



Mary Jones

1784-1864

Welcome to the King

(Continued)

There amidst the songs of heaven--
Sweeter to His ear
Is the footfall through the desert,
Ever drawing near.

Who is this who comes to meet me
On the desert way,
As the Morning Star foretelling
God's unclouded day?

He it is who came to win me,
On the cross of shame
In His glory well I know Him,
Evermore the same

Oh! the blessed joy of meeting,
All the desert past!
Oh! the wondrous words of greeting
He shall speak at last!

(Continued in next mag)

-- Frances Ridley Havergal

PSALM 68:11 The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it.

PSALM 119:11 Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee.

PSALM 119:14 I have rejoiced in the way of Thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

PSALM 119:72 The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

PSALM 119:103 How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!

JOHN 14:21 He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

Mary Jones:

You who have the Bible there with you 24/7, no consequences attached, can lose your respect or the sense of wonder and great cherishing of it. That is if you don't read it and keep discovering each day the treasures within it.

But when the Holy Spirit moves in your heart to crave and to hunger for the Bread of Life, even more than your necessary food, then you want God's Word more than anything else. You'd die to get it, if that is what it takes. You want it more than food, more than water, more than anything else your soul craves. Because a funny thing happens when you read God's Word with an eager and ready heart; something amazing. Somehow it fills in all the empty gaps in your life. It goes into all the places of your heart and mind like nothing else can.

Once you have tasted of Heaven's Bread, and really taste it—not just chew and swallow it quickly, but savour it and digest it while you rest in Heaven's love—you start to crave it. You start to notice your need for it. It starts satisfying something in your being that nothing and no one else ever has nor ever can. It becomes your desire.

But if you don't take the time to stop and to be fed deeply, you'll never know how good your heart could feel.

That is what I discovered when I first started learning of the Bible. It was something different than the words of man. It was truth. It was something I could depend on. It was my education. It was my joy. It gave me the grace to keep living one hard and tiring day after the next. I never had much, and once I had God's Word, I had less needs than I did before. Once you get God's Word into your daily life, the more gaps you get filled.

If you have a willing heart, willing to read and teach the Word of God, God will see to it that you are fed and cared for. For where His Word is, there He is. Where He is, there He brings satisfaction. You won't even need food sometimes, when you are really getting deeply fed on God's Word.

His Word heals. The more you live by the Word and the counsel in the Bible, the better health you can

experience. Health of mind and heart, and body too, come hand in hand with the reading and living of God's Word.

When I met Jesus, face to face, it was like I had already known Him. I'd studied His Word for so many years. I knew His Spirit through it. I had gotten to know Him. So when I saw Him face to face in Heaven it was like meeting a friend I had always known. He didn't say to me, "I never knew you", nor did my heart think that about Him. Instead He could say, "You are my friend; come, blessed of my Father. For those that love My Word, love Me, and with them will I make my abode."

So if you want to be a near and dear and close companion with the author of the Words of the Bible—and get to hear His fresh words as well, just crack open the pages of the Bible and read it with keen interest. Then do more than just read it. You have to listen too. For each time you read a passage—and for each individual that reads it—something new, some new meaning and clarity can come to the mind of the reader. It's truly amazing. It's a multifunctional tool. One size fits all. All encompassing. Meets any need.

Let me pray for your reading of the scriptures.

"Dear Jesus, thank You for blessing these ones with the gift of Your Word, at their finger tips, and in their own language. May they treasure this massive gift that they get to enjoy. Help them to spread your Word in all directions that they can—in all the ways that they can, whether in song or story, performance or printed matter. Let the 'Gospel of Peace' be given through them to those that hunger. Many don't even realise they are so, so hungry, because they have never felt anything else. But one taste of the Living Bread gives them the glimpse that something better does exist.

