

# The Youth's Instructor



S. M. HARLAN

Have You Prepared  
Your Answer?

## QUESTION

### Number One

By  
HELENE SUCHE  
WOLLSCHLAEGER

advent movement: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

Perhaps we, too, could easily increase our membership and greatly lengthen our church lists if we taught our children from the time they can lisp the words, that regardless of the life they live, regardless of their own wishes, aims, or inclinations, their answer to question number one invariably must be: "By the grace of God I am a Christian." But teaching it, repeating it, even believing it, would not make it true.

And really, are you not glad that it is not true? Are you not glad that in this, the most important matter that could possibly concern you, you are absolutely your own boss, with a God-given right to do as you please? Are you not glad that no minister will baptize you unless you wish to be baptized, no church enroll you unless you choose to be enrolled? Why, Jesus Himself will not save you unless you wish to be saved, nor take you to heaven unless you choose to be taken. In God's great catechism the answers are not written out; you make them up yourself.

Of course, your parents, if you are so fortunate as to have Christian parents, your teachers, if you are privileged to attend an Adventist school, your pastor, your fellow church members, your guardian angel, the Holy Spirit, Jesus, and God are all trying to help you to see that there is only one reasonable, worth-while answer to this important question, and our Catholic friends have quoted it correctly. Certainly everyone, human and divine, who is interested in your eternal welfare, hopes and prays that your answer will be a humble, grateful, victorious "Yes, by the grace of God I am a Christian," instead of a stammering, hopeless, agonized "No," with all its fatal consequences. But the decision rests with you. Remember that spiritually you are always of "age," lord and master of your own will, the formulator of your own answers, the arbiter of your own destiny.

The Judge of all the earth sits with open catechism. Soon will come your turn at question number one. Have you prepared your answer?

BY the grace of God I am a Christian." I knew as well as anyone in class that was the answer to question number one, but I just could not say it! The only reason my parents sent me to the "sister school," as we called it, was that it was much nearer home than the public school. Father had made it very plain that I was not to attend the church services nor study the Catholic doctrines. Accordingly I had received no catechism and was expected to remain in my seat when the rest of the class lined up for the first recitation each morning. But something in me hungered after God, so I always listened attentively and often slipped up with the class.

During my seven years in the convent I must have heard the first question in the catechism hundreds, perhaps thousands, of times, and always with but one exception the answer was the same, "By the grace of God I am a Christian." The exception occurred one day when "sister," going over the lesson in routine fashion, failed to notice who stood at the head of the class, and question number one fell to me. Reared in a Christless home, denied the privilege of church attendance, permitted in the doctrine class only through the leniency of a teacher who knew as well as I that should "mother superior" or my father suddenly appear in the door, I would be sent to my seat and sternly told never to recite with that class again, standing there with an ache in my heart and a lump in my throat,

what could I do but look at the floor and sadly shake my head? "Next!" And the answers rolled on as smoothly and as glibly as always.

Thanks to the passing of the years, the most important birthday I have ever had or ever will have, finally arrived, the long-looked-for day that made me "of age," my own boss, with the right, to quote father's own words spoken years before, to "join any silly thing I pleased." And I celebrated it by joining the Seventh-day Adventist Church!

Then one day it dawned on me that I had added a new word to my vocabulary. At least it seemed part of every other Seventh-day Adventist vocabulary, and as I had become an Adventist, I suppose it was part of mine. That little word kept falling from the lips of my Sabbath school teacher, the young people's Missionary Volunteer leader, and the minister who preached on Sabbath. Day after day I heard it in morning and evening worship, in chapel, and at vespers. Again and again I read it in our wonderful denominational books and papers, especially in those peerless writings of Ellen G. White. Even the Bible seemed full of it in one form or another—that destiny-filled little word, "choose." With a hundred variations and applications—choose your recreation, choose your friends, choose your lifework, choose to serve Christ, choose to be a Christian—that ringing challenge of Joshua kept echoing and re-echoing to the youth of the



# Let's Talk It Over

THE young man—out of count for the military because of physical disabilities—came to Washington, D. C., about a year and a half ago, and took a minor clerkship in one of the great departments of the United States Government. He had a little training but no experience in his background. Disappointed that he could not "take a gun and get into the thick of things overseas," he considered his new job as "not much."

But as he worked at routine day after day he began to discover his lacks. A high school education had seemed to him quite sufficient for any young fellow who had no special ambitions but "hoped" that someday he could "see the world." When his immediate superior remarked one morning, while the clerk waited beside his desk for an O.K., "Too bad, Riley, that you don't have Spanish; we need a likely young fellow to go on an errand for us 'down Mexico way,'" a seed thought was dropped that has taken root and grown amazingly.

Spanish? He had been "exposed" to it in the classroom for two years but had held only enough of the grammar and vocabulary, as temporary brain "prisoners of war," to enable him to squeeze through examinations. He had not seen the need or advantage then of "cluttering up" his mind with such unneedfuls. But now! Purpose possessed him after a bit of serious thought. He would review and enlarge his language horizons. The world is shrinking every day, he decided, so far as distance and intermingling of nations is concerned. He would "get busy"!

Ten hours' work a day, plus overtime, did not leave much time for study, but after some disillusioning experiments he decided to cut his lunchtime by fifteen minutes and spend the time on language. He concentrated on Spanish. In three months he had made amazing progress. Folks at the office began to notice, to comment, to inquire how and why. Before he realized it his responsibilities had grown considerably. The boss was depending on him!

