

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



Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 3, No. 1—October, 1962

IN THIS ISSUE

“FORSAKE NOT
THE LAW
OF THY MOTHER”

THE STORY BEHIND
THE MODERN DANCE

DON'T WAIT
FOR AN EARTHQUAKE!

“We Christian young people have a lack of spirituality and Christian living which spoils, burns out, or kills our Christian testimony. We let the enemy dynamite our influence in the world for Him. It is the devil's business to inject poison into our spiritual life and make us crave worldly things which God has told us that, if the love of the world is in us, then the love of the Father is not.”

“So many Christian young people have asked me if it is wrong to dance, that I feel I must answer them. It is not my purpose in this message to shun one of the greatest issues before us today, but to face the facts as they are. I love young people, as I am a young person myself, and I delight to see them happy and useful. . . .”

“The devil has never made such a bid for young lives as he is making today. He has . . . made his temptations alluring, seductive, and attractive; mark his cunning and see his pretexts. He would like to get the young to stifle their conscience, massacre virtue, and crucify the soul. He damns the young and makes them exceed the speed limit to greater shame and degradation.”

—Dr. John Carrara (see page 8)

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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Glen Berry, Editor

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Youth's Living Ideals
Elon College, N. C.

Youth's

Living Ideals

Vol. 3. No. 1—October, 1962

Has your desire for popularity, or your shyness in saying "No," ever caused you to forsake the teachings of your mother? I can so plainly recall one incident that happened during my teen-age school years that I would like to pass on to you. Maybe you won't make the same mistake I did.

