

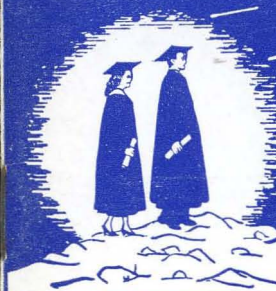
"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12:1



Youth's

Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 5. No. 2—November, 1964

IN THIS ISSUE:

TEENAGERS
SPEAKING OUT

•
WHEN OUR
PILGRIM FATHERS
PRAYED

•
EDUCATION
VS. THE AUTOMOBILE

•
VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

•
THE LAKE OF GIVE

•
IS CHRISTIANITY
PRACTICAL?

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them. But let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles by the mere power of attraction.

The unthankful heart, like my fingers in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings. Only the iron in God's sand is gold!

—H. W. Beecher

Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

Published monthly in the interest of young people.

Glen Berry, Editor

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◀ IS IT TIME FOR YOU TO RENEW? ▶



Two groups of teen-agers were interviewed regarding the cause of the crime wave and juvenile delinquency. Each group gave entirely different answers. Read why.

TEENAGERS

Speaking Out

MOTHER, COME HOME." The words struck my ears as I was walking down the street the other day. I turned to see a boy about four years old and a girl about seven standing at the door of a saloon. They had pushed the door open a few inches and were calling inside. Mother came, but not to go home. She came running out of the saloon and chased the children around the corner, shouting for them to go home.

She was a woman of about thirty-five, quite attractive in her day, but now under the influence of liquor—and barefooted! Returning from the chase, she embraced two or three men along the street, and then attempted to dance a hula for their entertainment, singing at the same time: "Oh, it's too late to worry; it's too late to care."

This same scene was re-enacted several times during the next few minutes. The mother would go back into the saloon, the children would call, the mother would chase them around the corner, do her dance and song, then go after more stimulant.

YOUTH'S

Living Ideals



Vol. 5, No. 2—November, 1964

I watched, sickened. Here was not a case of juvenile delinquency—the children were too young to be delinquents—but of parental delinquency. Perhaps, I thought, this is the key to the almost unbelievable problem of juvenile delinquency now sweeping our nation. I decided to find out, by going to the teen-age young people in the town where I work.

I asked each to discuss the problem from the standpoint of his personal acquaintance with it, as he found it among his own associates. Here is what these young people told me:

Girl.—The situation is worse than you can imagine. At least half of the young folks I know have gone to the bad. In most cases both parents are working, leaving their children at home with nothing to do and without supervision. There are few recreational facilities in this overcrowded city. All there is for the young folks to do is to go to the movies, get drunk, or walk up and down the street looking for trouble. The older ones get started doing terrible things and the younger ones follow. I believe that parents should not only set a good example for their children, but that one of them should stay home to help in their guidance.

Boy.—I haven't been here very long, but long enough to know that there is a serious situation among the young people. Parents go off to work, leaving their children without supervision. A town full of sailors and soldiers like this one is no place for children to be reared, anyway, particularly girls. Young fellows stop over here for a few days before going overseas, with little sense of responsibility as to what they leave behind. Parents do not seem to love and care for their children as they should. What other guide for our conduct do we have than that given us by our parents?

Girl.—I know conditions are terrible among the young people in town, but I don't believe the town has any right to make us go home in the evening with a curfew. Some of us can behave ourselves, and they should not make us all suffer because of some who do not know when to stop. Parents should stay home and see that they behave themselves. If they do not

be responsible for the conduct of their children, and should behave, it's the parents' fault.

Boy.—Parents are too old fashioned. They try to make us behave as they used to have to behave. It seems to hurt them if we have a good time. We are now young men and young women, and no one has the right to tell us what to do and what not to do. It's nobody's business but ours. If we get into trouble, we have to pay for it, not our parents, so they should leave us alone. We want to have a good time without any old fogies around preaching at us, trying to spoil everything.

Other young folks I talked to had similar ideas. Almost all of them blamed the parents for the misbehavior of young people: The parents either were away and failed to exercise any control, or else they tried to exercise too much control, causing the young folks to "revolt against parental dictatorship." Almost all of the young persons interviewed agreed that the juvenile problem among their associates is serious today, particularly in the matter of drinking, stealing and morals; but not one seemed to feel, or was willing to admit, that he himself was any kind of a problem to the city or to his parents. Many of them expressed their hatred of attempts by their parents to control them, saying that parents should control by example, not by force. In general, they seemed restless and dissatisfied with the enjoyment they are getting out of life, feeling that there should be more for them to do. In none of these cases did religion seem to have much weight in governing conduct.

Wondering if the admittedly serious juvenile problem might not be largely attributable to the breakdown of religion in the home, with the consequent release of the "brakes on conduct" of both parents and children, I went to a country community where I knew religion played a prominent part in the behavior of the residents and talked with a number of the young people in regard to the problem. What a difference in the attitude of these teen-age young folks as compared with those I had formerly interviewed!

Girl.—I want to behave because my parents have taught me to behave. I believe I am having as good a time as anyone in

life by doing the things that I know are right. I am very unhappy if I disobey my parents or do anything I know is wrong. I don't see how young people can have a good time when they do what the papers say they do. They must feel terrible the next day, and for a long time afterward, for that matter. I would. I believe that a young person who considers his duty toward God in establishing his rules of conduct will not only have a far better time here, but he will also have a still happier time to look forward to in the next world.

Girl.—I enjoy life very much. I have almost as much fun thinking about the good times I have had as I did when having them. Our social programs are interesting and clean, and we have no regrets when they are over. There are over two hundred students, boys and girls mixed, in the church high school I attend, and during this entire year I know of only four who have got into any kind of trouble. Of course many of them are mischievous and do little things they should not do, but I mean very few do anything that can be considered serious. I have attended here almost a whole school year now, and during this time I have never seen one of these young people drink or smoke or show any evidence of having done so. I have never heard one swear or use obscene language, though some do not show the co-operation with their teachers I think they should. Parents and teachers are working together to bring their children to maturity without permitting them to get into serious trouble that might wreck their happiness.

