Titus Salt was a day laborer in a woolen mill. His hours were long, his work hard, his pay small. But he was a conscientious worker. He tried his very best every day to do better work. Titus invented alpaca cloth, and in time became a man of means, a millionaire. Queen Victoria heard of his invention, learned of his progressive ideas and methods, and made him a baron. Yet his wealth and honors did not bring him satisfaction. He longed for something he did not possess.

One Sabbath morning he sat in his accustomed place in church and listened to an impressive sermon. The preacher told a simple story of a caterpillar. Sitting in his garden, he said, he noticed one of the woolly little creatures climbing a painted stick. The stick was painted to make it colorful and ornamental. The fuzzy little worm made its way slowly to the top of the pretty stick, then reared itself, reaching out in all directions trying to find a tender leafy branch on which to feed. But it was a dead stick with no leaves, so the little creature made its way back down the painted stick onto the ground. It then crawled along to the next painted stick and repeated its actions without finding any food.

"There are many painted sticks in the world," the minister said, "those of pleasure, wealth, power, fame. All these call men and say, 'Climb me to find the desire of your heart, fulfill the purpose of your existence, taste the fruits of success and find satisfaction.' But they are only painted sticks."

The baron couldn’t forget the simple story. It touched his heart. He made his way to the pastor’s home and explained his mission. "I was in your congregation last Sabbath," he said, and heard what you said about the painted sticks. I want to tell you that I have been climbing them all my life, and today I am a weary man. Tell me, is there rest for someone like me?"

The preacher read to the baron the invitation of the Master: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me.; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." Matthew 11:28-30.—By C. L. Paddock, Signs of the Times, October 12, 1954.

Quote: "How much God is like a mother! He not only watches the footsteps of His children, but He listens to hear their cry."—Unknown, Signs of the Times, February 15, 1899.


The famous clock of Strasburg Cathedral had a mechanism so complicated that it seemed to the simple people in the days when it was made, a work of superhuman skill. However the maker was abused, forgotten, and left unpaid for his work. He came one day and touched the secret springs of the great clock. It stopped, and no one could make it go. All the patience and skill of the nation’s mechanics could not start it again; it just stopped running.

The days and months went by, and finally the grievances of the master clockmaker were redressed. He came again, touched the secret inner springs, and the great clock at once began its motions. All its multiplied parts revolved, obedient to his will. By a touch the master workman suspended those marvelous movements, and by a touch he restored them again. He gave absolute proof that he was the maker and, therefore, the master of the clock.

When Jesus, the Prince of life, brings to a stop the intricate mechanism of nature, He too can touch it again into life and beauty.—By H. M. S. Richards, These Times, May 1951.

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Two persons were walking together one very dark night, when one said to the other who knew the road well: “I shall follow you, so as to be right.” He soon fell into a ditch and accused the other with his fall.

The other replied: “Then you did not follow me exactly, for I have kept free.” A side step had caused the fall. There is like danger in not following Christ exactly.—Unknown, *Signs of the Times*, May 26, 1881.

Quote: “There are two ways of covering sin—man’s way and God’s way. You cover your sins, and they will have a resurrection sometime; let God cover them, and neither devil nor man can find them.”—By D. L. Moody, *Signs of the Times*, January 18, 1905.

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A pastor relates the following dream: “I dreamed that I was hitched to a carriage, attempting to draw it through the mud. Why I was assigned that position I could not explain. There I was, pulling with all my might, as though I was the best carriage-horse in town. I had almost reached the church when the mud seemed to get deeper and the carriage to draw so heavily that I gasped for breath and sank down exhausted. Looking back, I saw the entire congregation behind the carriage, apparently pushing; but the more I tried the harder it pulled. Finally I stopped to examine into the difficulty. I went to the rear, where I supposed the congregation was, but nobody could be found. I repeated the call, but still no reply. By and by a voice called out, ‘Halloo!’ and looking up, whom should I see but one of the deacons, looking complacently out of the window. On going to the door of the carriage, what was my astonishment to behold the whole congregation quietly smiling inside.”

Many a pastor who reads will say, “Alas! That was not all a dream.” Reader, are you sure it was not your pastor?—Selected, *Signs of the Times*, May 27, 1889.

Quote: “Nothing is too hard for God. Bring your problems to Him. He who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up to be crucified for our sins can do all things for us and is certainly willing to undertake our whole salvation.”—By Christopher G. Hazard, *Signs of the Times*, September 23, 1930.

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One evening several college students spread Limburger cheese on the upper lip of a sleeping fraternity brother. Upon awakening the young man sniffed, looked around, and said, “This room stinks!” He then walked into the hall and said, “This hall stinks!” Leaving the dormitory, he exclaimed, “The whole world stinks!”

Obviously, the issue with the student was his failure to realize that the problem was under his own nose!—By Kenneth J. Holland, *Signs of the Times*, January 9, 1991.

Quote: “The cross is the real measure of life. You either stumble over it to spiritual death or you rise on it to newness of life.”—By P. T. Forsyth, *Signs of the Times*, March 26, 1929.
A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then arranged them in a row, and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

“A certain farmer,” began the lawyer, “was troubled with a red squirrel that got through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one afternoon, he took his shotgun and fired away. The first shot set the house on fire.”

“Did the barn burn? Said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answering, went on: “And seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out.”

“Did he put it out?” said another one.

“As he passed inside, the door shut and the barn was soon in flames. Then the hired girl rushed out with more water.”

“Did they all burn up?” said another boy.

“Then his wife came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put the fire out.”

“Did anyone burn up?” said a fourth.

The lawyer said: “There, that will do. You have shown great interest in the story.” But, observing one little bright-eyed boy in deep silence, he said, “Now, my little man, what have you to say?”

The little fellow blushed and stammered out, “I want to know what became of that squirrel; that’s what I want to know.”

“You’ll do for the job,” said the lawyer. “You’re my man; you have not been switched off by a confusion and a barn burning and the hired girls and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel.”—From Tact in Court, Signs of the Times, July 17, 1893.

Quote: “There is a great deal of genuine selfishness going up and down in the world that goes by the name of religion.”—Unknown, Signs of the Times, February 27, 1893.