

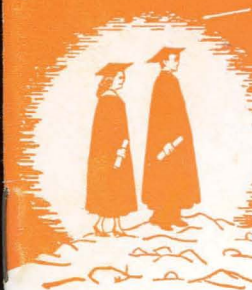
"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12:1



Youth's

Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 6. No. 9—June, 1966

IN THIS ISSUE:

MONEY—

"WHAT'S IT TO YOU?"

VIETNAM LETTER

HIGH COST OF
"POPULARITY"

HIDDEN RAINBOWS

MONEY WORRIES
VS. TRUE RICHES

ISABELLE'S POOR BACK

THE HAPPIEST BOY

\$ MONEY \$

Dear Young Person,

We are thrilled with the material you will find in this issue. Although special emphasis is put on the subject of MONEY, we urge you to read the entire issue. You will find especially instructive VIETNAM LETTER and the true experience, HIGH COST OF "POPULARITY." Don't fail to read these.

"Hidden Rainbows" and "Isabelle's Poor Back" are delightfully enjoyable reading. While you will be amused as these stories unfold, you will find valuable lessons in each,—lessons that we all need and can enjoy putting into practice.

Lately, we have been receiving some especially excellent and valuable letters from you readers. So don't miss "Here Comes the Mailman," and keep writing!

Joyously in His service,

Editor

25 Cents Per Copy

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MONEY--"What's It to You?"

MONEY . . . the substance with which all are familiar.
MONEY . . . a certain amount is necessary for life, yet, like rich fertilizer on plant life, a great deal of it burns out the soul. Indeed, even the *desire* for it can burn out the soul.
MONEY . . . useful as a servant but as a master it is a

YOUTH'S

Living Ideals



Vol. 6. No. 9—June, 1966

destructive tyrant. MONEY . . . in its proper place a blessing, but as a god it is a curse.

"The LOVE of money is the root of all evil." And how most people do love it! The love of money breeds pride, envy, strife, hate, murder, jealousy, selfishness, backbiting, lying, dishonesty, theft, and all manner of evil. MONEY . . . the fuel of progress for civilizations and the false god of the ages.

It is said that someone once asked John D. Rockefeller how much money it would take to satisfy him. His reply was, "Just a little more." Yes, as the Bible describes human nature, "the eyes of man are never satisfied" and "He that loves silver shall NOT be satisfied with silver; nor he that loves abundance with increase: this also is *vanity*." Yes, old John D. spoke the truth: "Just a little more" means perpetual *want* with satisfaction and contentment never being realized. What a *vain* way to live!

An idol or false god is something that is the recipient of one's passionate affection. How affectionate are you with this commodity called "money"? Money not only turns the wheels of commerce but it also turns the wheels that roll its admirers down the broad highway to destruction and hell.

MONEY . . . the captor of men's minds and affection. It robs men's minds of most everything but the thoughts directed toward itself.

Is money one of your gods? Add the time you spend admiringly thinking about money while making it, to the time you worry about it while *not* making it, and the total may be deciphered to read "FALSE GOD."

The Christian psychiatrist, Dr. Clyde Narramore, says, "When a person's thoughts are not controlled by Christ, he tends to compare his situation with that of others and then becomes envious and jealous."

And we might add that when a person's thoughts are not

controlled by Christ, most anything might happen, for Christ teaches that we "cannot serve God and mammon (riches)."

MONEY . . . what is it to *YOU*?

—Editor

Buddy Dial Holds Out Against Drinking

"When Buddy Dial (professional football player) first tiptoed into the bathhouse of the Pittsburgh Steelers, back in the autumn of 1959, he felt as nervous as a goose at a pillow factory."

So begins the article in the *Houston Post*.

"After the workout, quarterback Bobby Layne took Dial into the tavern and ordered a round of suds (beer)," but Dial refused it and said, "Bobby, I don't drink."

"When I say drink, you drink," growled Layne. But Dial was adamant.

"Bobby, I don't drink; no kidding."

Layne was just as stubborn. "I bought you that blankety beer, now you drink it."

Buddy Dial half rose from the bar stool; his pale face had the tense expression of a determined man who saw his duty and was bound to do it. "Bobby," he said in an even voice, "I don't drink with *anybody*."

The astonished Layne looked at him, saying, "You *mean* it? You really don't drink?" He said no more. But from that moment, the rookie from Rice won the respect of the flamboyant quarterback from Texas U."

—Christian Victory



A conscience is not a gadget built for comfort, but an internal time bomb. It ticks away the days, ready at a decisive moment to blow your life apart by turning you against your self-interest or setting you apart from your neighbors.—T. George Harris

*A young medic in Vietnam
writes a touching letter to his
younger brother and sister.*

Veitnam Letter

Phu Bai, Vietnam

Mom and Dad, don't just let Vicky and Roger read these next few lines,—*make* them read them.

When you are young and carefree, your parents can't tell you anything. You have to find out for yourself and a lot of times that can be mighty painful. Believe me, Vic. and Rog., Mom and Dad *do* know what they are talking about. Their ideas may sound a bit old-fashioned and you may not agree with them, but 99% of the time they are right.

When they tell you something, think long and hard about their words before you go off on your own. When they reprimand or punish you, take it as a helpful criticism. They don't hate you or want to punish you, but they do this because they love you and they want the best for you. It took me twenty long years to find this out and now I am very very thankful for what they did for me and if and when you two leave home, you will be thankful also. I used to think I couldn't make good grades in high school. If I had tried I could have.

Dad would say, "Rick, a car is dangerous and they will kill you." Rick said, "That old man does not know what he is talking about. A car is as safe as its driver." I wasn't very safe, was I?

I used to get mad and call Mom and Dad terrible things under my breath. I used to threaten to leave home. I was a real big man back then. I'm not so big and bold now when I go to bed and cry myself to sleep.

When you get to a place like this and watch guys die in

your arms and there is nothing you can do for them except pray, you think about your family and just how wonderful they are. You pray to the Lord you had listened and not been so much of a rebel. It is not silly at all to take your problems to Mom and Dad. That is what they are there for.

Save this letter and the next time you get angry with Mom and Dad, take five minutes to read this letter. Then count to ten and take five more minutes to pray and thank God you are one of the members of the greatest family in the world.

Love,

—Ricky (Tee)

Editor's Note: Thanks for the excellent advice, Ricky. We are praying for your safe return home.

Who Supposes that Gain Is Godliness?

