

"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. 12.—September, 1961

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BEATNIKS—
ARE YOU ONE?

MODERNISM—
A DEADLY DISEASE

I SAW MY SON
RUNNING AWAY

*"No one is useless in
the world who lightens
the burden of another."*

—Charles Dickens

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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Youth's

Living Ideals

Vol. 1. No. 12.—September, 1961

Beatniks---Are You One?

By Bill Kendrick

I AM SURE that most of you people have heard the name *Beatnik* used much these past few years. It is a name that has been given fast moving, loud talking, and loose living youth of today. Their belief is that the past generation is responsible for the terrible mess the world is in, and they have the attitude that there is nothing they can do to better things. So they have taken their stand as one defeated, *beat* without making any effort to make their home community and country a better place to live. They also are of the opinion that the future holds nothing for them,—just war, bloodshed and in the end complete annihilation by some deadly bomb. So, therefore, they say "Let us live, laugh and enjoy ourselves while we can."

Perhaps part of their attitude could be because of this fact: That they have never seen a season of poverty, but that times have been prosperous for them. They have had "easy pickings" because of so many job openings in many defense plants because of the recent war. Also, our youth have seen no period of peace. It has been open warfare, cold wars and ever making preparation for defense. Perhaps this is part of the reason. But I believe there is a deeper reason than this for the breed of children we have in the world today. Read Genesis 6:1-5. We find here the sons of God, by creation, the angels Jude wrote about which left their own habitation, (Jude 6) beholding the fairness of the daughters of men, and taking them for wives contrary to the will of God. And their offspring were giants,

men of renown, cruel and wicked individuals. This is only the idea of a simple country boy, but I fear it is the truth. Marriage is to be done in the Lord. Man and woman are to be united together in the Lord and for the right purpose. But I fear in our land today that God is not considered much when a man takes a wife. I fear that today much of it is little more than legalized adultery. Because of this the relationship between man and wife is not as it should be in the sight of God. My question is this: Could this be the reason for this wild, reckless, disobedient, and ungodly generation of my day? I would truly like to know.

"TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN"

Now in getting back to our subject of the *Beatnik* and his problem. You may wonder why I am concerned about him or her. I am concerned for this reason. It may be that our children don't yet have this Beatnik belief and attitude toward life, but I fear they have begun to acquire some of their characteristics.

Look around you and observe intently what is taking place before your very eyes. Our beat generation has left God in the background, and has gone merrily on its way. God is not on their list as the One to be honored. Rather, it is like the title of a movie I saw advertized: "Tribute to a Bad Man." Instead of God being honored and obeyed, many serve and sacrifice to Satan. There is a large, supposedly religious cult in the United States today who boldly confess Satan as their head. And even here in our small town a group of boys who belong to a car club call themselves "Satan's Angels."

Now instead of respecting some wise, aged servant of God and sitting at his feet to learn good and true teachings, we see our own children screaming and swooning over some long-haired moron, who flunked his first music lesson, as he sings some of this ungodly, insane stuff they call music. If a religious song is written today it must be jazzed up to tickle the ears of the young. Take for instance the song, "He Has the Whole, Wide World in His Hand." One night I drove by a dance hall and saw a crowd wildly dancing to the music of this. *And the*

thought came to me that if God has the world in His hand, He is getting ready to shake it terribly for the way they have poured contempt upon His lovely name. See Isa. 2:19.

I DON'T DIG THIS JIVE

Our popular song writers of today have gone stark raving mad. Now they make big hits with such titles as these: "Little Bitty, Teeny, Weeny, Tiny Polka Dot Bikini" and "The One-Eyed, Cross-Eyed, Flying Purple People Eater,"—songs with deep meaning, too deep for me. I guess I am just a square and don't dig this jive.

I remember the words of a popular song writer of a few decades ago, Mr. Stephen Collins Foster. Here is a verse from one of his songs. Read them with understanding. "Why should I sigh, when my heart should feel no pain. Why should I weep, that my friends come not again. Gone from this earth to a better land I know. I hear their gentle voices calling, 'Old, Black Joe.' " Just a simple folksong of the trials and sorrow of a poor colored slave left behind in this world by departing loved ones. It has words of truth and comfort. Strange as it may seem, in the recent loss of my dad this verse was a source of peace to me, coming in time of sorrow to cheer me. "Why should I sigh?" I cannot bring daddy back, but by God's grace I can go to live with him. "Why should I weep?" Dad's toils and pains are over, and he's gone to that better land. And now in my sorrow, I can hear the voices of loved ones, gone on before, bidding me come; and I would not stay and often am made to say, "I'm coming, I'm coming." My steps may be weary; I may be trailing behind with bowed down head, but by God's grace I'm coming home.

A LOOK AT THE LITERATURE

Let us now take a look at the literature our young folks are reading today. It will not be a copy of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, for it doesn't have the proper cover of a scantily clad girl on it. *Fox's Book of Martyrs* won't do. It might upset their timid stomachs to read about the true agony of God's

people. Rather, let them have a *Monster from Outer Space*, or a tale of horror written in modern style. And don't dare mention their reading the Bible. That's for the squares, the simple minded. Brother Glen Berry has the right opinion of them. For light reading "Donald Duck" will do. And if they are of a more mature mind, they will be quite content with some paper-back sex story.

CONVERSATION AND MANNER OF LIFE

Now let us listen in on their conversation and learn their manner of life. Boys' minds today seem to be filled with nothing but drag races, hot rods, and four-barrel carburetors. And the fellow who has one "suped-up" to go the fastest is their idol, and they try to compete with him, regardless of how many innocent lives they take. They have been given the name "speed demons" and truly they are possessed of the devil to think an automobile is merely something you hop in and "give it all it's got." Our boys no longer consider it proper to ride a bicycle to school. Now the school parking lots are overflowing with students' automobiles.

Now baseball and basketball are not enough to occupy boys in their spare time. They must find something more exciting. Now they "go out to rob a store," "steal a car to joy ride," "get hopped up on narcotics," and "just get the urge to kill someone." You can read about this in any daily newspaper. Gang fights, racial conflicts, much of which is caused by today's youth roaming the streets. They delight in the name "Rebel" that has been given them,—and truly they are in rebellion both to God and man. They were the turncoats who gave themselves over to communism during the recent Korean conflict. As a rule it is some man of renown who sells out his country for personal gain. These were the boys next door who sold their American birthright for a false promise of a soft, plush life. And that is what the *beat* youth of today want. Something gained without any effort.

BEAT DAUGHTERS OF TODAY

Now let us look at the beat daughters of today. They may

call me a hard-hearted, woman-hating bachelor, but I am not. I believe as Solomon said, that "he that findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor with the Lord." (Psa. 18:22) But I would want a wife, a mother of children and not a glamor girl, not a career woman, but one that would be satisfied with the simple role of housewife and of having the title of mother.

