

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



Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 2. No. 3—December, 1961

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—A. W. Pink (See page 65.)

Youth's Living Ideals

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Youth's

Living Ideals

Vol. 2. No. 3—December, 1961

Godly Companions

By Arthur W. Pink

"I am a companion of all that fear Thee, and of them that keep Thy precepts."—Psa. 119:63

A "COMPANION" is, properly speaking, one with whom I choose to walk and converse in a way of friendship. Inasmuch as the companions we select is an optional matter, it is largely true that a person may be known by the company he or she keeps; hence the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together."

Scripture asks the searching question, "Can two walk together except they be agreed." A Christian, before his conversion, was controlled by the Prince of darkness and walked according to the course of this world (Eph. 2:2, 3), and therefore did he seek and enjoy the company of worldlings. But when he was born again, the new nature within him prompted new tastes and desires, and so he seeks a new company, delighting only in the saints of God. Alas, that we do not always continue as we began.

The Christian is to have good-will toward all with whom he comes in contact, desiring and seeking their best interests, but he is *not* to be yoked to nor have any fellowship with those who are unbelievers, nor is he to delight in or have complacency toward those who despise his Master. "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?" (2 Chron. 19:2) Would you knowingly take a viper into your bosom? "The wicked is an abomination unto the righteous." So said David,

"Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee? and am I not grieved with those that rise up against Thee? I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies." (Psa. 139 :21, 22) That holy man could not confederate with such.

Evil company is to be sedulously avoided by the Christian, lest he become defiled by them. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wase; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." (Prov. 13:20) Nor is it only the *openly* lawless and criminal who is to be shunned, but even, yea, especially, those professing to be Christians yet who *do not live the life* of Christians. It is this latter class particularly against which the real child of God needs to be most on his guard, namely, those who say one thing and do another; those whose talk is pious, but whose walk differs little or nothing from the non-professor. The Word of God is plain and positive on this point: "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: *from such turn away.*" (2 Tim. 3:5). This is not merely good advice, but a divine command which we disregard at our peril.

In selecting your "companions" let not a pleasing personality deceive you. The devil himself often poses as "an angel of light," and sometimes his wolfish agents disguise themselves in "*sheep's* clothing." Be most careful in seeing to it that what draws you toward and makes you desire the companionship of Christian friends, is their *love and likeness to Christ*, and not their love and likeness to you. Shun as you would a deadly plague those who are not awed by the fear of God, i.e. a trembling lest they offend Him. Let not the devil persuade you that you are too well established in the faith to be injured by intimacy with worldly "Christians." (?) "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners." Rather "follow righteousness, faith, love, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart." (2 Tim. 2:22)

"Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners." (1 Cor. 15:33). The Greek word here for "communications" properly means "a bringing together, companionships." And evil companionships "corrupt." All evil is contagious, and association with evildoers, whether they be "church members" or

open infidels, has a defiling and debasing effect upon the true child of God. Mark well how the Holy Spirit has prefaced this warning: "Be not deceived." Evidently there is a real danger of God's people imagining that they can play with fire without getting burned. Not so! God has not promised to protect us when we fly in the face of His danger signals. Observe, too, the next verse, which is inseparably connected with the one to which we have directed attention.

"Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak (this) to your shame." The word "awake" signifies to arouse as from a torpor [sluggishness] or state of lethargy. It is a call to shake off the delusive spell that a Christian may company with Christless companions without being contaminated by them. "And sin not," in this respect.

To cultivate friendship with religious worldings is SIN, for such "have not the knowledge of God." They have no experimental acquaintance with Him, His fear is not on them, His authority has no weight with them. "I speak (this) to your shame." The child of God ought to be [ashamed to be found in the condition that would call for this rebuke.]

"I am a companion of all them that fear Thee, and of them that keep Thy precepts." Such are the only "companions" worth having, the only ones who will give you any encouragement to continue pressing along the "*narrow way*." It is not those who merely pretend to "believe" God's precepts, or profess to "stand for" them, but those who *actually* "keep" them. But where are such to be found these days? Ah, where indeed. They are but "few" in number, one here, and one there. They are so very "few" that we are constrained to cry, "Help, Lord, for the *godly* man ceaseth; for the *faithful* fail from among the children of men." (Psa. 12:1)

It is indeed solemn to read the words that immediately follow the last quoted scripture and find how aptly they apply to and how accurately they describe the multitude of Godless professing "Christians" all around us: "They speak vanity every one with his neighbor, with flattering lips, with a double heart do they speak." Note three things about them. First, they speak "vanity" or "emptiness." Their words are like bubbles; there

is nothing edifying about them. It can not be otherwise for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Their poor hearts are empty. So their speech is empty too. Secondly, they have "flattering lips," which is the reason why they are so popular with the ungodly. They will seek to puff you up with a sense of your own importance . . . Thirdly, they have a "double heart." They are (vainly) seeking to serve *two* masters.

"I am a companion of all that fear Thee, and of them that keep Thy precepts." There is a very real sense in which this is true even where there is no outward contact with such. Faithfulness to God, obedience to His word, *keeping* His precepts, accompanying only with those who do so, turning away from everybody else, has always involved a *lonely* path. It was thus with Enoch (Jude 14). It was thus with Abraham (Isa. 51:2). It was thus with Paul (2 Tim. 1:15). It is the same today. Every city in the land is filled with "churches," "missions," etc., but where are those who give plain evidence that they are living in this world as "strangers and pilgrims," and as such, abstaining "from fleshly lusts which war against the soul"?

But, thank God, though the path of faithfulness to Him be a lonely one, it brings me into *spiritual* fellowship *with* those who have gone before. We are to walk by faith and not by sight, and faith perceives that walking with Christ "*outside* the camp" (Heb. 13:13) necessarily brings into communion with "all" His redeemed, be they on earth or be they in heaven. Thus the apostle John in his lonely exile on Patmos referred to himself as "your brother and *companion* in tribulation, and in the kingdom and *patience* of Jesus Christ.

Yes, Christian reader, for a little while it means companionship "*in tribulation*," but praise God, it will not mean enduring the throes of the swiftly approaching Great Tribulation—the portion of the Christless professors left behind when Christ comes for His own (2 Thess. 2:10-12). For a little while it means companionship in "*the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ*"; soon it will be in the kingdom and *glory* of Christ.

May divine grace enable us so to live now that in that Day we shall receive *His* "Well done."

—A. W. Pink

Is Your Literary Diet Balanced?

CAN ANY OF YOU tell me what you consider to be a well-balanced literary diet? I would like to know what you think. The other day I came across the following in a local school paper:

Is Your Literary Diet Balanced?

Murder, mystery, humor, romance, biography, or travel—take your pick. Any type of book is yours for the asking.

