

My King and Master

Christ my King, my Master,
let my whole life be,
Spent in blessed service only until Thee

Let me serve Thee gladly,
That the world may know
'Tis a happy privilege,
Thee to serve below.

Let me serve Thee humbly,
Thine be all the praise,
'Tis Thy love alone which tunes
my feeble lays;
Let me serve Thee quickly
--Time will soon be o'er
I would fain lead many to heaven's
peaceful shore.

Let me serve Thee ever,
from morning until eve,
My earliest and my latest breath,
my King, Thou shall receive.
And oh when service here is spent,
and Heaven is won
Grant that I too, dear Master,
may hear Thy sweet "Well done!"

--Cevilia Havergal

PSALM 23:1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

PSALM 34:9,10 O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

PSALM 37:25 I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread.

PSALM 84:11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

1 CORINTHIANS.9:14 Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.

The Pandita Ramabai Story--in her own words

By the Ramabai Mukti Mission (A selection)

Finding Christ

It was nobody's fault that I had not found Christ. He must have been preached to me from the beginning. My mind at that time had been too dull to grasp the teaching of the Holy Scriptures. The open Bible had been before me, but I had given much of my time to the study of other books about the Bible and had not studied the Bible itself as I should have done: hence my ignorance of many important doctrines taught in it. I gave up the study of other books about the Bible after my return home from America and took to reading the Bible regularly.

Following this course for about two years, I became very unhappy in my mind. I was dissatisfied with my spiritual condition. One day I went to the Bombay Guardian Mission Press on some business. There I picked up a book called "From Death unto Life," written by Mr. Haslam, the evangelist.

I read his experiences in this book with great interest. He, being a clergyman of the Church of England, had charge of a good parish and was interested in all Christian activities connected with the Church. While he was holding conversation with a lady, a member of his Church, she told him that he was trying to build from the top. The lady meant to say he was not converted and had not experienced regeneration and salvation in Christ.

I read his account of his conversion and work for Christ. Then I began to consider where I stood, and what my actual need was. I took the Bible and read portions of it, meditating on the messages which God gave me. There were so many things I did not understand intellectually. One thing I knew by this time: I needed Christ and not merely His religion.

There were some of the old ideas stamped on my brain; for instance, I thought that repentance of sin and the determination to give it up was what was necessary for forgiveness of sin: that the rite of baptism was the means of regeneration; that my sins were truly washed away, when I was baptized in the name of Christ. These and such other ideas, which are akin to Hindu mode of religious thought, stuck to me. For some years after my baptism, I was comparatively happy to think that I had found a religion which gave its privileges equally to men and women; there was no distinction of caste, color or [gender] made in it.

All this was very beautiful, no doubt. But I had failed to understand that we are of "God in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption" (1Cor.1:30). I had failed to see the need of placing my implicit faith in Christ and His atonement in order to become a child of God by being born again of the Holy Spirit and justified by faith in the Son of God. My thoughts were not very clear on this and other points. I was desperate. I realized that I was not prepared to meet God, and that sin had dominion over me.

What was to be done? My thoughts could not, and did not help me. I had at last come to an end of myself and unconditionally surrendered myself to the Savior; and asked Him to be merciful to me, and to become my righteousness and redemption, and to take away all my sin.

Only those who have been convicted of sin and have seen themselves as God sees them under similar circumstances can understand what one feels when a great and unbearable burden is rolled away from one's heart. I shall not attempt to describe how and what I felt at the time when I made an unconditional surrender and knew I was accepted to be a branch of the True Vine, a child of God by adoption in Christ Jesus my Savior.

Although it is impossible for me to tell all that God has done for me, I must yet praise Him and thank Him for His loving-kindness to me, the greatest of sinners.

The Bible says that God does not wait for me to merit His love but heaps it upon me without my deserving it. It says also that there is neither male nor female in Christ.

(Romans 3:22-26).