For the beat girl of the world today life seems to consist of boys, dates, clothing and a glamorous vision of herself as a movie star. *She wears false lips, false eyes and a false painted face and I fear that her heart is so often false too.* As long as she knows the latest hit record and the latest dance step, she "has it made." She doesn't need to know how to cook as long as she has a pretty face. She doesn't need to know how to sew just as long as she herself is dressed as a fashion plate. She knows nothing about being a mother. All it means to her is that baby has the proper formula in his sterilized bottle and a play pen so he will not get in mother's way. Few of our mothers in this land today gather baby up in an old rocking chair and sing "Sleep my child and peace attend thee all through the night," as baby nurses contentedly. Breast feeding is no longer considered proper by many. It is too primitive. It belongs to the uncultured, uncivilized, uneducated, savage people. But it was and is God's way of feeding the young. He knows the proper formula. The mother who has time to nurse and sing lullabys to baby when he is young will be the mother who sees that her child has all the proper care and training all through life. That child will never be neglected and you will not find him in the juvenile courts of our land. He will be a blessing instead of a curse to his parents in their old age. He will not neglect them then.

Some of our mothers of today seem to think that too much attention will spoil a child. The right kind of attention will spoil no one. Some of my best memories are of a mother who always had time for me and didn't try to replace herself by giving me a shiny toy. She gave me a mother's love instead. I think of a dad who had time to be a boy with his boy and who would neglect his own personal welfare to see that mine

was satisfied. But, you know, now they seem to think a cookie or a new toy will satisfy when all the little ones want is a smile from mother and a pat on the head from dad.

Oh that our womenfolk would return to their God-given gift of being good, patient mothers and that our dads would remember the words of Paul to "provoke not your children to wrath."

In closing I say to this young generation, do not blame the conditions of the world solely upon Dad and Mom, for since the fall of man in the Garden of Eden, this world has been a place of thorns, thistles, sweat, and toil, with no promise of rest here. Man by his transgression merits nothing good. Job says "that man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble." Yet, we are not commanded to be despondent and complain our lot in life. Rather, amid trial and heartache, we are exhorted to look to God and render praise unto Him. We are told to apply ourselves each day to learn of God's wisdom. Each day that we are blessed to see we should strive for a closer communion with God.

NO VICTORY IS WON WITHOUT A FIGHT

Don't take your stand as one defeated. No victory is ever won without a fight. Daily try to stand as a good soldier of the Cross, with your eyes upon your Captain Jesus. You by your efforts will never bring about world-wide peace and joy, but your own life will be more prosperous and fruitful unto God.

A GREAT FUTURE AHEAD!

Young Christian friends, you have something to look forward to beside world-wide destruction. There is a day coming when the world "shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Hab. 2:14) And "God's meek shall inherit the earth, and delight themselves in an abundance of peace." (Psa. 37:11) Jesus will come to put down His enemies and will execute judgment in the land and shall make wars to cease. (Psa. 46:9) They shall beat the swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning forks,

and nation shall not lift up hand against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore. (Micah 3:3) There is a bright future for the little child of grace. Life everlasting in the presence of Christ Jesus, our Savior.

Let us remember our Creator now and spend each day for Him. Let us be as an old Negro elevator operator I heard about. While all others about him were downcast with the Monday morning blues, he was in a spirit of happiness. He would sing awhile, dance awhile, and shout for joy. Finally a man asked him what he had to be so happy about. His answer was, "Boss man, I ain't never lived this day before." We should be of this attitude, rising each day to rejoice and be glad in this new day the Lord has made. (Psa. 118:24) True, it may not bring all sunshine; there will be tears of sorrow; there will be suffering and pain. But if we go with good courage and a cheerful disposition, the Pathway Upward is made a lot easier. The burden is lighter if you are under the yoke *with Christ*. Keep pressing toward the goal. (Phil. 3:14) There may be only one more danger to confront you in this Christian race. Face it bravely. Keep on fighting. It may be this will be your last battle. Fight not as beating the air wildly, but fight to win. (1 Cor. 9:26) Keep on climbing and by God's grace one day you'll cross that last mountain and see that land that flows with milk and honey and you'll see Jesus, the sinner's Friend.

I offer no apology for this letter. I have let the Spirit be my Guide. I have been told by many of my friends that all young folks must go through a certain wild stage in the process of growing up. But in searching the Scriptures I have found nothing to justify any little child of grace, regardless of his age, to carry on like a fool. We are told that we shall reap whatsoever we sow. If we sow our wild oats, we shall reap wild oats. If we act the fool, we shall receive what the fool merits. Solomon says, "The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the promotion of fools." (Prov. 3:35)

—Bill Kendrick

Strafford, Missouri

Note: Very soon now, the Lord willing, we plan to print this article and the other one by Bill Kendrick ("Old-Fashioned Ways Best") in pamphlet form. Those of you who have already requested copies of this pamphlet do not need to order again. We are holding your orders. But if you have not sent in your request yet, please do so, stating how many copies you desire. They are free on request. They will be excellent to give to your young friends.—G. B.

September, 1961

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A CHRISTIAN SHOULD NOT SETTLE ON MARRIAGE WITHOUT CLEAR LEADING FROM GOD

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

Every Christian should earnestly pray about the matter of marriage. Christian young people will do well if they solemnly determine, before love comes, that they will marry only in the will of God, as they are best able to know the will of God. That will mean that every Christian girl will know ahead of time the unconverted [and un-Christian] man is not to be her mate. She will guard the approaches to her heart against such an intruder who has no right to her love and to her hand. Every Christian young man will know ahead of time that a frivolous and vain and worldly-minded young woman whose life does not please God, is not fit to be his bride, his mate, his other self, and his partner in serving the Lord Jesus who died for him. Christians should plan ahead of time to love and marry only in the will of God. And that decision will save much heartbreak and trouble.

But suppose the young man who proposes is apparently a real Christian, a noble character and one to be greatly admired and loved. Suppose one's heart is stirred and there is no doubt in a young girl's mind that her affections reach out to the young suitor? Then she should make earnest prayer to God, pleading for the leading of the Holy Spirit, pleading that God will help her to know His will and not to make a mistake. And she should not marry until she has a sweet peace in her heart which is the indication that God is pleased. No Christian young man should ask a girl to be his wife until he has first talked the thing over with God and with earnest prayer and meditation has received in his heart a sweet assurance that this is God's will, that this love is a gift from God, and God's smile is upon his plans for marriage.

