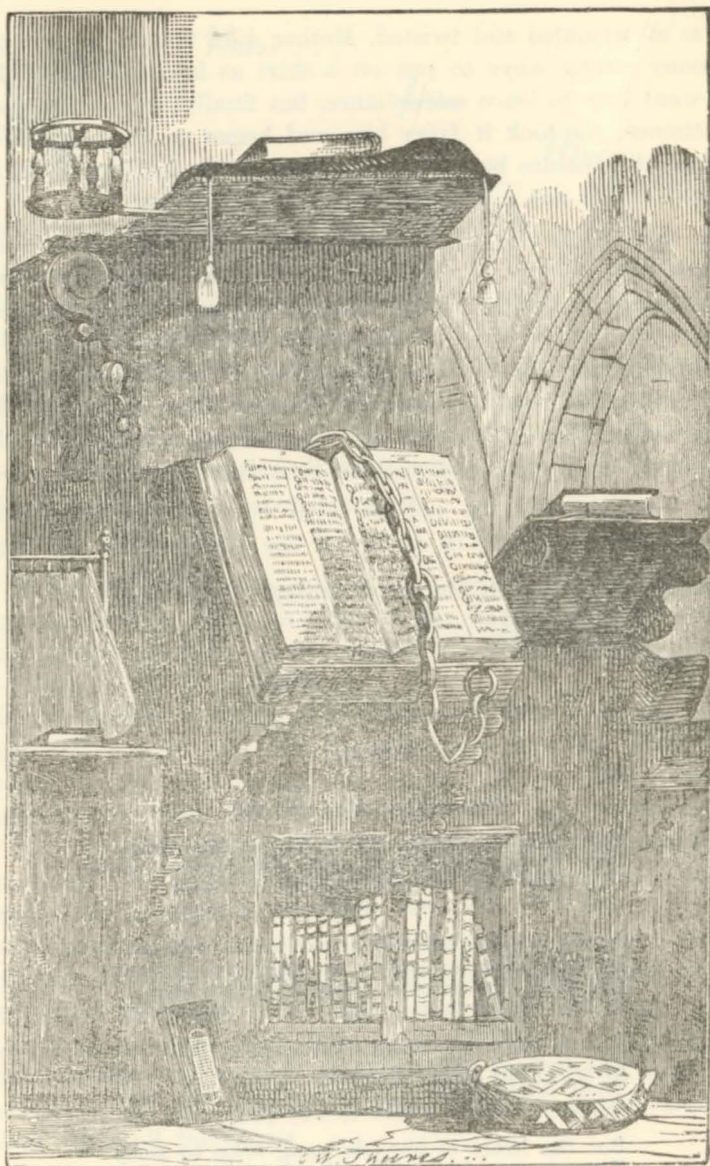
Fond Memory turns back to the lullaby years;  
And the heart overflows with bitter-sweet tears;  
The dear Past returns as clear as today,  
And little ones again are happy at play.

Again they'er enfolded in soft robes with care;  
They're lulled into sleep by singing a prayer;  
The dear Father looks down, a vigil to keep,  
In love to o'ershadow them while they sleep.

O God, how swift have the transient years flown!  
The darlings we watched, to manhood have grown.  
Their trials today, their heartaches and cares  
Cannot be solaced with lullaby prayers.

But the heart of her who sang them to sleep  
Yearns over them still, whenever they weep.  
Dear God, Thou alone can banish their tears,  
When they have outgrown their lullaby years.

—Mrs. W. J. Berry



### A CHAINED BIBLE

Bibles used to be so scarce that a man would give a load of hay in order to be able to just read a "chained Bible" for an hour or a short period during the day.

The average laborer would have had to work over fifteen years in order to earn enough to buy one.

## How We Got Our Bible

EDWARD CARR

### THE GREEK MSS. OF THE BIBLE

From the information respecting the LXX it will be clear that Greek was the universal language throughout the Roman Empire at the time when the New Testament began to be written. Josephus, the historian, wrote in Greek; and, what is equally conclusive, the Epistle to the Hebrews was written in Greek. . .