I do not know if any one of my readers has ever had the experience of being shut up in a room where there was nothing but thick darkness and then groping in it to find something of which he or she was in dire need. I can think of no one but the blind man, whose story is given in St. John chapter nine. He was born blind and remained so for forty years of his life; and then suddenly he found the Mighty One, Who could give him eyesight.

Who could have described his joy at seeing the daylight, when there had not been a particle of hope of his ever seeing it? I can give only a faint idea of what I felt when my mental eyes were opened, and when I, who was "sitting in darkness saw Great Light," and when I felt sure that to me, who but a few moments ago "sat in the region and shadow of death, Light had sprung up."

I was very like the man who was told, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.... And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God."

I looked to the blessed Son of God who was lifted up on the cross and there suffered death, even the death of the cross, in my stead, that I might be made free from the bondage of sin, and from the fear of death, and I received life. O the love, the unspeakable love of the Father for me, a lost sinner, which gave His only Son to die for

me! I had not merited this love, but that was the very reason why He showed it to me.

How good, how indescribably good! What good news for me a woman, a woman born in India, among Brahmans who hold out no hope for me and the like of me! The Bible declares that Christ did not reserve this great salvation for a particular caste or [gender].

"But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John 1:12,13).

"The kindness and love of God our Savior toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus 3:4).

No caste, no [gender], no work, and no man was to be depended upon to get salvation, this everlasting life, but God gave it freely to anyone and everyone who believed on His Son Whom He sent to be the "propitiation for our sins." And there was not a particle of doubt left as to whether this salvation was a present one or not. I did not have to wait till after undergoing births and deaths countless millions of times, when I should become a Brahman man, in order to get to know the Brahma. And then, was there any joy and happiness to be hoped for? No, there is nothing but to be amalgamated into Nothingness--Shunya, Brahma.

The Son of God says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation but is passed from death to life" (John 5:24).

"This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God" (1John 5:9-13).

The Holy Spirit made it clear to me from the Word of God that the salvation which God gives through Christ is present, and not something future. I believed it; I received it; and I was filled with joy.

A Loving Invitation

If I were to write all that the Lord has done for me, even as much as it lies in my power to do so, the book would be too large for a person to read: so I have made the account of my spiritual experience as short as possible. I am very glad and very thankful to the Lord for making it possible for me to give this testimony of the Lord's goodness to me.

My readers will scarcely realize the great spiritual needs of all my countrywomen and of my countrymen too. The people of this land are steeped in sin and are sitting in a terrible darkness. May the Father of Light send them light and life by His chosen ones.

We need witnesses for Christ and His great salvation freely offered to all men.

Dear brother and sister, whoever may happen to read this testimony, may you realize your responsibility to give the gospel of Jesus Christ to my people in this land, and pray for them, that they may each and all be cleansed from their filthiness, and from all their idols, that they may find the true way of salvation.

My prayer for those readers who have not yet been saved is that they may seek and find Christ Jesus, our Blessed Redeemer, for the salvation of their souls.

"Our citizenship is in Heaven, from whence also we wait for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ" (Philippians 3:20).

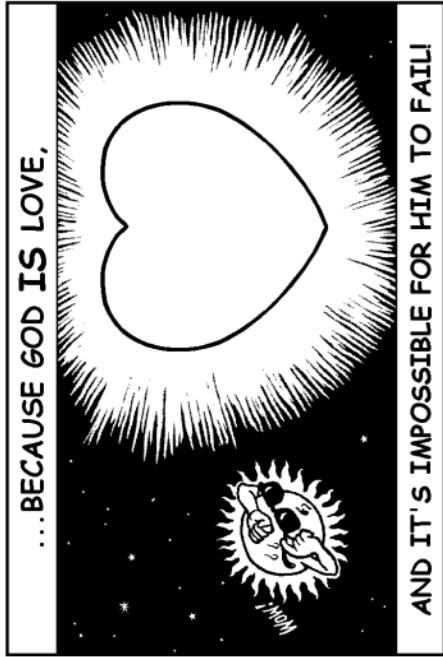
"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His Own blood, And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Revelation 1:5-6).