I remember a long unpaved country road that ran near the college where I met my sweetheart (now my wife for twenty-four years). For long hours I walked that country road, back and forth, and looked now and then at the window where a

light shone from my sweetheart's room, as I talked to God about my love and begged Him not to let me make a mistake, not to let me go against His will. Not until I felt assured that God had given me peace and that this love was from Him and would have His blessing did I press my suit and gain my dear one's consent to be my wife. I am certain that God in kindness put His blessings upon my plan. I am equally certain that He, in loving kindness, kept me from marrying the wrong girl. Before going ahead with marriage, every Christian should take this holy matter of marriage to God in prayer and should have the quiet leading of the Spirit of God and the peace that God gives when our ways please Him. God is interested in the welfare of His children. He will lead us in the ways of peace and righteousness. How foolish it would be to think that we could not have His wisdom, His guidance and protection in a matter so delicate and where the future could not otherwise be well foreseen! Let no one, then, be in a hurry to marry. But let every Christian be content in whatsoever state he is. "Art thou loosed from a wife, seek not a wife." (1 Cor. 7:27). If God sends true love, which is clearly according to His will, and gives a mate who is proper for a Christian, and puts His approval upon the marriage both by peace in the heart and by favorable outward circumstances, then Christians may marry and be happy. If God does not bring a loved one who is worthy, does not grow love in the heart, or does not give approval in a Christian's spirit, then let the Christian be content to be happy and single, rather than to marry out of the will of God.

LOOK FOR IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

- **Charlie's Question.** An interesting and helpful story especially for the very young.
 - **A Cross to Bear,** by Vic Richards. Helpful thoughts which need to be considered when you are faced with such a decision as choosing your vocation for life.
-

Modernism---A Deadly Disease

Much has been said and written lately about "modernism." Let us not make the mistake of thinking that this highly contagious disease is a new plague, a new epidemic, and thus look for new ways of combatting it. "Modernism" is not at all modern; it is as old as man.

The first family was already infected by it. Read carefully the story of the fall of man and you have the whole story of "modernism."

Our liberal theologians contend that whereas we live now in a "changed world," we must also change our conception of God and His dealings with man. We cannot accept the God of the Bible for He is brutal in letting man sin and then condemning him to death and hell, and then commanding him to offer innocent animals, and finally even allowing the blood of His own Son to be shed to atone for man's sins. Nor can we accept such "miracles" as the Virgin Birth, Resurrection, etc. Such things are inconceivable to the modern mind.

Let us have a glance at the first "modern" theologian, his satanic majesty, the serpent. He saw man in his first happy state, innocent, sinless with no evil thoughts or desires in his mind. God provided him with all that was good for him. There was but one restriction: "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." (Gen. 2:17). Man was quite satisfied; he had plenty of other fruit. But, Dr. Serpent could not endure to see harmony and happiness in this world. So this D.D., Ph.D. who was more subtle than any beast, and expert in the modern science of phychoanalysis, paid a visit to the woman. Why to the woman? Well, he looked upon her as the weaker sex; thus would be more easily persuaded. Or, perhaps he knew where to find her (in those days woman's place was in the home!). At once he began to confuse her by showing her how unfair God was in forbidding them to eat of the fruit of the

knowledge of Good and Evil. And when she tried to defend her God, declaring that it was just the fruit of one tree that was forbidden and that He did it for their own good, for eating of it meant death, Dr. Serpent said, "Nonsense. You know you will not surely die!" "Life," he said, "is an established law of nature and according to science the laws of nature never change. Furthermore, God is a good God and He would not let any of His children die, just because they ate a bit of fruit." The sly serpent took advantage of a mistake Eve made, and used it to confuse and confound her. She misquoted God's words by adding to them her own words, "Neither shall ye touch it." That is one of the grave sins man sometimes commits. He will either leave out some of God's Word or add to it some of his own words.

The sequence of that story is well known. The only thing they gained from eating of the tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil was that their eyes were opened. And is not that what our "modernist" friends want: to "open our eyes"—to "enlighten" us with their blinding light? By so doing, they rob us of the precious promises which are ours through implicit faith in God's Word which is a "lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path."

Man was created in the image of God, with a pure body fit to be the temple of the soul. By his disobedience it became defiled, the object of lust and, losing his innocence, he became aware of his nakedness and wanted to hide it. Before man sinned there was no need to cover his body because to the pure all things are pure. (Titus 1:15).

Later we read that when the children of Israel became dissatisfied with the old fashioned conception of God, they decided to make themselves an up-to-date god, a golden calf as the advanced modern Egyptians had. Moses, we read, saw them "naked," (see Exodus 32:25). a word which became synonymous with sin, shame, ignominy, filthiness.

It seemed that the ancient Hebrews up to the time of the Maccabean victory, were usually "modernists." They changed their gods with the "changing times"; new times—new gods,

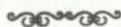
new doctrines, new songs. They did not want any supernatural, doctrinal, transcendental God; they wanted gods which they could perceive with their human senses. "Seeing is believing" was their motto, which is also the truism of our present day "modernists." But the caveman had already believed in this theology. So did the men of later generations; when they used to change their gods in accordance with the time and place, and according to the latest scientific discoveries.

The Hebrew prophets since Moses taught a different theology—a theology to which Christ bore witness and confirmed with His own blood. But the modern "liberal" does not believe it because the natural, i. e., the Adamic man cannot understand the things of God. (1 Cor. 2:14). There are other things which the modernist does not understand, and yet they are true. Is not all science trying to discover and understand forces of nature which have previously not been understood?

Let us not be beguiled by the teachings of the sophisticated "modernists" whose aim is to destroy the faith of our fathers. But let us earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. (Jude 1:3). For the assurance of our redemption rests only upon the Scripture promises and the full conviction that through the redemptive work of Christ alone are we saved.

—Jacob Gartenhaus

(Re-printed from *The Southern Presbyterian Journal* and re-printed in *The Everlasting Nation*, Jacob Gartenhaus, Editor.)



DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won, never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done just by patient trying.
Although young birds in flying fall, still their wings grow
stronger;

And the next time they can keep up a little longer.
Though the sturdy oak has known many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again and again and grown loftier and prouder.
If by easy work you beat, who the more will praise you?
Gaining victory from defeat, that's the test that tries you.

—Contributed by Mrs Thomas Tolley

Practical Everyday Christianity

Christianity is not just going to church every Sunday to worship. In fact, if you do not worship God during the week—every day—you cannot worship on Sunday. Christianity is not something you turn on and off like a water faucet. Instead it is a constant flowing stream flowing from the heart.

Christianity is not just a creed to learn, a doctrine to advocate, or an experience to relate. While it may consist of these things, it is mainly a *way of life*. Christianity does not consist of believing in Christ without doing the things He teaches, and following Him in His way of life. It is an every day, every hour, every minute affair. The teachings of Christ are not complex principles that only the learned can understand. . . Christ's teachings are *practical* to live by, and even the most ignorant (in worldly knowledge) when given the Spirit, can understand and practice these teachings.

