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FAMILY  
PRAYERS

HENRY LAW



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# *Family Prayers*

by Henry Law

## **Introduction**

*"Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."* Hebrews 4:16

"This, then, is how you should pray: Our Father in heaven, hallowed be Your name, Your kingdom come, Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." Matthew 6:9-13

May God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit, bless, preserve, and keep us. May the Lord look upon us mercifully with His favor; and so fill us with all spiritual blessings and grace, that we may so live in this life, that, in the world to come, we may have life everlasting. Amen.

# FIRST WEEK

## SUNDAY MORNING.

Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of Your glory! Glory be to You, O Lord most high. At the commencement of this blessed day, we desire to unite with all the company of heaven and all the saints on earth in uplifting the voice of adoration and praise. Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto You, O Father of mercies, God of all grace and love.

We thank You that, in the multitude of Your tender mercies, in the riches of Your pitiful compassion, You have been pleased to erect this throne of grace, before which we now most humbly bow. We bless You that here free grace reigns. We bless You that at all times and in all places, we have open access to it through the blood of Your dear Son. We bless You that the veil is open, and that in His great name we may ever approach, and find You ready to hear, waiting to be gracious, arrayed in smiles of love, bidding us touch the scepter of Your sovereign mercy, inviting us to pour out every need and desire of our hearts, and promising to give more than we can ask or think. "Therefore let us approach the throne of grace with boldness, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help us at the proper time." Hebrews 4:16

But while we thus look up and praise You, shame and confusion overwhelm our hearts. You are worthy of all praise. We are unworthy to bring any. Your throne is holiness. Our lips are all impure. While we adore You for Your saving grace, we remember the past iniquity of our holiest things. What irreverence in Your worship, what cold formality in prayer and praise, what utterance of lip, with absence of heart—convict us as most miserable sinners! We confess that with

seeming reverence we have added provocation to impiety. We bewail the aggravations of our guilt. We acknowledge that unless Your compassions failed not, we would have been cast away from Your presence, and left abandoned by Your Holy Spirit. But for Your dear Son's sake, hearken to our petition, and sprinkle all the hours of all our past worship with the atoning merits of His all-precious blood. May the pleadings of the cross, outcry the accusations of misused service.

Grant, oh grant, we earnestly implore You, that this day may witness deep improvement in us. Grant to us the wondrous blessings in rich abundance which this day was designed to impart. May it be wholly consecrated to You. May we, in spirit, soar far from earth. May our hearts be fast barred against admission of worldly thoughts or cares. May our souls be hid in Christ with You. Send Your peace, passing all understanding, as a flood into our tranquil minds. In public and in private draw us nearer unto You. May our meditations of You be sweet. May our outward exercises be life and liberty and joy. May we drink deeply of the refreshing streams proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. May we feast on the heaven-sent manna of Your precious Word, and thus gather strength for the upward race. Anoint afresh the shield of faith, that we may be able to quench all Satan's fiery darts.

Hear our cry for all the ministers of Your everlasting gospel. May Christ so richly fill their hearts, that all their ministrations may be a sweet savor of His grace. May He be uplifted in all pulpits as the only hope and strength and wisdom and redemption of His people. May we learn in the sanctuary new lessons of His perfect salvation. May our hearts be more and more knit to Him. May this be the Spirit's wonder-working day to us and all the congregations of the living

God. Hear us, answer us, bless us. All we ask is in Jesus' name, and for Jesus' sake. Amen.

## **SUNDAY EVENING.**

O God the *Father*, our great Creator, our gracious preserver, who is ever loading us with loving-kindness and tender mercies—we bless You, we praise You. O God the *Son*, who by the shedding of Your most precious blood, has made us Your purchased possession, and has redeemed us from all iniquity—we bless You, we praise You. O God the *Holy Spirit*, who has taught us our need as sinners, and has revealed the finished salvation to us, and has enriched us with spiritual consolations in heavenly places—we bless You, we praise You. O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons, one God, what more could have been done for our souls and for our salvation, which You have not freely and mightily accomplished!

The heavens are high above the earth—but greater far are Your mercies to us! We cannot count the stars which bespangle the canopy of the skies, or the sands which begird the seas, or the drops which compose the ocean's boundlessness—but all these are finite, while infinity is the only measure of Your grace.

Fresh proof has encircled us this day. We have been called to sacred rest. Earthly work has ceased, respite has been ours from worldly care and toil. Your courts have opened their doors, admitting us to the holy fellowship of united worship. Your ministers have come forth to teach and to admonish, to warn us of the perils of our pilgrimage, to proclaim Jesus in the glories of His work, and to assure us of completeness in Him.

The sacred hours now reach their close. Grant that we may be thus reminded that earthly Sabbaths will soon all cease. O quicken our spirits that we may use each as if the last. Enable us to regard Your courts, as the gate of heaven, and the threshold of the eternal world. May we use our privileges with solemn thought, that the Judge stands at the door. Animate us with the precious joy, that within the veil congregations never disperse, and adorations never cease, and no flesh grows weary, and no affections flag, and no thoughts wander, and praise never droops—but the whole atmosphere is adoring love. Blessed Jesus, hasten the time! When, when will this once be?

While we thus magnify You, O God, our God, for all the precious opportunities of our Sabbath days, we beseech You to guard our minds from making any ordinances our stay or our trust. *We confess the treacherous proneness of our hearts to hew out broken cisterns, and to rest on outward helps.* Give wings to our faith, that we may rise through earthly forms and services—to Your immediate presence. May our poor enfeebled prayers show us more and more of our emptiness and vanity and sin. Deepen in us the conviction that our most fervent praises, and most lowly confessions, need to be repented of, and our bitterest tears of penitence need the washing of the only cleansing blood. Thus may our best services bring us nearer to the cross, and prompt the hearty cry, "*None but Jesus, none but Jesus!*"

Pour down Your Holy Spirit largely into our hearts, to give abiding life to the lessons of this day. May the seed take deep root, and yield abundant fruits of heavenly-mindedness to the praise of the glory of Your grace. May all who see us take knowledge of us that we have been with our God this day. May we reflect the rays of the *Sun of*



*Righteousness*, and by holy example, dispel the mists of surrounding ignorance and unbelief.

We cannot leave Your glorious throne without humbly presenting the whole family of man in the *arms of our faith*. What need, what wretchedness, what misery, what darkness, what iniquity! Who are we that we should be made to differ? We would manifest our grace—by making supplication for the graceless! How easy for You to speak the word, and *darkness* shall flee, and the *lifeless* shall live.

Blessed Jesus, You came to seek and to save the lost; bring, we beseech You, many stray sheep into Your gospel-fold.

We commend to Your special care this night the sons and daughters of sickness and affliction. Be near to dying beds. Soothe the pillows of the suffering. Speak peace to the contrite and the brokenhearted. Sprinkle *accusing consciences* with the blood of Your cross.

Be with us, when we retire from family worship, to the stillness of our own chambers. Give us boldness of access to You, and may we breathe out the inmost secrets of our souls. You know all before we speak—but help us freely to speak, that we may find relief and pardon and comfort. May we lie down at peace with You, our consciences, and all mankind. Give us faith to expect full reply. We ask all, trusting in Your grace and love. Amen.

## **MONDAY MORNING.**

Blessed Jesus, we draw near as a family with this morning's light—to laud and magnify You, our God and Savior. Help us from on high with Your Holy Spirit—for in Your light alone, can we behold the

light of Your countenance; by Your teaching alone, can we know Your precious worth. You must open our *eyes* to see, our *hearts* to feel, our *lips* to praise.

We bless You that You have revealed Jesus unto our hearts. Be it unto us according to all the breadth and length and depth and height of this Your glorious name. We are real and great sinners—may You be a real and great Jesus unto us. Be Jesus unto us—in every moment of the day on which we now are entering, in every circumstance, in our going out and coming in, in our down sitting and uprising, in our study of Your holy Word, in our converse with others, in our closet meditations. Be ever very near. We are blind as to what Your providence may ordain—but we fear no evil if You are our sun, our shield, our stay, our refuge, and our present friend. Be our Jesus in every time of need; when things are adverse, when things are prosperous, when heart and flesh fail, in the hour of closing life, when we stand before the great white throne, and throughout the ages of eternity!

We know that in us, that is, in our flesh—there dwells no good thing. We bewail our many and our mighty sins. We loathe ourselves because of our vileness, our deep and innate corruptions, and the iniquities of our every hour—from the cradle to this time. We lie in dust and ashes before Your awesome majesty! But in all our misery as sinners—we look to You and our hearts fear not. We triumph, and we glory in Your saving name. It is a treasure-house of all riches for us. Out of its fullness may we this day receive. Thus may we advance to the duties which call us, happy and strong in You, and in Your great and wondrous salvation.

Heavenly Father, grant that the sweet savor of our Sabbath privileges may continue with us throughout this day. May our profiting from

holy teaching be deep and abiding. May it be seen of all men that we are making sure progress in the narrow way of life.

We are entering anew on our allotted course, grant that we may take each new step in newness of spirit, with *hearts entirely weaned from the world, dead to outward enticements, wholly consecrated unto You*. We shall have to wrestle not with flesh and blood only—but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Fortify us with the whole armor prepared by Your grace. Garrison our hearts with heavenly aid. Let every inlet of sense be occupied by spiritual guards. Bar the gates of our fortress, that no evil may gain admittance. Keep us as the very apple of Your eye. Keep us as the vine which Your right hand has planted. Keep us by Your mighty power through faith unto eternal life. Lead us as the sheep of Your fold—in paths of righteousness for Your name's sake, making us to feed in green pastures, and to lie down beside still waters. Let Your glory brightly shine before our eyes. May Your glory be the one aim of all our words and works.

Hear us in behalf of all who ministered to Your congregations yesterday. May their own souls be abundantly nourished by the truths which their lips proclaimed. May they precede Your servants as standard-bearers of the Lord. Bless, too, all who publicly worshiped with us in the sanctuary. May we blameless and pure, children of God without fault in a crooked and depraved generation, in which we shine like stars in the universe, as we hold out the word of life.

We mutually as a family implore Your most especial blessings on each other. We are brought into this close union by Your good providence; grant that we may be fellow-helpers to each other's faith,

and spur each other to good works, and encourage each other to run with alacrity the heavenward race. May nearness to each other on earth lead to nearness in the eternal home. Smile on the hearty desires of this domestic circle; and bless us now and evermore for Your mercy's sake in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

#### MONDAY EVENING.

Gracious Lord Jesus, we adore You as truly God—all power is given unto You in heaven and in earth. Almighty Savior, accept the evening sacrifice of Your humble and most unworthy servants. From the throne of Your glory look in tender compassion on Your poor suppliants. You have died—that we may live with You forever. Help us by Your grace—that we may live with You, and to You, during the little speck of our earthly sojourn.

The close of this day reminds us that the time is short, and that the end comes on apace. Grant that we may ever stand with our lamps burning, and our loins girt. When You knock—may we open unto You immediately, and spring forward rejoicingly to welcome Your return. Pour Your Spirit so richly into our hearts, that every day may be as heaven begun—and our last day may, indeed, be heaven attained. We think of death—and we remember judgment. O You who have tasted death—in the hour of our death be with us. Let Your rod and Your staff comfort us. Let the brightness of Your presence dispel all gloom. Extend Your right hand to lead us through the *shadowy valley*. When heart and flesh fail, be the strength of our heart, and our portion forever. Let Your sweet voice sound sweetly in the ears of faith: *"It is I, be not afraid! Fear you not, for I am with you! Be not dismayed for I am your God!"*

When our ears close to earthly sounds—may heavenly melody delight us. When eyes grow dim to earth—may they open in perfect clearness on You, the altogether lovely One. Drive Satan far away. Do not allow him to harass or molest us. We are not ignorant of his malice and devices. Great will be his wrath when he sees that his time is short. His last opportunity will be his fiercest. His last darts will be most sharply barbed. We beseech You, by all Your sufferings for us on the accursed tree—spread Your shield around us. We beseech You, by Your agony and bloody sweat—defeat his last efforts, and give us a joyful and abundant entrance into Your heavenly kingdom. If it is Your blessed will, that pains should test these dissolving frames, may lamb-like patience calm our hearts; and may Your supporting arm make us more than conquerors over *nature's last throes*.

While the close of this week's first working day prompts these large desires, the review of it casts us into the lowest depths of shame. While we ask the greatest mercies—we feel that we are not worthy of the least of all Your mercies. Our merited portion is confusion of face. What duties have we left undone! Into what evil have we sadly run! Neglect of due service condemns us. Shortcomings and insufficiencies bear witness to our unprofitableness. Manifold transgressions cry, "Unclean, unclean!" We have had opportunities this day of speaking for You; they were poorly used, or wholly abused, and now they are forever fled. May Your pierced hand take of Your own blood and obliterate the record of this day's sins. Blot out as a thick cloud our transgressions, and as a cloud our sins. We plead the heaven-sent promise, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We remember the full price paid by You on the cross; and we exult in the assurance, There is therefore now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus. Thus trusting in the

work of free grace, we retire to seek Your face again on our bedside knees.

We remember, heavenly Father, our wondrous privilege of being called to make intercession for others also. *Precepts* impel—*promises* invite—*examples* give encouragement. We are taught that, "The Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends." A prayerful Christian is a world-wide blessing. How would this earth blossom and fructify exceedingly, if praying lips gave You no rest. Thus we wrestle with You for all who near and dear to us by ties of kindred, friendship, and social union. Enrich them with all grace. Grant that we may be one in Christ now, and one for evermore. May we together fight the good fight of faith, together lay hold of eternal life, together enter into the joy of our Lord. May Your grace and blessing answer, for the sake of our only Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

## **TUESDAY MORNING.**

O Eternal and most glorious Lord God, we bless You that You have given us by the *eye of faith* to see You as our Father on Your mercy-seat, and to believe that as we thus draw near to You—that You will draw near to us. Help us to crave more and more of Your presence, until Your fullness fills us wholly. We would not have one portion of our hearts unoccupied by You. In You we live, and move, and have our being. Do be pleased to live and move within us, breathing in our prayers, inhabiting our praises, speaking in our words, moving in our every movement.

It is our especial prayer this morning that You will be pleased to come, and by Your Spirit to cause our faith to grow exceedingly. Holy

Father, mightily increase this grace within us. It is of Your bounteous goodness that we believe—but still, how weak and wavering is our faith, how dim is its light, how tottering is its step, how tremulously it stands, how slow is its growth, how frequent are its backslidings! When by this time it should be *mighty* to scale the heaven of heavens, it often lies groveling in the dust. How much of *distrust* mingles with its strongest efforts! Pity our manifold infirmities. Help our vile unbelief. You have been pleased of Your free love—to kindle within us this heaven-sent *spark*. How easy for You to fan it into *glowing flame*! O Lord, hearken—for Your mercy's sake. While we mourn over our many maladies—we see that increase of faith would be the grand remedy! Our hearts are often the cage of every unclean bird, the fount of every loathsome desire, the poisonous tree of every deadly fruit, the open wayside of every earthly lust and passion. It is because our faith sleeps. Awaken it, good Lord. Bid it put forth more strength, until it brings all heaven into the soul, and all impurity is cast out.

