

What About the Hymns



The words to the hymn "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken", written by John Newton, first appeared in *Book I of Olney Hymns* in 1779, edited by William Cowper and John Newton. This hymn is considered to be one of Newton's greatest works and is said to be the only joyful hymn in the *Olney* collection.

John Newton's mother died when he was just seven years old. Four years later at age eleven with only two years of formal education John went to sea with his father. In this environment he grew into a godless young man. He was once flogged as a deserter from the navy and spent fifteen months living as an ill-treated slave in Africa. He was later rescued by a sea captain who had been asked by Newton's father to search for him. On his return voyage to England, he found himself caught in a terrible storm and begging for God's mercy. This experience marked the beginning of his conversion to Christianity. From that point on, he avoided profanity, gambling and drinking. He later said that his true conversion didn't happen until sometime later.

A marble plaque carries the epitaph that he himself wrote:

John Newton, Clerk

Once an infidel and libertine

A servant of slaves in Africa,

Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour

JESUS CHRIST,

*Restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the Gospel
which he had labored to destroy.*

Resource: *Douglas Alvin Snow, *Revive Us Again*, 2004.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

A little girl with shining eyes, her little face aglow,
Said "Father, it is almost time for Sunday School, let's go;
They teach us there of Jesus' love of how He died for all
Upon the cruel cross to save all those who on HIM call"

"Oh, no" said Father, "not today, I've worked hard all this week,
And I must have one day of rest, I'm going to the creek;
For there I can relax and rest and fishing's fine, they say,
So—run along, don't bother me—we'll go to church some day."

Months and years have passed away, but Father hears that plea
no more; "
Let's go to Sunday School." Those childhood days are o'er.
And now that Father's growing old, when life is almost through,
He finds that time to go to church, but what does his daughter do?

She says, "Oh, Father, not today—I stayed up most all night,
I've got to have some sleep—besides I look a fright."
Then father lifts a trembling hand to brush away his tears,
As again he hears the pleading voice distinctly through the years;

He sees the small girl's shining face upturned, with eyes aglow,
As she says, "it's time for Sunday School, please, Father, won't you
go?"

-unknown

WHAT MAKES A DAD

God took the strength of a mountain,
The Majesty of a tree,
The warmth of a summer sun,
The calm of a quiet sea,
The generous soul of nature,
The comforting arm of night,
The wisdom of the ages,
The power of the eagle's flight,
The joy of a morning in spring,
The faith of a mustard seed,
The patience of eternity,
The depth of a family need,
Then God combined these qualities,
When there was nothing more to add,
He knew His masterpiece was complete,
And so, he called it...Dad.

Miscellaneous.

Pastor Stephen Dice, Editor

*STORIES
*EVENTS
*VIEWS
*NEWS



II Cor. 3:17 -- "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is..."

LIBERTY

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"I'll be like you."

To get his goodnight kiss he stood
Beside my chare one night,
And raised an eager face to me,
A face with love alight.
And as I gathered in my arms
The Son God gave to me,
I thanked the lad for being good,
And hoped he'd always be.
His little arms crept 'round my neck,
And then I heard him say
Four simple words I shan't forget—
Four words that made me pray.
They turned a mirror on my soul,
On secrets no one knew,
They startled me, I hear them yet;
He said, "I'll be like you."

-Herbert Parker

One dad to another: "I'm no model father. All I'm trying to do is behave so that when people tell my son that he reminds them of me, he'll stick out his chest instead of his tongue."

*Children do not need another buddy...
they need parents.*

Daddy's Girl

Little girls never grow up in their Daddy's heart. It's been that way from the very start. There were Barbie dolls and shirt sleeve tugs. Little pink dresses and great big hugs, Then Teddy bears and powder smells Coming hair and fairy tales.

Now you're such a grown-up lass
And it's all happened much too fast.
But everything you used to be
Is still a warm sweet glow inside of me,
And at eleven you are quite tall and smart.
But you'll never grow up in your Daddy's heart.

SOME PARENTS CAN'T SEE

Why don't parents see their own kid's faults? They have so many!
I would quickly see my own child's faults, if he had any!



MY DAD CAN...

- 4 years: "My daddy can do anything!"
- 7 years: "My dad knows a lot—a whole lot."
- 8 years: "My father doesn't know quite everything."
- 12 years: "Oh, well, naturally, Father doesn't know that either."
- 14 years: "Oh, Father? He is hopelessly old-fashioned."
- 21 years: "Oh, that man - he's out of date!"
- 25 years: "He knows a little bit about it, but not much."
- 33 years: "I must find out what Dad thinks about it."
- 35 years: "Before we decide, we will get Dad's idea first."
- 50 years: "What would Dad have thought about that?"
- 60 years: "My dad knew literally everything!"
- 65 years: "I wish I could talk it over with Dad once more"



Glorious things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God
He, whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode



On the Rock of Ages founded
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

A PIECE OF CLAY

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still,
It moved and yielded to my will.
I came again when days were past -
The bit of clay was hard at last;
The form I gave it, it still bore,
But I could change that form no more.
I took a piece of living clay
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again when years were gone -
It was a mad I looked upon;
He still that early impress wore,
And I could change him nevermore.