

# Thine Own Way, Dear Lord

(Continued)

Thy wonderful grand will, my God!  
Triumphantly I make it mine;  
And faith shall breathe her glad "Amen"  
To every dear command of Thine.

Beneath the splendour of Thy choice,  
Thy perfect choice for me, I rest;  
Outside it now I dare not live,  
Within it I must needs be blest.

Meanwhile my spirit anchors calm  
In grander regions still than this;  
The fair, far-shining latitudes  
Of that yet unexplorèd bliss.

Then may Thy perfect, glorious will  
Be evermore fulfilled in me,  
And make my life an answering chord  
Of glad, responsive harmony.

Oh! it is life indeed to live  
Within this kingdom strangely sweet,  
And yet we fear to enter in,  
And linger with unwilling feet.

We fear this wondrous rule of Thine,  
Because we have not reached Thy heart;  
Not venturing our all on Thee,  
We may not know how good Thou art.'

--Jean Sophia Pigott.

**1TIMOTHY 4:10** For therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the Living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe.

**HEBREWS 10:23** Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; (for He is faithful that promised;).

**1JOHN 5:4** For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

**MATTHEW 17:20** If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

## Sundar Singh

(At the young age of fifteen, Sundar Singh received a vision of Christ and converted from his native Hinduism to Christianity. After his conversion, he became a sadhu--an ascetic or holy man--and for the next twenty-five years, until his death, he preached the gospel.)

(From *A the Master's Feet*, by Singh, Sadhu Sundar (1889- ), Parker, Rev. Arthur [Translator])

### The words of Christ—

“Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.” (John xiii. 13)

“Take my yoke upon you and learn of me . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”(Matt. xi. 29)

There is nothing so perfect in the world as to be quite above objection and criticism. The very sun which gives us light and warmth is not free from spots, yet notwithstanding these defects it does not desist from its regular duty. It behooves us in like manner to carry on to the best of our ability what has been entrusted to us, and strive constantly to make our lives fruitful.

When the truths set forth in this book were revealed to me by the Master they deeply affected my life, and some of them have been used by me in my sermons and addresses in Europe, America, Africa, Australia, and Asia. At the request of many friends I have now gathered them together in this little book, and though it is possible that there are defects in setting them forth, I am sure that those who read them with prayer and an unprejudiced mind will benefit from them as I have.

It would be impossible for me to set forth these truths that have been revealed to me except in parabolic language, but by the use of parables my task has been made comparatively easy.

It is my prayer that as God by His grace and mercy has blessed me by these truths, so also they may be a blessing to every reader.

Your humble servant,

Sundar Singh

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## First Vision

Once on a dark night I went alone into the forest to pray, and seating myself upon a rock I laid before God my deep necessities, and besought His help. After a short time, seeing a poor man coming towards me I thought he had come to ask me for some relief because he was hungry and cold. I said to him, “I am a poor man, and except this blanket I have nothing at all. You had better go to the village nearby and ask for help there.”

And lo! Even whilst I was saying this he flashed forth like lightning, and, showering drops of blessing, immediately disappeared. Alas! Alas! it was now clear to me that this was my beloved Master who came not to beg from a poor creature like me, but to bless and to enrich me (2 Cor.viii. 9), and so I was left weeping and lamenting my folly and lack of insight.

## Second Vision

On another day, my work being finished, I again went into the forest to pray, and seated upon that same rock began to consider for what blessings I should make petition. Whilst thus engaged it seemed to me that another came and stood near me, who, judged by his bearing and dress and manner of speech, appeared to be a revered and devoted servant of God; but his eyes glittered with craft and cunning, and as he spoke he seemed to breathe an odour of hell.

He thus addressed me, “Holy and Honoured Sir, pardon me for interrupting your prayers and breaking in on your privacy; but it is one’s duty to seek to promote the advantage of others, and therefore I have come to lay an important matter before you. Your pure and unselfish life has made a deep impression not only on me, but upon a great number of devout persons. But although in the Name of God you have sacrificed yourself body and soul for others, you have never been truly appreciated. My meaning is that being a Christian only a few thousand Christians have come under your influence, and some even of these distrust you. How much better would it be if you became a Hindu or a Mussulman, and thus become a great leader indeed? They are in search of such a spiritual head. If you accept this suggestion of mine, then three hundred and ten millions of Hindus and Mussulmans will become your followers, and render you reverent homage.”