Now his office is back on a regular eight-hour schedule, but the one-time clerk is busier than ever. A new desk has been assigned him, and his days are longer than he wishes they were. But Spanish still gets the fifteen minutes at lunchtime unless he is obliged to be in conference; then it fits into the first spare-minute niche that is available. And there is every prospect that within a few months he will be sent on a special mission to South America, representing Uncle Sam!

Fifteen minutes a day has done it!

"I never before realized the value of the tag ends of time," he says, as he plans how he can squeeze French and Russian into his already crowded program.

Yes, the little bits of life are more important than most of us realize.

IT requires about one second by the clock to read this sentence. Seconds being brief, as they are, we are likely to scorn them for something more pretentious in the way of time. But seconds wasted add up to

minutes; minutes wasted add up to hours; hours wasted add up to days. And even though you discount frittered-away seconds, minutes, and hours, you must agree that squandered days really amount to something. But when you break them down you are right back to those faint clicks to the listening ear which are seconds; you wasted them; that is where your trouble began.

"When I was a boy," said Henry Ford to a reporter who was interviewing him, "I used to work at a lathe in a machine shop. The job began at seven. The shop was heated by exhaust steam from downstairs, and as we didn't operate night shift, it was seven-thirty on cold mornings before the place was warm enough for us to handle the frosty iron wheels on the lathes, unless we wanted to lose all the skin on the palms of our hands."

"As it was piecework I figured we were losing a half hour every day—three hours a week, twelve hours a month! The other workers took this loss as a matter of course, but I wondered how it might be avoided. And as I thought I evolved a plan. One night I unscrewed the iron handwheel on my lathe and put it on top of the boiler. Next morning the handwheel was nice and warm, and I got under sail at seven-five. I had discovered how to save twenty-five minutes a day—1,500 seconds!"

Have you ever put your wits to work to figure out a way of doing more work in a given time? It pays in the long run, for saved time means more work, and more work means a step up on the ladder of success.

WHEN the English artist, James Sharples, was a young man, he labored long hours in a blacksmith shop every day. There seemed no opportunity to study art, but he spent every spare minute in drawing. However, there were not enough of these odd moments to satisfy him, so he devised a time-making plan which advantaged himself and was perfectly fair to his employer.

"I applied for and obtained the heaviest smithwork," he said, telling the experience in later years. "My fellow workers laughed at me for taking on the most difficult and unpleasant tasks in the shop, but I paid no attention to their ridicule, for I knew that the time required for heating the heaviest iron work would be so much longer than that required for heating the lighter that I would gain many spare minutes in the course of a day. These I carefully employed in making diagrams on the sheet-iron castings near by, thus providing myself with the longer time to practice drawing which I so earnestly desired."

And as the years passed his endeavors bore fruit. His work came to the attention of those who could—and did—open the door of opportunity. But it was the spare minutes and the way he employed them that forged the key to that door.

Unattached minutes pyramid in a surprising hurry. It will be an untold ad-

vantage to you and to me if we have foresight and determination enough to round up these strays before any more of them slip away from us, and brand them with our personal trade-mark.

WHEN the Roman emperor Titus exclaimed, "I have lost a day!" he uttered a sadder truth than if he had cried, "I have lost a kingdom!" He realized that he had lost that day second by second, minute by minute. And down here in these swiftly moving days of the twentieth century this is still one of the besetting sins of humanity. Let us take a backward glance and see what some of our forebears accomplished in the time their fellows wasted.

Martin Luther, of Protestant Reformation fame, published "a whole library" of books. When asked how he had found time to translate the Bible, in addition to all his other work, he replied, "I do a little every day." And how much the odd moments thus spent enriched the world of letters.

*Pilgrim's Progress* was written by John Bunyan while he was imprisoned in Bedford jail. Most men in such a situation could have found no inspiration in their souls for writing, but he spent little time feeling sorry for himself or angry with those who had been responsible for his plight. He utilized the scrap paper which came into his hands, as well as the scraps of time, and produced the larger part of a book that still stands second to the Bible as a best seller.

Sir Walter Raleigh was another miser of time. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London, but under these adverse conditions he made the most of the years spent there by writing a *History of the World*, which is still a standard work of high literary merit.

And there was Henry Kirke White, an English poet of note, who learned Greek nouns, verbs, vocabularies, and grammar while going to and from a lawyer's office where he was employed.

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a great portion of her famed *Uncle Tom's Cabin* while waiting for bread to bake.

And Sinclair Lewis, a well-known writer of our day, improves odd moments while waiting for his morning coffee to boil, and on streetcars and buses while traveling between his home and his office.

COPYBOOKS of the long ago offered this memory gem which was as full of truth—and still is—as it was difficult to write perfectly: "Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, sixty golden minutes set with sixty diamond seconds. Finder need not return, for they can never be replaced."

Time—an elusive something that now you have, now you don't! Shall we not resolve to put each flying moment to the best possible use?

Lora E. Clement





PAUL REMMEY, ARTIST

The Most Important Thing in the World Is to Know Jesus Christ as a Personal Friend

ONE evening a radio drama told the story of "Men From Mars." The then-unknown Orson Welles dramatized the program so realistically that as the imaginary men from Mars came to this earth, people listening really believed that they were coming. The fact that this was a radio program was lost. The police and fire departments all over the United States were deluged with calls of inquiry. Many people became hysterical, others fainted, and two died as the result of the "super" radio drama.

In the last one hundred years the Lord has been sending a special message to dying men everywhere. This message has called men and women from every church and from no church at all, to become a part of the great advent movement.

Some of us were born into it. Others have heard the wonderful truths of the third angel's message, have turned from the world, and, fixing their eyes upon heaven, are definitely planning to be ready to meet Jesus when He comes.