"Help these young ones to work to store up plenty of scriptures in their soul—not just memorizing it and reading it, but really knowing what it's saying; gaining a deep and full understanding. Let the truth be told through their lips, so that when they proclaim the mystery of the Gospel and the glories that are yet to come, people will know that they speak from a truthful heart and mind and soul. Let truth be always on their lips. Amen."

Want to know what one of my favourite stories are? Well, the book of Ruth had lots in it that I very much enjoyed. God used her to do an important job of being in the line of Adam to Joseph husband of Mary, mother of Jesus born on Earth. But she was poor, just like I was. So if God could use her, He can use me too. All I have to do is to be faithful, one day at a time.

Even if didn't conquer lands and nations; even if I didn't start a large revival; even if all I did was work hard for my family and read God's Word, and do my little bit to see that other families had access to it too, then that was great. I was helping to expand the work and family of God, by doing my part right where I was.

It was my love for the Word of God that gave me the passion to press onward and inspire and support the efforts to get Bible's out, and now are getting out all over the world. Keep loving God's Word, and reading it daily, and doing your part to help others to love and know Jesus and His book. They will be so glad when they face Him one day to look at Him and feel they know Him—and He them, because of their time learning of His Word.

Another Bible character I really liked was the grandmother of Timothy. She was responsible for many souls—many even today still—being brought into God's Kingdom. She too, loved God's Word, and taught it to her daughter and grandson. The letters the apostle Paul then wrote to Timothy has helped so many to keep "fighting the good fight of faith".

The affect of the Word being taught by mothers and grandmothers to their children and grandchildren, will have a great affect. She too, didn't lead any great revivals, nor write any books. The one she learned from was enough. She just wanted to read and teach and guide with the Words of God.

If the Bible is the only book in your library, you will grow up just fine. It will be like a key that opens up so many new treasures. But a library without a Bible is no library at all, for the key of wisdom isn't there. And knowledge, empty and vain knowledge, causes sorrow and heartbreak. It doesn't build up lives. It leaves the readers with no joy.

The Bible talks about how much joy came to those who read God's Word—for that is the reason for it

being sent. God really wants us to be joyful in His presence, and enjoy His presence. If you can walk through the doorway of the written Word, then a new Word from Heaven is opened up and you hear fresh Words from the lips of the King Himself.

Then, after a long journey of God's Word as your lamp and guide, and His voice as your companion, the path leads to life eternal. You then meet the Man behind the words, and you'll know Him, and feel so very at home. He'll say, "Come on in, friend. It's been so long. I'm really glad to see you."

Isn't there a vast difference when someone knows you and loves you and you meet them, or going to a strange house and meeting someone for the first time? Those who miss out on the treasures of the Word of God, even if they do manage to know the way of salvation and make it to Heaven, will still feel a bit out of place, or like they have a whole lot to catch up on and to learn. They'll have to start forming a close bond with Jesus then. And it takes time. But those who have read and reread and studied, and absorbed God's Words to really understand what it's saying, will go right into close communion and friendship with the one they have been communing with their whole life. Such joy will be theirs.

Imagine it like this. Say you were born to nice parents, but then got separated from them. They had to be in one country and you in another. They wrote you lots of letters so you could learn things that they wanted to teach you, and told you things about themselves so you could get to know them. They asked you to write them back also, and to ask any questions that you had.

After many years, at last you were old enough to get the paper work to legally leave the country and join them in their glorious place. It was a place they eagerly prepared for you, fitting it out with all the comforts and gorgeous things imaginable.

What if one of their children read the letters from their parents carefully; and responded too. When they got a letter back that answered their questions they felt so loved and cared for. On the years went, and new and more mature topics were talked about and read about. Sometimes they even sent the child pictures and drawings. This child grew to love them, and to know them.

When they were at last united, it was a very joyous time. There was no uncomfortableness in the relationship. It just went from paper talk to face to face. They didn't have to start their relationship at the start, just getting to know their parents and learn how to talk and listen to them. They could joke, and laugh, because they knew the stories of the events in their lives.