"He is proud, knowing nothing . . . supposing that gain is godliness: from such WITHDRAW yourself. But godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

"But you, O man of God, FLEE THESE THINGS; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto you are also called, and have professed a good profession before many witnesses.

"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the LIVING God, who gives us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute . . ." (1 Timothy 6)



Is your "philosophy of life" GET, GET, GET! or GIVE, GIVE, GIVE?

June, 1966

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High Cost of "Popularity"

A True Experience

Mrs. W. J. Berry

June—the month of brides, it is sometimes called. This time of the year reminds us of our own "happy day." It has been our privilege to "have a peek" into the blissful moments of many couples. It is a joy to follow their lives.

There have been those remembered, too, whose lives have broken our hearts a little. Just now one comes to mind. We will call her Anne, because, of course, this is not her name.

Anne's life *could* have been happy. She had a very kind mother and dad. They wanted her to enjoy all the happiness of youth. She must not miss any "fun," and in this they unintentionally failed her. She was not required to be in early like her friend Judy was. She thought Judy really "had it rough," though Judy told her she liked the feeling of their caring enough to lay down rules to guide her.

Anne was not basically a "bad" girl. But she was influenced by the wrong young people. Some of the girls foolishly warned her that if she acted "stuffy" with the fellows, she would not be popular—and she wanted desperately to feel accepted. She paid the high price of lowered ideals for this "popularity." These girls convinced her that if she discouraged any advance from the boys, they would "drop her like a hot potato."

So, against her ideals, against her own inner character, she allowed that which was to result in a life-time of remorse. She felt the first pangs of this remorse when Gerry came to town. It was then that she first really realized that she had followed bad advice. Gerry was a serious-minded but very pleasant fellow. He seemed to excel in almost everything. He was pointed out by the fellows she had been dating as "Preacher," because of his high standards. We suspect they were a bit envious, too,

because despite his seriousness, he was popular because of his superiority in every way. Anne noticed all this. Besides this, he was handsome! She would have "given her eye teeth" if he would ask her for a date. But no doubt he had heard remarks of some of the fellows. Such fellows love to boast of exploits, and even exaggerate a little. Instead of giving a girl love for which she is so hungry, they inflict the worst wound she can receive.

So Gerry remained aloof. As she wondered about it, she began to take a painful re-appraisal of her life. It hurt her when he began to date Judy. Why? How could he be seriously interested in Judy? She was not as pretty as Anne—anyone could see this.

She had often accused Judy of being snobbish because she did not seem to care that she was not "in" with the crowd. But Anne began to realize that she *was* "in" with the most outstanding boy they knew. All the girls were casting longing glances in his direction, but he had eyes only for Judy, whom all of them held slightly in contempt.

In due time Judy and Gerry were married. Their home is today a shining example of love and dignity.

After Judy unbelievably "walked away with the prize," Anne's heart was heavy. Gerry was just the type of fellow she had dreamed of marrying. Though he never paid much attention to her (except to speak courteously), she had loved him from afar. Or, maybe she just loved his fineness. Many bitter tears did she shed in secret over lost purity, which she thought may also have been the cause of his lack of interest. She was to shed many more through the years.

She was more blessed than some, because, in time, Jack began to notice her. Her former "friends" had long since dropped her, when she began to try to regain her lost self respect. Apparently Jack had not heard any of the remarks. Her past "friends" had no time for her now, and she was forgotten in their interest in girls who were more "fun," and less "square."

Jack was not handsome and by comparison with Gerry, was

*She would be so good to him! Maybe this would
remove some of the shame she felt.*

actually quite dull. But he had the quality of faithfulness and devotion. He never behaved in a way that was less than gentlemanly. But with the dream of someone like Gerry in her heart, it was a long time before she could feel anything but a friendly interest in Jack. In time, however, his faithful devotion, his consideration, his *fineness* began to get through to her heart.

She felt very unworthy of his devotion, and at times was tempted to throw aside her attempts to regain her self-respect. At such times she would think, "I am no good anyway! Why not have a 'good time'?" But Jack's patient devotion acted as a deterrent to such thoughts. He believed her to be perfection itself. She *couldn't* let him down! It would be like slapping an innocent baby! She found her heart more and more drawn to him until the night when he finally gained enough courage to ask her to be his wife. She responded by bursting into tears, and as she cried on his comforting shoulder, simple and innocent person that he was, he thought they were tears of happiness, and he was so happy. She could not tell him the truth. She felt that if she could, her soul would feel cleansed, but it would be cruel to destroy his image of her—the image she so much wanted to maintain and be worthy of. Oh, she would be so *good* to him! Maybe this would remove some of the shame she felt.

Thus did she promise to be his wife. The happy days of preparation *almost* caused her to forget that dear Jack was not getting the person he really thought he was. She forgot, that is, until her dear mother began to plan her wedding dress.

"Oh, Mother," she said, "can't I just wear my blue lace? All that traditional white satin and veil seems just too much!" There was a hurt, disappointed look on her mother's face as she said with a break in her voice, "Oh, Anne, I have dreamed

of the day when I could see you in a lovely white flowing dress, a happy bride,—but, well . . . whatever you wish, Dear.”

Anne, too, had had the same dream, but now it seemed that she just could not stand in the presence of a man of God in spotless white, and promise to belong only to Jack when she felt all soiled inside.

But again, as she had when Jack proposed, she wept, and her mother, too, thought they were happy tears. So she said, “Mom, it is only that you work so hard—I just wanted to keep it simpler. I’ll wear whatever you like, and be very happy.” Again, to keep from hurting someone dear, she could not tell the whole truth. Only her pillow could have told of her sobs of regret that night.

How very easy it is to throw carelessly away that which can never be regained!

The happiness of her wedding day was a dream come true, but often it was as if there was a painful stab in her heart as she thought of deceiving those whom she loved so dearly. But her life was, for the most part, happy and so the days slipped into months. And one day she looked blissfully upon her first darling child. As it lay in her arms it was so precious, so pure. A tiny hand lay on hers like a delicate flower, and as she saw the tiny trusting hand and rosebud lips, her heart broke all over again. If she possessed the wealth of the world, she would have given it at that moment if she could have given the innocent baby a mother who did not feel soiled!

This sorrow eats away at her heart like a cancer, and as she confided her heart-breaking story to me, my own heart broke a little. I wish every girl who is tempted, for any reason, to throw away life’s most precious possession, could feel Anne’s sorrow just for a moment. We could say her story ended happily when so many do not. But for her there can never be that complete happiness, for she alone bears her burden of sorrow for not placing the proper value on God-given virtue.

