



## 2CHR-FM 96.5 Gospel Hour Content

25th April 2010

### *Readings from the English Bible*

- Deuteronomy 25
- John 16
- 3 John 1
- Psalm 49

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

April 25

#### NO FEAR OF DEATH

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; he that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death" #Rev 2:11

The first death we must endure unless the Lord should suddenly come to His temple. For this let us abide in readiness, awaiting it without fear, since Jesus has transformed death from a dreary cavern into a passage leading to glory.

The thing to be feared is not the first, but the second death; not the parting of the soul from the body, but the final separation of the entire man from God. This is death indeed. This death kills all peace, joy, happiness, hope. When God is gone all is gone. Such a death is far worse than ceasing to be: it is existence without the life which makes existence worth the having.

Now, if by God's grace we fight on to the end, and conquer in the glorious war, no second death can lay its chill finger upon us. We shall have no fear of death and hell, for we shall receive a crown of life which fadeth not away. How this nerves us for the fight! Eternal life is worth a life's battle. To escape the hurt of the second death is a thing worth struggling for throughout a lifetime.

Lord, give us faith, so that we may overcome, and then grant us grace to remain unharmed though sin and Satan dog our heels!

***Charles Haddon Spurgeon***

*Classical Believing Hymns – Truth for all time*

**“O Thou wondrous Lord of Glory ”**

David Denham  
(1791-1848)

*Is.9: 6 For unto us a child is born,  
unto us a son is given: and the govern-  
ment shall be upon his shoulder: and  
his name shall be called Wonderful,  
Counsellor, The mighty God, The ever-  
lasting Father, The Prince of Peace.*

O Thou wondrous Lord of Glory,  
Self-existent, great I AM!  
Let each ransomed soul adore Thee,  
Our exalted Lord the Lamb.

Wondrous in Thy vast perfections,  
Which in all Thy works appear;  
Wondrous in Thy grace relations,  
To Thy Church for ever dear.

Wondrous scheme of ancient favour  
By the Gospel now made known;  
God's elect in Christ their Saviour  
Ever were, and shall be, one.

Wondrous love in God's Anointed  
Brought Him from His heavenly  
throne,  
At the time His grace appointed,  
For His children to atone.

Wondrous blood to heal the wounded,  
Lepers cleanse, and captives free;  
Wondrous righteousness imputed  
To the guilty, e'en to me.

Wondrous fullness, ever flowing  
In ten thousand streams of love,  
To refresh the saints while going  
To their Father's house above.

Wondrous theme of revelation,  
Wondrous Christ, Thy people's all;  
We possess in Thy salvation  
Grace from which we cannot fall.

**“Mid scenes of confusion and  
creature complaints”**

David Denham  
(1791-1848)

*John.17: 24 Father, I will that they  
also, whom thou hast given me, be with  
me where I am; that they may behold  
my glory, which thou hast given me: for  
thou lovedst me before the foundation of  
the world.*

Mid scenes of confusion and creature  
complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion  
with saints;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's  
room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at  
home!

Sweet bonds that unite all the children  
of peace,  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love  
cannot cease;  
Though oft from Thy presence in  
sadness I roam,  
I long to behold Thee, in glory, at home!

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion  
with Thee;  
Though now my temptations like billows  
may foam,  
All, all will be peace when I'm with Thee  
at home!

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
Oh, give me submission and strength as  
my day!  
In all my afflictions to Thee would I  
come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Whate'er Thou deniest, oh, give me Thy  
grace!  
The Spirit's true witness, and smiles of

## *Classical Believing Hymns – Continued*

Thy face;  
Indulge me with patience to wait at Thy  
throne,  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of  
home.

I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to  
shine,  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine:  
But in Thy fair image arise from the  
tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise Thee, at  
home!