



2CHR-FM 96.5 Gospel Hour Content

19th September 2010

Readings from the English Bible

- Joshua 9
- Matthew 14
- Ephesians 3
- Psalm 90

Chequebook of the Bank of Faith—Devotional reflection

Sept. 19

THE REASON FOR SINGING

"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing" #Zeph 3:17

What a word is this! Jehovah God in the center of His people in all the majesty of His power! This presence alone suffices to inspire us with peace and hope. Treasures of boundless might are stored in our Jehovah, and He dwells in His church, therefore may His people shout for joy.

We not only have His presence, but He is engaged upon His choice work of salvation. "He will save." He is always saving: He takes His name of Jesus from it. Let us not fear any danger, for He is mighty to save.

Nor is this all. He abides evermore the same; He loves, He finds rest in loving, He will not cease to love. His love gives Him joy. He even finds a theme for song in His beloved. This is exceedingly wonderful. When God wrought creation He did not sing, but simply said, "It is very good"; but when He came to redemption, then the sacred Trinity felt a joy to be expressed in song. Think of it, and be astonished! Jehovah Jesus sings a marriage song over His chosen bride. She is to Him His love, His joy, His rest, His song. O Lord Jesus, by thine immeasurable love to us teach us to love thee, to rejoice in thee, and to sing unto thee our life-psalm.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

Classical Believing Hymns – Truth for all time

“Beneath the cross of Jesus”

Elizabeth Cecelia Douglas Clephane
(1830-1869)

Is.25: 4 For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand -
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

O safe and happy shelter!
O refuge, tried and sweet!
O trysting-place, where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide.
And there between us stands the
cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten hear, with tears
Two wonders I confess -

“There were ninety and nine”

Elizabeth Cecelia Douglas Clephane
(1830-1869)

John 10:11 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

There were ninety and nine that safely
lay
In the shelter of the fold.
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains wild and bare.
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

“Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and
nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?”
But the Shepherd made answer: “This
of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and
steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.”

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night the Lord
passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die;
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

“Lord, whence are those blood drops all
the way
That mark out the mountain's track?”
“They were shed for one who had gone
astray

Classical Believing Hymns – Truth for all time (continued)

The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

Ere the Shepherd could bring him
back.”

“Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
and torn?”

“They are pierced tonight by many a
thorn;

They are pierced tonight by many a
thorn.”

And all through the mountains, thunder
riven

And up from the rocky steep,

There arose a glad cry to the gate of
Heaven,

“Rejoice! I have found My sheep!”

And the angels echoed around the
throne,

“Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
own!

Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
own!”