"Forsake Not the Law of Thy Mother"

~~~~~ GLADYS STAGGS

MY MOTHER was a good woman, and from a child had taught me that I was to adorn myself in modest apparel. Having never worn a pair of shorts, I didn't have any desire for them, until the basketball coach, and the girls on the team, persuaded me to play ball one night. The coach pleaded, "Gladys, you are tall and the team needs you so badly." The team, which consisted of the most popular girls in school, teasingly begged, "Oh, come on, just this *one* time." My mind was cluttered with thoughts. Knowing that if I wore the suit (which was nothing more than short-shorts), I would be going against my home training; but if I played, why! this might mean my big chance—I might even attract the attention of one of the boys who would also be playing that night. I hungered for popularity, which hindered my saying "No," so I agreed.

Tucking my skimpy, blue suit under my arm, I got off the school bus that afternoon and slowly walked into the house, where, as usual, Mother was preparing supper. Slipping quietly

to my bedroom, as though the furniture were sleeping and I might awake it, I hurriedly crammed the suit under the pillow on the bed. After a moment, when my nerves had settled a little, I went in the kitchen and greeted my mother with a smile. No doubt my very guiltiness showed in that smile, but she didn't act as though she noticed.

There were three dreary hours of waiting before time to leave for the game. The other children were outside playing; Daddy was still plowing in the field. Nothing disturbed the silence that came over the house, except the faint tick of the living-room clock. The bus was to be by at 6:30. Finally, I mustered up enough courage to say, "Mamma, I'm going to play basketball on the team tonight. . . ." Perhaps tears came to her eyes—I don't know—she didn't look at me. It surprised me when she didn't say anything; yet I knew that she was so hurt and shocked that she hardly knew what to say.

After choking down a few bites of supper, I started to my room to get dressed. Mother followed me. Very kindly she spoke: "Gladys, you know I've taught you not to wear shorts, but if you insist on wearing them, don't forget what I have taught you when you step out in front of all those people tonight." Then she turned and walked away. I left the house that evening feeling like a wandering lamb, all because I didn't have the courage to stand for what I knew was right.

At 7:00, when the "big event" began, and we ran out on that floor, we were being gazed upon by a cheering, gigantic crowd of about five hundred eager faces (with the boys whistling and yelling from the upper bleachers). My ego was boosted. I thought, "Surely, this must be the event that will make the world blossom for me, 'like Aaron's rod, with flowers.'" I, for a moment, felt like a fairy floating on a rosy cloud. Then suddenly my heart went *thump, thump, thump* at a racing pace. I could feel my face flushing. My conscience started nagging at my very soul, it seemed. I felt absolutely alone—cut off from my Christian friends and God. The thought came to my mind, "What if Jesus were to come tonight. . . ." A chilling terror



crept over me. I wanted to run straight for the dressing room—or better still, go some place and hide!

I played a good game (they said) but I was never so happy when it ended. Back home in bed that night, I couldn't sleep. I wanted to awake Mother and beg her forgiveness—perhaps she had never gone to sleep. But the next morning I made things right with her, and then with my Maker, too. During our conversation concerning the matter, she admitted, "I could have told you you couldn't play, but I thought the experience would teach you a good lesson; even though it nearly broke my heart."

Maybe you know the author of this little poem. I don't, but it expresses my feelings about my faults of Yesterday better than I could possibly express them myself.

#### I HAVE FOUND TODAY

I've shut the door on Yesterday,  
Its sorrows and mistakes;  
I've locked within its gloomy walls  
Past failures and heartaches;  
And now I throw the key away  
To seek another room,  
And furnish it with hope and smiles  
And every springtime bloom.

No thought shall enter this abode  
That has a hint of pain,  
And every malice and distrust  
Shall never therein reign.  
I've shut the door on Yesterday,  
And thrown the key away—  
Tomorrow holds no doubt for me  
Since I have found today.

How foolish and dangerous it is to discard the wisdom of our godly parents! Maybe you are thinking, "*Now, what could the harm be in an innocent game of ball in a school gymnasium?*" The game of ball isn't the harm, but the manner of dress *is*! If in doubt about anything being right or wrong, pray about it. Ask God's blessing upon it. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. (Rom. 14:23) We don't want to "sow the wind and reap the whirlwind," do we? There are godly pleasures, and we can participate in them and then do as the writer in Proverbs says, "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

It is hard to turn down temptations when they are presented by someone who is esteemed highly in man's sight, but remember, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." (Prov. 1:10) And "walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." (Prov. 1:15) Girls, if you are hoping to attract the attention of a boy who will make a faithful husband and father, don't seek for him in a worldly place—and don't be deceived into thinking you will attract him by showing off your figure, either, because a boy who has a pure mind is looking for a girl who is also pure.

Many times I have heard girls say, "I wear shorts because they are cooler." I wonder why the Arabs out on the hot sandy deserts don't wear them? They wear *plenty of clothing* in order to stay cool. *Strange, isn't it?* I don't believe that girls can *honestly* say that they dress in this manner *just* to stay cool! From experience, I maintain that any girl (of an accountable age) *knows* when she is dressed immodestly. How terrible it would be to cause someone to sin just because we aren't dressed in a becoming manner, and at the same time be sinning ourselves. "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." (James 4:17) When we dress in such a fashion to cause men and boys to cast lustful glances at us, *we are sinning!* We can't indulge in worldly pleasures, and dress like the world does, and expect the Lord to claim us as His disciples.

Our little girl, Tonya, has been trained from an infant to wear modest apparel. During the winter, she went with a girl friend to the school where she is to attend the kindergarten this fall. When she and the other boys and girls were on their way to the auditorium to see the play that was scheduled for that day, they passed through the gymnasium where some girls were playing ball in their gym suits. When she got home that afternoon, I noticed that she didn't seem too enthusiastic over her trip to the school, which she had thought would be such a thrilling experience. That night while taking her bath, she started crying. When I investigated to see what was the matter, she timidly stated, "Mother, I don't want to go to that old mean school, 'cause they play ball half-naked!" How I appreciated that



statement! I later asked my husband, "Why couldn't *I* have learned that young?"

How important are parental instructions! Listen to Proverbs 6:21: "Bind them continually upon thine heart and tie them about thy neck." Proverbs 7:3: "Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart." Have you ever tied a string around your finger to remind you to do something? Then bind your parents' teachings upon your fingers *and* your *hearts*, to remind you of what you are to do and not to do. By all means, don't forsake the law of your mother!



### THE MONKEY'S JAMBOREE

The monkeys one day had a big jamboree.  
Their leader sat up in the tallest palm tree  
And said with a chuckle, "My good fellow Monk,  
If you want a good laugh, just give ear to this junk.

"The teachers of men in a place they call 'school'  
Are training each youngster to grow up a fool,  
The kids all run wild and never get spanked;  
If our babies did that, their tails would be yanked.

"No well-mannered monkey dictates to his teacher,  
Beats up the policeman or shoots at the preacher,  
Poisons the baby, or kills with a gun,  
And then laughs and says, 'We were just having fun!'

"Monkeys, my friends, have respect for each other.  
We hand out no sass to our father or mother.  
The picture I've painted you'll agree is quite sad,  
But listen, my brothers, I'm boiling mad.

"For here's what they're taught—that big  
miserable flunky,  
That creature called Man, was at one time a monkey!  
An ape just like us, and what's more, if you please,  
He claims that at one time he swung through the trees.

"Fellow monkeys, I think this is going too far.  
We don't envy their home, their wealth, or their car.  
But when they will spread such a horrible rumor,  
It's time for all monkeys to lose their good humor.