Wycliffe probably knew little of Greek, and his translation was made chiefly from the Latin Vulgate. The book had a very large circulation; persons were encouraged to copy it. Wycliffe's "poor priests" went through the length and breadth of the land, urging men to read in their own tongue the Word of God. In vain were Bibles in English forbidden to be read by the Convocation of Canterbury; a spirit of enquiry was aroused, and many who could not hope to possess the whole manuscript, gained access to it in various ways. A considerable sum was paid for even a few sheets, and a load of hay was given for permission to read it for a certain period a day, the readers often copying parts of it.

Scarcely was his task well finished when, like his great predecessor Bede, brave old John Wycliffe laid down his life. He himself expected a violent death, but God took him before his enemies were prepared to strike. On December 28, 1384, the last Sunday of the old year, during the Communion service, he fell to the ground in a violent fit of the palsy, and never spoke again until his death on the last day of the year. Thus died the "Morning Star of the Reformation," one of the best and greatest of the sons of England. Forty years afterwards, by a decree of the Council of Constance, the old Reformer's bones were dug up and burnt and thrown into the river Swift.

William Tyndale was born in 1483 (the year after the birth of Luther) in Gloucestershire, and at an early age he won for himself a reputation for learning. During his sojourn at Cambridge University he met with Erasmus, the greatest Greek scholar of the age, who had just finished his Greek Testament.

the fruit of years of labor spent in comparing such ancient MSS. as were accessible to him. Tyndale quickly made himself familiar with this wonderful book. On one occasion a priest observed to him, "We are better without God's laws than the Pope's." Tyndale was thoroughly roused, and replied, "I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause the boy who driveth the plough to know more of Scripture than you do." Such outspoken sentiment made him many enemies. Ultimately he went to London, hoping to find a patron in the bishop, whom Erasmus had often extolled as a friend of learning. The bishop would have nothing to do with him. Tyndale found no opportunity in England to prosecute the work upon which his heart was set; and hoping that he might on the Continent be able more successfully to accomplish the completion and printing of his translations of the Scripture, he bid a final adieu to his native land, and sailed over to Hamburg in the year 1524.

The year following he was at Cologne, far advanced with the printing of the New Testament. Just at this time a priest of the Church of the Blessed Virgin at Frankfort, named Cochloeus, heard of what Tyndale was doing, and gave information to the magistrates, demanding the sheets should be seized. Tyndale was obliged to hurriedly flee from Cologne, and escaped to Worms, where he at length successfully produced a complete printed New Testament in English.

Ultimately Tyndale was betrayed into the hands of his enemies. He was seized, conveyed to the Castle of Vilvorde, and his body thrown into the flames. Much obscurity rests upon this wicked murder. It is probable that the enemies of the Reformer in this country were the instigators of it. Tyndale was a great man in every sense of the word, and dealt a more decisive and effectual blow at the anti-Christian system of Romanism than any of his contemporaries. . .

But the dark days came in the latter part of Henry VIII's reign. After Cromwell had gone and his influence was no longer exercised, Henry seems to have regretted having been led further along the path of Reformation than he would have travelled of his own free will; so he began to retrace his steps.

In accordance with the king's wish, the servile Parliament, in 1543, passed an Act prohibiting the use of Tyndale's translation; and it was also decreed that apprentices, artificers, journeymen, servants, and laborers must not be permitted to read the Old or New Testament at all. So the tide turned. . .

#### QUEEN MARY'S DAYS

While Mary, the bigoted papist, was on the throne no new edition of the Scriptures appeared in England. On the contrary, as all well know, both the Bible and its readers were subjected to the bitterest persecution. Immediately after her accession a Royal proclamation was issued prohibiting the reading of the Scriptures altogether. This was in May, 1553. In 1554 Philip and Mary passed through London in the coronation procession, when an incident occurred which significantly manifested the intense hatred in the queen's breast to the Word of God. One of the streets was adorned with an emblematic representation of Henry VIII with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, giving the latter to Edward VI. The artist was brought before Bishop Gardiner, who called him "a villain and traitor," and made him alter the book into a glove. . .

During the dark period of the Marian persecutions, many in all ranks of society loved and studied their Bibles. Tyndale's New Testament especially was pored over in secret in many an English home. When read, it was carefully put into some secure hiding place, to be brought forth when the next opportunity allowed; and by this means many copies have been preserved as heirlooms in country houses throughout the land.