We now go forth to intermingle with *the world*. This foe is artful to entrap us. It will approach in fascinating guise. It will extend many a gilded bait, and will present many a poisoned cup. Lord, increase our faith, and we shall scorn every painted bauble, and trample down every bewitching snare. We shall then be more than conquerors, for this is the victory which overcomes the world—even our faith.

Many duties are before us. Our callings demand firmness, energy, and zeal. We desire to work in Your vineyard this day, not slothful in any business—but as Your servants, devoted to Your cause, valiant for Your truth. We know that *love* is the working grace, and that our love will be commensurate with our faith. Let but our *faith* stride forth in giant-power, and *love* will respond and put energy into every act, and then at the close of this day, Your Spirit will bear witness

with our spirit: *well done, good and faithful servant*. Oh! receive the cry of our hearts—*increase our faith*.

Often do we mourn the absence of our beloved Lord. His smile makes earth a paradise. His voice is the sweetest music to our ears. Without Him, life is a dreary blank. Apart from Him, we stumble and fall. With Him we are strong to do all things. Why is He ever absent? He stands at the door—but it is barred by *unbelief*. If faith gives entrance, Jesus enters in, and takes up His abode. It is a true word, "Christ dwells in the heart by faith." Longing for this indwelling, we cry, *Good Lord, increase our faith*.

Our joys are at their fullest tide, when we realize that we are members of Your family. Your household is the household of faith. Without it we are strangers and aliens. We know that it is by faith in Jesus Christ that we are Your children. Increase then our faith that we may rejoice in our high relationship, and glory in our glorious inheritance.

You have strewn many precious promises up and down the Bible pages. They are flowers of sweet fragrance, when culled by faith. They are fruit of refreshing flavor, when gathered by this grace. But without it, they are empty husks. Do not allow this treasure—to be no treasure to us. May we be rich in its richness, imbibe its sweetness, feast on its preciousness, draw vigor from its manna, be strong in its strength, and happy in its joy. This cannot be without much faith. Good Lord, hear the cry of our anxious hearts, and increase our faith, through the merits and for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

**TUESDAY EVENING.**



O Lord God, our Father in heaven, preserved by Your kind providence through another brief stage of our earthly pilgrimage, we assemble around Your mercy-seat. We cannot bless You, as You deserve, for this inestimable privilege of *united access* to You. We thank You, that, vile and sin-soiled as we are, we may come into Your immediate presence, and hold this converse with You, and commune with You concerning all our matters, all our sins, and fears and hopes and desires.

Grant us more and more by Your Holy Spirit to prize the privilege of prayer. We are astonished that we poor sinners on earth may speak directly to You—the great the glorious God, on Your throne in the heaven of heavens! How wondrous the thought that our poor breathings may fly on the wings of faith, and have instant access to the ears of Your grace! We bless You that prayer moves Your right hand, by which all things were made and are upheld.

It is of Your tender compassion that we are commanded in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, to make our requests known unto You. May we yield humble obedience, and so may the peace of God which passes all understanding, may keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. We thank You, and we clasp the wondrous promise; we feel the high privilege to which it raises us: Ask and you shall have—seek and you shall find—knock and it shall be opened unto you. So grant now to us who ask. May we who seek find; open the door to us who knock; and in answer to our wrestling cry—fill us with the spirit of grace and supplication. May we pray always and not faint. May prayer be the *mold* in which our minds are framed, the *channel* in which our thoughts shall flow, the *path* in which our feet shall tread, the *watch* upon the door of our lips. May prayer be with us when we leave our morning chamber,

when we move throughout the day, when we retire to our evening rest.

Give us undoubting faith that our supplications never are in vain. May we know assuredly that if we do not obtain our *exact* petitions—that we shall have larger, richer answers; that it is Your property to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we canaskor think. Unasked, You have given the greatest of all gifts, the unspeakable gift of Your dear Son. We hence feel confident that in answer to our incessant cries, You will give us all things needful for life and godliness.

May the manner of our prayers be always *wise* and *humble* and *submissive*. When we seek nothing but the glory of Your name, the advance of the Redeemer's kingdom—may we ask boldly and expect fully. When we bring temporal matters before Your throne, may we in humble submission spread out our need, and from our inmost souls breathe out the cry, "Not as we will—but as You will."

Hear too our united supplication for the pardon of all sins which Your omniscient eye has seen in us this day. We are deeply conscious that evil cleaves to our holiest walk. We see and bewail our many transgressions and shortcomings. How many more are in the light of Your countenance. How exceeding is their magnitude before You. Enter not into judgment with us. Behold us only in Your dear Son. Regard us as sheltered from wrath—in the covert of His cleansing wounds. Accept His sacrifice on the cross as our full atonement, and as the perfect payment of our every debt.

We would mention before You all our kindred, family, and friends. May we all be bound together in the bundle of life, which is in Christ Jesus. Sanctify us all, body, soul, and spirit. May we be one now in

the bonds of the everlasting gospel—and one forever in the eternal mansions of glory.

We thank You for all who have departed this life in Your faith and fear, beseeching You to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that, this life ended, we may joy with them in Your eternal kingdom. We present these prayers, trusting only in the name of Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

### **WEDNESDAY MORNING.**

O Lord Jesus Christ, most gracious Savior, with grateful joy we come to You. We know Your boundless love. We believe that You delight over us—to bless us and to do us good. We look to Your cross, and we see how You have loved us. You have given Yourself that we should never die. Surely with Yourself You will add all needful blessings. You have left us a precious legacy of promise; surely you will open heaven wide—to pour down fulfillment.

We remember the wondrous word, "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever—even the Spirit of truth." We spread before You this most blessed pledge. We present our empty hearts before You—and we meekly beseech You to fill them with Your Holy Spirit.

We earnestly desire to be temples entirely occupied by His presence. We are blind; send Him to give us light. Darkness is around us and within us; may He say, Let there be light, and there shall be light. We believe that it is eternal life to know the Father, and You whom the Father has sent; may He brightly illumine our minds to understand with exceeding joy the Father's eternal love, the sure provisions of

the covenant of grace, and all the glories of Your finished work. May He give us faith to see our names engraved on Your heart—our souls and bodies assuredly redeemed by Your blood—our lives of sinfulness gloriously covered by Your life of pure obedience. Replenish us with His revealing grace, that we may realize our indissoluble oneness with You—that You have espoused us to Yourself forever in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies, and in faithfulness —that we are one with You as branches are one with the stem, as building is one with the foundation, and that nothing can part us from Your unchanging love.

In the midst of our sorrows—may His comforts cheer us. In all our trials—may His strength sustain us. When we are disposed to faint and be weary, may the dew of His blessing revive us. May His presence render us very fruitful trees of holiness. By His might establish within us, the reign of righteousness and peace and joy. Send Him as the Searcher of hearts to show us more of our utter corruption, that in deep self-abhorrence, realizing our worse than helplessness, we may flee to You, cling more closely to You, and receive You, as the beginning and the end, the first and the last of our salvation.

We desire to pray always, without doubting and without ceasing. So enrich us with the constant spirit of supplication, that our lives may be continuous prayer. We long to encircle You with the thanksgivings which are infinitely Your due. By Your Spirit kindle within us the undying flame of adoration, so that our heaven of praise may commence on earth, and that the endless hallelujahs may be no new song to us. So dispose our hearts, that when He shall seek us with all these blessings on His wings, we may never vex Him by our indifference and waywardness, never grieve Him by our cold welcome, never resist Him by our harsh rebellion; but may we lift up

the gates of our souls that this heavenly visitant may come in, and occupy the throne and rule forever!

Especially may Your Spirit aid us when we search the Scriptures. The depths are very deep; the heights are exceeding high. We have no *lines* to fathom, and no *wings* to soar; but by His gracious help may we be enabled to explore all truth, to love it with all our hearts, to embrace it with all our powers, and to engraft it in our lives. Thus may we daily become more spiritually-minded, which is life and peace.

These blessings, thus earnestly sought by us, grant to all whom duty and affection prompt us to remember in our prayers. Pour Your Spirit on our children, Your blessing on our offspring. Bring home to Your fold, all wanderers and outcasts. Hasten the time when You shall be adored as the one Shepherd of one flock. Accept and answer our humble petitions, for Your great name's sake. Amen.

### **WEDNESDAY EVENING.**

Ever blessed Lord God, with joy and thankfulness we again with united hearts and voices gather round You in the name of Jesus.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." Ephesians 5:16. We humbly pray that all the occurrences of this departing day may work together for our good. A little stage of life is passed. Its end should find us riper in grace—and more fit to see Your face. But we have left many duties undone—may this condemning thought strip us more and more of all self-righteousness; and deepen in us the resolve, that, if other days are ours, they shall, Your Spirit helping us—be more devoted to Your gracious service.

Past opportunities can never be recalled. They once were ours to use, and their misuse adds to our overwhelming guilt. While we plead Your dear Son's atonement as our hope of pardon—may we be quickened to more constant and watchful care. Help us to redeem the time, knowing that to us it is very short— a little speck, a span, a vanishing shadow, a fading flower. And seeing that we have no merit of our own, may we prize more intensely the inestimable merits of Christ Jesus our Lord, whom we rejoicingly receive as our wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. "Teach us to number our days aright—that we may gain a heart of wisdom." Psalm 90:12

Many temptations have beset our path. Grant that in each we may see the deceit, the subtlety, the bitter enmity, and the wily power of our deadly adversaries. May the experience of this day lead us to stand with a more wary eye on the watch-tower of faith, and to cling with more determined grasp to the almighty arm of our protecting Lord. Wherever we have fallen, may we smite upon our breasts and hide our sins beneath the Redeemer's sheltering righteousness. Wherever we have escaped, may we ascribe deliverance wholly to Your sustaining grace, and may our grateful songs exalt the Lord our Strength. If we have been permitted to do anything to the glory of Your great name, whether in word or work—be pleased to add Your effectual blessing, and multiply a thousand-fold, the seed so scantily sown!

We trust that prayers have ascended this day from our secret closets; and many aspirations from our hearts, when busied in appointed work. May You be pleased to receive them from our great Intercessor's hands, and may answers descend according to *His* prevailing worth. Bless also to our souls—every grain of truth which we have gleaned in the rich fields of Your holy Word. May they

all take deep root. May Satan steal none away. May Your heavenly dew refresh them. May Your heavenly rays ripen them. May they bear abundant fruit—to our great joy and to Your exceeding praise.

And now our wearied frames solicit sleep. Give us the restoring rest needful for the next day's toil. If dreams be ours, may no tinge of evil be intermixed. But may Your Spirit, whether we sleep or watch, make us the blessed temple of His sanctifying presence.

Throughout the wide earth, many of Your people this night are lying down in misery and pain. Their consciences accuse of sin; their minds are harassed by tormenting and foreboding thoughts; personal and relative anxieties hold their eyes waking. Permit us to commend their wretchedness to You, their great Creator and Savior. You have a balm for every wound, a solace for every anguish, a remedy for every pain, a deliverance from every impossible situation, and a peace for all disquietude.

Hear our prayer for these, Your people, and grant help. You can change their 'night of darkness' into joyful light. Holy Spirit, reveal Jesus to them—which will give them unmixed blessedness. We thus implore You, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

#### **THURSDAY MORNING.**

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Your name in all the earth! You have set Your glory above the heavens. From Your high throne behold with gracious eye—Your humble servants. We would not cross the threshold of this day without committing ourselves, our souls and bodies, all our concerns, and all our friends—to Your guardian care. We know that we are not our own; we desire to be

wholly Yours. Watch over us, keep us, guide us, direct us, sanctify us, and bless us. Incline our hearts to delight in Your holy ways.

As the potter frames the clay—may You mold us wholly into the blessed image of Jesus! Make us vessels of honor, fitted for Your service. May our lips, as well-tuned harps, sound the sweet melody of Your heavenly praise. May all around take knowledge of us—that we have been much with Jesus—that we are dead to earthly vanities—crucified with Christ—yet living by Your Spirit—trampling the world beneath our spurning feet—having no conformity to lying vanities—but entirely transformed by the renewing of our minds—clad in the whole armor of God—shining as lights in the dark world—and having "holiness to the Lord" conspicuous on our brow!

We do not know with what matters, we may be intermingled with this day. Let no evil soil our hands. Help us, as we pass along the miry paths of life—to keep our garments pure from all spot and stain. While transacting needful concerns, may our affections be high in heaven with You. As the flame tends upward, so may the fire of heavenly love in our souls, kindled and fanned by Your Holy Spirit—be ever ascending in brighter and purer blaze!

Keep our gaze immovably fixed, not on the things which are seen—but on the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal—but the things which are unseen are eternal. Open our eyes to see "emptiness, fragility and mockery" inscribed on all earth's vanities! They cannot satisfy! As a shadow—they depart and flee away! While we grasp them—they are gone! May we view all things in the 'mirror of eternity!'

Impress on us the solemn truth, that in a little while, "the heavens will disappear with a roar; the elements will be destroyed by fire, and the earth and everything in it will be laid bare!" May we move



through this world, with our eyes watching for the sign of the Son of man in the heavens. May our ears be ever listening for the last trumpet's peal, and may we be looking for and hastening unto the new heavens and new earth wherein righteousness dwells. May one aspiration ever swell within our hearts, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

We know not who of our fellow-men shall cross our path this day. Give us the persuasion that You will order all our interactions with them according to Your all-ruling wisdom. May mutual good be gained and done by us. May we look on everyone as sent by You—*with*, or *for*, a blessing. Forbid it, O gracious Lord, that we should not be *profited* and *profitable*. At the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ, may we bless You for grace brought to us by Your servants this day. And may others bless You for grace communicated through *us*. Guide us by Your counsel that we may speak each word as our last word, and step each step as our last step. May we go in and out holding our lives in open hand, ready to be surrendered at Your call. If this day should be our last, may it be our best. May earth's farewell be abundant entrance to Your everlasting kingdom. Hearken and do, most blessed God, for Christ's sake. Amen.

#### **THURSDAY EVENING.**

Holy Father, who is like unto You, glorious in holiness, keeping mercy for thousands; forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin! If Your mercy had any limits—where could we find refuge from our deserved wrath? But Your love in Christ Jesus is without measure and without end, therefore we poor sinners now live before You, to bow in worship at Your throne.

We present ourselves in deep humility. Sins of omission, sins of commission, sins against You our Heavenly Father, sins against Your beloved Son our adorable Redeemer, sins against the strivings of Your Holy Spirit, sins against the dictates of a warning conscience, sins against the precepts of Your blessed Word, sins against our neighbors and ourselves, sins at home and abroad—testify that we have been this day, unprofitable servants and vile transgressors!

Enter not into judgment with us. We plead no righteousness of our own. We cloak no iniquity. We spread out the hours of this day before You—as black with evil. Our earnest prayer is for pardon, through the meritorious death of Him who died for us, and now lives at Your right hand, to make intercession for our guilty souls and bodies.

At the close of each day, we are constrained to renew our penitence. How often have we vowed that our love would burn more brightly, our service would be more sincere, and our lives more devoted. We leave our chambers with pious resolve to be wholly Yours—but we soon stumble and backslide, and return to confess our weakness, misery, and sin.