CHASTITY IS N-O-T—NOT—OUT OF DATE!

'Here Comes the Mailman'



From a Serviceman

Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey

Dear Editor,

I liked your "Angel" paper [a personal correspondence; anyone desiring a copy, write to the editor] and it made me consider my own position. It made me consider to stay more closely within the way, to stay within the "hedge," as Mother would say.

The article on little Philip made me think of "my" children at the pool at Ft. Benning. Children reflect your attitude like little mirrors. Old enough to fear you as an extension of the military authority that governed their lives, a smile or a soft word would make them light up, and they would play as though you weren't even there. It works on the young soldiers, too. Just out of basic, they answer with a curt "Yes, Specialist," or "No, Specialist." But when they are convinced you are on their side, all the fear is gone and a proper classroom rapport is established.

For a long time, I have felt cool toward "Ideals." Now I see it as a sort of rallying point for many young people who are trying to do rightly. I have been touched by articles in a number of later issues. I don't know if you have changed it in some manner or whether I am becoming more impressionable to it.

—Ralph Dorman

"Your Own Values Count," Says University Student

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dear Editor,

I received my April Ideals today; the reading was so enjoyable. "You Don't Have to Drink" was written by a wise newsman, and one strong of character, too, I must add. So important is the realization that your own values count just as much (and more, in my opinion, when they are morally sound and godly) as those of others around you. It is like the poem "Somebody or Nobody"—it takes more "guts" to subject yourself to initial ridicule than to commit an action for the simple sake of fitting smoothly into the group you are with. And may I add another voice to the many who testify that people respect you more if you are not ashamed of your convictions.

"Mom," thanks for the good letter. They are always so good. How much I have seen of this imitation girl—sometimes she even confronts me in my own mirror. May God bless you all.

—Gloria Huffman

Roanoke, Va.

... Some of the articles especially are priceless. Our David enjoys them so very much. Each morning he has a few minutes to read while

waiting for the school bus. He reads either from his Bible or Youth's Living Ideals. This morning he wanted me to read to him. I read several articles, and when I finished reading "The Moody Month of March," he said, "I am going to take that to school and share it with the other children."

I think of you so many times, as I see our own dear sons growing taller each day. Each has a personality of his own, but one we love dearly. I desire to have patience and understanding.

—Rlee Houchins

An Answer to Our Request for Artists

Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Editor,

My twin daughters have been enjoying their gift subscription to your splendid Christian magazine. We were happy to see your invitation to artists in the March issue and my daughter would be delighted to receive a story to illustrate. She is quite talented and would like to teach Art—that is, if the Lord doesn't come to take us Home, as we do believe His coming is near. In view of world conditions we don't put much stock in earthly hopes but rather look for His soon coming which is our "blessed hope." However, while He tarries in the heavens, we seek to do some little work in His vineyard which will be to His praise.

I'm so thankful that both my girls belong to Him. They have been giving scripture verses in answer to the questions asked, as surely God's Word is the only true answer to ALL of man's needs. His condition is hopeless and helpless apart from the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior.

My daughter Elisabeth will be glad to hear from you and send you some samples for story illustration.

May He continue to bless and strengthen your hands in your work with not only the youth through your "Living Ideals," but the parents as well. I am so thankful for your answers and articles upholding God's precious holy Word and His righteous standard.

Sincerely in Him who is our Life,

—Mrs. E. Brown

Dear Christian Editor,

Thank you for sending me the stories to illustrate and for your good letter and tracts. I am returning one story illustrated and will work on the others as soon as I can find the time.

We enjoy Youth's Living Ideals so very much! We just received our April issue for which we are thankful, as we thought perhaps it was lost in the mail since the Post Office is not as dependable as it used to be.

The picture of the early Christians' martyrdom at Rome is very sad, but my mother was glad to see that you have printed it in your magazine, as it should awaken Christians to seek the Lord more diligently. The check enclosed is for two copies of "Martyr of the Catacombs."

Thanking you again, I am very sincerely yours in the Lord,

—Elisabeth Brown

Be Great!

Be great. This does not necessarily mean that you must be famous. The very opposite may be true. Many of the greatest people of the centuries have been unpopular because of the stand they took for righteousness and against sin and wickedness. However, some of them became famous afterwards—perhaps after they died. I think this was true of Paul and other followers of Jesus Christ. Their critics, enemies, persecutors and murderers are gone and forgotten, but such mighty men of God live on in influence. Their names and noble deeds are known to the whole world.

Be great. You may not be highly educated. Some of the best men and women of the world were, and are, minus a great education, but they forged their way forward to noble manhood and womanhood, and by the power and grace of God left their "footprints on the sands of time." Today the world rises up and call them blessed. But if you have a high standard of education, use it to bless mankind. Let your education help you to be great. Don't let it come between you and true greatness, as it surely will if you are educated to doubt God and the Holy Bible, leaving God and the religion of Christ out of your life. This will make you small and dwarfed rather than great and tall.

Be great. Think good and great thoughts; be a student of the Bible and the best in literature. Don't waste your time with trashy, degrading books and literature that is flooding our country today. Such will make you small in mind, heart, soul, and life. No doubt many criminals are the outgrowth of sex literature, of trash that many writers and publishers are putting out. Tommyrot in literature will make you sick—mentally, morally and spiritually.

Be great. Let your greatness manifest itself in your home. There is no better and more important place in the world to greatness than in the home. Just here is where many people win out or lose out. To be kind in the home, loving, patient,

gentle, prayerful considerate, helpful, industrious godly and Christ-like is really the essence of true greatness. But to be mean in the home, selfish, quarrelsome, disagreeable, profane, drunken, gluttonous, careless of the welfare of one's family, proves how little and contemptible one is. No doubt this characterizes thousands of homes today. This causes the separation of husbands and wives, divorces, and thousands of dear children to be thrown out on the cold mercies of a heartless and unfriendly world.

Be great. Live with a worthwhile purpose. You don't have to waste your time in idleness and foolishness. So many people are aimless. It has been said that "low aim is crime." This accounts for the wreck and ruin of many people. They lack high ideals, just drifting along. Why live like that? Look up, *look up!* Good things come from above, from the Father of all blessings.

Be great. Harbor no hatred in your heart. Stand for all that is right and against all that is wrong and contemptible. Aim high. Live for others. Don't dry up in your own little life. Branch out, bear fruit, help your neighbors, be good to the sick, spend some money for the welfare of those about you. Be liberal . . . BE GREAT!