Sometimes we become confused by hearing so many "doctrines of men," but let us clear the smoke away and settle on this one basic fact: Christianity, true religion, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. (See James 1:27.) Let it be understood that we do this through Christ, for without Christ we can do nothing. (John 15:5)

Books upon books could be written on this one subject, (John 21:25) but let us think on just a few *practical* teachings that we should practice in this everyday *way of life*.

First, it is, I am sure you will agree, a very practical teaching for us to visit the fatherless, the widows, the sick, for Christ's sake. We are not to be so busy with our own cares that we cannot take time to think of the comfort and encouragement, and needs of others. We are to love our neighbor as ourself, and you are all familiar with the story of "The Good Samaritan" which teaches us who our neighbor is. He may be a person we have never seen before—he may not even be in our "social class." He may be a poor ignorant "darkie," but if

he is in need we are to show him love as we would our own selves and give him what is needed. Yes, this teaching is very practical. Wouldn't this be a different world if this was practiced in everyday life! The principle this teaching involves takes our minds and hearts from our selfish desires and cares and directs our affection and attention to others. American youth especially need to think on this teaching, for they are inclined to think too much for themselves and "dog eat dog" and "every man for himself" is too often their philosophy.

Now, we will hurry on to the other part of the verse which defines pure religion: Keep yourself unspotted from the world. This is another big subject. I wish some of you readers would give some thoughts on it. It involves all forms of worldliness, some of which you have been warned of through these pages. The life of a "worldling" and the life of a "Christian" are two completely different lives. One hates what the other loves and there is no agreement between the two.

Besides all forms of worldliness, keeping ourselves "unspotted from the world" would also involve such things as honesty, obedience, morality, clean conversation, etc. Don't you see how *practical* this teaching is? It effects your very *everyday life*. You either practice this *way of life* every day, or you do not have pure religion at all. You cannot engage in unclean conversation during the week; you cannot think only of self and even pull shady deals during the business week; you cannot amuse yourself with the devil during the week and go to church Sunday with a clean heart to worship God. God does not accept such living! His way of life is *Different*, spelled with a capital "D."

It is true that a man can be moral, clean, honest, and upright and still not be a Christian,—still not possess faith in the Savior, Jesus Christ, but don't forget this: You cannot be a Christian without possessing these virtues, and practicing them in everyday life.

—G. B.

"A man can be moral without being a Christian, but a man cannot be a Christian without being moral."

NEWS ITEMS . . .

HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING? Dr. Fishbein, official in the American Medical Association, recommends that a person suffering from sleeplessness at night should throw back the covers till the body becomes uncomfortably chilly: then cover up again. The resulting cosy feeling will help produce sleep.—Sunshine Mag.

EXTRAVAGANCE!—Featured at the inaugural ball of President John F. Kennedy last January 20 was the world's largest cake, measuring seven feet square at the base, weighing 5,617 pounds, and costing \$10,000 to make and decorate. It was adorned with a three-foot-long replica of The White House and a working model of a fountain. It was made by bakers representing six nationalities—American, Lithuanian, Dutch, Swiss, Polish, and German. Ingredients of the mammoth three-tiered cake included 600 pounds of flour; 500 pounds each of butter, sugar, raisins, pecans, pineapple, cherries, citron, orange peel; 335 dozen eggs; three pounds of cloves, six pounds of nutmeg, two pounds of cinnamon, one pound of ginger, five pounds of baking powder, 20 pounds of water, 400 pounds of marzipan, 60 pounds of apricot jam, and 60 quarts of rum.

LITTLE MEN—In the wind-up of a news item referring to Castro, Paul Harvey said, "When little men cast big shadows, the sun is about to set."

TEEN-AGERS AND SMOKING—The American Cancer Society is distributing a chart with these serious questions for teen-agers: "What are your chances of getting lung cancer? It depends on how much and how long you have smoked. Half a pack of cigarettes a day? Your risk goes up eight times. Two packs or more? Twenty times greater." The cancer society is endeavoring through the schools and youth groups to woo youth away from smoking. Statistical studies strongly indicate that smoking leads to lung cancer.—Awake

DOPE IN THE U. S.—More money is spent for dope in the United States than anywhere else in the world. The high standard of living is blamed for it. Drug addicts registered number 45,000. There are, of course, an undetermined number not yet registered. The Mafia is believed to be behind most of the illegal drug traffic.

U. S. TRAFFIC TOLL—The United States Safety Council estimated that between 37,500 and 38,000 persons died as a result of traffic accidents in 1959, and another 1,400,000 others received disabling injuries. **DRIVE SAFELY!**



CLASSIC WISDOM

A wise old Scotsman, who was a judge, was asked to settle a dispute between two brothers about the fair division of a large estate left them by their father.

"Let one brother divide the estate," said the judge, "and let the other brother have first choice."—Sunshine Magazine



Notes

from

Mom

Dear Young Friends,

Once a very wise old minister was visiting in the home of a certain lady. After they had finished dinner, the lady suggested they now have a game of cards. Of course everyone was pleased except this godly man. However, he made no objection. When the table was prepared for the game, he said very solemnly: "Let us ask the Lord's blessing." The lady exclaimed, "Whoever heard of asking the Lord to bless a card game!" Then the dear minister answered quietly, but seriously: "We should do *nothing* upon which we cannot ask His blessing."

Somehow the game had lost its appeal for those present, and it was broken up before it began.

* * * *

It is so easy to kind of drift into doing things which may be displeasing to God. "Everyone else does it!" we may say, thinking that "everyone" can't be wrong. Well, in the first place, *everyone* may *not* do the thing that is popular at the moment,—but questionable. Here and there will be found a person who thinks for himself or herself, and who will not be stampeded into following the herd. "Everyone does it" is but self-justification for a cowardly person who is not courageous enough to do what he or she wants to do. He allows others to decide for him, often in very important matters—even in the matter of right and wrong.

Don't follow the crowd. Dare to stand on your own feet. Don't be afraid to be different. You will be different all right—outstandingly different!

* * * *

I know there are so *many* ways in this world! What one thinks is harmless, another condemns. There is much confusion.

The many, many alluring things which many say there is "no harm" in doing, so easily deceive us. Our own nature seems easily enticed to the wrong things, and they are so cleverly disguised. Sometimes even a little "good" is mixed along with it. It is this that is most dangerous. If our sinful inclinations can be satisfied, and yet we can see just enough good to justify our conscience, we may travel a long way on the downward path before we realize it.

When our conscience causes us to question, there is always someone to assure us, "there is no harm in it." Here is a good test: If you are in doubt, there is harm in it! There is no question about good deeds. It is like the washerwoman said of the shirt, "If it's doubtful, it's dirty!" If we must look closely to see if something is clean, it isn't.

Anything which is of real quality is never labelled with a question mark.