To some of us this message means everything in the world. But I am wondering, dear friend, if, as you read this, Christ's promise of His soon coming still means what it did to you the first time you heard it. Possibly you learned of it at a tent meeting, or perchance in a truth-filled paper or book you read, or from a Bible study some neighbor gave you. Really now—heart to heart—do you believe it?

Not many decades ago most Christians actually believed with Paul that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God." But of recent years a large majority seem to prefer to follow a new idea—"just believe the pleasant things in the Bible and only what you want to believe."

What a perilous journey the advocates of such a philosophy are taking, a journey that will lead them to eternal destruction. Satan is doing everything in his power to lead men to forget or lose sight of the fact that the Bible came to us by "holy men of God" who "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." I am so glad we do not have to place our trust in changing man but can stand firmly on the unchanging Word of God. Peter declares that "we have also a more sure word of prophecy." Yes, God's Word is sure. But I am wondering, do you believe it? Do you believe all the Word of God?

In recent years men have strongly attacked the Ten Commandments, spoken on Sinai. To me it is very interesting to think that God, who is all-wise, knew that men would attack His law. So He was not

## Do You Believe It?

By FENTON EDWIN FROOM

satisfied merely to speak these ten divine precepts, but He also wrote them on two tables of stone "with the finger of God."

And they were written not only for all time but for eternity. Yet man dares to change God's laws! Some men of God who led out in the religious movements of a few centuries ago declared allegiance to all His commandments, but now we find that many of their followers would do away with all the commandments.

The Sabbath commandment seems to be the hardest one to get around. Recently the minister of a great popular Protestant church told a man we were studying with that he could worship God on any day in the week he pleased, that keeping one day in seven—any one—is all that is required of us. We were happy a few weeks later when this man decided that the Inspired Word means what it says and went forward in baptism, following His Lord all the way. No, nothing—not even Satan's most subtle attacks—can stop a man from serving God if he is determined to do it.

But, friend, I wonder how it is with you? Are the insidious doubts and questionings so prevalent on every side penetrating your heart and soul? Do you really believe God's commandments? And do you try by His grace to keep them all? "Blessed is the man that doeth this."

I think the most glorious truth the Bible teaches—Paul called it the "blessed hope"—is the second coming of Christ. Why should I believe it? If for no other reason, because Jesus promised, "I will come again." This wonderful truth is stated more than three hundred times in different ways in the New Testament alone, by its different writers.

But in the Christian church today we find large groups teaching something "new" about Christ's return. Has that octopus of untruth placed its arms about you and caused you to wonder, question, or doubt the plain, simple truth of His words, "I will come again"? More than twenty-five hundred years ago the prophet Isaiah drew a word picture of the question, doubt, and unbelief in the hearts of men and women

today. "Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth," he said, "and gross darkness the people."

New cults and isms are sweeping through the religious world today as destructively as a prairie fire. Unless we know what we believe and why we believe it, we, too, can be deceived. I pray that somehow we as young people may become better acquainted with the great truths of the three angels' messages. God has told us through His messenger that "none but those who have fortified the mind with the truths of the Bible will stand through the last great conflict."

Some time ago a poor, middle-aged man lost his last known relative. Among the few old belongings left him was an old Bible. He took the Book, put it away carefully as a real treasure, but never opened its pages.

As the years passed he became poorer and poorer; finally he died a pauper and was buried by the city. Friends, looking through his meager belongings, found the "treasure" Book. As they turned its pages they were astonished to discover bank notes worth thousands of dollars. Here, the old man had had wealth in his hands but had not known it, had not used it.

Today we have this same priceless Book in our possession. It contains not only wealth but the key to heaven. Are we taking advantage of the opportunities we have to study it and know God's plan for us? We cannot afford to place this Book on the shelf as did the old man. Let us strive to make it a vital part of our lives.

Just one more thought, one that is personal. What does Jesus mean to you? Is He your personal Saviour? Do you find that you are close to Him as was the apostle John, or are you standing far away, trying to serve Him? When Peter asked His Lord if he might walk to Him on the water, Christ invited him to "come." But as he stepped from the boat and made progress he took his eyes from His Master; it was then that he began to sink. How closely our experience parallels Peter's! When we try to walk in our own strength we fail.

The most important thing in all the world is to know Jesus Christ personally. Pilate said, "Behold the Man!" He uttered those solemn words nearly two thousand years ago, and still that cry rings down through the ages, "Behold the Man!" We must behold Him if we would be like Him. And as we behold Him we shall become like Him.

If you are in doubt and do not feel that you know Him as you should, as you wish to know Him, consider these words of John, the beloved disciple, "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Have you fully received Him as your Saviour from sin? When Christ fully comes into your heart and life He will give you power to do all things for Him. Ellen G. White gives this thought: "It is the privilege of every soul to be a living channel through which God can communicate to the world the treasures of His grace, the unsearchable riches of Christ."

As we have analyzed our hearts together to discover whether or not we really believe all of God's truth, I trust a new determination has come to each of us to prepare more earnestly for His soon coming, and to live more faithfully each day for Him. Then when He comes, may we each have an abundant entrance into His kingdom.



# I Build My House

By RAY CRAWFORD

So often I have dreamed that I might build  
A house with perfect workmanship and care.  
I fancy that my mind and hand are skilled  
To make a building tall and straight and fair.  
It may be that I never shall do more  
Than dream, because I rightly realize  
How hard it is to fashion walls or floor;  
Of course, one never knows until he tries.  
And yet it looks so simple that, if I  
Should ever try to build at all, I know  
My goal would be a mansion—up so high  
That crowds might gaze in wonder from below.  
It puzzles me to know why it should take  
Such patient effort and a time so long,  
But better carpenters than I still make  
Such common houses! Can my dream be wrong?

