

How I Got Joy Unspeakable and Full of Glory

The Personal Testimony of Brother Bakht Singh

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*“You have not chosen me but I have
chosen you and ordained you”
John 15:16*

By these words the Lord is definitely pointing out that he takes first step in choosing. We do not know Him first; and it is only when we accept Him as our Lord and Saviour that we understand this mystery.

I would like to tell you how the Lord chose me. I was very bitter against the Gospel of Christ. Though I was educated in a mission high school in the Punjab and spent seven years there, I never cared to know any thing about Christ. Most of us boys who were studying in the school hated Christians, and we used to make fun of Bible teachers and pastors. For five years I was in the boarding house. The Hindus and the Mohammedans lived on one side and the Christians on the other. During my five years' stay in that boarding, house I do not think I ever' visited the Christian side. That will give you some idea of my bitterness towards Christianity. I do not remember what I learned in those days, but I recollect that I used to hate the Christian boys who were studying with me. Most of us Hindu boys had a similar hatred against Mohammedans. But while with Mohammedan boys we used to play and talk freely, I do not think we ever made friends with Christian boys.

Once I had a beautiful Bible given to me after I had passed my Intermediate examination. I tore away the contents and kept the cover because of the beautiful leather binding. Throughout my school and college days I remained a bitter enemy of the Gospel of Christ. I was very orthodox in my own religion and spent many hours in the Sikh temples observing all the religious rites. Some of you may know that the Sikhs are well known for social service. I also took an active part in such work but I cannot say that I ever got any real joy in observing such rites or doing such service.

During my school days I used to have a dream. The Dream was that I was climbing a high and steep hill. With great difficulty and struggle I would reach the top. As soon as I reached it, somebody would come along and hurl me down. As I fell, the sharp points of the rocks would dig into my ribs. Thus I would be in great pain, so much so that I would cry out in my dream. But in the end I would find myself lying on soft silk

cushions, so soft that I would sink into them. This lying on soft cushions would give me a heavenly feeling and I would say that, if one could get such joy on silk cushions, it was worth undergoing all the pain endured while falling down. When I was at the age of nine or ten I used to have this dream, but about six years ago this dream came to me, again, and the Voice said to me, “This is your testimony.”

Like every schoolboy, I had many ambitions and ideas. Some of them were very high and some of them low, some of them noble and some of them base. With all humility I can say that I realized all my ambitions and desires. It is saying much, but there is not a single desire that I have not satisfied. My efforts and plans to satisfy my desires can be compared to my climbing this steep hill. But at every self-satisfaction and self-realization I was disappointed and disillusioned. So the disappointments and disillusionment represent my fall from the top of the hill. But the day came in my life when I experienced the joy of lying on the soft silk cushions and that day was when the Spirit and the life of Jesus Christ entered into my life.

My ambitions in life had been to go to England, travel around the world, obtain high education, enjoy the friendship of all kinds of people and remain faithful to my religion. Similarly I had a desire to wear smart clothes and eat high class food. I did not have these desires at an early age but they came later on and I was able to satisfy them all.

My father was not at all in favour of my going to England. He told me that he would give me any amount of money as he wanted me to help him in his business. He had set up a new cotton factory and he told me that he was counting on me, as the eldest son, for help. But I would say that I must go to England. After my B.A. examination I became very sad because my father would not let me go to England and nothing else would satisfy me. We were six brothers and my mother loved me more than any other of her children. So she said, “I will help you to go to England but promise me that you will not change your religion.” I said to my mother, “Do you really believe that I would change my religion?” as at that time I was very proud of my Sikh religion. When I assured her about my loyalty and faithfulness she persuaded my father to let me go. My father being a business man was thinking in terms of money; my mother being a religious person was thinking in terms of religion. My father, however, said that he would try and send me all the money I needed and I promised that I would live very economically.

In September 1926, I reached England and joined the Engineering College in London for the Mechanical Engineering Course. When I got there I discovered that one could live very comfortably on eighty rupees a month. So I asked my friend why he wrote to me to come prepared to spend Rs. 300 a month. I said I was going to write to my father not to send me more than Rs. 80 a month. My friend said to me, “Don’t be hasty. You wait for a few months and you will learn all about it.” So I accepted his advice. With the result that I had to send false accounts. I used to write to my father, “I have spent Rs. 295.56 this month”, even though I spent only eighty rupees. Thus for seven months I was able to save sometimes Rs. 200, sometimes Rs. 250 a month and I remember I had at the end of the period Rs. 1600 in the bank.

For the first three months in England I remained faithful to my religion. I kept my long hair and beard because the Sikhs never get their hair cut from any part of the

body. Then I lost faith in keeping a long beard and hair but did not have the courage to get them cut. So I kept them on for six months, because I was afraid of what my friends would say if my beard were shaved, At last I thought of a solution. I said to a friend of mine that I would get them cut gradually, some that day, some the next day and in a month time all of it, I thought that by this means I would not feel embarrassed but what he did was to cut the beard from one side and leave the other half. So I said to him, “You may as well cut all”. When I became clean - shaven I became an atheist, a socialist and a free thinker, and I said I would soon become a full-fledged European. Then I started smoking though as a Sikh I had never touched tobacco, I began to purchase expensive cigarettes and bought a gold case, and took great pride in showing the golden cigarette case to everyone. The next thing I did was to learn the use of liquor. I used to have very expensive clothes and spent Rs.400 for a suit, as much as Rs.35 for a shirt, Rs.20 for a tie and Rs.50 for a pair of shoes. Thus my savings of seven months I spent in one month. I learned then why my friend said no to be hasty.

With great difficulty I learned all the Western customs and manners. Although I never relished their food, yet I learned to eat with a knife and fork. I was regular in visiting theatres, cinemas and dancing halls. I had to master everything, or, in other words, do as they did and live as they lived. I lived like this for about two years. Just as I was finishing my course I asked myself a question, “What have I gained in England?” I knew I had learned to wear a collar and tie, to polish my shoes, to brush my hair and to say “Thank you” and “I am sorry” many times a day, because the more you say “Thank you” and “I am sorry” the more you are considered to be cultured. I had learned to be fashionable and to drink as they drank; in other words, I had learned how to worship my body. Then I began to ask the question, “Am I more happy than I used to be?” But the state in my mind told me that I was far worse, for I had become selfish, proud and greedy. The respect towards parents and friends was -one. I had learned to tell lies politely and to deceive my parents. I had learned that one could do evil, provided he did it secretly.