Forever blessed be Your holy name—that the finished work of Jesus needs no addition from our doings! If the slightest merit were needed at our hands, our agonized cry must be, "Lost, ruined and undone!" Heaven could never be ours. We must go from hence—to everlasting destruction, away from Your presence—to lie down among the wailings of the outcasts! But we adore You for Christ our all, and we plead His full, perfect, and sufficient atoning sacrifice.

But we feel, that though our works can never justify—yet still their abundance should show forth Your praise, and exhibit *evidence* that Your Spirit has called us to Your faith and fear, and to pure and

loving and unceasing service. Enable us, we beseech You, if future days should be ours, to amend our lives according to Your holy Word. Increase in us hatred and abhorrence of all evil. Strengthen us to flee the sins which we confess. Make us more resolute, more watchful, more prayerful. Open our eyes to the snares ever before our feet, and help us to escape them, through the knowledge of Him who has called us to glory and virtue.

Of Your free grace grant, we beseech You, that no evil *fruits* may spring up from the evil *seeds* which our unwary hands have strewn. Let no fellow-creature be hardened in *vanity* and *folly*—by our lack of holy living. If we have been ashamed this day of Christ and His Word, pardon our unfaithfulness, and give us opportunity to repair the neglect. If any words from our lips have shown unkindness, malice, envy, or lack of love, grant that they may be no stumbling-block in the way of others. May no unadvised speech or hasty temper in us bring dishonor to Your sacred name. Oh that our upright example may ever rebuke vice and allure to godliness, and give evidence that the ways of Christ are lovely!

Bless with Your enriching grace—every effort made by us to make known Your saving truth. Hear and answer all our prayers for ourselves and others.

Into Your hands we now commit ourselves, our souls, our bodies, for You have redeemed us O Lord, O God of truth. Keep all evil far away. May refreshing slumber, if it be Your gracious will, soothe and restore our powers. Give ministering spirits charge to watch around us. We earnestly implore, that our every thought may be holiness to You. For Your name's sake—send us not empty away. We crave acceptance in the merits of Christ our Savior. Amen.

## FRIDAY MORNING.

Father of all mercies—be all mercy unto us. The *light* returns—but without *Your* light within, no profit can outward light afford. Give us the saving light of Your Holy Spirit, that we may see You as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of our salvation, the delight of our souls, rejoicing over us with joy, resting in Your love.

The gift of this day will *bring* us, we trust—nearer to heaven. May it *raise* us higher in heaven. May our eternity be happier, our hallelujahs louder, because of the grace now given and rightly used. We especially commend our wicked and deceitful hearts to Your watchful care. We know their treachery. We cannot keep them. Guard their every portal, lest the wily serpent should sneak in. Give us quick discernment of his deadly arts. If he approaches us as an *angel of light*—may we detect the bold disguise, and bid him, "Be gone!"

Help us to realize that opportunities quickly fly away—never more to return. May all our words and works allure others to the highest walks of faith and love. May the loiterers be quickened by our example, to an increase of diligence. May worldlings be won to the pure delight of spiritual acquaintedness with You. May our zeal for Jesus and His truth warn the timid and irresolute of the fearful doom of those who are ashamed of Him. Cause us to be such *mirrors of Your grace* that all may see in us how good and joyful a thing it is to live in the service of our God.

May we rejoice to remember that You, O God, see us! Come, Holy Spirit, our souls inspire, and so uncloak the empty vanity of all earthly things, that no conformity to its baubles may bespatter us with mire. Utterly transform us by the renewing of our minds. May our lips be as well tuned cymbals, sweetly sounding Your praise. May

a halo of heavenly-mindedness sparkle around us. We are invited to precious delights. The banqueting-house of Your Word is wide open. The voice of the heavenly spouse calls us: "Eat, O friends; drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved. Eat that which is good, and let your souls delight themselves in fatness!" Quicken us to arise and come apart, and regale ourselves amid the rich refreshment of gospel-promises. May we sit down under our Lord's shadow with great delight, and may we find His fruit sweet to our taste.

Help us to have compassion on the ignorant, and on those who are out of the holy way, remembering the misery of past days, when darkness blinded *our* eyes. Enable us tenderly to warn, and with yearning hearts—to draw them from *destruction's crowded way*.

We thank You for Your heart-stirring Word, which converts the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.

Time is very short. Soon our last grain will fall through the hour-glass! Grant that we may gather up the *fragments* which remain, that no more may be lost!

Be with those who through sickness, age, infirmity, or other disability—cannot labor in Your vineyard. Remind us that our activities may soon similarly fade. Give them the calm joy of holy meditation, and by their prayers may they call down blessings on the warfaring camp and the wayfaring pilgrims. Thus may every member of the Church in his vocation and ministry, joyfully and truly serve You.

Regard with Your especial favor, those connected with us by the ties of kindred and Christian love. Bless all whose friendship cheers us, and whose kindness is a sunbeam to our path. Supply all their needs

according to Your riches in glory by Christ Jesus. If there are any who have ill-will towards us, take it out of their hearts, and turn their enmity to love. Never allow us to be overcome of evil—but to overcome all evil with good. If any curse us—may we bless them, knowing that we are thereunto called, that we should inherit a blessing.

O King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be glorified in us and by us this day and forever, through Jesus Christ our Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

### **FRIDAY EVENING.**

O Eternal God, who alone has immortality, ever living in glory, unchanged, unchangeable, bend down Your ear to hear. Hearken and bless us. Grant that the morning light and the evening shade may alike write lessons of wisdom on our hearts. May the close of another day teach us the rapid flight of time. Truly our life is but a *vapor*. How soon will our sojourn on earth be done. As the spilled water cannot be gathered up, so *lost opportunities* no more return.

Pardon us that we have so poorly used the hours which have just fled. Pardon us that we have so failed to do Your work and to advance Your glory. We humble ourselves as *most unprofitable servants*. Our best doings are but filthy rags. Our worst doings, how hateful they must be to You, in whose sight the very heavens are not clean. In shame we now hide ourselves in our great Redeemer's wounds. Clinging to His cross, we supplicate forgiveness of every committed sin and of every omitted duty.

All glory to Your holy name, that Jesus is revealed to us as the Lord our Righteousness. Accept His obedience—for our disobedience, to

the praise of the glory of Your grace. Grant that the *beds* which we now approach may remind us that *graves* will soon open for us. As our eyes are now about to close in sleep—so they will soon close on this earthly scene. May our frequent lying down make us familiar with the image of *death*. May we alvway be ready, waiting for admittance to Your immediate presence.

Grant that the love of heavenly things may so engross our minds, that attachment to earthly things may utterly become extinct. Our treasure is not here in this poor world. Where our treasure is, surely our affections should be placed. Enable us to reflect that our life is in Your hands. May we then hold it loosely in our hand, prepared for Your recall. We willingly endure pain and suffering to recruit for a moment our transitory health, shall we shrink from the pains of death, which introduce us to the freshness of eternal youth?

Send down Your Holy Spirit to reveal to us all the fullness of the truth, that the blessed Jesus has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. Gracious Savior, proclaim to the ears of our faith, "I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in Me, even if he dies, will live. Everyone who lives and believes in Me will never die—ever". We desire to retire this night in full assurance, that yet a little while, and He who shall come will come and will not tarry; and that when Christ who is our life shall appear—then we also shall appear with Him in glory!

All glory be to You for these precious hopes. All honor be to You for the gospel of the glory of Your grace. All praise be to You for Your unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ. All thanks for the love of the Spirit, who has translated us from darkness into this marvelous light. For truly our fellowship is with the Father said with His Son Jesus Christ.

O You who have showered so many blessings upon earth this day, withhold not Your mercies in the night season. Darkness is not darkness to You—but day and night are both alike. Your gracious hand never wearies. Your power needs no repose. Refresh, we beg You, the multitudes who now lie down wearied and worn out. Keep feverish unrest from those whom sleepless pillows now await. Be their song when all around is silent. Strengthen those who are called to watch by the beds of the sick and suffering and dying. Make them the happy ministers of comfort and peace.

Throughout this night many prayers will be poured forth. Hear them, answer them, send in response the comforts of Your Spirit. Some are constrained to travel—be by their side. Some are tossed on the billows of the sea; if the stormy wind shall arise, may their souls find sweet calm in You. Thus we commend to You all the needs of all Your redeemed people. We bless You that we may thus plead for them. Show Yourself, we beg You, the God of all grace and love and power for the glory of Your name in Jesus Christ. Amen.

### **SATURDAY MORNING.**

Another morning, O our God, now dawns. It is the last morning of this week, and it may be the last morning of our earthly course. In the review of all the blessings of the past days, we thank You; and we mourn from our inmost souls that our praises are so feeble and graceless. Pity us for Christ's sake. In Him, Your mercy exceeds all bounds, and survives all time. In Him, be ever a God of mercy unto us.

In the uncertainty of what is ordered for us, we place ourselves entirely in Your fatherly arms. We cry 'Abba, Father!' and we



confidently implore the children's blessing. If we live through this day, may our lives be the high happiness of serving You. Work in us to will, work in us to do, according to Your good pleasure.

We are blind—be our light. We are ignorant—be our wisdom. We are steeped in selfishness—pluck all self out of us. Make us followers of Your dear Son who pleased not Himself. May it be our food and drink to do Your will. Thus may we finish our course with gladness. Open our ears very quickly to hear Your Spirit's voice. Without one halting pause may we run delightedly after His beckoning hand. Melt our consciences, that no hardness may remain. Make them tenderly alive to evil's slightest touch. If the enemy approaches, quicken our steps to flee into the wounds of Jesus as our sure refuge. Sheltered in the ark of safety, may we cease to tremble at all alarms. May the good Shepherd lead us this day into the green pastures of His refreshing Word, and cause us to lie down beside the rivers of His comforts. Fill us with Your peace, which passes all understanding, that no disquieting gales from the world may ruffle the calm surface of our souls. In all our needful fellowship with men, enable us to act as servants faithful to their King in heaven, and as entrusted with a blessing for others. May many be the better, and none the worse—that our lips are not yet silent in the grave. Help us never to be ashamed of the gospel of Your grace. May men read in us, that it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believes.

Blessed Lord God, make this a blessed day to your redeemed people. Cause the devil to tremble, because Your power is gone forth mightily to save. Call forth sorrow unto repentance never to be repented of. Give new life which never shall be extinct. Put happy songs into many mouths, which shall sound throughout eternity.

For the good of our own souls, and for the good of Your whole Church, we pray especially for those whom You have called to be ministers of Your truth. Give them calm hours to equip for work. Call them to undisturbed communion with You. Shut out the world and all its matters from their holy meditations. Help them to draw water from the deep wells of salvation, with which to refresh the flocks. May they taste themselves, and inwardly digest the truths which You shall teach them to proclaim. May they stand in their pulpits as true men of God, as very ambassadors for Christ. May their every sentence be deeply imbued with the Spirit of the Lord, and thoroughly baptized in His blood. May they plead as dying men with dying men, using each opportunity as the last. Let the world see that You will work, and none shall effectually hinder. Roll away the reproach from pulpits that insipidity and ignorance are sometimes found, where zeal should burn and knowledge should abound. As the message of Christ exceeds all other themes, so may it be uttered in eloquence thrilling from enlightened hearts. Let not the enticing words of man's wisdom be sought—but may the Spirit's power give dignity and success.

Hear our prayers too, for those who shall this day make holy preparation to take the teaching place in Sunday schools. Enable them to feel their high position rightly, and duly to estimate each recurring opportunity. Help them to instruct with wrestling prayer, knowing that You alone can command the blessing —with glowing love for souls, feeling that one soul saved outweighs in worth all worlds —with tender patience, remembering Your wondrous long-suffering towards them —with lively faith, believing that no word of truth can ever sound in vain. Bless them. Bless their numerous classes. Cause our schools to shine as centers of gospel-light, and let the Word of the Lord have free course and be glorified through many

regenerate parishes. We ask in full faith of abundant answers in Jesus Christ. Amen.

## **SATURDAY EVENING.**

Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit—*we meekly knock at mercy's gate*. Father, unto You we cry. Blessed Jesus, Your name we plead. Holy Spirit, by Your help we venture near.

How solemn is all prayer! How more than solemn is a family's last prayer on the last evening of a concluded week. Prayer drew back the curtains of its first day. May prayer now close the door.

What penitence, confusion, shame befit us! This week accumulates our mass of guilt. It proves us offenders at every *moment* and in every *act*. If our past hours are weighed in the scales of justice, we must lie low, convicted and undone. The voice of Your righteous law proclaims our manifold transgressions. Condemning conscience mournfully assents. But, gracious Savior, in You we have redemption through Your blood, even the forgiveness of our sins. O Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world, grant us Your peace. O Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. O Christ hear us. Lord have mercy upon us. Christ have mercy upon us.

Why was Your cross erected—but to be our refuge! Why did Your blood stream—but to wash us clean! Why did You become our surety—but that Your death might be ours! Why is Your name Jesus—but because it is Your property to save! We call upon You, that all the purposes of Your grace may be in us abundantly fulfilled. We come unto You. You have said, him who comes unto Me—I will never cast out. Receive us then to Your uttermost salvation.

If we see tomorrow's light, we shall commence a new week. May it be in newness of heart. Repair now with refreshing sleep, our weary powers. Send sweet repose to restore what toil and cares have weakened. Do not allow Satan to molest our rest, or to disquiet with unwelcome thoughts. Pour vigor into our minds, that tomorrow in public and in private we may wrestle with You, as men striving for life, bold to grasp You until our cups overflow. Grant that we may awake from slumbers fresh for every holy exercise, fervent in spirit, alert for Your worship. May no languor oppress. May no intrusive recollections carry us back to a renounced world.

We beseech You also to watch around the couches of Your faithful ministers. Strengthen their energy of body. Give them needful activity of mind. Enable them to go forth a mighty army against the powers of darkness. Animate them with strong arm to unfurl the banner of the Cross. Help them with untiring zeal to deal closely with the consciences of men. With unwearied ardor may they sound aloud the great Redeemer's dying love. Send forth Your Holy Spirit in the gospel's conquering message. Let spiritual blessings fall, and the name of Jesus triumph gloriously.

Thus this week ends. The close reminds us that to each of us, that the race of life is well-near finished. This may be our last united prayer. Hear us then, when in the name of Christ we supplicate the everlasting pardon of all the sins of each and all of us now prostrate before Your throne. May full salvation be our common portion. May the righteousness of God be our robe through all the ages of eternity. May heaven be our one home forever. May our united song increase the praises which shall have no end.

Counteract all the evil which our commissions and omissions have tended to produce. Overrule all matters in which we have had

concern wholly to Your glory. Grant that earth may not be worse because our feet have trod it. May we now look round as if our eyes should see this world no more. Do not allow us to bear away from this Your mercy-seat any unforgiving temper or unholy passion. Hallow us throughout, as pure temples of the Holy Spirit.

Give us the blessings which we crave. Give us much more, even all that the merits of Your Son have purchased, and all that the everlasting covenant of grace provides. Pour all heaven into our longing hearts. We would forget none who claim our prayers. Do for them even as for us. Guide them by Your counsel. Receive them to Your glory. Accept our tribute of adoration offered in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## **SECOND WEEK**

### **SUNDAY MORNING.**

O God, You are our God—early will we seek You. It is our joy and our delight, our highest privilege and our glorious honor, to approach in the name of Jesus Your throne of grace. We come with filial confidence, and cry unto You, 'Abba, Father!' Our hearts are too narrow to comprehend the riches of Your adopting love. Our lips fail when we strive to utter just praise. But hear us when we wrestle with You for larger supplies of Your Holy Spirit to enable us to realize our high estate.