--Pandita Ramabai, March, 1907

PRAISE

Thank You, Jesus, for this glorious day, for the sunshine and the blue skies, and for Your love most of all. You're so patient, forgiving and kind. You're so reassuring and encouraging. It proves Your great love for me, because I know I'm bad, yet You don't treat me that way.

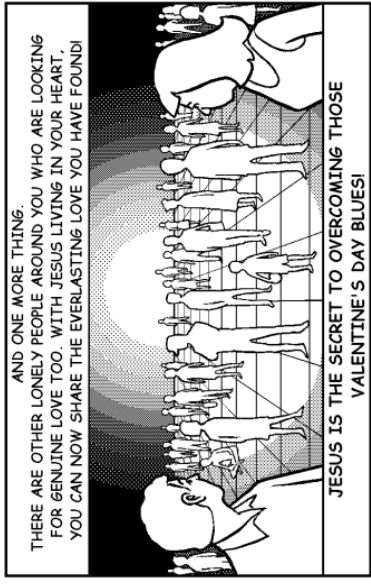
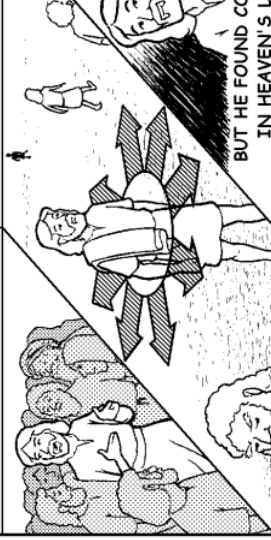
Thank You that I don't have to wait till Heaven to know You and feel You and be happy. You give me so much every day! The beauties of Your Spirit fill my life and overflow on every side. You really do renew Your mercies every morning, and my cup is running over with good things. How could anyone be happier, more fulfilled or more blessed?



YOU CAN TELL HIM YOU WANT HEAVEN'S LOVE RIGHT NOW: "JESUS, HUMAN LOVE ISN'T ALWAYS THERE WHEN I NEED IT. I NEED SOMEONE IN MY LIFE WHO WILL NEVER LET ME DOWN OR LEAVE ME. I WANT YOU TO BE THAT SOMEONE. I ASK YOU TO COME INTO MY HEART AND TO GIVE ME YOUR EVERLASTING LOVE, AND A PLACE IN HEAVEN. THANK YOU!"



JESUS, GOD'S SON, VOLUNTEERED TO LIVE ON EARTH AS A HUMAN SO THAT HE COULD UNDERSTAND YOU BETTER.



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From Jesus With Love

Learn to see My hand and My love even in the smallest things of your life—in the supply of every small need, in the keeping of your health and strength, in the keeping of the safety of your children. These are tokens of My love to you. Your children's love for you is a manifestation of My love for you, and the care and concern of others is a manifestation of My love for you. My Words are a manifestation of My love for you.

Master's Arts

Prophecy and Direct revelation— Communication and Guidance from God

The Master says:

“There are so many silent, or seemingly silent things in nature. This helps you to learn to be quiet—and that important things can happen that are totally silent. A seed blowing through the air to be planted; the sap going up into a tree or plant; the clouds moving in the sky to bring needed rain; the growth of food in the garden; the moving of the many insects that help to stir up the soil and keep it good for planting. On goes the list.

“So too, do I like to speak to you in the quietness of your heart and mind. Growth and refreshment of heart and mind are given to those who sit quietly to listen to the words and thoughts and feelings of God.”

LAMBIBITS

(Lessons, anecdotes, messages, Bible-based beliefs, inspirational talks, and sayings.)