Girl.—I'm glad my parents have taught me obedience. They know more than I do; and I've learned that when I disobey them, I get into trouble and am unhappy, even though they might not find out about my disobedience. They have taught me the difference between right and wrong, and now I want to do right without their telling me to do so.

Boy.—Surely a Christian young man can have a good time. Christianity teaches you to obey the law of your country as well as the law of God, and these laws were not written to curb happiness. I don't see how anyone can be happy and do things he is bound to know are wrong if he will only stop and think.

No one makes me behave—I make myself. There are a thousand interesting things for one to do without getting into trouble, if one only troubles to look around for them. Good behavior should come from the inside, not from the outside, and when it does, one can be happy anywhere and under almost any circumstances. If children are taught obedience from the cradle up, they will want to do what is right later. And we have a still greater happiness to look forward to.

THE CONTRAST between these two groups awed me. In only one case among the scores of homes making up the community from which I interviewed the latter young people did I find a home where both the father and mother were away working! I talked to some of the parents about the matter. They seemed to feel that their first duty was to their children, that one of the parents should be home when the children return from school, that one parent should always stand by for counsel and guidance while the other is away.

A father said to me: "If mother goes to work, too, and one of our children loses his way and becomes a criminal, a burden on the country, what are we profited? If I do my work faithfully on the job and mother does hers faithfully at home and we present our country with a family of good solid citizens, America will be a lot better off than if we both worked and failed in training our children."

In my study of the problem I have come to the conclusion that there are as many parental delinquents as there are juvenile. Parents who get drunk and carouse around at all hours, who set examples of lawlessness in their own homes, who desert the ranks of parental responsibility and leave their children to run unchecked into lawlessness or immorality, are sabotaging America as much as the man who plants a time bomb in the hold of a ship. If a parent insists on dancing in these serious times with an "It's too late to worry, it's too late to care" attitude, while his children roam the streets like orphans, he may well expect the time to come soon when his worry and care will be no good. As I sit here now, I am haunted by that plaintive, "Mother, come home."

—Selected

When Our Pilgrim Fathers Prayed

(Reprinted from
DEFENDER,
Kansas City, Mo.)



We have recorded instances of prayers prayed by our Pilgrim Fathers. . . . Here is our idea of *how they might have prayed*, if they could have foreseen the twentieth century with its sin, horror, death and the subversion of the principles for which they came to America. In such an event this could have been their first . . .

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Our Father who art in Heaven: Thou didst bring us out of the bondages and oppressions of our "Old Country" to this land of virgin forests, rich soil, untamed wilderness, infinite challenge AND FREEDOM. Thou hast saved us from the perils of a stormy, uncharted sea, so our little ships landed safely on yonder Rock. Thou hast preserved us alive through a dread winter, when starvation and freezing weather took their toll of lives from among our suffering colony. Thou hast protected us from the wild natives who inhabit these forests, and has given us friends where we could expect only hostility.

Thou hast brought us a goodly harvest and now a bountiful feast of *thanksgiving*. And we do humbly give Thee thanks.

But now O Father in Heaven, we pray for the generations yet unborn. Our eyes have caught the vision of cleared forests, tamed wildernesses, receding frontiers, civilized natives, rising cities, thriving states, and a noble and puissant nation. For these things to come we give Thee thanks.

Then through the vision of a glorious future there come harsh and discordant sounds. It is the sound of the clash of arms, the insane screams of mobs in the streets, the groans of the dying, the crackling roar of unextinguishable flames. And out of it all comes a strange language with words we never heard before. Words falling strange upon our ears speak of things we know not . . . jet propulsion, space travel, moon shoots, atomic energy, hydrogen bombs, astronauts, annihilation of the races!

What are these things, O Father? We know them not, and yet we fear them, for the vision which brought us this glimpse into the future was succeeded by a deep, ominous shadow creeping over the land. And a voice said, "This is the shadow of the setting sun on the FREEDOM you have found through the sacrifice and suffering of the months past. That freedom shall fade, its sun shall set, and your children shall suffer a bondage more oppressive and more dire than that from which you fled to find this freedom."

Save our children, O God! Save those unborn generations upon whom this deep and ominous shadow shall fall. Be Thou strong to deliver, "when the enemy shall come in like a flood." Turn the hearts of our future children to the God of their fathers. Let not pagan materialism destroy the fruit of our bodies. Let not the sin of their souls annihilate the civilization which shall be built by their fathers. Let them never sacrifice their freedom on the altars of Bacchus and Mammon. Preserve the heritage for which we have suffered and to which Thou, by Thy infinite wisdom, hast guided us. Be Thou the Watchtower of safety, the Rock of defense, the Pillar of Cloud by day and of Fire by night. Save us, O God, and our children.

We suggest you read the next three short articles in succession.

Education Vs. the Automobile

There is a growing impression among both parents and college students that young Joe College cannot become a big wheel on the campus without a car, preferably a racy sports job. If Joe gets his car, it is a pretty sure thing that his stock will go up, with the girls, that is.

But his marks will go down! Here is the evidence:

A study conducted in Idaho showed that not a single straight A student owned a car and only 15 percent of the B students owned one. Forty-one percent of the C students owned cars, and 71 percent of the D students had a "pad on wheels." A shocking 83 percent of the students that flunked owned cars.

In Prosser, Washington, a principal of the high school made a similar study and found strikingly similar correlations between cars and bad marks. He also reported that some car owners wound up by quitting school entirely to get a job so they could "support" their jalopy. It takes money to buy gas, parts, and paint!

This is something for the parents of college students to think about. [And the students themselves!] In America the auto has become almost a necessity. Parents often think that their offspring's possession of a car reflects their own social status—like belonging to the country club.

In any event, something has to give—Joe's grades or his parents' indulgence. It does seem silly to go to college for four years and not get the maximum amount of education because a car and the social life that accompanies it detract from study time. This is a decision parents [and students] have to make. —*Good Reading*



Ruts long traveled grow comfortable.

"Let Him Have Self-Expression"

The term "self-expression" is indeed one of the most over-worked phrases in use by the behavioristic philosophers and psychological experts. . . . It is a device to take away all restraining influences over the child's development. It gives free play to the animalistic impulses and tendencies of the little tots. Give them free play of all their natural instincts, otherwise you will be responsible for warping their personalities!