We were once dead in trespasses and sins. But now our eyes are open to behold in part Your glory, and lips no longer dumb, hold sacred converse with You. We were strangers and outcasts—slaves in the

prison-house of Satan—rebels against Your righteous rule—ignorant of Your gospel-love. But You have brought us near by the blood of Your dear Son. You have softened the heart of enmity. You have called us to be Your children by the faith of Jesus. You have admitted us into Your own family, and made us heirs of Your kingdom, and joint-heirs with Christ! Oh that we might love You—as You love us! Oh that we might walk worthy of You our God, and of Your heavenly calling! Oh that we might reflect the image of the Lord Jesus.

The gates of Your earthly sanctuary are now open to us. We are called to unite with Your favored children in public avowal that we are Yours. We are invited to lift up the voice of common prayer and praise with the multitude who keep holy day. We hear Your Spirit's animating call, "Oh come let us sing unto the Lord! Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation! Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms!" Help us as obedient children, to draw near unto You. May we see Your beauty and Your glory with the clear eye of faith. May we feel Your Spirit's mighty power in our hearts. May a live coal from the heavenly sanctuary touch our lips. May we find that we are the called of the Lord, free and strong to wrestle with You as the patriarch of old. May we rise far above earth, and have large foretaste of our heavenly home.

We remember with shame, that often our *knees* have bowed when our *hearts* have been unhumbled. Our confessions of *misery as sinners* have often been an empty sound. *In the deep sense of our guilt—we fly for refuge into the wounded side of Jesus.* Under the shelter of His cross we supplicate pardon for the past, and help in the worship of this day.

Except Your Spirit shall mightily move in us—no inward fire will kindle. O blessed Jesus, remember Your gracious Word. Do as You have said. Be present where Your people meet, and cause Your nearness to be felt. Especially clothe Your own Word with divine power. May it shine as a light from heaven, revealing You. Gird Your sword upon Your thigh, O most mighty, with Your glory and Your majesty. And in Your majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness.

When Satan shall draw near to infuse coldness and slumber, and careless wanderings into our minds, or to carry away the good seed—may You rebuke him, and drive him far away. Be a wall of fire round about Your congregations, and the glory in their midst.

Heavenly Father, bless all who shall teach Your Word this day, whether in the pulpit, in the school, in visits to the sick, or beside the dying bed. May they receive from You what they shall dispense to others. May their own souls richly feed on the good provisions which from Your storehouse they bring forth. May it be clearly evident that *their* feet firmly walk in the narrow way to which they invite others. May they brightly shine in that light which they labor to diffuse.

Thus may there be showers of spiritual blessings on this weary earth. Water with fructifying dew all the good truth which shall be scattered. May the fruits of salvation be abundant. May the everlasting songs be augmented. Bind in closer bonds of love—pastors to their flocks, and flocks to their pastors, and all to You. Kindle mutual prayer for common weal. May they joy in each other's joy, strengthen in each other's strength, and be comforted in each other's comfort. Hear our prayer. Hasten Your kingdom. Bless us for the sake of Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

## **SUNDAY EVENING.**

Lord Almighty, as a family we commenced this day on bended knees; as a family, on bended knees we close it. Prayer opened the portals, let prayer now bar them. In humble faith we asked Your presence and Your grace. For Your presence and Your grace we now give thanks. We began, looking to the Savior; looking to the Savior we conclude.

We felt our need with morning light, we feel it not less at evening's shade. We early smote upon our breasts as miserable sinners; as miserable sinners we smite again. Through all our lives no day has passed which has not proved us guilty in Your sight. The record of every moment—is a record of transgression. But this day the iniquity of *holy things* adds to our condemnation. Sanctuary-hours accuse us. Prayers have been uttered, while hearts have been prayerless. Praise has been often praiseless sound. Our best services are but as filthy rags. We utterly renounce them. They are unworthy of You, our God. We bewail them as bearing witness to the evil which dwells within us. When the spirit is willing—the flesh is weak. We do not *worship* You as we ought. We do not *serve* You as we would. "All of us have become like something unclean, and all our righteous acts are like filthy rags; all of us wither like a leaf, and our iniquities carry us away like the wind!" Isaiah 64:6. Be merciful, be merciful unto us—whose only hope is in Your unfailing mercy.

Blessed Jesus, we hide ourselves in the sure covert of Your wrath-appeasing wounds! Our sins rise higher than the heavens—but Your merits in our behalf surpass the very heaven of heavens! Our unrighteousness would weigh us down to hell—but Your glorious righteousness exalts us to Your heavenly throne! All things in us call



for our damnation—but all things in You demand our acceptance. We appeal, then, from Your throne of perfect justice—to Your throne of boundless grace! Grant us to hear Your voice assuring us: that by Your stripes we are healed; that You have been bruised for our iniquities; that You have been made sin for us—that we might have Your divine righteousness; and that all our vile and grievous iniquities, are forgiven and buried in the ocean of Your sin-concealing blood! We are guilty—yet pardoned! We are lost in ourselves—yet fully saved in You!

We pray especially for all our fellow-worshippers. Pardon their shortcomings, even as we beseech You to pardon ours. Give them contrite hearts, even as we seek broken-heartedness for ourselves. Enable them to close this day clinging to the cross, even as we now seek safety and repose beneath its shelter. Hear our cry, too, for all the congregations throughout earth's breadth. Accept and answer the prayers which Your Holy Spirit has breathed within them. You search the hearts and know what is the mind of the Spirit. Let, then, floods of descending grace enrich a weary world. Your treasury will not be lessened. Your people will be enlarged and cheered. Great will be their gain without decrease in You.

We pray for blessings upon blessings on all the ministers of Your sacred truth, who know nothing among their people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Let not Your word return unto You void. You have kindled the light of life, and set it in the world's gloom. Cause it, with increasing brightness, to outshine all mists of ignorance and superstition. Satan sees it, and trembles. He hates it, and would gladly extinguish it. Defeat his cruel wiles. Show that gospel-rays are far mightier than all powers of darkness.

In the riches of Your love You have opened the springs of heavenly knowledge in this wilderness world. Keep the stream pure from the *corruption of man's traditions and vain conceits*. May every drop sparkle like crystal. May it flow clear and unsullied as mountain-snow. May it refresh as the morning-dew, The prince of this world strives to poison it with *mixtures* of all kinds of error. We look to You to keep the fountain of Your Word healthful and unadulterated.

Guard with Your preserving care the vine which Your right hand has planted. Do not allow the wild boar of the forest to lay it waste, nor the little foxes to spoil the tender grapes. Add to Your Church daily such as shall be saved. These prayers for ourselves, Your ministers, Your people, we humbly offer in the faith and name of Jesus Christ, and trusting only in His saving merits. Amen.

## **MONDAY MORNING.**

Holy Father, Almighty God, behold us as a little company on our knees before You. Regard us in tender love—for Jesus' sake. Bend down Your ear—and grant Your smile. Another working week begins. We commence it, adoring You for the refreshment to mind and body of yesterday's rest. All praise be to Your gracious care for replenishing our souls from the storehouse of Your Word.

May we now go forth to the duties of our calling strong in the might of Your truth, nourished by the sincere milk of Your gospel. Let Your Word be held fast by us, and may we feast on it, and may it be the very joy and rejoicing of our hearts. Concerning the works of men, by the words of Your lips keep us from the paths of the destroyer. Wherever our feet are set, may our thoughts be high with You—on

the mount of meditation. Enable each one of us in spirit to testify, "Oh! how I love Your law, it is ray meditation all the day long!" Teach us the happy art of attending to temporal things—with minds intent on eternal things. In all our needful employ, help us to set You, our God, before us, and to walk on earth as seeing Him who is invisible. Grant that all occurrences this day may draw us nearer to our heavenly Father, and bring down more of heaven into our hearts.

We are strangers and pilgrims here. Give us the stranger's indifference. Let our hands hold the pilgrim's staff. Let our march be Zion-ward—watching for our dear Lord's return—listening for the archangel's shout, and the last trumpet's clang—prepared to lift up our heads with joy, knowing that *His coming* will be the day of our consummated redemption.

O our God, we desire to give our hearts unto You, now, and for this week, without one shadow of reserve. We beseech You take full possession of them. Expel mightily every opposing foe. Crush every rebel lust. Mortify each traitorous passion. Annihilate each earth-born desire. Our hearts are Yours—for You have created them. They are Yours—for You have redeemed them by the most precious blood of Your only begotten Son. They are Yours—because in free love You have renewed them by Your Holy Spirit. They are Yours—because You have conquered them by Your grace. They are Yours—because we willingly surrender them to You. Claim them, we beseech You, as Your own heritage. Occupy them wholly by Your presence. Exclude every intruding rival. Reign supreme within them.

We would love You now, and forevermore, with all our hearts, and all our souls, and all our might, and all our strength. You are worthy of infinitude of adoration, far beyond what our dull hearts can yield. Is love among men awakened by genius, wisdom, worth, and seeming

perfection? You are the very perfection of all perfections. All intellect is derived from You. Our scanty *rivulets* flow from Your unfathomable *fountain*. *Compared with You—the sun is darkness, all beauty is deformity, all knowledge is folly, the best goodness is most faulty*. You, the great Creator, who inhabits eternity, are high above all creatures. So invigorate our love, that it may worthily rise to You and tightly entwine itself around You.

Bless all with whom we shall have interchange of thought. May *Christ in them* teach us. May *Christ in us* give grace to them. Thus may we be fellow-helpers to each other's faith. We know not the effect of any utterance. We humbly beg You, that Your Holy Spirit may suggest each word, and sanctify it to the use of edifying. Enable us, as the salt of the earth, to purify and check corruption. Help us, as flowers in the garden of the Lord, to diffuse holy fragrance.

If in our daily matters we shall have contact with the ungodly, worldly, or profane, may we receive no hurtful taint—but may we rather allure them to the more excellent way. If provocations should assail, may we keep our mouths, as it were, with a bridle, and overcome evil with good. We know the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of man's heart. We fear, therefore, lest any evil should lurk undetected within our heart. We beseech You search us thoroughly by Your Spirit, and lead us in the way everlasting.

Bless with especial favor, all who pray for us. Answer their prayers, and recompense them a thousand-fold into their bosoms. Bless those who ask our prayers. Enrich them according as their need shall be. Accept this morning's sacrifice of prayer and praise. It is our bounden duty. We worship in the great Redeemer's name. Amen.

## MONDAY EVENING.

Heavenly Father, by Your Holy Spirit, help us now to pray. *We feel our weakness, our ignorance, our deep corruptions.* Without You, no thought is good. Without You, our words cannot ascend to heaven. But trusting in Your dear Son—we come to bless and praise You, O You who are the author and giver of all good things, for Your gracious care of us throughout the hours of this departing day. We are vile earth and miserable sinners—but You have magnified Your grace in crowning us with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

We thank You for the full stream of *temporal* blessings which has gladdened our dwelling. We thank You for the sweet *air* which has refreshed our frames, for the *light* of Your glorious sun, for the *food* which has renewed our strength, for the *clothing* which clothes us, for the *dwelling* which shelters us. No extreme heat smites us. No extreme cold benumbs us. Things animate, things inanimate, minister to our comfort. Do not allow us to be insensible to these mercies, because they are our daily portion. Enable us to read in each—a Father's love. The withdrawal of the least of these common favors would fill us with misery and distress. If Your providential care should relax—plague and pestilence and famine and all the countless tribes of woe might settle on our land.

Gathered together this evening, free from all external troubles, secure, at ease, and in peace—we humbly desire to bring the tribute of thanksgiving. We present ourselves, our bodies, all we are, and all that is within us—as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto You, which is our reasonable service. High as is Your hand in *bestowing mercies*, so high is it in *averting evil*. In every spectacle of another's woe, may we deeply recognize our immunity, solely through Your distinguishing love. Let every sight of sorrow deepen in us gratitude,

for unmerited exemption. When tidings reach us in our sheltered homes of catastrophes and accidents abroad, may our grateful hearts respond, "He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High, shall dwell under the shadow of the Almighty."

While we thus adore You for temporal protection, help us to raise our voices higher still in recording *spiritual* support. We thank You that in full warmth of filial faith, we look up this evening and cry Abba, Father. If Your Holy Spirit had withdrawn His cheering presence, darkness and doubts would have obscured our hopes. We might have been sinking in deep waters, where there is no standing. The enemy might have come in like a flood. The night of despondency might have blackened around us. But through grace—we retain our confidence, which has great recompense of reward. This proceeds solely from Your goodness. We render thanks.

We know by sad experience the power, and craft, and malignity of our spiritual adversary. If this day he has not affrighted us as a roaring lion—it is solely because You have restrained him. If he has not laid wait as an adder in our path—it is because of the prevention of Your interposing arm. All the artillery of hell might have been directed against us. What wounds might we have received! Crippled and downcast—we might have gone mourning to our graves. But You have been our shield, therefore we will sing with adoring lips, "The Lord is our rock, and our fortress, and our deliverer; our God, our strength, in whom we will trust; our buckler, and the horn of our salvation, and our high tower."

To our *praises* we add humble *prayers*. Your mercies are new at evening and at morning. Great is Your faithfulness. May Your guardian-care continue now when night's shadows fall. Help us while

we helpless lie. Around our dwelling set angelic hosts to watch. Let no alarms disturb our peace. Let no foes invade our home.

Our wearied frames require repose. Grant us sweet rest. Let grateful slumbers close our eyes. While consciousness remains, let our thoughts hold converse with our God. If this night our souls are summoned to depart, may they be swiftly borne to our eternal rest.

But if we leave our beds again, may we be renewed to love You more, and refreshed to serve You better. Extend these blessings to all our absent relatives and friends. We commend all to Your tenderest love. May they all close this day at peace with You, through the atoning death of Jesus. May they lie down happy in conscience through the blood of sprinkling. And if they rise tomorrow, may it be to walk before You in newness of life. May these prayers ascend, through the merits of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## **TUESDAY MORNING.**

Give ear, O ever-watchful Shepherd of Your flock—lead us, guide us, safely tend us this day. Without Your restraining rod—we shall err and stray like lost sheep. Hedge up our paths, lest we be misled into the unwholesome pastures of the world, and drink of its poisonous streams. Direct our feet, lest we be entangled by some secret snare of the devil, or stumble into his hidden pitfalls. Encircle Your fold by Your protecting power, that the roaring lion may not devour, nor any cruel foe assail. Remember Your ransomed flock. Protect, preserve it as the purchase of Your dear Son's blood.

O Lord, we beseech You now to defend us, not only from outward adversaries—but especially from ourselves! We have foes which

cleave closer to us than our very skin. We cannot escape them. Help us to elude their enticing wiles. In public and in private, when we come in or go out, whether we rise up or sit down—they cling to our side. Deliver us from their constant baits and traps. The old man yet lives within us and is powerful. Help us to nail him to the cross of Jesus. We earnestly desire to put him off with all his foul deeds, and to put on the new man, which is created in righteousness and true holiness. If You speak the word—the victory is ours!