As soon as I heard this there rushed from my lips these words, "Thou Satan! get thee hence. I knew at once that thou wert a wolf in sheep's clothing! Thy one wish is that I should give up the cross and the narrow path that leads to life, and choose the broad road of death. My Master Himself is my lot and my portion, who Himself gave His life for me, and it behoves me to offer as a sacrifice my life and all I have to Him who is all in all to me. Get you gone therefore, for with you I have nothing to do."

Hearing this he went off grumbling and growling in his rage. And I, in tears, thus poured out my soul to God in prayer,

"My Lord God, my all in all, life of my life, and spirit of my life, and spirit of my spirit, look in mercy upon me and so fill me with Thy Holy Spirit that my heart shall have no room for love of aught but Thee. I seek from Thee no other gift but Thyself, who art the Giver of life and all its blessings. From Thee I ask not for the world or its treasures, nor yet for heaven even make request, but Thee alone do I desire and long for, and where Thou art there is Heaven.

"The hunger and the thirst of this heart of mine can be satisfied only with Thee who hast given it birth. O Creator mine! Thou hast created my heart for Thyself alone, and not for another, therefore this my heart can find no rest or ease save in Thee, in Thee who hast both created it and set in it this very longing for rest. Take away then from my heart all that is opposed to Thee, and enter and abide and rule for ever. Amen."

"When I rose up from this prayer I beheld a glowing Being, arrayed in light and beauty, standing before me. Though He spoke not a word, and because my eyes were suffused with tears I saw Him not too clearly, there poured from Him lightning-like rays of life-giving love with such power that they entered in and bathed my very soul. At once I knew that my dear Saviour stood before me.

"I rose at once from the rock where I was seated and fell at His feet. He held in His hand the key of my heart. Opening the inner chamber of my heart with His key of love, He filled it with His presence, and wherever I looked, inside or out, I saw but Him.

"Then did I know that man's heart is the very throne and citadel of God, and that when He enters there to abide, heaven begins.

"In these few seconds He so filled my heart, and spoke such wonderful words, that even if I wrote many books I could not tell them all. For these heavenly things can be explained only in heavenly language, and earthly tongues are not sufficient for them." (Some are told of in his book.)

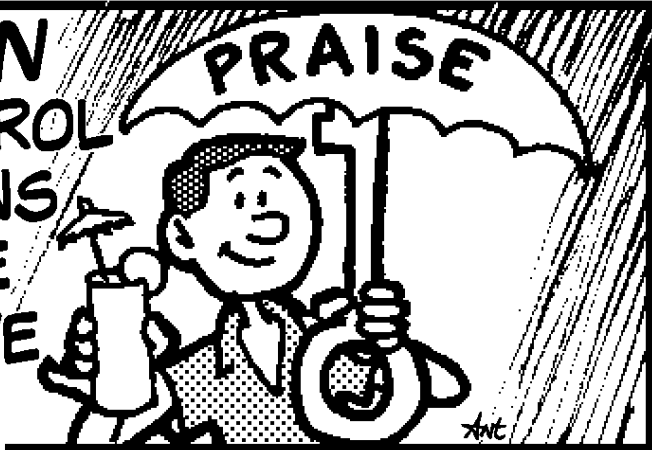
# PRAISE

My dearest Jesus, how I love You! You are more than life to me.  
My dearest Jesus, how I praise You, as I lift my soul to You!  
My dearest Jesus, in adoration, I sing praises to You.  
My dearest Jesus, I'm so unworthy, yet You have chosen me.  
How I love You, My Lord, my King!  
Lead and guide me, of Your glories I do sing.  
My dearest Jesus, I will seek You--my Lord, my all in all.  
My dearest Jesus, how I want You; to You I yield my all.  
My dearest Jesus, I kneel before You, in humble serenity.  
I am at Your beck and call now, You are more than life to me.



