



## 2CHR-FM 96.5 Gospel Hour Content

10th October 2010

### *Readings from the English Bible*

- Joshua 23
- Matthew 17
- Ephesians 6
- Psalm 33

### *Chequebook of the Bank of Faith—Devotional reflection*

Oct. 10

#### OPEN DOOR OF COMMUNION

"I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it" #Rev 3:8

Saints who remain faithful to the truth of God have an open door before them. My soul, thou hast resolved to live and die by that which the Lord has revealed in His Word, and therefore before thee stands this open door.

I will enter in by the open door of communion with God. Who shall say me nay? Jesus has removed my sin, and given me His righteousness, therefore I may freely enter. Lord, I do so by thy grace.

I have also before me an open door into the mysteries of the Word. I may enter into the deep things of God. Election, Union to Christ, the Second Advent—all these are before me, and I may enjoy them. No promise and no doctrine are now locked up against me.

An open door of access is before me in private, and an open door of usefulness in public. God will hear me; God will use me. A door is opened for my onward march to the church above, and for my daily fellowship with saints below. Some may try to shut me up or shut me out, but all in vain.

Soon shall I see an open door into Heaven: the pearl gate will be my way of entrance, and then I shall go in unto my Lord and King, and be with God eternally shut in.

***Charles Haddon Spurgeon***

*Classical Believing Hymns – Truth for all time*

**"Come all harmonious tongues"**

Isaac Watts  
(1674-1748)

*1Pe 3:18 For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit:*

Come, all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring;  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the Man we sing.

Tell how He took our flesh,  
To take away our guilt;  
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monsters spilt.

Alas! The soldier's spear  
Went deep into His side;  
And the rich flood of purple gore  
Their murd'rous weapons dyed.

The waves of swelling grief  
Did o'er His bosom roll,  
And mountains of almighty wrath  
Lay heavy on His soul.

Down to the shades of death  
He bowed His awful head;  
Yet He arose to live and reign,  
When death itself is dead.

No more the blood-stained spear;  
The cross and nails no more;  
For hell itself shakes at His name,  
And all the heavens adore.

There the Redeemer sits,  
High on His Father's throne;

**"Father I sing thy wondrous grace"**

Isaac Watts  
(1674-1748)

*Isa 53:45 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.*

Father, I sing Thy wondrous grace,  
I bless my Saviour's name,  
He wrought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinner's shame.

His deep distress has raised us high,  
His duty and His zeal  
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,  
And finished all Thy will.

His dying groans, His living songs,  
Shall better please my God,  
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
Than goat's or bullocks' blood.

This shall His humble followers see,  
And set their hearts at rest:  
They by His death draw near to Thee,  
And live for ever blest.

Let heav'n and all that dwell on high,  
To God their voices raise,  
While lands and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance the praise.

Zion is Thine, most Holy God;  
Thy Son shall bless her gates,  
And glory purchased by His blood  
For Thine own Israel waits.

***Classical Believing Hymns – Truth for all time (continued)***

The Father lays His vengeance by,  
And smiles upon His Son.

There His full glories shine,  
With uncreated rays;  
And bless His saint's and angels' eyes,  
To everlasting days.