But our own strength is less than weak. In our flesh there dwells no good thing—it is the vile abode of every corrupt desire. It is the den in which all vile passions lurk. It lusts against the Spirit. Left to ourselves, we fall. But Your Spirit is omnipotent. Oh! then, bid Your Spirit to arise in all His might, and crush indwelling opponents!

How often do we mourn that, when we would do good, evil is present with us. The good that we would do—we cannot do; the evil that we would not do—that we do. We look to You to deliver us from the body of this death. Strengthen us with heavenly aid in the inner man, lest we faint and be weary in the conflict—and yield to our bosom-foes. The enemy is within the citadel! Come with Your almighty power and subdue him. Enable us, therefore, by Your Spirit, to mortify all the deeds of the body. Those who are Christ's, have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.

O Jesus, we are Yours! Other lords have had dominion over us—but now we are Your willing servants. Come, then, O You who are our Lord, pierce to the death—utterly destroy—abolish in us every particle of carnal self!

O You whom our souls love, we are grieved that Your enemies so widely rule below. We regard Your foes as our foes—Your victories as our victories—Your triumphs as our triumphs—Your glory as our



glory. When will Your presence regenerate the earth? When will Your reign of righteousness and purity and peace be established? When will evil vanish before Your bright beams? When will Your descending chariot drive Satan into blackness of darkness forever? We love Your appearing, and we cry, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

But while You are pleased to delay, infuse life into every effort to extinguish vice. Fill with Your Spirit all who sit on thrones of supremacy and might. May they reign as they who own Your higher reign. May they wear the crown as they who seek the crown eternal. Especially bless the Queen who is called in Your good providence to wield the scepter of these realms. Grant to her, and her fellow-potentates, that out of godly hearts they may devise godly measures. Grant also, to all who exercise subordinate authority that their desires may be righteous; their counsels wise; their aims sincere. May they seek first Your kingdom and Your righteousness, and thus obtain all other things.

Teach us to yield obedience to them, as to Your appointed ministers. In thrones and principalities may we see Your ordinance for our good. May we show all godly submission, as instructed in Your Word. Thus may our lives be quiet and peaceable in all godliness and honesty. You who hear prayer, hear us, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

## **TUESDAY EVENING.**

God Almighty, heavenly Father, at the close of this day multitudes surround Your throne with praises on their lips. None can have cause

to exceed us in thanksgiving. Grant that no grateful fervor may surpass our adoring warmth.

Your eye of love has never failed to watch us. But our eyes have turned from You, to countless vanities. We smite upon our breasts before You, and bewail our waywardness and folly. Your gracious hand has ever been extended to preserve us. It is through Your protecting care alone, that we now kneel in safety in Your presence. Every moment, streams of mercy have flowed from heaven. We confess with shame and contrition, that we are not worthy of the least of all the mercies and all the grace which You have granted to us. If our hearts should burn in one bright flame of love—if our lips should utter no sound but glowing praise—if our lives should be one incense of thanksgiving—it would fall short of our vast debt to You!

We pray this night for large outpourings of Your Spirit to kindle worthy love, and to awaken adequate returns of praise. If You should permit us, in the plenitude of Your goodness, to see other days, we pray that they may be passed in closer nearness to You, and deeper devotedness to Your service. May *Your glory* be the aim and end of every thought and word and work. At every moment let our inward cry be heard, "Lord, what will You have us to do?"

Send Your Holy Spirit to reveal to us Your will. May His voice be heard, "This is the way, walk in it," when we would turn to the right hand or to the left. Through the riches of Your saving grace we have received Christ Jesus the Lord, as the way, the truth, and the life. Help us that we may evermore walk in Him, rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith as we have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving.

We know that we have no power of ourselves, to keep ourselves. *Our best strength, is utter weakness. Our firmest resolves, are as*

*fleeting as the morning cloud and early dew.* Oh! then never leave us nor forsake us. Perfect that which concerns our souls. You have begun in us the good work of faith. Mightily carry it on, that we may be pure and blameless in the great day of Christ.

As children of light and of the day, may we not sleep as do others—but may we be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

At the end of another day's march, we humbly wash anew in the all-cleansing blood. Thus we retire to our beds in happy assurance that You no more see in us the spots, the soils, the filth of former iniquities. We retire, too, remembering that another stage in our brief pilgrimage is passed, and that our opportunities of doing good on earth are rapidly fading away. Yet a little while and we go hence, no more to be seen among the children of men. Help us that we may gird up the loins of our minds, and quicken our steps, and speed as if each moment was our last. Give us grace to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.

May our *sleep* remind us of the sleep of *death*; our *beds* of the *graves* which must so soon receive us. While we live may we live unto the Lord; when we die, may we die unto the Lord. Thus may our *lives* be happiness, and our *deaths* glory. Who are we that we should ask such things? We know and we deplore our miserable unworthiness. Our only hope is in Your love, in Jesus Christ our complete Redeemer and our all-prevailing Advocate. In His mighty name we thus address You. Hear and answer, for His sake. Amen.

**WEDNESDAY MORNING.**

We lift up our eyes and our souls unto You who dwells in the heavens. Blessed be Your holy name that we, weighed down by countless sins, may fly in spirit to the presence of our Father and our God. Through the multitude of Your unfailing mercies, we see the returning dawn of day. To the light of nature add, we meekly beg You—the light of Your heavenly grace. O You commanded the light to shine out of darkness, be pleased to shine more and more into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of Your glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

Vain will be the gift of another day, unless we grow in grace, increase in knowledge, add to our stores of faith, and ripen for the ingathering into Your garner. Help us, then, most mighty God—most mightily from on high. Is it not Your blessed will that we should know You as You are, and love You supremely, and serve You wholly, and adore You in every moment of our time, in every movement of our minds, in every pulse of our affections, in every faculty with which we are endowed? Through grace, our will responds to Yours.

But the *power* to obey is not in us. You in Your free love must work in us to do. Here, then, We present our empty hearts to You. Be pleased to fill them to overflowing with Your choicest gifts. We bring our blinded understanding; chase away all the mists of ignorance and superstition by bright beams from the Sun of Righteousness. We would take our seat beneath the great Redeemer's cross; may healing streams continuously descend, cleansing us from all our filth, pouring sweet balm into every grievous wound, and purging our consciences from dead works to serve You, the living God.

Help us too, to gain strength in the rich pastures of Your heavenly Word. We bless You for the treasure beyond treasures, the open page of Your Holy Scriptures. May we read, mark, learn, and inwardly

digest, until our inner man is wholly molded into gospel-form. From our replenished hearts may there flow forth rivers of living water. Let us minister to others as You have given to us the measure of faith. From all vain words, good Lord, deliver us. We earnestly desire in all things to imitate Christ, who has left us an example that we should follow His steps. Grace ever dwelt on His lips. He did no sin, neither was any deceit found in His mouth. May we be like-minded.

While we thus pray, we remember the unprofitableness and the iniquity of our past words. They arise before us, black in guilt, testifying against us, calling for our condemnation. We would silence their accusing voice, by burying them all in the deep grave of the Redeemer's wounds.

We again praise You and adore You for the gift of Jesus. We feel that without Him we would be utterly undone. We believe that in Him we are eternally delivered from deserved wrath, and saved with everlasting salvation.

We now go forth to the vocations of this day. May we studiously cultivate love to our brethren. Precious is the communion of saints. Those who fear the Lord should speak often one to another. We know that Your ears delight to hear, and that You are writing a *book of remembrance*. May that book record that holy converse is our chosen pleasure-ground. How rapidly might the spiritual temple rear its head, how brightly might the living stones reflect the rays of heaven—if we gave ourselves to the sweet employ of comforting one another, and edifying one another, and provoking one another to love and to good works!

We restrict not our prayers to our own needs. We look around on the whole family of man. O Lord, add multitudes this day to Your Church even such as shall be saved. Compel Satan to release his groaning

captives. Hurl him from his wrongful throne. Enlarge the joyful song of the redeemed. Translate many into the kingdom of Your dear Son. So shall Your glory be increased, and earth sing aloud of Your praise. We add our hallelujah, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### **WEDNESDAY EVENING.**

Merciful Father, O God of hope and consolation, visit us now with the abundance of Your heavenly grace. May we realize Your life-giving presence. Holy Spirit, help us to come boldly to the mercy-seat. How great, how inestimable, are our privileges in Christ Jesus. Without Him, we must have stood afar off, as strangers and outcasts. In Him, we draw near, and touch the outstretched scepter of the King of kings, the Lord of lords, the sovereign Creator of heaven and earth. Without Him, how could we dare to lift up our guilty eyes. In Him, we gaze with open face on God, as our Father and most loving friend. Without Him, we must hide our lips in the lowest dust of trembling shame. In Him, we open our mouths loudly in petition and in praise. Without Him, all above us is wrath and consuming fire. In Him, heaven is all love towards us, and the home of our adoring souls forever. Without Him, below us is a gaping hell, and bitterness of anguish without end. In Him, those gates are barred by His most precious blood, so that no redeemed one can be imprisoned there. Without Him, blackness of darkness spreads its horrors in our faces. In Him, an eternity of bright glory is our boundless horizon. Without Him, mountains upon mountains of iniquity fill up our account. In Him, the stream of His blood follows us, leveling all hindrances, and cleansing every vile blot. Without Him, all within us is terror, consternation, and dismay. In Him, every internal accusation is charmed into joy and peace. Without Him, all things external—the

earth which we have soiled—its creatures used as instruments of evil—call for our condemnation. In Him, they all minister to our comfort, and are ours to enjoy with thanksgiving. Therefore it is very fitting, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at this time, and at this place, and at all times and in all places, adore You for the unspeakable gift of Jesus, O Lord, holy Father, almighty, everlasting God.

We loathe ourselves that we do not love You with more intense fervor. We abhor our cold, and dead, and contracted feelings. Take away, we beseech You, the chilly heart of stone—and give us hearts of flesh. Reveal to us to the very full, Your saving love in Jesus, the glories of His cross, and the infinite merits of His finished work. May we gaze on Him until we are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Blessed Jesus, when we thus sing Your praise, poor and feeble as we are—we can find no *measure*, and no *end*. We long for Your abodes above, where no thoughts shall ever wander, and no weary flesh rebels. But while earth is our home, we beg You to grant that we may live striving with all our power to testify our grateful love.

It is our true desire that others now afar off should know You, and be made partakers of our joy. You have put it into the minds of men to establish many societies to labor in this cause. We commend them to Your special grace. Give wisdom to their counsels. Suggest expansive means. May those who direct their work wax strong in faith, in zeal, in hope. May no seeming difficulties deter them. May no disappointments quench their ardor. What are the greatest *mountains of difficulties* before the might of Jehovah Jesus? They shall be as *plains*. Go forth with all their toiling missionaries. The fields are white for ingathering, send forth laborers into Your

harvest. By their means glean multitudes from the wilderness of the world. Blessed, great, and glorious Trinity, three Persons, one God, hear Your poor servants' cry. Amen.

## **THURSDAY MORNING.**

Almighty Father, without You nothing is strong, nothing is holy. Conscious of our own weakness, trusting only in Your grace and power, we beseech You this day to increase and multiply Your mercy upon us. We are going forth to tread on slippery ground—may You uphold us. Our march is through a land of which Satan is the prince—may You protect us. Snares at each turn await our steps—may You guide us. We look around—and fear. We look up to You—and take courage. By grace alone can we stand. If Your grace should fail us, instantly we fall. Our earnest prayer is, "Hold me up—and I shall be safe!" Psalm 119:117

We cherish the sweet assurance that according to Your sure promise, You will keep us unto eternal life. Do not allow the strength of *assurance* to lapse into the weakness of carnal *security*. To firm faith, add firm confidence. Stir us up to use all diligence to make our calling and election sure. May we never forget that temptations will pursue us to the very gates of heaven. We know that we may run well and run long, and yet by grievous stumbling, bring dishonor to the name of Christ. In Your holy Word You have erected many warning beacons. May we ponder and beware. Many examples are recorded for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come. Even angels kept not their first estate—but fell from heaven. Our first parents, pure from inward corruption, sinned in paradise. Judas, by the very side of Jesus, nourished thoughts of foulest treachery. Faithful patriarchs have erred through unbelief. The meekest among



men have in passion poured out insulting words. Peter boasts in self-confidence and instantly denies his Lord. We read, and flee unto You for support!

Angels indeed are our ministering friends; but still the accursed spirit is ever near to seduce to evil. The new man is raised up in us; but the old nature still lives, is active, and is strong. Rest is indeed prepared for us in heaven—but we may not rest in our way thitherward. The crown of life and victory is bright before us; but now is the struggle, the conflict, and the fight. Bright are the promises to those who overcome; but there is woe to them who draw back. Bravely we must *fight*, if gloriously we would *triumph*. We know that You will never desert us; and we look to You to give us grace that we may never desert You.

Strengthen our hands to cleave to You. Give us persevering might, that having done all we may sit down with Jesus in His throne, even as He overcame, and is set down 'with the Father in His throne.

Thus may we as *Christian champions* resist the devil, and give him no place. Comfort us with the knowledge that the evil day is very *short*. Set before us the life of glory, which has no end. May we strive against sin, as if each failure would be eternal woe. Help us to stand firm, knowing that we shall soon tread Satan under our feet. If through *shortness of time* he is more fierce, through shortness of time may we be more valiant.

Guide us, instruct us, keep us as the apple of Your eye. As an eagle stirs up her nest, flutters over her young, spreads abroad her wings, takes them, bears them on her wings; so, O Lord, alone—may You lead us. If we are permitted to pass unharmed through all the perils of this day, and to unite again in prayer before Your throne, may we

meet to realize that another day's temptations are behind us; and may abundant praises swell from rejoicing hearts.

Be with all our kindred, all our friends, all who pray for us and all who ask our prayers. We have sought much—may You give more, through the merits of Your Son, our Lord. Amen.

### **THURSDAY EVENING.**

O Lord God, who inhabits the praises of heaven—to You cherubim and seraphim continually fall down and worship. Turn not from us, who meekly desire to intermingle our adoring songs. For all the mercies known and unknown of this departing day we bless You. From Your free bounty they have freely come. You have given Your angels charge concerning us. Evils have been warded off, and in safety we now kneel.

Amazing love! You have sent Your only-begotten Son to suffer in our place, and to achieve complete salvation. You have added Your Holy Spirit to be our teacher, comforter, and sanctifying guide. You have superadded the ministry of angels to be a wall of fire round about us. Thus all heaven serves the welfare of us poor worms. Keep them, we beg You, ever active in our behalf. We know they rejoice when sinners melt in penitence. May they joy rejoice when grace in us expands. They have befriended us in many perils, and snatched our feet from many snares. Never allow them to rest, until the conflict is behind, and we stand a victorious company on *salvation's shore!*

Grant that our proneness to all evil, and deadness to all good, and resistance of Your Spirit's motions, may never provoke You to abandon us. May our hard hearts awaken pity, and not wrath. Let not

the enemy through our corruption get any advantage. Let it be seen that heaven is far mightier than hell, and that those who are for us are more than they who are against us. If You but speak the word—we are more than conquerors over every temptation. If You smile graciously on us—we are more than beautified with every grace!