When a child has an impulse to scream, let him scream; and when he is demanding, by all means, yield to his demands. If the child has antisocial tendencies, just let him alone. He is to be humored rather than scolded; if downright disobedient, do not punish, but try to "understand" the child.

Parents must be careful to accede to every whim of the child, give him everything he wants within the parents' ability to give. [And then some!] This may wreck the family's finances, but never mind, they can recover after the child has finished growing up!

All I can say is, if you rear a child like that, you are foolish and the child is a brat. Many have lived to see it, much to their never-dying sorrow and chagrin.

The discipline is required because the parent loves his child, and realizes that he must be carefully and firmly trained; the child is unable to make the proper adjustment to life without such discipline.

—Dale Crowley in *Christian Victory*

Even the young people appreciate discipline, and really their unfavorable behavior is often an unconscious demand for discipline. They feel very insecure when there is not enough love and interest to discipline them with firmness AND love. The following sad story speaks for itself: (See next page.) 


Work done with little effort may yield little fruit.

The Voice of Experience

(A Letter to Abigail Van Buren)

Norfolk County Home of Correction and Jail
Dedham, Massachusetts

Dear Abby:

I have never written a letter like this before, and I do so now hoping it will help other young people to get on the right track. I am 20, and come from what could be called an average middle-class family. I have been doing a lot of reading lately, including your column in the *Boston Record-American*. I recognize myself in so many of the letters other young people have written to you, such as, "My parents won't let me have a car," or "My parents want to know where I am every minute," or, "My parents place too many restrictions on me."

Well, I had my own car at 16. I kept any hours I pleased, and I got what I wanted about 90 percent of the time. If my parents refused me anything, I either argued, or I sulked until I got my own way. How wrong I was. I wish you would tell parents that they would do their children a tremendous favor if they learned how to say "NO" to them—and stick to it.

A few months ago I would have laughed at this, but my outlook has changed.

I love and respect my parents, Abby. But I didn't become a spoiled, self-centered brat all by myself. I had plenty of help.

Sincerely,

—R. J. E. in Cell 63



SPRINGBOARD FOR DISCUSSION: Young people, write to us, giving us your ideas about students owning cars and also about parents disciplining their children. **READ:** the lead article in this issue and the three short articles preceding this note. **THINK. WRITE** your thoughts. Then **MAIL** to Editor, Youth's Living Ideals.

THE FUTURE HOLDS SO MANY DECISIONS TO BE MADE. HOW CAN I KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN?

- *Try settling only one decision at a time. Don't try to cross the bridges before you come to them. By the time you get there, the river may be dried up and you won't need a bridge.*
- *When you don't know the course of action you are to take, don't worry about plotting the unknown in advance. Live one day at a time. God gives daily grace. He doesn't and He never has doled it out by the week, month, or year.*
- *When you feel led or inclined to follow a certain course of action, don't fail to look ahead and prepare yourself so that your ability and talents will be used to the utmost.*
- *On common, every-day decisions, do not become paralyzed if you make a mistake. Use your failures as stepping stones to success. Learn from your mistakes.*
- *"In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths." (Prov. 3:6)*



THE FAITHFUL DOG

A shepherd came in from the country district, to the city of Edinburgh, bringing with him a little obedient dog. The man died and was buried. The dog lay down upon the grave of its master—not for a day, week, or month,—it lay there 12 years.

Every day at one o'clock a gun was fired in the castle of Edinburgh. That dog would run from the churchyard grave as soon as it heard the shot—to the local baker who gave it food and water. Then the dog would go back to the grave again. There it lay till it died.

"Be faithful unto death" says God to His own!

—Selected



The world is a whispering gallery which echoes our own voice.

—Bill Kirkpatrick

November, 1964

From Our Readers . . .



Word From a Youth in Far-away India

India

. . . I just happened to see the June issue of Youth's Living Ideals last night. It is really ideal, especially for youth. It is very instructive, too.

I am a boy of 20 and am a preacher for the Church here. I would like to have your magazine every month. I am unmarried and so it is of much help to me, too.

I shall try to pass on your magazine when I finish going through it, so that many will be benefited.

—Joshua G.

Editor's Note: We wrote to Joshua G., thinking that perhaps he could write something in Youth's Living Ideals which would be of help and interest to you. The following is in reply to our letter:

Madras, India

. . . Thank you very much for your kindness in writing me back last month. Yes, there are many pitiful scenes here which we see each day. I feel the human heart is made in such a way that it readily sympathizes whenever it witnesses such. I think I am having a deeper emotion when I see such pitiful scenes. India is especially warring against poverty. Millions of people literally are starving every day because of lack of food to eat. The southern Indians eat much rice and it is very scarce even to buy. I witness long lines in front of the grain shops even before dawn. I wish I had a camera to take a snap of it and send it to you. Believe it or not, stocks in the shop would be out even before half of the line could get what they want! Poverty and food scarcity are two grave problems with which our country is struggling.

As you wish, I would like to contribute something on the line of telling you about the standard of living, the worldliness among the youth, especially among the Christian youth. I would like to take a little time before I actually prepare that article for your readers. I am called here to this big city in India to preach among the Telugu speaking people. . . .

I shall write you with all details you wanted when I go over to Bombay and find a place to live there. Pray for me that I may lead a successful life for Christ.

—Joshua G.

Coopersville, Michigan

. . . Looking forward to receiving our own copy again . . . makes for nice reading on Sunday for our children.

—A. P. Kooy

Youth's Living Ideals

"Yes, and for Adults, Too"

Olivehurst, California

... When Wanda Fenter of Portales, New Mexico asked me to subscribe for Youth's Living Ideals, I said, "It is a good magazine for teen-agers." She said, "Yes, and for adults, too!" So I find it is. As soon as it comes I read it from cover to cover, and wish it could come each day.

I am taking advantage of your two-for-one offer, and renewing my subscription and sending a new subscriber. Just waiting for the next issue.

—Ted Stewart

From a Contender of Good Health Habits

Weslaco, Texas

... Just wanted to express my appreciation and thanks to you for the wonderful article in the January issue, "Our Half-Starved Teens." You know I have for years been contending for health and it takes the right food as the basis for it, exercise etc. follows.