But what if another child never took the time to read or respond to the letters. They formed no real relationship with their unseen parents. They knew they had parents, and that one fine day they would at last get to join them in a glorious place. They thought this was enough. But when they were sad and had questions, they felt so alone.

They didn't make the effort to write their parents—or to discover that the answers and words of comfort had already been written to them in a letter. They didn't know, because they never read through the correspondence.

“What do they know about me anyway? They are out of sight. There is nothing they could say that could help me,” the child and growing young person might have thought. Then when at last they joined their parents in the new place, there was plenty to talk about.

They had a lovely time getting to know one another. But there was some sorrow to get over as well. The hurt that the child felt, thinking that the parents didn't help him or encourage him through his hard times. And the parents felt sad too, because they had written just what was needed, and were ready day and night to answer any letter that came—but one never came; or rarely. Did this child even love them? The child had to get to know the parents from the start, and begin, step by step, a loving relationship.

So the lesson of this parable is, get to know the King, day by day, through reading His Word, telling Him your questions, and hearing His answers. Do this faithfully through each part of your life, and as you grow more mature, your love and relationship will deepen. When you meet at last, the love you have nurtured through your communication time, will be so full to overflowing—just like when you at last see someone you love and know well, after a long time apart.

I love you and am so glad that Jesus has you all for His friends. He loves you! That's why He gave You His Word, His promises—and through them, He's given and will give you everything you will ever truly need. Be honest and truthful men, and you will make the heart of your Heavenly Father very glad.

PRAISE

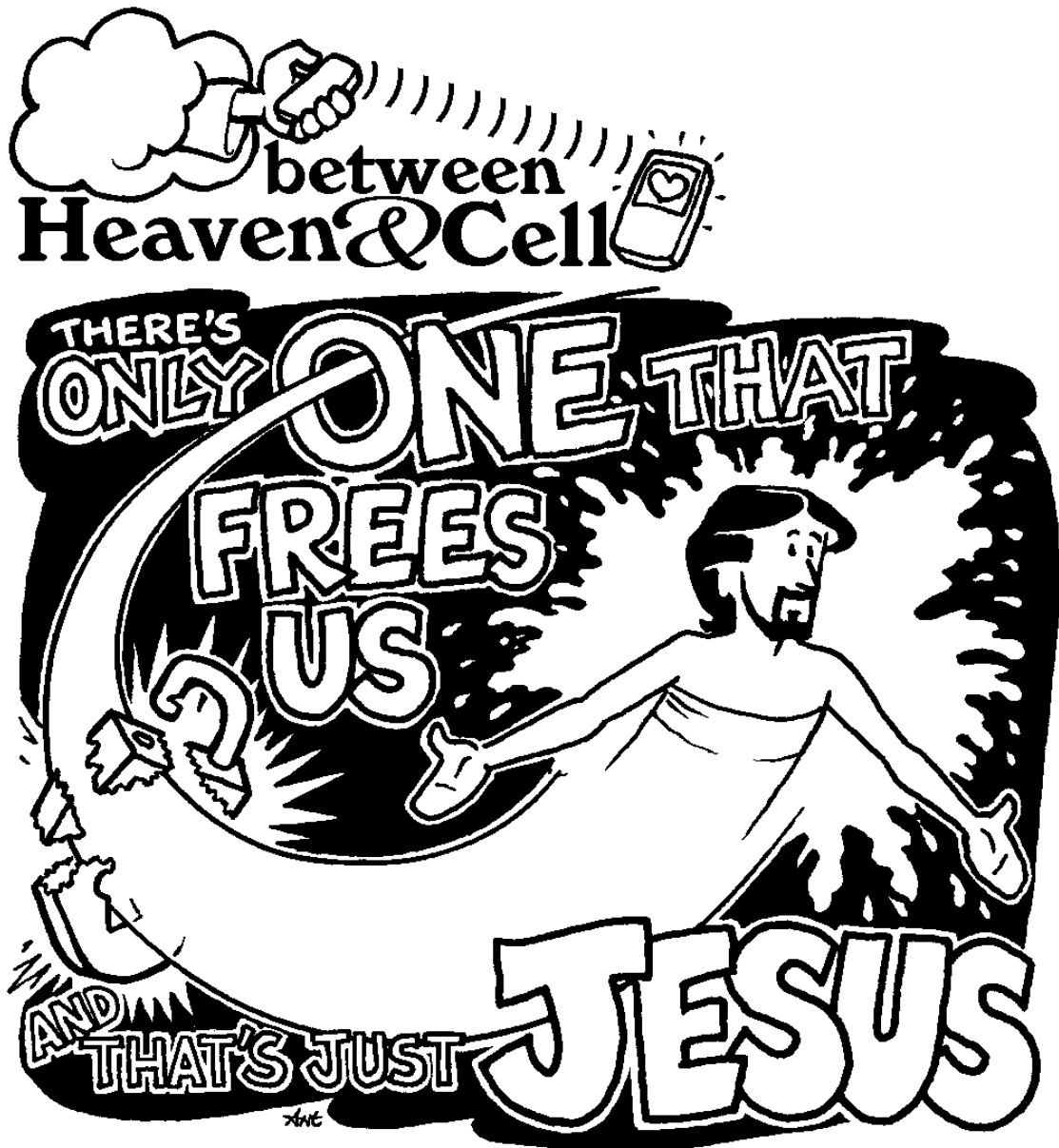
Your love cannot be measured. Your mercy is higher than the heavens. Your patience is deeper than the deepest sea.