Building enthalls me.  
Oh, to build palaces grand!  
Just to work on to my heart's desire!  
Whate'er befall me,  
Let me employ mind and hand,  
Fashioning structures increasingly higher!

About two thousand years ago, or less,  
There lived a carpenter in Nazareth.  
To him a baby Son was born to bless  
Each mortal frame which draws a sinner's breath.  
The record does not tell how well He built  
In terms of houses, but His humble birth,  
His useful life, His blood so cruelly spilt,  
Have built a palace out of common earth.  
(Matthew 1:25.)



H. A. ROBERTS

Now, for a building one must choose a place,  
And, having then a place, provide a plan;  
For that which differs in despair and grace  
Is but the dream with which the soul began.  
I feel incompetent to choose the task  
Which I must answer for when people ask.  
(1 Kings 3:7.)

A murmured prayer, a whispered plea—  
"I know not what is best for me";  
But in the name of His dear Son  
I meekly add, "Thy will be done."  
I cannot understand or see  
What Jesus has in store for me;  
I only know that, to this place,  
My God has kept me by His grace.  
No matter what the trial or task,  
It is enough that I should ask  
That He will keep me in His sight;  
For only then are all things right.  
(1 John 5:4.)

The Master needeth builders, it is said.  
For wages there is grace. The builder's goal  
Is "To Perfection"; and the task ahead:  
"Build ye more stately mansions, O my soul."  
Today I choose to build a house for Thee,  
A character, where Thou canst live with me.  
(1 Corinthians 3:9.)

O Thou great Master Builder, in whose hand  
A plan was never known to go astray,  
Be with me. Help my mind to understand  
The problems that confront me here today.  
Thou, who for hammer swingeth thunderbolts,  
Whose saw is in the ragged lightning flash,  
Who lighteth with the sun's unnumbered volts,  
And painteth clouds with lavish color splash,  
Help me to build my house so carefully  
That Thou canst come, and here abide with me.  
(1 Kings 3:9.)

Foundation:  
I'll choose the great eternal cornerstone  
For my foundation. It has borne the press  
Of human conflict through the years. Alone  
It will support my trials and distress.  
And here that boulder, faith, must have a place  
Beside the sturdy rocks of hope and love;  
And each will with the others interlace,  
Cemented by a trust in God above.  
Then I must watch the pebbles, bits of time,  
Which fill the gaps and make the wall complete.  
Experience will harden it, and lime  
Of constant prayer will keep it white and neat.  
(Isaiah 28:16.)

Walls:  
I covet grace to know how large to build  
My walls. I must erect them stout and tough,  
So firmly built that, when they have been filled  
With blessings, there will always be enough.  
I need a lavish blessing, so each wall  
Must be secure enough to hold it all.  
God must confine His antidote for sin  
To human walls when He pours blessings in.  
(Matthew 9:29, last part.)

I must expect to see walls rising high  
Above my own; yet for my comfort know  
The tallest tree, which seems to scrape the sky,  
Will get the greatest shocks when tempests blow.

When trials come, I'll look the blueprint through  
And try to find what Jesus said to do.  
(2 Timothy 3:16.)





H. M. LAMBERT

I tried so hard! And now it seems  
I've failed. I had the fairest dreams  
Of sweet success. God must have tried  
My faith and tested out my pride.  
It may be that He only planned  
A half-done work. He chose me and  
Called me to see if I could serve  
And lose the goal I might deserve.  
God has assigned to each a task  
To be discharged. I must not ask  
Why He gave me this work to do;  
I must prepare to see it through.  
No! Let me never ask in prayer  
To have some other fellow bear  
My cross. Let me instead ask power  
To carry it another hour.

(Hebrews 12:6.)

#### Library:

The treasures of a lifetime will be found  
Among the works which form my library,  
For every corner of it shall abound  
With great and silent wonders. These will be  
My study:

The reward of silent prayer,  
The glory of the sunset, the rebuff  
Of rainy days, a mother's love and care,  
The might of music, the eternal stuff  
Of which a soul is made, the charm of youth,  
The process of conversion, grace enough  
To guide a neighbor in the way of truth,  
The love of country, and the tempter's bluff.  
And in the time each leisure moment brings  
I'll think about the great and silent things.

(1 Timothy 4:15.)

#### Garden:

I sowed a thought—a little seed;  
It sprouted and became a deed  
And blossomed into habits strong,  
To flourish there a lifetime long,  
And form a character in me:  
The fruits for all eternity.

(Galatians 6:7.)

The windows will receive the Spirit's rays  
To light my life and fill the rooms with praise:  
One time a worker, staining window glass,  
Let fall from fumbling hands a precious pane,

And, kneeling to the broken, splintered mass,  
Formed of the parts a compound whole again,  
Which scattered all the rays in spectral spread  
More beautiful than he had seen before.  
So may I realize the wrong I've said,  
The tasks undone; and, stooping to the floor,  
Retrieve each bit. Then, though the life be scarred,  
The Spirit's rays will penetrate within,  
And be diffracted by the glass so marred  
To light each corner and convict of sin.

I must take care to cultivate the art  
Of doing all the many little things  
That form a finished product. At the start  
The work was new, but each achievement brings  
A score of technicalities to meet  
Or to avoid; the choice is up to me.  
I must be honest. It would be to cheat,  
To let them go because the world can't see.