They say tar is cancer forming. If you want to know how much tar there is in one aspirin, just put one in a spoon and melt it down on the stove and the tar will spread out over the bottom of the spoon. Try it.

You should send \$1.00 to Organic-Ville, 4207 W. Third St., Los Angeles 5, California 90005 for six month's subscription to the circulars they send out.

Another wonderful magazine is Natural Food and Farming, Atlanta, Texas; \$4.00 per year.

Another good book is "Eating Your Way to Health," \$1.00. Order from Lee Foundation for Nutritional Research, 2023 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin.

"If you see thy brother in need, do not say to be clothed and be fed and do nothing about it." I contend if they are sick they are in an even worse condition.

—E. B. Ault (Ault Bee Farms)

"... Things We Should Seriously Consider ..."

Portales, New Mexico

... I would like to take this opportunity to commend you on a wonderful September issue of Youth's Living Ideals. The articles are, I feel, especially outstanding. All of the articles are of things which we should think about and consider seriously.

I wish to thank you for the extra copies you sent. I have already begun distributing them.

—Edythe Fenter

Appreciation for "The Night Clubs Speaks"

Jackson, Mississippi

... In this brief note I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the article entitled "The Night Club Speaks," printed in the September, 1964 issue. How wonderful it would be if more people—both young and old—would read this article and ponder its meaning! I feel sure that we would have far fewer of just such institutions and far fewer fallen youths.

—Patricia Sandifer

Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

Recently a friend, a student at the university, was visiting your editor's home. The plan was for him and his wife to drive the friend back to the university, some forty miles distant. The hurricane, "Gladys" was extending her outer fringes to our area enough that we were having some wind and heavy rain.

I was very anxious for the safety of the dear young folks, which was obvious by the time I had cautioned him the third time to be *very* careful. I did not realize I had repeated my caution so many times until he finally answered: "*Please don't worry, Mother!*"

Then I realized I had been talking to a twenty-seven-year-old man as if he were still a little boy. So, laughingly I said: "Didn't you know, Darling, that little boys grow up, but Mamas don't?"

No, Mother's anxiety does not cease because her little ones grow up. Their problems and heartaches are still hers. She may happily give them up to "live their own lives;" to "stand on their own feet"; she may loosen them "from her apron strings," but she can never sever the heartstring!

* * *

Just as I finished the above note, Brahms's beautiful lullaby came on the radio. It never ceases to touch my heart deeply whenever I hear its lovely strains. It takes my heart back to the lullaby time of my life. How happy were those years!—and how short! All too soon the dear little ones were too big for lullabys. But Mother's heart has sung lullabys all along, as they endured unhappiness and lonely separations in their travels about the world in the time of cruel war. Though

they were far away, how many times did she almost literally reach out to draw them to her heart to sob out their heartaches there. To her they were still little boys to be comforted. Their manly bearing and brave smiles did not hide the heart-break they felt from Mother! Never did she fall asleep without "tucking them in" with a prayer, even though the width of the world was between them.

* * *

Speaking of the years when the sacred responsibility—and blessing—of little lives was mine, there are many precious memories. How often Mom failed to be what she wanted to be—patient and kind!

This incident comes to mind just now. The young man who is now your editor was about five years old at the time. He was always a good child, but sometimes he cried for no apparent reason. So this time, I finally lost what little patience I had, and to prevent spanking him, with cross words, I put him to bed. But I soon found that was where he should have been long before. I had just been too busy with other cares to realize it.

For some reason, as I crossly tucked him in bed, I thought to put my hand on his little forehead. It was hot! I went hastily, feeling utterly ashamed of my impatience, for the thermometer. He was indeed sick, but how sweetly forgiving! I kneeled right there by his bed and asked him if he could forgive Mother for being cross. His happy eyes shone with deep understanding, as he vigorously nodded his quick forgiveness.

How careful we should be to look for the reason for the behavior of others! We do not always have the opportunity to ask and receive forgiveness for unkindness.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

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: "To serve God we must serve one another. How can this best be done?"



Wanda Jackson, 22, Lubbock, Texas: "We serve God by serving others; when we give when we would rather receive; help when we would rather be helped. We should cheer others, always being willing to give of ourselves."



Laura Cochran, 20, Stuart, Va: "We must keep the commandments to serve God, and we also must obey the commands to serve one another. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" (Matt. 22:37,39)



Patricia Sandifer, 16, Jackson, Miss.: "Through kindness, love, thoughtfulness, and courtesy (not mere civility, but downright loving courtesy), we can serve others. Help them through serious and trying times. Be kind to them, bestow your love toward them. In short, be a FRIEND."



Karen Spencer, 17, Meadows of Dan, Va.: "We can live our life in a useful manner, be ready with love, sympathy and friendship when it can mean so much. When we walk with sunshine, and not harshness in our hearts, we are serving each other, not with money nor great works, but with kindness. This is the greatest service."



Cheri Baldwin, 15, Fort Worth, Texas: "When we help God's children, it is the same as giving to Christ. We should never gossip. We should always be ready to help others with kind words and material things, such as food—or even a "cup of water," as the Scripture says. (Matt. 10:40-42; 18:6, 10, 14).



Edythe Fenter, 19, Portales, New Mexico: "I feel that if we can apply the Golden Rule to our lives, we can serve one another as we should. If we do for others as we would want them to do for us, we can serve others well."



Winnie Seward, 16, Jackson, Miss.: "Be kind to one another. Help people in need. God says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Minnie Jones, Richlands, N. C.: Simply deny self and serve others. Although it takes a heart that is big and courageous to win the victory over a hard and selfish heart, this can be done when the Lord reminds us of what He bore for us. This one glance at His love will do the work, and then we will not pride ourselves upon our good deeds. Rather, we will humbly and meekly thank God for what He has done for us."

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OPEN DISCUSSION FOR ALL READERS. HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER THESE?—

"In Paul's instruction to Timothy, we read, '... suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man.' I have wondered whether or not this could apply to a woman's teaching school. Should a woman teach school?"

"Should Christian teen-agers belong to school clubs?"

"Considering such Scriptures as 'turn the other cheek,' 'do good unto them ...' etc., what should a boy do when others shove him around, take his hat and throw it in the mud, etc?" Would there be different things to do at different ages?"

