April 2014 *Signs of the Times* Email Newsletter

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Not long ago I sat in the rear of an auditorium where a religious meeting was held and listened with much interest to the personal testimonies of the men and women there assembled. They ran something like this: “I want to live a better Christian life.” “I want victory over my temper.” “I want to obtain a great blessing at this meeting.” “I want you all to pray for me and my husband.”

The majority of these earnest, well-meaning people were living in the “want column” of their religious experience. So at the next service we cordially invited them all to come over into the “receiving column,” there to obtain and enjoy a new experience.

“What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.” Mark 11:24.

“As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God,” with all the inheritance which that carries with it.

“Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Isaiah 55:1.
“All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” Matthew 21:22.
“Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.” John 16:24—By George B. Starr, *Signs of the Times*, February 7, 1922.


It is said that Demosthenes was once telling a story to a small group of his friends. “One time,” he began, “there was a man who owned a donkey. A stranger approached him one day asking if he might rent the animal, as he had some merchandise to carry to another village. The agreement was made and off he went to accomplish his task.

“During the course of the day the owner met the renter trudging down the road with his beast of burden. It was a hot day. The sun was bright, and its rays were beating down mercilessly. There were no trees about and thus no shade. Both of the men decided to rest for a while in the donkey’s shadow. But, alas, there wasn’t enough shade for the two of them. An argument ensued as to who was entitled to sit in the shadow of the donkey.

“The donkey’s owner said, ‘I rented you only the donkey, not its shadow.’

“Whereupon the other man replied, ‘Not so. When I rent your donkey, I am entitled to all that goes with it.’ “

At this point Demosthenes turned and began to walk away from the group to whom he was relating the story.

“Come back, Demosthenes!” they all cried. “Come back and tell us who won the argument!”

Demosthenes stopped, paused a moment, then said, “Why is it that you want to hear about the shadow of a donkey, but won’t give ear to matters of great moment?”

How vividly this tale illustrates the attitude of earth’s inhabitants today! In the face of alarming dangers on all sides and in every phase of life, the majority of mankind gives little evidence of concern.—By Howard A. Welklin, *These Times*, August 1955.
Quote: “Take the ‘miser’ out of ‘miserable’ and all that remains is ‘able.’ “—By A. H. Erb, *These Times*, March 1967.

NEW from Pacific Press—*A Thoughtful Hour* by Jerry D. Thomas. As precious as the story of Jesus is to each of us, our daily lives keep us so busy that it’s hard to carve out the time we would like to spend learning about Him. It’s hard to find an hour—a thoughtful hour—reading and studying the gospel accounts of His life. This book is designed to make that thoughtful hour easier, to give a little focus to a study of the life of Christ. Whether you work through the pages as part of a study group or on your own, you will find a fresh look at the gospel story.

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The daughter of a shepherd left her Highland home and went into the great city, where she descended into a life of degradation. After hearing about it, and remembering that his daughter had ever loved to hear him give the shepherd’s call, he went to the city as he was, in his shepherd’s garb and with his shepherd’s staff, and went slowly from street to street repeating over and over the shepherd’s call.

But there was in it an added touch of tenderness that revealed the longing entreaty of the father to his lost daughter. At last, in one of the degraded parts of the city, his daughter heard the shepherd’s call, recognized his appealing love, flung wide open the door, and rushed into his outstretched arms in a true consecration of herself to live as God would have her live.—By John W. Halliday, *Our Times*, June 1948.

Quote: “Don’t laugh at a youth for his affections; he’s only trying on one face after another till he finds his own.”—By Logan Pearsall Smith, *Our Times*, August 1950.

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There was a certain nobleman who kept a fool, to whom one day he gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Years passed by, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. He said to his fool, “I must shortly leave you.”

“And whither are you going?” said the jester.

“Into another world,” replied his lordship.

“And when will you return? Within a month?”

“No.”

“Within a year?”

“No.”

“When then?”

“Never!”

“Never? And what provision have you made for your entertainment, whither you are going?” asked the fool.

“None at all!”

“What, none at all?” said the fool. “Here, then, take my staff; for with all my folly I am not guilty of any such folly as this!”—Unknown, *Signs of the Times*, June 3, 1903.

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“Papa,” asked a little girl whose father had become quite worldly and given up family prayer, “I say, papa, is God dead?”

“No, my darling; why do you ask that?”

“Why, papa, you never talk to him now as you used to do.”

These words haunted him, until he was reclaimed.—By Eli Perkins, July 23, 1894.

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Quote: “The infidel, who boasts that he is not confined by the narrow faith of the Bible, is like the man on the bleak wintry moor, who boasts that he is not hampered by the petty limitations of a house to shelter him.”—Unknown, *Signs of the Times*, February 22, 1883.

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Quote: “Life is either a daring adventure or nothing. To keep our faces toward change and behave like free spirits in the presence of fate is strength undefeatable.”—By Helen Keller,
Can’t Afford It

“Dan, here is something that may interest you,” said Farmer Brown as he handed the boy a bulky letter.

“The postmaster missed his mark there,” said Dan, glancing at the untouched stamp.

“That will send a letter to your mother, Dan, and not make you any poorer either,” answered the farmer.

“I dare say it will,” responded the lad as he proceeded to moisten it at the mouth of the steaming tea kettle.

“And you can have the two cents you thus save for marbles,” suggested Mr. Brown thoughtlessly.

“That would be cheating,” whispered Dan’s conscience. “The stamp has already done its duty in carrying one letter.”

“It will carry another. It is not marked,” argued Dan.

“But you know that was a mistake,” urged the monitor within.

“That was the postmaster’s fault, and not mine,” was Dan’s inward reply. “It is a very small thing, and the government will not miss it, no, not even know it.”

“Will you not know it, and can you afford to be dishonest for so small an amount?” the small voice whispered.

Dan trembled, for it seemed that someone had spoken the words right in his ear. Flinging the stamp he had loosened into the fire, he exclaimed, “No, I cannot afford to sell myself so cheap!”

“What’s wrong?” asked the farmer, glancing up from his paper. “Lose the stamp after all your trouble?”

“Worse than that,” replied the boy, sheepishly.

“What, burned your fingers with the steam?” questioned his employer.

“No,” said Dan determinedly; “I sold my honor, or came near doing so.”

“What do you mean, boy? The stamp is all right. It would never have been found out.”
“But I knew it all the time, and two cents is a small amount to get for your own self-respect; besides . . .”

“Besides what?” queried the man.

“God knows about it, and He looks upon the heart,” answered Dan.

“It’s a mighty small thing to worry over, I am sure,” replied Mr. Brown. The Post Office Department would not have been much the poorer, I assure you.”

“It would have been I who would have been poorer. Had I sold my honor for two cents, I should have made the worst bargain I ever did.”

And so Dan gained a victory, and he was never sorry that he had obeyed the voice of conscience.—By Belle V. Chisholm, in S.S. Times, Signs of the Times, April 7, 1890.