An old preacher once offered the following prayer in prayer meeting: “Lord, help us to trust thee with our souls.”

“Amen,” was responded by many voices.

“Lord, help us to trust thee with our bodies.”

“Amen,” was responded with as much warmth as ever.

“Lord, help us to trust thee with all our money!” But to this petition the “Amen” was not forthcoming.

Is it not strange that when religion touches some people’s pockets it cools their ardor at once and seals their lips? We often hear people talk of the “peace of God in the heart,” and to the phrase we raise no objection; but it has often occurred to us that if the “peace of God” could only get in some people’s pockets it would be a blessed thing.—From Sabbath Readings, Signs of the Times, October 27, 1881.

Quote: “I don’t see what good it does me—all this money that you say is mine. I can’t eat it, I can’t spend it, in fact, I never saw it, and never had it in my hands for a moment. I
dress no better than my private secretary, and cannot eat as much as my coachman. I live in a big servant’s boarding-house, am bothered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, cannot drink champagne, and most of my money is in the hands of others, who use it mainly for their own benefit.”—By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Signs of the Times, December 30, 1903.

********************************

Don’t miss the November 2014 issue of Signs of the Times: To order Signs, call: 1-800-765-6955 or online!

********************************

Every day a small girl came to school dirty. The teacher often thought it looked like the same dirt day after day. Being kind and understanding, the teacher did not want to hurt the child’s feelings or embarrass her. She knew the little girl wasn’t getting the right attention at home. Maybe her parents didn’t care, but the teacher did.

“You have very pretty hands,” the teacher told her one day. “Why don’t you go to the rest room and wash them so that people can see how really lovely they are?”

Delighted, the little one washed her hands and came back beaming. She held up her hands proudly for the teacher.

“Oh, they’re beautiful.” Commented the pleased teacher. “See what a difference a little soap and water make,” she told the girl as she hugged her warmly.

Every day after that the little girl came to school a bit cleaner and neater. Eventually she became one of the cleanest and neatest students in school.

Why did the youngster make such a change? Because someone complimented her.—By John M. Drescher, These Times, October 1975.

Quote: “No one ever did, or ever will become most truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language.”—By Fisher Ames, These Times, April 1973.

********************************

NEW from Pacific Press—The Close of Probation by Marvin Moore. The doctrine of the close of probation has created an immense amount of fear in the minds of many people. Fortunately, we need not be afraid. In fact, as we see the events of the end times cascading upon us, we can see the love of God as well as His justice in this doctrine, and that can be a source of hope and happy anticipation. In The Close of Probation, author Marvin Moore not only asks all the pertinent questions, but gives practical, biblical
A wood dealer in a certain community had a change of heart, so he said, and joined the church. He had cheated almost everyone in town by cutting the wood he sold a few inches short. His cords were never 128 cubic feet. When people heard of his becoming a Christian, they went out to measure the wood he delivered, and sure enough it was a full four feet and little more in length. His heart was changed and, of course, that changed his outward life too.

A husband who had been selfish and unkind was converted. Someone asked his wife if she thought it was genuine. “Well,” she said, “he got up and built the fire in the kitchen stove this morning, for the first time since we were married, and he carries the water from the well. He even suggested we ought to have water put into the kitchen. Yes, I think Jim is really a changed man.”

A minister was one time preaching on this subject and spent quite a bit of time telling how a Christian should be kind and helpful, patient, thoughtful of others, etc. Two women were sitting side by side down in one of the pews. One nudged the other and said, “I wonder if he lives that kind of life.”

“Yes, he does,” the other replied. “I know he does, for he happens to be my husband.”—By Charles L. Paddock, Our Times, February 1947.

Quote: “Manners are the happy way of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage.”—By Emerson, Our Times, September 1950.

Place this in your church bulletin or newsletter: Would you like to win a friend or neighbor to Jesus? Share a GIFT that will reach out to them all year long. Send a subscription to Signs of the Times. Order from your Adventist Book Center. To order call: 1-800-765-6955 or online at: http://www.adventistbookcenter.com/signs-of-the-times-magazine-yearly-us-subscription.html

A great king required of his satraps, who governed his many provinces, that they
should wear on their breasts a golden medal which bore his name and a copy of his seal. They were to do this as a pledge of their allegiance to him, their great sovereign. He sent a satrap to a distant province, one who professed a personal love for him. To this one he sent a medal, but after some years heard that the man had never worn the medal. The king had the disobedient satrap arrested, and brought to his capital and into his presence.

He asked the prisoner, “Was not my command to wear the golden medal explicit and plain?”

“Yes, your majesty; but it did not seem to me necessary. I thought I could serve you as well without it.”

“That is, you thought you were not under obligation to obey my orders.”

“But, your majesty, the medal was to be worn as a sign of loyalty to you. You know I love you, and I knew it, and I thought that was sufficient.”