"So, come, you must help me prepare a big sign,  
Protesting that man's no descendant of mine.  
If evolution be true, then boys, we are sunk.  
For I'd sooner be father to a weasel or skunk."

(James McGinlay)

## From Our Readers . . .

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Opelika, Alabama

Dear Glen,

In my opinion, the "Round Table Discussion" department is more than wonderful. It has helped me more than I can say. It has answered some questions for me that my closest friends could not answer. Please keep up the good work.

I will close for now, saying to continue the work that this department demands. Pray for me and my family. Tell "Mom" hello for us.

Love,

—Mary Ellen Hildreth

---

Portales, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Berry,

I received your letter of September 18. Was very glad to hear from you. I will be happy to help, and am sorry I have not done so sooner.

I enjoy the "Round Table Discussion" in Youth's Living Ideals. I hope the answers to these questions will help to keep it going. I always enjoy reading the magazine. It is a great help to me, as it brings me to the realization that other young people are trying to live a good moral life. In these times we need all the encouragement we can get. [!!!—Ed.]

Thank you for reminding me of my duty in helping you to keep "Round Table Discussion" going. I guess I was expecting George to do it. I have received my September issue and am looking forward to October.

Your friend,

—Wanda Fenter

---

Harlingen, Texas

Dear Mrs. Berry,

Please forgive me for letting my subscription expire. We appreciate you sending the magazine on to us and wish to extend our subscription.

My family and I want to thank you for such a wonderful magazine. I hope that God will enable you to keep on publishing it.

Sincerely yours,

—Judy Hamrick

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Portales, New Mexico

Dear Editor,

My whole family enjoys the paper very much and hope you will continue your good work for many years. It is very inspirational and encouraging especially to the youth today. There are so many sinful things in the world today, it is encouraging to read a paper like this.

Yours very truly,

—Edythe Fenter



New Boston, Ohio

. . . I have read each issue of Youth's Living Ideals since you started this much needed work. I congratulate and commend you and those who have assisted you in any way in doing a much needed work in admonishing our youth to look to and trust in God as the only sure foundation and the source of comfort and strength.

Sincerely,

—Jarvey Floyd

Richlands, N. C.

Dear Editor,

I am writing this to commend the reading we find in Youth's Living Ideals. How glad we all would be if more youth would be interested in such clean reading. I feel sure the world would be a nicer, cleaner, more pleasant place in which to live. The answers to my son's question was truly to the point. Even though he and others who have read them might not really know how to appreciate them, I believe it will have a good effect on them and help them along the journey of this life. The older set the example for the young to follow, so I want to read them for my children again and again.

The question, "Is it best for a high school student to go steady?" I answer from my own experience. I did not attend high school but at that age I was carefree and happy. I lived my own young life without a host of boy or girl friends. I enjoyed planting a garden and watching for the tender plants to come forth; or seeing a hen waiting for the baby chicks to arrive. Yes, sometimes, even as our young folks do today, I had dreams of a hero coming along and entering into a paradise of love, a home, and wealth maybe—just maybe I would take the fancy of some wealthy man. It would be wonderful to have better advantages of life than I had at that time.

The hero came along, all right, but at the age of 35. I was a bit more settled then, and the wealth I had fondly envisaged was in quite a different way from that of my daydreams. A marriage cannot fail if true love is the foundation on which it is built. It takes much patience, much yielding of our own will to please another, much self-denial; and a blessed mercy it is, too, if the lady-love can be blessed to remember that Christ is the Head of the man and man is the head of the wife. Nevertheless, men ought to love and cherish their wives and be tender and compassionate toward them.

With love,

—Mrs. Isaac Jones



#### CAT-EGORY

Once upon a time a cat caught a sparrow. The clever sparrow adroitly exclaimed, "A gentleman washes before he eats." The cat, feeling the rebuke, let go the sparrow in order to wash his face, whereupon the bird flew away.

Since that day, so the story goes, the cat, though one of the neatest of creatures, eats his meal and washes afterward.

(Nancy Lyndon in Sunshine Magazine)

# The Story

## Behind the Modern Dance

### PART I

A CERTAIN writer said—*The modern dance is the Spawn of Hell*. Let us look into the history of the modern dance. Take the round dance which came first. It was first originated in 1627 by a French dancing master whose name was Gault. He was a libertine and gloried in it. He was so low in the moral scale that in an attempt to rob his own sister of her virtue, he strangled her to death. He was guillotined by the government for that crime in 1632. That is not very complimentary to the modern dance. We all know that the world over, in all ages, dancing is a proof that the animal passions are stronger than the intellectual faculties.

There is an unwritten law which governs society in social matters just as public opinion governs it in civil matters. Violation of this social code brings as its punishment social ostracism. This code reflects the moral sense of society upon matters of sex relationship. One of the outstanding provisions of this moral code is the reverent regard for the sanctity of a woman's person. Break this down and society would not last long. Right relationship between the sexes is the foundation for all society. If we ignore this standard of personal sanctity, we invite an onrush of social impurity.

The dance is the only place where standards of character are forgotten. It brushes aside all feelings of delicacy and modesty and all real manly refinement and propriety and when they are swept away society is robbed of its safeguards. It is the only place where the lust-ridden libertine can embrace pure womanhood. We know that liberties are accorded on the dance floor



that are not granted elsewhere. The dance bacilli are in the blood. Reckless abandon is the law of the dance floor. What care they for propriety? What care they if their bodies are cheapened, or desecrated or the instruments of man's lust. The unhindered exchange of reciprocal pleasure is necessary for the enjoyment of the dance.

The embrace of the dance is a dangerous undertow that carries the dancer on and on until he is beyond his depth. To be a popular dancer, a girl must permit familiarities against her own delicacy of feeling, so I say that the dance smothers her true instincts of womanhood and leads to a life of frivolity, dissipation and finally impure living. Then come ruination and physical wreckage. You see that this embrace breaks down all fortifications which nature has given her to protect her virtue. Modesty is the safeguard of virtue. The girl who dances gradually loses the blush of innocence. She grows careless in her speech, lewd in her manners, brazen in her face and coarse in her ways.

Watch a couple on the dance floor. Their eyes look burning words. He presses her to himself until every curve in the contour of her form tingles with the amorous contact. Her eyes are dreamy; she does not see his eyes gleaming with lust; she does not hear the music; she is in a mad typhoon of desire. The music ceases and her senses return, but she is trembling. Is not this fraught with danger? Is she not likely to become easy prey to lust?

Gail Hamilton says: "The Modern Dance in its very nature is unclean and cannot be washed. The very pose of the parties suggests impurity."

The dance will go just as far as decency will allow. In the olden times, they were satisfied with a touch of hands in the stately dances, but American youth must dance cheek to cheek and their bodies brought into the closest embrace. And now it is contortions.

It was in 1910 that the first Animal Dance was performed. In 1912 the Tango Movement came into being. It seems to have

originated in South America. It was soon introduced into Paris society and then brought to this country by dancing masters. Practically all the modern steps are of the Tango Family. Tango is a Latin word meaning "I touch," and so it describes the dance of close bodily contact. Up from the underworld, from its dens of iniquity and slime of immorality, comes the modern dance.

