

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

	SUNDAY:	
Published Weekly By:	Bible Study	10:00 a.m.
	Worship	11:00 a.m.
WARNERS CHAPEL	Worship	7:30 p.m.
	OTHER SERVICES:	
CHURCH OF CHRIST	Wed.-Bible Study	7:30 p.m.
	Fri.-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 Doub.		

### DESIRABLE ENTHUSIASM

A young man in Pittsburgh was trying to put a pistol into his hip pocket when it exploded. The police got hold of him at once, and began an investigation which led to his confessing that he was the author of a series of outrages that had alarmed a whole section of the city a few weeks before. He had robbed two stores and had "held up" several pedestrians; and he was planning a far more extensive "job".

He was a college graduate, and was asked what had led him to take up such a miserable mode of existence. The reason he gave affords much food for thought. "The life of a burglar appealed to me," he said; "there's action in it."

Brothers of the church, what we need before every thing else is to put action into our Christianity!

We need in all our church work the dash, the vim, the go of a dime novel.

We need the ardor of a detective hunt. We need the gusto of the devil, his ardor, his zest. That is all we can copy from him, but there is no reason why we should not copy the one quality that gives him his power.

A. R. Wells

===== COME TONIGHT =====

HONORING THE FATHER

I saw a beautiful thing not long ago. It was a brilliant, successful man, widely known, paying honor and giving loving attention to his father. The father had always been a man of humble parts; he had never been known as a brilliant or particularly successful man. But he has been a good man, and a good father, and now that the son has come to honor, there is nothing that he can do too good to show his gratitude to and respect for his father. It is a beautiful sight.

SELECTED

FORGIVING AND FORGETTING

When the small boy hailed his little playmate next door, and caught up his cap to run out for the usual morning together, an older member of the family said, teasingly: "What! Going to play with him again? I thought you quarreled only last evening and were never to have anything more to do with each other. Funny memory you have!" Jimmy looked a little abashed, dug the toe of his shoe into the carpet, and then flashed a satisfied smile as he hurried away. "Ho! Roland and me's good forgetters."

SELECTED

DESECRATED HUMANITY

What would you think if you saw a bowl made of the finest gold, and carved and shaped in the most exquisite manner, filled with mud or soot? Would you not say that such contents were not suitable for the bowl, that it was not made to hold such vile materials, such products of waste and corruption? And yet that is what you are naturally inclined to do--to fill this golden bowl of your wonderful complex nature not only with things that perish in the using, but even with things that defile and injure you.

HUGH MACMILLAN

PSALM FOR THE WEEK

I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM 121

It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of life,  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with thee on high.