I had travelled all over Europe and England; had been to museums, art galleries and picture palaces; had worn expensive clothes; had eaten grand meals; had made friends with rich and poor, high and low; had taken part in social functions; had indulged in amusements; had acquired as much education as I wanted; yet I was unhappy. Then I thought perhaps it was due to the fact that I was not fully civilized. So I began to ask my English friends; “Are you happy?” I asked this question of students, professors and clerks I used to say, “You have got beautiful homes, lovely children, extensive parks, and can get almost anything for bodily comforts. Are you Happy?” Still I could not come across any one who was really happy. So I said to myself that the whole world is “vanity of vanities”. I used to think if India were civilized it would become a heaven, and that education and sanitation would remove all evils from India. Now I saw that England could not get rid of her evils by education and sanitation. Rather I saw far more evils in England than in India. So I was convinced that culture and education could not solve this problem. I used to consider the question in this manner: A poor man in India uses a dirty rag, to cover his wound, while a rich man in England conceals his wound with bandage beautifully white and three yards long, which however, cannot remove the pus and the dirt underneath.

In the year 1928 a party of students was going, to Canada on a holiday trip. I wanted to go with the party but the secretary would not let me go. He said that the Americans did not know how to treat the Indians. So he advised me not to go with the party. I told him I was prepared for any kind of treatment and joined them on the ship, determined to show that I could do whatever they did. As there was a big party on board they had all kinds of amusements and I began to take part in all these functions. On the 10th of August, 1928, I saw a notice showing that a service would be held in the first-class dining saloon at noon. I said to myself that as my friends and companions would be going to the service. I should also go but a fear came to me, as I had never been to a church before. But I said to myself that I had been to picture palaces, dancing and drink saloons and they had done me no harm. So I thought a Christian place of worship too would do no harm. Moreover, I had heard that the first class dining saloon was a grand place, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to see it. So convincing myself with these arguments I went and occupied one of the back seats. When they all stood up to sing hymns I stood up too, and when they sat down I sat down too, and when the preacher began to preach, I went to sleep as I did not want to listen. When the sermon was over they all knelt down to pray and I was the only person who kept sitting in the chair. I said, "These people do not know anything about religion. They have exploited my country and I have seen them eating and drinking. What do they know? After all my religion is the best religion." So my national, intellectual and religious pride prevented me from kneeling and I wanted to go out. But I found one man kneeling on the right and another on the left and I said it would not be right for me to disturb them. Still I could not kneel. Then I began to say, "I have been to Mohammedan mosques and Hindu temples. I have taken off my shoes and washed my feet to show respect for those places. I must honour this place too out of courtesy." So breaking my national pride, I knelt down.

Please note that this was the first time I was attending a Christian service. I had never read the Bible before nor had anyone spoken to me about salvation. When I knelt down I felt a great change coming over me. My whole body was trembling. I could feel divine power entering into me and lifting me up. The first change that I noticed in me was that a great joy was flooding my soul. The second change was that I was repeating the name of Jesus, I began to say, "Oh, Lord Jesus, blessed be Thy name, blessed be Thy name." The name Jesus became very sweet to me. Before, I used to despise the very name, and during discussions and conversations I had made fun of it. Another change I found was that I felt one with Europeans. During my stay in London I never felt their equal, Sometimes I was their superior, sometimes their inferior, When I used to talk to the English people I felt superior. I used to say that I belonged to an ancient country having an ancient culture; but when I used to talk to Indians I felt inferior saying that we did not know how to eat or dress properly. But this was the first time I was feeling quite their equal.

I stayed for three months in Canada, We travelled a great deal and came back to England, where I decided to attend a church service, So in the month of November, 1928 I attended my first Christian service in a church. When the people came out after the service, I began to look at them but I could not find any joy in their faces. I said surely these people had come for a funeral. I could not understand why they were looking so serious. I felt that there was something wrong, because my conception was that those who know Christ must be very happy. From that time I stopped going to church on

Sundays but used to go on weekdays when the church was empty. In the city of London there are grand old churches where I spent hours sitting on empty benches, and I felt great peace there.

One year passed by, but I never told my Christian experience to anyone nor did I have the courage to do so, but the desire I had for smoking and drinking was all gone. Nobody told me to give this up, but I was so happy that I did not have the need for stimulants.

In 1929 I came back to Canada. I had to go there to finish my Agricultural Engineering course. I had to spend some time in the factories where they manufactured the agricultural implements, and had to go to the farms, where these implements were being used.

In the month of December I came to the city of Winnipeg. On the 14th of December, 1929, I said to a friend of mine, "Could you lend me a Bible?" He looked very much surprised and said, "You, a Hindu and an Indian, want to read the Bible? I have heard that Hindus do not like the Bible." I said, "You are right. These very hands have torn up a Bible. These very lips have blasphemed against Christ. But for the last eighteen months I have a great love for the Lord Jesus. I love His very Name, which sounds so sweet to me. But I do not know yet anything about His life and teaching." My friend put his hand into his pocket and gave me his pocket New Testament. From that day till now his Testament has been with me. This was my first pocket Testament. I brought it to my room and began to read from the Gospel of St. Matthew. I kept on reading till three in the morning as I became engrossed in the Word of God. In the morning I found the whole ground covered with snow, and I remained all day in bed, just to read.

The second day I was just reading the Gospel of St. John, 3rd chapter, when I came to the 3rd verse. I stopped at the first part of the verse. The words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you" convicted me. Just as I read these words my heart began to beat faster. I felt someone was standing beside me and saying again and again, "Verily, Verily I say unto you." I used to say, "The Bible belongs to the West," but the voice said, "Verily, verily I say unto you". I have never felt so much ashamed as I felt then, because all the blasphemous words I had uttered against Christ came before me. All my sins of school and college days came before me. I learned for the first time that I was the greatest sinner, and I discovered that my heart was wicked and filthy. My petty jealousies against my friends, my enemies, my wickedness were all clear before me. My parents thought that I was a good boy, my friends regarded me as a good friend, and the world considered me a decent member of society, but only I knew my real state. Tears were rolling down my cheeks and I was saying, "Oh! Lord, forgive me. Truly I am a great sinner." For a time I felt that there was no hope for me, a great sinner. As I was crying again the Voice said, "This is my body broken for you; this is my blood shed for the remission of your sins." So I knew that the blood of Jesus only could wash away my sins. I did not know how, but knew that the blood of Jesus only could save me. I could not explain the fact, but joy and peace came to my soul; I had the assurance that all my sins were washed away; I knew that the Lord Jesus was reigning in my heart. I just kept on praising Him.

After two days the same friend came to me and said, "It is Christmas time, and it is our custom to give our friends some presents." I said, "Please do not give me any presents," because I did not have any money to return him a present. But he insisted and so I said, "Alright, if you want to give me a present, give me a Bible as I have only a New Testament with me." He took me to the bazaar and said to me, "Make your own choice." He gave me the Bible which I have with me, the book that I love most and which is so dear to me. So I went to my room and started with the book of Genesis. I was so engrossed in it that I used to spend sometimes fourteen hours at a stretch, reading it. On the 22nd of February, 1930, I finished the whole Book. In the meantime I had also studied the New Testament several times. Then I started reading the Bible a second and third time. I gave up reading magazines, newspapers and novels. I had accepted the Bible as the Word of God from the first verse of Genesis to the last verse of Revelation, and no doubt has ever entered into my mind regarding any verse.