"Is it wrong to swim, roller skate, play tennis, etc., where others are dressed in so little clothes—if I dress modestly?"

"Just what is a Christian? By what marks shall we know him?"

"What can be done to stop gambling among teenagers?"

"Should a girl enter a school beauty pageant?"

The Lake of Give

SYDNEY STRONG

ONCE ON A TIME while walking out in the world, I met a boy about sixteen years old. He said if I would come with him, he would show me a wonderful view. He led me over the brow of a hill, when there came before my eyes a beautiful landscape. The name of the boy was Innocence. He began to point out the various objects in sight. There was a little lake that looked like a meadow of glass. All about it except at one point were sloping hills, on whose sides were villages and fields of waving grain and smiling orchards. Birdlike sailboats could be seen on the water, and the merry laughter of children and the singing of birds came floating up to my ears.

The lake was fed by hundreds of streams that broke out of the hill-springs. At the point where there was a break in the hills, a larger stream, or river, could be seen starting for its winding journey across a fertile plain. As far as I could see were villages and towns, and up the valley came the hum of industry. I thought it was one of the most beautiful landscapes I had ever seen. . . .

Innocence said that the lake was called the Lake of Give, and the valley along the river was called the Vale of Happiness. While I was there, the sky was filling with rain clouds and I could see showers coming up the valley and falling on the hillsides. The little streams began to grow and send their waters into the lake, while the river grew larger as it wended its way through the plain.

I looked at the bright, clear-eyed, open-hearted boy and thought surely no place on earth could be more beautiful.

Many years afterward I came to the same hill of observation. At this time I found a man about forty years old. His name was Selfishness. I saw at once that a dreadful change had come over the landscape. The lake had almost disappeared

and looked no larger than a river. The hillsides were stripped of their orchards and villages, and little streams no longer chased each other down the slopes. The sky was cloudless and leaden. I could see no children and hear no birds. Scattered here and there were a few buildings. The long stretch of plain, where once the river ran, looked more like a sandy desert than the beautiful Vale of Happiness. Instead of flocks and herds I could see jackals and wolves scurrying from one bush to another. I turned to Selfishness and exclaimed: "How did this dreadful change come to pass?" I noticed that he was a stern, sneering man with a hard face and he wore colored glasses to hide his weak eyes. "What change? I own nearly the whole valley. My house there has all I want. The country has had some hard luck, I admit. There has not been much rain of late, and the lake is almost gone. But this is good enough for me, and I am not worrying."

Once I thought I caught a resemblance to the beautiful boy called Innocence, but he was so hard and rough that I could hardly think it possible.

Many years afterward, passing that way, I turned again to see what had become of the Lake of Give and the Vale of Happiness. At this time I found an old man with long gray locks who was compelled to lean upon his cane as he stood. His name was Wisdom. I was pleasantly surprised to find the landscape looking about as it had when I had first seen it. To be sure, not quite so fresh and inviting, but the lake was high, the hills were covered with harvest fields, birds sang on the hills, children laughed and played along the shores, and as far as I could see the Vale of Happiness was filled with homes and villages, and all about me little streams rushed out of the hillsides to be lost in the lake below.

I turned to the old man named Wisdom and asked him to tell me how the valley, once so beautiful, had become so barren and dreadful, and had then been changed back again to its present loveliness. He gently smiled—and then I saw it was the same smile worn by Innocence years before—and I knew he could tell me.

"This is the way these great changes came about: When I was a young man—how foolish I was! I thought I would dam up the Lake of Give at that point where you see the outlet. I owned the lake and I said, 'What is the use of giving away all this water for nothing? Instead, I will keep it all, and stop up that leakage.' So I built a high dam. The little streams on the hills kept pouring their water into the lake, and I was very happy as the lake grew fuller and fuller. After I had dammed up the lake, however, the river below grew smaller and smaller, and finally disappeared. The grass died, then the trees, until at last all the people with their houses and cattle moved away, and the green Vale of Happiness was turned into a desert. Still, I was satisfied, for was not my lake getting fuller each day? Then something strange occurred. The little streams became smaller and one by one began to disappear. The lake stopped getting larger and then it began to recede. Finally it became so small that I became frightened. The stagnant water began to smell, the fish began to die and my cattle and horses sickened and died. The reason for it, I afterward learned, was that the rain clouds that used to come up the valley and drop their showers on the hills ceased coming; for there were no trees and grass down there to produce them.

One day, when almost in despair, I turned to a Book, which I remember my father used to call the Book of Life. And I read, 'Whosoever would save his life shall lose it,' and in another place, 'The liberal soul shall be made fat.' These words started me to thinking. Things can't be much worse. Perhaps now it is too late. I concluded however to try. I went down to the dam and had an opening made, not large, but through it the water began to run. It scared me at first, for I thought it would all run away, and I did not see where any more could come from. But the water went down through the plain, carrying life in its drops. The next morning I could see a little cloud in the sky—something I had not seen for weeks. Still the waters of the Lake of Give ran off. The next morning a larger cloud floated up the valley, and I almost cried

with joy when a few drops fell out of the sky. That was the beginning. As the water went out more came back in the clouds. The little streams, one by one, reappeared, the grass sprang up, the trees found food for their roots, and after many years the Vale of Happiness is again filled with happy homes.

No. 49 of Fifty-Seven Reasons

WHY WE BELIEVE THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

49. The Bible is the universal Book that fits the needs of all peoples.

It is the one true international Book as may be seen by the fact that during the World War the British government allowed the British and Foreign Bible Society to send \$1,000 a month to Berlin to maintain the supplies of German Scriptures. It is a Book for the cultured Oxford scholar as well as for the newly converted raw African cannibal. And it is translatable, for it has the universal appeal. Americans, Chinese, Eskimos, Indians—believers of all nationalities the world over—can claim the Book as their very own. Very, very few books overleap national boundaries and become international.

It presents the only solution to the problems of patriotism, caste, internationalism, and the dividing powers of wealth, sex, age, color, race, birth, and environment. In its full New Testament development it establishes the only real international brotherhood of man possible, "all one in Christ Jesus,"—so wiping out all differences in an eternal union of love, "in Christ."