UNFORTUNATELY,  
YOU CANNOT  
CONTROL ALL THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES  
IN WHICH YOU  
FIND YOURSELF,

BUT YOU CAN  
LEARN TO CONTROL  
YOUR EMOTIONS  
AND TO HAVE  
MORE POSITIVE  
REACTIONS,



IF YOU MAKE PRAISE A HABIT!

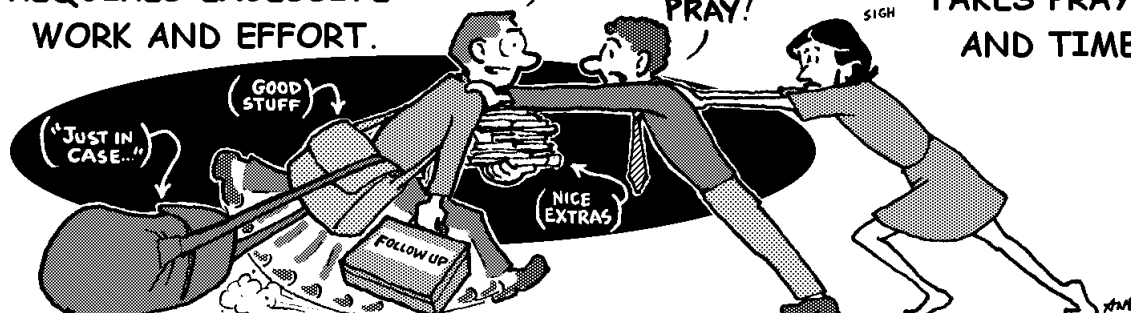


PERFECTION  
REQUIRES EXCESSIVE  
WORK AND EFFORT.

WE HAVE  
32 APPOINTMENTS  
BEFORE LUNCH!

WOAH!  
LET'S  
PRAY!

LOVE  
TAKES PRAYER  
AND TIME.



# From Jesus With Love

When the storms of life blow around you, and you are tossed and buffeted and carried to and fro with the winds of distress, adversity and difficulty, come into My chambers for a little while, until these calamities be past. Come into the warmth of My arms. Rest your head upon My shoulder and see how I will care for you, and how I will make these mountains of problems melt away.

This is the refuge that I have promised you--the solace of My love, the comfort in My arms, the peace that flows from My heart to yours, that envelops you and transports your spirit to the heavenly realm where you see things with new eyes.

In those quiet moments when we commune together, I can change your perspective. I can give you new ideas and new thoughts. I can do so many things for you, if you would just step aside into the chamber of My refuge.

## **Master's Arts**

### **Keys of the Kingdom—Desiring God's Will— Giving No Place to the Enemy**

#### **The Master says:**

When a human prays, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven..." this stirs me to act. Just like you would do if someone came up to you and said, "Today you can choose whatever you want to do—and I'll help you to get it done." You would be glad for that chance. So it is with you there on Earth. When you turn to Me and say, "Whatever you want Lord, do it, and I am here to help You get it done; whatever part You need me to do." I move, I work, I get things done. Because although I am all powerful, I do need you. Yes, that is right. I need you to do your part for My Kingdom to get more established. Pray prayers that move Me and make Me take action. Call for the Keys of the Kingdom to work on your behalf, aiding you in doing your part for My will to happen. I'm eager to help. Let's do this together. Close your ears to discouragement. Don't listen to the distractions of the foul one that is trying to turn you away from the calling of God. Listen to God's call alone. I will empower you to the work I ask you to do.

# LAMBIBITS

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

Quit worrying about tomorrow! That's a commandment! It's not optional. It's not something that's just good advice--it is an order!" "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. (Mat.6:34) That is God's warning, God's commandment and God's promise!

You take care of what you have to take care of today, because He has given you the faith for today. I dare say, there's not a single one of you who hasn't got faith for today. Today is here, and you already know what God is going to do or has done today, and He's already given you the faith for what's going to happen today. Amen? So you're not worried about today.

