

## For Young and Old

### HEARING THE SERMON

“Mother,” said a little boy one Sabbath, “may I not stay at home? There is no use of me going to church; I can’t understand one word the minister preaches about. I do not want to go.” “Not one word?” “No, not one word,” he said in that positive tone little boys are apt to have. His mother thought he had better go; but he twisted his limbs and pouted his lips, and said he didn’t want to go. I dare say you have seen little boys do so.

“If puss went to church I should not expect her to understand a word. If Rover went, I should not expect him to understand, or the cow, or the pig; but I should have expected better things of a boy. I wish you to try again. See if you cannot at least understand one word the minister says. After that we will see.” Mother looked very sober as she spoke, and the little boy did not like to be put on the same shelf as cats and pigs.

After a little more talk the church bells rang, and he went off with the honest wish in his heart to listen to the sermon and learn what a little boy could. His father was out of town and his mother was sick at home, so he and his two older sisters occupied the pew. Henry liked the singing, for he could find the psalm, and keep his eye on the place. He could bow his head when the minister prayed. When the sermon came, he fixed his eyes on the minister’s face and his mind on the minister’s words, trying to find something he could understand. Nobody was more attentive than Henry.

When he got home, “Mother,” he said, “I did get one word out of the minister’s sermon. I got ‘God’. He said God ever so many times, and I kept thinking God, God, God all the way home. I said to myself, God made the sky, God made the trees, God made the rain, God made the little ants; He made the busy bees. God made me—my hands to handle with, and my eyes to see with, and my mind to learn with. But God didn’t make my new jacket with those bright buttons, did He? You made it, mother.”

“God created the lambs’ wool for the weavers and spinners to make the cloth of,” said his mother; “and down in the dark earth he created the substance of brass for the button makers to use.” “Then without God it would not be,” said the little boy. “What a great, good God He is.”

“Yes” said his mother, “and how we should desire to know Him more, and to please Him constantly in everything we do.”

“I think so too,” cried little Henry, as if a bright new thought had struck him. It was bright and new to him, because he had worked it all out himself, and his little mind kept on the subject, for he asked his mother questions about it four or five days after.

~Banner of Truth



### THIS WEEK'S CREATION MOMENT

#### The Swiss Army Bee



*And their father Israel said to them, If it must be so now, do this; take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts and almonds.... (Genesis 43:11)*

Just about everybody has seen a Swiss army knife. This tool is much more than a knife and has all sorts of other devices tucked away in its handle.

The legs of the worker honeybee are very much like the Swiss army knife. Each leg has an extra joint between the knee and the joint of the foot. The bee’s foreleg has a special notch with bristles like a brush for cleaning its antenna. The middle leg has what has been called a crowbar that comes in handy for a variety of jobs in the hive. The back legs of the worker honeybee have pollen baskets that the bee uses to carry pollen to the hive. In addition, the back legs have a combination of spears and pincers for use in defending the hive. The back legs also have cleaning bristles for scraping pollen off the middle legs, while the middle legs have the same bristles for scraping pollen off the front legs.

Just as no one finding a Swiss army knife would think that it was just a random formation of nature, no one should think that the worker honeybee is something formed randomly by nature either. God has made the bee’s legs for the purpose of making it an efficient link in the production of honey, a food prized by many living things, including man.

Ref: Darwin’s Fatal Bee Sting (Book Fellowship, Tract No. 1218). Photo: Pixabay

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