But what you read depends entirely on you. If your reading is limited to only one or two types of books, your perspective will be slightly warped.[*] Just as you need a balanced food diet to grow and develop, so a balanced reading diet is a necessity if you want a well-rounded literary acquaintance. Find something new, something different!

So the next time you go the the library, pick up something new, pause—and try reading it instead of the same type. Balance your reading diet. You will never regret changing your food.

Except for the first two words of this little article, the student has given some good advice. But I want to stress the point that the first two words just should not be there! You might add instead "history, moral essays," etc.—make your own list, but first please consider these thoughts.

A few years ago when I was ten or twelve years of age, I brought home from school a "funny book" that wasn't so funny. Just as soon as my mother saw it, she knew what her duty was. We sat down and had a little talk. It went something like this:

"Son, I see some friend at school has given you a 'funny book.' And I know you can easily get plenty of such reading from your classmates, but let us look at it this way. Good reading is corn and beans that will make you grow and will nourish your mind. Such reading as this that you have brought home will do your mind no good. Comparing it to what we feed our bodies, it is not food, but garbage. You would not think of eating garbage, would you? What do you want to do—pour good

*If you fail to consume a well-balanced diet of reading matter, I would not say your perspective was "warped"—it just would not be properly or fully developed. The thing that will cause your perspective and mind to become warped is to read the wrong kind of literature.—G. B.

clean corn into your mind to make it grow, or pour in garbage?"

And so it was that my "mom," who is now the writer of your "Notes from Mom," used wisdom in impressing upon me which was *right* and which was *wrong*. Who would want to eat garbage? Why, it would probably make us sick. So, is it not reasonable to assume that if we feed our minds garbage, they will become sick?

I certainly agree that we should have a balanced literary diet. Let us have corn, beans, beef, bread, and some milk to go with it. We don't want to sit down at a table and see corn, beans *and* garbage on our plate. If there were a big generous helping of garbage on our plate along with the corn and beans, we might as well throw it all away. Because when it is mixed, it will all be garbage. The garbage will spoil what is good.

In my life I have been blessed with a father, who, even through sacrifice, would provide a library of good books for his three sons. Knowing that our minds and characters would be molded to a great extent by what we read, he always stressed that we read *good, wholesome* literature. Even now, when I pick up a good book at home and see inscribed inside the cover, "To my three little bears—from Dad," I am reminded of his faithfulness to us.

Here is a rule you can follow in choosing your reading matter: If anything you read is good, inspiring, and helpful, you can call it corn, and you will be safe in reading it. But if what you pick up to read is degrading, demoralizing, and leaves you with a bad feeling, you know that it is garbage and will make you sick. Stay away from it!

Certainly, we *should* read different types of literature and become really well-rounded; but for your own sake, remember there are *good* types and *bad* types. Only the *good* types will make you grow strong in mind *and* body. Leave the garbage for the hogs and dogs.

—G. B.



By the time a child is seven he has received three-fourths of his basic education.—The Defender

Can a Young Man Trust His Bible?

I ONCE HAD A CONVERSATION with a group of young men on the subject of the inspiration of the Bible. Most of them opposed me. I reminded them of the numerous prophecies in the Old Testament concerning the Messiah, which were literally fulfilled in Christ. One of them was sharp enough to see the force of this argument. He admitted that these prophecies undoubtedly had been written hundreds of years before Christ was born and that He had fulfilled them in every detail.

This young man, however, endeavored to parry its force by advancing the theory that Christ took actions in accordance with the Messianic program in order to establish His religion, so that there was, after all, nothing very wonderful in the fact that these prophecies were fulfilled.

This sounded very neat and ingenious, but I asked him to explain to us how Christ, in accordance with this theory, was able to arrange to be born in the very village—one of the smallest in Judaea—where the prophet Micah foretold that the Eternal One should be born on earth. I asked him what precautions He had taken, if a man as we are, to ensure being born at the very time and in the very family that the Scriptures had forecast.

My friend was not inclined to surrender his position without a struggle, so he contended that Jesus, seeing that He happened to be born in this particular village, at this particular time, and in this particular family, had been seized with the idea of carrying out the remaining details requisite to establish His Messianic claims.

My reply, in substance, was as follows:

Well and good. In accordance with that you will now perhaps tell us why Jesus was allowed to make arrangements for two thieves to be crucified with Him in order to fulfill Isaiah's prediction in his fifty-third chapter. You must tell us whether Judas arranged with the chief priests to betray Jesus for thirty pieces of silver merely in order to fulfil the word of the prophet; and, after Judas had

hanged himself, who it was that arranged for a potter's field to be bought with the money which the betrayer flung down in the temple; and whether it was done in order to fulfil the prophecy to that effect!

You will also doubtless show us how, while hanging on the Cross, Jesus persuaded the four Roman soldiers who crucified Him to divide His outer garments into four parts and to cast lots for His inner robe, as the twenty-second Psalm had accurately described! You will also need to explain whether His enemies gave Him vinegar to drink in His agony of thirst in order to fulfil the sixty-ninth Psalm. If your theory is to hold good, you must explain to us how it was that, after Jesus was dead, the soldiers decided not to break His legs, as they did to the two thieves by His side.

Did they desire to make Him fulfill the type of the Pass-over lamb in the twelfth chapter of Exodus and the ninth of Numbers, or the reference in the thirty-fourth Psalm? Did they act as accomplices with Jesus in thrusting a spear into His side, because Zechariah had said in the name of Messiah: "They shall look upon Me whom they pierced?" How did Jesus arrange that all these details should be fulfilled in Himself?

The young man had nothing more to say.

—Arthur Gook, via *Sword of the Lord*



NOTABLE SAYINGS ABOUT THE BIBLE

That Book accounts for the supremacy of England.

It's neglect will be the downfall of any nation.

