

"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. 4.—January, 1961

IN THIS ISSUE

THE WORLD
AND ITS LUSTS

THE DOCTOR
AND THE
YOUNG WOMAN

PICTURE FEATURE

FILTHY PUBLICATIONS

Keep thyself pure . . .

1 Timothy 5:22

Flee also youthful lusts.

2 Timothy 2:22

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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$3.00 a year — Two years, \$5.00

In clubs of 5—\$2.00 a year

Address:

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

In This Issue . . .

The World and Its Lusts, Wanda Fenter	1
A Free Gift, Glen Berry	4
From Our Readers	6
Love, Courtship, and Marriage,	
Wait for Love, John R. Rice	8
Let's Define Love-Shall We? William W. Orr	10
Notes From Mom, Mrs. W. J. Berry	12
A New Periodical, W. G. Fletcher	14
A Most Dangerous Word, M. P. Simon	14
Words Fitly Spoken	15
Filthy Publications, (Illustration)	16
Plot Against Youth, The Cross and the Flag	17
Impure Literature, W. W. Orr	17
Another Kind of Ministry, F. Atkins	18
The Doctor and the Young Woman, Harriet Croker Leroy	19
How Things Began (They Don't All Believe It), Appleby	24
Building Blocks, Mrs. W. J. Berry	26
Three Looks, (poem)	27
The Great Protector, Christian Observer	27
No. 3 of "Fifty-Seven Reasons," Fred John Meldau	28
Let Us Take a Refreshing Pause, Popham	29
The White House Kitchen, Wide Awake	31
He Was a "Cha'terbox," A. P. Bailey	32
The Monkey's Viewpoint	32
How to Test Amusements, Ralph and Olive Coleson	32

READ IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

- A Soft Answer, by Mrs. W. J. Berry
(A young married couple are given light and strength to climb over some rocks of fretfulness that lie in their path.)
 - Keep reading the series on Love, Courtship, & Marriage
-

Youth's

Living Ideals

Vol. 1. No. 4.—January, 1961

An article of truth and encouragement by a seventeen-year-old girl.

The World and Its Lusts

By Wanda Fenter, Seventeen

(From *The Truth*, J. D. Phillips, Editor, Austin, Texas.

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ENTERTAINMENT

I have studied carefully this question of entertainment. Some say that we must have entertainment, which is true to a certain extent. We must find the right kind of pleasure and then be careful not to change it to the Devil's work.

So many "Christians" say that the only pleasure available is that of movies, carnivals, and such like. Why do they say they must have this kind of pleasure? They want to go to these worldly places, therefore, they must say they are all right. Can they find scriptures indicating that worldly places are all right for one to go to?

"I have never found a scripture which said that we should not have pleasure," some may say. The Bible does not say, "You cannot have pleasure," neither does it say that you can have it.

In Eccl. 2:1 it says, "I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity." One who seeks the pleasures of this world is seeking after vain things.

Why should we not go to shows, carnivals, and such? 1 Thes. 5:21-22 says, "Hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil." Is a show or carnival good? Do they not appear evil? How can an honest person say a show with wild

Indians, murdering individuals, and the showing of sex appeal, does not appear evil? A carnival does not, as far as I know, show murders, but it does show all other kinds of evil things. And look at all the worldly people who manage the carnivals.

1 John 2:15-17 tells us not to love the world for the world and its lusts will pass away. The shows and carnivals, which are made up of sinners, cannot in any sense of the imagination be of God, therefore, if they are not of God, they can be of nothing else but the world.

A Christian is not of the world, therefore, he cannot partake of worldly lusts. If we are living by the Spirit we will not indulge in fleshly lusts which are against the Spirit. The two are in opposition, so that you cannot do anything you please. (Gal. 5:16-25). We must be guided by the Spirit.

In John 17:14-19 we find that we, as Christians, are not of the world, therefore, we must not live by our worldly lusts. We must seek the truth, and how can we seek it while sitting in a darkened theater or tramping about a carnival ground, listening and watching things of the world? We should think of good things, as we find in Phil. 4:8.

Some say they can watch a murder picture and still think on good things. Watch evil and think good? In Isa. 33:15-16, it says that the righteous who closes his ears from hearing of blood and his eyes from seeing blood will live on high. We cannot serve two masters; we will love one and hate the other. Therefore, we cannot go to the Devil's workshop and still love God.

In Psa. 81:12 we find that God gave the people, who would not hear His voice, over to their own lusts. Has He given us over to our lusts?

1 Cor. 10:6, 7 says that the people in the wilderness were an example unto us that we should not lust after evil things as they also lusted. "The people sat down to eat then rose up to play." (1 Cor. 10:7). Does our lust for shows cause us to "sit down to eat and then rise up to play"? We think nothing of going to church one day and to a place of the world for pleasure the next. Is not this trying to serve both God and Satan?

When we pay to go into a show we are throwing ourselves

with the world, therefore, we are not letting our lights shine. Some say they pick certain shows, (only the good ones,) which I give them credit for, but what if they pick a show that turns out no good? Will they walk out? Not usually. But even if they do walk out, they have put their vote in for that kind by paying to see it. They also may have caused some weak brother to sin.

Not long ago, I heard a statement which set me to thinking even more seriously about this matter. An unbeliever said that a show was an unfit place to go. If he, being a sinner, can see the evil of shows, why can't we, being Christians, see the evil thereof?

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks." (Luke 6:45). I have noticed that a person who goes to movies a good deal, is always talking of something of that sort. Very seldom have I heard them speak of the Bible or even of the beauty of God's world.

Some may say the temptation is too great. Your temptation is a natural happening through which God will not forsake you. He will not let you be tempted above that you are able to bear, and will with the temptation make a way of escape. 1 Cor. 10:13.

Since it is natural that we should have some play, what can we do? Why can't we go back to the old forms of entertainment? We could have singings, and small get-togethers and have good Christian fellowship for young and old. Why do we not enjoy this today? Because the Devil has entered into our hearts and has wiped out the Gospel [from our daily lives.]

(To be concluded next issue under the sub-titles: Apparel,
Short Hair, and Dating.)

Note: We know this article will be of encouragement to you who are striving for a life of purity. It is understandable that Wanda is lonely for friends who believe as she does. She invites any of you to correspond with her. Her address: Wanda Fenter, 1700 South Main, Portales, New Mexico.



The strongest argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian.—Defender

A Free Gift

IT MAY SOUND strange to you that I should refer to a gift as being "free," because the very word "gift" would lead you to believe that it was something received without being earned by the one who receives it. But, strange as it may seem, in this case many think the gift has to be worked for. So I use "free gift" to emphasize the fact that the most valuable gift in the world is truly given and not earned. Read on and see!