* * * *

Speaking again of asking the dear Lord's blessing on all we do, this, too, is a good test of what we should do. If we feel we can't ask His blessing, then we know that thing is not pleasing to Him. And I believe those of you who have read this far *do* want to please Him. If you did not care if you please Him or not, you would have tossed this aside before now. You may not yet have decided convictions or understanding of religious principles, but down deep in your heart you fear to displease God. But Satan is very clever to silence the inner uneasiness. Beware of his smooth ways and deception. He may say just a *little* wrong-doing isn't going to hurt; you are young only once; no one is perfect, etc. Turn a deaf ear to him, and listen to the still voice in the depths of your heart. Our heavenly Father is looking. Is He pleased? Can I look up into His dear face and say, "Bless me, dear God?" He speaks softly in the heart, and we may hear Him when we flee from the raucous hawking of the evil one. He cries in our ears like the rasping voice of the "barker" at a circus.

May we flee to the quiet where we may hear the still voice of

God within our heart. He will one day speak in thunderous tones against evil and evil doers.

May God make each one of you wise as serpents to understand Satan's devices, but harmless as doves.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

"Send Me a Man Who Reads!"

If your boy reads a lot, don't worry about his becoming a bookworm. International Paper's new research shows that top high school scholars are also likely to be leaders.

We interviewed 100 high school seniors who had just been awarded national academic scholarships. In one month, 9 out of 10 read at least one book. The total number of books read by these boys was 400.

Then we interviewed 100 seniors who had been accepted by various colleges, but who had *not* been awarded any type of academic scholarship. In one month, only 6 out of 10 read at least one book. Total number of books read: 175. The conclusion is as clear as print.

Men who read more achieve more And they are almost twice as likely to be leaders. Of 100 scholarship winners, 67 were officers of a least one social or athletic organization. Only 39 of the non-winners had a similar honor.

The message is plain. Reading is often a mainspring to leadership. Lincoln once said that his best friend was the man who brought him a book—one that "I ain't read."

Teen-agers are their own best friends. Half the books borrowed from the New York Public Library are borrowed by teen-agers. They spend money for books, too. The classics are now available in paperback form and account for a healthy share of the *one million* paperback books sold every day of the year.

—Printed by permission of International Paper Company

Editor's Note: It is assumed the reading matter is good literature.

Character Lessons

USEFULNESS

Every boy, after leaving school, expects to follow some occupation, and usually begins by being employed by some one already experienced in business. No business man would continue this employment unless the boy were some help to him. Therefore, if the boy wishes to succeed and rise, it becomes very necessary for him to make his services of value.

● The object in work is to be useful. Usefulness is making our work an assistance and benefit to others.

Everyone in the world is bound to the world of men and women, *outwardly* by obedience, and *inwardly* by love and sympathy; and growing out of this is another obligation fully as important, which is usefulness.

The first demand of usefulness is to do one's work in the world, whatever it is, in the *best manner possible*; otherwise the great work of society and of the world cannot go on. Every one has *his part*; each is as necessary as a cogwheel in machinery.

Usefulness contributes to happiness, by giving inspiration, and, therefore, attractiveness to necessary duties, which otherwise would be repugnant and difficult. We should be sure that our sympathy helps others to self-help; otherwise we harm those we would help; and be sure that we give *ourselves*, otherwise we become stingy and sentimentalists. "People do not need alms, they need a friend." No one is useless in the world, who lightens the burden of it for any one else.

Usefulness requires of us to make *the most* of ourselves, which necessitates education. The best preparation for a useful career is the acquisition of knowledge. General knowledge is necessary, but special studies give the only means of real performance. To succeed, either *do* the thing in which you are interested, or *cultivate* an interest in the thing at which you work. Feed your mind; he who feeds only his body keeps on shoveling coal.

Cultivate a taste for reading. Read aloud, which is the *best possible means of acquiring fluent speech*, and is an accomplish-

ment which offers great opportunities for usefulness, as well as entertainment. Read the best books, for well-directed reading goes a long way toward a liberal education. The place where we are to get knowledge, after the professors have done their best for us, is in the books themselves. Carlyle says that the true university of these days is a collection of books. "Books are embalmed minds."

The great interrogation point of this country is, "What can you do?" Knowledge must be converted into faculty. A college course is not an education; it is only the beginning of an education. The college is primarily a discipline, a mental gymnasium; but other things being equal, a college man, as a business man, will outmatch one who has not received that mental training.

Men talk about fortune and friends and other aids to success, but it is the man himself who succeeds, and he succeeds through his usefulness to the world. "Launch a star and it will find the orbit of a star, but it must be a star, and not a puff ball." It will make an orbit of its own, which will determine its relation to all other stars. The size of yourself and the thoroughness and genuineness of yourself and your equipment will determine your orbit. Macaulay said: "The world generally gives its admiration not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempted to do, but to the man who *does best* was multitudes do well."

A young man who had worked up to the position of confidential clerk, became jealous of a new clerk, to whom his employer had just given a raise in salary, exceeding his own. He went to his employer and said: "Are you not satisfied with my work and my faithfulness?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Why, then, do you give this new man more salary than to me?" Instead of replying to the question, the merchant, who was a grain dealer, said: "Do you see that load of grain going by? Run out, and see to whom it is going." The confidential man returned, and said it was going to Wilson's place. "Run out and find out what they got for the grain." He returned and said eighty-five cents per bushel. "Run and find out if Wilson wants any more." He re-

turned and said: "Yes, he wants another carload." At this moment the new clerk came in, and the grain merchant repeated to him his first instruction: "Run out and see where that load of grain is going." In a few minutes the new clerk returned and said: "The grain is going to Wilson's; they are paying eighty-five cent per bushel, and want another carload." The merchant, turning to the confidential man, said: "You have your answer. It took you three trips to find out what this man learned in one." The new clerk had wit enough to know that the merchant did not care about where the grain was going, but if there was a probability of *supply some of the demand, and upon what terms.*

For children, the preparation for usefulness in the world is to be ready to help in *household* duties; to lift the burden from the tired mother; to give attention to what is needed to be done in the daily routine, and *volunteer* to help, before being asked. *Be alive to every need, and quick to help!* Get into the habit of *doing things for others.* Make it a rule with yourself to have "nimble fingers, heart and hand that work together, feet that run on willing errands." Marshall Field's instructions to his employees is an admirable summary of usefulness: "Do the right thing at the right time and in the right way; do some things better than they have ever been done before; work from reason rather than from rule; know both sides of a question; be enthusiastic; work for the love of work; 'do it now'; anticipate requirements; master circumstances; eliminate errors—in short, *strive* toward all those ideals which, if they really were carried out, would make this world a place where competition would be useless."

Many a girl in the country dreams of earning her living in the city; but *home-making* is woman's highest and holiest mission, and education is her work. The great need today is that girls be taught the duties that "*make a home,*" rather than the arts that merely *secure* a home. George Herbert says, "A good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters." "Earth's noblest product is the woman perfected in the wife and mother."

