



2CHR-FM 96.5 Gospel Hour Content

25th July 2010

Readings from the English Bible

- Joshua 1
- Matthew 6
- Romans 11
- Psalm 146

Chequebook of the Bank of Faith—Devotional reflection

July 25

NOTHING TO ALARM US

"But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." #Dan 12:13

We cannot understand all the prophecies, but yet we regard them with pleasure, and not with dismay. There can be nothing in the Father's decree which should justly alarm His child. Though the abomination of desolation be set up, yet the true believer shall not be defiled; rather shall he be purified, and made white, and tried. Though the earth be burned up, no smell of fire shall come upon the chosen. Amid the crash of matter, and the wreck of worlds, the Lord Jehovah will preserve His own.

Calmly resolute in duty, brave in conflict, patient in suffering, let us go our way, keeping to our road, and neither swerving from it nor loitering in it. The end will come; let us go our way till it does.

Rest will be ours. All other things swing to and fro, but our foundation standeth sure. God rests in His love, and, therefore, we rest in it. Our peace is, and ever shall be, like a river. A lot in the heavenly Canaan is ours, and we shall stand in it, come what may. The God of Daniel will give a worthy portion to all who dare to be decided for truth and holiness as Daniel was. No den of lions shall deprive us of our sure inheritance.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

Classical Believing Hymns – Truth for all time

“God moves in a mysterious way”

William Cowper
(1731-1800)

Rom.11:33 O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

“There is a fountain filled with blood”

William Cowper
(1731-1800)

Zech.13:1 In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And oh may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away!

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.