It's always tomorrow that the devil tries to make us worry about, so just stop it! Now that's an order: Stop it! Stop it right now! Quit worrying about it! Quit fretting about it! Quit crying about: "What are we going to do tomorrow?" Praise God! When tomorrow comes, God's going to take care of it! Now let's get busy and pray about what we're supposed to do today!

We don't have to know what's going to happen tomorrow! All we have to know is what God is going to do today. Obey God and do what He has told us now.--Right now! Do it now, you've got to do it now! You can't wait for tomorrow! Today is the day of salvation. You cannot do it tomorrow!

Don't hesitate to have faith to obey God. Do today what God tells you to do today! Do it now!--don't wait for tomorrow! Do it now! May God forgive us for not having enough sense to obey and follow God, when we know who we're following and obeying.

Let's obey God and follow God! Do it now! Obey God now!

--Pastor David (1919-1994)

## **Inspiring True Stories from History: Send Food to John**

*And the voice spake unto him again the second time, ... This was done thrice...*

*(Acts 10:15-16)*

*For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. To day if ye will hear his voice, Harden not your heart... (Psalm 95:7-8)*

*And there came a man from Baalshalisha, and brought the man of God bread of the firstfruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. (1 Kings 4:42)*

*Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things. (Psalm 103:5)*

*For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. (Psalm 107:9)*

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

On the summit of Washington mountain, overlooking the Housatonic valley, stood a hut, the home of John Barry, a poor charcoal-burner, whose family consisted of his wife and himself. His occupation brought him in but a few dollars, and when cold weather came he had managed to get together only a small provision for the winter.

The fall of 1874, after a summer of hard work, he fell sick and was unable to keep his fires going. So, when the snow of December, 1874, fell, and the drifts had shut off communication with the village at the foot of the mountain, John and his wife were in great straits. Their entire stock of food consisted of only a few pounds of salt pork and a bushel of potatoes; sugar, flour, coffee and tea had, early in December, given out; and the chances for replenishing the larder were slim indeed.

The snow-storms came again, and the drifts deepened. All the roads, even in the valley, were impassable, and no one thought of trying to open the mountain highways, which, even in summer, were only occasionally travelled; and none gave the old man and his wife a thought.

December 15th came, and with it the heaviest fall of snow experienced in Berkshire County in many years. The food of the old couple was now reduced to a day's supply, but John did not yet despair. He was a Christian and a God-fearing man, and His promises were remembered; and so, when evening came, and the north-east gale was blowing, and the fierce snow-storm was raging, John and his wife were praying and asking for help.

In Sheffield village, ten miles away, lived Deacon Brown, a well-to-do farmer fifty years old, who was known for his piety and consistent deportment, both as a man and a Christian. The deacon and his wife had gone to bed early, and, in spite of the storm without, were sleeping soundly, when with a start the deacon awoke, and said to his wife: "Who spoke? Who's there?"

"Why," said his wife, "no one is here but you and me; what is the matter with you?"



"I heard a voice," said the deacon, "saying, Send food to John."

"Nonsense," replied Mrs. Brown; "Go to sleep. You have been dreaming." The deacon laid his head on his pillow, and was asleep in a minute. Soon he started up again, and waking his wife, said "There, I heard that voice again, Send food to John."

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Brown. "Deacon, you are not well; your supper has not agreed with you. Lie down and try to sleep." Again the deacon closed his eyes, and again the voice was heard: "Send food to John." This time the deacon was thoroughly awake.

"Wife," said he, "whom do we know named John who needs food?"

"No one I remember," replied Mrs. Brown, "unless it be John Barry, the old charcoal-burner on the mountain."

"That's it," exclaimed the deacon. "Now I remember, when I was at the store in Sheffield the other day, Clark, the merchant, speaking of John Barry, said: I wonder if the old man is alive, for it is six weeks since I saw him, and he has not yet laid in his winter stock of groceries. It must be old John is sick and wanting food."

