The Signs of the Times newsletter is a collection of stories and quotes from past issues of Signs and These Times.

The Mr. Davies, sometimes called “The Welsh Apostle,” was walking early one Sunday morning to a place where he was to preach. He was overtaken by a clergyman on horseback, who complained that he could not get more than half a guinea for a discourse. “O sir,” said Mr. Davies, “I preach for a crown!”

“Do you?” replied the stranger, “then you are a disgrace to the clergy.”

To this rude observation he returned this meek answer: “Perhaps I shall be held in still greater disgrace, in your estimation, when I inform you that I am now going nine miles to preach and have but seven-pence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in; but I look forward to that crown of glory which my Lord and Saviour will freely bestow upon me when He makes His appearance before an assembled world.”—Selected, Signs of the Times, August 5, 1903.

Quote: “The most important thought I ever had was that of my personal responsibility to God.”—By Daniel Webster, Signs of the Times, August 5, 1903.


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Lowell Thomas, in his broadcast on November 19, 1946 told the story of a man who
was lost two years in the jungle of New Guinea. The inhabitants of the island reported
that a strange white man was somewhere in the depths of the tropical forest, and a
search was made for him. Of the meeting of the man with his rescuers, Thomas said: “A
white man emerged from the foliage of the green hell, and came unsteadily toward them
—with a book in his hand.”

The wanderer’s suffering had been so great that he was nearly out of his mind, being
unable to tell who he was or talk coherently about anything. It was expected it would take
him a considerable time to get over the ravages of the terrible malaria he suffered and to
get straightened out generally in mind and body. In spite of his suffering from fever and
privation he had clung to a book, and that book was the Bible. On the flyleaf was written
his name. Through this he was identified and his family in Tennessee notified. He who
had been given up as dead was claimed with joy by his relatives.

The incident is in some ways like the spiritual experience of one who has wandered
from God. The ways of sin are hard. The father of all sin sends suffering to those who
are lost in his domain. But a loving heavenly Father, anxious to rescue sinners, sent His
Son to seek and save all who are lost. Further, He moves upon their hearts by His Spirit
and commissions all His earthly children to plead with the lost to return to God. As the
earthly parents of the man of our story rejoiced in his return, so God and the angels
above rejoice when sinners turn to Christ.—By Herber H. Votaw, Our Times, April 1947.

Quote: “The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts
them.”—By Cavour, Signs of the Times, September 15, 1898.

NEW from Pacific Press—Always Prepared, Humberto M. Rasi and Nancy J.
Vyhmeister, editors. Always Prepared is an important work dealing with a variety of
topics related to Seventh-day Adventist Christians. Twenty chapters cover such topics as
the inspiration of the Bible, the Trinity, the problem of evil, the Sabbath, the science of
salvation, the prophetic ministry of Ellen White, and fourteen more interesting and
relevant topics. The authors have succeeded in presenting clear and concise
explanations of some difficult subjects. This book can be used in study groups, given as
a gift to non-Christian/non-Adventist friends, and mined for topics and ideas to be
addressed in preaching and personal Bible study. Always Prepared will be an invaluable
addition to any Adventist library.

Read the first chapter of this book online at http://www.adventistbookcenter.com/always-
prepared.html Order online or from your local Adventist Book Center—1-800-765-6955.

When Emily Rooney, daughter of television commentator Andy Rooney, became the
first woman to be executive producer of ABC’s top-rated World News Tonight With Peter
Jennings, her father was asked how he felt about his daughter’s accomplishment. He
paid her this lovely compliment: “If Emily is as good a producer for World News Tonight
as she has been a daughter to us, then ABC is lucky to have her.”—By Victor M.
Parachin, Signs of the Times, November 1997.
Quote: “Tho a man declares himself an atheist, it in no way alters his obligations.”—By Henry Ward Beecher, Signs of the Times, January 16, 1907.

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It was the first time a British monarch had ever visited North America, and everyone was anxious to make a good impression. There were 21-gun salutes, marching bands, formal dinners, and cheering crowds. The high point of the trip was the king’s visit to the private home of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

This was no mere social call. The year was 1939. Britain was at war with Germany—but the United States was not. This angered many British citizens. They said that the Americans were a broken reed, an unreliable ally that would let the British do all the fighting and then move in to claim the prize.

President Roosevelt was anxious to counter this idea. He wanted to prove that the Americans could be good friends with the British. That’s why he invited the king to visit his private home in upstate New York. And that’s why there was considerable debate in the Roosevelt household about what to serve the king for lunch!

When Roosevelt had a chance to entertain the king of England, after all, he served him a picnic lunch of hot dogs and strawberry shortcake.

“We are Americans,” he said in effect. “This is what we eat.”

And he was right. By all accounts, the king was delighted with his meal, and that was the beginning of an important friendship that may have influenced the outcome of the war.

Likewise, our King now stands at the door and knocks. Invite Him in and serve Him what you have. It may not be much—but it can influence your life for eternity!—By Greg Brothers, Signs of the Times, April 2003.

Quote: “I can live for two months on a good compliment.”—By Mark Twain, Signs of the Times, November 1997.