—Walter E. Isenhour

Taylorsville, N. C.

DANIEL WEBSTER: "If we abide by the teachings of the Holy Bible, our country will go on prospering; but, if we neglect its teaching and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us. I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of the Living God. Therefore, I must believe in His authority."

WILLIAM J. BRYAN: "Wherever the moral standard is being lifted up, the improvement is traceable to the Bible, and the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men, through Jesus Christ, His Son, and our Savior and Lord."

Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

In these days of "freedom," there is much discussion—"frank" they call it—of conduct between the sexes. "Dialogue" is a word which is very much over-worked just now. No matter how evil a principle may be, we must discuss its merits (?) by carrying on a "dialogue." Immorality even is made a matter of discussion. After all, what is wrong for *you* may be all right for *me*, they say.

This can be true in matters of mere opinion, not involving the basic moral standards. We do not need a dialogue to explore the question of black and white. We do not need to discuss the matter of morality vs. immorality, chastity vs. uncleanness. It seems some think they can find out by free discussion how immoral one can be, and still be moral. This is most ridiculous. If one is even a little immoral, he cannot by any false conclusions find himself moral. There is no need to try to determine if we may be chaste, or the degree of chastity we must maintain. One is either clean or unclean—there are no degrees, no discussions, no dialogues! Dirt is dirty!—and no amount of talk will make it clean. No amount of "freedom of thought" can make it clean, either. Nothing is *pure* that has even a little poison in it!

* * *

"I" TROUBLE

The other day I heard a person in a rather critical state of mind talking to the person who worked for her. She was a fine person, and I am sure she was not aware of the many times she said something like: "You overlooked doing what I instructed"; "You failed to complete this"; "You have a failing, Ruth, which you should try to overcome" . . . and so, on and on and on. If I had not known Ruth to be a conscientious worker,

thorough and careful, by the number of times I heard "You, you, you," in a complaining tone, I would have sadly misjudged her. I did feel sorry for Ruth, but more sorry for this lady. For she had a severe case of "I" trouble. You might say it was "you" trouble, but the real cause was not "you" but "I." As she talked about various subjects, I noticed that she often told what "I did," what "I told her," etc., of course always casting herself in a favorable part. The other person was usually placed in an unfavorable or wrong position. We feel sorry for such a person, for he or she feels very insecure. This is shown by an unconscious attempt to build one's self up while detracting from another person.

If we find ourselves too critical, finding too often something wrong in someone else; if it seems the world would go all wrong if it were not for us, we have a serious case of "I" trouble!

When *I* am nearly always right and *you* are nearly always wrong, *I*, not you, need to go to our "I" Doctor! He will apply the balm that will help me to esteem others better than myself.

When one belittles others, he proves only that *he* or *she* is little.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM



RESTORED

Restored, blessed Lord,
To Thy light from above,
Comforted, strengthened,
Made glad in Thy love.

Thy smile, precious Savior,
Is sunshine indeed,

Is comfort and solace
And strength for my need.

Thy Word, blest Redeemer,
Thyself hath made good.
By the Light of Thy Truth
Are my footsteps restored.

—Eleanor Brown



We have been so anxious to give our children what we didn't have that we have neglected to give them what we did have.—Sunshine

June, 1966

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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.

QUESTION: "How can we overcome Satan?"



Cheri Baldwin, 16, Fort Worth, Texas: "We can overcome Satan by faith in God, prayer and reading the Bible often."

Agnes Romeyn, 16, British Columbia, Canada: "By nature we can't overcome Satan. But if we earnestly pray and do God's will only, God will help us to overcome Satan."



Cheryl Vass, 16, Floyd, Va.: "By God's grace trying to serve God and becoming more conscious of our sins."

Minnie Jones, Richlands, N. C.: "By looking (through faith in Christ) upon our own evil mind and ways, with godly repentance and godly sorrow. If we overcome evil in ourselves, we have the whole world conquered. Through Christ's own righteousness we lay the devil's kingdom flat down. Paul said, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.'"



Patricia Sandifer, 17, Jackson, Miss.: "We overcome Satan through our Christian faith—that faith and belief in the promise of our God. He (God) will give us the strength needed to overcome the wicked one, and through His grace and mercy we are able to do so."

Sherry Cornell, 17, Graham, N. C.: "Through prayer and Bible study. This shows life's paths and the presence of God. It shuts Satan out."



Mrs. E. Baldwin, Fort Worth, Texas: "By faith and prayer."

Kathy Bledsoe, 15, Fort Worth, Texas: "Satan incites us to do evil. Romans 12:21: 'Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good.'"

WE INVITE ANY OF OUR READERS TO ANSWER THESE
WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM MORE OF YOU

Send us your thoughts on these questions and ask some of your own:

1. "When a person refuses to subject himself to seeing, hearing, or reading vulgar or profane things, is he hiding from reality? (What is reality?)"
2. "We often hear of our 'right to vote.' I wonder, since we, as Christians, are not of this world, do we have this 'right to vote'? Should we, as citizens of a different world from this mortal one, exercise such a 'right' even when we become of age?"
3. "Is it wrong to go skating at the colosseum or skating rink?"
4. "To whom is it our duty to visit?"
5. "What kind of pleasures can a Christian enjoy,—or is a Christian supposed to have pleasure?"
6. "What is the will of God for His children as members of society?"
7. "How old should a girl be before she can have here first date?"
8. "WHAT should we pray for?"
9. "Should EVERYONE be expected to live and believe as strictly as we of the Round Table strive to do? Why or why not, and how should we treat people who don't?"
10. "Is it best for teen-agers to go on double dates or should they go alone?"
11. "Is it right for a Christian to date or marry one who is not a Christian?"
12. "How do we keep a friend's friendship?"
13. "Are games of 'chance,' buying 'lucky tickets,' and the 'sweepstakes' a form of gambling? Is it wrong to take part in these things?"
14. "Should women wear pants?"

Hidden Rainbows

"Hey, Ben,

... what's your hurry? I ain't told you about that hobo setting fire to my barn. And did you hear about Harwood Steele riding into town in a car a block long?"

"Sure, Ben. Why the big rush?" Protests rose in unison from the men grouped around the store entrance.

Usually after loading up his week's supplies, Ben Anders enjoyed hanging around Murph's General Store to catch up on the countryside news—especially when he had a few gems of his own to contribute.

Instead, he grimaced at a bank of thunderheads and climbed into the pickup. "Those clouds mean business. Besides, Rosemary's needing flour for her baking."