—Queen Victoria

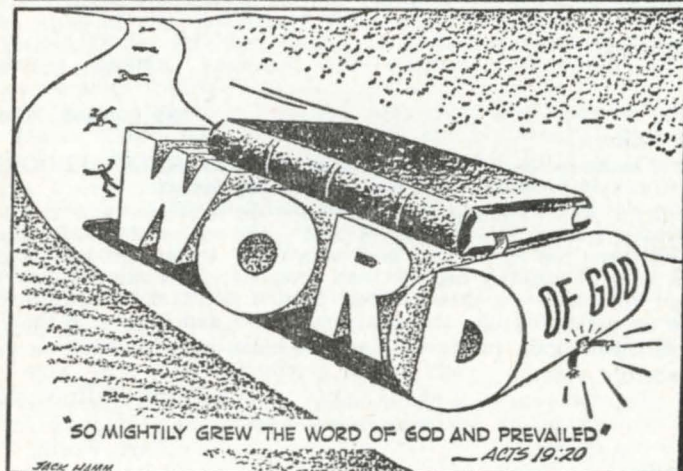
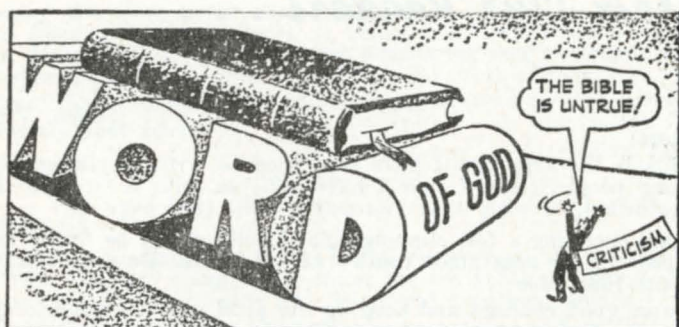
I have known ninety-five of the world's great men of my time; of these, eighty-seven were followers of the Bible.—W. E. Gladstone.

That Book, Sir, is the rock on which this Republic rests.

Andrew Jackson

I have made a practice to read the Bible through every year. The earlier my children begin to read it the more confident will be my hope that they will prove useful citizens to their country and respectable members of society.—John Quincy Adams.

ACROSS THE CENTURIES



—Picture from *Baptist & Reflector*

A certain Christian traveler was packing his suitcase when about to proceed on a journey. He remarked to a friend standing by: "There is, still a little corner left open in which I desire to pack a guide-book, a lamp, a mirror, a telescope, a books of poems, a number of biographies, a bundle of old letters, a hymn book, a sharp sword, a small library containing thirty volumes, and all these articles must occupy a space of about three by two inches."

"How are you going to manage that?" asked the friend.

"Easily," said the traveler, "for the Bible contains all of these things."—Gospel Herald

December, 1961

From Our Readers . . .

Salem, Virginia

Editors:

This is the first time I have ever tried to write anything for our "young people," and I fear I have done so with a "terrible flop"; nevertheless, do with it as you may see fit. (See page 82.)

I am enclosing a few clippings that I believe may be found worthy of space in our magazine, *Youth's Living Ideals*. Do as you may see fit with them also.

Be of good courage and keep up the good work in publishing this magazine for our youth, and may God bless its pages to all who read it.

Sincerely,

—Horace E. Walker

Springfield, Missouri

Dear Editors,

. . . I want to thank you very much for the *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*. I have nearly finished it and surely have enjoyed it.

Today I was watching some cartoons on television and there was a cartoon telling how the earth and man was made. According to the cartoons the earth and man was made by an old man and his three sons. I couldn't believe that someone could say or show such things and not even mention the Lord. I don't think anyone could make up something like that and really love and believe in the Lord.

Thank you again for everything you have done for me.

Sincerely yours,

—Peggy McIlroy, age 13

Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Sir,

Thank you for the two issues of *Youth's Living Ideals* and the pamphlet. I enjoyed them very much. I am enclosing a check for a subscription for myself and one for a friend.

I found two misprints of scripture references on pages 357 and 359 (September issue). The one on page 357 should be Prov. 18:22 [not Psal.]. The one on page 359 is Micah 4:3 [not 3:31].

I am sending two poems that I thought you might like to put in *Youth's Living Ideals*. "If Jesus Came to Your House" came out of the newspaper. A friend gave me "Sorry, I Never Knew You." They have it on a record.

Sincerely yours,

—Cheri Baldwin, age 12

Note: Thank you for finding the typographical errors on the scriptural references. We are glad to see you have enough interest to look up the references in the Bible. We also appreciate your poem contributions.—G. B.

Grover, N. C.

Dear Glen,

I enjoy the many interesting features of each issue of Youth's Living Ideals. It is my desire to share this needed material with others. I am sending a list of high schools for you to contact about free subscriptions to be presented before the youth of today.

I trust that this magazine will be well received in these areas.

Sincerely your friend,

—Larry Fulton

London, Ky.

Dear Editors,

The little magazine came today. I have received all but one, November, 1960. You are doing a fine thing for the youth of today. Oh, I do hope they lift their heads and listen and heed your advice.

Sister Berry, will you re-read the paragraph concerning your name in the light of this definition? From page 826, THE STANDARD DICTIONARY OF FACTS: "Mabel or Mabell, a feminine name derived from Mabilia, Latinized from Amabel, a corruption of the French aimable, 'lovely.'"

Now! Compare the two. I have a dear sister two years my junior, Mrs. Mabel Moren and (to her family) she is "lovely."

Thank you for the kindness toward my feeble attempt at poetry writing. I am trying to arrange some little Teacher-tales I call "We Walked Together—My Children and I." They are little short stories of interesting, humorous and serious situations from a "day at school." But I want to put them together simply without "sugar." If there is a moral, I will leave that for the reader to draw the inference. These little stories might be applicable to Youth's Living Ideals.

I pray God will grant us wisdom and courage to face the trials ahead of us. We know not what the New Year may bring. We do know there is a powerful sifting taking place.

There is only one safe place. What would the brave ones who gave us our heritage think of their cowering mixed up descendants?

—E. Pearl Young

Portales, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Berry,

After having read your magazine, Youth's Living Ideals, I would like to subscribe to it. You were kind enough to send it to me for a year with no charge. I should have sent a subscription sooner, but didn't, so now I am sending \$5.00 for a two year's subscription for myself and a friend.

I know that many people, young and old, will receive benefit from our magazine. It has such a variety of poems, articles and stories that it must touch the lives of all who read it. I pray that more will read it and take heed. We should each take stock of our lives and what better way to do this than a paper that is thought provoking. Thank you for publishing such a paper.

Yours very truly,

—Wanda Fenter

December, 1961

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The Master in Disguise

There is a story told of a wealthy woman who had been told to expect a visit from the Master, and in great excitement she hurried home to make ready a welcome for Him. She rushed to clean the house and set it in fine order and she prepared the finest meal. In the midst of her work there came a knock at her door and opening it, she found two little children with tear-stained faces and they told her that they were lost and asked for her help. She looked at them with pity, but she said, "I am sorry for you, for you do need help, but I am expecting an important guest and I do not have time to help you today." So the children went away.

The day wore on and the woman worked hard to have everything in place when the Master should arrive. Another knock sounded at her door and she hurried to open it. This time she was expecting her honored guest, but instead an old man with very ragged clothes stood there and he told her that he was very hungry and asked for something to eat. Impatiently she told him to be on his way, as she was very busy and could not be bothered with him, and the old man went his way.