Thank You for another fresh start today. The most important thing I want to do with this day is share it with You. Before I do anything else, I want to sit right here, at Your feet, and listen to what You have to tell me today. If You want to tell me anything, here I am, Lord. You have my undivided attention. If You have any direction, counsel, guidance, words of wisdom-or maybe even some practical tips that could help me to make it through this day, or any of Your sweet words of love, here I am. I'm listening.

From Jesus With Love

Don't talk to Me about your mistakes. I say to you, what mistakes? What faults? What failings? Don't throw the past at Me-for to Me there is no past. I can't say that you have faults or weaknesses, for at this moment I see them not. When I look at you, when I look at your heart, your weaknesses to Me are no more. They vanish because of My great love for you, which overshadows everything. So don't even try to talk about how bad you are, because it's not going to work. I love you too much for that.

He that is forgiven for much also loves much, learns much from past mistakes, and learns to forgive others for their mistakes. The eyes of criticalness are converted into eyes of love and forgiveness, knowing how much you have been forgiven for. You have been given a new lease on life, a new outlook, a new vision.



LAWIBITS

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

"The world is too much with us," every great man of God, from Moses to Jesus, had to get away alone into his mountain for awhile, away from the multitude, and its incessant demands and needs in order to have time to meditate, pray, and produce, from communion with God, the laws of God, for the needs of man.

As you'll learn in a later epistle, some of the greatest works which have changed the world, were written by their authors alone and in exile, or even imprisonment--totally away from the crowd, which they later influenced by the millions!

The laws which Moses received from God, alone on the lonely remote mountaintop of Sinai, now rule the civilised world, and the private little lesson on Christian ethics and behaviour, taught by Jesus, to a tiny handful of his most intimate disciples on a little mountain in Galilee, has become known as "The Sermon on the Mount," probably the most famous piece of all Christian literature, which has influenced his followers around the world for nearly two thousand years.

The next most widely published book in the world, outside the Bible, which has probably done more to influence thinking and course of the Christian Church of, not only his own day, but also succeeding generations, and translated into more languages than any other book other than the Bible, was *Pilgrim's Progress*, written alone and in prison by the revolutionary, nonconformist, John Bunyan; not to speak of such famous works of the Devil, which have also helped to transform the world such as Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*, Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, and most of Lenin's revolutionary writings were all done in exile and seclusion, totally isolated from the millions they were later to influence.

