

BULLETIN OF THE
CHURCH OF CHRIST
AT
WARNERS CHAPEL

CLEMMONS, N. C.



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- I. "You may read about it in the Bible." Rom. 16:16
- II. "It speaks where the Bible speaks, is silent where the Bible is silent." I Pet. 4:11
- III. "Its acts of worship are patterned after the New Testament." John 4:24
- IV. "It exalts Christ as the *only* head of the church."—Colossians 1:18
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YOU ARE WELCOME AT OUR SERVICES

November 2, 1947

Published Weekly By:	SUNDAY:	
WARRIERS CHAPEL	Bible Study	10:00 a.m.
	Worship	11:00 a.m.
CHURCH OF CHRIST	Worship	7:00 p.m.
	WEDNESDAY:	
	Bible Study	7:30 p.m.
Max L. Johnson	Editors	James A. Harper
Assistants: Dot Holder, Helen Warner, Eunice Reeves Joy Johnson, Gladys Harper, Virginia Warner, Mildred Warner and Metzel Deub.		

HOW BETTY SAID IT

"Betty has been telling me all day how much she loves me," said Aunt May, as she folded her little niece in her arms.

Betty looked up into her auntie's face, with a little flush, and said, "Why, Auntie, I do just love you to-to-pieces! and I've been wanting to tell you so ever since you came, but somehow I couldn't."

"Yes, you do know how to say it," said Auntie, "You've been telling me all day that you love me, and in a perfectly beautiful way. What little girl rushed down to the store after that package I'd forgotten, just when that same little girl was getting ready to play 'mother' with her little sister and the children next door? What little girl hunted for as much as ten minutes till she found the back number of the church paper for Auntie?"

Betty's little face was smiling and happy, and she said, "Oh! if you mean that--then perhaps--" "There is no 'perhaps' about it," smiled Aunt May.

---selected.

REMEMBER THE SERVICES WEDNESDAY NIGHT! -----

CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE

An old lady accepted Christ for her saviour late in life, and found in him such joy that she could not keep still about it; she was praising God and talking about it all the time. One day a friend said: "You've seemed pretty confident about this salvation of yours. I would not be too sure if I were you. Suppose the Lord should let you slip through his fingers." "But," said the old lady, "I'm one of the fingers." She was right. Every one of us who has become a Christian is a member of his body, part of himself.

THE JAMES A COX'S

From Martinsville, Virginia were visitors in the home of Bro. and Sis. Johnson last Tuesday. Bro. Cox and Bro. Johnson will go, the Lord willing, to Washington, D. C. the 11th of November to attend a meeting of Eastern seaboard preachers at the Arlington Church of Christ.

PAULINE HARRISON

Formerly Pauline Messick was honored with a shower recently at the home of Hetzel Doub. She received many lovely gifts. She is now living at Camp Lejeune with her husband. We will miss her at our services.

LEROY WARNER

Leaves next Friday for Ashboro where he will undergo an operation. Today will be his last day with us for a while. Our prayers go with you Leroy.

BOBBY TESH

Returned from City Hospital last Sunday afternoon after having a tonsilectomy the day before. He is back to normal again. We're glad for you, Bobby.

BIBLE OF A BLIND MAN

Two poverty-stricken, illiterate men, one blind and the other at death's door, came to a mission hospital in India. On leaving the hospital some time later, the blind man asked for a copy of the "Jesus Book". "Oh what use is it to you? You cannot read." "No," replied the blind man, "but we will take it to those who can do so." They returned to their village, the happy possessors of a Gospel. They were weavers by trade. Whenever men came to purchase cloth in that village they were met with the remark, "Before we do any business with you, you must read us a few pages out of our Book." When the tax collectors came round they, too, were told, "We can do no business with you till you have read to us out of our Book." When the doctor from the hospital visited that village two years afterward he found the heathen temple permanently closed and a church built, and the whole village won for Christ.--Life of Faith.

ELECTRICITY

The electrician was puzzled. "Hi!" he called to his assistant, "put your hand on one of those wires."

The assistant did as he was told.

"Feel anything?"

"No."

"Good!" said the electrician. "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other or you'll drop dead."

London Tit-Bits.