Formerly I used to wonder why some Christians had joy and some had not. But later I found out that those who entertained doubts about the Bible did not have real joy. Before I could not understand the evils I had been noticing around me, but the Bible solved all my difficulties. For two years I kept on reading the Bible. During my second reading, I came to the verse in Heb. 13:8: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever." I had been suffering from nasal catarrh for many years. I had consulted the best English doctors, but they had done me no good. My eyesight too had become very weak. So I prayed, "Wilt thou heal my nose and give me eyesight?" In the morning when I woke up, I found to my great joy I was healed. That revealed to me that my Lord Jesus Christ was the same yesterday, today and forever. From that time, I have had the privilege of praying for the healing of many and the Lord has wonderfully answered my prayers,

On the 4th of February, 1932, I was baptized in Vancouver, Canada, and after baptism I was going on from place to place giving my testimony. During the first week of April, 1932, I was invited to give a talk about India. After the meeting was over they kept on asking questions, "What do you think of the missionary work in India?" I began to criticize it very harshly. As I came home and knelt down to pray, I found I could not pray and the Voice said to me, "Who are you to interfere in my work? You want others to be sacrificing but yourself lead a life of comfort." These words pierced my heart like a sword. They were true. I had so many plans to come back as an Engineer. I had said that I would give all my money for the Lord's work. But He said, "I do not want your money; I want you." That morning I knelt down and asked His forgiveness and said, "Oh! Lord, wilt thou accept me? I am prepared to go anywhere, whether to India, China or Africa. I am going to give up everything for thee, friends, relations, belongings." The Lord said, "You will have to live on faith. You must not ask anyone for any thing, not even your friends or relations. You must not ask for even a cup of coffee; you are not to make any plans." I said, "Lord, on the one hand you want me to give up all my claims on my property and home, and on the other hand you want me to live simply by faith. Who is going to provide for my needs?" The Lord said, "that is not your business." Although, six years have passed, I can testify to His glory that I have never asked any man for anything, not even my best friends. But the Lord is richly supplying all my needs. For one year I remained in America as a preacher, because I had given up all my plans to become an Engineer.

On the 19th of October, 1932, I wrote to my father about my conversion. On the 15th of November I prayed that the Lord might send someone to my father to explain the letter, which I had written to him about my conversion, as it was a long letter and I had given references from Genesis to Revelation. On the same day my father went to see an American missionary in my hometown. On the 21st of November, 1932 when he got my letter, he went to see the same missionary with whom he had become acquainted and said to him, "I have this letter containing many references from the Bible. Can you explain them?" The missionary gave him a Bible in Urdu and explained to him how to look up references. After looking up all the references, he was convinced that my conversion was according to real conviction. So he wrote to me saying that he had no objection and that he was pleased to know that I was happy in my faith.

On the 6th of April, 1933, I arrived in Bombay after seven years of absence. My father and mother came to meet me. When I came down from the ship the first thing my father said to me was, "Only your mother and I know about your conversion. Will you please keep it a secret and call yourself Sikh for the sake of the family honour? You can read the Bible and go to church but do not tell any one that you are a Christian." I said, "Can I live without breathing? When Christ is my life how can I live without Him?" I told him that I had given my whole life to Christ." He asked me, "Are you going to become a missionary? Are you going to be a padre?" I said, "No." He replied, "if you are no good to us why don't you be of some good to yourself. If you become a padre or a missionary some body will at least respect you. When you are going from place to place, who will listen to you and how will you support yourself?" I explained that God had called me for this work, but he could not understand. He said, "If you cannot keep the matter secret you cannot come home." So my father and mother left me in Bombay, and I began to do some Christian work there. After two or three weeks I got a letter from my sister. She wrote to me, "I have heard that you have come back. Will you come and see me?" She did not know that I had become a Christian. She thought I was merely trying for a job in Bombay, so I went to Karachi to see her. When my sister saw me preaching in the bazaar and going to church, she wrote to my father saying, "Things are dangerous. Come soon."

My father came to Karachi immediately. The same evening there was a family gathering—my sister, brother-in-law, my brothers, and my father. My sister became very angry and began to abuse me. She said to me, "You have left a high and noble religion and have become an outcaste." I said, "I am worse than and outcaste, because you cannot see the state of my heart. The Lord Jesus has told me that I am the greatest sinner. When I said that my sister became very angry and started to say some words against Christ. My father asked for my Urdu Bible and I gave it to him. He began to read from the New Testament certain passages. "We sent for you to reprimand him, but you are preaching for Christ," said my sister. My father replied, "You have no right to say anything against the Lord Jesus, because you do not know anything about Him. You can say what you want against your brother but do not say anything against Christ." They were all taken by surprise and the meeting came to a close.

The next day my father attended a church service. After the service we were walking in the street when I met a Sikh whom I had the privilege of bringing to Christ. He told his experience to my father. My father said to him that when he had left me in

Bombay he became unhappy and so went to see sadhus and sanyases and asked them how to get peace. But all of them said that it was a difficult thing to achieve. So one Sunday my father happened to pass by a Church in Lahore. The service was about to commence, and so he got in without any particular intention and occupied a back seat. Just as the service began he saw a great light. As he saw the bright light shining he cried, "Oh Lord, Thou art my Saviour too." Then a Great peace came to his soul.

Before leaving Karachi, my father said to me, "You can come home when ever you want." So I went home. All my friends, relatives came to see me, and from morning till night they continued to reprove. Every man and woman had something to say. However I kept quiet. Afterwards my father said to me, "Why don't you give your testimony in the Church?" But the Indian padre in the local Church would not agree, He said, "You have so many relations and friends in this town it would be dangerous, as they are bound to create trouble." I said, "I am prepared for everything." So in the newly built church, meetings were held and people of all classes came. There was hardly any room left either outside or inside. There I gave my testimony. After the meeting was over, many people gathered around me and said, "We want to ask you some questions." I said, "Yes, you are quite welcome." The first question was "Does your religion allow you to disobey your parents? Does your love permit you to disappoint your parents? When your father had spent Rs. 25,000 on your education, surely it was your duty to ask his consent before you became a Christian. Look at your father; he is broken-hearted. Do you call this love?" I was about to answer when my father spoke out. My father has a loud voice, as I have. So he said as loudly as he could, "I am not at all broken-hearted. Why do you drag my name into it? I am convinced that my son has real peace. Before you ask any more questions, I want to know whether there is anyone standing here who can say that he has eternal peace in him. I know that my son has real peace. Please come forward if you have. I will not allow anyone to ask these questions unless he has real Peace." When the people heard this they looked at me and my father and dispersed one by one.