Now salvation is a gift—a free gift by grace from God to His chosen children. "And if by grace, then is it no more of works," says Paul. It does seem that all who say it is a gift would realize that when a gift is laid in our hands, we don't go to work to *earn* it. That would be ridiculous. But we are obligated to the One who gave us the gift. Certainly, if someone gave you an expensive gift, you would not spit in his face. You would be humbled. You would want to work for him—to show your appreciation and to return that love. Yes, He loved you **FIRST**, but then you love Him because of that very fact. Yes, when God loved you, you were dead and could do nothing to obligate Him to love you. Well, you might say, "I repented and God loved me for that and forgave me." Dear friend, God is the Giver of **EVERY** good and perfect gift. He gives true *repentance* just as He gives faith. If you truly repented, it was because God worked it in your heart! Before a child of God repents he is totally depraved. That means he was such a sinner in God's sight—totally helpless and sinful—that he could never do anything of himself to help save himself. This is the condition Christ finds His children in. He (Christ) then reaches down, has love and compassion on the sinner and works in his heart. When the sinner realizes the love of Christ, repentance is worked in his heart. When Christ first begins a work of grace in a soul, that person is a born again character.

Repentance is a turning from sin. When you realize your black and sinful condition before a holy God and realize how much your very nature is against God, you are very sorrowful. You do not repent in order to get God to love you. If He did not love you, you would never be able to see yourself black

before Him. You repent because you are truly sorry that your sins and sinful nature is against Him. Peter told those men on the day of Pentecost, "Repent and be baptized." These men were born again characters. They had been "pricked in their hearts." They realized that they and their sinfulness had killed Christ. Therefore, Peter told them to repent and be baptized. Repent and obey Christ. Baptism is the first act in Christian obedience. It is professing before all men, publicly, that Christ is your Master and Savior, the very Son of God.

"No man can come to Me, except the Father, which hath sent Me, draw him." When you see yourself a wretched and black sinner before God, that is evidence that God has begun to "draw" you to Christ. It is His merciful grace that does this. "Salvation is by grace." So you can see that God gets the glory for your salvation. Every good act that you do is worked in your heart by God. Christ regenerates or performs this work in every sinner that the Father "has given Him."

This brings us to another thought. Since we do not work or obey in order to be saved, we realize that when we truly do these things from the heart it is evidence that we *are* saved. We also realize that to obey God is a *privilege*. How ungrateful it must look when we ignore or neglect this privilege. It is a privilege to do our duty—follow Christ. It is a privilege because only a child of God can obey and follow Christ. God does not require us to do things that He will not strengthen us to do. If we are rebellious, He will, perhaps, let us suffer in this state for a while, but in His good time He will make His children "willing in the day of His power." When we are born again we *are* "willing" and count it an honor to obey and suffer for Christ's sake.

—G. B.



DEFEATED BY LIQUOR?

"Can it be possible that this great nation, which is noted for its ingenuity, incentive, progress, and enlightenment, and which has never lost a war, will readily admit its inability to meet and conquer this liquid despoiler of reason, judgment, and morals?"

—Christian Science Monitor



Even the woodpecker owes his success to the fact that he uses his head.

From Our Readers . . .

Manassas, Virginia

Dear Folks,—I wanted to enclose a line to thank you for sending me the first copies of *Youth's Living Ideals*. In a day when there is so much unfit material being written, indeed when, under the guise of literature, we are compelled to read much of it, it is heartening to see forces pulling in the other direction.

Love,

Barbara Sue Carter

Beulaville, N. C.

Dear Editors,—A few words to tell you how much I enjoy *Youth's Living Ideals*. If it was written for children, then I must be a child even though I am 47 years old, for it seems that I get a deep contentment from reading your editions and I do hope I am worthy of being able to do so.

Again I hope the Giver of all good things will bless and keep you to keep writing for poor sinners like me to read.

A friend,

Mrs. A. G. Wilson

Route 2, Banner Elk, N. C.

Dear Glen,—I have received a sample copy of *Youth's Living Ideals*, and I am sending you some names and addresses who I hope will subscribe for the paper. As you know, my father and mother are dead, and I am sick, and do not have anything to send for the paper. I thank God for being so good to me in so many ways. May He stand by you in this work.

Nola Mae Presnell

Brooklet, Georgia

Dear Editors,—Thank you for sending me a copy of *Youth's Living Ideals*. I commend you on this fine publication for our young people, and pray the Lord's blessings upon you and yours in this good work. I should like to subscribe for myself and two friends for one year.

In Christian love and fellowship,

George R. Daniel

Selma, N. C.

Dear Glen,—We must not wait another day to express our thanks for *Youth's Living Ideals*. The other day when I realized that we would probably not get another copy unless we got our subscription in, I knew that we would miss something very fine if we did not get it. Anyway, you were so kind and sent it on to us, and we have enjoyed it so much. Thank you from all of us. I have the warmest feeling toward you for this little magazine. How I would liked to have had a similar one when I was growing up. Gary and Bruce really seem to enjoy it. Of course I try to make sure that it is always handy for them. Bruce took it to school today for the teacher to read "Two Stubborn Girls" to the class. She did not have

time to read it today, but she asked him to take it back tomorrow so that she could read it. The teacher is from Angier and she said her parents are Primitive Baptists. Gary used a part of some article as a basis for a theme on mental health. I think this paper will be a valuable asset around here.

I am enclosing \$10.00 for our 1 year subscription and some six months gift subscriptions to our friends.

Thank you again for your interest and love for our young folks. Thank God for this manifestation of His great love for His little children.

Sincerely,

Margaret Johnson

McDowell, Ky.

Dear Christian Friends,—Send me a copy of "The Waterloo Soldier" and some copies of *Youth's Living Ideals* for distribution. This periodical is very very good, not only for the young but also for the old in these hectic times. The piece about the Jews returning and their homeland is the very truth as I see it. If I am not woefully deceived. I have been shown that we are nearing the end of our journey as a race. Draw nigh to God!

"Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear and live!
God's righteous law is satisfied
And justice is now on our side.
All is finished! do not doubt it;
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it;
Only take Him at His word."

Enclosed is \$5.00 to help and encourage this work.

Yours in His grace,

Milford Hall, Sr.

Dear Mrs. Berry and all,—Thanks so very much for the sample copy of *Youth's Living Ideals*." It is truly a wonderful magazine. I fully intended subscribing to it when it was first published but kept neglecting to do so. I am sending a year's subscription and a little extra to use as you see fit. I would love to send more.

Love,

Lois Dalton



THE STONE MASON

"You are building a good wall there," said a passerby, stopping to look at a workman by the roadside. "Some of your material looks rather poor to work with, too," and he glanced at a pile of rough jagged stones.