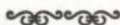
The day was now drawing to a close and still she saw no sign of her expected guest. The fine meal waited on her table and her house was all in order, but no one came up the path and no knock sounded at her door. The night came and He did not come, and the woman bowed her head and wept in disappointment. "Master, why did you not come as you had promised?" she cried. Suddenly she heard a voice speaking sadly, "Twice today I came to your door and twice today you turned me away." Sorrowfully the woman listened as the voice continued: "And whatsoever ye do unto the least of Mine, ye do it also unto Me."

This story is not told here in the same words as it was told on the radio several years ago, but the substance is the same, and it is as near as I can recall it. What caused me to remember it is a true story which happened in my childhood.

I was a child of five when it happened that a large and very

poor family moved into our neighborhood. Across the road from them lived a well-to-do couple who had no children of their own, and it seemed that every day just about mealtime some of the children would be at this lady's house and she felt she must invite them to eat merely out of politeness, but as it happened so often, she grew tired of it. One day she said she made up her mind that she would not even prepare any dinner that day. So she lay down to rest and to listen to the radio and the story above was told. She told my mother afterwards that it impressed her so deeply that she said to herself: "I'm going to the kitchen and cook those children something to eat. They may be really hungry and who knows but what the Lord Himself sent them?"

How many have turned away angels unawares! There was never a beggar turned away from our door. Although we never had much, my parents always shared their little with the less fortunate ones who knocked at their door begging for food. Maybe they were not sent of God, but I have received many blessings from remembering those unselfish deeds that my parents did, and somehow I am made to believe that they too were blessed in a great way. —Mrs. Thomas Tolley



CAN THIS BE CHRISTMAS?

What meaneth all this fuss and worry?
Whence go these crowds to run and scurry?
Why all the lights, the Christmas trees,
And the silly "fat man"? Tell me, please!

Why, don't you know? This is the day
When everybody should be gay,
For this is Christmas!

So this is Christmas, do you say?
But where is Christ this Christmas Day?
Has He been lost among the throng?
His voice drowned out by empty song?

No, He's not here! You'll find Him where
Some humble soul now kneels in prayer. —Selected



Let your friends read YOUTH'S LIVING IDEALS. It will help them and spread the good word.

December, 1961



Notes

from

Mom

Dear Young Friends,

When we have done a good job, or have done unusually well in school, we need to be on guard against self-pride. It is natural for those who love us to be proud of our achievements, but we mustn't be proud of ourselves. Pride, says the good Book, goes before a fall. We must not look upon our own success so intently that we stumble over it and fall!

When we have been successful in any small way, we need to be humble. It is then we should realize how many have helped us. We never succeed, really, all alone. There are many helpers, and we are most ungracious and ungrateful if we take all of the credit to ourselves.

We have seen those who had made a success in life who began to be ashamed of poor, perhaps illiterate parents. This is, we think, the lowest type of ingratitude. The parents dug their present state of culture out of the very earth with their bare hands. They surely deserve better than shame because of their work-roughened hands, don't they! Many a parent has been proud of a son or daughter, who was ashamed of that parent. Isn't that a pitiful picture! It proves only that their hard work and sacrifice were wasted. The material they worked with was truly shoddy!

* * * *

One of the sweetest stories I ever heard was of the man who had made an outstanding success in life. At a large gathering in his honor, he walked conspicuously down the aisle to a certain humble-looking woman. He kindly took one of her work-worn hands and escorted her up to the platform. Never mind the old-fashioned hat, the worn dress, and the run-down shoes—they were her best put on for this occasion. He saw only the years of

labor and loving sacrifice. He remembered only the encouragement she had given him to achieve what was now his own. He remembered the tears and prayers. These were what he saw, as he led her up to the spotlight where she reluctantly shared his honor that night. These are the things he saw as he, with humble gratitude, said proudly: "I give you—my mother!"

The great audience roared with thunderous applause, as she stood there timidly, but with smiling pride in her fine son. She could not have found words to tell the story of his success, so lacking was she in learning. But each one there read the story of his success as he wanted them to see it in her care-worn but loved face. They applauded not only for his success, but for the gracious character back of it. They applauded not only for him and his success, but for his humble remembrance of one who had helped to make it possible.

He was truly an educated man. He possessed real culture. He was humble in his greatness, and great in his humility.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

LOOK FOR IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

Music—Soothing, Sedative or Savage? by Alice English Monsarrat. This article is an eye-opener. "Science affirms certain types of music can be dangerous and may contribute to juvenile delinquency." Be sure to read this informative and educational article.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? . . .

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace,
Are oft to strangers shown;
The careless mein, the frowning face,
Are given to our own.

We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those we love the best . . .

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Round Table Discussion

• YOUTH PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY OUR READERS •

(This department is mainly for the views of you the readers. Please send in any questions you would like to see discussed in this department. Please submit your answers to any question here by the first of the month following the date you receive your issue.)

QUESTION:

Should children be taught to believe in Santa Claus?

ANSWERS:

From Isaac Jones, Jr., age 12, Richlands, N. C.: "I don't believe it is right because there isn't a Santa Clause. When your parents tell you to go to bed because Santa Claus is coming, they are telling an untruth. Your parents ought not to tell you Santa Claus is coming because if they do, they are not [fulfilling] their love for their children in the right way."

From Frances Jones, age 13, Richlands, N. C.: "These are some thoughts I have had in mind about parents teaching their children to believe in Santa Claus. They are teaching an untruth. It is not right at all to deceive your children with a 'lie.'"

From David Huffman, age 14, East Point, Ga.: "Some people believe the reason one should not teach their children to believe in Santa Claus is that it might cause them not to trust their parents to the full extent. (I mean when they later find there is no Santa.) Others do not wish to tell their child a falsehood, no matter how small."

"My brother and sister and I have felt we appreciated our gifts more, knowing that they came from our dear parents instead of Santa Claus. That is my opinion. My opinion is also this: Why teach a child that a little man dressed all in red, who lives at the North Pole and drives eight reindeer through the sky, has brought him the presents he enjoys that Christmas morning, when there is a simpler, more wonderful, and more reasonable answer? That this is Jesus Christ's birthday. [See note.*] He was born nearly 2,000 years ago and did something wonderful that today, 2,000 years later, we still remember. This was to make a pure, sinless offering of Himself to God, to pay for our sins and satisfy God's law. He did this by suffering and dying for every one of His children's sins."

"Now why would we give such an insufficient answer as Santa Claus in preference to the real answer?"

*Sir James Frazer, in his book on ancient religion states: "It was the custom of the heathen to celebrate on the . . . 25th of December the birthday of the Sun . . . In these solemnities and festivities the Christians also took part. Accordingly, when the doctors of the [Catholic] Church perceived that the Christians had a leaning to this festival, they took counsel and resolved that the true nativity [of

WE NEED YOUR ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS:

1. Should I have a television set in my home?
2. Should children go with their parents to church all the time?
3. Ten-year-old Pamela wants to know if it is wrong to wear make-up. How would you answer her?
4. How can I take the best advantage of my opportunity to learn while in school?
5. Is it right for a boy to kiss a girl on their first date? Is it more right to kiss after you've become engaged than on your first date?
6. If we are not to go to worldly places of amusement such as movies, how are we to spend our time and what are we to do for entertainment?