“You had no right to presume to decide what was sufficient in my commands.”

“But, although I refused to obey you, I used to talk about you to the people, and tell them how noble you were, and how well you deserved their love, and how dearly I loved you, and I thought that would do just as well.”

The monarch’s eyes blazed with indignation as he said to his officers, “Take this man from my presence. The pretended love of a subject to a king is an insulting hypocrisy if it does not lead to obedience. The command I gave was plain and peremptory; the thing itself was easy. One atom of reverence for my authority would have led any satrap to wear the medal, and one spark of love for me would have made him glad to wear it. Away with him!”—By O. L. Halley, Signs of the Times, January 17, 1895.

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

More than 1,300 Adventist eBooks are available at: www.AdventisteBooks.com

A great cathedral was being built. The most beautiful marble, exquisitely carved, made its walls. Its woodwork was like satin, and of delicate colors. The windows were like rich paintings, telling the wonderful stories of Christ’s life. The workmen had come from far and near, the most skillful only having been chosen. For months hammers and chisels rang, till at last all but one window was finished. It was a south window, not large, where rich sunlight fell early and late.

“Strange it should have been forgotten,” said the master workman. “The bishop comes
tommorrow, and all should be finished."

A little, bent man, with a shrewd but kindly face, limped up. Doffing his cap, he said, "Sir, I have made a window for that space from bits of the other windows. Pray you, let it go up."

"It is the best we can do," said the master. "Put it up for tommorrow, man, but after that it must come down."

The next day the church was crowded. Just as the old bishop turned to preach the sermon, the sun burst out. It came through the south window, touching his white hair with a halo. Every one turned to look. The stranger's window was a flashing jewel. Tho it was made of bits, the colors were so blended that they seemed like one. The sunlight glittered and broke into a thousand rays.

The bishop knew about the forgotten window, and the strange way one had been made. He had written a stately sermon, but he put it away, and preached the thought the beautiful window gave,--the rejected stone being the head of the corner.

People who heard it, and saw the window, never forgot. So shall we feel when we see that some of our little efforts, which many thought worthless, shall be counted by Jesus worthy of all recognition.—Anonymous, Signs of the Times, June 23, 1898.

Quote: “The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall.”—By Francis Bacon, Our Times, May 1948.

***************************

Download great music at www.ChapelMusic.com

***************************

From a child I had been taught that this world belonged to God, for the very reason that He made it, and everything in it; but for the moment, I seemed to have forgotten; and all because of the roar of planes flying round and round above the open field north of The Little House.

Up, and up, and up they would soar, then down they would drop, turning completely over from three to five times, and then up in the sky again, leaving fancy figures, pretty curlicues, or just a smoke screen which for the moment hid them from my sight.

While I realized that all this performance was a part of the pilot's training, the noise of the planes coming with the noise of the machine guns down on the rifle range, was decidedly depressing.

Guns and planes and radio commentators would not let me forget that this nation is all out for war, and as I thought about it, a darkness seemed to envelop me and hold me fast;
a darkness which I could not shake off.

It had been weeks, months, since I had been able to walk out of doors, and I so wanted to get out, to run away, to go up in the woods where all was peace and quiet, and think this thing out. But wanting is one thing and going is another. I could not go, so it seemed to me that I had a perfectly good reason to indulge in a bit of self-pity.

Just as I was getting nicely started, a knock came at the back door, and before I could answer it, the door opened and a little girl danced in. Holding out her tightly closed hand she commanded, “Guess what I have for you?”

Remembering the stones that accumulated upon the back porch from time to time, I guessed, “Another pretty stone?”

“No. Guess again,” she told me.

“Well, then, it must be some candy;” while inwardly I groaned at the thoughts of the numerous times that a none-too-clean little hand had in the past brought me many a piece of sticky candy.

“No, no, no!” she cried, as she opened her hand, disclosing three heavenly-blue forget-me-nots!

“Oh, Marjorie!” I exclaimed. “How lovely! And you brought them all the way for me?”

“Yes,” she answered. “Daddy said I could. I found them in the pasture lot. I’ll go hunt for some more for you.” And off she went.

As I paused for a moment at the open door, to my mind came these words, “A little child shall lead them.” And I needed to be led, oh, so much.

True, the planes were still roaring overhead, but the sun was shining. The air was redolent with perfume, and in the apple tree a big fat robin was challenging me to “cheer up, cheer up.”

As I listened the darkness lifted, disappeared, and into my heart came the assurance that never, never, never could war black out the sun, the moon, or the stars. And always just so long as time would last, somewhere on this old earth, there would be little children, and flowers, and birds that sing. For:

“This is my Father’s world,

O let me ne’er forget

That though the wrong seems oft so strong,

God is the Ruler yet.”—By Martha E. Warner, The Watchman Magazine, September 1942.

**********************

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