Waving briefly he swung onto the asphalt road, past the ancient, balconied, two-story hotel and the combination bank-post office, past the combination church-schoolhouse.

How could he help hearing of Harwood Steele's return? His four-party line had buzzed with the news. By now everyone in Glendale and the surrounding area who had a telephone or a nearby neighbor, knew Harwood was remodeling the old farmhouse and planned to experiment with hydroponic vegetables.

"A lot of nonsense," Ben muttered to himself as the first big splatter of rain struck the windshield. "What does he think the Lord made good rich soil for? Harwood should have stuck to his airplane manufacturing and left the farming to us farmers."

All the way home, racing against the full-scale downpour, he brooded about Harwood Steele.

Rosemary bubbled with chatter as she helped him unload the truck in the rain. "Harwood Steele was here. I gave him some fresh bread and blackberry jam. He waited a long time for you." She helped Ben take off his wet jacket and brought

*"That Harwood gets everything," he'd complained
to his mother.*

him dry shoes. "I told him you'd been anxious to tell everyone at Murph's about our Benjy's deciding to do his doctoring right here in Glendale instead of Atlanta—and about our Helen's having twin boys last Wednesday. . . . What did they say at Murph's Store?"

"Didn't tell'em." Ben stood at the window, glaring out at the rain and jags of lightning. "All they were interested in was Harwood and his big shiny car and his newfangled farming ideas," he shouted above the thunder.

"Now, Ben, don't be unreasonable. Harwood's been away for a long time. You know how folks are."

"I *know* how folks are. Like a bunch of silly kids. So Harwood Steele's back. With harebrained notions of raising giant-sized tomatoes and strawberries with some magic potion from a chemist's bottle, without so much as getting his hands dirty."

Ben scowled at his untouched food and stomped to the door, snatching up his hat.

"What's eating you, Ben? Harwood said you were old friends."

Ben didn't answer. The door slammed behind him. It had stopped raining. He strode through the wet grass toward the hill where, now that the children were grown and educated, he'd planned to build his and Rosemary's new house. Looking at the sketches, he'd thought it was a fine house.

"A cracker box, really," he growled aloud, "compared to the house Harwood aims to build."

Ignoring the dampness, he sat on the broad rock overlooking his terraced acres, the rain-saturated furrows resembling green embroidery on black velvet.

Beyond the knoll, hammers staccatoed against new lumber. Already flat-bed trucks wound up the serpentine road to Harwood's place, unloading cement and crab-orchard stone from Nashville.

Ben kicked at a moss clump. Well, what *was* eating him? But he knew. No wonder he'd headed straight for the rock.

Throughout his boyhood he'd sought out this same rock to sulk and glower across the fields at the Steele place—and envy Harwood Steele.

First it was over the sorrel pony Harwood received for his eighth birthday; again when Harwood went off to Camp Onega; once, in high school, it was over Kaye Parris who'd preferred Harwood's yellow convertible to Ben's jalopy; and later, when Harwood went to Columbia University and Ben had had to resign himself to the fact that his formal education was ended—except for the School of Life.

Old friends? Well, hardly—rivals was more like it.

"That Harwood get's everything," he'd complained to his mother.

"It would depend on what one considers *everything*," his mother had said, crimping the pie crusts with a fork.

But her words were no solace. Ben had sulked all night on the rock in solitary bitterness, hating the cricket sounds, the whippoorwill's plaintive cry, the smell of dew-wet earth; then, finally, the four a. m. yellowing of light from the Steele place as the convertible was loaded with young Harwood's college gear.

Now, Ben wondered, what have I done with my life? What have I to show for the years?

He heard Rosemary calling from the porch; but, like years ago when his mother called, he didn't answer.

"Sorta figured I'd find you here." The voice behind him was breathless from climbing the hill. "Ben, you lucky rascal. Thirty years hasn't damaged you a bit." Harwood's handshake was firm; his voice rang with sincere enthusiasm.

"Glad to see you back, Harwood," Ben watched Harwood labor to settle on the rock beside him. Success and all that easy living had given Harwood a paunch. "Hear you aim to go in for hydroponics."

"On a small scale. I'm retiring, really. Got to slow down now that my ticker's acting up." Unmindful of his Italian silk suit,

*"My folks were so busy building my financial future,
they forgot about my childhood."*

Harwood leaned back against a hump in the rock. The huge diamond flashed as he gestured toward the shading maples. His eyes openly appraised Ben's lean hardness and obvious good health.

"This rock hasn't changed either. You and this rock. Big Ben's throne, I used to call it." He heaved to a sitting position, his gaze fastened on the rainbow that arched above the hill. Then he laughed. "And you still get all the rainbows."

Ben was puzzled. "What kind of crazy talk is that?"

"Your delightfully charming Rosemary. Youngsters with a special purpose in life. And rainbows."

They listened to the sudden silence as the whine of the saw and the hammering ceased at the Steele place.

Harwood laughed again. "I used to sit down there in that big, lonely house, with my rheumatic heart and my sorrel pony and my yellow convertible, and watch you sitting up here on this rock. I'd think, Ben's up there on his rock throne waiting for his pa to take him fishing. Or his grandpa's going to teach him to run the threshing machine. On rainy days, I'd think, Ben's ma's baking him apple pies and they're all sitting around the table listening to grandpa's yarns about pioneer days. And when the rain stopped, the rainbow always curved above your hill and your rock and your house with your wonderful close-knit family inside."

It was Ben's turn to laugh. "Oh, come on now, Harwood. You were the boy who had everything."

"It would depend on how we measure *everything*." Harwood crushed a ball of moss in his fist. "My folks were so busy building my social and financial future, they forgot about my childhood. *Everything*, for me, would have been fishing trips with my pa, my ma baking special things in the kitchen. And rainbows. But you always got the rainbows, Ben."

Ben knew that Harwood—preoccupied in the rat race of getting ahead—had never married. He had no Rosemary whose greatest delight was in doing for her family, quick to give and slow to demand, worrying and fussing over him when he was sick. No sons to be proud because he'd built a future for them, based first and solidly on family love and sharing of simple joys.

And, he thought, Rosemary's keeping my supper warm. There's a pot of coffee on. And the kitchen smells of fresh-baked bread and cinnamon and buttery pastries.

To Harwood he said, "Come on, old friend. How about a slab of hot apple pie and coffee? Rosemary won't take no for an answer."

The two walked down the hill in the waning sunlight—the rainbow faded now. But Ben, seeing Rosemary at the window, thought, I reckon happiness is sort of like a rainbow: sometimes we can't see it for chasing it.