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9 Ways to Prevent Diabetes by Dr. Donald Hall. Great book to share with others. For a FREE sample copy send your name and mailing address to Dalgal@pacificpress.com before November 15, 2012. (Offer good in the US and Canada only.)

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This story is much longer than most in this newsletter. But would make a good children’s story:
Mabel Was in Trouble

"Mother, come here quick!" cried Mabel. Now mother was just as busy as she could be in the kitchen. She had two or three kettles of things boiling on the stove, and some cookies in the oven that might burn any minute, and a cake on the kitchen table that she was covering with pink frosting.

But from the sound of the voice, mother knew her little girl wanted help very much, and wanted it right away. Without stopping to look after those things on the stove, mother left everything and went running into the front room to see what could be the trouble with her little daughter. There sat Mabel on the carpet, with her hand inside a vase and big tears rolling down her fat, rosy cheeks. Mabel was pulling and pulling and trying to get her hand out.

“Oh, Mabel, how did you get your hand into that beautiful vase?” her mother asked.

“I just put it in there,” she confessed. The vase did not look beautiful to Mabel right then.

Mother took hold of Mabel’s arm with one hand, and took hold of the vase with the other, and began twisting and pulling and pulling, but she could not get the hand out of that vase. She tried and tried, and twisted and pulled. Although she loved her little girl ever so much, she could not get her hand out. And while she was doing all this, those cookies in the oven burned.

The mother saw that she could not get that vase off, so she stepped to the telephone and called Mabel’s daddy. Now Mabel’s daddy was a very busy man and had some visitors in his office, but he jumped into his car and came right home. There sat Mabel on the carpet with her hand inside the vase, and big tears rolling down her fat, rosy cheeks. Her mother was pulling and twisting at the vase.

“Oh, Mabel, how did you get your hand inside that expensive vase?” her daddy asked.

“I just put it in there,” she said.

He took hold of Mabel’s arm with one hand, and the vase with the other, and twisted and pulled; but he could not get her hand out of that vase. He tried and tried. Although he was a big strong man, he could not get that vase off. Mother ran back to the kitchen and found her cookies were smoking. She removed the other things from the stove and went right back to Mabel.

“I think we shall have to break the vase, Mother,” Mable’s daddy said to his wife when she came back from the kitchen.

“Oh, no, we must not do that!” she exclaimed. “That is my prettiest vase. It cost too much, we cannot afford to break it.”

Mable’s daddy happened to think of the doctor, who always came to see Mabel when anything went wrong with her, so he stepped to the telephone and called him. Now the doctor was a very busy man and had many sick people to see, but in a few minutes that doctor walked right in with his little medicine case, and saw Mabel there with her hand in the vase and the big tears rolling down her fat, rosy cheeks, twisting and pulling the vase.

“How did you get your hand way down inside that vase, young lady?” the doctor asked.
“I just put it down there,” she answered.

He took hold of her arm with one hand and the vase with the other hand, and pulled and twisted and pulled, but could not get it off. Although he was a doctor, he could not get her hand out of that vase. He did not know of a medicine that could make her arm any smaller, or anything that could make the vase any larger. He saw that Mabel’s arm was looking pretty red by this time. He knew it was sore after all the twisting and pulling everyone had given it. He called the father and the mother together and said, “I think there is only one thing you can do, and that is to break that vase.”

“Oh, no, we do not want to break that beautiful vase if we can help it. That vase cost a great deal of money,” answered her mother.

“But she cannot go around with a vase hanging onto her arm all the rest of her life,” said the doctor.

“No, of course not,” answered her mother, but I wish there was some way to save my beautiful vase.”

They talked the matter over. At last the father got the hammer and took Mabel out to the back porch and got all ready to break the vase.

The father lifted the hammer. He looked at the vase. It did seem too bad to smash such a pretty vase as that. He said, “Now, Mabel, see here. If your hand was small enough to go down into that vase, it looks to me that it ought to be small enough to come out. Now make your hand just as long and as small as you can. Look, put your thumb against your hand that way, and keep your fingers straight out like this. Try it with your other hand first.”

Mabel tried it with her other hand first. Her thumb went close against her hand, and her little fingers stayed straight out.

“That is fine, Mabel,” her father encouraged her. “Now do your hand that is in the vase just like that, and I believe you can pull it out.”

“Oh, no, Daddy, I cannot do that with this hand,” she protested. “If I did I would drop my marble.”

“So that’s the trouble, is it?” her father exclaimed. “Well just let that old marble go, and we can get that out later.”

As soon as Mabel let go of the marble that she was holding tightly in her little chubby hand, that vase almost dropped off. The doctor picked up his medicine case and hurried out to see some sick people, her daddy jumped into his car and drove back to the office as fast as he could go, and her mother hustled around to finish getting dinner ready.

Mabel’s mother started thinking: What a foolish little girl she was to hold onto that marble all that time, and cause herself and all of us so much trouble and worry! But then, she thought again, I suppose some of us older children are just as foolish to hold on to some of the worldly pleasures the Lord has told us to turn loose. We cause ourselves and others a great deal of trouble.—By Archa O. Dart, Our Times, April 1950.

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Compiled by Dale Galusha. Please pass this newsletter on to others.