



II Cor. 3:17 – “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is...”

LIBERTY

A Ministry of Grace Baptist Church, Pittsfield, Illinois - 217-285-5230

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January 7, 2018

Vol. XV, No. 1

PRAYER OF A DEAF CHRISTIAN

—Margaret Morgan

Do angels sing in Heaven, Lord?

Will I hear music there?

Or must I in a corner stand,

While others join in prayer?

*Will I wonder what they are saying,
Lord,*

Like I often do down here?

Must I sit still and be patient, Lord,

While the bells ring loud and clear?

Can I read Your lips in Heaven, Lord,

Or will I be brushed aside?

*Will I hide my hands in my pockets,
Lord,*

Because of wounded pride?

*Will the saints all stand to praise
Thee, Lord,*

While I in silence wait?

*Will there be someone in Heaven,
Lord,*

To lead me through the gate?

*And God, who loves the humble, bent
To soothe the anxious fear.*

*“My child, has no one told you that
There is no silence here!”*

*“Hold out your hands, My little one,
For all in Heaven to see.*

*We’ve seen them pray so many times;
Each prayer reached up to Me.*

*“See all the angels waiting now;
The gates are open wide.*

*Your crown of life is waiting, child,
And I shall be your Guide.*

*“I have a song to give you, and
You will sing loud and clear.*

*Your new song will fill the sky,
The sweetest song up here!”*



A PRAYER FOR MOTORISTS

Teach us to drive through life without skidding into other people's business. Preserve our brake lining, that we may stop before we go too far. Help us to hear the knocks in our own motors and close our ears to the clashing of other people's gears. Keep alcohol in our radiators and out of our stomachs. Absolve us from the mania of trying to pass the other automobile on a narrow road. Open our eyes to the traffic signs, and keep our feet on the brakes.

In Days Gone By

On Jan. 7, 1879, the first national election was held.

On Jan. 8, 1865, Charles Haddon Spurgeon was married. For many years of her life Mrs. Spurgeon was an invalid.

On Jan. 9, 1913, President Richard Nixon was born in Yorba Linda, California.

What you have in this world will be found on the day of your death to belong to others; what you are will be yours forever.

When I Get to the End of the Way

My life is a wearisome journey;
I am sick of the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me;
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the City to which I am going
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best.
I know in His Word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me
Or give me one trial too much;
All His people have dearly been purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him
In the City of unending day;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour Himself has said, "Come."
So when I am weary in body
And sinking in spirit, I say,
"All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way."

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;
There are victuals for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint.
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

— Pulpit Commentary

A wife complained to her husband about the old clothes she had to wear. "If someone would stop in to visit they'd think I was the cook."

"Well," said the husband, "If they ever stayed for dinner they'd surely change their minds."

The Bible, Our Greatest National Asset



The Bible is our greatest national asset, the masterpiece of God. It comes to us drenched in the tears of millions of contritions, worn with the fingers of the saints of the ages, expounded by the greatest intellects and stained with the blood of the martyrs.

It is the fountain in which dying believers cooled their hot faces, the pillow on which saints of all ages have rested their heads. It breaks the fetters of the slave and takes the heat out of life's fierce fever, the pain out of parting, the sting out of death and the gloom out of the grave.

The Bible is the old-time Book, the new-time Book, the all-time Book. It will demonstrate its own character and its own power. This is the impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, the grand and glorious eternal Word of God. The name of Jesus, the Supreme Personality, the center of the world's desire, is on every page in one form or another.

Pierce the Book anywhere, and it bleeds with His priceless blood, shed for our redemption. The divine Book has all the answers to man's every need. To find them is our greatest privilege and opportunity.

The Word teaches, gives understanding, directs, cleanses, establishes, turns us and quickens us (Ps. 119:33-40).

The importance of this Book outweighs all others!

Praise God for the Bible, Revealer of Light;
This Sword of the Spirit puts error to flight,
And still through life's journey until the last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

Hymn in a Police Station

Can the old hymns reach the heart of "modern youth"? Some would have us believe they have lost their usefulness, but an Associated Press dispatch from an Oklahoma city put the matter in a different light.

A 16-year-old burglar was being questioned by officers in a police station, while in the next room a police quartet was rehearsing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" for a church service. While they sang the lines of the first verse the boy's lips trembled. He listened to the familiar words about the water and the blood, the riven side of Christ and the power of His blood to cleanse from the guilt and power of sin. When the men sang the last line the youth was in tears, and he sobbed out, "I'll tell you all about it!"

It might have taken the police officers hours to extract a confession from that boy, but just one verse of that old hymn melted his heart and opened his lips. Perhaps it awakened memories of a faithful Sunday school teacher or of his own mother rocking him to sleep with the dear old melody and the comforting words.

This is a rebuke from an unexpected place to those who would delete such hymns from our books,

—Word of the Lord

Miscellaneous.

Leonard R. Dice, Editor and Asst. Pastor

*STORIES
*EVENTS
*VIEWS
*NEWS



Someone who noted how much time the average individual spends in "griping" instead of praising, has turned out the following interesting report: "Our forefathers did without sugar until the 13th century, without coal fires until the 14th century, without buttered bread until the 15th century, without potatoes until the 16th century, without coffee, tea, and soap until the 17th century, and without pudding until the 18th century. They had no gas, matches, or electricity until the 19th century, and did without canned goods until the 20th century. In fact, it is only during the past few years that we have had airplanes, telephones, radios, automobiles, good roads, modern home appliances, and central heating."

Now — what was it you were complaining about?

OPTOMETRIST SIGN: You can't be optimistic if you have a misty optic.

GOD'S CARE OF HIS PEOPLE

He watches over them with His eye.....Judges 6:14
He listens to their prayers with His ears....I Peter 3:12
He instructs them by His Word.....Deut. 33:3
He loves them with His heart.....I John 3:1
He supports them with His hands.....Hosea 11:3
*He kisses them with His lips.....Song of
Solomon 1:2*
He leads them by His Spirit.....Romans 8:14
He encourages them by His promises.....II Peter 1:4

CHRIST LEFT A WILL:

He left His purse to Judas;
He left His body to Joseph of Arimathea;
He left His mother to John;
His clothes to the soldiers;
His peace to His disciples;
His supper to His followers;
His Gospel to the world;
His missionary program to His Church;
His Spirit to all who will obey Him, and
His salvation to all who will accept Him as Saviour.