He who hath begun a good work in us is going to perfect it unto the end! For He is the Author and the Finisher of our faith, who hath delivered, who doth deliver, and who will yet deliver! Praise the Lord! Amen. In spite of the problems and questions, the Lord is in it and I know God is working.

You cannot look to your own wisdom, you cannot rest in your own understanding, you must look for the supernatural, miraculous and powerful leading and guidance of the Holy Spirit. It's impossible to solve these problems on your own. Lean not to your own understanding, but in all your ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct your paths.

So remember that you can not possibly solve these problems in your own wisdom, your own strength, your own mind, your own understanding, your own trying to put two and two together. But you're going to have to ask the Lord by the supernatural, miraculous power of the Holy Spirit, to give you downright, outright, upright revelations, Heaven right, straight from Him, to show you exactly what to do.

Now this is what we've always been dependent upon: He's the one we've always had to look to for leadership in all the former decisions and in the laying of plans and programmers

Most of the time I don't know what to do. We always have to ask God and look to Him for His direct revelation, or His impression, or His leading, or His burden, or His guidance, with it being confirmed by the mouth of two or three witnesses, or by His Word, or by some fleece, or by some revelation, or by some leading. God has always worked with us that way.

Inspiring True Stories from History: Annie and Vanie's Prayer

**What things soever ye desire , when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.
(Mark 11:24)**

If two of you shall agree on Earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in Heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them. (Matthew 18:19-20)

(From: Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer, by S.B. Shaw, in 1893)

Two sisters, one about five years of age, the other next older, were accustomed to go each Saturday morning, some distance from home, to get chips and shavings from a cooper shop. One morning, with basket well filled, they were returning home; when the elder one was taken suddenly sick with cramps or cholera. She was in great pain, and unable to proceed, much less to bear the basket home. She sat down on the basket, and the younger one held her from falling. The street was a lonely one, occupied by workshops, factories, etc. Everyone was busy within; not a person was seen on the street. The little girls were at a loss what to do. Too timid to go into any workshop, they sat a while, as silent and quiet as the distressing pains would allow.

Soon the elder girl said: "You know, Annie, that a good while ago mother told us that if we ever got into trouble, we should pray, and God would help us. Now you help me to get down upon my knees, and hold me up, and we will pray."

There, on the sidewalk, did these two little children ask God to send some one to help them home. The simple and brief prayer being ended, the sick girl was again helped up, and sat on the basket, waiting the answer to their prayers. Presently Annie saw, far down the street on the opposite side, a man come out from a factory, look around him, up and down the street, and go back into the factory.

"O sister, he has gone in again, " said Annie. "Well," said Vanie, "perhaps he is not the one God is going to send. If he is, he will come back again.

"There he comes again," said Annie. He walks this way. He seems looking for something. He walks slow, and without his hat. He puts his hand to his head, as if he did not know what to do. O sister, he has gone in again; what shall we do?

"That may not be the one whom God will send to help us," said Vanie. "If he is, he will come out again."

"Oh yes, there he is; this time with his hat on, " said Annie. "He comes this way; he walks slowly, looking around on every side. He does not see us; perhaps the trees hide us. Now he sees us, and is coming quickly. "

A brawny German in broken accents, asks "O children, what is the matter?"

"O sir," said Annie, "sister here is so sick she cannot walk, and we cannot get home."

"Where do you live, my dear?"

"At the end of this street; you can see the house from here."

"Never mind, " said the man, "I takes you home."

So the strong man gathered the sick child in his arms, and with her head pillowed upon his shoulder, carried her to the place pointed out by the younger girl. Annie ran round the house to tell her mother that there was a man at the front door wishing to see her. The astonished mother, with a mixture of surprise and joy, took charge of the precious burden, and the child was laid upon a bed.

After thanking the man, she expected him to withdraw, but instead, he stood turning his hat in his hands, as one who wishes to say something, but knows not how to begin.

The mother, observing this, repeated her thanks, and finally said:

"Would you like me to pay you for bringing my child home?"