God grant that I may welcome in the poor,  
The blind, the needy, that they may be fed  
With knowledge of the times, provisioned more  
Abundantly because they have been led  
Within my house, have felt the warmth it gives,  
Have changed by seeing how the builder lives.

Then, when life's little day is done—  
That race on earth so quickly run—  
I hope to reminisce with pride  
And feel that I am satisfied  
It was for common good that I  
Should live and work and make reply  
When I shall hear the voice that calls  
Man to his rest—when twilight falls.

My task completed, I shall go to sleep  
Quite confident that He who cares will keep  
My house until these earthly days are done,  
And I am wakened by the Risen One.



# Junior's

## UP TO THE MOUNTAINS

By WAUNITA PINYAN

AS I look back over the years I remember with the greatest pleasure a vacation trip to the old Savoy Mine. Our family of four—mother, daddy, Dugald, and I—had made the trip several times, seventy miles across the Arizona desert and up the steep incline thirteen miles to the mine; but we had never before spent a vacation period there. Now we were looking forward to a delightful ten days of recreation in the mountains and had chosen the Savoy Mine district as the spot.

Only those who are acquainted with the wonders to be found in the mountains can know with what anticipation we packed our car on Friday noon with everything necessary, from enthusiasm to the Dutch oven for biscuits—my brother and I never forgot the Dutch oven—and our police dog, Pam. We would arrive at the mine in plenty of time to get camp set up before Sabbath.

After traveling through seventy miles of sagebrush and cactus we reached the foot of the Bradshaw Mountains and began the climb up old Crown King Mountain to our destination at an elevation of seven thousand feet. Years before, there had been a railroad up this mountain, which was used to carry out the gold and silver ore from the mines. It is said that this railroad cost a million dollars, even though it was only thirteen miles in length, but long ago the company had removed the rails. Now, as we started the climb, we drove on the old railroad, crossing with hazard on the high trestles over the deep canyons. After reaching five thousand feet we found a little store and a few summer homes. In coming this far it was necessary to make thirteen switchbacks, but from here began the real climb, for in the next two miles we must ascend the two thousand feet to the top of Crown King.

"Are the brakes good, Daddy?" we asked anxiously, and daddy assured us that he had checked them carefully before leaving home.

At the top, which we reached without mishap, the old Savoy Mine buildings stood, and this was where we were to make our camp. After looking about we decided to use a huge, empty building which must have been used as an engine room. We drove our car through a wide doorway and parked it in the middle of the building. At one end we spread an enormous heap of pine needles on which to make our beds. On our first trip we had searched the empty cabins scattered

round about and found homemade benches and tables, and brought back boxes, which we nailed to the wall for cupboards. After a short time our camp was all settled for a peaceful vacation. Sleeping on pine needles may not seem like a luxury to many people, but there are no words to describe the refreshing soundness of rest one has on such a bed, or the exhilaration which one feels the next morning.

This particular morning dawned beautiful, clear, and fresh, and ushered in the Sabbath day. A realization of the fitness of worshiping God from the tops of the mountains crept over me. The mixed shade and sunshine under the big pine tree near the end of the pavilion was our Sabbath school and church room. Daddy was our Sabbath school superintendent and preacher, and it was an edifying service which we, a congregation of three, enjoyed. No church ever had a finer view, for, looking off to the southwest, we could see a vast area of mountains and canyons that was covered with pine and oak trees. If it were given one to fly over these mountains in a plane, he would see many beautiful spots similar to the one where we were camped.

From the trees above us we heard the chattering and scolding of the many squirrels that seemed to resent our intruding into their woodland paradise. Above the protests of the saucy squirrels we could hear the sweet singing of the birds, as they flew from branch to branch. It was delightful to be away from the city with its confusion and noise, and to be where there was a breeze instead of the intense heat of the lower lands. Up here, away from everybody and everything it was easy to imagine that we were alone in the world.

As the evening shadows began to fall, daddy gathered wood and lit our campfire while Dugald and I amused ourselves by tossing pine cones onto the coals. We soon found ourselves a place where we would be comfortable, and then we all began to ask questions at once: "Daddy, where shall we go tomorrow?" "What is it like?" "What time shall we leave?" It was finally decided that on the morrow we would arise early and visit the Ora Belle Mine, but we must be off to bed then in order to get a good night's rest. We lay watching the shadows cast on the walls as the fire died down slowly and the crickets chirped a cheerful serenade. Then almost suddenly, it seemed, the sun was up and mother was calling, "Breakfast is ready!"

Our way led down the opposite side of

the mountain, along a narrow winding trail, so narrow we had to go single file, and in places it was very steep. About two miles of this and we reached the bottom of the canyon and came upon what appeared to be a ghost town. There was a store with large plate-glass windows, a post office, and an assay office, with much of the laboratory equipment still on its shelves. Many samples of rich gold and silver ore had gone through this fascinating building. Also there were several rooming houses, a large hotel, and approximately forty homes for the miners and their families. Near by were large warehouses, machine shops, engine rooms, boiler rooms, and a tippie head, or a hoist, which was used to bring the ore out of the shaft. All these buildings were in good repair but empty. No one had lived there since a cave-in had closed one of the main shafts of the mine. I think we explored every building, and what fun we had, opening doors and walking through vacant rooms. We could hear the echo of our footsteps and of our voices, which often sent a family of rats or mice scurrying across the room, or frightened the bats that hung from the rafters. I pictured in my mind the time when families lived in these homes, when children played about them, when men went to and from work, and whistles blew, and this was a busy little town.