If you really want to hear and get it straight ... you almost have to get alone and concentrate on communicating with [Jesus], as well as set it down on paper or tablets or stone, for the sake of future generations.

Be sure you're spirit-led then go ahead! God bless you!

Inspiring True Stories from History: Holding to the Plow

Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God. (Luke 9:62)

Then saith He un to His disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest. (Matthew 9:37-38)

(From "Under His Wings", Autobiography by Harold. A. Baker; Missionary to Tibet, China, and Formosa)

Due to my father's poor health and frequent sickness, I tried to do a grown man's work, while still in my early teens. I definitely started my working career at the age of six. At that age I began tramping the hay my father pitched onto the hay wagon. I also hand-raked the hay my father's fork failed to collect. I followed the reapers who bound the sheaves of grain, carrying or pulling the sheaves together ready to make into shocks. I helped to build rail fences as soon as I was strong enough to place a rail on the fence by first lifting one end and then the other.

Just how many miles (was it hundreds) did I walk over loose and often stony soil, following my father's corn cultivator in order to uncover corn that needed it? Those rows of corn on a hot day seemed to stretch out longer and longer and also to become too numerous to count. Ask a boy how long is a row of corn, and see what he will say. In the heat of the day I carried drinking water from the spring that seemed too far away, while the sun was too hot. Evening had its chores: bringing the sheep into the barn, feeding the sheep, the cows, the horses and the hogs. Fuel must be carried into the house, and many other things that had to be done about as soon as a boy began to be a boy.

I never resented all of this work at such an early age, for I rightly thought that I only did what it was my duty to do. My hard-working parents needed all the help I was able to give. I was always under-size. Even in later years I never weighed over one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

From childhood I never had the natural physical vigour of those in robust health. This weakness through life has had to be overcome by undertaking the seemingly impossible and then sticking to the job with unremitting perseverance, through thick and thin to the end of the row. This life-long success by perseverance can be no better illustrated than by an account of my first real man's job, which I will now give in some detail.

This first big job began when I was a slim little youngster merely ten years old. I was then old enough to hold the reins and drive our team of horses. Since my father did not have the time, and there was no one else to do this work, he started me to plowing the worst field on the farm, a field that was due to be cultivated that year. In some parts of this field loose stones were more in evidence than the soil.

Having harnessed the team for me, my father early in the morning started me a-plowin'. Although I could not lift the plow and at best could only partly drag it into position, it was a wonder how skillfully I taught that team of horses to do what I could not do. I could take hold of the plow handles that came up to my shoulders and guide the plow to cut a proper furrow. That was one thing I could do. *Having taken hold of the plow handles I could hold on.* Holding to the plow, I could follow that team of horses from early morning till set of sun. More than that, after the neighbors had quit I still plowed on. I found that last hour after the others had stopped was the best hour of the day.

Nobody knows how many miles of walk is in the plowing of a ten-acre field. There is many an all-day walk; and an all-day walk is a long walk for a ten-year-old boy.

Who would have thought that all-day-long walks behind a plow was the beginning of a well-nigh twenty thousand miles of long walks over the rough mountains of China, bringing the sheep home? That ten-acre, stony job had many features that made it a sort of blue print of my future life, as I will now indicate.

When the team of horses was walking rapidly turning a nice furrow, very frequently the plow would unexpectedly strike an immovable hidden rock. This would usually throw me and the plow out of the furrow, and would drag me a distance by the time “Woh” could bring the horses to a stop. But *I held on to the plow*. So far as I can recall, in all of its frantic jumps and wild capers that plow never shook me loose. The horses and I would finally manage to get the plow back into the furrow, patch up the muss the best we could, and plow on.