Anything that is gained *without* labor has very little value. It needs the *effort* of earning to give it a substantial value. That

is why gambling is so pernicious. It encourages one to take *something for nothing*, and leads unconsciously to stealing. There is a meanness about the desire to get something without rendering a service. Betting is almost as bad as gambling, for it has the same influence.

EXAMPLES IN USEFULNESS: Robert Fulton, at the age of only seventeen was a portrait painter, and devoted his small savings to the comfort of his widowed mother. He had great inventive faculty, and spent every spare moment in the study of mechanics and useful inventions. When in England, he met Watts, the inventor of the steam engine, which turned his mind toward the propulsion of boats by steam. He realized its immense value to the world and devoted all his energies toward its realization. His application of the idea became a germ of the modern marine engine.

Eli Whitney began life as a maker of nails; but he had mechanical talent, and when his attention was turned to the need of some means of mechanically cleaning the raw cotton, he shut himself up for a winter, and produced the cotton gin, which cleaned one thousand pounds in the time it formerly took to clean five.

Benjamin Franklin is one the greatest benefactors to the race. His life abounded in usefulness, from his lowly beginning to his positions of honor. This simple statement sums up Franklin's greatness, "He thought more, said more, worked more, and did more that was of enduring value, than any man yet born of woman under the skies of free America."

—James Terry White

Words Fitly Spoken . . .

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

Be not simply good; be good for something.—Thoreau

The world desires to know what a man can do, not what he knows.—Booker T. Washington

It is right to be contented with what you have, but never with what you are.—Sunshine Magazine

Some people never know how mean they are until they see their own disposition develop in their children.—The Defender

The uncharitable tell people where to get off; the charitable help them to get back on.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.—Addison

I Saw My Son Running Away

THE TRUE STORY OF A FATHER'S AGONIZING DECISION

STEVE," I asked, "where are you going?"

He scowled. "To see Betta," he said. "I'll be back soon."

Betta was his girl friend. She lived a few blocks away, near the park. A nice girl. Good parents.

Steve is my son, tall, with a broad back, and thick, dark hair. When I held him in my arms, proud of our only son, I told my wife: "He is a gift to the world." And his mother shared my pride with her soft, lovely smile.

For seventeen years he is our son—and a mystery. We do not know him. Strong and headstrong—and maybe a gifted artist. He works at it in spurts of fury. He will draw a laughing bunch of boys and girls, trees in bloom, kids playing in the snow. Gentle things like that. He has promise.

"Come home early," his mother said. "Tomorrow is a school day."

"I said I'd be back soon, Mom. You worry too much."

"Before ten-thirty," I called.

"Okay," he said, and left. It was nine-thirty.

"He'll be all right," I assured my wife. "He's just growing up."

"I don't like those new friends he has," she said.

We had tried to talk to him about his new friends, but we were in two different worlds. The boys a few blocks away were tough. Steve seemed to want to prove that he was just as tough, that he could hold his own. We tried to talk to him about those friends, about living with purpose. It didn't help.

How do walls get so high between parents and a child? Steve used to share the music we loved. We would go to the park and to the concerts together to hear it. Two years ago he got his own record player, with money he saved from a summer job helping commercial artists. He liked his own kind of music, and laughed at ours.

He used to share our faith. A year ago he stopped going to

church with us. Maybe we didn't know how to make it a real living thing for him. He just stopped going. It didn't seem good trying to force him. Every Sunday we asked him:

"Coming with us, Steve?" And he would shake his head.

"You have to be at least thankful."

"Sure, Pop, I'm very thankful."

And he began lying—first little lies, then bigger ones.

"Steve, you can't lie and live with yourself," I said. "You can't lie no matter how the truth hurts. It's against God and it's against man. Lying is stealing with your mind."

"You're making a big thing out of nothing," he said. "If you don't lie now, you will one day."

"Never," I told him. "No matter how it hurts. I couldn't live with myself."

My own son, and I don't know him. What could I do or say to show him the meaning of God and truth? How many parents are there like us?

We went on worrying, and hoping, and praying.

At ten-thirty my wife said, "I won't phone Betta's house. He'll tell me I'm treating him like a baby."

"You lean over backwards not to treat him like a baby," I said.

I went out to find him. Betta was standing in front of her house. "Where's Steve?" I asked.

"He went into the park with the other boys a few minutes ago," she said. "He told me he'd be back soon to say good night. He'd better hurry. My mother has called me twice already."

"I'll find him," I said.

I took the first entrance into the park. Why would they go into the park? It was almost eleven. I hurried, searching the darkness for a movement, a sound.

A few seconds later a man's voice suddenly shattered the silence: "Help! Help!" I rushed toward the noise. Just beyond the glare of a street light four figures bent over a fifth figure on the ground. Racing footsteps were coming down the walk. A flashlight swept the darkness. A cop's

whistle shrilled. The four figures leaped up, ran in my direction. As they rushed into the lamp light I saw their faces clearly and my blood froze—one of them was Steve.

Someone came sprinting from behind me, another policeman. He tripped one boy, thudded his foot down hard on his back, grabbed Steve with one hand.

"Stay right here, Mister!" he ordered me. The first policeman moved towards us, holding the two other boys. They forced all four to a bench. With guns drawn they made them sit down. One policeman stood behind the bench, the second in front. I was standing at one end of the bench, Steve sat at the other end. We did not look at each other.

The man who had been on the ground hobbled over to us, cursing. "They mugged me!" he yelled. "One of them has my watch."

The policeman in front of the bench quickly searched all the boys. He found the watch in one boy's pocket. He found a switchblade in another boy's pocket. The man who had been mugged looked at them one by one, in a blind, cursing rage. He stared at me.

"Who's this guy?" he asked.

The second policeman pointed to the spot under the light where I had been standing. "He was there." They asked me questions: My name, address, what I did for a living, and finally the question that drained the blood from my heart.

"Did you see them?"

I tried to speak. No words came out. My mouth was dry with the taste of ashes. I was trembling. I shut my eyes to shut out the ugliness before me. I couldn't. I was there. My son was there. Three other boys were there. A man who might have been killed was there. I had seen it all.

To myself I said, "No officer. I live just a few blocks away. I was just taking a walk. I heard a man yell, help. But I saw nothing. Nothing."

"Steve, you can't lie and live with yourself. . . It's against God and against man. . . Lying is stealing with your mind. . . You cant. . ."

"Did you see them?" the first policeman asked again.

"Look, Mister," the second policeman said, "This is important. You let a few punks get away with this and they laugh at the law and go on mugging, and worse. Tomorrow it might be your wife, or your kid."

My wife! What would I say to her? Where were the words for that? My mind was an agony, my words came out hoarse: "I saw them."

The policeman behind the bench pointed his ungunned hand at the first. "Was this one?"

I nodded. He pointed to the second boy, then the third. I nodded. He reached the end of the bench. I looked away.

