A little orphan boy had been sent from home to home. Nobody loved him. True, he hardly ever washed his face or combed his hair. He didn’t even have a kind word or a smile for anybody. But, after all, he was just a little fellow.

One day a lady dropped a parcel in the street and this little boy quickly bent down and picked it up. “Thank you,” said the lady, “you are a nice little boy.”

“Did you hear that?” he asked himself. “A nice little boy.” He had never heard kind words like that before, and they made a deep impression on his heart. Next day saw a great change in him. Even his hair was combed, and he was beaming from ear to ear.

Love had made the difference.—By Donald A. Webster, Signs of the Times, March 9, 1954.

Quote: “If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not be able to injure us.”—Unknown, Signs of the Times, March 25, 1886.
George Peabody, the famous philanthropist, was one day sitting in his office in London when a boy brought him a New Testament for some purpose. The old man, looking up, said: “My boy, you carry that book easily in your youth, but when you are as old as I am it must carry you.”—Unknown, These Times, November 1957.

Quote: “To be a preacher that the years cannot wear thin, he must have a genius for toil. He must be willing to dig, to drive, to drudge. He must lay out his lines of study and pursue them doggedly.”—By A. G. Daniels, These Times, August 1957.

NEW from Pacific Press—Daring to Ask for More by Melody Mason. This powerful book on prayer is a MUST READ. Here is a story from the book:

The Duke of Wellington was listening to a group of Christian men talk as they discussed the possibility of success in missionary efforts among the unsaved. They turned to the duke and asked whether, in his judgment, such efforts were likely to prove a success in comparison to the expenditure and cost. The old soldier replied, “Gentlemen, what are your marching orders? Success is not the question for you to discuss. If I read your orders aright, they run thus, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.’ Gentlemen, obey your marching orders.”

The question to ask as we work in the final days of earth’s history is not, “Do we have enough resources?” or “Will our efforts be successful?” The question is rather, “Are we willing to be faithful to God’s call regardless of the outcome, regardless of the sacrifice?”

Paris Reidhead, a missionary from the mid-1900s, tells the story of two young Moravians who heard of an island in the West Indies where an atheist British slave trader had two thousand to three thousand slaves. No preachers or clergy were ever allowed on the island, as he didn’t want his slaves to learn about Christ. However, the thought that all those slaves might live and die without ever knowing the gospel was too much for these young Moravian men.
So they thought of a plan. They decided to sell themselves to the British slave trader. This they did, then they used the money from the sale to pay their passage to the island where they were committing their lives to his service.

As the ship that would carry the young men to their destination left the pier in Hamburg, Germany, many of the Moravians came to see these two lads off. The families were weeping for they knew they’d never see these boys again. Some wondered why they were going and questioned the wisdom of it. The boys were in their early twenties with their whole lives ahead of them. For them, this wasn’t a four-year team of mission service. They’d sold themselves into lifelong slavery, simply that as slaves they could be as Christians where these other slaves were.

As the gap widened between the dock and the ship, one lad with his arm linked through the arm of his fellow raised his hand high in the air and shouted across the water the last words that were ever heard from them. They were these: “May the Lamb that was slain receive the reward of His suffering.” From then on, this became the call of the Moravian missionaries!

God is looking for faithful men and women—men and women who will pick up the torch, not worried about applause, not worried about the wages they will or won’t receive, and not worried about the sacrifices they will endure. God is looking for faithful men and women who will recognize the urgency of the times and be willing to agonize and organize, realizing that the success of their mission lies only in their steadfast dependence upon Him. He’s waiting for men and women who will carry His torch over the finish line so we can go home.

CLICK to read the first chapter of this book online. Order online or from your local Adventist Book Center--1-800-765-6955.

A young army officer in the American forces pushing toward Berlin entered a small German village in the Ruhr Valley with a group of men in his command. They had driven the German troops out. The village was in bad condition, almost totally destroyed, but many of the inhabitants were still staying by. The American boys were on the lookout for booby traps, mines, etc. There had been strict orders from headquarters that there was to be no fraternization with the people of the town.

Walking carefully, cautiously through the village, the Americans came to a small church
which was intact. The doors were open, as if to invite passers-by to stop for worship. The boys went in.