#### INFECTION

A child smiled in its mother's face;  
The mother caught it and gave it then  
To the child's father—serious case—  
Who carried it out to other men;  
And everyone of them went straight away  
Scattering sunshine through the day.  
—Louis de Louk

## Words Fitly Spoken . . .

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

"The ungrateful are like the sea—always receiving the showers of heaven and turning them into salt."

If we can't get all we want, we should be glad we don't get what we deserve.—Sunshine Magazine

He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase; this is also vanity.—Ecc. 5:10

Rivers are like lives. The more contributions they gain from friendships, the bigger they grow. Friendly, quiet little streams that join them in their long, troublesome journey to the sea, make them strong and mighty. The helpful contributions of love and kindness we gain from friends make our journey of life better and richer.  
—Harold Dunning

An acre of performance is worth a whole world of promise.  
—W. D. Howells

He who does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, but he is sure of both in the end.—William Penn

Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another; if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.  
—Apostle Paul

The best thing to do behind a person's back is pat it.—Sunshine

Many owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon

It is impossible to rightly govern the world without God and the Bible.—George Washington.

Knowing that you don't know much is knowing a lot.—Sunshine

## A Rich Old Gentleman and His Strong Box

"Minister, if you have a little time to spare, I wish you'd look over the papers in my strong box."

The words were almost whispered, for the voice was weak from old age and long illness. Room F in the Home for the Aged Men was about to lose the peaceful face that had greeted the minister time and again with a smile.

Stephen Holoway had lost almost everything in life except his good name, his memory, and his faith in God. His dear ones had died, his money had been lost, his eyesight had failed, and his limbs had long refused to support his trembling frame. Nevertheless, when the minister was in special need of stimulus and inspiration, he was apt to drop in for a few moments at Uncle Stephen's bedside. This low spoken allusion to a "strong box" startled him. It could not be that this venerable saint so long an object of charity, had been hoarding unsuspected riches? Or was his keen and alert brain at last failing?

Mr. Alton, the minister, bent tenderly over his old friend.

"You know I am rich," went on the feeble voice.

Mr. Alton said kindly: "Uncle Stephen, you can have all my time that you need. Where is your strong box?"

"Why, there," replied the invalid, smiling and pointing to the large leather-bound Bible on the stand. "Please take it and sit down a few minutes. When I was in business years ago, and makin' a heap of money, I had an iron box for my valuable documents and species. There wasn't no safe deposit vaults in them days, an' I kept the box in my bedroom, and I was allus worryin' about it, 'fraid of burglars an' such, and scared of losin' the key. But since I had this strong box what the Lord give me, I ain't had no trouble with it. The key is Christ. That Key is deep in my heart."

Mr. Alton had seated himself with the time-worn volume on his knees.

"Now," said Uncle Stephen, "We'll look over them documents a little. I can't see them no more with my eyes, but I know them by heart. The first one in the bundle I never git

tired thinkin' about. You see, many years ago I lived under a good King that I didn't love, an' I rebelled ag'in Him an' tried to hinder His cause and to hurt His kingdom. I was an awful rebel. Finally I was arrested an' thrown into a dark dungeon; an' while I was there I found out that I was under sentence of death. I wept and repented, but the dungeon was jest as dark as ever, an' death was starin' into my eyes when up rode a messenger from the King, bringing a paper signed an' sealed an' my name on it. It was my pardon! Just read it over, will you. It's marked Romans 3:24-26."

Mr. Alton read the familiar words: "Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation for the remission in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

"Then," went on the invalid, "after I was a free man, I was made a son of the King, for He actually adopted me right into His glorious family, an' the paper was drawn up an' made as sure as eternity. I love that paper, too. It's labelled Romans 8:15. Please read it."

Mr. Alton turned the leaves with a new glory in his soul and read: "Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, 'Abba, Father.' "

"Now these next papers are wonderfully comfortin' to look over," said Uncle Stephen—"the three I've tied together, the insurance policies, accident an' life an' fire insurance. There's Romans 8:28"

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose," read Mr. Alton.

"That's the accident policy," said Uncle Stephen, with the simple joyousness of a care-free child in his voice. "John 11:26 is the life insurance."

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Mr. Alton's own voice caught in the ring of triumph in that of the aged conqueror on the bed.

"The Son died and made a will in my favor. Just think of that! You glance over the items: 'My peace I leave with you,' an' 'I will send the Comforter!' Oh, minister, do you s'pose I was so foolish as to have that left to me, an' not claim it nor get the good of it? Then there's a deed that goes along with the will. You have it there—John 14:2."

