



## 2CHR-FM 96.5 Gospel Hour Content

21 August 2011

### *Readings from the English Bible*

- Genesis 1
- Luke 9
- Romans 1
- Psalm 19

### *Metrical Psalms*

- Psalm 19:7-11

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

Aug. 21

NIGHT OF WEEPING; JOYOUS DAY

"For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" Ps 30:5

A moment under our Father's anger seems very long, and yet it is but a moment after all. If we grieve His Spirit we cannot look for His smile; but He is a God ready to pardon, and He soon puts aside all remembrance of our faults. When we faint and are ready to die because of His frown, His favour puts new life into us.

This verse has another note of the semi- quaver kind. Our weeping night soon turns into joyous day. Brevity is the mark of mercy in the hour of the chastisement of believers. The Lord loves not to use the rod on His chosen; He gives a blow or two, and all is Over; yea, and the life and the joy, which follow the anger and the weeping, more than make amends for the salutary sorrow.

Come, my heart, begin thy hallelujahs! Weep not all through the night, but wipe thine eyes in anticipation of the morning. These tears are dews which mean us as much good as the sunbeams of the morrow. Tears clear the eyes for the sight of God in His grace; and make the vision of His favour more precious. A night of sorrow supplies those shades of the pictures by which the highlights are brought out with distinctness. All is well.

***Charles Haddon Spurgeon***

*Classical Believing Hymns – Truth for all time*

**“Jesus, Friend of sinners”**

Charles Wesley  
(1707-1788)

*Ps.86:16 O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.*

Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear  
A feeble creature pray;  
From my debt of sin clear,  
For I have nought to pay.  
Speak, oh, speak my kind release,  
My backsliding soul restore!  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And let me rove no more.

Though my sins as mountains rise,  
And swell and reach to heaven,  
Mercy is above the skies,  
And I shall stand forgiven.  
Mighty is my guilt's increase,  
Greater is Thy mercy's store;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And let me rove no more.

From th' oppressive weight of sin,  
My struggling spirit free;  
Blood and righteousness Divine  
Can rescue even me!  
Holy Spirit, shed Thy grace,  
Let me feel the soft'ning shower;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And let me rove no more.

**“Weary of wandering from my God”**

Charles Wesley  
(1707-1788)

*Ps.51:12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.*

Weary of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the rod;  
For now, not without hope, I mourn;  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin;  
Yet once again I seek Thy face,  
Open Thine arms and take me in;  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still!

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore;  
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my hear a house of prayer.

Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at th' approach of sin;  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within;  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend Thee more.