Let me enumerate some of the names of the dances that have come up from the Tango or the Family. We all remember the Turkey Trot. Then we have the Bunny Hug, the Boston Dip, the Whirling Swing, the Fox Trot, the Hesitation, the Hug-me-tight; the Pretzel Twist, the Lamé Duck, the Pickanniny Dandle, the Formaldehyde Flop, the Naughty Waltz, the Argentine Ardor, the Shiver Shake, the Shimmy, the Camel Walk, the Kangaroo Canter, the Half Nelson, the Mucilage Glide, the Peach Waltz, and the Terrapin Toddle . . . the Big Apple, the Lambreth Walk, the Congo and the Rumba. [Now the "twist" and other contortions.]

What is the secret of the attraction that the dance has for modern society? The answer is that it is the element of sex. Sex excitement is the life of the dance! This is the danger to the plastic young man or woman who needs help in formation of restraints in this period. The dance *weakens this restraint*. We remember that dancing in heathen lands is a prelude to sexual indulgence. So Swing affords the stimulus in this age. So we see that passion is the foundation of the popularity of the dance.

(From *Enemies of Youth*, by permission)

(Don't miss Part II next month.)



A flood of worldliness has come into the home of church-goers. The filthy dregs of Hollywood pour into our home via television, and the churches remain silent. Any man or woman who can sit day after day and gloat on their TV sets are not living in the fellowship of God, nor do they give thought to the command to "redeem the time, for the days are evil." [Nor to the command "keep yourself unspotted from the world."]—W. J. B.



Think naught a trifle, though it small appear; small sands make the mountain, moments make the year, and trifles life.—Edward Young

*Youth's Living Ideals*



## ***"Thank You, Lord . . ."***

You find drama, life's most sensitive moments, in strange places. You have to watch for it.

Not long ago a young father and his 4-year-old son were approaching a town. The boy said, "Daddy, how soon do we eat?"

"Pretty soon now, Son."

They came to a truck stop with the huge highway freighters standing around the entrance like a herd of painted elephants.

"This ought to be a good place, Son," the father said. "Truck drivers know good food." So he pulled up among the trucks, got out, took the boy by the hand and led him in.

Inside the air was thick with smoke. There was jostling and joking up and down the stool-lined counter, and men with thick brown arms and in blue shirts, their hats and caps still on, hunched over cups of steaming coffee, or scraped baked beans up from their plates with forks. Others nibbled barbecued ribs or munched thick, catsup-dripping hamburgers.

"Let's sit here," the father said to the blue-eyed boy with curly blond hair. Together they elimed on two stools right in the middle of the line.

"Two hamburgers," said the father. "Milk for the boy and coffee for me."

The boy sat there and looked around. It was noisy. The truck drivers were kidding the waitresses and the waitresses were tossing it back. Truck drivers like that. It makes business.

Soon a bell sounded in the little kitchen serving window, and a waitress pivoted and stacked the two plates on her arm. She set them down and got the milk and the coffee.

The father picked up his hamburger. But the 4-year-old boy just sat there.

Quietly he folded his hands at the edge of the counter and bowed his head. He began, "Thank you, Lord, for this food . . ."

The din died down. Glances passed up and down the line. A hat came off here, a cap there, as the brown muscled truck

drivers waited in hushed reverence for the boy to finish saying grace. One waitress saw it and stood still and nodded to the other waitress to be quiet.

When the boy finished, he picked up his sandwich and went about his eating. But something strange had happened.

The place stayed rather quiet. The wisecracks were gone. The talking up and down the line was in low tones. And when the boy left with his father, more than one pair of eyes followed him to the door.

(From the Indianapolis Times)

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

Fifteen minutes a day devoted to one definite study will make one a master in a dozen years.—Edward Howard Griggs

•  
"When desiring a night of refreshing sleep,  
Just count your blessings instead of sheep."

•  
There is no situation in human life or experience for which advice from God cannot be found in the Bible—whether it be personal, social, national or international.—G. Campbell Morgan

•  
True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of before all the world.—Rochefoucauld

•  
Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for Courtesy.—Emerson

•  
Manners easily and rapidly mature into morals.—Horace Mann

•  
A man's own good breeding is his best security against other people's ill manners.—Chesterfield

•  
Doing an injury puts you below your enemy; revenging one makes you but even with him; forgiving him sets you above him.  
—Odd Moments

•  
You can dodge responsibilities; but you cannot dodge the results of your dodging.—The Defender



# Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

This might be called "The Mystery of the Toothpaste Cap." For years there were times when I would find the cap left off the toothpaste tube. Each time I felt slightly irritable, but soon talked myself out of it. "After all, he doesn't *beat* me—he just leaves the cap off the toothpaste!" I would say to myself with what I hoped was forbearing tolerance. The culprit? Why, the dear Daddy of Mom's boys, that's who! (I thought!)

Imagine my surprise then, the other day, when he faced me with a capless toothpaste tube. He wore a stern expression as he said, "Did you know it is very unsanitary to always leave the cap off the toothpaste?" I began to try to tell him it wasn't *ME!* when I saw the comedy of a person fifty-plus trying to deny such an awful crime! There are only the two of us who now occupy a sadly almost empty house, so if he didn't do it, then it followed, it *had* to be Mom who was the culprit—and here I had been bearing with him!

So with very solemn manner, and a smile not very far beneath the surface, I said with exaggerated seriousness: "Now that the awful guilt is placed, it will never happen again!" And you know what? It hasn't! We are rid of *that* gremlin!

I caught this dear Daddy red-handed the other day, though—or perhaps I should say, black-handed. One of the tests, to me, of a neat home is to have plenty of bright, fresh towels. Things in general may be all out of order, but as long as there are plenty of fresh bed linens, and towels, everything is under control. My—well, fetish, if we are to be honest—has caused me to confront the culprit with his awful deed many times through the years. Until a few years ago there was always a scape-goat: one or the other of the "three little bears," as he affectionately called them, was called to see the shameful evidence,

as Daddy said something like: "You know how hard Mother works to keep things nice! Now you just look at that! Don't let me find this again!" They couldn't prove their innocence either, —not with just a small spot in the middle of the little face clean, and with ugly dirty streams on the back of little arms! Well, after all, they could not see what was behind them! Of course not! Whoever thought anyone could see behind his ears? That's what Moms are for!

But, as I said, now they are repeating the performance in homes of their own, and dear Daddy has nowhere to look when I say: "Now, Mr.! tell me—which one of the boys did *this?*" showing him a bright yellow towel with great black marks on it. "Well, I, er. . .er, well you see. . ."

Well, such little things in a home usually end by being merely humorous. But often we do become very irritable over little, unimportant things. Our irritation is often all out of proportion to the fault. I see now so clearly what I wish I could have seen when there were precious small children violating so many of my rules. Fearfully before me stood a dear little culprit, the evidence of his crime, which looked suspiciously like blackberry jam, on his little face. If I could have a second chance, I don't think I would say crossly: "You've been eating between meals again! . . . and how many times must I tell you to clean your shoes before coming in the house?" (Moms so often use a double barrel like this.) No, I think I would take that dear little culprit in my arms, jam, dirty shoes and all and squeeze him till it hurt.

You dear children are very forgiving though. We who are older are always striving for this child-like forgiveness. It is strange that you children want to be like big people; and we who have grown older yearn with a heart-sick longing for your sweet faith and kindness and ready forgiveness.

When my precious little ones were with me, and I became unduly cross because of the weight of care, I could not pray that night until I had asked them to forgive me. This was not very helpful for parental dignity, but we were all happier—and after the quick and loving forgiveness, I could pray then.



If we could always remember that our loved ones are with us such a little while, how much more kind we would be!