"In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

"For me! for me! Oh, bless His glorious name forever! And now there's a lot of shares in that blessed box. I'm stockholder in some tremendous companies. You needn't look up all them papers today. They are all marked: 'Partakers of His sufferings; 'Of the heavenly calling;' of 'the divine nature;' of 'His holiness;' for 'the inheritance of the saints in light.' Jest lay that treasure box right over here on the bed beside me. Too heavy? No. It's heavy with the eternal weight of glory. I guess millionaires like me don't care very much if they have to be away from home just overnight. Good-bye, minister. Come again."

Uncle Stephen sank back on his pillows, weary, but radiant, and Mr. Alton went down the street singing to himself:

"O child of God, O glory's heir, how rich a lot is thine!"

—*Baptist Examiner*



#### A PRAYER

Let me today do something that shall take  
A little sadness from the earth's vast store,  
And may I be so favored as to make  
Of joys too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span  
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,  
Because of some good act to beast or man  
The world is better that I lived today.—Anonymous

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory. Let us now commit it to life.—Chesterton

# ***How Things Began . . .***

## **The Story of the Green-fly**

You will know that the Green-fly has a life that lasts only a few days; in that short time it is born, grows, marries, and dies. Now let us imagine that these tiny creatures are able to think, and observe, just as any human scientist would. One bright summer's day an eminent Mr. Green-fly is busy making careful observations on the Human Race—a queer species that he has discovered in his world.

An hour or two of observation, and Mr. Green-fly has learned a number of things. For example, he notices that some men are small, some are medium, and some are large. And he begins to speculate on the origin and growth of Humans, using these facts that he has noted.

Since he is a scientific fellow, he decides that these different sizes of men are representative of different stages of growth. Presently he hits upon the idea of arranging these different groups in a certain order. Since he is a tiny fellow, the most normal size, he thinks, is the smallest; big Humans are most abnormal. Therefore, he concludes, Humans are slowly changing from abnormal to normal; from large to small; they grow, he suggests, from men to babies. Excitedly he informs the Green-fly Association for the Advancement of Science—and they all agree, of course.

But Mr. Green-fly has made a further observation. Some Humans are white on top; some are brown; some are black—and some are just shiny. This, he thinks, must surely be significant too. He remembers that when he was born, the sun was brightly shining; then it grew hotter, and now, as he grows old, it has gone. Instead, the sky grows very dark. Clearly, then, this is the normal order of things. First white, then shiny, then brown and black. So Humans are changing their top color too. They grow from white to black. Again, he reports to the Association for the Advancement of Science. And our aged Mr.

Green-fly is awarded the degree of Professor of Anthropology for his discoveries.

You smile—for the theories of the Green-fly are absurd. And he has made his mistakes solely because he only lived for such a short time. He had no chance to watch a Human actually grow. Then he would have seen that they change from small to large; and from black and brown to shiny on top! But his life was not long enough for him to watch such a growth. Hence his mistakes.

Now men have often wondered how our Universe came to be: how all the animals grew, and how man first came. Suggestions have been made to explain it all. But no one can say that such suggestions are really true. For no one actually saw these things begin—no one has lived long enough. Compared with the age of the Universe, our tiny human lives are like that of the Green-fly. So, like the Green-fly, men have had to guess how things began. And it is very likely that such guessing will really be absurd—since we, like the fly, have to depend solely upon things that we can see during our short lives.

Men have suggested that everything has evolved; this is a most popular idea, but it is only a guess. For example, it is said that perhaps one original kind of animal developed into all the kinds that we know now. They suggest that the very first fish grew from a jellyfish; that the first reptile changed from a fish; that reptiles developed into birds and mammals; and that mammals grew into monkeys and men. But no one has guessed how the first jellyfish came; nor has anyone ever seen an animal change into another in this way. So that Evolution, as this theory is called, is really and truly only a guess.

There is just one way in which we could find out for sure, how things began. And that would be to ask Someone who saw it all. He would know, without any doubt. Now God did see it begin. Since He is older than the Universe, He was able to watch it grow. What is more, He has told us how it all happened. He says that He created it—and that He made it all. And He ought to know, shouldn't you think?