"I ain't pickin' my materials," the man answered simply. "What I'm here for is to build a wall as good as I can with the stuff that's brought me."—Benedicts Scrapbook

Love, Courtship, & Marriage

WAIT FOR LOVE

Another Reason For Not Being Too Hasty

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

Multiplied thousands of young people, I am persuaded, marry before they have time to be really in love.

Girls often accept the first proposal of marriage they get. It goes without saying that in such a case a girl finds her suitor somewhat interesting and attractive, or she would not have gone with him long enough to receive a proposal of marriage. But many girls are naturally fearful of having to live a lonely, single life. They want security, they want a home, they want a husband and children. I believe this is particularly a temptation of girls who have had to work hard for a living, or girls who are not happy in the home of their fathers and mothers, and who think that marriage will be a release from drudgery, a way to happiness, and security for old age. Often, such girls do not love their husbands, do not make their homes happy, and are not prepared for the inevitable sacrifices which are required in wifehood and motherhood. But any girl had better wait some years, if need be, keep her job, drink her glass of milk and eat her lunch on a lunch-counter stool, and hold on to her ideals and dreams until the right man comes along, one that she can love with all her heart.

Often young people, in the fashion of the day, neck and pet and mistake the animal passion of sex desire for love, and so marry to find that they are not happily mated, that they have nothing in common, and that a rich and beautiful love, necessary for the best happiness in marriage is utterly lacking. That warns us, first, that necking and petting may blind us to the lack of true love; and second, that young people should know each other well, and be sure of a holy love one for the other, which is composed partly of admiration, partly of enjoying one another's company, partly of unselfish devotion of each toward the other, and only partly of physical attraction.

Sometimes young people fancy themselves in love and become engaged, when some months of constant association proves that they are not fitted for one another, and that they do not truly love one another as husband and wife should love. In such case, it is far better that they should break the engagement, whatever temporary embarrassment or hurt it might bring, rather than go ahead with the marriage which is so likely to prove unhappy. People ought not to marry without love.

[The value of the above truth was very vividly brought out in the case of a dear friend of ours. She was a lovely person, mother of two children, but she was married to a man utterly incompatible with her, in all of the ideals of life. While she was a devout Christian, he was a bitter agnostic. They were both wretchedly unhappy. She confessed to us that the most miserable night of her whole life was the night before their wedding, when she finally realized completely, that she did not love him, and at that time, realized their unsuitableness for each other. But a large church wedding had been planned, the rehearsal past, everything in order—except that true love was absent. She could not face the embarrassment that would result from breaking the relationship at that late date. How many bitter tears she must shed the rest of her life, because she could not accept a temporary inconvenience and embarrassment! The following is a happier case, where the girl used greater wisdom, which resulted finally in a great happiness.—Ed.]

A beautiful, talented girl, a devoted Christian, was engaged to be married when twenty-two, or twenty-three years old, after she had been graduated from college. Yet there was not perfect assurance that the marriage anticipated was the will of God. The man to whom she was engaged was a good man, a useful man, with a nice personality. But friendship, even admiration, was not enough for marriage; and reluctantly she broke the engagement to wait for God's best blessing and the fulness of love. As she did post graduate work, her hand was sought in marriage by a talented and attractive man of highest character. The best days of her maidenhood were passing by and she was rapidly passing the marriageable age, as it is generally considered. Yet she was not willing to marry, for home and secur-

ity, a man whom she admired but loved only in a measurable degree. After prayer, she waited. After college, graduate school and three years of teaching, she met exactly the man who was in God's mind for her. Her heart was perfectly satisfied. Their love ripened beautifully. Each had met the ideal long cherished and found the love long anticipated. Now she is the wife of a devoted minister, wonderfully happy, and certain that she is in the will of God. It paid to wait for the fulness of love.

LET'S DEFINE LOVE—SHALL WE?

By William W. Orr

You can look in the dictionary yourself and find that "love is a feeling of strong personal attachment, strong liking, fondness, tender and passionate affection for one of the opposite sex," etc. All of which is no doubt true, but we could never be satisfied with just this definition.

You see, we must emphasize here that love came from God. In fact, in a very mysterious and wonderful way God Himself is love. So the only one really capable of defining love is God. And any definition which leaves God out isn't really the genuine article.

The world defines love very differently. Love to many means merely the gratification of sensuous desire or physical pleasure. The average untaught young person conceives of love in terms of passionate kisses, promiscuous fondling or perhaps even stolen affection on the unholy side. The reason is that some have received their education about love from the lurid love magazines or the even more sensational moving pictures. This isn't really love at all. . . mostly it's just plain physical lust.

The love we're talking about is high, noble, unselfish, and self sacrificing. Genuine love is always clean love. It's pure, generous, long-suffering, faithful. You can no more divorce real love from these qualities than teach mud turtles to fly. And your Christian life just won't work on any other principle. It's like trying to run your car on catsup or maple syrup. It wasn't made for that.

You can easily see that true love has lofty standards. But let me assure you that love like this brings millions of dividends

in true pleasure and enduring satisfaction, and some fun too.

LOVE IS QUITE NORMAL

Don't ever be afraid of love for it's quite normal. I don't want you to think for a moment that because Christian love has an honest backbone you can't attain to it. Believe me, it's perfectly right, proper and praiseworthy to like many friends, to love a particular someone, to marry, to have a dozen children, and to live happily (or at least merrily) ever after.

You see, God has bound up the matter of making the world go round with the force we call love. Love and procreation, love and life go hand in hand simply because God has so willed it. We must love because we're made that way. Our lives are not complete until we do. Our physical mechanism, our mental health, our spiritual well being are all tied into this matter of love. You don't have to look very far to find people who are hopelessly neurotic simply because they're starved for affection.

On the other hand, while we're affirming the normality of love, let us add that there's real danger in the abuse of this God-given force. When love gets out of hand, or jumps its track then there's mighty serious trouble to pay.

The same thing may be said of other things in life. For instance, the body is made for food, and eating is a most delightful and nourishing exercise. But overeating, or bad gastronomic habits could bring a chain of reactions that might even cost one's life.

Exercise, too, is good. But over exertion could irreparably damage the body's muscular structure. Our eyes are unbelievably strong but don't start staring at the sun with them. Our voices can stand a lot of abuse but screaming to high heaven might ruin them forever. You see, all of life's forces have boundaries of good sense.

Love, too, is quite normal, useful and a source of unparalleled delight within the boundaries of a loving God has made. But don't let love get out of hand, and jump the boundaries. God made us to enjoy life to the full. But isn't it the part of true wisdom to follow God's rules? Especially when the rules are designed for our best good?



Notes . . .

from

Mom

Dear Young Friends,

It was the day the County Superintendent was to visit the little country school. The teacher was anxious that the children behave very quietly and courteously when he came. Timid little Martie sat with downcast eyes as the superintendent came into the schoolroom. He was a very kindly gentleman, and she hoped he might speak to her, and yet fearful that he would. He stopped beside her, speaking kindly, "How are you, little girl,—what is your name?" She raised her eyes very timidly as she said, almost in a whisper, "Martie Blank, Sir." "Glad to know you Martie. I met a man by that name once—fine young man. Do you know John Blank?"