We were suddenly aware that the sun was sinking fast, and we were far from camp. We had gathered some black walnuts—much to the disgust of the squirrels—and many other little souvenirs which we wished to take home. As we began the tedious climb back to camp our stomachs told us that it was long past time to eat. And how tired we were! However, we succeeded in reaching our headquarters at the top, and after a good meal and a good night's rest we were ready to go out exploring again.

The remainder of our vacation was spent in shorter hikes and nature studies. On one trip we saw a beautiful red fox; on another, a deer which went dashing away as he got the scent of us or of our dog. We also met an old prospector who had a claim near by. He told us some interesting stories of long-ago mining days and of how we could know when the mountain springs are safe to drink, as many of them which look so clear and cold contain arsenic and are deadly poisonous. Only the ones containing mosquito larvae are safe.

My story would not be complete without mention of the night we were frightened by a storm. Suddenly there were flashes of lightning followed by loud peals of thunder, which echoed and re-echoed back and forth among the mountains. This continued for some time, and then came torrents of rain, which soon turned to hail. The building in which we were camped was covered with corrugated iron and the hail on the roof made such a din we could not make ourselves heard until the storm had passed. This was an experience I shall never forget.

The days passed all too soon and it was time to return home. We gathered a great heap of dry wood and piled it in one corner. This was for our use when we should return next year. Our tables and benches were hung from the rafters. The dishes were packed, bedding was folded, and the car loaded. We took a last look about camp and, not finding excuse to linger just a little longer, said good-bye until next year.





## SENIOR YOUTH

### VI—The Remnant Church and the First Angel's Message

(February 10)

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 14:6, 7.

LESSON HELP: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 355, 356, 409-432 (new ed., pp. 407-409, 467-493).

1. After the vision of Revelation 12 and 13, what did John see? Rev. 14:6, first part.

NOTE.—"A great religious awakening under the proclamation of Christ's soon coming, is foretold in the prophecy of the first angel's message of Revelation 14. An angel is seen flying 'in the midst of heaven.'"*The Great Controversy*, p. 355.

2. What was the work of this angel? Verse 6, second part.

NOTE.—"This message is declared to be a part of the 'everlasting gospel.' The work of preaching the gospel has not been committed to angels, but has been entrusted to men. Holy angels have been employed in directing this work, they have in charge the great movements for the salvation of men; but the actual proclamation of the gospel is performed by the servants of Christ upon the earth."*Id.*, p. 311.

3. What message is to be proclaimed in a loud voice by the remnant people? Rev. 14:7, first part.

4. Show that the judgment referred to in Revelation 14:7, is the investigative judgment which was to take place between Paul's day and the second coming of Jesus. Acts 24:25; Matt. 25:31, 32, 34, 41.

NOTE.—In Paul's day the judgment was future, for the Scripture says he reasoned of "judgment to come." As the executive judgment takes place at the second coming of Jesus, and later, the only judgment which can take place before His coming is the investigative judgment.

5. In explaining the time period of Daniel 8 and 9, what did the angel tell Daniel? Dan. 8:22-27.

NOTE.—The 2300-day period is the longest prophetic period in the Bible. "Beginning in 457 B. C., when the decree was given to restore and rebuild Jerusalem (Ezra 7:11-26; Dan. 9:25), seven weeks (49 years) are measured off to indicate the time occupied in this work of restoration. These, however, are a part of the sixty-nine weeks (483 years) that were to reach to Messiah, the Anointed One. Christ was anointed in A. D. 27, at His baptism. Matt. 3:13-17; Acts 10:38. In the midst of the seventieth week (A. D. 31), Christ was crucified, or 'cut off' which marked the time when the sacrifices and oblations of the earthly sanctuary were to cease. Dan. 9:26, 27. The remaining three and one-half years of this week reach to A. D. 34, or to the stoning of Stephen, and the great persecution of the church at Jerusalem which followed. Acts 7:59; 8:1. This marked the close of the seventy weeks, or 490 years, allotted to the Jewish people. But the seventy weeks are a part of the 2300 days; and as they (the seventy weeks) reach to A. D. 34, the remaining 1810 years of the 2300-day period must reach to 1844, when the work of judgment, or cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary, was to begin."*Bible Readings*, p. 160.

6. What expression indicates that the first angel's message could not have been proclaimed before the time of the end? Rev. 14:7, second part.

7. What is the standard of the judgment? James 2:10-12.

NOTE.—"The law of God is the standard by which the characters and the lives of men will be tested in the judgment."*The Great Controversy*, p. 482.

8. What appeal is made in the first angel's message? Rev. 14:7.

NOTE.—The divine call to "worship Him that made" is a message of peculiar power and extreme need in these last days. We are rapidly nearing the time when the only believers in the authenticity of Genesis 1 are those who exalt the memorial of that creative work to its rightful place. The message of Revelation 14:7 is a clarion call to the worship of the God who "made heaven, and earth" by accepting His own chosen memorial, His sign of creative power, the Sabbath.

9. To what part of the Ten Commandments does this appeal especially refer? Ex. 20:8-11; Isa. 58:13, 14.

10. What evidence do we have that God is the creator of the world? Gen. 2:1-3.

## JUNIOR

### VI—The Remnant Church and the First Angel's Message

(February 10)

LESSON TEXTS given in each assignment.

MEMORY VERSE: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him: for the hour of His judgment is come: and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." Rev. 14:6, 7.

#### Guiding Thought

"Lord, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold;  
In the book of Thy kingdom,  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,  
Is my name written there?"

"Lord, my sins they are many,  
Like the sands of the sea,  
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,  
Is sufficient for me;  
For Thy promise is written  
In bright letters that glow,  
'Though your sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow.'