—Vyvyan M. Henson in *Sunshine Magazine*, Litchfield, Ill.



THE GRADUATE'S PRAYER

Father, I have knowledge,
So will You show me now
How to use it wisely,
And find a way somehow
To make the world I live in
A little better place,
And make life with its problems
A bit easier to face?

Grant me faith and courage
And put purpose in my days,
And show me how to serve Thee
In the most effective ways.
So all my education,
My knowledge and my skill
May find their true fulfillment
As I learn to do Thy will.

And may I ever be aware
In everything I do,
That knowledge comes from learning—
And wisdom comes from You.

—Helen Steiner Rice

Mother to teen-age daughter: "You'd better get a hair-cut—you're beginning to LOOK like a BOY!" [What a switch!]

The Guide Book

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR DAILY LIVING

BY THE EDITOR

MONEY WORRIES Vs. TRUE RICHES

MONEY WORRY—or any other kind of anxious worry—is unbelief and sin.¹ And there is a world of unbelief in the Christian believer. No wonder the man cried to Jesus our Lord, “I *believe*, help Thou Thou my *unbelief*!”

The realization that even in the days of Christ believers had unbelief abiding in them *should not* make us satisfied or complacent about the unbelief in *us*! But rather should encourage us to lay this sin at the cross and cry, “Lord, help my unbelief; cast it from me and *fill* me with the *reality* of true belief.”

WHAT IS REAL BELIEF?

It is practical, livable, abiding trust in God through Jesus Christ the Son by the Holy Spirit. It is complete reliance on His Word,—His warnings, His instructions, His promises.

Real belief is *reality*. It is not a “pie in the sky” theory of religious principles. It is down-to-earth living in the will of God.² It is God directing our thoughts and life to His glory. It is utter dependence on Him in every area of life.

What are some of these realities of belief? To list only a few, that—

- “I have set the Lord always before me; because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.” (Psa. 16:8)
- “The angel of the Lord encamps round about them that fear Him, and delivers them.” (Psa. 34:7)
- “I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait I say, on the Lord.” (Psa. 27:13, 14)
- “Blessed is he that considers the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.” (Psa. 41:1)
- “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer (permit) the righteous to be moved.” (Psa. 55:22)

- "Trust in Him at all times; you people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us. . . . Trust not in oppression . . . if riches increase, set not your heart upon them." (Psa. 62:8, 10)
- "Great PEACE have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them." (Psa. 119:165)
- "Thou wilt keep him in perfect PEACE whose mind is stayed on Thee." (Isaiah 26:3)
- "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusts in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about. BE GLAD in the Lord: and shout for JOY, all ye that are upright in heart." (Psa. 32:10, 11)
- "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be FULL." (John 15:11)
- ". . . be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for ALL things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Eph. 5:18-20)
- "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." (Rom. 8:28)

* * * *

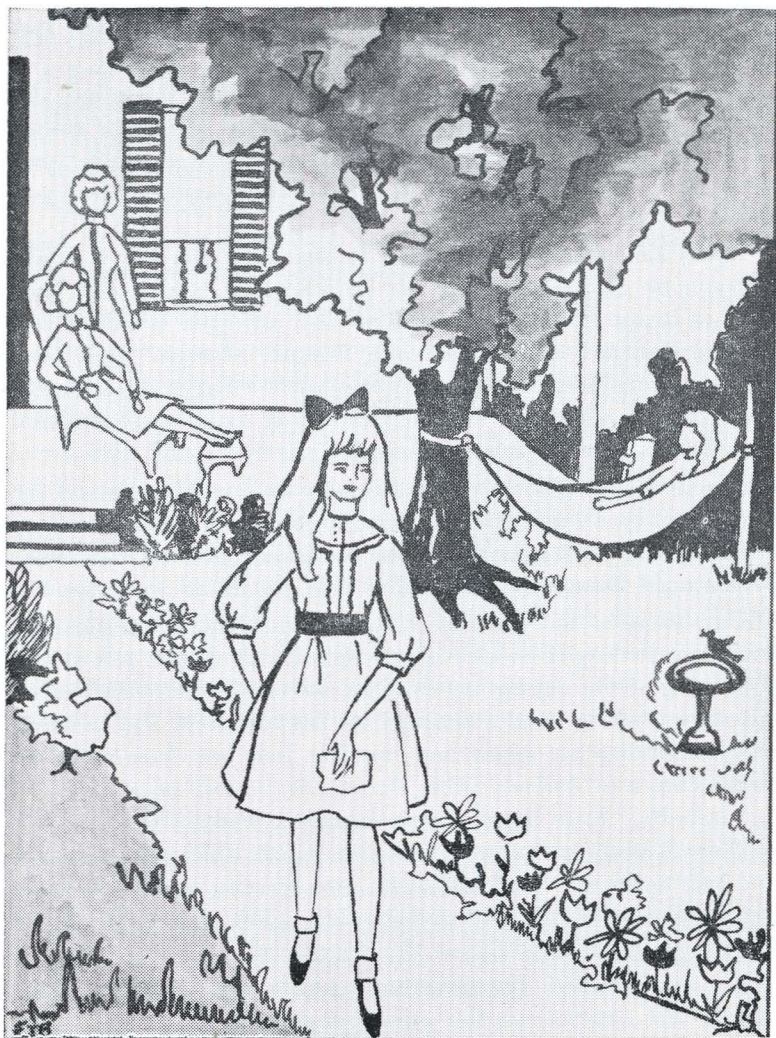
Are you a Christian? Are you a *heart-believer* in Christ? Then how, just *how* can you be jealous, greedy and envious of another?³ Besides your "meat and drink" being the promises and words of God, consider that you *own the whole world!* Yes, even the universe, the billions of stars, the galaxies, the sun and the moon. The natural and the spiritual universe is *yours!* You are a "joint-heir" or owner with Christ your Lord. So just *how* can you be envious of another who is using some of the things that you own. If you have Christ, you have everything! Do you find your completeness in Him?⁴ If you are in Him, you are eternally RICH!⁵ You are rich *now* and your riches will be gloriously revealed throughout eternity in perfection.

May the grace of God give you joy and keep you in His way, for you cannot keep yourself. May His riches⁵ be *real* to you.

References:

1. Matthew 6:7, 8; 7:19-34.
2. Romans 12:1, 2.
3. Titus 3; 1 Peter 2:1; 1 Cor. 13:4; Rom. 1:29-32; T Tim. 6:3-12.
4. Col. 2:10; 4:12.
5. Rom. 9:23; 2 Cor. 8:9; Eph. 1:17, 18; 2:7; 3:8, 16; Phi'p. 4:19.