Despite her shyness, now bright blue eyes shone happily as she answered, "That's my Daddy!" "Well, well, small world indeed! Come up to the front with me. I want to tell you and the rest of the children a little story."

She was all shivery with excitement, dreading to stand up there with all the children looking at her. Some of them had not been very kind to a shy little girl, new in the school, and some had taunted her old-fashioned dress, and long "pig-tails." But still she was terribly happy at his attention. He began his story:

"Children, several years ago, I had the great misfortune to lose my wallet, containing quite a sum of money, and other things very valuable to me. I had no hope of ever recovering it, when a young man appeared at my door. He inquired of me what was my name, and when he learned it, he asked, 'Does this belong to you?' He held in his hand my wallet, with nothing disturbed. He had merely found my name in it, and had sought me to return it to me. He declined a reward, saying it was but right to return it, and he wished no reward for it.

"But," he continued, "he has his reward. I tell you of his honest deed as I have done many times since. That young man, children, is now the father of this dear little lady who stands before you."

Truly, it was a rich reward when that little girl told her Daddy about it when she went home that day.

We are not honest for reward, but because it is *right* to be honest. But sometimes we receive double reward, if we practice true honesty, not even thinking of reward.

* * * *

Any virtue is its own reward. We find our reward in happiness within when we have been true to ourselves, and to others. We need no further reward than the satisfaction of holding on to our ideals. It would be somewhat less than honorable to do right merely for reward.

* * * *

It is possible to give selfishly. We may give something to someone to receive in return. Or we may give something to someone for the praise we want to receive. Just to the extent that we give anything hoping for any benefit to ourselves, it is selfish giving, and unworthy of our best selves. The true joy of giving is felt only when we give because of love for someone, or pity for someone in need. The giving must be entirely self-forgetful, expressing our love and compassion by giving from our very heart.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM



Just a little more than 500 years ago Johann Gutenberg started work on the first complete edition of the Bible which was to be printed from movable type which he invented. The job took him five years. In the fifteenth century the Bible was "the best seller," and now in the twentieth century, even though it competes with approximately 7,500 new books each year, it still remains the best seller.

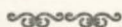
—Sunshine Magazine

The following notice is reprinted from the *Advocate and Messenger*. We appreciate these expressions from the Editor of the *Advocate and Messenger*:

A NEW PERIODICAL

Elder and Sister W. J. Berry and their son Glen have recently undertaken the task of editing and publishing a new monthly periodical called *Youth's Living Ideals* intended primarily as reading matter for our young people, but which will also be of much interest to grown-ups. If the make up of the first two issues is a true prelude to the type of reading matter of which it will be filled, I, as Editor of the *Advocate and Messenger*, do whole heartedly recommend it to our people and our friends as the type of literature that we should read ourselves and encourage our children to read.

The subscription rate is \$3.00 per year. You may subscribe to it or get information concerning it by writing to The Primitive Baptist Publishing House, Elon College, N. C. Free sample copies will be mailed on request. —W. G. FLETCHER



A MOST DANGEROUS WORD

According to some crime reports, the most dangerous word for high school students is "chicken." When they hear that word, especially the boys, they think they must do whatever it is they are accused of being "chicken" about. So it is a good idea for parents often to talk with their children about courage. We should explain that the real "chicken" is the one who *does what he knows is wrong* because he is afraid to be called "chicken." And the one who is willing to stand for the right, even if the others call him "chicken," that is the brave boy or girl. If the word "chicken" scared him, he isn't very brave. If he can stand *against* his pals when they do wrong, and when they call him "chicken," that puts a boy (or girl) into the hero class.—M. P. Simon in *The Christian Parent*



When money is found growing on trees, there's usually some grafting going on.—Sunshine Magazine

Words Fitly Spoken . . .

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

"As you pass along life's fretful way, wherever you find a thorn growing you should take the time to pull it up and plant a flower in its place."—Abe Lincoln

It is better to be short of cash than short of character.—Sunshine

I complained of my condition when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented.

The contented man is never poor; the discontented never rich.
—Defender

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes error a fault and truth discourtesy.—Herbert

"Many people take alcohol because they cannot take life."
—Dr. Paul S. Rhoads

The more we love God, the more we dread to sin against Him.
—Daniel Smart

It is human to stand with the crowd; it is divine to stand alone. It is man-like to follow the people, to drift with the tide; it is God-like to follow a principle, to stem the tide.—Sunshine Magazine

A fool despiseth his father's instruction; but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.—Proverbs 15:5

It takes daily care and duty to maintain a happy marriage.—Rice

By appreciation we make excellence in others our own prosperity.

Learn from the mistakes of others—you can't live long enough to make them all yourself.—Defender

Strong and bitter words indicate a weak cause.—Hugo

The best command of language is often the ability to keep still.
—Scrapbook



—Picture printed by permission of The American Mercury Magazine, Inc., 250 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.; \$4.00 per year.

Plot Against Youth

There exists a document known as "Brainwashing." It is a Russian textbook on psycho-politics and is used in the training of Red agents. Among other things, it contains these words:

"By making readily available drugs of various kinds; by giving the teenagers of America alcohol; by praising his wildness; by stimulating him with sex literature, and advertising to him or to her, practices as taught at "sex-poll," the psycho-political operator can create the necessary attitude of chaos, idleness and worthlessness into which can then be cast the solution which will give the teenager complete freedom everywhere.

"If we can (still referring to the Communist Manifesto) effectively kill the national pride and patriotism of just one generation we will have won that country. Therefore, there must be continual propaganda abroad to undermine the loyalty of the citizens in general, but the teenager in particular."

—From *The Cross and the Flag*, Nov., 1960

Impure Literature

Be on guard. We're living in a day when there is a disgusting flood of indecent and immoral literature available. On every hand there is that which is smutty, smart and arty art. Magazine racks are filled with confession and detective stories which seem to specialize in sexy filth put up in narrative form. More and more periodicals are entirely devoted to displays of immodest and suggestive pictures. The Sunday and daily newspapers play up what is lurid and sensational. Modern best-selling books go into intimate details concerning situations which would not have been allowed several decades ago. Even advertising is designed to be eye-catching. All these things are extremely pernicious to the spiritual health of the Christian. It's impossible to allow his mind to dwell on this literary sewage and remain pure.

Some Christians are surprised to find something within their breast which subtly condones this impurity. They will do well to remember that when Christ gives us His new nature, He does

not destroy the old, sinful nature but gives an explicit command that it should be controlled by His power. Nowhere is the old nature more ready to pop up than in our thought life. We may earnestly ask God for His help here. (See Philippians 4:6.)