So, dear children, when Mother or Dad seem unduly severe, try to understand that it is not really you with whom they are angry. Life just becomes too much for them at times—and part of that burden is for you—and all the pent-up cares and anxieties and the very weariness finds an outlet sometimes, by spending itself on a comparatively small deed. Understanding this, you can develop real charity. This kind of understanding will help you, too, through all your life. Parents—and many times others—do not mean to be unkind or unfair. When it seems so, let us look for a deeper cause and offer help and sympathy instead of becoming angry ourselves. Parents may find an outlet for over-burdened lives by spending their irritation on a poor little boy with jam on his face. A teacher may express her inner fear and anxiety for you, by scolding—unjustly it may be—for a poorly prepared lesson. But give her sympathy and a quick understanding. Many a “mean old Mrs. Jones” is really, perhaps, expressing unhappiness because she is overworked, and feels dissatisfaction with her own work more than with yours. If you understand this, you will not feel hurt—only compassion.

This note grew into a letter, didn't it!

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM



### THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

By Teenager Carole Baker

I want to shout to the heavens, embrace the skies;  
Oh, how thankful I am just to be here—and alive!  
To be living, and breathing, and learning new things;  
To have life gushing before me as a young spring!

O Ruler of the universe—how kind Thou art,  
To let Thy Holy Spirit live within my heart;  
To give life eternal to sinners such as I,  
With beauty all around, to feast my eager eye.

O Thou who art so good, so gracious, and so strong,  
Doth forgive me freely, when I confess my wrong.  
One day the skies will open, angel choirs will sing;  
And, saved by grace, I'll ever live under Thy wing!

## Round Table Discussion

### • YOUTH PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY OUR READERS •

This department is mainly for the views of you the readers. Please send in any questions you would like to see discussed in this department. Please submit your answers to any question by the 10th of the month following date of issue.

#### QUESTION:

"Should parents allow little children to play with toy guns?"

#### ANSWERS:

From Tonya Staggs, age 5, Flint, Michigan: "No. When the little boys who play with me come over and bring their guns, I feel like telling 'em that Jesus doesn't want us to kill and we are not 'posed to pretend like we are killing."

From Cheri Baldwin, age 12, Fort Worth, Texas: "In Proverbs 22:6 it says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.' A child should not be allowed to play with toy guns because when he grows up, he is not supposed to use real guns."

"Here are some scriptures concerning one's enemy:

1. Matthew 26:52: Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

2. Matthew 5:39: But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

3. Luke 6:27: But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.

4. Luke 6:35: But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil.

5. Romans 12:17-20: Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

6. 1 Thess. 5:15: See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

"It may be all right for him to play with a toy hunting rifle and use it like he is hunting animals. If there are other children in the neighborhood who play "cowboys and Indians," he probably will be tempted to use his gun that way. Such a temptation is hard for a small child to resist. He can wait until he is old enough for a real gun if he wants to hunt animals for food. No one should kill animals just as a pastime. They should be used."



From Sally Sohns, age 12, Olyphant, Pa.: "No, because it's teaching a child to play with something that will cause trouble."

From Wanda Fenter, age 20, Portales, New Mexico: "If you teach your child the good uses of a gun, I can see nothing wrong with letting him play with toy guns. A friend of mine teaches her children that a gun is for shooting rabbits, snakes, etc. When he is found 'shooting' people, his toy gun is taken away until he has learned how to use it. If a child is taught the right use of a gun, he will grow up with that knowledge and will practice it with real guns."

From Bill Clinton, age 31, Exeter, Calif.: "This question will probably receive mostly negative answers. However, it has been my own experience, and I'm sure of others too, that I grew up learning to play 'Cowboys and Indians.' Naturally, guns and arrows are part of the game. Toy guns sometimes look like real guns. Here lies the danger. A child never should pick up a real gun. He should be instructed on the difference, being made to realize that a real gun is for other purposes, not for killing. I grew up knowing the difference and don't recall ever holding a real gun until I was old enough to know how to handle it. Without proper advice and instruction by the parents or relatives, a child could get into a bad habit of carelessness that would be dangerous when and if he ever came across a real gun or revolver. To sum it up, if parents allow children to play with toy guns, they, the parents, must instruct the child or children to beware of the similarity of real guns, and not let a child get careless even with a toy gun."

From Mrs. E. Baldwin, age 31, Fort Worth, Texas: "The word of God says to train a child, etc. It also says to do good to our enemies. God says vengeance is His. Thus, if a man must not shoot his fellow man, it doesn't seem proper training to let a child play shooting his playmates. A child might have a hunting rifle to play hunting animals to eat. However, if there are many neighbor children "shooting" each other, the temptation is very great to play the same way—especially if the child is very young. It would seem best to wait and be a real hunter with a real rifle when old enough."

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#### NEXT MONTH'S DISCUSSION—

"In November we will discuss: "Should a teen-ager own his own car?"

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#### WILL YOU JOIN THE PANEL?

- "Should Mom and Dad always know where I am going and with whom I am going?"
- "In school so many try to get the easiest teachers. Where choice is possible, shouldn't we pick the hardest or strictest ones?"
- "Should a teen-age girl go steady with a boy 110 miles from her home?"
- "Is it wrong for students to attend dances, such as the Jr. and Sr. Prom? I mean students in high school who are members of the Church?" [For consideration in answering this question, you might read and study the series now running, "The Story Behind the Modern Dance," written by Dr. John Carrara. It may affect your answer.—Ed.]

## ***Don't Wait for an Earthquake!***

THE RECENT devastating earthquake in Iran, claiming thousands of lives, was a chilling reminder that such things are "the beginning of sorrows." We never know when our time will be. The thousand or more lives claimed by the torrential rains in Spain last month was certainly unexpected. A hundred or more lives every day are snuffed out on U. S. highways, disease claims millions throughout the world, crime is raging and the innocent fall victim. But even with such reality around us, we fail to realize the value and brevity of human life. We too often live as though we plan to live forever, and as though our lives are really in our *own* hands instead of God's.

You, no doubt, read about the youth in the recent earthquake who cried, "God, what do you want me to do?" This youth had had everything taken from him—all material goods and all his loved ones. He realized there was really nowhere else *to* turn *except* to God. But I believe it would be in accordance with the spirit of Christ to say, "Blessed is the youth who—even while he has comfort and ease around him and every material necessity within his reach—will look beyond all this and in a dedicated manner exclaim, 'Lord, what will Thou have me to do?'" Yes, blessed is the youth who will ask now. Such an one is more blessed than the youth who waits for an earthquake to shake him into the realization that God is real and has a purpose for his life.

I am not addressing this to atheists, but to you who believe in God, the Almighty Supreme Being as your Creator. We claim the belief, but often we act and live as practical atheists. An atheist is one without God, and as J. K. Popham said, if we fail to realize our dependence upon God, if we fail to kneel down to Him for guidance, we are just that—*practical atheists!*

So, "Lord, just what will Thou have me to do? Not when I become old and gray, but now—in my youth. How do you want me to prepare myself? For a life that will bring *me* fame and fortune? or for a life that will be a service to mankind and a



life in Thy service? Lord, just what will Thou have me do? I ask it in sincerity—now—*before* an earthquake forces it from my lips. Lord, forgetting SELF and my comforts, what will Thou have me to do with my life? Guide me and prepare me.”