"O no," said he with tears, "God pays me! God pays me! I would like to tell you something, but I speak English so poorly that I fear you will not understand."

The mother assured him that she was used to the German, and could understand him very well.

"I am the proprietor of an ink factory," said he. "My men work by the piece. I have to keep separate accounts with each. I pay them every Saturday. At twelve o'clock they will be at my desk, for their money. This week I have had many hindrances, and was behind with my books. I was working hard at them with the sweat on my face, in my great anxiety to be ready in time. Suddenly I could not see the figures; the words in the book all ran together, and I had a plain impression on my mind that some one in the street wished to see me. I went out, looked up and down the street, but seeing no one, went back to my desk, and wrote a little. Presently the darkness was greater than before, and the impression stronger than before, that some one in the street needed me.

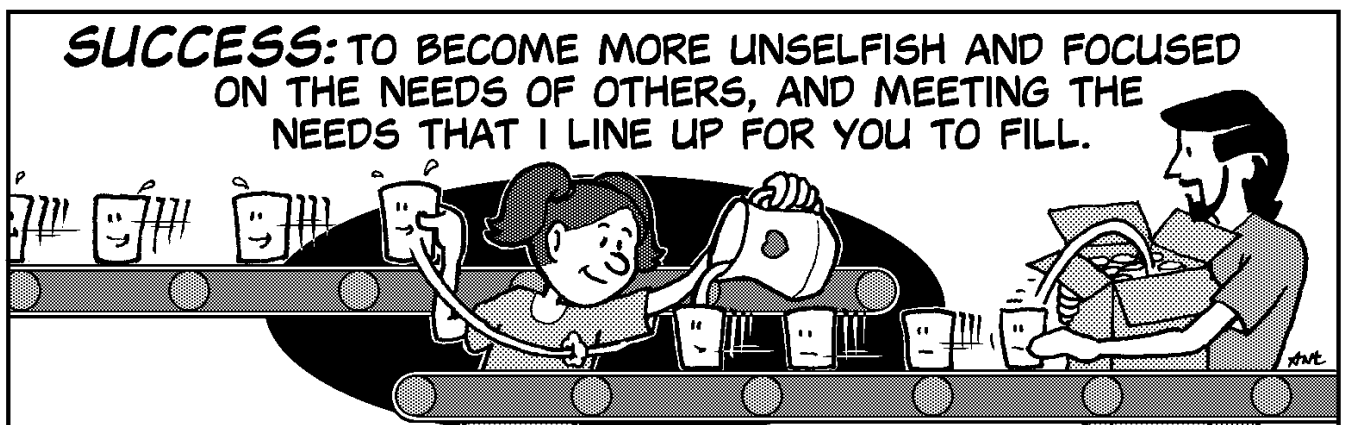
"Again I went out, looked up and down the street, walked a little way, puzzled to know what it meant. Was my hard work, and were the cares of business driving me out of my wits? Unable to solve the mystery, I turned again into my shop and to my desk. This time my fingers refused to grasp the pen. I found myself unable to write a word, or make a figure; but the impression was stronger than ever on my mind, that some one needed my help). A voice seemed to say: "Why don't you go out as I tell you? There is need of your help."

This time I took my hat on going out, resolved to stay till I found out whether I was losing my senses, or there was a duty for me to do. I walked some distance without seeing any one, and was more and more puzzled, till I came opposite the children, and found that there was indeed need of my help. I cannot understand it, madam."

As the noble German was about leaving the house, the younger girl had the courage to say: "O mother, we prayed."

Thus the mystery was solved, and with tear-stained cheeks, a heaving breast, and a humble, grateful heart, the kind man went back to his accounts. I have enjoyed many a happy hour in conversation with Annie in her own house since she has a home of her own. The last I knew of Annie and Vanie, they were living in the same city, earnest Christian women. Their children were growing up around them, who, I hope, will have like confidence in mother, and faith in God. Annie was the wife of James A. Clayton, of San Jose, California. I have enjoyed their hospitality, and esteem both very highly.