This modern literary looseness has its effect on the thought, actions and tongues of our worldly acquaintances. Some will always have a questionable story to tell, or an obscene picture to pass around. But we must avoid these as we would avoid the breath of hell. Nothing will so inflame our imagination wrongly or become the parent of such grievous sins, as indulgence here. [So you can see why the enemy is plotting against us with this Satanic weapon.—G. B.] Take heel and run from this as you would from Satan himself.

Much of the answer to this peril is positive Christianity. Nail your colors up immediatly. Let everyone know just where you stand. Surfeit yourself on the literature of Christ. Remember your eyes no longer belong to you, but to Him who purchased them with His own precious blood. —W. W. Orr

ANOTHER KIND OF MINISTRY

There is a beautiful story told of Percy Ainsworth, a saintly minister who died very young, but left memories that are fragrant.

His young brother was going home in Manchester, England very late one night when, to his astonishment, he saw Percy Ainsworth, who always went to bed early, standing before a building in a dark and squalid street, sponging the wall. He stopped amazed and cried: "Percy, what on earth are you doing?"

Ainsworth explained that earlier in the evening, going home from service, he had seen written on this wall some foul and filthy words. He went home and tried to forget them. He attempted to read a book, he went to bed and sought sleep, but all in vain. These vile words were there,—people were reading them as they passed by. The minds of young people would be poisoned by them. So at last he got up, found a sponge and walked through the city to the old building in the grimy street and washed off the unclean words. —F. Atkins

The Doctor and the Young Woman

By Harriet Croker Leroy

The Doctor's new red automobile rounded the corner and stopped in front of the pretty cottage. Barbara, reading on the vine-covered porch, laid her book down and ran out to the gate.

The Doctor raised his cap. "Good afternoon, little girl," he said. "Do you like cream in your tea?"

Barbara, accustomed to his abrupt ways, laughed and shook her head.

"Nor sugar?" the Doctor asked.

"No," said Barbara.

"Good!" exclaimed the Doctor, "I'm glad of that, for I've forgotten both!"

Barbara looked up at him. "What in the world do you mean, Dr. Pendleton?" she asked curiously. Probably this was only another of his queer jokes, but his keen blue eyes seemed to her a little more serious than usual.

"Well, little girl," he said, "if you must know, you and I are going out on the boulevard and have afternoon tea under that great oak tree by the river. Know the place? Well, go and put on your long coat and hat and automobile veil. Oh, by the way, have you an automobile veil? That's absolutely necessary, you know."

Barbara laughed happily. "Indeed I have!" she cried over her shoulder as she ran up the path. "Mother just finished hemstitching it last night. It's the sweetest shade of blue—"

The Doctor looked after the

graceful figure flying into the house.

"Mother hemstitched it," he said to himself. "Well, I haven't gone about this meddling in other people's business a moment too soon!"

In five minutes Barbara was tucked in beside him, the pale blue veil down over her hat and fastened in a big fluffy bow under her round chin. She waved happily at the small stooped figure standing on the porch.

"Bye-bye, mother," she called lightly, and the small figure waved a farewell from the porch. A pair of soft brown eyes looked after the retreating automobile and its gay occupants, then, with her hand pressed to her back, she went back to the sewing machine and the "miles of ruffling" over which Barbara had laughed. Barbara was to graduate in another week and it was her delight to think that everything, from the dainty underwear to graduating dress, was to be the prettiest and finest that an indulgent father could buy and a careful, tasteful mother could make.

But to return to the shining new red automobile which flashed along the village street and out upon the long country road which broadened several miles further on into the beautiful boulevard by the river. Barbara, exulting in the thought of being the very first to be invited to ride in the handsome touring car, looked up at the Doctor with dimpling cheeks.

"You do the dearest things, Dr. Pendleton!" she exclaimed. "Whoever but you would think of such a lovely thing as afternoon tea under that great oak by the river? It's so hot and stuffy at home and there's so much to do that this is just what I must have been longing for without realizing it."

The Doctor looked straight ahead through his glasses. "Are you so busy, little girl?" he asked, quietly. "Tell me some of the things you're doing."

"My!" laughed Barbara, "planning my graduating things, for instance. Practicing that piano solo I have to play at commencement, and trying to make up my mind where I'll go when I'm through."

"Go?" the Doctor echoed. "Going away somewhere?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Barbara. "After all these four years of grinding away I need a change awfully! And there are two of the loveliest invitations to choose between. Adelia Adams wants me to go with her and her folks to the Adirondacks for a month or two, and Aunt Esther has invited me out to Michigan for the summer. I declare I don't know which—"

"Little girl," the Doctor turned and looked at her. "What about mother's vacation? Where is she going?"

Barbara looked blankly at him. "Why,—why—mother—" she began stumbly, "Oh, she isn't going anywhere, I guess. She's always at home, you know."

Barbara did not feel exactly comfortable. Surely Doctor Pendleton was queer! Why, how utterly

ridiculous! Mother always stayed at home with father and the boys. Since she could remember Barbara could not recollect a time when her mother had been away from home even over night, except some sick neighbor had called her.

When the flashing red new car finally came to a halt beneath the great oak by the river and Barbara, bareheaded, was kneeling on the green grass, spreading the linen lunch-cloth the Doctor took from his hamper, the Doctor looked on with merry eyes.

"One of my little vices," he remarked, is "afternoon tea. I'm rather ashamed of it. Now I'll proceed to build a little camp fire out of these dry sticks and boil the water I brought in this canteen. And you may lay out the sandwiches. There are three kinds—egg, cheese, and lettuce—and the little tea-cakes that Martha knows so well how to make."

Martha was the Doctor's housekeeper. She had kept his bachelor abode in neatness and comfort for many years and seemed almost an elder sister to the busy man.

The Doctor and Barbara laughed happily together. It was very pleasant out there by the slow-moving, shadowy river. The sun danced through the oak leaves upon their bare heads and all about them the birds sang as birds always sing in June. The air was sweet with fragrance.

"I made these sandwiches my own self," announced the Doctor, laying one on Barbara's plate, and I put in plenty. I'm very fond of egg sandwiches! I found some

mayonnaise dressing Martha had set away in the refrigerator, and my! wasn't I glad! It's such a nuisance to have to stop and make it when a brand new car is waiting to be tried. And now, if you'd only praise up my cooking a little, the occasion would be perfect."

Barbara helped herself to another sandwich and refilled the Doctor's cup.

"They're delicious," she said. "I don't see how a man can do such things, but it's perfectly lovely that you can! Now, honestly, I know I couldn't do half as well myself. I've never had the least experience in the kitchen. Of course I went to a cooking class—all the girls did last summer—and wrote a lot of lovely recipes in my book, but I don't believe mother wants me bothering round in the kitchen. Anyway, she always goes ahead and does things herself and there isn't a bit of need of my being there."

