March 2013 Signs of the Times Newsletter

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

A writer in the Alliance Weekly tells the following story of how a little child was used to lead a mother back into the light.

A poor woman in one of Major Whittle’s meetings in Glasgow was brought into light by a little verse in the fifth chapter of John. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.” Verse 24.

The evangelist gave her the verse, written on a little card, and sent her home rejoicing, with her little son. They both went to bed that night, happy as angels. But in the morning she came down to breakfast as gloomy as ever, her face all clouded and her heart utterly discouraged. She had had a night of conflicts, doubts, and fears, and when her little boy asked what was the matter, she could only burst into tears and say, “Oh, it is all gone! I thought I was saved, but I feel just as bad as ever.”

The little fellow looked bewildered and said, “Why, mother, has your verse changed? I will go and see.” He ran to the table and got her Bible with the little card in it, and turned it up and read, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him
that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.”

“Why, mother,” he said, “it is not changed a bit! It is just the same as it was last night; it is all right!” And the mother looked with a smile at the little preacher whose simple trust was used of God to save her; and taking him in her arms, she thanked God that her precious verse was still the same, and her peace as unchanged as the everlasting Word of God.—The Christian, Signs of the Times, January 2, 1934.

Quote: “A little religion is a painful thing. More of it takes the pain away.”—By Charles G. Bellah, Signs of the Times, February 17, 1931.


In his little book Too Good to Keep, Jess Moody points out that the good news about Jesus is for telling, “so tell what you know whether it is convenient or not, whether it is raining, snowing, or too hot.”

He tells the story of a missionary woman who took little abandoned girls into her home. This woman lived in China at a time when many parents did not want girl children. To begin with, she had one girl, then two, then three, then ten, 20, 40. And for many, many years she fed, clothed, and cared for hundreds of unwanted little children. She taught them the Christian gospel and made them into responsible human beings. When she died, on her tombstone were written these words: “She hath done what she couldn’t.”

Moody concludes: “I am certain she did not relish the idea of caring for those children, but Jesus had said unto her, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto me’ (Matthew 25:40). So she did what she could not do.”—By Kenneth J. Holland, These Times, August 1983.

Quote: “Worship is pictured at its best in Isaiah when the young prophet became aware of the Father; aware of his own limitations; aware of the Father’s directives; and aware of the

NEW from Pacific Press—*No Greater Love* by Karl Haffner is a compilation of timeless stories of human sacrifice and divine love. Full of inspirational stories of those who made the ultimate sacrifice for others--both known and unknown--this book will be perfect for family or school worships, sermon illustrations, or anyone who wants a touching story to illustrate God's ultimate sacrifice for us.


One day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to walk alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him that he might do so, but charged him not to let her fall. A gentleman met them and said: “You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Can she walk alone?”

“Yes, sir, on smooth ground.”

“And how did she get over all those stones?”

“Oh, mother told me to be careful not to let her fall, so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so she wouldn’t hit her little foot against it!”

Then the gentleman said: “George, you can understand better now that beautiful text, ‘He shall give His angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.’ God charges His angels to lead and lift His people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over those stones. Do you understand it now?”

“Oh, yes, sir; and I shall never forget it.”—Anonymous, *Signs of the Times*, April 26, 1910.

Quote: “Faith is the daring of the soul to go farther than it can see.”—By William Newton Clark, *These Times*, August 1967.

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The famous missionary, Dan Crawford, was one day talking to an old African native of 
the Bantu tribe. Seated in the door of his simple thatched hut, the man listened attentively 
as the missionary boastingly told about our modern civilization.

Mr. Crawford told him of the huge ships that plow through the ocean, of airplanes that 
fly more swiftly than the birds. He explained the marvels of electricity, which, by the mere 
pushing of a button, will light our homes, cook our meals, or turn the wheels of our 
factories. He described as best he could how man talked for many, many miles over wires, 
and how messages were sent over land and sea without even the wires to carry them.

After the missionary had talked at some length about the multiplied marvels of our 
modern civilization, the old man asked, “Is that all?” On being told that was about all the 
missionary could clearly explain to him, he said earnestly, “You know, Mr. Crawford, to be 
better off is not necessarily to be better.”

