



2CHR-FM 96.5 Gospel Hour Content

31st October 2010

Readings from the English Bible

- Judges 2
- Matthew 20
- Galatians 3
- Psalm 46

Chequebook of the Bank of Faith—Devotional reflection

Oct. 31

IMMORTAL TILL WORK DONE

"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord" #Ps 118:17

A fair assurance this! It was no doubt based upon a promise, inwardly whispered in the Psalmist's heart, which he seized upon and enjoyed. Is my case like that of David? Am I depressed because the enemy affronts me? Are there multitudes against me, and few on my side? Does unbelief bid me lie down and die in despair—a defeated, dishonored man? Do my enemies begin to dig my grave?

What then? Shall I yield to the whisper of fear, and give up the battle, and with it give up all hope? Far from it. There is life in me yet: "I shall not die." Vigor will return and remove my weakness: "I shall live." The Lord lives, and I shall live also. My mouth shall again be opened: "I shall declare the works of Jehovah." Yes, and I shall speak of the present trouble as another instance of the wonder-working faithfulness and love of the Lord my God. Those who would gladly measure me for my coffin had better wait a bit; for "the Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death." Glory be to His name for ever! I am immortal till my work is done. Till the Lord wills it no vault can close upon me.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

Classical Believing Hymns – Truth for all time

“There is a name I love to hear”

Frederick Whitfield
(1829-1904)

Matt.1:21 And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins.

There is a name I love to hear;
love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.

Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

“I saw the cross of Jesus”

Frederick Whitfield
(1829-1904)

2Co 5:21 For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

I saw the cross of Jesus, when burdened with my sin;
I sought the cross of Jesus, to give me peace within;
I brought my soul to Jesus, He cleansed it in His blood;
And in the cross of Jesus I found my peace with God.

I love the cross of Jesus, it tells me what I am—
A vile and guilty creature, saved only through the Lamb;
No righteousness nor merit, no beauty can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory, my title there I read.

I trust the cross of Jesus, in every trying hour,
My sure and certain refuge, my never failing tower;
In every fear and conflict, I more than conqueror am;
Living, I'm safe, or dying, through Christ, the risen Lamb.

Safe in the cross of Jesus! There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace unshaken, till with Him, ne'er to part;
And then in strains of glory I'll sing His wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter, and death is known no more.