In much the same way as this plowing the Lord set me at life’s plowing. In spite of striking many a hidden rock and many a long furrow, I am still clinging to the plow handles and plowing on. I think the last hour, the sun-set hour, will be the best. Perhaps I can still be gripping the plow handles and plow some more after all of the neighbors have already turned in. That would make the last hour of the day still better, since I could lay down my work at dusk and return home with the great satisfaction of having worked as long as possible and turned the last furrow my strength and time would allow.

When working alone in those early days, I not only expected every day to be a full day by working early and late, but I also expected to follow the plow every mile of the way and persevere until the last furrow of the field was successfully turned. A job ninety-nine percent done, in my opinion, was a job not done.

There might be many a bump, I might be slung around and dragged along, the sun might be hot, and I might get tired; but the job I had begun must be finished and thoroughly done.

Master’s Arts

Love and Charity—Forgiveness —Unity, fellowship, brotherhood

The Master says:

“I can’t dwell in you fully when your life is filled with bad feelings and lack of forgiveness for others. That leaves Me little room. Because these things have a way of magnifying themselves bigger and bigger and squeezing anything and everything else out—all the good things. So toss out the unkind thoughts and unforgiving ways, and embrace Me. I’m soft and cosy; I’m also strong and supportive. I’m just everything you need to live a happy life in your heart and mind.”



WHERE IS THE MOST SAFE AND PEACEFUL PLACE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?

--A MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL.
(SOLITARY CONFINEMENT FOR BEST RESULTS.)



EACH STEP YOU TAKE TOWARDS "INCREASED SECURITY" BRINGS YOU CLOSER TO THIS GOAL.

THE OPPOSITE IS FREEDOM, WHICH IS NEVER "SAFE"!



PHYSICAL SECURITY AND PHYSICAL FREEDOM BOTH BRING STRESS!--NOT INNER PEACE!

INNER-PEACE, (OF MIND, HEART, AND SOUL,) STARTS FROM WITHIN!

INNER PEACE STRENGTHENS YOU THROUGH ANY AND ALL OUTWARD CIRCUMSTANCES!--GOOD OR BAD!



INNER PEACE DOES NOT COME FROM ANY PHYSICAL SOURCE!

<p>--NOT YOUR BODY,</p>	<p>--NOT YOUR THINGS,</p>	<p>--NOT YOUR LIFESTYLE!</p>
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THEY CANNOT CREATE HAPPINESS.
(--BUT THEY DO SOMETIMES RUIN OR DESTROY IT!)

HOWEVER, I CAN PROVIDE THE SOLID FOUNDATION FOR TRUE PEACE OF MIND, HEART, AND SOUL!

AND IT ALL BEGINS WITH THE SOUL!

A SOUL THAT IS ASSURED OF ETERNAL LIFE AND LOVE,

AND THAT ALLOWS THE MIND TO FIND FREEDOM FROM FEAR!

--TRUE INNER PEACE!

ALLOWS THE HEART TO LOVE WITHOUT FEAR OF LOSS.

"PERFECT LOVE CASTS OUT ALL FEAR"



SO, LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING, --YOUR SOUL!

I TRULY WANT YOUR SOUL TO BE ASSURED OF A WONDERFUL ETERNITY, FULL OF LIFE AND LOVE AND JOY! A LIFE SO WONDERFUL THAT IT IS BEYOND ANYTHING THAT ANYONE COULD POSSIBLY EVER DESERVE OR EVEN IMAGINE!

I WANT TO GIVE THAT TO YOU SO MUCH THAT I CAME TO EARTH AND SUFFERED THE COST FOR YOUR SINS, DIED AND ROSE AGAIN FROM DEATH, SO THAT WE CAN BE TOGETHER IN HEAVEN ETERNALLY.