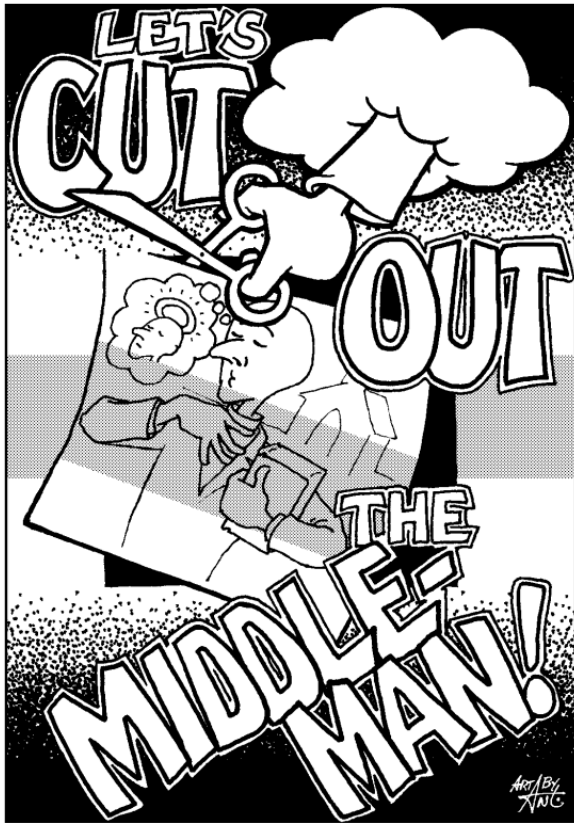
So saying, the good deacon arose and proceeded to dress himself. "Come, wife," said he, "waken our boy Willie and tell him to feed the horses, and get ready to go with me; and do you pack up in the two largest baskets you have, a good supply of food, and get us an early breakfast; for I am going up the mountain to carry the food I know John Barry needs."

Mrs. Brown, accustomed to the sudden impulses of her good husband, and believing him to be always in the right, cheerfully complied; and after a hot breakfast, Deacon Brown and his son Willie, a boy of nineteen, hitched up the horses to the double sleigh, and then, with a month's supply of food, and a "Good-bye, mother," started at five o'clock on that cold December morning for a journey, that almost any other than Deacon Brown and his son Willie would not have dared to undertake.

The north-east storm was still raging, and the snow falling and drifting fast; but on, on went the stout, well-fed team on its errand of mercy, while the occupants of the sleigh, wrapped up in blankets and extra buffalo robes, urged the horses through the drifts and in the face of the storm. That ten mile's ride, which required in the summer hardly an hour or two, was not finished until the deacon's watch showed that five hours had passed.

At last they drew up in front of the hut where the poor, trusting Christian man and woman were on their knees praying for help to Him who is the "hearer and answerer of prayer;" and as the deacon reached the door, he heard the voice of supplication, and then he knew that the message which awakened him from sleep was sent from heaven.

He knocked at the door, it was opened, and we can imagine the joy of the old couple, when the generous supply of food was carried in, and the thanksgivings that were uttered by the starving tenants of that mountain hut. --Albany Journal.



ARE YOU TIRED OF BEING SHOWN BIBLE VERSES THAT MEAN MORE TO SOMEONE ELSE THAN THEY DO TO YOU?

LET ME APOLOGIZE IF PEOPLE HAVE PRESENTED A PICTURE OF ME THAT WAS LESS THAN ATTRACTIVE.

EVERY COMPANY HAS ITS "REPS" AND SALESMEN,

BUT SOME ARE BETTER AT IT THAN OTHERS!

HOWEVER, THE BEST SELLING-POINT FOR ANY PRODUCT IS THE PRODUCT ITSELF!

IF IT WORKS, --GREAT!  
IF IT DOESN'T, --FORGET IT!!

WHATEVER

TRASH

SO LET'S CUT OUT THE MIDDLEMAN!

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN KNOW IF I AM REAL AND AS GOOD OF A DEAL AS I CLAIM TO BE: YOU CAN PUT ME IN A TEST TUBE AND EXPERIMENT!

--AND YOU ARE THE TEST TUBE!

DON'T TAKE SOMEONE ELSE'S WORD FOR IT, TRY IT YOURSELF AND THEN YOU'LL KNOW FIRSTHAND.