So Christians, who treasure their Bibles, prefer to think that everything was specially created by God. They do not like the

idea of Evolution. Their reason for this is that God was there at the beginning, and He tells us plainly that CREATION was how things began. Christians feel that it is wiser to trust what God says, than to make a guess, and be like the Green-fly.

—H. J. Appleby



### THANKSGIVING

Our ancestors, after enduring many trials and bitter hardships, came together on one special day to give thanks to God. They had reason to thank Him, but I wonder if we, in this day of plenty would be thankful with no more than those poor Pilgrims possessed that day.

How much more we have today to thank Him for,—ease and bountiful supply. But let us give thanks not only for ease and plenty, for sunshine and song. Let us thank Him for all things which have come to us,—for trials, heartaches, and pain. For often it is in adversity that He works for us the greater good. We do not say, Thank Thee Lord for pain, and yet we should, because whatever we receive at His Hand is for our greatest good—if we love Him.

So today we say, "Thank Thee Lord," again. The words have been used so many times, but like the words, "I love you," they never grow old; nor does He ever tire of hearing them.

Not only do we say thanks on this special day, but each day, each hour of each day we see reason for heartfelt gratitude. The heart that is not grateful is not a happy heart. We are happy only to the extent that we are thankful. We might give a sullen child toy after toy which he snatches as he scowls at us. We cannot make him happy no matter what we give him. We would not be like this. No matter how many blessings the Father heaps upon us, we really do not possess them in the truest sense unless we are thankful to Him for all things at all times. We miss the beauty, peace, and love if we are not thankful for them when they are given to us.

So today, as we count over our many, many blessings, let us put at the top of the list, a thankful heart. Thank Thee, dear Lord, for all these things. But above all else, we thank thee for a thankful heart.

—Mrs. W. J. Berry

## True Manliness

"Please, mother, do sit down and let me try my hand," said Fred Liscom, a bright, active boy twelve years old. Mrs. Liscom looking pale and worn, was moving languidly about, trying to clear away the breakfast she had scarcely tasted.

She smiled, and said, "You, Fred, you wash dishes?" "Yes, indeed, mother," replied Fred; "I should be a poor scholar if I couldn't, when I've seen you do it so many times. Just try me."

A look of relief came over his mother's face as she seated herself in her low rocking-chair. Fred washed the dishes, and put them in the closet. He then swept the kitchen, brought up the potatoes from the cellar for the dinner and washed them, and then set out for school.

Fred's father was away from home, and as there was some cold meat in the pantry, Mrs. Liscom found it an easy task to prepare dinner. Fred hurried home from school, set the table, and again washed the dishes.

He kept on in this way for two or three days, till his mother was able to resume her usual work, and he felt amply rewarded when the doctor, who happened in one day, said, "Well, madam, it's my opinion that you would have been very sick if you had not kept quiet."

The doctor did not know how the "quiet" had been secured, nor how the boy's heart bounded at his words. Fred had given up a great deal of what boys hold dear, for the purpose of helping his mother, coasting and skating being just at this time in perfection.

Besides this, his temper and his patience had been severely tried. He had been in the habit of going early to school, and staying to play after it was dismissed.

The boys missed him, and their curiosity was excited when he would give no other reason for not coming to school earlier, or staying after school, than that he was "wanted at home." "I'll tell you," said Tom Barton, "I'll find him out, boys—see if I don't."

So he called for Fred to go to school, and on his way to the

side door walked lightly and somewhat nearer the kitchen window than was absolutely needful. Looking in, he saw Fred standing at the table with a dishcloth in his hand.

Of course he reported this at school, and various were the greetings poor Fred received at recess. "Well, you're a brave one to stay at home washing dishes." "Girl boy!" "Pretty Bessie!" "Lost your apron, haven't you, Polly!"

Fred was not wanting either in spirit or courage, and he was strongly tempted to resent these insults and to fight off his tormentors. But his consciousness of right and his love for his mother helped him.

While he was struggling for self mastery his teacher appeared at the door of the schoolhouse. Fred caught his eye, and it seemed to look, if it did not say, "Don't give up! Be really brave!" He knew the teacher had heard the insulting taunts of his thoughtless schoolmates.

The boys received notice during the day that Fred must not be taunted or teased in any manner. They knew that the teacher meant what he said; and so the brave little boy had no farther trouble.