The young officer had been church organist in his home town in Texas. He cautiously made his way toward the organ in the front of the chapel. On the music rack was a hymnbook, and it was open to the old hymn, “A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.”

Should he sit down and play the instrument? It had been months and years since he had touched an organ. He just couldn’t resist.

Pulling out the stops, he put his very life into that old hymn which has been a world favorite for centuries.

The music attracted the attention of the villagers, and they ventured near to see who might be playing their organ. The young musician thought he heard footsteps, and, glancing over his shoulder, he noticed an elderly couple make their way down the center aisle. They sat down reverently in the very front pew. Then came another couple, and another, until there were more than a score of people sitting in reverent, worshipful mood. Before he had finished playing, the listeners all joined in singing the words of that grand old hymn. The American soldiers joined in too.

When he had finished his playing, there rushed to the officer’s mind the orders about fraternization. Could he speak to these German people? Should he arrest all of them? What should his attitude be?

But he did not have to think long. An old German hobbled up to the officer, threw his arms around him, and said over and over again feelingly, “Mein bruder! Mein bruder! (My brother! My brother!)”—By James Wallace, Our Times, August 1949.

Quote: “We are too Christian really to enjoy sinning, and too fond of sinning really to enjoy Christianity. Most of us know perfectly well what we ought to do; our trouble is that we do not want to do it.”—By Peter Marshall, These Times, August 1965.

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“I am glad there is a depth in the Bible I know nothing about,” says Mr. Moody; “that there is a height there I cannot climb to if I should live to be as old as Methuselah; I venture to say if I should live for ages on earth I would only have touched its surface. I pity the man who knows all the Bible, for it is a pretty good sign he doesn’t know himself.

“A man came to me with what he thought was a very difficult passage, and he said:--

‘Mr. Moody, how do you explain it?’

‘I said, ‘I don’t explain it.’

‘But how do you interpret it?’

‘I don’t interpret it.’

‘Well, how do you understand it?’

‘I don’t understand it.’

‘But what do you do with it?’

‘I don’t do anything with it.’

‘You don’t believe it?’

‘Yes, I believe it. There are lots of things that I believe that I do not understand. In John 3 Christ says to Nicodemus, “If you do not understand earthly things, how can you understand heavenly things?” About my own body I do not understand. I don’t understand nature; it is filled with wonderful things I don’t comprehend. Then why should I expect to know everything spiritual?’ “—Selected, Signs of the Times, July 16, 1894.

Quote: “Can a good scientist believe in God? I think the answer is yes. In the first place, a scientist, more than other scholars, spends his time observing nature. It is his task to help unravel the mysteries of nature. He comes to marvel at these mysteries. Hence it is not hard for a scientist to admire the greatness of the Creator of nature. From this it is only a step to adore God.”—By Victor F. Hess, Nobel Prize winner for discovery of cosmic rays, These Times.

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There is an old but timely story about a man who was fervently praying, “Revive thy work, O Lord,” when he suddenly wondered what it would mean to his own life if that prayer were answered. “Revive thy work,” he repeated, “beginning with me!”

Commenting on the incident, Richard Roberts well says, “God favors not the general but the particular prayer. He does not embark upon a kind of general impersonal uplift of
Quote: “Our grandfathers could wait for a twice-a-week stagecoach without running a temperature; modern man gets mad if he misses one section of a revolving door. Life is gulped down, not savored. The only new vice of the past three hundred years is the breathless blasphemy of speed. Pascal’s profound word is considered mere gibberish: ‘The unhappiness of mankind is due to one thing: we have not the wisdom to remain in tranquility at home.’ “—By James W. Clarke, These Times, November 1960.

Kindness During Life

I would rather have one little rose
   From the garden of a friend,
Than to have the choicest flowers
   When my stay on earth must end.

I would rather have one pleasant word
   In kindness said to me,
Than flattery when my heart is still,
   And life has ceased to be.

I would rather have a loving smile,
   From friends I know are true,
Than many tears shed round my casket
   When this world I bid adieu.

So bring me all your flowers today
   Whether pink, white, blue, or red;
I’d rather have one blossom now
   Than many after I am dead.—By Mable Dennis Mullin, These Times, January 1969.

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