How true! The words of Christ’s Sermon on the Mount come thundering down the ages 
with double import for our generation, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His 
righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.” Matthew 6:33. —By Charles 

Quote: “If religion has nothing to do with the physical hunger of man, it has nothing to do 

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Many years ago in England—so long ago that I can now put the experience in print 
without being too personal—a godly mother told me a story of God’s providing. Her 
husband was a sea captain—captain of a tugboat on Southampton Water. The home was 
in the Isle of Wight. To the father came the conviction that he ought to keep the Sabbath. 
“You cannot do that,” said his mates. “A seaman cannot keep the Sabbath. You will starve
to death if you try it."

“Well,” said the captain, “I ought to obey God. And if I die for it, I will not be the first man who has died for the truth of God.”

He hired a schooner, and did a freighting business along the coast. Once, the mother told me, he had been kept from home so long that she and the children had used all the money for food; and as this morning came she realized that she had no money and no food for her children. Her distress was plain to the eldest, a girl of about eight. “But, momma,” the girl said, “will not God give us our daily bread today if we ask for it? He has always given it to us; and we have not had worship yet.”

What could the mother say? She told me she had the morning worship with the little ones. They prayed The Lord’s Prayer together and aloud—a good old English custom—“Our Father which art in heaven” and “Give us this day our daily bread.”

At the close of prayer there was a knock at the door. A new neighbor whom she had not yet met apologized to the mother, saying, “I have a friend who works at Osborne House”—then often a summer residence of Queen Victoria—“and he has just brought me a hamper of untouched food that had been distributed to the kitchen and house staff after a big dinner. I cannot use it all and would you be offended if I offered it to you?”

Of course the mother took it, thanking the neighbor and thanking God. Little Lizzie danced for joy, and cried out in happy faith of childhood: “Mamma, we asked God for our daily bread, and He sent it to us from the queen’s own table!”—By W. A. Spicer, Signs of the Times, February 14, 1941.

Quote: “The difference between facing a new day in our own strength and going forth in the strength of the Lord is the difference between the finite and the infinite; between failure and success.”—By Dr. L. Nelson Bell, These Times, September 1961.

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were merging into night. Under the clear spring sky the saddles and ridges of the coast hills seemed far away and near to earth. Down the street the air was filled with the shouts of playing children and the barking of dogs. It would not be long until the stars appeared.

Unexpectedly her attention was attracted to an object that seemed but inches above the horizon.

It was the vapor trail of a large plane, so high up and so far to the west that it was still in the sunlight.

For some minutes she watched in thoughtful silence as the big swept-wing jet came into view and climbed majestically into the darkening heavens.

“Only a plane,” she said at last, an unmistakable undertone of disappointment in her words.

“Never you mind, Jen,” she went on, forgetting that her daughter was in the kitchen and could easily overhear. It’s only a plane tonight. But it won’t always be a plane. One of these days He’s coming. I know He is. He said He would and He will. He won’t fail. Not every night will it be a plane. One of these times it will be the Lord Himself.

Before she had finished, her daughter was in tears. What faith! What hope!—By Sanford T. Whitman, *Signs of the Times*, June 1958.

Quote: “I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two Springs in every year!”—By Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *These Times*, August 1965.

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In the Hollow of His Hand

When I look across the mountain,
   So bare, so bleak, so gray,—
And my heart is sick and lonely
   For the faces far away,—
’Tis a comfort to remember
   That mountain, sea, and land
Are gathered all together
   In the hollow of His hand.

When I think of all the loved ones
   Who have passed beyond my sight,—
How their going made the daybreak
   Seem more dark to me than night,—
Then I thank my heavenly Father
   He hath made me understand
That the place where they are sleeping
   Is the hollow of His hand.

When I waken in the morning,
   And my heart is filled with fear,
Knowing not the unseen sorrow,
   Nor what terror may be near,
A peace falls on my spirit,
   Too restful to withstand,
As I think how safe He holds me
   In the hollow of His hand.

When I think of all the sorrow
   And the agony of life,—
How the world is struggling onward
   In the midst of care and strife,—
There are depths I cannot fathom;
   But one thought is at command:
Jesus Christ stands at the crisis,
   Stretching forth His wounded hand.—Author Unknown, Signs of the Times, January 3, 1950.

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