

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.