Editor's Note: Can those of you who don't go help us with this question?

These questions have been asked by young people—their ages ranging from 10 to 24. We ask all our young people and older ones, too, to help us with the answers.

IMPORTANT! Send us your ideas or views on these questions. Ask or answer any other question you feel to. Your answers will be published here. Please don't delay. Let us hear from you before January 15. We are depending on you!



HAVE YOU READ . . . ?

"Can a Young Man Trust His Bible?"

The Character Lesson on "Patience"?

They are in this issue and are very helpful!



An Inspirational Thought for This Month—

A paradox for unselfish persons to remember all through life: "The dead carry in their hands only that which they have given away."

Christ] should be solemnized on that day." The heathen custom was given a Christian name, but the customs and practices were the same. Even the custom that the pagan Egyptians practiced of using an image of an infant to represent the newborn sun was kept in effect—just the word was changed from "sun" to "Son." Read Jeremiah 10:1-4.—G. B.

Can the Majority Be Wrong?

Dear Young Friends,

I once read somewhere about four men who met one summer day at a country crossroad and spent a happy hour discussing a subject nearest their hearts—*horses*. Then they shook hands in a most friendly manner and promised one another to meet again on a later day. Came the day that found the four men again at the crossroad; but this time their conversation turned to the subject of God. For an hour they talked, argued, and wrangled, as each loudly expressed his own opinions. Then they parted. Friendliness had turned to hatred. The handshaking had surrendered to closed fists. Why is it that people can get on so well together until they discuss the Bible and things pertaining to God's kingdom, and then so often bitterness fills their hearts and bigotry their minds? Surely the Bible and God's kingdom should be the last thing to stir enmity against another.

These four men, no doubt, could get on delightfully at a horse race, but in church they would be deadly enemies. One of the tests of a genuine Christian experience is that we love one another. So, when matters of the heart are under discussion, we soon show how genuine our love and fellowship in Christian friendship is by the attitude we manifest. "If a man says, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" (1 John 4:20)

It has been said there are three sides to most questions: your side, my side and the *right side*. This is true with reference to religious matters. You have the right to believe what you will. I, too, have the same right, but the fact that we do not see alike does not necessarily make either of us right. There are hundreds of religions in our world today. Who is right? Can the majority be wrong? If the majority are right, then Christianity must be wrong, for paganism in its varied forms greatly outnumbered Christianity. If, from Christendom, we should choose a denomination as being right on the basis of majority, then the Roman Catholic Church would be right, for it far outnumbered any

Protestant group. By the same token, among Protestants the largest denomination would be right. Just where would such reasoning carry us? Can the majority be wrong?

When, in all history, has truth been in the majority? Noah was in the pitiful minority in his day, but Noah was right. Abraham was insignificantly in the minority in his time, but Abraham was the "friend of God." Israel, fleeing from Egyptian bondage, was a weak minority, but Israel was God's chosen nation. Jesus was once against a whole nation, for "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." (John 1:11)

In the early apostolic era, the church was a small minority against the cold, hard world. We have already learned that the church lost its purity when Roman political power became interwoven with sacred spiritualistic doctrines. When has the majority every been right? As the poet says:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."

So, dear friends, the issue is not, Are you right? or Am I right? The real question is the one asked of the persecuted Christ in Pilate's judgment hall—"What is truth?" Our only consideration should be, not what you or I think about a question, but "What is truth?"

Sincerely,

Horace Walker

Comment: The thoughts expressed here by Horace are in the same vein of thought of what I have been thinking lately. Some person may point out an evil to us; he may warn us of a danger in something we consider harmless, but we may only shrug it off by saying, "That's just the way you feel about it"; "That's just your opinion—I have a right to mine"; or "Well, that's your view of it, but I look at it *this* way," etc. But let us be careful here! We *could* be wrong in our way of thinking. Let us consider what the other fellow has to say. It really doesn't matter what *we* think! We want to know "What is the truth." Certainly, just because we think a thing doesn't make it so. Let

us be open-minded and charitable enough to consider the possibility that our friend just might be the one God has chosen to show us a portion of truth. Paul said, "Am I your enemy because I tell you the truth?" The thing for us to do is to compare any warning or advice with the word of God. If you have ever taken algebra you have no doubt used the answers in the back of the book to check your answer. Well, do that with the Bible! Through prayer and study compare what you hear, read, and think with the Answer Book.—G. B.

NEWS ITEMS . . .

LOOK, BOYS!—A checkup has been made in the schools of England of boys who smoke and don't smoke. The headmaster of King Edward School in Chelmsford, F. W. Rogers, says: "The boy who smokes is a worse student than the ordinary lad who doesn't. The smoker is dull, dense, and generally stupid and indolent. The headmaster of Portsmouth Grammar School says in nine cases out of ten, the unsatisfactory boy is a smoker."

—Sunshine Magazine

PILOTING MODERN YOUTH—"Let us—parents, teachers, and all others having to do with the training of youth—see to it that adolescents acquire **self-control**. Let us save them from the injurious effects of this new-fangled idea that young people can grow up to do as they please. Confusion worse confounded will be the state of the next generation if it is generally accepted. If you, as a parent, have done your duty in the nursery and during the pre-adolescent period, I assure you the days of actual punishment will be over long ere your youngsters reach their teens. But if for any reason you have failed in the earlier years, and your children have attained adolescence without learning self-control, then I admonish you not to depend exclusively upon these new-fangled psychologic notions or on any fantastic interpretation of Freudian philosophy, and refrain from chastisement through fear that your children will not develop leadership. Leadership—bah! Who wants a boy to grow to be a leader of a criminal gang? Indeed, if we go on after this fashion, we can truly say 'what price leadership!'"

—Piloting Modern Youth, Sadler, p. 141

WHAT CHILDREN SEE ON TV—One report stated: "One hundred hours of U. S. television included 12 murders, 16 gun battles, two stranglings, a stabbing, three suicides, a guillotining, a hanging—and four people pushed off cliffs. And it was all in children's hours." A recent survey disclosed three things about TV: that it contributed to juvenile delinquency, that a child spends as much time before a set as he spends in school, and that in terms of prestige, television is a failure. The child who spends his time reading is far better informed.—From Awake

Character Lessons

Patience

Just think of the slow and laborious process of weaving tapestry or Oriental rugs. Into the warp of the fabric, with utmost precision, every particular thread is put in, bit by bit, by hand, a single thread at a time, day in and day out for years. Monotonous and slow, with no variation of movements, only a difference in the color of the threads to mark the difference in the work done; and yet at the end the beautiful pattern of delicacy and delight repays all the months of uninteresting toil, perseverance, and power of endurance.