"Was this one, too?"

I couldn't turn my head toward Steve. I nodded.

"You're not looking at him," the second policeman said. "Look at him. Look at him good."

"Steve, you can't lie and live with. . ."

My heart was weeping. I was numb with pain.

"Come over here!" the second policeman ordered Steve. He waved him in front of me with the gun. The policeman behind the bench flashed his light full in Steve's face. I looked up slowly. Steve's eyes were filled with dread.

"Steve," I said, "Steve. . ."

"Steve!" the second policeman said. "You know him!"

"He's my son."

They were the most painful words I would ever utter.

Both policemen stared. The mugged man opened his mouth in disbelief. Steve glared at me, hate and tears filling his eyes.

"Steve," I said, "one day you'll know you can't lie. . . Steve!"

He turned his back on me. . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: Steve and the other three boys have now served two years of a three-year sentence. Here is part of a letter Steve sent his father from jail:

"Dear Dad, I thought about what you did for the thousandth time and hated you for it. But what I see here in prison made a lot of hatred go. All of the guys here are full of hate—and I don't want to hate. . .

"I know now that life has to have truth. Without it, it's no life, here or hereafter. . .

"You asked me to forgive you for saying those words that terrible night in the park, 'He is my son.' You wrote me that those words were not your last words, that your last words would have to come from me, from what I make of myself. I ask you and Mother to forgive me. I pray God that He will too, so the final words will be good words, and you can say, not with pain and shame, but with pride and love, 'He is my son.' "

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Women of the Bible . . .

LOIS

Lois is a beautiful Bible name, which is much in use in our modern times. Anyone possessing this name should realize their sacred responsibility to be worthy of it. The name means *pleasing*. So to live in harmony with the name, one should be a pleasant person—pleasing to God, and to everyone. Added to this they will remember the piety and grace of the first person to bear this name. When we bear the name of a revered person, whose life has been an exemplary one, it inspires us to emulate that person's virtues. Our ancestor who first was given this beautiful name was, Lois, the grandmother of Timothy, the great evangelist of New Testament renown. He was a co-laborer with the great apostle Paul. He had a very wonderful background, of which Paul reminded him in his fatherly instructions. He spoke to him of his faith in Jesus, as being the same unfeigned (which means genuine) faith which both his mother Eunice and his grandmother Lois had possessed. Lois was Timothy's mother's mother. She had been a devout woman, believing in Jesus the Messiah truly and sincerely. There was no hypocrisy or pretense in her devotion. It was unfeigned, true, genuine. She was one of those godly women whose life shone down the years to be spoken of to a loved grandson. It shines on and inspires us yet today as we read in the book of Timothy of her faith.

She had been such a godly example as Paul could point back to and we still may pray for a faith like hers—unfeigned.

She reared Eunice with the same genuine teaching. By her simple unpretentious life and words, she was a shining example of simple faith in Jesus. Eunice in turn gave her son Timothy the same teachings and a godly upbringing.

While it is true that no person, however true, sincere and devout, can give another true religion, still it is a fortunate person indeed who has had godly instruction from youth to adulthood. Certainly God blesses such upbringing as He did in calling Timothy out of this godly family. He can, and often does, call His ministers out of ungodly families, but this must always be a discouragement to them in their ministry, as they remember an ungodly father, and especially if they must with humiliation remember an ungodly mother. What an encouragement it must be to a minister to have in his background a devout mother and father, and on back to grandparents. It is something for him to cling to when weaknesses assail him, when discouragements come. He can't "let them down," or lower the standard they have raised.

It would seem that Paul was using this in his loving instructions to Timothy, whom he loved in the Lord. "I call to remembrance," he said, "the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that is in thee also." Don't we imagine we can see Timothy glow at these words, and a deep feeling of reverent gratitude enlarge his heart as he remembers his gracious grandmother, Lois? While he must feel, as we might say, proud of his heritage, yet he must feel very humble and fearful lest he should fall below her standard of genuine unfeigned faith, lest he should not be, after all, true to her memory and to her Lord and his.

The fruit of the faithfulness of Lois was now being harvested in the outstanding ministry of her evangelist grandson. And as we remember her unfeigned faith, may it be borne in us still today. After all, she is also *our* grandmother, Lois.

—Mrs. W. J. Berry

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

No. 12 of Fifty-Seven Reasons

WHY WE KNOW THAT THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

12. *The hundreds of other definite, detailed prophecies that have been fulfilled, without one failing, prove conclusively that the Bible is of divine origin.*

Fellow citizens and honored jurymen, we are going to call on two witnesses—HISTORY and THE WORLD TODAY—to testify as to the truthfulness or error of ancient Bible prophecies.

The amazing fact is this: *Whenever careful examination is made History and The World Today absolutely, invariably verify Ancient Bible Prophecies.*

The prophet declared that Jerusalem should "be plowed as a field and the mountain of the house (should be) as high places of a forest." (Micah 3:12). Urquhart informs us that the "mountain of the house," the place where the Temple was built, a limited space of about 350 feet in extent, was for generations "*covered with lofty cypresses and others trees.*" The other half of the prediction also has a remarkable fulfillment. Much of the level portion of what was ancient Zion, part of which is outside of the modern walls of Jerusalem, *has literally become a plowed field.* "Phophecy," said that Palestine was to become a mecca for pilgrims and travellers of all countries (Deut. 29:22, 24)—*and it has been, and is;* Egypt was to be humbled, continue as a "base" kingdom, never again to be ruled over by a native prince (Ezek. 29:14; 30:13)—*and these prophecies have all been literally fulfilled;* the Cherethites (Philistines) were to be destroyed as a nation (Zeph. 2:5)—*and they have been;* Askelon was scheduled to become a desolation" (Zeph. 2:4)—*and it is to this day;* Tyre was to be destroyed and become as bare as the top of a rock, a place for

fisherman to spread their nets (Ezek. 26:12-15)—*and all of these predictions have been most amazingly fulfilled, as any visitor to ancient site of Tyre can testify.* And this list of fulfilled prophecies, did space permit, could be lengthened into hundreds of definite examples. And the remarkable fact is that *not one Bible prophecy has ever failed.* This marvellous fact has "stopped the mouths of scoffers and changed the heart of infidels."

The Bible of all books in the world is unique in this respect. "Under Christian religion," said Pascal, noted French mathematician, "I find actual prophecy, and I find it in no other." (About forty years ago, Dr. A. T. Pierson investigated the so-called "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," a prophetic hoax describing modern life, which claimed to have been written in 1448. He found that it was written in 1862 by a Charles Hindley, and palmed off on a credulous public!) We challenge the world to produce any other book of true prophecies as the Bible, or to demonstrate a single failure in the hundreds of Bible prophecies! It can't be done. —Fred John Meldau



HOW A STUDENT RESISTED TEMPTATION

The members of the Junior class, in one of our colleges, had met in a student's room, to spend the night drinking and rioting. Among them was one who had been very successful in his recitation. He was the head of his class. But the day before, for the first time since entering college, he had failed in his lesson. This made him feel gloomy and sad. All the other students were merry and joyful. One of his classmates said to him: "Come, Bob, drink some to this wine. It'll make you feel better."