#### BUT LATE THAT NIGHT—

"Fire! fire!" The cry crept out on the still night air, and the fire bells began to ring. Fred was wakened by the alarm and the red light streaming into his room. He dressed himself in a moment, almost, and tapped at the door of his mother's bedroom. "It is Mr. Barton's house, mother. Do let me go," he said in eager, excited tones. Mrs. Liscom thought a moment. He was young, but she could trust him, and she knew how much his heart was in the request.

"Yes, you may go," she answered; "but be careful my boy. If you can help, do so, but do nothing rashly." Fred promised to follow her advice, and hurried to the fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton were not at home. The house had been left in charge of the servants. The fire spread with fearful speed, for there was a high wind, and it was found impossible to save the house. The servants ran about, screaming and lamenting, but doing nothing to any purpose.

Fred found Tom outside, in safety. "Where is Katy?" he asked. Tom, trembling with terror, seemed to have had no thought but of his own escape. He said, "Katy is in the house!" "In what room?" asked Fred. "In that one," pointing to a window in the upper story.

It was no time for words, but for instant, vigorous action. The staircase was already on fire; there was but one way to reach Katy, and that full of danger. The second floor might fall at any moment, and Fred knew it. But he trusted in an arm stronger than his own, and silently sought help and guidance.

A ladder was quickly brought, and placed against the house. Fred mounted it, followed by the hired man, dashed in the sash of the window, and pushed his way into the room where the poor child lay nearly suffocated with smoke.

He roused her with some difficulty, carried her to the window, and placed her upon the sill. She was instantly grasped by strong arms, and carried down the ladder, Fred following as fast as possible. They had scarcely reached the ground before a crash of falling timbers told them that they had barely escaped with their lives.

Tom Barton never forgot the lesson of that night. And he came to believe, and to act upon the belief, in after years, that true manliness is in harmony with gentleness, kindness, and self-denial.

—Mrs. M. O. Johnson in  
*McGuffey's Fourth Reader*



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Will you help increase the circulation of your paper? Send us your subscription, gift subscriptions for your friends, and a list of recommended names for sample copies. We deeply appreciate the excellent response to the first issue of *Youth's Living Ideals*, and we will also appreciate your suggestions for its improvement.

Follow orders; plough and sow, but do not ask why. One alone knows why, and that One loves thee; let it suffice.—Charles Wagner

## A CIGARETTE SPEAKS TO A PRETTY GIRL

I'm just a friendly cigarette—

Don't be afraid of me:

Why, all the advertisers say

I'm harmless as can be!

They tell you that I'm your

"Best Friend"

(I like that cunning lie),

And say, you'll "walk a mile" for me,

Because I "satisfy."

So, come on, girlie, be a sport!

Why long hesitate?

With me between your pretty lips,

You'll be quite up-to-date.

You may not like me right at first,

But very soon, I'll bet—

You'll find you just can't get along

Without a cigarette.

You've smoked one package, so

I know I've nothing now to fear;

When once I get a grip on girls,

They're mine for life, my dear!

Your freedom, you began to lose

The very day we met,

When I convinced you it was smart

To smoke a cigarette!

The color's fading from your cheeks:

Your finger-tips are stained,

And now you'd like to give me up,

But sister, you are chained!

You even took a drink last night—

I thought you would e'er long,

For those whom I enslave, soon lose

Their sense of right and wrong.

Year after year, I've fettered you

And led you blindly on,

Till now you're just a bunch of nerves

With looks and health both gone.

You're pale and thin, and have a cough,

The doctor says, "T. B.,"

He says you can't expect to live

Much longer, thanks to me.

—Elizabeth Hassell



"Let not sin reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lust thereof. Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?—Rom. 6:12, 16

## The Boy Who Knew to Obey

The "Wide-awake" baseball nine had been playing a match game all one afternoon, and were sitting down to rest. A large stream flowed invitingly not far from the spot, and by its attractive coolness awakened the desire in the boys to swim. Only the larger boys were accustomed to swimming in this river, for it was deep, and the smaller boys were prohibited from bathing there until they had learned to swim. The captain of the team finally said, "Let's go swimming in the river." Three or four of the boys held back, saying that they had been forbidden to go into the river, and suggested going to a creek where the water was not so deep. But the captain urged them to go to the river, and said nobody would know it, and that boys were mollycoddles who were tied to their mothers' apron strings, and that mothers were too strict, and did not know enough to make such rules, and were *not worthy* of such obedience.