The virtue to be exercised during this long and tedious period is patience.

● Patience is hopeful waiting for better things; the quiet uncomplaining bearing of troubles and trials. Patience is being able to wait.

Imagine the process of grinding a glass lens—no change, hour after hour, the same movements, the same hum of the wheel, and not much to show at the end. The grinder grows tired, but keeps on. Without infinite patience, such work could not be done, nor could all the finest attainments be possible.

It is true, as Milton in his blindness said: "They also serve who only stand and wait." But the best teachings of patience for the young will differ somewhat from that. Old age, bereavement, life's failures and disappointment call for a saintly patience.

But youth needs another sort—the patience that *overcomes* adverse conditions. Cheerfully *making the most* of meager opportunities; *singing instead of sighing*, along toilsome ways; getting even a child's *grip* on the best things, and *holding on*, while slowly the worth of it all unfolds—these are the ways of patience for the young.

Job gives us the right starting point. The conditions of

poverty or dullness, of weakness of body, or weakness of will, must not make us lose heart, they are simply handicaps which require to be overcome by patience and perseverance. While these two traits are often associated with each other, there is a difference between them. Perseverance is active—to achieve. Patience is passive—not to despair. Nearly all that is called genius is courage in the form of patience. Nearly all the successful men have found the way to wealth and distinction against tremendous odds with patient courage.

De Maistre says that to know how to wait is the great secret of success. We must sow before we can reap, and must often wait long for the harvest. Often the fruits best worth waiting for ripen the slowest. But the Latin proverb says, "Time and patience will change the mulberry leaf to satin."

EXAMPLES OF APPLIED PATIENCE

Charles A. Spencer was a lens maker, and devoted years to the perfection of achromatic lenses. He had devised a process so delicate that he could adjust the curve of the lens so as to increase the defining and resolving power of the lens beyond all other opticians. But a fire destroyed his shop and nearly all of his tools, which had taken years and years of toil and study to construct, together with a large amount of finished and unfinished work. He was badly crippled, and had to begin all over again, and only with the utmost toil and perseverance was he able, little by little, to replace the necessary tools and recover his former position.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe's sympathies went out to the blind, and gathering together a few children from the highways, he taught them in his father's house, arousing much interest and enthusiasm throughout New England. As the pioneer in the work of teaching the blind, he was obliged to erect his own machinery. With incredible patience Dr. Howe taught Laura Bridgman, a blind and deaf mute, to become an educator. For his philanthropic work in Greece he was called "The Lafayette of Greece," and was the subject of Whittier's poem, "The Hero."

Lydia Maria Child was a writer in the full tide of popularity

when she devoted herself to the anti-slavery cause. It was a shock to her friends, and she was subjected to social and literary ostracism. Her books were returned, her friends forsook her, and church and press denounced her. But this did not daunt her spirit nor swerve her for one instant from the cause she felt was right, and she consecrated the rest of her life to its support. Words cannot describe the deprivation to which she was subjected, but she felt no loss. She was indifferent to consequences, the fear of which would have destroyed the usefulness of others. As the inspiration spread, mother sent their children from house to house with her "appeal," and vitally assisted the great movement. Her writings were full of exuberant life. She wrote, "I hang prisms in my windows to fill the room with rainbows. I cultivate the gayest flowers. I seek cheerfulness in every way."

Cyrus H. McCormick. McCormick's father was a mechanical genius and invented many farm devices, but he had become the laughing-stock of the community on account of his failure to make a grain-cutting device operate successfully. In spite of the discouragements of his father and the ridicule of the neighbors, young McCormick took up the old machine and after years of experiment and failure finally succeeded in constructing a reaper which would cut grain. But even then jealous opposition prevented it from being used, and it was only after years of labor to introduce it, and his personal guarantee to each purchaser that it would harvest the crop, that he succeeded in making sales. After long years of waiting, he arranged with a firm in Cincinnati to manufacture one hundred machines, and the famous McCormick reaper was born. —James Terry White



Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau



HAVE YOU MISSED A COPY?

In changing our addressing system we have had to transfer our subscription list to metal plates. As this has involved a lot of work, no doubt errors have been made. If you have not yet received your November issue, please let us know.

December, 1961

Maggie's Misfortunes

"That horrid bell, and such a cold day. I must really finish my dream"; and Maggie did what she had often done before, wobbled the chair by her bed-side vigorously, so as to give the idea she had jumped out of bed, and snuggled into her pillows, and took another sleep, while her mistress said downstairs—"What a good girl that Maggie is, she always gets up the very instant I call her," and also composed herself for another sleep, confident her hot water would arrive at seven o'clock. Happy delusion! Maggie was that moment in Dreamland.

Presently Maggie awakened. The days were still short, yet daylight was looking in at her unshuttered window. In terror she jumped up—everything would be late, and her mistress would be so angry.

Maggie flew into her clothes. Of course the things got extra knotted; what can you expect on these occasions?

The only thing was to get down somehow. Of prayers it was useless to think; they must be put off till later on in the day. And so Maggie flew downstairs, and somehow did manage to get something she called hot water to her mistress's door at a quarter-past seven; and in answer to the words, "This is not seven o'clock, Maggie," gave the inevitable answer, "I think your clock must be fast, ma'am"; and then downstairs the girl flew, much wondering how to get through the work she had to do before eight when the breakfast was due.

The children had all been playing writing games the evening before, and the table was strewn with scraps of paper. This looked hopeless. Maggie had often been told by her mistress never to burn any papers she found about in the morning, as more than once exercises for the high school had been destroyed.

Certainly Robin Goodfellow was at the fire—it would not light; if it caught in one place it went out in another; and noises upstairs showed more and more plainly that the family were about, and would soon be down.

A very scanty dusting took place, the cloth was laid after

a fashion. Maggie rushed into the kitchen. Yes, the fire was burning and the kettle boiling. She caught up the breakfast things on a tray and whisked them in, "Hurray, she would conquer Robin Goodfellow after all!"

Not so quick, Maggie. To get your fires to burn you must have your sticks dry overnight, and plan your work beforehand. *The fire had gone out!* Poor Maggie was in despair. She got a fresh packet of sticks and, seizing a quantity of paper out of the waste-paper basket, into which she had placed it to be ready for the inspection of her mistress, she poked it in under the sticks, and the match to it.