--JAMES ROGERS, Of Alabama Conference, M. E. Church.



Thoughts and True Stories

Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer (Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

A friend and relative of the one who was "a widow indeed," one who trusted in God, and continued in supplications and prayers day and night, was once brought unto circumstances of peculiar straightness and trial. She had two daughters, who exerted themselves with their needles to earn a livelihood; and at that time they were so busily engaged in trying to finish some work that had long been on their hands, they had neglected to make provision for their ordinary wants, until they found themselves one winter's day in the midst of a New England snow-storm, with food and fuel almost exhausted, at a distance from neighbours, and without any means of procuring needful sustenance.

The daughters began to be alarmed, and were full of anxiety at the dismal prospect; but the good old mother said: Don't worry, girls, the Lord will provide; we have enough for today, and tomorrow may be pleasant;' and in this hope the girls settled down again to their labour.

Another morning came, and with it no sunshine, but wind and snow in abundance. The storm still raged, but no one came near the house, and all was dark and dismal without. Noon came, and the last morsel of food was eaten, the wood was almost gone, and there was no token of any relief for their necessities. The girls became much distressed, and talked anxiously of their condition, but the good mother said: "Don't worry, the Lord will provide."

But they had heard that story the day before, and they knew not the strong foundation upon which that mother's trust was builded, and could not share the confidence she felt. If we get anything today the Lord will have to bring it Himself, for nobody can get here if he tries,' said one of the daughters, impatiently; but the mother said: Don't worry.' And so they sat down again to their sewing, the daughters to muse upon their necessitous condition, and the mother to roll her burden on the Everlasting Arms.

Now mark the way in which time Lord came to their rescue, and just at this moment of extremity, put it into the heart of one of His children to go and carry relief. Human nature at such a time would never have ventured out in such a storm, but waited for a pleasant day. But Divine Wisdom and power made him carry just what was needed, in the face of adverse circumstances, and just at the time it was needed.

Mr. M. sat at his fireside, about a mile away, surrounded by every bounty and comfort needed to cheer his heart, with his only daughter sitting by his side. For a long time not a word had been spoken, and he had seemed lost in silent meditation, till at length he said: "Mary, I want you to go and order the cattle yoked, and then get me a bag. I must go and carry some wood and flour to Sister C.'

"Why, father, it is impossible for you to go. There is no track, and it is all of a mile up there. You would almost perish."

The old man sat in silence a few moments, and said: "I must go.' She knew her father too well to suppose that words would detain him, and so complied with his wishes. While she held the bag for him, she felt perhaps a little uneasiness to see the flour so liberally disposed of, and said: I wish you would remember that I want to give a poor woman some flour if it ever clears off.' The old man understood the intimation, and said: Mary, give all you feel it ditty to, and when the Lord says stop, I will do so.'

Soon all things were ready, and the patient oxen took their way to the widow's home, wallowing through the drifted snow, and dragging the sled with its load of wood and flour. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the mother had arisen from her work to fix the fire, and looking out of the window, she saw the oxen at the door, and she knew that the Lord had heard her cry.

She said not a word----why should she? She was not surprised - but, presently, a heavy step at the threshold caused the daughters to look up with astonishment, as Mr. M. strode unceremoniously into the room, saying The Lord told me, Sister C., that you wanted some wood and flour.'

"He told you the truth," said the widow, "and I will praise Him forever."

"What think you now, girls?" she continued, as she turned in solemn joy to her unbelieving daughters. They were speechless; not a word escaped their lips but they pondered that new revelation of the providential mercy of the Lord, until it made upon their minds an impression never to be effaced. From that hour they learned to trust in Him who cares for His needy in the hour of distress, and who, from His boundless stores, supplies the wants of those who trust in Him.