"Is my name written there,  
On the page white and fair?  
In the book of Thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?"

—MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read Revelation 14:1-12.

We shall read these verses often. They are very important along with the memory verse. It is well to learn them all. This week memorize the first two verses as well as the memory verses. At the close of the three weeks of study of Revelation 14:1-12, you will have learned all.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

1. What was shown John, the prophet? Rev. 14:6, first part.

NOTE.—This meant that there would come a time when many, many would want to know the story of Jesus. An "angel" flying "in the midst of heaven," means that the message was very important, and that it was to be proclaimed in all the earth. "By the purity, the glory, and the power of the heavenly messenger, divine wisdom has been pleased to represent the exalted character of the work to be accomplished by the message, and the power and glory that were to attend it."*The Great Controversy*, p. 355.

2. What was the angel to proclaim? To whom was it to be proclaimed? Verse 6.

NOTE.—"The message of salvation has been preached in all ages; but this message is a part of the gospel which could be proclaimed only in the last days, for only then would it be true that the hour of judgment had come."*The Great Controversy*, p. 356. Between 1834 and 1844 ministers, especially William Miller, preached that the judgment hour was very near.

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

3. What was the message proclaimed by God's people? Who only was to be worshiped? Rev. 14:7.

NOTE.—This was a message warning all to confess their sins, and to grow to be like Jesus. Then, when He looks at the records in the books of heaven, the sins will all be covered by His goodness.

4. Jesus calls each one to live like Him. What is your choice? Where is each name to appear? Dan. 7:7, 10.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

5. What is the standard by which all records are judged? Ex. 20:3-17; James 2:8, 10-12.

NOTE.—The commandments say, "Thou shalt not covet," "Thou shalt not steal." If my record shows that I coveted another's pen or knife, and took it, what will be the result if I am not sorry

for having coveted and stolen, and have not returned the article taken?

6. Which command is especially disregarded? Ex. 20:8-11; Isa. 58:13, 14.

NOTE.—True Sabbathkeeping is the foundation of true worship of God. If I play ball or sew or shine my shoes after the Sabbath begins, am I truly honoring God? If I wish the Sabbath would go faster so I can play or do other things, what then? How will my record of these things appear as Jesus reads the page?

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

7. Where are the records of our lives kept? Rev. 20:12.

8. How many names are included in the judging of the records? 2 Cor. 5:10.

9. How many things that are wrong will be left unjudged? Eccl. 11:9.

NOTE.—How important that each wrong act or unkind word be confessed! We should never let a day go by that we do not talk them over with Jesus, asking His forgiveness, and asking, too, for His special strength and help to make us and to keep us like Him.

Study the memory verse. Have you learned the first two verses of Revelation 14?

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

10. When we have confessed our sins and turned from them, where are our names recorded? Phil. 4:3.

NOTE.—Next to the Bible, the book of life is the most important. Here are recorded the names of all who faithfully serve Jesus. Here these names stay unless we turn from Jesus. They then are taken from the book of life. Only those whose names are in this book will hear Jesus say, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

11. What words show the close of the judging of all names? Rev. 22:11, 12.

NOTE.—Let us pray very earnestly that when the judging of the records closes, Jesus can say of us, "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still."

Study the memory verse, also Revelation 14:1, 2.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

##### Fill in the Correct Words

"And I saw \_\_\_\_\_ fly in the \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_, having \_\_\_\_\_ on the  
to preach \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_, and  
earth, and to \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_, and  
tongue, \_\_\_\_\_, saying with a \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_, Fear \_\_\_\_\_, and give \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_; for the \_\_\_\_\_ of His \_\_\_\_\_ is come:  
and worship \_\_\_\_\_ that \_\_\_\_\_, and  
earth, and \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_  
of \_\_\_\_\_."

Cross out the statements not true:

1. I shall be saved, even if my name is not in the book of life.
2. I may do as I please, for my name will always be in the book of life.
3. If I turn from Jesus to do wrong my name will be removed from the book of life.
4. If I confess each sin and live as Jesus would, my name will stay in the book of life.

Read the Guiding Thought.



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#### ARE YOU MOVING?

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# The Listening Post

► THERE are approximately 500,000 active cases of tuberculosis in the United States.

► WAR requires 40,000 different motor models; this keeps research and engineering men busy.

► THE Nobel prize for medicine for 1944 has been awarded to Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin.

► IN Costa Rica coppey oak trees sometimes measure eight feet in diameter at breast height and eighty feet up to the first limb.

► DID you know that Chiang Kai-shek is not the real name of the Chinese generalissimo? It is only a courtesy name; his real name is Chiang Chung-cheng.

► GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER has given to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., the desk and chair from which he directed the invasion of Europe.

► WITH the war, harmonicas went out of production along with many comforts of life, since a world conflict called for world production of war materials. However, twelve harmonica factories in the Kirov region of Soviet Russia have now been encouraged to resume production. This is a hopeful omen.

► ALTHOUGH the United States first started the use of postage stamps on July 1, 1847, it was not until July 6, 1863, sixteen years later, that the two-cent stamp came into use. It was printed in black by the National Bank Note Company and portrayed Andrew Jackson. It was commonly known as the Black Jack.

► ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who won fame as a rail splitter and wrestler before he entered politics, also won a foot race when he was forty-two years of age, according to an entry in an Urbana, Illinois, carpenter's account book. The note, dated May 2, 1851, reads: "Seen Abe Lincoln run a foot race with Samuel Waters from Mane St. to Walnut St. in front of the courthouse. Abe beat."