Up it blazed, giving a most hopeful glare. At that moment, Maggie's glance fell on a piece of paper in the corner of the grate. It looked like a five-pound note. She snatched it out partly burnt, and to her dismay found it was actually a Bank of England note for that sum. She heard some of the children coming down, and hastily thrust the burnt piece of paper into her pocket, and with a stunned feeling proceeded to bring in the uncomfortable breakfast.

It was a miserable breakfast, it must be admitted. The children scrambled just any way through a hurried meal, fearing to be late for school; courtesy and propriety, there was none. There was a mad rush for boots, coats, and hats, and after a whirlwind had passed through the house, the front door was banged, and comparative silence reigned.

"I do wish, my dear, that you would make Maggie more punctual; the meals are wretched with this hurrying to get off in time."

"Mother," said the eldest girl, coming in just then, "have you see the five-pound note Aunt Bessie sent me yesterday? I cannot find it."

Maggie heard the words and retired to the kitchen, where, as may be imagined, she did not make a very hearty breakfast. She felt quite ill at the thought of that charred note in her pocket. True, it was not much injured, only one corner burnt off, but of course it was useless; five pounds thrown away owing to her over-sleeping herself and disobeying her mistress.

Search was going on in the dining room. "Maggie," said Mrs. Maynard, "what did you do with the papers which were lying about last night? Did you put them away? I want to look over them. Miss Clara thinks she left a five-pound note among them."

Maggie knew that five-pound notes were not at all over plentiful in the Maynard family, and it was with a catch in her throat she said, "Please, ma'am, I was short of paper this morning, and I used those to light the fire."

"Oh, Maggie, what a dreadful thing! I fear your disobedience has made you burn a five-pound note."

"Oh, I hope not, ma'am," said guilty Maggie.

Mrs. Maynard returned to her search, and Maggie went to do the rooms, hearing in the meanwhile sounds that drawers and boxes were being examined in hopes of finding the wretched note whose charred remains were in her own pocket.

Somehow Maggie got through her work, and went up to her own room, where the sight of her Bible on the chair by her bedside reminded her that she had never said her prayers that day.

She fell on her knees, for she felt quite miserable with that piece of paper in her pocket, and burst out crying, and perhaps the tears were a real silent prayer of penitence and help. She did not seem able to say any words but "Oh God, help me, for I have done very wrong"; and she knelt a few minutes wondering what to do. Just then she heard her mistress's voice at the door.

"Maggie, what are you doing? You are dreadfully behind schedule; the breakfast things are not yet cleared. Hurry down."

So with red nose and eyes, and looking the picture of misery, she sauntered down. Mrs. Maynard met her, and exclaimed, "What has happened, Maggie? Are you ill? Have you bad news from home?"

But the girl only sobbed, till her really kind-hearted mistress became quite unhappy.

"Now, Maggie, what have you done? I am sure you have broken something; only tell me, and you may be sure I shall not scold."

Then Maggie drew from her pocket the partly-burnt note.

"Oh, ma'am, I threw this with those papers into the fire, and I could only save this. I was afraid to tell you."

"I am thankful, Maggie," said Mrs. Maynard, with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid you had been tempted to take it, but as it is it can be cashed, so the money will not be lost, though there may be some trouble about it."

And then came the whole story of failure, and how Maggie had over-slept and then Mrs. Maynard said, "But I thought I heard you moving. Did you get back into bed?"

Then Maggie confessed how she had been dining with the Queen in her dreams, and had moved her chair about, and afterwards had over-slept.

"And I did think you such an honest girl, Maggie. Did you not see that it was acting a lie?"

This had never occurred to Maggie who was greatly shocked at the idea, having no wish in any way to deceive.

Mrs. Maynard then repeated how thankful she was for the recovery of the money, and especially as it would clear Maggie's character. And then bidding her to get on with her work and stop crying, she took the burnt note in her hand and went downstairs.

As for Maggie, she felt as if a mountain had been lifted off her. It was such a great relief to hear that the money was not lost. She made many resolutions as she went downstairs, some of which she kept, though of course she sometimes failed, as we all do. But at any rate, she never did pretend again that she had got up in answer to her mistress's bell, but if she disobeyed, did it honestly; and never again did she burn any waste paper scraps till her mistress had said she might do so.

—*The Dawn of Day*



It may be that the movie does not teach the technique of crime, but . . . I cannot help but feel that where every film title refers to some crime or other it does tend to dim everybody's sense of moral responsibility.—Professor Pear, Manchester University

Portraits from the Bible . . .

SUSANNA

Mrs. W. J. Berry

HAVE YOU SEEN one of those beautifully lighted pictures? Aren't they lovely! There is a soft light behind the image to cause it to stand out and glow in all its beauty. The picture itself is beautiful, but it is seen so strikingly beautiful that we catch our breath, and stand entranced before it because of the light which makes it so beautiful. It looks so *real*, we say as we gaze in admiration at the result of some gifted artist.

Thus do we marvel as we gaze upon the picture of Susanna. Why does her portrait appear so lovely? There is not much in the Bible about her, as mere *words* go. But volumes are told there, nonetheless. In those few words this beautiful glow we see back of her lovely image is explained. The secret of her beauty is there. Though it does not require words to tell of her, still she is immortalized by those few words. "She ministered unto Him of her substance." The secret of that beauty and soft radiance which we see, is the fact that she was one of those blessed characters who served Jesus with her own hands, her own possessions, with her own life!

Many there were whose lives were touched by the dear Stranger of Galilee. Many there were who served Him in His humanity. Some are unnamed images, but their images glow from the sacred pages, even so. But Susanna was one of the blessed few who is named for her loving ministry to Jesus. No wonder we view her portrait in this lovely radiance! She ministered to the very Son of God in His lowly life among men! No wonder her service casts a radiance over the centuries! No life touched by Him can ever be obscure. Anyone who served Him in His humanity—and who serves Him today, two thousand years from His humanity—does so because of love for Him. And anyone who loves Him was first loved by Him. It is His love, then, which is the real light back of the image of our

Susanna. A radiance cast by loving service which had its beginning in the dear Savior's heart. Those who followed and served Him as did Susanna did so because, somewhere along the earthly, weary road of life, He had spoken to their hearts. He had healed them of their diseases. He had healed them even of the dread disease of sin. Henceforth they would live only for Him, to minister to His needs!

We perhaps think that was long ago, and far away. His blessed life cannot touch us today, we may think. He is not here! We think it might be easy if we, like Susanna, could see Him, could hear His wonderful words. Well His words are kept for us. They lose none of their beauty over the years. True, His blessed body is not here to require clothing, food, or rest. But He provided for that too. He said, "Whosoever gives a cup of cold water in My name, gives it to Me." So we may serve Him today as surely as Susanna did by serving those He loves. It is this loving service in His name which will cast a radiance about our lives, just as it lights her portrait which is 2,000 years old,—just as if we had been there to see her in person as she ministered to our dear Lord.