FOR A PROFITABLE TREAT, we suggest you look up the references listed here as you read this article the second time.



—Art Work by Elisabeth Brown

Isabelle's Poor Back

"I THINK," said Mrs. White to the nurse one hot afternoon,
"that you had better have that prescription filled before dark,

June, 1966

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for I may need the medicine in the night. You can have one of the children run to the village with it."

"Please, ma'am, will you tell me which one?" replied the nurse. "Isabelle said her back ached awfully when her father asked her to go for the mail, so Lottie had to go both times today, but I don't like to ask the dear child again unless you say so."

"Well, I'm afraid I shall have to say so, Kate, but I would like you to give the message to Isabelle first, and if her poor back is in too critical a condition, why my little stand-by will have to journey again. Just one minute, though," and Mrs. White, taking back the prescription with a funny little smile, added a few words in French, handed it again to Kate, and leaned back wearily in her chair.

Isabelle's weak back was getting to be an old story in the White family. It was always found to be much worse on busy days, when favors were likely to be asked, and an interesting book would have to be put aside.

Kate stepped out on the veranda and looked perplexedly from one little girl to the other. Isabelle, as usual, was in full possession of the hammock, deep in one of Miss Alcott's charming stories, while Lottie, perched on the top step, was contentedly munching an apple and fanning her hot face with her tennis cap.

"Isabelle," Kate began, "your mamma wants—"

"Now Kate, you know I told you before that my back was too bad to do any walking today, and the sun is sure to make my head ache. If it is that prescription again, that settles it, for I never could walk as far as the druggist's."

But at the word "prescription," Lottie was standing ready to take the paper from the nurse's hand.

"Is poor mamma worse? What is it? I'll run!" and the hot sun and the little tired feet were forgotten, while a loving heart was eager to perform some service.

"Bless you, Lottie, child. I wish I could go for you, but your mamma can't spare me just now," and with a withering look at Isabelle's poor back, which was all that was visible of

that young lady, Kate went indoors.

It took fully an hour to go and come from the village, including the wait for the prescription to be filled, and mamma had been made comfortable on the lounge in the shady corner of the veranda when Lottie again put in an appearance.

"Oh Mamma! how sweet of you to give me such a lovely treat. It made me so cool and rested," and two loving arms were thrown around Mother's neck.

At the word "treat" Isabelle was all attention.

"Did you give Lottie money for soda, Mamma?" she asked, but catching the twinkle in Mamma's eye she added:

"Well, I couldn't have walked so far, anyway, for my back is too bad. But it's just my luck, anyway!"

"Yes, dear, it is 'just your luck.' I didn't give Lottie money for soda, but I did write on the prescription an order to give the bearer an ice cream soda. For I thought if a little girl with a lame back could go, she would certainly need it, and if a little girl was willing to take that long walk for the third time today, she would deserve it. Now run, Lottie, and have a cool bath, and get dressed and rested for supper," and Mrs. White called out a cordial greeting to a merry party coming up the driveway.

There were five of them—all girls—packed in a very small dog-cart, drawn by a wise old donkey.

All five alighted at once, tumbling over the sides and back, and a rush was made for the veranda.

"Oh, Aunt Jenny," came a chorus of voices, "Mamma wants to know how you are feeling today, and if the girls can come over for an early supper with a little tennis. The boys are home again, and it will be jolly fun."

"How perfectly lovely!" and Isabelle, forgetting that she had a back, jumped up and waltzed around with her cousin.

"There girls, do quiet down, for just one moment till we talk it over," and in a few words Mrs. White explained how Isabelle had been confined to the hammock all day with a book—her back being too painful for her to venture out at all.

But she thought that Lottie in about an hour would be dressed and rested enough to join them.

Poor Isabelle had subsided again into the hammock, and her face was a study. The sad fact was just forcing itself into her selfish little head that she was really going to lose this lovely evening all on account of a back ache which she could honestly say at this minute wasn't near her back, at least.

"Really, Mamma, the pain is all gone. Do believe me! I feel quite well."

"Yes, little daughter, I do believe you. But a back that has been too weak to stir all day cannot get strong in a minute, and I shall see that it is not strained by tennis at all this Summer until it is strong enough to bear a walk to the village once if not twice a day, if necessary."

Nothing more was said on the subject, but a very sober little girl did some hard thinking as she sat in the library window that evening and listened to the "katy-dids."

And you would be surprised to know how little the White family were troubled with complaints of Isabelle's poor back after that.

—Selected

Words Fitly Spoken

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

Take my word for it, it is not prudent to trust yourself to any man who does not believe in a God or in a future after death.

—Sir Robert Peel

•
A man's wickedness sets Christianity against him before he can have any temptation to set himself against Christianity.—S. Davies

•
A friend of mine recently made this expression: "God thinks an awfully lot of His Son." How true! He thinks so much of Him that whoever does not believe on Him (Christ the Son) is condemned to an eternal punishment. Whoever does not believe on Him shall perish. But whosoever will believe on Him shall NOT perish but will have everlasting life.

•
They should be first among all, who contribute most to the good of all.—Mazzini

•
"You are worth more than the birds. Worry is NOT for the birds."
—Carl Ketcherside in Christian Youth

A Young Man Encourages Family Prayer

The following letter of a master tradesman, to a clergyman, is an encouraging instance of the benefits of family worship, and a case so much in point as to deserve a place [here].

"Respected Sir: When I first began business for myself, I was determined to be conscientious with respect to family prayer, and accordingly I persevered, for many years, in the delightful practice. Morning and evening, every individual of my family was ordered to be present, nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account.

"In a few years the advantages of these enjoyments appeared manifestly conspicuous; the blessings of the upper and nether springs followed me; health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length such was my rapid increase in trade, and the necessity of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think family prayer occupied too much time in the morning. Pious scruples arose respecting my intentions of relinquishing this part of my duty. But at length worldly interests prevailed so far as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices, and not long after it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of my business, to make prayer with my wife, when we arose in the morning, suffice for the day.

"Notwithstanding, the repeated checks of conscience that followed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospects of an increasing family, appeared so imperious that I found an evil excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether.