Since then I have had the privilege to go to my hometown many times, and have conducted several meetings in the local church. Now the first hatred they had against me is gone. My father is definitely born again and is testifying. He is very faithful, but he is not baptized yet. He says that he is waiting for my mother. My mother is very religious. She says that she has given her son to the Lord Jesus Christ and she has faith in Him. Once my mother had an attack of typhoid fever, my brother brought an English doctor to treat her. When he left, my mother said, "I do not want any medicine. You pray and I shall be healed." That, very night the Lord healed her. My father reads to her from the Bible ever day, and she listens attentively. My father is born again, and one of my younger brothers is baptized.

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herb in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation." (Hab. 3: 17-18)

We often wonder how we can realize the constant presence of God, how we can find out the perfect will of God and how we can become a means of the salvation of loved ones, friends, neighbours and enemies. "All that the Father giveth Me shall come

to Me; and him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.” (John 6:37). The Lord Jesus Christ is assuring us in those words that He will welcome anyone who wants to know Him and have Him and to be possessed by Him. So those of you who are heavy laden with sin and worldly care, are being invited at this time to come unto Him without wavering. May I tell you that from the very minute you make an effort to come to the Lord Jesus Christ all the powers of darkness will begin to work in your heart and create doubts, fears and misgivings. But we get assurance from the same Lord who say, “All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth” (Matt, 28:18). We also read in Jeremiah 29:13, “And ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.” Then the Lord says, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth, on me hath everlasting life” (John 6:47). Your part is to kneel and believe on Him, and His part is to give you the gift of eternal life, which is being offered to us freely. “For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God” (Eph. 2:8). So, my reader friend, if you are being convicted by the Holy Spirit of your sins and sinful nature, do not be afraid of all the doubts and fears which are being put into your mind by the Enemy. Accept the Lord Jesus in your heart and He will come into you, the hope of glory. “To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles which is Christ in you the hope of glory” (Col. 1:27). The coming in and the living of the Lord Jesus Christ in our hearts is called the experience of the New Birth. It is a simple experience of accepting the living Lord Jesus Christ in our hearts, as the Lord Jesus says, “Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come into him and will sup with him and he with Me” (Rev. 3:20). The Lord Jesus will never force His way into our hearts. If you hear His voice please harden not your heart. The very minute you read this book is the time of your salvation. “For He saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succored thee behold now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. 6:2). If you do not obey His voice now your heart will become harder and harder and the light rejected will become darkness. The Spirit of God will not always strive with man. “And the Lord said My spirit shall not always strive with man” (Gen. 6:3). The spirit of God has been striving with you, bringing before you all your sins and the stink of your sinful nature. Remember one day your very bones will be rot with the stink of sin, and the sin which you are covering by garbs of culture, civilization, manners, customs, smiles, and smooth words will be uncovered one day. “For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be made known” (Luke 12:2).

People throughout the world and throughout the ages have been trying to cover sin. The leper may succeed in covering his spot of leprosy in its initial stage, but one day the leprosy will appear upon the fingers and toes and other parts of the body. In the same manner, our sins are brought to light by the searching eyes of God. May I beg you to kneel down and say these words before the Lord, “Search me, oh God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me and lead me in the way everlasting” (Psalm 139:23-24).

As soon as you kneel down and begin to say these words be prepared to have your pride broken and the root of your sin burnt out by His precious blood: the Holy spirit will bring before you the sins committed from your childhood days and you must acknowledge them with these words, “I acknowledge my sin unto Thee, and mine

iniquity have I not hid, I said I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; And Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin” (Ps.32:5). Confession means humility: God cannot make exceptions. Unless we confess our sins upon our knees and confess all of them, some kind of pride will remain in our hearts, and God cannot come into a proud heart. “For thus saith the high and the lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose Name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite one” (Isaiah 57: 15).

The nearer we draw unto the Lord, the more we realize the corruption of our corrupt nature. Job, when he saw God, said these words: “I have heard of thee by the hearing of my ear; but now mine eyes see thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and in ashes” (Job 42: 5-6). After confession we are ready to receive the Prince of Peace into our hearts, and the very minute we accept Him as our Lord we become His children. “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” (John 1:12). So to believe in His Name means to receive Him as the living Lord Jesus Christ into our hearts after our sins are washed away by His blood. We are also drawn near to Him by His blood. “But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ” (Eph. 2:13). And the same Blood of Christ purges our conscience from all dead works. “How much more shall the Blood of Christ who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?” (Heb. 9:14). As long as our conscience is not purged we are unable to conquer sin. So my friend, as soon as you accept by faith the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ for purging of sins, you are free from the bondage of sin and the bondage of corruption, and then you will be granted liberty from every kind of fear.

There are three things which are offered to us as free gifts, on account of our accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as our personal Saviour. Firstly, victory over the world. “For whatsoever is born of God overcome the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith” (1 John 5:4). Secondly, victory over sin. “We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself and that wicked one touch him not” (1 John 5:18). Thirdly, we are given victory over death. “The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is law. But thanks be to God which giveth to us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ” (1Cor. 15:56-57).

Having received these three gifts we become co-labourers with the Lord Jesus Christ. “For we are labourers together with God. We are God’s husbandry, we are God’s building” (1 Cor 3:9). Having become co-labourers we are made to sit together with Him. “And hath raised us up together, and made us to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus” (Eph. 2:6). Those who become the co-labourers of the Lord Jesus Christ become also partakers of His heavenly kingdom and all things that belong to Him. “Therefore let no man glory in men. For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present or things to come; all are yours; And we are Christ’s and Christ is God’s” (1Cor. 3:21-23). And having the assurance of possessing all these things we have perfect peace in our hearts. “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid” (John 14: 27).

How I Got Joy Unspeakable and Full of Glory, by Brother Bakht Singh
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My dear reader friend, I invite you to accept on this occasion these words in the Name of the Christ. As you read these words, fall upon your knees acknowledging Him as the Lord of lords, the Prince of peace, the King of kings, and as your own personal Friend. I can say from my experience that there is no joy in the world to be compared to the joy of having Lord Jesus Christ living in us. He is solving my problems; answering my questions, bearing my burdens, giving strength to overcome temptations, and enabling me to share my joy with others, and at the same time He has given me the honour of walking and talking with Him every step of my life's journey. Will you accept Him as your Lord and Saviour this very day? May the Lord Jesus bless you. My prayer is that the Lord may grant you an understanding of his hidden mysteries, and by simple faith that you may claim great things from the great God.