The Doctor suddenly leaned forward and looked the girl straight in the eyes. "Little girl," he said, "with sudden depth of seriousness in his kind voice, 'there is need of your being in there. Now, please listen to what I'm going to say and don't interrupt. I brought you out here today to talk to you about a serious matter—something far more serious than you dream. It's about your mother. She's working herself to death, and you won't have her long if something isn't done!'"

Barbara stared at him with indignant eyes. "Doctor Pendleton!" she cried, "What do you mean!

How can you say such things?" Her voice choked with indignation.

But the Doctor went on relentlessly. "Because it's true," he said, simply. "I asked you not to interrupt. You know, little girl, I've been your family physician and friend for many years, ever since you were a baby, in fact, and I've been watching your mother these last few years. Slowly but surely she has been breaking down. Now it is not so slow but just as sure. If she doesn't have rest, perfect rest from work and worry, she'll not live six months. She's trembling on the very edge of nervous prostration, but it's not too late to save her."

Barbara had grown pale. She looked at the Doctor with frightened eyes. "Mother!" she gasped, "why mother can't be sick. She never complains."

The Doctor smiled into the tragic young face. "Little girl," he said, gently, "you speak the truth. She never does complain. Brave, true, patient, loyal little woman! And you and your father and the boys have all been blind. It is these old bachelor fellows like me who have no family ties that can see most clearly when things are going wrong in others' houses. I've watched her closely, I tell you, and noticed many things. The other night at supper when I was there she could not get up from her chair without putting her hand to her back. Her face looked white and drawn, though she forced herself to appear as cheerful and smiling as usual. And the white threads have come thickly in her

brown hair these last six months. Think of it, child, think for yourself what she does. How can one little woman do all the things she does, year after year and not break down? Your father is one of the best of men, but he has grown so into the habit of seeing her always at home, always at work, that he hasn't noticed. And, as you say, she doesn't complain. What she needs, I tell you, little girl, is absolute rest. And now I'm through. What are you going to do about it?"

The Doctor clasped his hands about his knees and leaned back against the great oak tree. His keen blue eyes were bent on the girl's face, with nothing but kindness in their gaze.

Barbara looked out across the river. She was very pale and very still. Visions of mother rushed upon her like the figures in a dream—mother, bending over the long ironing board, her small hands ironing petticoats she had made for her girl. No laundry could have done better. Mother—making delicious salads and cakes and hot chocolate for the jolly little suppers when the high school girls came in. Mother—sitting up long after all the others were in bed, putting prosaic patches on Ted's and Tommy's trousers and mending terrible holes in the long-ribbed stockings. Mother—in her rare moments of rest, skimming through a new magazine with hungry eyes; she had always loved to read, but there was no time. Mother—denying herself everything and going shabby that Bar-

bara might be always fresh and dainty and the equal of the other girls!

The Doctor waited patiently. He, too, looked off across the river and only the birds' songs broke the deep silence.

At last Barbara turned to him. "I've made up my mind, Doctor Pendleton," she said, and there was a new tone of womanliness in her voice that had never been there before.

"I can see some things now that I never saw before and wouldn't have seen if you hadn't." She broke off and bit her lip for self-control. The Doctor looked at her in surprise. This airy, dainty butterfly of a girl—had he expected this quiet, self-contained phase of her character? He leaned forward eagerly, his pulses a little quicker. Surely it was something to have stirred to awakening a soul like this.

"I'm going to give up the summer trips," she said, "I don't want to go now. I'm going to stay home and see that she does rest. I'm glad you told me this, Doctor—oh, how glad I am! I didn't mean to be selfish and unkind—I didn't know I was—but I've always been so used to her doing everything that I never thought! I see now that she is growing old, and she's only forty-three! Oh, I won't disappoint you, Doctor. You just wait and see!"

"Little girl," said the Doctor, "you're made of the right stuff. I knew you were, all the time. You are young and strong and well and you can lift the burden to your

shoulders far easier than she can carry it on hers. Now, let me help you plan. This car shall be at your disposal, yours and hers—whenever I can spare a few hours. We'll bring her out here and cook our little dinners and the boys can come, too. And your father will swing a hammock out under those maples of yours and the boys shall trot back and forth to the public library with all the freshest books and magazines. And once a week—your father has promised me—Mary McDowell shall come and wash and iron and clean up. All the rest, little girl, you shall do with your own willing hands. And we'll have that little woman growing younger every day and getting out of life what she was meant to get. And later, when she is rested enough, your father shall take her out to Aunt Esther's in Michigan, for a good, quiet visit, while you stay at home with the boys and look after them. And the money saved by certain pleasures you will give up and never miss will make all this possible."

Barbara looked at him with shining eyes. "And I'll wear my best clothes just on Sunday," she said, with a laugh, "and that will save expense and work, and I'll make myself some great big gingham aprons with long sleeves!"

"Good!" laughed the Doctor, beginning to gather up the tea things. "I always said a pretty girl was far prettier in a big apron

than anything else. We'll bring the roses back to your mother's cheeks, little girl, and keep yours in your own and everything will be lovely. We may have a little trouble with that determined little woman, but we'll gently but firmly persuade her. Not a dish to wash or a meal to get, all summer! Not a single horrid patch to put on the boys' trousers! You'll do that, won't you? But if she wants to do pretty embroidery and dainty, foolish things like that, why, we'll let her, won't we? And we'll make her feel herself a queen—the dearest, best-loved, most cherished mother in all the world!"

The Doctor packed the things neatly in the hamper and they went out to the waiting car. He smiled away to himself as he glanced at the sweet, earnest face of the girl beside him.

"Does the course of treatment begin today?" he asked.

"This very day, this very hour!" cried Barbara. "I'll take that money Uncle Jerry sent me to buy a graduating ring and hire Miss Atkins to finish up the sewing, and mother shall rest. And you're the best and dearest doctor in the world for putting me on the right track."

"It hurt a little, didn't it?" inquired the Doctor.

Barbara glanced up at him with a smile.

—From "Youth's Guardian Friend"



The only people you should try to get even with are those who have helped you in some way.

How Things Began . . .

They Don't All Believe It!

NOW I am sure that you will be ready to tell me that all the most clever scientists believe in Evolution; all the encyclopedias say that the world as we know it has evolved; the theory of Evolution is taught at school, and over the air. And you will want to ask, how it is that all these clever men could be wrong? For if we can show that God created everything, then these men will all be wrong. Surely it does not seem possible that all these scientists could make a great mistake like this?

This is a very fair question. It is a puzzling thing perhaps, that so many clever men do believe in Evolution, and so few do not. But just a minute! Are we *sure* that there are only a few who do not like the Evolution theory? As a matter of fact, there are a good many clever men who do not accept it—and their number is growing.