Just then the tempter whispered in his ear: "Drink once, and forget the past." A great struggle was going on in his mind. "Shall I drink—or shall I not?" he said to himself. He was stretching out his hand, to take hold of the glass, when this passage of Scripture came into his mind: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." He paused. He withdrew his hand. He shook his head, and left the room. He was saved from learning to drink. That young man continued a successful student. He graduated at the head of his class, and is now the president of a college. And all this resulted from the strength he received from the word of God, to enable him to resist temptation, and to do what was right. —Richard Newton

Note: Do any of our readers have or know of any like experiences that you will share with other readers? We invite you to submit them for the help of others.—G. B.

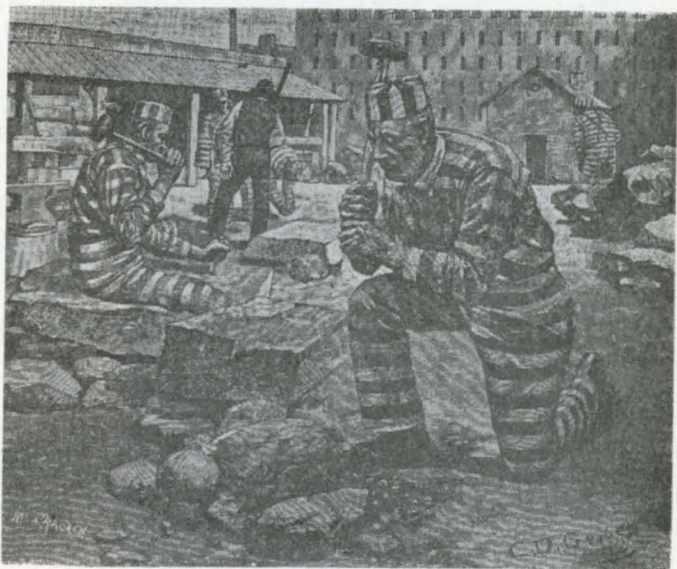
Beware of the First Drink

"Uncle Philip, as the day is fine, will you take a walk with us this morning?"

"Yes, boys. Let me get my hat and cane, and we will take a ramble. I will tell you a story as we go. Do you know poor old Tom Smith?"

"Know him! Why Uncle Philip, everybody knows him. He is such a shocking drunkard, and swears so horribly."

"Well, I have known him every since we were boys together. There was not a more decent, well-behaved boy among us. After he left school, his father died, and he was put into a store in the city. There, he fell into bad company.



"Instead of spending his evenings in reading, he would go to the theater and to balls. He soon learned to play cards, and of course to play for money. He lost more than he could pay.

"He wrote to his poor mother, and told her his losses. She sent him money to pay his debts, and told him to come home.

"He did not come home. After all, he still might have been useful and happy, for his friends were willing to forgive the past. For a time, things went on well. He married a lovely woman, gave up his bad habits, and was doing well.

"But one thing, boys, ruined him forever. In the city he had learned to take strong drink, and he said to me once, that when a man begins to drink, he never knows where it will end. 'Therefore,' said Tom, 'beware of the first drink!'

"It was not long before he began to follow his old habit. He knew the danger, but it seemed as if he could not resist his desire to drink. His poor mother soon died of grief and shame. His lovely wife followed her to the grave.

He lost the respect of all, went on from bad to worse, and has long been a perfect sot. Last night I had a letter from the city, stating that Tom Smith had been found guilty of stealing, and sent to the state prison for ten years.

"There I suppose he will die, for he is now old. It is dreadful to think to what an end he has come. I could not but think, as I read the letter, of what he said to me years ago, 'Beware of the first drink!'

"Ah, my dear boys, when old Uncle Philip is gone, remember that he told you the story of Tom Smith, and said to you, 'Beware of the first drink!' The man who does this will never be a drunkard."

—From *McGuffey's Third Reader*

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"This school represents a vast accumulation of knowledge," a Dean of Agriculture recently remarked. "The professors arrive each fall with so much, the seniors leave each spring with so little, knowledge just has to collect here."

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of another.
—Charles Dickens

Suggested Reading

A
ROMANTIC
STORY
OF
SAILOR
JOHN NEWTON

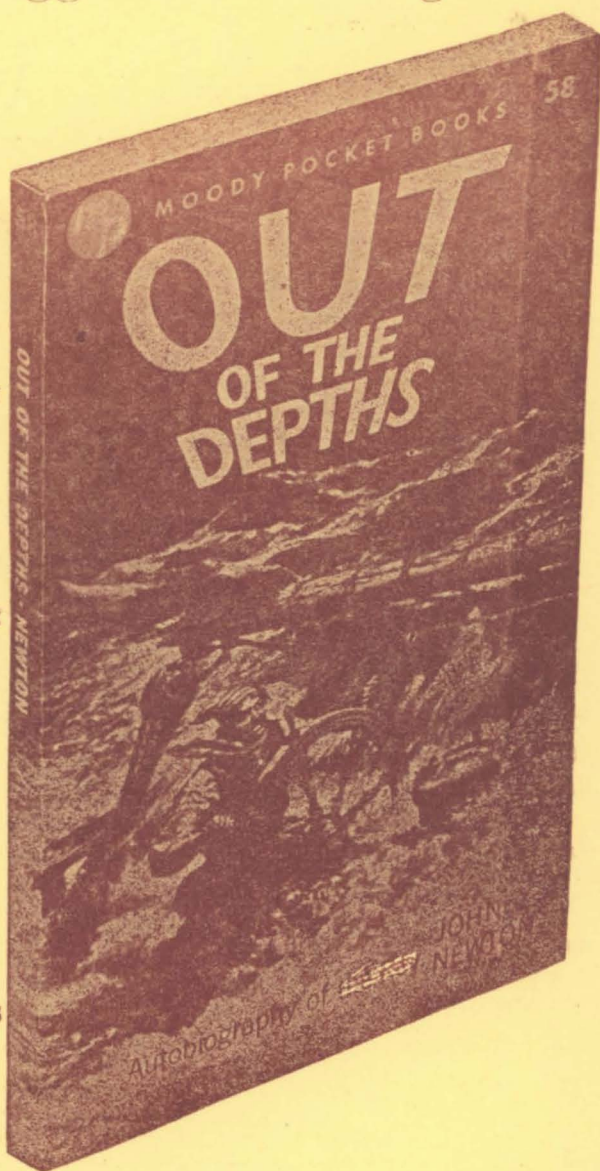
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