SKILL OF HIS LOVING HANDS

First Steps in the Life of Faith

Originally published by
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The Lord has led me to give this message especially for those of you who have been “born again” recently. You have to face new problems, new difficulties, new trials as you try to grow in the grace of God. It is going to be a great Christian warfare for you and that is why I am being led to tell you how the Lord gave me different experiences and trials to prepare me for Himself. Do not be surprised when you have to face new hardships, when you follow the Lord. As a personal testimony I want to tell you how the Lord brought me through different trials according to His promise.

During the past twenty-one years, the Lord Jesus Christ has become to me more precious and real through all these trials which came like a flood. I have told in my testimony “How I got Joy unspeakable and full of glory,” how the Lord Jesus Christ sought me and saved me. I found great joy, great peace like a river, but I discovered that I had to face great trials after my conversion.

POVERTY

In the month of Dec. 1929, the Lord Jesus Christ became my Saviour. To be more precise, on Dec. 16th 1929 at about 11:30 in the morning. From the very beginning of my Christian experience I had to face every kind of trial. The first was poverty. Before my conversion my father used to send me whatever money I needed. He regularly sent me enough money for four or five months expenses, and when I wanted more I sent a cable and received it. But after my conversion my father could not send me any money. He himself had a very big Court-case in the Punjab High Court. So many months passed by and I got no news from home. I wrote many letters but got no reply. I sent cables; but got no reply. I did not know what was happening in my mind at that time. I wondered what had happened to my father and mother, that they did not even answer my cables. I had no money left to write letter, and as I was living in a strange city unknown to anyone, I could not call any single person my friend. I determined that I would never go to any man and ask for help, so I thought I had better go and look for a job. The year 1929 was the hardest year of depression for the whole of America when thousands were unemployed. I saw for myself people who were formerly very wealthy going from house to house selling biscuits and cakes to earn their living. It was the trial of poverty. I used to go early in the morning to look for a job and would spend the day walking into shops, workshops and factories asking “Sir, could you give me a job?” And always the reply was “I have no job.” I went on from shop to shop receiving the same answer “I am very sorry, there is nothing for you.” I had to hear

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that answer from early morning until evening, walking for hours from house to house and shop to shop for a period of four months. After four months of searching I got a job as a cook. That was not my choice!

ONION PASTE

When I was travelling from England to Canada I had met some people on the boat who invited me one day to their home, and said they would like to taste some real Indian Curry. It was just a friendly gathering; I prepared an Indian Curry for the two or three people who liked it. After four months I met them again, and they said that if I was willing to work as a cook they would help me, and that was my first job! I Thank God he has helped me and spoken to me through onions, chillies and other ingredients. I had to make a paste from two buckets of onions and the tears streamed down my cheeks. Then I used that paste with butter, or ghee or curry powder to make a sauce, and when cooked it was a very tasty sauce. Then the thought came to me that all of us are 'like onions or bitter ingredients in cooking. Some are very hot like chillies, others are strong smelling, like onions others are fragrant like spices, but when we are all mixed and cooked by the Holy Spirit, then we can give out a divine love. In this way God began to speak to me. The Word of God was becoming so real to me. I knew that this was my training for a future ministry. I could not say how God would use me, but I had a feeling that God was calling me for His service.

One morning in my room in America, while I was lying on my cot, suddenly I saw on the wall before me a map of India with a bright shining Cross in the centre, and I heard a voice saying, "If you want to serve me you have to lay down your life at the Cross." That was somewhere in the beginning of March, 1930. I could not understand how I could ever serve the Lord, but the bright Cross was always reminding me that one day I would have to go throughout India with God's message. Yet I went on trying to get a job.

A TORONTO POLICEMAN

I received a letter from a place called Toronto, a city about 2,000 Miles east of Winnipeg. The firm said that if I went there they would give me a training. I was very keen to have a training in Agricultural Engineering. That firm was manufacturing all the Agricultural machinery for farming, and they offered me a post in their factory. But I did not have any money at that time to buy a ticket to go so far. I knelt down and prayed, "Lord, if you want me to go there, please provide me with the railway fare."

The following Sunday morning I went to a Sunday service nearby, and after the Sunday school was over, a very tall man named Mr. Flynn came to me and shook my hand and said, "Brother, if you want to go to Toronto I will send you." I had not told him anything of my desire. He then asked me if I was prepared to become a Toronto Policeman, as he was Police Superintendent in Toronto and required two policemen to go on a special train from Winnipeg to Toronto. Only two policemen for two days. Was I prepared to go? The return fare would be paid. So as I had been praying for Toronto, and this was God's provision, I became a policeman

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for two days. I believe that when you are doing God's service, you have to watch like a policeman. I did not know that then, but God knew. There he was training me also by making me a Policeman. I was praying for one way fare, but God provided the fare both ways twice. I could see there was a divine hand leading my steps in all these directions, and I began to meet people here and there. God was preparing me for His service.

So I got to Toronto, but though they gave me a job as a Policeman, they did not give me any wages, or money, only my return ticket. There I was in a big city with no money. I had a few cents with which I bought a small packet of cocoa. I mixed this cocoa with hot water from the tap in the bath-room, and without sugar I drank it in the morning, at midday, in the evening and at night. I lived for ten days on that small packet of cocoa, even though I worked in the workshops and returned home very tired. I knew God had some purpose and was preparing me for something. I did not understand at that time, but those days were extremely happy days for me. I had to walk many miles to and fro from the workshop because I had no money for bus fares, but I look back with thankfulness to all those trials because my Lord became more real to me at that time.

NEW BOOTS

Then came the winter. In Canada the winter is extreme and unless one has warm extra clothing it is very difficult to keep warm. I used to pray every morning and night that the Lord would keep me warm, as I had no money to buy a sweater, or muffler or over coat. I had to draw up my knees to my chest every night in order to keep warm. The Lord began to speak to me in the early hours. I do not remember any day when a doubt came into my mind. I knew that for some hidden plan unknown to me God was allowing these hardships to come into my life.

I had to walk many miles in shoes with big holes in the soles, and you know that when you go outside with holes in your shoes you are liable to catch a cold in the snow and the rain. The top parts of the shoes were in good repair but the soles were badly worn. I prayed and asked God to give me a new pair of shoes. That day I had an appointment with a gentleman, so I polished up my broken shoes well and called at his office. During the conversation which followed, the gentleman suddenly broke off and said, "Would you mind if I buy you a new pair of boots? Please do not say No. Somebody gave me money to buy a new pair of boots." That is how God gave me a new pair of boots. I could see later that in every small thing God began to speak on my behalf, because I determined not to give any hint or suggestion that I was hungry, thirsty or wanted any garment. I was saying in my heart, "If the Lord Jesus Christ has washed away all my sins, then surely He will give me all things without my worry and anxiety. If I am suffering now, it must be for some divine plan known to God."