Hear then our wrestling cry. Arise to our help, and enrich us with all the blessings which Your covenant provides. Keep us ever feeding in the *pastures* which contain strengthening food, and ever drinking of the *stream* which makes glad the city of God. Especially cause the Word of Christ to dwell in us richly, in all wisdom. *May we search the Scriptures, intent on finding Christ, the treasure of treasures, the wisdom of wisdom, enriching to eternity, making wise unto salvation. May we turn every promise and every precept into prayer, knowing that it is easy with You to do exceeding abundantly above all that You have said, and that Your grace can help us to walk in the highest heights of Your commandments.*

But, alas! with all these true desires—how often do our weak hearts sin. Grant that in every fall—we may fall lower on our knees, and when we rise—may it be to loftier flights of true devotedness. If for our godly discipline You see well to visit our waywardness with a scourge; enable us meekly to receive correction, to bless Your reproving hand, to discern why the rebuke is sent, to repent and do the first works. Teach us to bless You for every chastening, and let all Your fatherly dealings make us partakers of Your holiness. May our every *cross* be sanctified. May our every *loss* be our true gain. May whatever You are pleased to *give*—be a heavenward help, and whatever You are pleased to *deny*—be a spiritual advantage. If dark days should be ordered for us, may much affliction be lightened by the joy of the Holy Spirit. Put into our mouths, *songs* in the night of trial. If any trouble should tempt us to distrust; may we be conscious

that this is our infirmity, and may we remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

Grant that the falling shadows of this *evening* may remind us that our earthly *day* is far spent, and that the *night* comes when no man can work. If we see tomorrow's dawn, may we arise to gird up the loins of our mind, to quicken our *pilgrim steps*, to labor in the gospel-vineyard, to leave undone no work to which You are pleased to call us, to use all diligence that we may be found of Christ in peace.

Give us the constant cry, "*Lord, what will You have us to do?*" Send Your Spirit to beckon us onward in our appointed path. Enable us to view every circumstance in the *mirror of eternity*. May we go in and out, with the great white throne conspicuously set before our eyes. May remembrance of coming judgment be ever present. Grant that to us—to *live* may be Christ, so to *die* shall be gain.

O God of all pitifulness, fulfill the petitions of Your humble servants, through the merits and intercession of Christ Jesus. Amen.

### **FRIDAY MORNING.**

O God our Father, ever blessed, ever to be adored, the renewed gift of light and life, the restored use of reason and of limb, the recruited faculties of mind and body demand our warmest praise. We bless You that, in the riches of Your love, You condescend to bow down Your ear to our *morning offering of thanksgiving*.

Send Your Holy Spirit now to kindle anew the flame of gratitude, and to prompt the words of adoration. We ascribe it to undeserved goodness that we have any measure of bodily and mental vigor.

Many this morning open their eyes in weakness and in pain, their flesh a burden, and their minds a blank. We are made to differ. Teach us that these our gifts are freely given, and come down from You, the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

"For who makes you different from anyone else? What do you have—that you did not receive?" 1 Corinthians 4:7. Without Your light—our minds are all darkness. Seeing—we see not. We grope and stumble in the mazy paths of ignorance and error. Without Your regenerating Spirit—our wills are wholly depraved, and resolutely bent to resist the *good* and to espouse the *evil*. Without Your distinguishing grace—we would at this moment be afar off from You, vile among the vilest, bond-slaves of the devil, grinding in his mill, earning his wages of eternal woe! Without the visits of Your Spirit our knees would not bow acceptably in prayer, nor our lips gladly utter praise. We ascribe all spiritual blessings to Your sovereign will. You have loved us because You would love. Before we sought You—we were found by You. Before we called—You did answer. Before we knocked—the door was opened. Accept the tribute of our feeble praise. Pity us that our poverty cannot offer more. We groan, being burdened, longing for the perfect day when sin shall no more shackle our adoring spirits.

Let us not withhold praise for the large measure of temporal enjoyments, which gladden our path. We know that we are *strangers* and *pilgrims* through a world upset and soiled by sin—but still how much abounds to cheer, to solace, to delight us!

Thanks be to You for the enlivening rays of Your glorious sun, for the starry canopy above our heads at night, for the balmy air which floats around, for the perfume of the summer breeze, for the verdant carpet

beneath our feet, for the sweetness of the flowers, the richness of the fruits, the nourishment of the crops, the refreshment of the flowing streams, the melody of the groves. We thank You that such evidences of Your goodness are inscribed upon the *face of nature*.

We thank You for the roof which spreads its shelter over us, for the table at which we sit to eat, for the beds on which we repose, for our convenient clothing, for our sufficient food, for the happy endearments of family and of kindred and of friendship, and for such employment as You have been pleased to grant. Surely You anoint our heads with oil. Our cups run over.

Teach us, as *recipients* of such wondrous bounty, freely to *dispense*. Help us so to order all our matters—that we may have the *luxury* of relieving the needs of others. Open our eyes to see in every case of poverty and woe—an opportunity of showing that we are followers of You, our most merciful God. Thus may the administration of our earthly good not only supply the needs of the needy—but be abundant also by many thanksgivings unto You.

Grant that earth may be the better this day, because of Your Spirit dwelling in us. Forbid it that we should be called, converted, enlightened, sanctified, saved—for ourselves alone. So bless our godly example, our watchful walk, our holy converse—that vice may be rebuked, and the slothful quickened, and the thoughtless aroused. By the truth of our lips, may the vain-talkers be silenced, and the sceptics convinced of their profanity. May Christ be now and ever so magnified in us—that many may be *allured to His cross*, and receive Him as all salvation forever.

We crave these blessings not for ourselves only—but for the whole household of faith. Through our united zeal and prayer, may Your

great kingdom come. We humbly place our petitions in the hands of Jesus Christ, our Advocate and Mediator. Amen.

## **FRIDAY EVENING.**

O Lord Jesus Christ, in the wisdom of Your tender mercy, You have been pleased to proclaim Yourself as Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace! These names are revealed for our peace and joy—that we may acquaint ourselves with You, and find rest unto our souls.

Help us by Your Spirit, entirely to know You according to Your Word. Open widely the eyes of our understanding, that we may fully grasp—the wonders of Your person; the wonders of Your love and grace and power; the wonders which You have already achieved by sin-atoning Your death; the wonders which You are achieving by Your unfailing intercession; the wonders which are yet to come when You shall appear again in power and great glory! Let Your counsels sound sweetly in the ear of our faith, and may we yield humble obedience to Your sacred precepts. To follow You fully is heaven—before heaven is reached!

Pardon us, that with such bright revelations of Yourself in the pages of Scripture—we have been so slow to learn, and so prone to forget. When by this time, we should have climbed the highest heights of spiritual perception. But alas! we are groveling in low depths of ignorance! We are blind—while light shines around! Take away all 'scales' from our eyes. Grind to dust—all remnants of the evil heart of unbelief.

Make it our chief joy—to study You, to meditate on You, to gaze on You, to hold communion with You! Enable us to experience that Your flesh is food indeed, and Your blood is drink indeed. May we be—like Mary—sitting meekly at Your feet; like the beloved disciple—leaning on Your breast; like Paul, counting all things as loss, for the excellency of knowing You; like Peter, appealing to You, who knows all things—that we indeed love You. Let not our faith cease from seeking You—until it vanishes in unclouded sight!

Bless the prayers which we this day have prayed, the praises which our lips have offered, and every godly work in which we have striven to advance Your glory. Hear our cry in behalf of all the great societies which You have established in our land, as instruments to extend Your kingdom. Grant that every Bible sent forth may be mighty through Your Spirit to cast out the evil one, to demolish his strongholds, to give the light of life, to reveal Your great salvation, to comfort mourners, to build up Your saints.

Look in mercy on the distressed lands over which *darkness* and *superstition* and *idolatry* spread their withering pall. Bless the holy missionaries who brave all toils, having You, the stirring motive, blazing in their hearts, and Your pure truth the one testimony of their faithful lips. Visit with Your compassion, our deluded fellow-subjects in the sister-island. Deliver them from the deceits of Antichrist. Illumine their hearts, that they may eschew all dangerous deceits, and in pure faith receive You as all their salvation and all their desire. Cause priest-craft, and formality, and every bewitching error, to wither before the brightness of Your rising.

Ride forth, O King of kings, O Lord of lords, conquering and to conquer. From pole to pole, let Your great name be known. Breathe on dry bones—and they shall live. Our hearts and souls yearn for



Your glory. Shortly accomplish the number of Your elect. Take to Yourself Your great power and reign. Rebuke the wrongful usurpers. Cause the Father's glory to be seen in You. Cast not out our evening petition. Answer for Your love's sake. Amen.

### **SATURDAY MORNING.**

Father of heaven, God of all grace and love, help us now to lie low in supplicating cries. We come humbly—because we come as wretched sinners in ourselves. We come boldly—because we come in the mighty name of Jesus. Strengthen our faith, that we may refuse to let You go—until You bless us with all blessings.

We are pained by our graceless hearts. We bewail our prayerless prayers. We know that whatever we ask in prayer believing—we shall receive. It is because of our vile sin—that we are so poor in grace. We are sluggards in the heavenly race, we are grovelers in the mire, when we should be soaring to the heights of heaven, on the eagle-wings of faith! What great things have we lost, because we have not drawn near to take them! What blessings we might have won for our homes, our parishes, our country, and the world, if pleading intercessions had refused to give You rest. Pardon the deadness of our poor hearts. Let future hours witness our importunities at Your throne. On our knees may we be incessant in telling You our needs and our desires. We ask for the very spirit of Your dear Son. His abode on earth was one unbroken communion with heaven. Grant that our life too may be one sweet savor of devotion!

In our prayerful hours may we be frequent in asking that Your way may be known upon earth, Your saving health among all nations. Did Your dear Son wept when He saw Jerusalem in the gall of bitterness

and unbelief—and shall our eyes be dry when we contemplate the perishing multitudes of this sin-sick world! Our spirits should be stirred within us, when we reflect that the devil reigns as a tyrant over his enslaved dupes! What present misery! What future anguish! What desolation now! What weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth forever!

Arise, O gracious Lord God, and turn this darkness into light, these regions of impurity and vice, into fresh pastures of peace and joy. You have been pleased to organise societies to diffuse *the wonders of redeeming love*—may You by Your Spirit preside in all their councils, revealing to them Your gracious purposes, guiding their plans as shall most promote Your glory. May You go forth with all their messengers of truth. May the feet of the gospel-heralds be beautiful upon the mountains of the east, amid the snows of ice-bound tribes, and under the burning heat of torrid plains. May multitudes at their voice arise, and cast their idols to the moles and to the bats. Cause the name of Jesus to be as ointment poured forth, and may distant lands *glory in the saving cross*, and swell the *melody of heaven* by ascribing salvation to the Lamb. Open our hearts to pour liberal supplies into their coffers. Far be from us the hypocrisy of crying, "May Your kingdom come," and withholding the aid which, by self-denial, we might supply. Deliver us from all covetousness of filthy lucre—but make us avaricious of the praise which comes from You. May we weigh all things in the scales of eternity, and regard all possessions as less than nothing, which have no value in Your sight.

Blessed Jesus, we know that Your glorious return will change the whole aspect of this groaning world. The earnest expectation of the creature, waits for the manifestation of the sons of God. When will You take to Yourself Your great power—and reign? When will the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God and of His

Christ? Precious promises have come forth as heralds of Your advent. Why does the fulfilling glory tarry? Hasten to remove all that impedes the descent of Your *chariot of triumph*. By Your Spirit make the mountains a straight way, and the rough places plain. Fit us for that day of gladness. Then may we lift up our heads with joy, and shout exultingly, "This is our God, we have waited for Him. We will be glad, and rejoice in His salvation!" May our life now be life for You—that Your glory may be our glory forever. Take our humble prayers, and present them with acceptance, O Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior and our all. Amen.

### **SATURDAY EVENING.**

O Lord our God, we thank You that we are called to the *blessing of united prayer*. Grant that Your Spirit may so animate our common cry, that it may abundantly prevail. May it fly upwards strong in adoring faith, fervent in expecting hope, *fragrant in the Redeemer's merits*.

Common *need* impels us. Common *mercies* prompt our evening song. In Your kind providence, You have made us inhabitants of one home, and sheltered us beneath one roof. We thank You that You have knit us together in this fellowship of mutual help, so that one renders service, while another is the directing head. May we in all good conscience minister to each other's comfort and real good. Let those who rule—rule wisely in Your fear, remembering their heavenly Master. Let us not forget the day of final reckoning, and do all as unto You, and under the power of that sure word, "You O God, see me!"

Especially make us helpers to each other's faith. In every domestic arrangement let reference to eternity prevail. Let a wise use of time provide our needs—that due time may invite to Scripture-study, calm reflection, and retired prayer. Considering the power of speaking and of silence, set a watch upon our mouths that no word may be unadvised, and let silence reprove—when rash utterance might injure. Blessed Jesus, You have set us an example that we should follow Your steps. Be so perspicuously our life, that for others to *follow us*—may truly be to *follow You*.

While thus we pray, conscience trembles at remembrance of our incessant failures. We would do good—but evil is present with us. The good that we would fo—we do not do; the evil that we would not do—that we do! We have no power of ourselves to help ourselves. We cannot come unto You—unless You shall draw us. But draw us *individually*, then *collectively* we shall *run* after You. Sprinkle each one of us this night anew with the blood of sprinkling, and may it be our shield against all evil.

Ofttimes have our longing thoughts gone forth to the eternal day—when we shall see You as You are, without one *cloud of unbelief*, without the interruption of one straying thought, without the downcast look of shame—but when there shall be one bright blaze of glory forever! We thank You that the lapse of another day—has brought us one day nearer to our glorious eternal home! Ofttimes have we panted for fuller knowledge of You, our God. But we have only seen You through a glass darkly. Our besotted faculties are dull to comprehend You; but then we shall see You face to face, and know even as we are known!

This evening teaches us that the separating interval grows rapidly less; that the night is far spent; that the day is at hand. To many this

night will be the last. It may be so to one or more of us. If such should be Your will—may our entrance be very abundant into our heavenly home.

We look forward to that day when we take our last breath—we shall knock at heaven's gate in the name of Jesus. We shall present ourselves washed from earth's every stain, in His all-cleansing blood. We shall draw near to Your majestic throne, screened entirely in Jesus—the Lord our righteousness.

We come now to You, in the full assurance of faith, that You have redeemed us, O Lord, O God of truth; that Your every promise is very faithfulness; and that You will do for us more than we can ask, or think, or hope. But if a longer pilgrimage is our appointed lot, may refreshing sleep render us apt and active for the duties of tomorrow. If it is not heaven, may it witness our fitting more and more for it.

Prepare all pastors for their more than angelic work; and all worshipers for their service in the sanctuary. May heaven on the morrow be opened wider, and more wide, to receive the upward stream of prayer and praise—and to pour down floods of enlightening and sanctifying grace. How merciful are You to permit us thus to pray. Multiply Your mercy by most gracious answer. And to Your great name, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—be eternal praise. Amen.

"Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Hebrews 4:16

# THIRD WEEK

## SUNDAY MORNING.

We give thanks unto You, O Father, for You are good, for Your mercy endures forever! We give thanks unto You, O God of gods, for Your mercy endures forever! We give thanks unto You, O Lord of lords, for Your mercy endures forever! We give thanks unto You, O God of heaven, for Your mercy endures forever!