"Hidden, treasured, ineradicable and forever secure, the Bible and its possession is ubiquitous. It has its place on the judge's bench, within the soldier's knapsack, the merchant's desk, the salesman's suitcase, the sailor's bunk, the schoolgirl's satchel. It is the one Book for all. Oh, when I see there is no spot, or condition, or circumstance, or individual for which the Bible is not adapted, I am convinced that only God could have written a Book so marvelous in its suitability."—(Evangeline Booth)—Fred John Meldau. (Please see page 54.)

The Guide Book

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR DAILY LIVING

BY THE EDITOR

IS CHRISTIANITY PRACTICAL?

PART I

WHAT GOOD would a religion be, if it could not be practiced and applied to daily living? Have the "churches" and professing Christians failed to such a great extent that the younger generation does not see how Christianity can be applied to daily living? Have businessmen gone to "church" on Sunday and conducted the remainder of their week-day lives with no thought of practicing Christianity? Have farmers, salesmen, lawyers, milk men, butchers, writers, and men in all walks of life gone to "church" on Sunday only to fail to practice Christianity during the week? Yes, we fear such is the case. Otherwise there would not be so many perplexities among the youth of today. Otherwise there would not be so many who doubt the practicability of Christianity. Even though they may have no real love for Christ or Christianity, they would have to witness how it inspires and changes those who possess it. Christianity is not a form of worship, but a way of life—after a heavenly pattern. It is not satisfied to "worship" God in stained glass cathedrals on Sunday, but seeks to worship Him in spirit and in truth every day of our life.

Recently I read the book *In His Steps* by Charles Sheldon. Mr. Sheldon was a young minister in Topeka, Kansas, with a background of social work. On the flyleaf of this book it is explained that "at one point, disguised as an unemployed printer, he tramped the streets of Topeka, and was profoundly shocked at the indifference of the Christian community. *In His Steps*, written to be read aloud to his congregation, was, in part, a product of this shock." It is the story of a

group of Christians pledging themselves for one full year of doing nothing without first asking themselves, "What would Jesus do?" and then be guided by the answer. We recommend reading this book. (See back cover). It is very inspiring, although the Christian should have been asking himself this test question (What would Jesus do?) even before reading such a book.

Christians are "New creatures." It is "Christ *in us*." We are to be directed and led by His Spirit. So often in life there looms before us two roads to take. A decision must be made. The "old man" (i. e. the old sinful, unregenerate nature) wants to travel down one road, but the "new man" (the divine nature) —"Christ in us"—causes us to hesitate and keep our bodies under subjection. The *new creature*, instructed by the Holy Spirit, calls and leads us to choose the right road, the better way, the God-honoring path, the narrow way.

As the hymn writer John Newton says, we as little children "fear to stir a step alone." God is our "Father, Guard, and Guide." Even without Charles Sheldon's book, the Christian has something in him that applies the question—"What would Jesus do?" And he should *go to the Bible* and learn how Jesus *did* act, and pray for the Holy Spirit to *lead* him so that his walk will be a "walk with God." It must be constantly in our minds to keep our bodies under subjection, praying that the "old man" will be in subjection to the extent that our feet will not walk according to sinful desires.

As Paul says, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, *who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.*"

This means the very Holy Spirit of God is to direct our steps, our walk and our talk—our conversation and our actions in everyday life. Instead of guiding our lives by our own sinful will and desires, we are to be led and guided by the Spirit. Our minds, wills, desires, will be brought into subjection and harmony with the mind of the Spirit. This will often mean crushing our own intellectual ideas, our own fleshly desires, and our own plans for our life. But we, as Christians, must

walk not after the flesh (after the old nature of man) but after the Spirit.

Young person, it may encourage you for me to say that since my high school days, God has convinced me of the practicality of the Bible and Christianity. These two verses in particular were applied to my heart and mind: "... Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things (things needful in life) shall be added unto you."¹ "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."² By God's grace as I try more and more each day to build these words into my life, along with the rest of the Word of God, I can truthfully testify that I have never been disappointed. God will not always fulfill His promises in the manner we expect, but He will always fulfill them. He will always answer the faith which He gives.

As God calls a Christian to attend to his heavenly Father's business, then He in practical reality fulfills His promise by taking care of the Christian's earthly affairs. He is the Employer of our hearts and minds, and He is the great Provider. He never fails! And God is calling every Christian to attend His business when He says, "seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." The first and great commandment is "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."³

Next month, the Lord willing, we will look further into the subject of making Christianity and God's Word practical in our lives.

1. Matthew 6:33.

2. 1 Corinthians 10:31.

3. Matthew 22:37.

READ IN THE NEXT ISSUE —

"The Insolent Boy"

... who is in for a big surprise after mocking a crippled man.

A Girl Revealed Her Character

The other day, as I sat by my window, I was the observer of a little incident which set in motion the train of thoughts reaching from my quiet home to you wherever you are. I live in a street which has a smooth asphalt pavement.

A very pretty girl came sweeping along, managing her bicycle with the graceful ease of a confident and skillful rider. Her face was glowing with health, her dress was most becoming, and her whole air was that of one accustomed to the courtesies of polite society, and used, on her own part, to much gentleness and consideration. Yet when another girl, evidently a novice, swerved awkwardly and narrowly missed colliding with her, the pretty young woman shocked and amazed the elderly lady in the shadow of the curtains by exclaiming angrily, "Great Scott! I wish you would look where you are going!"

There was a bit of wholly unconscious revelation of character. I saw that my beautiful maiden was not like the King's daughter, "all glorious within." She had caught, perhaps from a schoolboy brother, the trick of slang; she was impatient, she was hasty of speech and temper, and she failed to make allowance for the inexperience of another. I was saddened, and I wished with my whole heart that the young girl could realize how unfortunate for herself was the frame of mind and the habit of petulance which had made possible her impetuous remonstrance. Life may discipline her by greater trials than the clumsy blunder of a fellow-traveler on the road, and by and by she may learn to repress the vehement word of irritation. But what I long for, when I think of her and thousands like her, is that they may not feel the impulse to needless vexation with the errors or even the carelessness of others. It is a splendid thing to so live that the face, manner, and voice are the expressions of inward poise, serenity and sweetness.