► BR'ER RABBIT has become big business in the United States. California possesses 10,000 of the nation's 70,000 commercial rabbitries. Meat rationing has enhanced his value to housewives, and his fur and meat are both going at premium prices. What little is left of him ends up in surgical supplies, radios, gelatin, toys, soap, glycerin, piano actions, glue, clothing, and hundreds of other items, including "left hind foot" good-luck charms. The aristocrat of rabbitdom, of course, is the angora, whose three-inch snow-white coat sells at a record price of ten dollars a pound.

► THE story of the V-1 German flying bomb has at last been told by the British Ministry of Aircraft Production. The buzz bomb is an ingenious machine that can be built for less than \$1,000. It carries 136 gallons of gasoline, burning a little less than a gallon a mile. The bomb has a top range of 150 miles. It can be set to fly at anywhere between 2,000 and 5,000 feet, thus taking advantage of any cloud cover available. In the nose are three gyroscopes, driven by bottles of compressed air, and a magnetic compass to keep the bomb on its course. A small "windmill" in the nose regulates the range. Operating as a counter as it turns, this "windmill" also works as a timing device, and at a set time throws the projectile into a steep dive at its target. It is possible to guide it to a target with only a few thousand yards of error, and every tenth bomb which set out for England was equipped with a radio signal which checked its wind drift and made correction in aiming possible.

► CIGARETTE consumption is at a high level and is expected to remain there during most of 1945. The estimated total consumed during the year ended June 30, 1944, is 258,000,000,000, which is about ninety-four packs for every person in the United States. Consumption of snuff and chewing tobacco is also at a record peak, due partially to "no smoking" rules in war plants.

► ON the lovely pastoral island of Mona, which is a part of Wales, is a little village with a big name—Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandsiliogogogoch! Fifty-eight letters and nineteen syllables! The post office authorities, however, have shortened it to Llanfairpwll.

► THE 1,200 candymakers in the United States produced 2,500,000,000 pounds in 1944—sixty-five per cent of it in bars. This was not enough to meet the demand, but there can be no increase in production until the European war is ended.

► MANUFACTURERS of wooden furniture may now produce any type of furniture they desire. Since shortly after Pearl Harbor war-time order permitted only certain types to be manufactured.

► MAGNESIUM was first produced commercially in the United States in 1915, when the first World War cut off our supply from Europe.

► BROCCOLI leaves, dried and ground into meal, are being added to chicken feed mash to improve its vitamin content.

► THE "Big Inch" pipe line carried more than 88,000,000 barrels of crude oil from Texas to the east coast last year.

► HUNDREDS of years ago the Chinese conceived the idea of ball bearings made of leather.

► ONLY about one out of ten forest fires each year is started by lightning. The others are chiefly due to carelessness.

► THE South American marmosets are the smallest monkeys in the world; without crowding, a grown pair can be placed in the palm of a person's hand.

► THE first Bibles ever printed in Canada rolled off presses in Toronto recently. An edition of 30,000 was printed on Canadian paper and bound in Canadian leather.

► A MINIATURE chemical laboratory which can be held in the palm of a man's hand is being used by microchemists to analyze minute samples. The bottles, flasks, and beakers are all doll-sized.

► Now United States scientists are making cork from peanuts! When supplies of cork were cut off because of war conditions, this substitute was discovered in the laboratories. The new product is made of finely ground peanut shells, to which are added vegetable glues, sugars, and apple sirup or glycerin. The shells then become poreseal.

► It is predicted that featherweight furniture and lawnmowers which you can push with your little finger will be features of the post-war market as a result of developments in light metals and alloys. For instance, aluminum and magnesium already have been adapted to sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, cameras, and various kinds of tools, and new processing methods forecast an enlarging of lightweight appliance possibilities.

## ★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

"As soon as I arrived in Hawaii to take up my duties as the War Service Commission representative in the islands," reports Pastor A. Munson, "I was told that there was one case which needed immediate attention. This soldier was the son of devoted S.D.A. parents but had drifted away from God, trod the broad way of sin and pleasure seeking, and become more and more careless until one day he had committed a crime that seemed clever to him but which soon demonstrated that 'your sin will find you out.' Caught by Army Intelligence, he was brought before a court-martial and sentenced to five years' imprisonment with a dishonorable discharge.

"It was just about a month before the attack on Pearl Harbor that I received a permit to see this young man. He told me that I was wasting my time, for he did not feel that it would be honorable to turn to God only because he was in trouble. I pointed out to him that perhaps God had permitted this trouble to come to him to bring him to repentance, and recalled for him the stories of the thief on the cross, of the prodigal son, and of Mary Magdalene. Then the big soldier and I knelt in the little cell and prayed. Every Sunday during that month I visited him, and week by week there were signs of a growth in grace.

"After Pearl Harbor all the men in the guardhouse were released and commanded to report to their units for duty. For one month this young man was free, and during that time he caught a spy red-handed. This act changed the attitude of the Army officers toward him, and they petitioned Washington for his pardon. But the time he waited for this to come through was spent back in the guardhouse. There he struggled to gain the victory over tobacco, but again and again he fell under temptation.

"Finally, about eleven months after we first met, he attended church one Sabbath and saw another soldier baptized. The Holy Spirit deeply impressed him to surrender his life to God. He went out from that service, found a quiet place, and took that step. From the moment he made the surrender all desire to smoke left him, and from that moment he has been free from the habit. When I met him again what a change had taken place! He was a new soldier! In a few weeks he was ordered to prepare to sail, and so we quickly gathered witnesses and early one morning buried him with his Lord in baptism." How fortunate we are to have a God who is all-merciful, who calls us again and again to "come, follow Me," "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."