I DID IT ALL FOR YOU, AND I OFFER IT TO YOU FREELY AS MY GIFT OF LOVE TO YOU! YOU ONLY NEED TO ACCEPT IT AND IT WILL BE YOURS FOREVER! YOU CAN DO THAT BY SIMPLY AND TRUTHFULLY SAYING:

"JESUS, THANK YOU FOR DYING FOR ME! I ACCEPT YOUR FREE GIFT OF ETERNAL LIFE! PLEASE COME INTO MY HEART AND LIFE AND GIVE ME THE LOVE AND PEACE OF MIND THAT MY HEART AND SOUL YEARN FOR. AND, PLEASE, SHOW ME, STEP-BY-STEP, HOW TO DEAL CORRECTLY WITH ALL THE DIFFERENT SITUATIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES IN MY LIFE! THANK YOU!"

IF YOU HONESTLY PRAYED THAT PRAYER, THEN I PROMISE YOU THAT, FROM THIS DAY ONWARDS, I WILL BE WITH YOU THROUGH WHATEVER SITUATIONS YOU FIND IN YOUR LIFE!--IN THIS WORLD AND IN THE NEXT!

--JESUS

JOHN 3:16. ROMANS 10:9,13. EPHESIANS 2:8,9. PHILIPPIANS 4:19. MATTHEW 6:25,26. PSALM 23.

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Thoughts and True Stories

Twenty years after Adoniram Judson reached Burma the New Testament was translated into the Burmese tongue. In 1824, when war was waged between England and Burma, Mr. Judson was thrown into prison, and Mrs. Judson buried the precious manuscript, just ready for the printer, in the earth beneath their house. But as mold was gathering upon it, on account of the dampness caused by heavy rains, with a woman's ready wit, she sewed the treasure inside a roll of cotton, put on a cover and took it to the jail to be used by Mr. Judson as a pillow.

In nine months he was transferred to the inner prison, where [it was to be his last night]. During this terrible night, much prayer ascended for the precious pillow. It had fallen to the share of the keeper of the prison, but Mrs. Judson, producing a better one, induced him to exchange.

Mr. Judson was, thankfully, hurried away to another place, and again the pillow was his companion. But one of the jailers untied the mat that served as its cover and threw the roll of cotton into the yard as worthless. Here a native Christian, ignorant of its value, found and preserved it as a relic of his beloved master, and with him months afterward its contents were discovered intact. After the close of the war this New Testament was printed, and in 1834 the whole Bible was translated into the Burmese language--a language peculiarly difficult on account of its construction and curious combinations.

Anecdotes from Dwight L. Moody

I remember while in a town East at the time of the loss of the Atlantic on the banks of Newfoundland, there was a business man in the town who was reported lost. His store was closed, and all his friends mourned him as among those who went down on that vessel. But a telegram was received from him by his partner with the word "saved," and that partner was filled with joy.

The store was opened and the telegram was framed, and if you go into that store to-day you will see that little bit of paper hanging on the wall, with the word "saved" upon it. Let the news go over the wires to heaven to-night from you. Let the word "Saved" go from everyone of you, and there will be joy in heaven. You can be saved--the Son of man wants to save you.

I was speaking to a young lady in the inquiry-room some time ago, and she was in great distress of mind. She seemed really anxious to be saved, and I could not find out what was the trouble between God and her. I saw there was something that was keeping her back. I quoted promise after promise, but she didn't seem to take hold on any of them. Then we got down on our knees, but still there was no light. Finally I said: "Is there anyone against whom you have bitter feelings?"

"Yes; there's a young lady on the other side of the room, talking to your wife, whom I can't forgive."

"Ah I've got it now; that's why the blessing won't come to you."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the young lady, looking up in my face, "that I can't be saved until I forgive her?"

"No you can't! and, if there are any others whom you hate, you must forgive them also." She paused a moment, and then she said: "I will go."

It seems that my wife and the other young lady had been going over the same ground, and just at that time the other young lady had resolved to come to ask this one's forgiveness. So they met in the middle of the room, both saying at once: "Will you forgive me?" Oh, what a meeting it was! They knelt together, and joy beamed on their souls, and their difficulties vanished. In a little while they went out of the room with their arms around each other, and their faces lit up with a heavenly glow.