You will perhaps have heard of Sir Ambrose Fleming, F.R.S. He was the scientist whose invention made wireless broadcasting possible; he died only in 1945. Now let me quote some of his words: "The Darwinian theory, based merely on the struggle for individual existence and bodily life, has never given the slightest real explanation of the initiation or growth of the special ethical, artistic, spiritual, or religious characteristics of the human race. . . The theory of Evolution is powerless to explain the past. . ."

Lt.-Col. L. M. Davies, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S.E., has spoken quite bluntly in the following words: "I know that it would puzzle any geologist to produce the least shred of evidence for Evolution, which could stand the test of rigid examination by a capable critic. . ."

Ever since Darwin first published the theory of Evolution, there have been scientists who disagreed with him. Prof. Adam Sedgewick, Sir William J. Dawson, Prof. Louis Agassiz, were some of the earliest of these. Later came Vialleton, a French biologist, who was also a creationist. Nowadays there are men

like Douglas Dewar, B.A., F.Z.S., R.E.D. Clark, M.A., Ph.D., and Prof. Rendle Short, F.R.C.S. Other names could be added—all of scientists who have not accepted the theory as satisfactory. We might quote from men like Sir James Jeans, Louis Pasteur (the French scientist), Sir Edmund Whitaker, and still there would be more!

A final word from a famous scientist who, incidentally, is certainly not a Christian, yet he believes in Creation, and not in Evolution. Fred Hoyle writes: "Material simply appears—it is created. At one time the various atoms composing the material do not exist, and at a later time they do. . ." Dr. Heribert Nilsson, Director of the Botanical Institute, Lund, Sweden, said: "The theory of Evolution has not been verified by experimental investigation of the origin of species."

Yes, there really are many clever men who do not agree with the theory of Evolution. There are many scientists who accept the view that things were created.

But in actual fact, Christians are not very worried what clever men say. You see, where God is concerned, cleverness isn't everything. For God often whispers His biggest secrets to the most insignificant folk. Scientific knowledge is good; learning is good; but they are never enough on their own. To have a simple faith that trusts what God says is the best thing of all. [According to the Bible the wisdom of man is foolishness to God, so you can be assured that if the knowledge of "clever men" is not in harmony with the very Word of God, it is indeed foolishness.—G.B.]

Remember that the clever men were completely wrong about the Lord Jesus Christ. They scoffed at His claims. But the few simple folk who trusted Him discovered more about Him than anyone else. It is always so with God. That is another reason why Christians cling to Bible facts, whatever clever men say.

—H. J. Appleby

(Matt. 11:25; 1 Cor. 1:19,20; Heb. 11:3; 2 Pet. 3:3,4)



Does your faith move mountains, or do mountains move your faith?

Building Blocks

George was a good, conscientious worker. And though he was learning at the plant where he worked, and naturally made a few mistakes, still his hard work and sincere efforts to learn made him a good employee. But he had the fault, if fault it is, of expecting commendation for a job well done. We are all, more or less like George in this respect. Though our real goal should be to do our best for the sake only of doing our best; still we all like a little recognition and appreciation. Perhaps George was too much this way. Perhaps his boss should have shown his pleasure for his faithful service.

In any case this evening found him most discouraged. There had been a series of small complaints—some he felt justified, some unjust. He started home in a very unhappy, petulant mood. As he walked along oblivious to the beauty of that beautiful autumn day, he said to himself: "I work like a slave, for small wages; I really do give the best I know; I perform many tasks not expected of me, and hear not a word of praise or appreciation;—but just let me make a little mistake and the boss "blows his top."

His drooping figure was the image of utter discouragement. Maybe he would not go back to that job! Then "the old man" would see how he missed such a faithful employee. He would appreciate a good worker just too late! He revelled in the thought of thus "getting even" for a few minutes. But his really fine Christian qualities finally asserted themselves and he began to feel a little ashamed.

As he began to look about at the beauties to which he had been blind, because of vengeful thoughts of resentment, he began to try to see also his own folly. Why here he was complaining at the material given him with which to build a character! A good workman does not complain of poor material and inefficient tools, but sets to work to do a good job. Too many, he thought to himself, complain and excuse themselves for not making good for one reason and another, like an unskilled worker. It came to him that he was doing just that, and he resolved to change his thinking on that score. He wanted to

develop a fine, strong character. His sincere wish was to become a person of large understanding—and here as he encountered the first lesson, he was about to “flunk” it. No more of that! He would take these harsh experiences, these unjust criticisms and make building blocks, instead of stumbling blocks. The harder the lesson, the quicker he could learn. The greater the obstacles, the stronger should grow his character in surmounting them. Truly, it is hard to be unduly criticized, but how better to learn! He would forget the injustice, and as a workman fitting a block into place, he would use only the instruction it contained.

He was so absorbed with the discovery of his character building blocks that he almost passed his own house without knowing it. As he realized he had reached home, he thought again of the resented boss, and to his great surprise the resentment was gone. He was using his material well, and the erection of a fine character had begun.

—M. B.



THREE LOOKS

Just a look back o'er the path we have traveled
Just to remember His kindness and grace,
See how He led us each step of the journey,
How we rejoice as His goodness we trace.

Now a look forward, no fear for the future
Since He will strengthen and guide us each day,
Cheering us, loving us, leading us onward—
Into the light of Eternity's day.

Now a look upward—His coming is nearing,
Soon in His presence forever we'll be,
Satisfied then our heart's deepest longing
When in the glory His face we shall see.

—Selected from the personal scrapbook of
Irving Goldberg, a Christian Jew



THE GREAT PROTECTOR

A young girl was taking an automobile test. This test was to find out if she knew enough to drive a car.

Without any help she had to write the answers to all the questions. One of these questions was, “Who must look out your safety on the street?” Without an instant's hesitation she wrote, “God.”

Most of the people around her laughed. Then some began to think and others agreed that here was a girl who had more wisdom than many of them.—Christian Observer

No. 3 of "Fifty-Seven Reasons"

WHY WE KNOW THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

3. *The best and the wisest people of the world have always believed it.*

To put the proposition bluntly before our jurymen: the active criminal and gangster is not known as a Christian; the best Citizen is. And so it has always been. It is men with a blunted moral sense who reject the Bible.