Such would be the prayer of a “practical Christian” youth who realizes God has put him here for a short time for some accomplishment, for some *purpose*. If we have found any natural talents that God has bestowed upon us, let us make full use of them, exploit them, put them to usury, so that they will bear fruit. May we cultivate every talent to the glory of God that our lives will be as fruitful trees—trees to be purged to bear even *more* fruit, and not as fruitless trees to be hewn down.

—Editor

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READ IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

Fruitful Plant or Parasite, by Bill Kendrick

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THE SECRET ROOM

There is a little room inside of me;  
It is cozy, safe, secure;  
Nothing can really hurt me there;  
All things I can endure.

There's One Who dwells inside that room,  
Always there to solace me;  
He heals the wound that sent me there,  
From malice makes me free.

With His presence in the little room  
Deep in my inner heart,  
No shred of bitterness can remain  
To work its evil art.

So when unkind words are spoken,  
And things seem all awry,  
I'll put a smile on my face,  
And go into my heart to cry.

(Mrs. W. J. Berry)



Jane: “Have I kept you waiting long?”

Wayne: “No, but did you know that there are 3,692 polka dots on your wallpaper?”

October, 1962

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# Character Lessons

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## Courtesy

All are familiar with the story of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his coat for Queen Elizabeth to walk upon. There was a little newsboy in New York who was animated by the same spirit. He was standing, with hundreds of little waifs, waiting for admittance outside of a mission hall. The keen wind swept around the corner, and the cold ground kept them all shivering. One little girl, with ragged shoes, seemed to suffer from the cold ground more than the others, and kept shifting from one foot to the other, vainly trying to keep her feet warm. The newsboy had been watching her for some time, forgetful of his own discomfort, and finally threw his tattered hat at her feet, and with the same chivalrous spirit and courtesy of Raleigh, said, "You can stand on that." This is Courtesy.

● *Courtesy is the consideration of the needs and wishes of others before one's own.*

Civility may mean simply *not rude*. Politeness means graceful manners, and it is deeper than civility. Courtesy means not only politeness, but sincere kindness and attention. It goes beneath the surface to the spirit prompting the word and deed.

Courtesy implies a recognition of the other person's dignity. It is treating another as though that other were truly his ideal self.

Courtesy is perhaps more important in the family than anywhere else, because in this relation people are thrown most closely together, and need the protection of courtesy, which is the best means of avoiding unpleasant friction and unhappiness.

True courtesy is not something artificial; it is the expression of thoughtfulness for others. As Lyman Abbott said, courtesy is simply love applied in social life to the conduct of small affairs. Good feeling and good sense underlie all rules of courtesy. The first thing, therefore, for one to do, who wishes to develop a courteous habit is to cultivate good feeling and good sense. The



expression "be courteous," rendered from the original Greek in our English Bible, is literally "be friendly minded."

Rudeness and boorishness sometimes spring from ignorance, but are more often the expression of selfishness, which forgets the feelings and taste of others.

Emerson said that manners are the happy way of doing things: each at once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. Your manners are always under examination, by committees little suspected, and by police in citizen's clothes, who are awarding or denying you high prizes when you least think of it. Manners impress, as they indicate, real power. What is done for effect is sure to be seen that it is done for effect. Men take each other's measures when they meet for the first time. It is, after all, the real man that gives distinction to his manners. There are manners that give the impression of personal beauty, that are suddenly better than beauty—that refine us, even more than beauty.

The first points of courtesy must be heartiness and sympathy. But after all, behind all royalty of manner must be a heart of love. Defect in manners is usually the defect in fine perceptions. And yet the commonest man who has an ounce of sense and feeling is conscious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman and a coarse one.

Fine manners, springing from a loving heart, make the homeliest person beautiful, and dower the least intellectual with an irresistible fascination. And the best of it is this prescription is within everybody's reach.

A boy cannot too early learn to take off his hat when spoken to; in a little while it will become instinctive, and he will take it off automatically upon proper occasions. Let him also remember that the hall-mark of good breeding is not to interrupt.

The princely act of courtesy of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his splendid velvet cloak over the mire, that Her Majesty might cross without soiling her feet, has become historic. But when our friends, who are the royalty in our lives, come upon the mudholes

of our making—the disagreeablenesses, the annoyances, the irritations of life—shall we be less chivalric than Sir Walter? Follow the example of that loyal devotion. Should we not cast our best mantle of courtesy and cheerful diversion over the mire, that our friends may walk over unstained, and even unaware of soil or discomfort? Such opportunities occur every day, and are the test of the loyalty of our courtesy.

If good manners include good language, the best means of attaining this is to read aloud one or two hours each day. This will induce a grace of speech fully as important as grace of behavior, in opening the door of cultivated society. The measure of the refinement of a nation is shown by the manners of its people.

It is always courteous to give way and allow others the preference. Courtesy is becoming to all ages and classes, and at all times, but civility and respectfulness are very essential to young persons going out into the world to earn their living. Courtesy necessitates some amount of trouble being taken, and it is sometimes advisable to ask permission even when it may be doubtful whether such a course is really necessary; but that saying, "May I" do this, or the other? is very little trouble, and obviates unpleasant consequences. As courteous conduct marks the true gentleman, every lad, whether he is destined to be [a coal miner or an astronaut], may be and ought to be a true gentleman. As "a soft answer turneth away wrath," so individual and international courtesy may remove quarrelling among children and war among nations.

*Practice:* Let every one say that, *today* he is an attendant upon a queen, and try to behave as though he were a courtier.

(James Terry White)



Good manners are made up of innumerable petty sacrifices.

—Emerson

True politeness is real kindness kindly expressed.—Geo. L. Carey

Politeness of the mind is to have gentle thoughts.—La Rochefoucauld



## ***Who Is An Indian Giver?***

The expression "An Indian giver" is used of a person who gives a gift, and then takes it back; or expects it to be returned.

We were pleased to read what Mrs. Ioleta McElhaney—who has a more intimate knowledge of Indians most of us possess—had to say on the subject, viz:

"To my knowledge, this is a misconception, and is a great injustice to the tradition of giving as practiced among American Indians.

"When an Indian gives something to a friend, he does so unselfishly, with no intention or expectation of soliciting or receiving in return. The recipient usually does, however, return the favor at some later date by giving something of similar value. But it is given voluntarily and with a fine spirit. Selfishness is looked upon with scorn by Indians."

Many people regard the Lord as One who gives gifts; and then for some reason or other withdraws them. The Scripture assures us that this is not so.

It says: "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." (Rom. 11:29) Looking this verse up in other translations it was interesting and helpful to find it rendered thus: "For God does not repent of His free gifts nor of His call." (Weymouth)

"For God's gifts and His call are irrevocable—He never withdraws them once they are given, and He does not change His mind about those to whom He gives His grace or to whom He sends His call." (Amplified New Testament)

"For the gracious gifts and call of God are never taken back." (Chas. B. Williams)

"For once they are made, God does not withdraw His gifts or His calling." (J. B. Phillips)

"For no change of purpose can annul God's free gift and call." (H. B. Montgomery)

Even a man like Balaam had to say: "God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken and shall He not make it good?" (Numbers 23:19) (From Now)