A CURIOUS COIN

Time went on, and one morning I felt a very strong urge to write to my mother, but I had no money to buy stamps or letter-paper. I knelt down and prayed: "Lord I believe my mother is

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thinking about me and I would like to write to her. I have no money to buy stamps and paper.” I got up from my knees and felt in my pockets. In one pocket I found a small coin. Doubtful if this coin was sufficient to buy stamps, I called a small child and gave him the coin and sent him to buy the stamps. Presently a lady came to me demanding to know why I gave the child the coin. I apologized saying that I was sorry, but that was all I had. She then told me it was a gold coin which she had not seen for many years. She said that years before in the Punjab she had seen a similar coin, but not since. I argued as to how a gold coin could be in my pocket, and suggested that it must be copper not gold. But she said it was certainly gold, and so it was. I cannot tell you how the coin came to be in my pocket, but that is how God supplied my need that day.

PRAYER BROKE THE MACHINE

During my agricultural training I had to work on many different farms and plough the fields. Thus the Lord took me to many different places. In Canada when the crop is ready for harvesting, it is cut by machines and made into small bundles. These bundles are brought in trucks to other machines where they are threshed to separate the husk from the grain. I had a job on a farm, where, because the Summer is very short, people had to work very hard to complete the harvesting in time. The work used to begin at about 4 o'clock in the morning and continued until 7 or 8 PM. I had never worked so hard before, but I felt that I must keep my post. My job was to go into the field with two horses and bring all the bundles (a very big load) and fill two half wagons of the threshing machine. I had to keep the machine supplied as it moved along. One day I got very tired. My legs and wrists were aching terribly and I felt worn out. There were still four hours of work. I began to pray, “O Lord, please give me strength to carry out this work or else break the machine.” The Lord broke the machine! The whole machine broke down, and all the labourers had four days' holiday while the mechanics fixed the machine. But do not pray like that everyday! When you go to the Workshop next day do not ask God to break the machine! But there are occasions when the Lord in remarkable ways delivers us from embarrassment.

I lived among the labourers and the coolies for about two months, people who are accustomed to all kinds of evil ways, smoking, drinking, gambling, and all their vices. There were seven of us living in a small room made for grain storage. Two of us were given one small bed, and my companion had a habit of sleeping at an angle in a crooked way, and I had to move quite close to the edge of the bed. I had to pray, “Oh Lord, give me some sleep.” The Lord answered my prayer and gave me sleep even though the mattress was full of mice and lice. I knew that God was preparing me for something in the future. Having gone through that trial, now when we go out for Gospel work anywhere in the villages, it does not matter where we sleep or how we sleep. The Lord always gives us sleep, even on a stone floor!

OPEN DOORS

At that time I did not know that the Lord was calling me for His service, because I thought I would earn much money and give the Lord all my money. My plan was to become an Engineer and go all over India making money, and then give the money to God. The Lord said, “I do not

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want your money, I want you. I want you.” I thank God that on the 4th April, 1932 at 2:30 in the morning I gave my life completely to the Lord for His service, saying, “Lord, I do not know how you can use me, but I am willing to be used. You can take me to any country, anywhere. I will go.” Then the Lord told me three things. He said, “Withdraw all your claims to your property and lands in Punjab, and never make any suggestion or tell any man about your needs. Secondly, never join any Mission or Society or Denomination, and thirdly, never make your own program.” I accepted these three conditions, and from that day the Lord began to open doors in that very city.

Only once in my life did I prepare notes for my sermon. I was asked to go and speak in a High School, and I thought that being High School boys, they would laugh at me and make fun, so I took paper and pencil and prepared notes very carefully--about twelve pages of notes. I went there assured of giving a good message. I began my message reading the first page, then the second page, then the third page. From the third page it went to the ninth page. I do not know how it happened, but I got so nervous I could not find my correct page, so I put all the papers in my pocket and began to give a simple talk. From that day I have never used any notes in preaching. I began to pray, “O Lord, empty me and take away my thoughts, my ideas and give me thy thoughts and thy words.” In Schools, colleges and other meetings, He taught me what to say as each time I prayed, “Lord take away my words and give me Thy words.” He never once failed me.

Many people thought I was a very well known preacher from India, and from this mistaken notion they used to invite me to speak. When I consented they used to come to take me and would enquire, “Are you Bakht Singh?” When I answered in the affirmative, they said they thought I was a tall man with a long flowing robe. That was their impression, but little did they realise that I did not know a single word to say, and that I had to pray, “Lord, touch my lips, touch my tongue and give me thy thoughts and thy Words.” And the Lord never failed.

I had the privilege and joy of preaching the Gospel to Negroes, Japanese, Chinese, Italians, Hungarians and others, because in that seaport there were all nationalities from every country. Vancouver is a famous seaport. That was not my plan, it was God’s plan.

After much prayer, the Lord said to me, “I want you to leave for India on the 6th of February.” I went to the Shipping office and enquired if there was a ship leaving Vancouver for India on February 5th. They told me there was a ship leaving on the 6th, and the person in charge took down my name, and said I could pay the fare on the day of sailing. I consequently informed my friends that I was leaving for India on the 6th February. They promptly arranged a farewell gathering on the 4th of February. The day before the gathering they came and enquired if I had money for my passage to India, and on hearing that I had no money, but that I believed the Lord had plenty, they said I could not do such a thing, and cancelled the farewell meeting. I told them that they could cancel the meeting, but that I was going. The Lord had spoken to me, and I knew He would provide my passage money in His own time, but they would not believe me, and cancelled the meeting. After two days I received more than sufficient money for the passage and as the Lord had revealed, exactly on the 6th, February, I sailed. The Lord gave me a wonderful time at Vancouver, Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Singapore, and I found that the Lord had gone before me to all these cities and had prepared friends for me. I found, according to His

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wonderful promise, that there were friends everywhere, and I proved the truth of the Word which says, "He led them by the skillfulness of His hands."

HOMELESS IN BOMBAY

When I reached Bombay on April 6th 1933, I learned that because I was not willing to keep my faith a secret my father and mother would not allow me to go home, so I began my work in Bombay. I put my luggage in a corner, and commenced to distribute tracts on the roadside in many parts of the city. This went on from dawn until midnight. When someone got interested he would say, "Do you mind if we go into this hotel to talk?" And we sit and converse together. Then he would ask me to take a cup of tea with him, and that cup of tea would be my breakfast, lunch, tea and supper too. This went on for seven weeks in Bombay, as I went here and there and giving out tracts and talking to people. If anyone grew interested I would invite him to come under the lamp by the road-side, and there we would talk until two o'clock in the morning. In this way I explained the Way of Salvation from the Scriptures to Hindus and Mohammedans as they passed by. The street was my home, and the lamppost was my light. It was there I had to have my quiet time. Yet those were very happy days. I thank God for all those days, when the Lord Jesus Christ was becoming so real and dear to me.