"Such a one does not love her sister," said a friend not long ago, coming from a home where an invalid had been lying at death's door for weeks.

"Why do you think so?" was the inquiry—a very natural one in the circumstances.

"I notice," the reply came slowly, "that she has nothing to say of Jean's sufferings, or of Jean's marvelous patience and fortitude; that she is only impressed with Jean's occasional forgetfulness to thank her for a kindness; and that she dwells mainly on her own fatigue and the number of invitations she must decline, due to this ill-timed illness on Jean's part. Love suffers long and is kind; . . . love is not easily provoked. Therefore love would lead the sister who is well to take a different tone about the sister who is lying on her bed in pain."

"She would disclaim any lack of affection," said the other, and there is excuse for her, too, for she has had a long strain and is tired."

"That, I grant; nevertheless, whether she is or is not aware of it, she is not in love with Jean. The revelation on her part is entirely unconscious. But it is a plain revelation."

Perhaps you have often heard people say that what one is, is of more consequence than what one does, and you have fancied the saying rather trite. It is, however, profoundly true. One who goes on his way, living bravely, honestly, unselfish and magnanimous, wins others. We must be good, if we would do good. We must reveal ourselves in a thousand ways, whether we mean to or not.—Margaret Sangster



WHERE THERE'S DRINK

Write it on the prison gate,
Print it on the school boy's slate,
Write it in the copy book,
"Where there's drink there's danger!"

Write it over every gate,
On the church and halls of state,
On the laws of every land,
Write upon our hearts the truth,
Let us learn it in our youth—
"Where there's drink there's danger!"

—Frances Willard

How to tell if you're in love

WILLIAM W. ORR

Do You Long to be With Him?

Here is test number two. *Do you long to be with him?*

I mean . . . this special person. Does his presence mean more to you than any other person? Would you rather be with him than with any other person you know?

The world is pretty well filled with people. The census takers speak of the world's population in terms of billions. But out of them all, if you're truly in love, you'd choose but one for your companion. Is that so? And this includes those very important people as well as the butcher, baker, and candlestick maker.

It may not matter too much where you go . . . what difference, if he's there.

When you awake in the morning, your heart immediately starts planning when you will see him again? And as you go to school or work there's always an unconscious time clock counting the hours or minutes until you can be in his presence. All other time, tasks and pleasures seem to be secondary.

Please don't ask me to explain this phenomenon. I only know that this is the way love is. I didn't manufacture love. God did that. I'm only endeavoring to describe its characteristics.

But it's true. When you truly love someone, all other time seems to be looking forward to the hours you can be with him. The presence of the one beloved seems to both thrill and satisfy. It thrills because it makes your whole body alert. Your eyes sparkle, your complexion becomes more lovely, your heartbeat quickens, your step becomes more elastic.

But it satisfies, too. For now your quest is satisfied. The sense of someone being missing is now changed. The longing that has enveloped your heart is now answered. There he is, and your whole being is at rest in his presence.

There's an old saying that a man without a wife is only half a man. Be that as it may, there's no doubt that when you're in love, if you're apart from the object of your affection, you're only half there. There's something inside of you that's continually calling out for the presence of your loved one. But this is normal and this is the way God has planned it. For love has built into it a very strong cohesive. You see, marriage is to be for all of life and the bride and groom are to live happily ever after . . . together.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not necessarily mean there must be physical contact. I do not mean passionate embrace or warm kisses. These have their place in due time when one is honestly and honorably pledged to the other. *But true love is satisfied just to be in the loved one's presence.*

There need not even be conversation. Usually something is said and then again some lovers just sit and dream together. I know to the uninitiated outsider this might sound silly. But wait until you're in love, and you'll understand what I mean.

Nor do lovers ever tire of one another. It just seems that you can't be too much in his presence. In fact, you'd go to almost any length to be with him. You'd cross an ocean if necessary—and many have. High mountains would not stop you nor swollen rivers. Yes, verily, that's the way it is.

As far as your heart goes, every moment seems wasted that is not spent with him. It isn't that you're not fond of other people, friends, loved ones, relatives, acquaintances. You enjoy knowing them too. But somehow he is different. He does something to your heart that no other person does. Life is just not complete unless you're together.

IF YOU ARE CHRISTIAN, YOU CAN MAKE A BEAUTIFUL APPLICATION

Now, let me turn to an even more beautiful truth. Your love for Jesus Christ is measured by the same characteristics. You can be said to truly love Him, if you earnestly desire to be in His presence.

The death of Christ to the Christian is the greatest event in

all time. It was there the fountain of cleansing was opened for guilty sinners like you and me. Here is the pardon for all transgressions. Here is the beginning of all life. But we must be careful not to separate the death of Christ from His burial and resurrection. One is not complete without the other. . . .

For, not only did Christ die for our sins, but He rose from the dead to live through us. In this respect the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ is different from all other religions in the world. Christ not only died, . . . He rose again. He rose to be a "Friend of all friends" in our daily lives.

Can you think of a better Companion? Christ is the ultimate in wisdom and strength. He is the greatest Teacher, the most perfect Example, the most trustworthy Leader, the most rewarding Master in all of time. Can any compare with Him?

And more amazing . . . He has expressed His desire to walk with those who love Him. He is not too busy, nor too concerned with the affairs of this vast, intricate universe to spend time in walking with those who will walk with Him. That's something, isn't it?

The crux of the matter is . . . do we love Him? And if we do, do we demonstrate that love by our deep desire to be with Him? This is a good test of our love. Would we rather be with Christ than anyone we know?

You can test your love. Ask yourself this question: Do I earnestly want to walk with Christ? Am I willing to put aside other companionships that I might cultivate His? Is my Christian life based on this relationship?

Someone has put it this way. To know Christ is to love Him. To know Christ better is to love Him better. And if you will earnestly seek to know Him better than anyone else in life, your love for Him will be commensurate with your knowledge. It is not by chance that Christ is called "The One Altogether Lovely" or "The Chiefest of Ten Thousand." He is the Blessed One Whom you can know better every day and still find your love for Him growing to the same extent. So there's the answer . . . the test of your love for Christ will equal to your desire to be with Him.