One of the boys quickly spoke up, "My mother loves me, and forbids me to do only the things that are likely to hurt me, and she knows better than I. *Your* mother may not be worthy to be obeyed, but *mine is*,—and I shall not go."

Later in the day a mournful group of boys carried a lifeless form to a grief-stricken mother, who moaned between her tears, "If he had only obeyed me, and kept away from the river!"

When we have learned to obey, we easily learn many other things. Not only must *children* obey, but *everybody* must obey. The pupil obeys the teacher; but the teacher also obeys rules, which the child knows nothing of. The teacher obeys the rules for conducting a school properly and teaching properly. *Everybody* has to obey the demands which circumstances put upon him.

Children sometimes think that it is manly to defy the rules of the home or the school. On the contrary, it is *obedience* that is *manly*, and *disobedience* that is *childish*. The baby knows nothing of rules, and must be kept by force from putting its hands into the fire; but gradually it is trained to *obey* rules, and we must all *obey rules* to the end of our lives. Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "Laws are not masters, but servants, and he rules them who obeys them." Obedience is the groundwork of truthfulness, honesty, and courage, and paves the way for sympathy and usefulness, which are the ties that bind human life.

It is related of Pasteur, the French scientist, that when a boy he neglected study, but at last he realized that his father had been making great sacrifices that he might continue at school. That thought made him recognize that he owed the obedience of hard study, and made him the great man he later became.

Let us think seriously, and make this compact with ourselves, that the *next* time we are called upon to do some task, we will obey instantly and without question—simply *obey*.


One of the most effective illustrations relative to obedience is the reply that Mrs. Washington, the mother of General Washington, made at the banquet given to the allied officers after the surrender of Cornwallis. A distinguished French officer asked her how she managed to raise such a splendid son. She said, "I taught him to obey." —James Terry White

And yet this manly boy, who loved all manly things, thought it noble to yield the most implicit obedience to his mother, and never thought it made a milksop of him to do exactly as his mother bade him.—Margaret S. Preston

God sometimes washes the eyes of His children with tears in order that they may read aright His providence and His commandments. —Theodore L. Cuyler

Wicked men obey from fear, but the good, for love.—Selected

Fear God and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.—Ecclesiastes 12:13



### BUILD A LITTLE FENCE

Build a little fence of trust around today;  
Fill the space with loving work, and therein stay;  
Look not between the sheltering bars of tomorrow,  
But take whatever comes to thee of joy or sorrow.

—May F. Butts

# Questions and Answers

## THE BEGINNING (Genesis)

1. What is the name of the first book of the Bible? Genesis, which means "Beginnings."

2. What do we know of the beginning of the world? "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1

3. By what power did God create the world? By His word. Heb. 1:3; 2 Pet. 3:5.

4. Who is called the Word of God? Jesus Christ. John 1:14

5. How do we know that Jesus Christ was with God in the creation? "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God. . . All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made." John 1:1, 3. "Who is the image of the invisible God. . . for by Him were all things created." Col. 1:15,16. [Also John 17:5: "And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thine own Self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."]

6. What was the last thing created? Man, who was made in the image of God.

—Four Thousand Questions and Answers



## Suggested Reading



Your time for reading is limited—select your reading with much care. The Bible comes first, and is never even to be compared with any other book or paper. The news stands and book stores are flooded with trash, and should be avoided. You can depend on the books listed here as being worth your valuable time and money.

**The Theory of Evolution and Facts of Science**, Harry Rimmer \$2.00

**The Harmony of Science and Scripture**, Rimmer ..... \$3.00

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ing men come over and fetch it. he LORD render to every man iteousness and his faithfulness: LORD delivered thee <sup>1 Ps 18:20</sup> <sup>2 Isa 3:10,11</sup> hand to day, but I would not <sup>3</sup> forth mine hand against the

8 ¶ And David and his men went up, and invaded <sup>1</sup> the Gesh'u-rites, <sup>2</sup> and the Gez'rites, and <sup>3</sup> the Am'-  
a-lek-ites: for those <sup>1 Jos 13: 2</sup> <sup>2 Jg 1:29</sup> <sup>3 Ex 17:16</sup> nations <sup>18 15: 7,8</sup> were of old the inhabitants of the land, as thou goest to Shur, even unto the

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