After a few weeks I received a letter from my sister in Karachi asking me to spend a few days with her. She had heard from my father that I had returned to India, and was looking for a job in Bombay. He did not tell her that I had become a Christian. When I reached her house, and she found that I was a Christian she regretted that she could not have me in the house for fear of her father-in-law. I was obliged to leave her house, and had to spend many days in the Public Park.

I began my work in Karachi with six anas. With that money I bought twelve gospels. These I sold and with the proceeds bought some more. So I kept on buying and selling Gospels. If anyone wanted to know about Christ I used to take him under a tree and tell him about the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Lord began to work wonderfully.

SOUL WINNING IN KARACHI

One day I was going through the bazaar then a young man was coming towards me. I tried to stop him, but he would not stop. The more I urged him the faster he walked. At last he said, "What do you want?" I replied, "I am a Christian and the Lord has saved me. I want to tell you how I was saved." He said, "I don't want your religion. I'm sick of life and intend to commit suicide by jumping into the sea." To This I urged, "Well, why not wait until tomorrow. A few hours more or less won't make any difference." To this suggestion he agreed, so I took him to a small Park where I read some verses from the Bible to him. He said that he felt better and could wait till the next day. He wanted to know if he could see me again on the morrow. We agreed that we would meet in the same park, and after a further chat he would commit suicide. But after the chat he said he no longer desired to end his life and he wanted to know more about the heavenly joy of which I had told him. That is how the Lord began in a remarkable way to give

me souls.

I remember early one morning at about 1 o'clock, I was feeling very tired as I went to lie down when I heard a Voice saying, "Rise, and go out." I replied that I was very tired and that my legs were aching and I felt very sleepy. But the Voice came again, "Arise and go out." With much grumbling I put on my coat in the pockets of which were tracts in all languages for the cosmopolitan peoples of Karachi. As soon as I got outside I found two young men walking in front of me. I called to them, "Please stop! I have something to tell you." When they drew near I told them how I was about to lie down when the voice of God told me to go out and that I felt God had sent me to them. They said that it must be God's voice because it was such an unearthly hour to be about, and they requested me to give them the message. I opened my Bible and read a few verses and told them of my conversion, giving them my testimony. One of the men, by name Kulkarni, said, "I know God has sent you for my sake. I was very unhappy and longed for a Bible. Could you give me a Bible?" He bought a Bible and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. What a joy it was to find these seeking souls in India!

TRAVELS IN SIND

By prayer again, I found out that I must go to a very small village about 155 miles from Karachi. I asked a friend to accompany me, and the two of us set out. The language of that Province is Sindhi and I knew only a few words of colloquial Sindhi. It occurred to me that there were many Mohammedans who knew both Sindhi and Urdu, and perhaps I could find one willing to translate for me. On arrival at the village I immediately enquired for a man who knew both Sindhi and Urdu. We were told that there was a Mohammedan who knew both languages and when we enquired his whereabouts we were informed that he had died the night before. We said that he was no good to us!

We asked God what we should do. We went together to the river bed and prayed for about two hours, at the end of which our clothes were full of sand. The Lord said to me, "I want you to go and speak in Sindhi." I said, "Lord, how can I speak in Sindhi? I know only a few words." But the Lord said, "Go and speak." We went into the village and gathered a small crowd. I told them I regretted not knowing their language fluently, but the words came and the thoughts came, I do not know how. We could see God's skilful hand leading us on.

The next morning a voice came, "Cross the river and go to a village named Bano." So we crossed the river in a boat and at evening just about sunset we came to the small village. We went to the village centre where we both sold gospels in different corners. A Mohammedan came and addressed us in surly tones for he was extremely angry. He asked us, "Why have you come to this village. You Christians cannot preach about heaven here." We told him that we had not come there of ourselves, but were sent by God. We had heard the voice of God and had come to give God's message. We were not missionaries, but had only brought God's message. Then he enquired where we stayed. We told him we were to stay where we stood. Then he enquired about our food. We replied that we did not know. He then requested us to stay in his house and he would invite the people to hear God's message and also he offered to translate the message. I thought that he might be trying to snare us, so I prayed and God told us not to be afraid but to go

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with him. He had a large compound around his house, and after giving us food he brought chairs out into the compound and sent his servants to call the villagers. The head man of the village translated the message.

After I had finished the closing prayer, and all the people had gone home, a Mohammedan policeman came up and said, "Could I have a quiet talk with you? I have been waiting for more than 5 years for some one to come and explain to me about the Lord Jesus Christ. Somebody gave me a Gospel of Luke, which I have read many times, I cannot understand it. I am so thankful you have come to my village." The whole night that Mohammedan sat and listened to every word, and afterwards bought a complete Bible in Urdu.

STREAMS IN THE DESERT

We traveled in many villages of the lonely desert of Sind where no Missionary has ever gone to preach the gospel. What a joy it was to travel those narrow roads and visit those tiny villages though we had to face and experience every hardship. After walking thirty miles from Bano we entered one of these small villages, and feeling very hungry we went to the village bazaar. But none of the shopkeepers would sell us either rice or wheat at any price. With much difficulty we were able to get some red rice flour which we made into two big chappatis, but we had nothing to eat with them. On asking the shopkeeper he gave us some ghee which contained much sand and grit which is usually given to camels and donkeys. He gave it only to test us. So with the red chappatis and the gritty ghee we had to walk another ten miles. Yet although it was full of sand, we enjoyed every bit of it because we were hungry.

We came to another village and prayed, "Lord if there is any Christian here please lead us to him." A little village boy offered to take us to the house of a Christian. We met the Christian, and he gave us food. We told him that God had sent us there to give the Gospel. He accompanied us and before a Hindu temple we conducted a meeting, although we had walked over thirty miles. We were greatly burdened, and after a word of prayer we gave God's message. We do not know how many Bibles were sold that day, but the people came in numbers to buy them. Remember that all these plans were given to us by prayer day by day. From that place we were again sent by prayer to another village called Joishai. It was a very small village inhabited by men who work on stones. In one night quite a number of people found the Lord as the Lord began to draw them to himself. God opened the door in many parts of Sind. One by one we visited the provinces of Sind which are the most barren in India for Missionary work. For 70 years no Missionary work was done, and only 20 Siudhis had become Christians, among whom some had gone back to their own religion. It was in those dry provinces that the Lord led me by the divine skill of His hands, and we spent hours and hours walking the streets of Karachi, Hyderabad (Sind) and other towns. I knew that the Lord was preparing me and teaching me through these hardships. These experiences became my joy afterwards. We came to Chikarpal. One early morning when I heard a voice telling me to send someone to a neighbouring place called Jak Baar, which is a small town on the way from Quetta to Northern India. The Lord told me to send someone with an Urdu Bible to this village. I called my friends and instructed them to go to the village, and be sure to take Urdu Bibles. They said that it was a Sindhi village and doubted if any could know Urdu. I said I did not know but this was the Lords's desire. That morning they started for the village and