A Kind Man's Affection Rewarded

One beautiful summer evening a carriage drove up to the village inn. A stranger stepped out and directed the landlord to prepare him a dinner. The stranger looked about for a few minutes, and then directed his steps to the church house nearby. He entered the gate which opened to the graveyard and walked around. While reading the various inscriptions on the tombstones, his attention was drawn to the corner of the yard by the sobs of a child. He went to the spot where two ragged children sat weeping upon a new-made grave. A piece of hard bread was between them. The stranger sat down and inquired into the cause of their distress. The little boy, whose name was William, began to tell him that his sister was being naughty and would not eat the piece of bread which he had begged for her; and she told the man she had had some bread yesterday, but that her brother had eaten none since the day before, and she wanted him to eat this piece.

The boy told the stranger that about a year ago his father left the village and went to sea, and that in a storm he had been drowned. "And poor Mother cried so hard, and said that she soon must die too; but that we must love each other, and that God would be our Father. She called us to her bedside and kissed us both, and then she died."

The stranger listened to the sorrowful story and was moved to compassion. He arose from the grave and said, "Come with me, children. God will indeed be your Father. He has no doubt sent me here tonight to befriend you."

He took them to the inn and had them provided for until he returned home. Then they were received into his family, where they were well fed, clothed and instructed. The stranger in his declining years, saw them become useful and honorable citizens. His hospitality was rewarded a hundred fold.

—Author unknown



Lost time is never found again.—Poor Richard's Almanac

NEWS ITEMS . . .

HIGH COURT RULING TOUGH ON STUDENT—WICHITA FALLS

TEXAS (UPI)—A student at City View Elementary School worried about the Supreme Court ban on prayer in schools Friday as a tornado roared a block away.

From beneath a desk where the children had taken cover, the boy asked the teacher: 'Ma'm, is it all right if we pray?'

MEN WHO DIED FROM ALONENESS—Alain Bombard, a French

physician who studied shipwrecks, found that 90 per cent of shipwrecked sailors died within a few days from "aloneness." Psychiatrists point out, however, that such solitude is a forced aloneness. Crews in antarctic stations who volunteer and who know they will be isolated for a certain length of time are not so affected.—Christian Victory.

THE CREATION AND CABBAGE SEED—The creation of the

world is told in Genesis in 400 words. The Ten Commandments have 297 words, and the Declaration of Independence has 1,821. But a government pamphlet required 2,500 words to announce the price of cabbage seed.—Baptist Tribune

CAUSES FOR DELINQUENCY—President V. S. Tubman expressed

alarm over the increase of delinquency in Monrovia. He attributed it to two things: the removal from the school of the Bible, and of corporal punishment. President recommended that both be restored.—Christian Victory.

Looks like we young ones are going to have to be prepared for sessions at Mother's knee—and with Dad in the woodshed!

THE EFFECTS OF OBSERVING VIOLENCE—In the February

1964 "Scientific American" is an article by Leonard Berkowitz, in which "evidence is produced that shows of aggression and violence depicted in T. V. and motion picture dramas, or observed in actuality, can arouse certain members of the audience to violent action.

Words Fitly Spoken

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

If you have time, don't wait for Time. —Selected by Warren Berry from "Poor Richard's Almanac."

A group of traffic safety experts, meeting in Washington, came to this conclusion: "The two greatest highway menaces are drivers under 25 going 65, and drivers over 65 going 25."—Good Reading.

Great minds discuss ideas, average minds discuss events, small minds discuss people.

If your foot slips, you may recover your balance, but if your tongue slips, you cannot recall your words.



The Best Recommendations

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office. Nearly fifty boys applied for the place the next day. Out of the whole number, in a little while, he chose one and sent the rest away.

A friend of his was in the office with him at the time. When the choice had been made and the other boys sent away, this friend said to him: "I am quite curious to know on what grounds you selected this boy. He had no letter of recommendation while some the others had several."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "this boy had better recommendations than any of the others. Let me tell you about them. When he came into the office, he wiped his feet, and closed the door after him. By this I knew that he was tidy and orderly. He gave up his seat in a moment to that old lame man who came in. This showed that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly. This showed he was polite and respectful. He lifted up the book, which I had purposely laid on the floor and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or thrust it aside with their feet. This showed that he was careful. He waited for his turn instead of pushing the others aside; and this showed that he was modest. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair well combed and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being black with dirt as was the case with some of the boys who were better dressed than he. Don't you call these good letters of recommendation? I do.

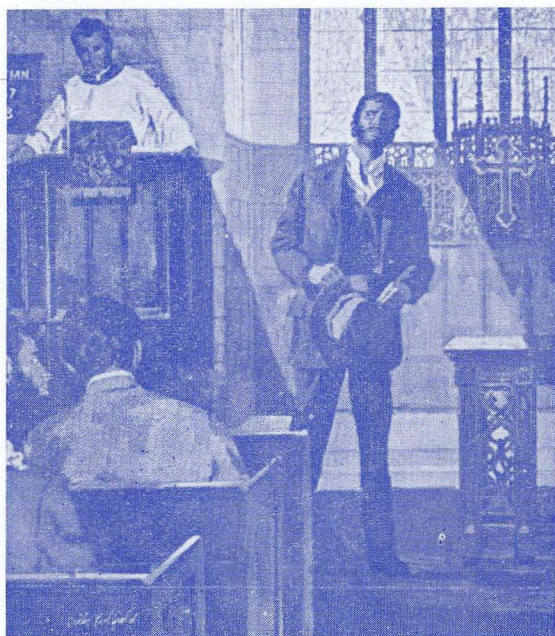
"What I learn about a boy watching him for a few minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring with him."

That boy was speaking by those little acts. And you see how *plainly* he spoke. The gentleman understood him, and he got the place.

—Richard Newton

Suggested Reading

"What Would Jesus Do?"



IN HIS STEPS

By
*Charles
Sheldon*

The author in this book really drives this question into the heart: If Jesus were here in our shoes, what would HE do? The author then cleverly shows how we fail, really, to walk in His steps. The result is one which inspires us to do just that—walk in His steps. 256 pages, with colorfully illustrated paper cover. Price \$1.00

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