Especially on this morning, do we encircle Your throne with praises, for while goodness and mercy follow us all the days of our life—on this day we are called to the refreshment of public ordinances, and are admitted to proclaim Your mercy in the midst of Your courts. We beseech You, for all Your tender love's sake, to prepare us with the fullness of Your Holy Spirit. May He come with all His mighty power, and wholly occupy our hearts. May He quicken us with newness of heavenly life. Thus may the pure flame of true devotion be kindled, and our understandings enlightened; and may our faith put forth new shoots in Your earthly sanctuary. May the glories within the veil be realized, so that our peace may flow as a river, and our praises be as sweet as the melody of heaven.

Above all, may Your dear Son, our only Savior, be this day more and more revealed to our adoring hearts. We desire to know the breadth and length, the depth and height of His all-surpassing love! Help us to gaze more and more with the *eye of faith*, on Him crucified, until we are changed into His image from glory to glory. May we learn at His cross—the exceeding vileness and dreadful deceits of sin. We would be taught to measure the infinitude of His tender pitifulness—by the infinitude of His sufferings in our place. We would bring every

sin of every moment of our lives—and cast them into the deep ocean of His all-cleansing blood!

We adore You, O God our God, for this gift of gifts. We ascribe this rich salvation to Your exceeding grace, as its true source. You have found this *Ransom*. You have thus delivered us from going down into the pit. When we had wandered far like lost sheep, You have laid on Him the iniquity of us all. We see how You have loved us, in that You have sent Your Son to be the atoning sacrifice for our sins. And with Him, You also freely give us all things.

Oh then may floods of light this day stream forth from every pulpit! May ministering hands raise high the cross. May every sermon be the testimony of Jesus, and every precept and every exhortation draw their power from His death. May Satan tremble and flee far away. May it be felt that Your ambassadors receive their message from Your courts, and speak only in Your name. In holy fellowship may they be ever climbing up the mount, and bringing down Your precious truths.

Keep them from all undue mixture with worldly matters. Raise up pious helpers to relieve them from the deadening care of earthly things. Thus may they have holy leisure for undistracted prayer and undivided ministry of Your gospel. Bless them, that they may be blessings. Teach them, that they may teach us. Sanctify them, that they may communicate sanctification.

Enrich all assemblies of Your people with Your abundant grace. Enable us with one mind and one mouth to glorify You. May united cries pervade the courts above, as the sound of many waters. May answers descend as the morn's copious dew. May souls be sweetly refreshed, and put forth abundant fruit of every holy word and work. May heaven come down this day—and tabernacle with man!

We do not forget Your servants laboring far from their homes in the wide missionary fields. We bless You, that in Your distinguishing grace You have been pleased to call them to this glorious work. May the brightness and joy of Your presence and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit so fill their hearts, that no loneliness may oppress them. Help them to tread down all difficulties, to triumph over all discouragements, and in the fruit of their toil—may Jesus see the travail of His soul—and be satisfied.

God and Father of the Lord Jesus, fan our faith this day into brighter blaze. May we expand more intelligently into the communion of saints. Open our eyes to see our oneness with the glorious company of all who are saved by the precious blood. Let our minds swell in blissful hope that we shall soon join the white-robed multitude, who adore You in unsullied worship, and cast their crowns before Your throne, saying, "You are worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power, for You have created all things, and for Your pleasure they are and were created!" Hasten Your kingdom, heavenly Lord, according to Your will. We ask all blessings for time and for eternity, in the great name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### **SUNDAY EVENING.**

Blessed Jesus, through You we have access by the Spirit unto the Father. Through You we now draw near. Ever adored be Your grace for this ready way, opened through the rent veil of Your crucified body. Great High Priest, ever pleading at God's right hand, receive our sin-soiled prayers, cleanse them in Your precious blood, perfume them by the sweet savor of Your merits, obtain acceptance for them. Extend Your wounded hands in our behalf. Behold us in the depths of our need, and pour down blessings on our waiting souls.



Without You all the public services of this day are but as the sound of the tinkling cymbal. But in Your might, they are mighty to prevail. Grant, we humbly beseech You, that all blessings this day sought, may be abundantly ours. Nay, in the infinitudes of Your sovereign grace, give us much more than lips can ask, or thoughts conceive. Fill us with all the fullness of God. Make our bodies the temples of Your Holy Spirit. Consecrate all our lives as a living sacrifice on You our altar. May Your Spirit now and evermore suggest every thought, move in every movement of our minds, beam in our every look, prompt our every word, guide our every step. To us to live—may it be wholly Christ. Mold us entirely into Your image.

We would be swallowed up in You. Mortify *SELF* in us. Help us that all our will may be absorbed in Yours. It is our deep desire to be spiritually-minded, which is life and peace, and thus to be ever rejoicing at heaven's gate, and shining as consistent examples of godlike life. Grant this desire of our hearts—for Your great love's sake. How easy for You to replenish us with all goodness! Speak the word—and we are filled.

O God, our Father in Christ Jesus, hear our cry for Your life-giving blessing on all the labors of Your ministers and missionaries throughout the world. They have gone forth to plant and sow; but vain are their efforts—unless You are pleased to give the *increase*. Grant that their faithful testimony may be mighty to pull down Satan's strongholds. According to the sure word, may *Christ uplifted* draw multitudes unto Himself. May they spring up as the grass, and as willows by the water-courses. May they fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows. We beg You so effectually to work by the *subduing arrows of Your gospel*, that Your dear Son may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. May Your Word go forth, conquering and to conquer. Strengthen it as a *hammer*—to break

rocky hearts to pieces. Nothing exceeds Your power. Nothing is too *great* for You to accomplish. Nothing is too *good* for You to give. Infinite is Your *might*. Boundless is Your *love*. Limitless is Your *grace*. Magnify, we beg You, Your saving glorious name.

Manifest unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, by the Church, the manifold wisdom of God. Let the angelic choir more loudly and more sweetly sing because of—sinners repenting, prodigals restored, outcasts brought in, rebels subdued, backsliders reclaimed, Satan's captives released, blind eyes opened, broken hearts bound up, the desponding cheered, the self-righteous stripped of their vain pleas, the formalist driven from a refuge of lies, the ignorant enlightened, brands plucked out of the fire, Your saints built up on their most holy faith, and fitted for their eternal glorious inheritance!

We pray with especial earnestness for the young among us. May Your Word enter into their inmost souls. May our youths be as the polished corners of the temple. May the power of Your Spirit pervade all the teaching of our Sunday schools. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—may You perfect praise. Cause Your ways to be known upon earth; Your saving health among all nations. Let the wilderness and solitary place be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. We ask great things—but we ask of You, who is a great and awesome God. We as all in the name of our glorious and almighty Savior, even Your own Son, Jesus Christ, our infallible Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

**MONDAY MORNING.**

Holy Father, Almighty Lord God, listen to the cry of Your humble servants. The return of this morning calls us to return to our week-day work. We see the world before us. We know our weakness, and we are prone to fear; but we look up to You—and we fear no more. If we venture to go forth alone—we stumble and fall; but leaning on our Beloved—we are firm as the everlasting hills. If left to the treachery of our own hearts—we shall bring shame to Your holy name; but enlightened, guided, and upheld by Your Spirit—we shall adorn Your heavenly doctrine.

Hear, then, our prayer, and be our arm to support, our light that we may see, our strength that we may stand, our feet that we may run, our shield that we may receive no wound, our sword that we may repel each foe. Descend on us as refreshing dew. Be our sun to ripen each grace. Thus may this day exceed all past days in fruitfulness, and fit us largely to see Your face in glory. To enrich us unto all fullness—would not diminish Your riches. To supply all our needs—would not detract from Your boundless stores.

We remember the services of yesterday—and are humbled; but still we remember them—and take courage. Our defilements prove that we are miserable sinners. Your forbearance proves that Your mercy reaches above the heavens. We still live to cling to the cross of Your dear Son. We still live to plead Your promises. We know that they are all yes and amen in Him.

Do not allow us to add to all our sins, the sin of being forgetful hearers of Your blessed truth. May it be mingled with faith in our hearts. May it thoroughly leaven the corrupt mass. Give life to the incorruptible seed, that it may take deep root and fructify to Your glory. Help us by Your teaching Spirit, that the Word of Christ may dwell in us richly in all wisdom. May it mold and form and shape our

whole inner man. Thus may Your presence always abash vice, check worldly-mindedness—and diffuse through us the fragrance of pure godliness.

Assist us, by the lamp of Your Word and the piercing rays of Your Spirit—to search every corner of our hearts. Let no Achan escape detection! Let every Agag be hewed to pieces! Let every idol be stomped to powder! Let every rebel lust be nailed to the Savior's cross! Let "holiness to the Lord" be the language of our lips, the sandals of our feet, and the clear engraving on our brows.

We would be holy, as You, O our God, are holy; and perfect, as You, O our Father, are perfect. And, having all hope in Jesus, we would purify ourselves even as He is pure. But Your power must accomplish this. You have worked in us to *will*; we beseech You work in us to *do*. Do not disappoint our craving expectations. Do not shake off our wrestling grasp of You. Give as a gracious God. You are the deep fountain of all goodness—may Your gifts without measure flow. Thus may our walk shine as a heaven-kindled lamp—and ascend as grateful incense to the courts above. May it be seen in heaven and on earth that we are a people made willing in the day of Your power and consecrated to Your great glory.

While thus holding filial communion with You, we think of multitudes strangers to our joy. They are entering on this week ignorant of themselves—and unacquainted with You. We compassionate their wretchedness. You alone, have made us to differ. Be pitiful to them, as You have been pitiful to us. Then happiness on earth would swell as a river; and glory in the highest would shine more gloriously. Good Lord, hasten the time. Your Word teaches us to make prayers for kings and for all who are in authority. In obedience to Your will, we commend to Your especial favor our

sovereign Queen—and all the royal progeny. May *righteousness* be the stability of the throne. When the earthly crown shall fade—may a heavenly crown be won. May the palace be a *school of piety* and the *gate of heaven*. With undoubting faith we place these our poor prayers in the hands of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Intercessor. Amen.

### **MONDAY EVENING.**

Lord God Almighty, Father of mercies, screened from all evil by Your gracious providence, we come to encircle You with grateful praise. The past hours have brought fresh tokens of Your goodness on their wings. Some who went forth as strong as ourselves, in accustomed health and strength, have been snatched suddenly from this earthly scene. Others lie languishing, sorely touched by the *hand of malady*. Others groan in torturing pains, from unforeseen calamity. Others are weeping bitter tears, because of family disaster. The shadows of this evening, drop a curtain on world-wide woe. But in our hands there is a cup of *unmingled blessedness*. No evil accident has darkened our path. No evil tidings have harassed our breasts. We live to bless You—and blessings we now devoutly offer. Above all, we bless You that at every moment the throne of grace has been open—and that the *scepter of Your love* has been extended to us. Pardon us that our prayers have been so few, so poor, so feeble. While You are always ready to hear, and inviting us to close communion—our souls abide amid trifles, and dally with vain follies. We grovel on earth, when we might ascend to heaven and You. Pity us, good Lord. You know of what we are made. You remember that we are dust. O God, make speed to save us. O Lord, make haste to help us.

We come not in our own name, seeking Your compassionate grace. We bring Your dear Son before You, in the arms of our faith. In whatever we have robbed You of obedience—we offer His blood to pay the debt. Impute to our account:

His worthiness—for our unworthiness;

His sinlessness—for our sinfulness;

His purity—for our impurity;

His sincerity—for our deceit;

His truth—for our deceits;

His meekness—for our pride;

His steadfastness—for our backslidings;

His love—for our enmity;

His fullness—for our emptiness;

His glory—for our shame;

His perfect obedience—for our incessant disobedience;

His beauty—for our deformity;

His devotedness to Your will—for our waywardness;

His holy life—for our unholy ways;

His perfect righteousness—for our manifold unrighteousnesses.

We hide ourselves in Him. We flee unto Him as our sure city of refuge. We know that in Him—we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of all our sins. We rejoice that there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus. Thus we cry, "Abba, Father!" in the name of Jesus, and retire to rest in peace.

While we delight in prayer and praise, we would not forget the multitudes who are now going *prayerless to their beds*. We would indeed be *hard of heart*, if we failed to feel for them. You have not been unmindful of them, though they have lived far off from You. They have robbed You of service and of thanks. Let us plead for them, and adore Your patience towards them. Oh! that it might

please You to all Your goodness to add *converting* grace. All instruments obey Your sovereign will. Command means to open their blind eyes, and to bring them as contrite penitents to their Father's house. Show to them Your love in Jesus. Reveal to them the bleeding Lamb. Thus by Your Spirit melt the rock, and snatch the prey from Satan.

We pray for all Your afflicted children. In You there is cordial for every grief, and balm for every wound. Wipe their weeping eyes, and help them from their hearts to say, "It is my Father's hand—may His will be done!"

We remember too those whose lot on earth is hard. *Poverty* sits grimly at their table, and they lie down on *hard pallets of distress*. Give them grace to think of Him, who, though He was Lord of all—had not a pillow for His head. Let faith illumine their cheerless path. May it make them, though poor in earth's lucre—yet rich in saving grace, and heirs of the eternal kingdom. Hear our earnest petitions. Claim earth as Your own, and so banish woe. We ask all the blessings which the everlasting covenant contains. Our trust is in Your love in Christ our Lord. Amen.

## **TUESDAY MORNING.**

O Lord Jesus Christ, whom the heavens have received until the times of restitution of all things—abased in humility we look up to You as exalted to be a Prince and a Savior, to give repentance unto Your people, and forgiveness of all their sins. Deepen in us, we beseech You, thorough contrition of heart. Confirm in us the assurance that Your blood washes away all guilt.

We desire to walk lovingly with You as our great Redeemer; and humbly, because of our utter unworthiness. May true repentance pervade, as a flood, our souls, even repentance unto salvation not to be repented of. May our hearts be broken *for* sin, and broken *from* sin. May we be as *slow* to forgive ourselves—as we know that You are *ready* to forgive us. While we gaze on the glories of Your grace, may the sense of our iniquities cast us into the lowest depths of shame. May we walk softly with downcast heads, now that You are pacified unto us.

We bless You for the glorious Word: "Thus says the high and lofty One who inhabits eternity—I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." Destroy then, we beseech You, within us every *lofty* thought. Beat *pride* to pieces, and scatter it to the winds. Annihilate each clinging shred of *self-righteousness*. Implant in us true *lowliness* of spirit. Debase us in self-loathing and self-abhorrence. Open the fount of penitential tears. Thus may our hearts be fitted for the indwelling of our majestic God.

God the *Father*, take up Your abode within us. Blessed *Jesus*, come with healing on Your wings. *Holy Spirit*, descend with all Your sanctifying grace. Holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God—inhabit us as temples consecrated to Your glory.

When You are present—evil cannot enter. In Your fellowship, there is fullness of joy. Beneath Your smile, there is peace of conscience. By Your side—no fears disturb, and no apprehensions banish ease. With You our hearts shall be fragrant as the garden of the Lord, in which all graces bloom. With You we shall bear fruit unto holiness, as the



trees which the Lord has planted. Again then we pray, fit us through repentance, for Your indwelling.