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took a very small box of books. They left their box of books somewhere and went walking in the bazaar to sell Gospels. They had hardly gone a few yards when they met a young man named Mohammed Hussain, who asked them for an Urdu Bible. They told him they had one in the box somewhere else and if he would wait, they would bring it. He enquired the price; paid it, and took them to a hotel, where he entertained them to cakes and tea as a thanksgiving. The same man later came to me and told me that he was a carpet merchant who had visited Sind for business purposes. He had been longing for an Urdu Bible for years, and was so happy when one was available. He came to thank me, and stayed two days, found the Lord Jesus Christ and was baptized in Allahabad sometime later. God does lead by His skilful hand. I do not think that God will leave you alone, He will lead you day by day. We have proved him in so many ways.

QUETTA EARTHQUAKE

In the month of April 1935 I went to Quetta. I had received many invitations from Quetta and from people in other parts of India, and I had planned not to go to Quetta as I had been there in 1934, when we had a campaign for 19 days. But the Lord revealed that He wanted me to go to Quetta, and accordingly I obeyed His voice and went. I began the campaign on the 4th of May. An earthquake occurred on the 31st of May, at 3 o'clock in the morning. 58,000 people were killed in a few seconds. We had quite a big gathering the night of the earthquake and I urged upon the people that God wanted them to come to Him, and that those who wished to be converted and saved should remain behind for prayer. Fifty-eight prayed that night, one by one, with great conviction, repenting and asking God to forgive them. At 12:30 in the night I was in my tent feeling very tired and worn out, but I could not sleep. The Lord told me to pray for those who went away without finding salvation. So, again I knelt down and began to pray, "Lord, wilt thou wake them and shake them. Shake them until they kneel down. Those still in their sins, wake them and shake them." At about 3 o'clock in the morning I was assured that God had heard my prayer and I found peace. The earthquake occurred at 3 o'clock, just as if somebody came under the ground and shook the whole place. I thought it was not an earthquake but God answering my prayer and shaking the people. My friend next door was actually thrown from his bed. Men and women were crying and shouting. I stayed on my knees. After half an hour, my friend came into my tent and told me there had been a terrible earthquake. The walls of the neighbour's house had cracked and everything had fallen down. But nothing had happened in my tent. I told my friend to join me in prayer, and we both continued in prayer until 5 o'clock in the morning telling the Lord that we did not know what had happened, but asking Him to save the souls who desired to be saved. We went out to see the damage. All the buildings, mud, stone, brick, had crumbled and were in heaps. It was a very sad sight with people hanging heads downwards, some with legs and arms off. It all happened in 18 seconds. Among non-Christians 95% were killed. Among Christians only 8. I myself went round and took stock. Out of those who had come to our meetings only two were killed. Among the non-Christians many had their legs, arms and backbone fractured, but among the people who came to our meeting there was not a single fracture. That is how the Lord watches over His children. We had to stay there for about two weeks, going about giving out gospels and doing rescue work. Those who escaped had to live in filthy grain store-rooms with nothing to eat; no shop to go to; and no clothes to wear. They had to use any old blanket to cover the children. Some had none. I prayed, "Lord, will you not give us at least four or five old blankets for these poor children." Next morning I met a man

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named Mr. Evans who asked me if I wanted some blankets as he could help me, to get some. Some military people had sent him brand new blankets and I could take as many as I wanted. I brought 72 brand new blankets. I asked for only four or five, but God gave us 72 blankets--woolen blankets.

One evening I saw a mother with her child which was crying very bitterly. She told me the child wanted milk; but it was too late to get any and there were no shops. I prayed, "Lord, that child is asking for milk, tell me where to go." The Lord said, "Go in that direction." I went in the direction indicated and met a person named Mr. Oliver who asked me if I would like to have some milk as there was a good quantity in the hospital. I asked the Lord for one cup, and He gave me a gallon of milk. The next morning a lady came crying and told me that she was very hungry and had nothing to eat and asked me for something. I told her the Lord could supply her need, and prayed asking the Lord for food for the lady, not for myself. The Lord told me to go in a certain direction, and on doing so I found a tent to as much food as I required. Thus the Lord supplied the lady's need.

A lady with her small girl met me and asked me for garments and shoes for her child. I prayed and asked God for her requirements. God told me to go across the railway crossing. I did so and was there addressed by a person who gave me a parcel saying, "I have been given a parcel of kiddies' clothes. Do you need any of them?" I joyfully accepted the parcel and gave it to the lady, who opened it and found that the clothes and shoes were the child's exact size. By that I knew again, that God was looking after us.

HE WILL NOT FORSAKE YOU

I could go on telling you how the Lord has led me by His mighty skilful hand, day by day, week by week, month by month. He is the same today. Do not let the enemy discourage you. The One who has saved you is a living Saviour. If He had forgiven your sins, He will not forsake you. Even though for a period you may have to go through poverty, sickness, trials and hardships, it is for a divine purpose. Let His mighty hand lead you. He will never forsake you. He will feed you with heavenly manna. He will supply every need and bring you out triumphant over every trial. But you must be true to Him. Never be ashamed to confess the Lord as your Saviour. Tell your neighbours, your friends, everybody about Him. Begin your day upon your knees with the Bible. Close the day again with the Bible. During the day find some time for prayer with the Bible. Read the Bible very systematically, very prayerfully and very slowly and by faith go on claiming the promises which are given to you in your daily portions. And you will find that the Lord will teach you day by day. He will help you day by day in every trial, you will find Him true. Never allow any doubt or fear to come in. The love of the Lord Jesus Christ can never change. Follow Him; obey Him; trust Him and be led by His mighty, skilful hands. Share your joy with everybody and obey what God tells you. Do not count the cost, but go on and you will find joy in obeying. That is the only secret. What God says, and whenever He speaks, obey, without counting the cost. "Lord Thou has spoken, I obey. I know Thou art with me, leading me. O Lord, lead me on safely." That is the only secret. May the Lord Jesus Christ lead you all safely. The Lord wants you to be ruled by Him. He wants to save many souls through you. Be true to your Lord. He has done much more for you than your father, mother, brothers, sisters,

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wife, husband, pastor, elder, or anybody else. Give Him first place and obey Him and you will find your joy multiplying; your peace increasing; difficulties disappearing; everything being transformed for God's glory. May the Lord make it so.