## MELODY

I sat alone at the organ,  
At the close of a troubled day,  
When the sunset's crimson embers  
On the western altar lay.  
I was weary with vain endeavor;  
My heart was ill at ease:  
I sought to sooth my sadness,  
With the voice of the sweet-toned keys.

My hands were weak and trembling,  
My fingers all unskilled.  
To render the grand old anthem  
With which my soul was filled.  
Through the long day's cares and worries  
I had dreamed of that glorious strain,  
And I longed to hear the organ  
Repeat it to me again.

It fell from my untaught fingers  
Discordant and incomplete,  
I knew not how to express it,  
Or to make the discord sweet:  
So I toiled with patient labor  
Till the last bright gleams were gone,  
And the evening's purple shadows  
Were gathered one by one.

Then the master stood beside me,  
And touched the noisy keys,  
And lo, the discord vanished  
And melted in perfect peace.  
I heard the great organ pealing  
My tune I could not play;  
The strains of the glorious anthem  
That had filled my soul all day.

So I think, perchance the Master  
At the close of life's weary day,  
Will take from our trembling fingers  
The tune we cannot play.  
He will hear through the jarring discord  
The strain, although half expressed,  
He will blend it in perfect music,  
And add it to all the rest.

—From "Heart-Reaching Poems"



It's hard to believe that just 100 years ago people were crossing this country in wagon trains. Today we can shoot a rocket into space at 25,000 miles an hour, and nobody's watching. They're all home watching "Wagon Train."—Sunshine Magazine

Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.  
—Horace Mann



## Portraits from the Bible . . .

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### RHODA

Mrs. W. J. Berry

In the days following the crucifixion of Jesus, Christians lived in a state of constant peril. The evil rulers, who thought they were rid of the Man Jesus, now mercilessly searched out His followers to kill them also. Especially did they want to imprison or put to death the men who preached the gospel of Jesus. They thought He was an imposter, and naturally, anyone who taught the people that He was their King and Savior, were thought to be seditious, and so they were in constant danger.

One of these to be killed was James; and now Peter was in prison. No doubt Herod planned to kill him also.

These were sad, frightful days. But despite the ever-constant fear of discovery, the true followers of Jesus worshipped in His name. They risked their lives daily to learn of Him. Any home was under suspicion which gave His ministers shelter. And yet such was their love and faith that they continued to care for His apostles. They often held meetings in their homes just so they could hear more of their blessed Lord, even though the soldiers might come at any moment, and with foul language and cruel whippings, drag these beloved men of God off to prison or to death.

It was a serious thing to be a Christian in those days. It demanded great love and loyalty. There must not have been many who made a false profession of belief in Jesus, when it meant possible imprisonment or death.

Even though it was a fearful time, it must have been also a wonderful time. The display of such love and courage must leave its indelible mark on any age. The lives of those who lived in those days shine from history, even though they may not always be great or important people.

The object of this little portrait was one of these.

During those eventful years, love and marriage came for a certain couple, who are not of enough importance to even be named. But we know they were there, living and loving, for in due time a dear little girl came to their home. Their happiness and love are shown by the name they gave their little girl. To them she was precious just like our little girls are today. We think we can see them looking happily and lovingly upon her tiny, sweet face—why she is just like a rose-bud! they say. That is her name! We will call her a rose. Names given at that time were more descriptive than today, and only such a beautiful, fragrant, perfect flower could have a name suitable for their little darling. So they called her name Rhoda, which means a rose.

That they were not people of wealth or prominence is shown by the fact that as little Rhoda grew older she was a maid, or servant in the home of the gracious Mary, who was John's mother. But she was of sufficient importance that her beauty must flash briefly across the story of that man of God, Peter.

There were a few of these poor, persecuted Christians meeting that night in Mary's home. They were in sorrow, and deep anxiety, for Peter was in prison, and they feared he too would be killed as Jesus and James had been. So they met to pray for him.

As they are bowed in prayer, there is a knock at the gate. We think we can see each one raise fearful eyes, silently and fearfully questioning each other, "Who can it be?" Could it be the rough soldiers sent to arrest some of them?

Rhoda goes quickly, as it is one of her duties to open the gate for friends or strangers who come. She peers cautiously out, fearing to see who the visitor is. She turns joyfully, and excitedly runs back to those waiting. Her heart is nearly bursting with happiness, so that she has forgotten even to open the gate for him. "It is Peter!" she cries. She has left him waiting while she breaks the amazing and joyful news. She was no disinterested, indifferent servant, sullenly performing her duty. She was worshipping and praying there with the others, who now could hardly believe that God had answered their prayers,



even while they were yet praying.

It was not easy to escape from Herod's prison; and Peter had been asleep between two soldiers. But the God to whom they prayed sent an angel to lead him from prison to the home where his loved ones prayed for his deliverance. And our little Rhoda was the first to see him and announce his glorious deliverance.

Even though they had been praying for it, they now could not believe that Peter was actually there, free, waiting to be allowed to come in. The girl must have lost her senses, they said. "Come and see!" she no doubt said through joyful tears. They rush all together and must almost have broken the gate down in their eagerness to see for themselves.

What a happy time they must have had that night! Not only was Peter free, and there telling them of the beloved Jesus, but his very miraculous presence there meant that God was indeed with them.

After the happy excitement subsides, we think we see little Rhoda draw back into the shadows to await the wishes of her mistress, as she looks with loving wonder upon the man who tells of the lovely Jesus.

So we place our little Rhoda, like a beautiful rose, in our gallery of beautiful portraits.



#### THE GUIDING HAND

Take not Thy hand from mine  
Through all the years,  
But help me, Lord, to face the world  
And all its fears.

Without Thy hand, O Lord,  
The shadows grow.  
Oh, let Thy presence light the way  
That I must go.

And then at last, Thy hand  
Shall lead the way,  
Across that dark and lonely vale  
To endless day.

—M. M. Duncan

## ***Timely Words for Young People***

"Pride and extravagance are the forerunners of poverty, and often lead to fraud and dishonesty. If you are proud you should mark Solomon's words: 'Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.' Pride will lead you to desire to live beyond your means, and will ultimately bring you to need. If you buy what you don't need now, you will, some day, be unable to buy what you do need. Don't form a habit of wanting to buy everything you see because it is nice; this tempter, if submitted to, will enslave you and your parents; and you should not desire pride to be your master. It is a sad sight to see children dressed in fine clothing and their parents owing for them. A young lady strutting in laces, ribbons, and silks, and a mortgage on her father's home, is a woeful sight; what sensible young man would want her for a wife? and of what use or comfort is she to her parents?"

... "Take care of your books, at school and at home; take care of your clothes."

... "In this way you save money for future wants, and what sensible person will fail to admire you for it. Never let your merchant think that he can sell you such things as are of no value; he will know that you are worthless as soon as he finds that you will bite on such things as he has only to catch sap heads; let him know that you want no goods except what are of real solid use, and he will admire you for it. Don't seek to be the finest dressed one at church; always be clean, and keep your clothes so. Don't be stingy; there are things necessary for your comfort; the poor and sick need a little charity; a day's work, or something that you can spare that they need, will help them much, and give them a bright spot in life, and make your conscience feel good; these things you should pay for and do, but bear in mind there are many traps set to catch the fruit of your labor, which you must watch. Every lottery in the land is a swindle, and should be let alone."