Susanna means lily. Some of the variations are: Suzanne, Susan, Sue, and perhaps many others. We know the beauty of the lily and how it was often used in the poetical language of the Bible. Jesus Himself used the lily to demonstrate beauty—and the real source of beauty—in His wonderful Sermon on the Mount, where He taught His followers in person. He said, "Consider the lilies; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He was not teaching them that they should not work, but his lesson was that they should not be too anxious and faithless in their lives. The lesson was that the lilies trust their Creator, and this is their beauty. Sweet, simple, upward-looking faith of the lilies whose beauty could not be equalled by a great king in all his glory.

Surely Susanna had this lily-like faith and beauty which stands out in clear colors against the background of loving service to the Savior, illumined by His love.

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

No. 16 of Fifty-Seven Reasons

WHY WE KNOW THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

16. *The Bible not only makes living better but it make dying easier.*

"Christians die easy," remarked the executioner who had put to death a number of Christian martyrs.

Hundreds of testimonies, like the following, from dying Christians, could be given:

"Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory," said Margaret Prior, while dying. Lord Shaftesbury's last words were, "*I am touching the hem of His garment!*" Frances E. Willard cried, "How beautiful to die and be with God." Multitudes have been sustained in the hour of death by such precious promises as Psalm 23:4, "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou are with me.*"

Atheism and heathenism know nothing of victorious dying; rather, a Christless death, leading to a Christless eternity, fore-casts the shadow of coming doom. —Fred John Meldau



GOD STILL COMMANDS

God still commands the universe;
Whatever man may say or do
His power and might is sovereign
In the "Now" and "Future" too.

Upon the circle of the earth
He watches His creation—
His pitying eyes and loving heart
Are cast on every nation.

But color, creed, race or clan,
Rich and poor the same
May claim God as their Father
Through His dear Son Jesus' name.

—Elta M. Barnett

Audubon, N. J.

Miles Apart—in the Same Home

"When I'm big, I'll find me a hideout in the mountain and rob the rich guys," said Jim.

Before his shocked mother could answer, his brother Bill did. "Not me, I'm going to be a medical missionary in Africa."

Next day their mother was telling her neighbor about it.

"Can you imagine that?" she exclaimed. "In the same home and with the same training!"

But was it the same home and the same training?

Jim read comic books about the Mountain Ridge bandits, and just now they were his heroes.

Bill loved the books in the Jungle Doctor series, which show the blessing a Christian doctor brought to the natives in Africa.

"The same home"—Jim on the sofa and Bill in the chair, yet they were in two different worlds with their books and their thinking. They were 5,000 miles apart, with different heroes, different ideals, growing into different personalities.

Does it make a difference what children read? Indeed it does! Even *one* book or *one* issue of a magazine can change a life. Multiply that by all the hours people spend reading, and you have a tremendous influence.

Good reading costs money, but so do shoes, orange juice, homes, care, television sets. Good reading is no side issue, unless a person's thinking is a side issue.

We must learn to put out good money for Christian reading, just as we do for clothes and food. A family budget starting with fifty cents a week for Christian reading is a conservative minimum.

And there are ways of stretching that money.

You give your children gifts at birthday time, Christmas and similar occasions. Why not include Christian reading? Let their uncles, grandmas and other relatives know that Christian books and Christian magazines are welcome. Mention books and magazines as your favorites, too.

Children need Christian reading now. Their characters are forming now. Ten years later will be too late.

—Martin P. Simon, Editor of *The Christian Parent*

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

The most useful of the arts is the art of being useful.—Ludlow

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.—Wendell Phillips

You can't pursue happiness and catch it. Happiness comes upon you unawares while you are helping others.—The Defender

The final test of a gentleman: His respect for those who can be of no possible use to him.—Sunshine Magazine

Ideas are funny little things; they won't work unless you do.

Rather than going through a "stage" of child development, which they will grow out of, children allowed to express insane rage at their parents are building a mature habit of hatred!—The Plain Truth

Character is revealed in the actions of the unguarded moment.

God is not only a present help in time of trouble, but a great help in keeping us out of trouble.—Western Voice

Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Eccl.

Life is a quarry out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—Goethe

Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is henceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of man.—Matt. 5:13

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—O. W. Holmes

Suggested Reading

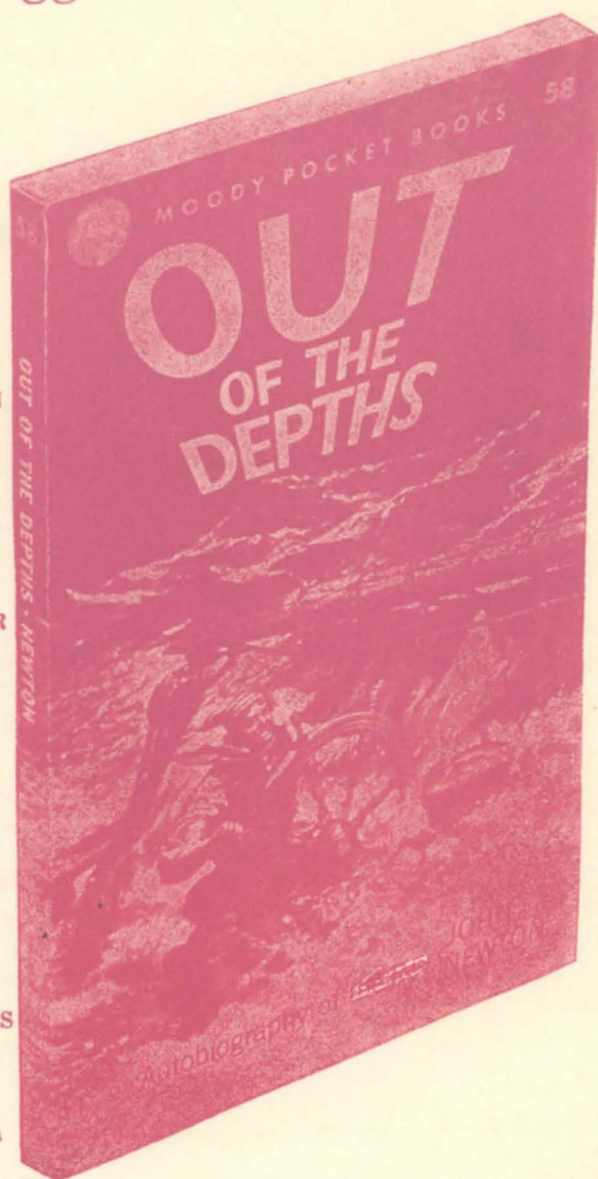
A
ROMANTIC
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JOHN NEWTON

—
HIS
CONVERSION
FROM A
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TO MINISTER

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