IF IT WORKS, --GREAT!  
IF IT DOESN'T, --FORGET IT!!

**PROVE ME!** THESE ARE MY CLAIMS:  
I AM GOD'S SON, AND I CAME TO THIS EARTH, DIED FOR YOU, AND ROSE AGAIN, SO THAT YOU CAN HAVE ETERNAL LIFE. I GIVE THAT LIFE AS A FREE GIFT TO ANYONE WHO WILL BELIEVE THAT AND RECEIVE IT!  
IF YOU WILL ACCEPT THAT, THEN:

- \*A NEW SPIRIT WILL BE BORN IN YOU!
- \*I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU NOR FORSAKE YOU.
- \*I WILL BE A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TIMES OF NEED.
- \*I WILL TAKE EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO YOU, --GOOD OR BAD, BY ACCIDENT OR ON PURPOSE, DONE BY YOU OR TO YOU BY OTHERS,-- AND I WILL MAKE IT ULTIMATELY WORK OUT FOR YOUR GOOD!



THIS CAN ALL BEGIN WITH A SIMPLE, BUT HONEST STATEMENT, IN YOUR OWN WORDS OR YOU CAN SAY SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

"JESUS, I WILL ACCEPT YOUR SACRIFICE FOR ME, AND YOUR FREE GIFT OF ETERNAL LIFE. PLEASE COME INTO MY LIFE AND PROVE TO ME THAT YOU ARE REAL. THANK YOU!"

IF YOU SINCERELY SAID THAT, THEN IT ALL BEGINS NOW!--AND THERE WAS NO NEED FOR A "MIDDLEMAN!"

YOU NOW HAVE A NEW SPIRIT WITHIN YOU! WHEN YOU READ ABOUT MY LIFE IN THE GOSPELS, --WHAT I SAID AND WHAT I DID,--YOU WILL SEE THINGS IN THERE THAT YOU NEVER SAW BEFORE. --PROMISES OF HELP AND GUIDANCE! THEY ARE NOW ALL FOR YOU! CLAIM THEM AS YOU NEED!

WE CAN ALSO DEVELOP A ONE-ON-ONE COMMUNICATION AND PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP.

AS YOU WALK THROUGH LIFE YOU WILL ALSO FIND THAT IT IS SOMETIMES EASIER TO HEAR FROM ME THROUGH ANOTHER PERSON WHO HAS WALKED THE SAME ROAD. A GOOD TEACHER IS A SHORTCUT AROUND HARD EXPERIENCE! JUST REMEMBER THAT IF THEY TELL YOU SOMETHING DIFFERENT THAN WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU, MY ADVICE IS ALWAYS THE BEST.

WELCOME TO OUR NEW LIFE TOGETHER!

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# Thoughts and True Stories

Birds build their nests, rear their young, and make their annual flights to other climes. But so far as is known, no bird ever tried to build more nests than its neighbours; and no fox ever fretted because he had only one hole in the Earth in which to hide; and no squirrel ever died in anxiety lest he should not lay up enough nuts for two winters instead of one; and no dog ever lost sleep over the fact that he did not have enough bones buried in the ground for his declining years.

\*

The World provides enough for every man's need but not for every man's greed.

\*

In a testimony meeting in the South, an old Christian got up and said that she was always blessed by the words "And it came to pass." "When I am upset by troubles, I go to the Bible, and I never get far before I read "It came to pass." And I say, "Bless the Lord it didn't come to stay--it came to pass!"

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Times of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt comes from the darkest storm. --Gandhi

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

A man, blind from his birth a man of much intellectual vigour, and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to cast in her lot with him, and become his wife.

Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon, while in this country, called upon them, and, examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him "Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good; and if I could have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cause you much pain.

"I can bear that," was the reply, "so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful. First there were faint glimmerings of light; then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose. He had smelled one before but had never seen one. Then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought, whom he had so often felt, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed: "Oh, why have I seen all of these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him, with tears of gratitude and joy.

So, when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No; we shall say: "Where is Christ? He to whom I am indebted for what heaven is? Show me him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise him through endless ages."