A pagan African was once brought to England. After several months residence there, he asked of his own accord if he might become a Christian, and this is the reason he gave: "I have watched the white man, and I have seen that the good people believe the Bible and the wicked ones don't. . . "

Note, we say the "good" people and the "wise" people; not necessarily the "intelligent" people, for intelligence is divided on both sides of the question, for intelligence may be wicked. But the Bible is not lacking today, nor has it in any past age, from testimony from top-notch intelligence. Lord Bacon was said by competent judges to have had the greatest mind given man, with the possible exception of Aristotle. Bacon said, "I believe the Bible is the Word of God whereby His will is revealed." Gladstone, "possessor of one of the greatest brains Europe ever produced" once said, "I have spent 70 years of my life studying that Book to satisfy my heart; it is the Word of God. I bank my life on the statement that I believe this Book to be the solid rock of Holy Scripture." Locke, who has been termed "the most acute thinker and reasoner of the past two centuries" spent the last fourteen years of his life in the constant study of the Bible, and then gave this decision: "It has God for it Author, salvation for its end, and truth without mixture of error for its matter." These testimonies might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

Jurymen, will you believe the people BEST acquainted with God or will you believe the people LEAST acquainted with God?



Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.—Anonymous

Let Us Take a Refreshing Pause

My Dear Young Friends,

I greet you on this first day of the New Year with the wish that Almighty God may bless you all; keep you from evil; save you from sin, and sinning; give you grace to confess and forsake sin; for all who do so shall have mercy (Prov. 28:13).

The opening of the New Year is an opportune moment for a pause. The whirl of the present time, the ever-pressing claims of business and pleasure leave little time, and less inclination for pausing. Thinking and moving furiously characterizes this generation. Reflection and introspection appears to be intolerable to the majority of people. We are apparently *afraid* to pause; everything, everybody demands speed. Whither this furious driving is leading, men have no time to inquire. The disposing, the guiding will and hand of God, and the end of all things are left out of the reckoning. There is no new thing under the sun (James 4:13-15). Perhaps some who feel disposed to read these lines are approaching the whirlpool. Study—so full, so absorbing—will soon have to give place to business. New company, new surroundings, new temptations must be met.

May I ask you to *pause*? If you have godly parents, ask their advice; consider them in all your steps. If you are invited to meetings to which they, and you, are strangers, take counsel with them, and go in the way they direct. Remember also the wisdom of Solomon in the words, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not" (Prov. 1:10). It is good to observe it as viewed from a moral standpoint. Be most careful of your thoughts. They are mental pictures, and if they are evil, and are indulged in, you will soon have your eyes and your minds filled with evil pictures, and desires to realize them. Be careful of your language. Words follow and express thoughts. Loose words come from loose thinking. If money is entrusted to you, keep a strict account; never mix it with your own. Avoid gambling as you would avoid poison. It has often led to stealing.

Make good books your companions. Some of them will take you through your own beautiful country; others will show you foreign lands; others again, will interest you with word pictures

of wonderful events, civil and ecclesiastical. Only readers know the pleasure, the refreshment and the enlargement of reading. How often has it driven away physical fatigue! But avoid fiction. It poisons thought. Be diligent in work. Give a good day's work for a good day's wage. This is but just.

Thoughts and things fill up our short days; and if those thoughts and things are upright, it will be well for us and our neighbors. But all will be only as a shadow, a vapor, a weaver's shuttle. And if we are not God-fearing people, we spend our years under the thick cloud of His wrath (Psa. 40:9). And yet so fascinated we may be with the passing events in which we are engaged and interested, we live as if listening to a well-told tale, oblivious to the time the narrative has occupied. How solemn is the import of the above passage! How soon shall we be carried away as with a flood! How soon will it be seen that our foundation is in the dust! "Man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. . . If a man die shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come" (Job 14:10-12, 14).

The appointed time for the awakening by the Holy Ghost set forth by Paul: "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad" (2 Cor. 5:10). It is then, solemn to live; it will be very solemn to die, and unspeakably solemn to appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ.

The Lord help us to live, grant to us to die, *in Himself*, then shall we appear without shame before Him.

Your affectionate friend,

—J. K. Popham

From Popham's *Letters to the Young*



It takes 3,000 bolts to hold an automobile together, and only one nut to scatter it all over the highway.

The White House Kitchen

Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street urchins to be fed," and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran upstairs to see his mother himself, and on finding her out, searched the place for his busy father.

Meanwhile, the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to allow them to step inside.

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard with head bowed, eyes to the ground, talking earnestly to Mr. Seward as they walked to the Department of State together. He cried out to him at once: "Father, Father, can't I bring those poor, cold hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen?"

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner today? They're as hungry as bears, and two of 'em sons of soldiers, too!—And Father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute, if he doesn't get out the meat and chickens and pies and all the things we had left yesterday. Say, mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen?"

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle in his eyes. "Seward, advise me. This case requires diplomacy."

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the government into debt, and the President took little Tad's hand in his own big one, and with a droll smile bid him to "run along home and feed the boys," adding: "Tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must learn to be a better Christian than he is."

In less than an hour, Mr. Seward and he passed through the yard on his way to the Cabinet meeting, and no less than ten small boys were sitting with Tad on the lower steps, cracking nuts and having a "state dinner." Mr Lincoln remarked that the "kitchen is ours."

—From *Wide Awake*

HE WAS A "CHATTERBOX"

Centuries ago an old Chinese teacher used to conduct classes in public speaking. A young man whose parents were anxious that he succeed sent him to this teacher. The young fellow was a chatterbox.

In their first interview the young man talked so much that he annoyed the old teacher. When the time came to pay the tuition, the young fellow was charged twice the price of the usual costs. "Why charge me double?" asked the young man indignantly.

The old teacher replied, "Because I shall have to teach you two completely different things: the one, to hold your tongue; the second, how to speak when the occasion arrives."—A. P. Bailey



THE MONKEY'S VIEWPOINT

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the others, "Now listen you two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be true—
That man descended from our noble race—
The very idea! It's a dire disgrace.
No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her baby and ruined her life.
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her baby with others to bunk,
Or pass them on from one to another
'Till they hardly know who is their mother.
And another thing! You will never see
A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut tree
And letting the cocoanuts go to waste
Forbidding the other monks a taste.
Why if I put a fence around this tree
Starvation would force you to steal from me.
Here's another thing a monk won't do,
Go out at night and get on a stew
Or use a gun or club or knife
To take some other monkey's life.
Yes! man descended, the ornery cuss,
But brother, he didn't descend from us!"—Selected



HOW TO TEST AMUSEMENTS

1. Do they rest and strengthen, or weary and weaken the body?
2. Do they strengthen and rest, or weary and weaken the brain?
3. Do they make resistance to temptation easier or harder?
4. Do they increase or lessen love for virtue, purity, temperance and justice?
5. Do they give inspiration and quicken enthusiasm, or stupefy the intellectual and harden the moral nature?
6. Do they increase or diminish respect for manhood and womanhood?
7. Do they draw one nearer to or remove one farther from the Christ?—Ralph and Olive Coleson, Hartford City, Ind.

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ing men come over and fetch it. he LORD render to every man teousness and his faithfulness: LORD delivered thee ^{2 Ps 18:20} ^{Isa 9:10,11} hand to day, but I would not forth mine hand against the

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