... "Honesty is indispensable to every one who ever expects to be truly great or good. Let it be said, 'he is honest,' and he



can get any place he is able to fill; no merchant, banker or officer wants a dishonest clerk; no one wishes to leave or entrust his money or valuables to one he knows to be dishonest. You should use the greatest pains to secure to yourself the reputation of being honest, and you should feel within that you are honest. If you are conscious that you are dishonest, you never can feel that independence that you ought to feel; you cannot feel that you are truly noble, for you know that you are not noble. If you want to succeed well, keep a good conscience; and to do this, keep a good opinion of yourself; and to do this, let your plans and actions be such that you are willing for all to know all about them. This will make you feel that you are noble. It will give you a bright clear open countenance, and enable you to face your employer, and face the world and your accusers, and your Creator. You will have a firmness and steadfastness of character that will be of infinite worth to you through life."

... "A merchant or tradesman who habitually lies about his goods, will be detected, and then his tongue is useless to him in business."

... "If your merchant makes a mistake in your favor, in counting, weighing, or measuring, or settling, or changing money, always correct it; be as ready to correct mistakes in your favor, as you are those against you. Whatever you find return to its owner. Do no one private injury in his person or property; never circulate a false report about anyone. In all I have said I wish you to understand that we should be honest with ourselves; and therefore, we should ever with manly energy contend for our own right, while we give others justice. We should do justice by ourselves, therefore in all our buying and selling and mixing with men, we should have an eye to our own right as well as those of others. In contending for our right, let us be cautious; law suits are expensive things, and therefore should be avoided."

... "Faithfulness and punctuality are of vast importance. When you make a promise, however small, charge your mind with it, and do it. If it be to mail a letter, pay a small sum of money, bring some little article from town, or bear a message to

a friend, make it a point through life to perform it. It will become a part of your character, and will be of great worth to you. Notice that some men when they promise a sum of money on a certain time, or to be at a certain place, etc., that they are very careful to do it. It is of vast importance to you that when you make a promise people depend on your fulfilling it. In this way you get good credit. Your word becomes as good as your note, with good security. You should set a high estimate on your word, and so live that others will. This is the sure road to usefulness, and happiness, and honor. Young man, run in it."

(Selections by James H. Oliphant)

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

## **No. 25 of 57 Reasons**

### **WHY WE KNOW THAT THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD**

25. *And strange paradox, it is not only the best loved book in the world, but the most hated as well.*

It is hated and fought by evil men. Now it is quite evident that evil men would not hate an evil, fraudulent (hence harmless to them) book! They hate it for the same reason that the incorrigible criminal hates the righteous arm of the law that punishes him. But, as was Christ, so is the Bible today, "*hated without a cause.*" (John 15:25)

(Fred John Meldau)

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### **HAVE YOU READ . . .**

"The Story Behind the Modern Dance"? This series will hold your interest. Each installment is shocking and informative. Vitally important. Don't miss a one!



## HOW TO MISS THE STING AND GET THE HONEY

An experience I shall never forget was an opportunity I had in the Orient to watch natives take honey from a bee hive without being stung. They are almost unprotected by their dress, yet they are rarely stung.

Why? Well, the explanation they give is this:

"We are passive, deliberate in our movements. We make no effort to fight and protect ourselves, nor do we attempt to drive the swarm away."

Thus, when a bee settles on one of them, it attempts to sting him no more than it would a plank of wood.

That wasn't the way it happened to me when I used to help my grandfather as a boy. Nervous, restless, and combative, I soon had a swarm of bees after me—all the way to the house and through the screen door! And I got stung!

Our troubles in life swarm around us like bees. Let us fret and fume, and we shall feel the sting and miss the honey; let us live in quiet and in confidence, and we shall taste the sweetness and escape the harm!

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee."—Isaiah 26:3

(A. Purnell Bailey)



## IF YOU SELL YOURSELF TO OTHERS

If you sell yourself to others  
Through deceptive means and flaws,  
Making them believe you're honest  
Till they crown you with applause,  
Don't forget that God in heaven  
Knows the heart beneath the cloak,  
And some day will move the cover  
And reveal you to the folk.

If you sell yourself to others  
Through your manhood and your worth,  
And by godly, noble living  
As you dwell upon the earth,  
Then your life will prove a blessing  
That no evil can erase,  
Like the saints across the ages  
As they grandly filled their place.

If you sell yourself to others  
Through your righteousness and love,  
And the sweetness Jesus gives you  
As He sends it from above,  
You'll be living through the ages  
In the presence of the Lord,  
Where the saints are ever happy,  
For their grand and great reward.

(Walter E. Isenhour)

## NEWS ITEMS . . .

**DANGER IN UNIVERSITIES**—Martin Luther once said concerning the universities: "I am much afraid the universities will prove to be the great gates to hell, unless they diligently labor to explain the Holy Scriptures and to engrave them upon the hearts of youth. I advise no one to place his child where the Scriptures do not reign paramount. Every institution where men are not unceasingly occupied with the Word of God must become corrupt."

It is an alarming fact that one Communist leader after another has been trained by fifth columnists among the educationists of the Western world. For instance Chou En Lai, Premier of Red China, went to Paris for his education and was converted to Communism. The term "En Lai" means "by grace come"—an echo of Christian profession or influence.

The personal secretary of Chou En Lai was trained at Harvard University.

Chu Teh, Commander in Chief of the army of Red China, was turned to Communism during his Berlin studies.

Gunawardena, a government leader of Ceylon, was won to Communism at the University of Wisconsin.

Narayan, leader of India's Socialist Party, turned to be a Communist at the University of Wisconsin.

According to WHO'S WHO, half of the top leaders in Red China were educated in the U. S.

It would seem that America is fast training men to turn against the West—to our own undoing. Western democracy has been defined as a place where parents pay taxes to support teachers and professors to destroy the faith of their children. Perhaps it is thus that Krushchev figures he can by "Peace, Peace" take America over without firing a shot.

The universities are proving to be the broadest gateways to our religious and national perdition.—*Prairie Overcomer*

**SUBSIDY**—President Kennedy has announced that he expects to ask Congress to increase postage again this year, hoping to bring the price of a first class letter up to 5c. This might seem a bit unreasonable if we were not spending so much on Russian propaganda and delivering so much Russian mail free.

—*Cross and Flag*

**THE COST OF CONFESSION IN SPAIN**—A Spanish Protestant is spending two and one half years in prison because during his time of military service his conscience forbade him to kneel at the mass. Although he had clearly confessed his evangelical faith, his superiors had three times refused his request to be excused from worship of the host during the Roman Catholic service.

A Spanish writer and a Spanish printer were sentenced to a month in prison (including the Christmas holidays) for having "written, printed and edited Evangelical literature for the use of the Evangelical Churches in Spain."

Believers were arrested last year in Mallorca and Madrid, and other believers in Ubuda, Jodar, and Quesa were fined for holding worship services in private homes.—*Prophetic Word*



## Suggested Reading

Your time for reading is limited—select your reading with much care. The Bible comes first, and is never even to be compared with any other book or paper. The news stands and book stores are flooded with trash, and should be avoided. You can depend on the books listed here as being worth your valuable time and money.

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