"My conscience was now almost seared, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by the following providence:

"One day I received a letter from a young man who had been my apprentice previous to my omitting family prayers. Not doubting but that I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on that subject. It was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms; but judge my surprise and confusion when I read these words:

"... never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privileges with which you indulged me in your family devotions. Oh! eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learned there. It was there that I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner; it was there that I first knew the way of salvation, and there that I experienced the preciousness of 'Christ formed in me, the hope of glory.'

"Oh, Sir, permit me to say, never, never neglect those precious engagements: you have yet a family and more apprentices. May your house be the birth-place of their souls. ..."

"I could read no farther. Every line flashed conviction in my face. I trembled—I shuddered—I was alarmed at the blood of my children and apprentices, that I apprehended was soon to be required at my hands. Filled with confusion and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized and—but you can better conceive than I can describe my feelings. Suffice it to say that light broke in upon my soul. A sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained.

"I immediately flew to my family and presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present, I have been determined through grace, that whenever business becomes too large to permit family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part and retain my devotion."

—From Circular Letter of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, 1838
(Selected by Charles Hampton)



LIVING FOR JESUS

There is only one thing should concern us,
To live for Jesus each day,
To try to remember to please Him
In all that we do and say,
For then at the end of life's journey,
We will see Him face to face,
And abide with Him forever
In Heaven that wonderful place.

—Elaine Brown

To the flagging saint, heavy and slothful in his walk, I can say,
"Up, for the Lord is at hand; work while it is day; look at the dying world, all unready for its Judge; cast off your selfishness and love of ease!"
—Selected

NEWS ITEMS . . .

• **MOTHER'S LOVE**—When the Kelly's car dropped 900 feet from a highway in the San Bernardino mountains in California, Mr. Kelly was crushed to death but his wife and a five-year-old child survived, though the mother was seriously injured. They were not found until several days after the tragedy. Suffering intensely, Mrs. Kelly kept her child alive through the chilly nights by opening a vein in her arm and feeding the boy her own blood.—Christian Victory

Editor's Note: And Christ gave His blood that His children would live and not die. Oh! the wonder and mystery of that Royal Blood coursing through our veins if we have been made partakers of Him!

• **MOST POTENT VENOM**—A scientist with the National Institute of Health has found out that poison from the skin of a tiny South American tree frog is far more toxic than any other known venom. Rain forest Indians use the venom from the skin of the Kokoi frog to poison their blowgun arrows.—Christian Victory

• **ALCOHOLISM AND ACCIDENTS**—A recent University of Michigan report reveals that 50% of all fatal accidents are caused by chronic alcoholics.—Christian Victory

• **NEWSMAN WRITES OWN OBITUARY**—and blames smoking for his death—HONOLULU (UPI)—Mark Waters, 56, veteran newspaper reporter, died yesterday of lung cancer at Queens Hospital.

Waters wrote his own obituary six days ago, and his newspaper, the Honolulu Star-Bulletin, printed it in full after he died. He made the final proof corrections only hours before his death.

"Cigarettes were the death of me," was the lead sentence in the obituary. He went on to outline his belief that his cancer was caused by cigarette smoking, which he said he started when he was 14.

"Whether this story will stop anyone from smoking, I don't know. I doubt it. Not a soul I've preached to has quit smoking. It's one of those things. You always think, it'll happen to the other guy—never to me." He ended his obituary by writing, "I don't have a ghost of a chance. It's too late for me. It may not be for you."

"What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God IN YOUR BODY, and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor. 6:19, 20)

• **WOMEN'S DRESS**—The head of the Maid of Cotton judges said recently: "There are many who feel that skirts, like taxes, have been too high, too long."—Christian Victory

Editor's Note: Think about it! In the light of the Bible injunction for Christians NOT to be conformed to this world, and its fashions, does it not stand to reason that the Christian lady should wear her dresses fuller and longer than her unbelieving contemporaries? Should there not be some difference even in dress, especially when the current fashion is immodest. To test whether a dress is immodest or not, judge it by the way it appears when the wearer is sitting down. And then go and "dress in modest apparel."

FOR THE KIDDIES



The Happiest Boy

ONCE there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures, toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, a row boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day a man came to the king's court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: "I can make your son happy, but you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

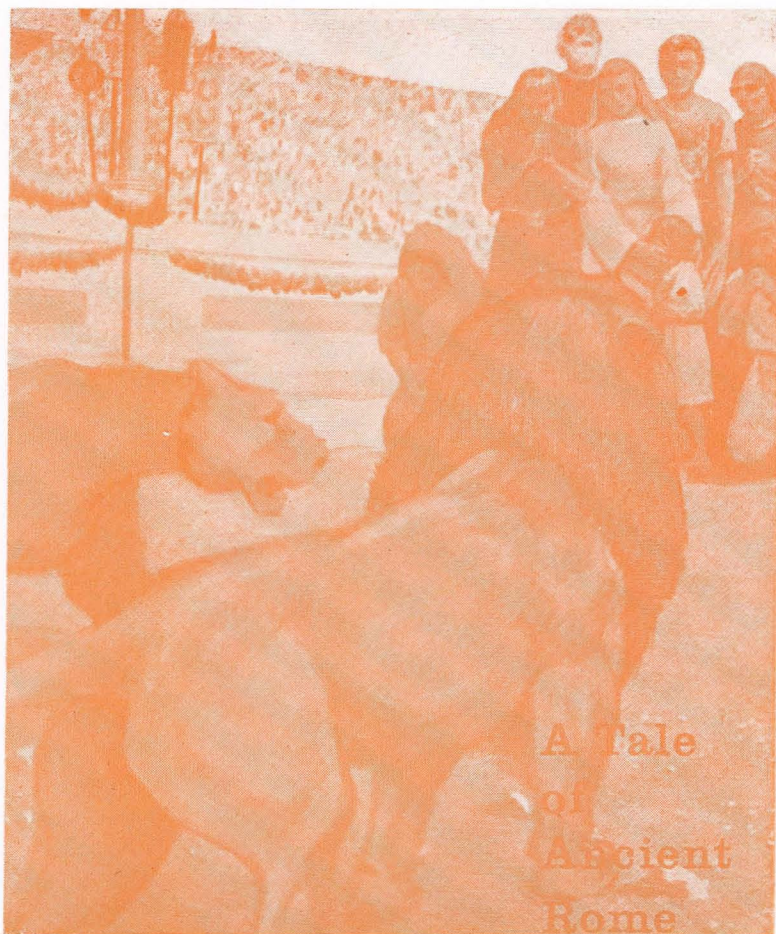
So the man took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to someone every day!"

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

—From *How To Be Happy* (Contributed by William Frasher)



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