Blessed Jesus, the Lord has anointed You to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort all that mourn, to give unto them beauty—for ashes, the oil of joy—for mourning, the garment of praise—for the spirit of heaviness. The entire work must be Yours. Break us—and then bind us up. Fulfill in us Your gracious purpose. Perform in us all portions of Your office. Lead us through the *valley of godly sorrow*—to the *heights of heavenly joy*.

Hearken to our cry, O great Intercessor, while for others we now intercede. We look around—and heart-rending is the sight which meets our eyes. This sin-sick world is full of levity and carnal mirth. Men laugh and sport, unmindful of the guilty hearts within them, and of the woeful end ahead of them. They do not think how Your wrath burns against their ungodliness. The day of judgment has no terrors for them. We know that such *laughter* will soon end in *wailing*. Gnashing of teeth for ever will be their eternal doom. Oh! that it might please You to convince them by Your Spirit before it be too late; that, feeling their misery, they may flee to their only Help. Today, while it is called today, may they repent and live. May this day witness their awakening, for this day may be their last.

## **TUESDAY EVENING.**

Most gracious Lord, whose name is Love—in love receive our evening prayer. You have called us with a high and heavenly calling. Pardon us that our walk has been so unworthy of all Your tender mercies. Day testifies unto day, and night unto night—how good You are—and how vile we are. Blot out all the transgressions which have soiled our

souls since last we humbled ourselves together in Your sight. Our sins are more than the wide sea's sands. But where sin thus frightfully abounds—grace most infinitely exceeds.

Look to the cross of Your beloved Son. Remember the preciousness of His atoning blood. Listen to His never-failing intercession. By Your Spirit whisper to our contrite hearts, "Be of good cheer, lie down in peace, your sins are all forgiven!" We thank You, we bless You, we adore You, we laud and magnify Your boundless grace. It truly reaches unto the heavens! It truly endures forever.

We pray for the world lying in wickedness. Your mercy never wearies in strewing benefits around. How thanklessly are they received! How base is the neglect of senseless ingratitude! The iniquities of earth are loud to awaken Divine vengeance. How justly might the decree go forth, "Cut down the guilty inhabitants; why do they so long cumber the ground!" Hear our cry for the vast multitudes who cry not for themselves. "Spare them, good Lord, spare them. Do not shut up Your loving-kindness in justice. Remember how short their time is, and while space continues, oh! be pleased to give grace!"

They are the creatures of Your hand. You have been pleased to breathe into them the breath of life. Oh! speak but the word, and these dry bones shall live! "Old things shall pass away—all things shall become new. The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Where once there were thorns, cypress trees will grow. Where briers grew, myrtles will sprout up. This miracle will bring great honor to Your name; it will be an everlasting sign of Your power and love!" You have endowed them with wondrous faculties of intellect, of mind, of body. How capable are they to do You service, and to magnify Your name! Let not their powers wither like a blighted tree.

Let nothing be misused in the service of the power of the evil one—the wrongful tyrant of this enslaved world.

But especially do we implore especial favors on our own beloved land. You have exalted us in loving-kindnesses above all the nations of the earth. You have placed us on the highest pinnacle of privilege. The sun never sets on the dominion of our influence. We are blessed with the knowledge of Your great and mighty name. We are instructed in the glorious revelations of Your gospel-truth. We possess the inestimable treasure of the open Bible. We read in the sacred pages, how You have loved us, and sent Your Son to bear our sins on the accursed tree, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seek and to save the lost, and to open the kingdom of heaven to all believers. We are therein taught that it is Your will that none should perish—but that all should come to the knowledge of Your truth, and that Your dear Son never casts out sinners who seek Him in faith and love.

Help us as a nation deeply and duly to ponder our solemn responsibilities. Impress on us that we are gifted with our blessings—to trade with them to Your glory. Show us that if we slothfully hide and bury them, the day will come when *abused privileges* will burst their graves and call for vengeance on us as unprofitable servants.

Deliver us, good Lord, deliver us, we beg You, from the woe of Chorazin, from the woe of Bethsaida, from the woe of Capernaum! Today, while it is called today, let us tremble lest it be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, and for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for us. Let us give diligence to devote ourselves, and all our opportunities, and all our privileges, to the untiring, undivided work of making Christ Jesus known to all the family of man. Hear us, pity us, pardon us, arise to our help, and quicken us to

Your work. These prayers are offered in the name of Christ our Lord, Amen.

### **WEDNESDAY MORNING.**

Merciful Lord God, Your *ear* is never weary to hear, Your *hand* is never shortened to bless. Visit us with all Your blessings this day, we meekly beseech You. Needy and helpless—we cast ourselves on Your unfailing grace. From our inmost souls we profess that we count all things but loss—for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. It is our all-constraining desire to live growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our precious Savior. Give us then the help of Your Holy Spirit. May He fulfill in us His loving office, and take of the things of Christ and show them in all their fullness, power, and beauty unto us.

Especially may the eyes of our understanding be enlightened to adore Him as the anointed High Priest of Your Church forever. We are exhorted to consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession Christ Jesus. Enable us to fix our meditations on this glorious object, to ponder the wonder of wonders, the priestly work in our behalf. May we behold Him, bringing Himself the *victim*—to Himself the *Altar*. Deeply engrave on our minds the everlasting truth: that He spared not Himself—but willingly laid down His life, and shed His most precious blood—that we may be spared, that we may live, that our souls and bodies should not perish, that all our *boundless debt* should be completely paid, that our *every iniquity* should be purged away, that the mountains upon mountains of our *grievous sins* should disappear, that the crimson dye of evil in us, should be whiter than the whitest snow.

May we now and ever adore our Jesus thus sacrificing Himself. Oh! that our adoration might be warm as His heart towards us! Open our eyes to see our great High Priest passed into the heavens, entering within the veil with His own most precious blood, and sprinkling the true mercy-seat. Open our ears to hear the eloquence of that prevailing plea. It tells that redemption's work is gloriously finished, that every holy attribute is satisfied to the uttermost, and that all Divine wrath is quenched.

"Christ has died" is our answer to every charge. All of His blood-bought people must be saved. Increase in us the faith which is intelligent to hear Christ's never-ceasing intercession. We bewail our cold, our listless and our heartless prayers. Their poverty adds sin to sin. They justly provoke Your anger. If our hope was in them our cry must be, "Woe unto us, for we are undone!" But show us our great High Priest, waving His golden censer, and filling all heaven with its fragrance. Then we shall delight ourselves in prayer, knowing that the worth of Jesus perfumes our feeble breathings, and wins acceptance for them!

We shall require blessings at every moment of this opening day. Great High Priest fulfill Your office, and cease not to pour down streams upon streams of needful grace. Bless us—and we shall be blessed indeed. Bless us in all our employ; when we go out and when we come in; in every thought of our minds, in every word of our lips, in every step, in every deed. Bless us when we ponder Your sacred Word, when we confess our sins, when we seek Your face, when we wrestle with You in prayer, when we uplift the voice of praise.

Blessed by You—may we be blessings to all around. May we be lowly followers of Your bright example. You *lived* to bless. You *died* to bless. Blessings fell from Your *ascending* lips. Blessings ever descend

from Your outstretched hands. Imbued with Your mind, may our whole course contribute to earth's welfare.

Heavenly Father, look down on each thus bowing before Your throne. Give *sweet sincerity* to our desires, *intense earnestness* to our supplications, *burning fervor* to our love. Let no unbelief deaden our approaches. May we feel truly that You do hear. May Your Spirit bear witness with our spirits—that we are Yours. May strong faith persuade us that answers, according to Your will, will surely come. Amen, Amen. Through Jesus Christ.

### **WEDNESDAY EVENING.**

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, let our evening worship ascend as incense to the heaven of heavens. The name of Jesus is access to Your throne, and in that name we bow the knee. We know that You resist the proud; let, then, no lofty thought find resting-place in our contrite hearts. May there be no hindrance to the uprising of our lowly breathings. May there be no barrier to the outpourings of Your mercy.

Who are we, that *pride* should swell within us! Our original is the *mire* beneath our feet. Dust we are—and unto dust we soon return. In material, we do not surpass the most detestable reptile. Whatever difference of form and intellect is ours—is freely granted by Your goodness. Our every faculty of mind and body is Your undeserved gift.

Thus low as *creatures*—we are far lower as *sinners*. We have times without number trampled on Your righteous law. Sin's deformity is stamped upon us; its hideousness darkens on our brow; its

loathsome touch has fixed corruption on us. Shall we, then, flaunt proudly in Your sight? The lowest depths of self-abasement is our due place. We are far less than nothing in Your all-seeing eye. Help us to see ourselves—as we are seen by You. Then pride must wither, and vanish, and decay, and die.

Your Word assures us that You give grace to the lowly. Humble our hearts before You—and then replenish them with Your choicest gifts. We know that nature's refreshing streams rest not on the barren summits of the high hills—but flow down to fertilize the lowness of the valleys. May our position ever be the lowliest of the lowly; so may our spiritual riches exceedingly abound.

Enable us to walk on earth even as Your beloved Son walked. He is our only Savior and most perfect model. Let His mind be ever our inward guest. He was meek and lowly in heart. Let His meekness be our all-covering garb. Clothe us entirely with humility. In all our fellowship with others, let no strife or vainglory show a hateful head.

Conscious of our sins against much light, and inward strivings of conscience, and teachings from above, may we always esteem others better than ourselves. Help us thus to manifest that we are born again. Thus may we exhibit conformity to the image of the blessed Jesus, the first-born among many brethren.

Grant the grace which we thus earnestly implore to all Your children throughout all the world. "This is what the Lord says—Let not the wise man boast of his wisdom or the strong man boast of his strength or the rich man boast of his riches, but let him who boasts boast about this: that he understands and knows me, that I am the Lord, who exercises kindness, justice and righteousness on earth, for in these I delight." Jeremiah 9:23-24.

May our happy *place be among the poor in spirit, to whom the kingdom* of God belongs. Set us in the gentle ranks of the meek, whose is the inheritance of *earth*. Thus may we taste and find, that true humility is the heirdom of two worlds. And thus may we fit for the day of glory, when we hope to cast our crowns before Your throne, and sing with prostrate spirits: "You alone are holy, You alone are the Lord!"

Confessing our need, supplicating Your grace, we cannot arise without intermingling most fervent thanks. Unless Your merciful protection had kept us this day under the shelter of Your wings, our lips would have been sealed in silence. Many who saw the morning sun—as strong or stronger than we are—have fallen as a withered leaf. We live to praise You, and praise we fervently bring. If we see the morrow's light, may we more worthily renew our song. If we go hence this night, may we through grace commence the endless hymn of the redeemed. Grant this for the merits of our Lord Christ. Amen.

#### **THURSDAY MORNING.**

Most gracious Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, You who are enthroned high in the glory of God the Father, grant, we beseech, to come in and occupy the throne of our hearts. We offer, we present them to You. Take full possession and reign supreme. Expel every opposing foe. Lay low every rebellious lust. Let no vile passion resist Your holy sway. Manifest Your mighty power. *Make us Yours—and keep us Yours forever.*

You are worthy that we should praise You with our every breath, and love You with all the energies of our souls, and serve You in every act of our lives. You have loved us with a free, a full, and everlasting love.



When we were loathsome in misery and sin—You have espoused us as Your bride forever; and have received us as Your portion, Your jewels, the lambs of Your fold, the members of Your mystic body. When we were worthless as creatures, vile as sinners, soiled and polluted by countless transgressions—You have purchased us by the price of Your own blood. You have made us Your favored inheritance, the garden of Your choice delights. You have washed us from all our filth. You have covered us with the spotless robe of Your righteousness. You have adorned us with the glories of Your pure obedience.

When we were dead in our iniquities, having no eyes to see You, no ears to hear Your voice, no taste to relish Your joys, no mind to know You—You have quickened us by Your Holy Spirit, and brought us as new creatures into a new world of spiritual perception. You have given us Your Word to be our light, our guide, our solace, and our joy. You have enriched us with a treasure of precious and most cheering promises.

What could have been done more for Your vineyard—which You have not done for us! You have loved us more than Your own life. With loving-kindness You have drawn us. You forgive our daily and hourly transgressions. None of our sinful provocations separate us from Your sympathy. You will never leave us nor forsake us. You preserve us until we safely reach the heaven of heavens, and sit beside You on Your glorious Throne!

Help us then, oh help us, we beseech You, to walk this day worthy of You, and of Your love, and of our hopes, and of our high and heavenly calling. Keep us, we beg You; we cannot keep ourselves. Protect us, that no evil may defile us. Strengthen us to lay aside every

weight and the sin which so easily besets us. Enable us to run with patience the race which is set before us—looking unto You!

While still journeying as pilgrims upon earth, may we set our minds on things above—and not on earthly things. May we in spirit be always waiting for the glorious appearing of You, our great God and Savior, who will change our vile bodies that they shall be like unto Your glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby You are able even to subdue all things unto Yourself.

Now we would go forth to our appointed work, walking by Your side, leaning on Your arm, holding sweet converse with You. May we be as the salt of the earth—a blessing to all around. Look with Your especial favor on our household, our friends, our country. We commend to Your gracious care, our Sovereign the Queen, the royal progeny, and all who exercise authority in this realm. As a nation, great is our outward prosperity. We pray that we may be greater in inward righteousness. As a people may we fear You, reverence Your ordinances, keep Your statutes, advance Your kingdom. Glory be to You, gracious Redeemer, who reigns one with the Father and the Holy Spirit, now and ever! Amen.

#### **THURSDAY EVENING.**

Holy Lord God, omnipotent in creation, unfailing in preservation, we would not end this day without calling upon You in behalf of all sorts and conditions of men. We desire to be large in sympathy, even as You are boundless in love. First we pray for kings and princes, and all who are called to exercise sovereign sway throughout earth's length and breadth. Especially we name her who holds in widowed hands, the mighty scepter of this world-wide realm. May her gifts be equal

to her varied needs; and where gifts abound—may grace immeasurably super-abound. Loved and sustained by You, may her reign be England's most blessed time. May her highest place, be the inheritance where all are kings and priests to God.

Give right wisdom and integrity to all who frame and administer our laws. Grant that they may seek to establish the holy reign of peace; as professing subjection to the Prince of peace. May they study to be just, as those who must stand before Your judgment-seat. May they love mercy, as those whose only hope is in the riches of Your mercy in Christ Jesus. Impress on their minds Whose ordinance they subserve; and may Your glory be their constant aim.

Diffuse throughout our fellow-subjects cheerful obedience to lawful authority. Teach us that the truest liberty is *glad submission to righteous rule*. Thus may harmony and concord pervade all ranks, and Christian love shed happy fragrance round.

Where wealth is granted, may *liberal hearts* liberally devise, and *bounteous hands* bountifully diffuse. May the rich remember Whose is the silver and the gold, and may they gladly distribute as *almoners* of Your goodness. Let not *poverty* murmur at its lowly lot, remembering that Jesus chose the humblest place. May the cottage be ennobled by the truth, that God has chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He has promised to those who love Him.

Look with especial favor on the *aged*. Smooth their descent into life's valley. Support their feeble strength. Let not the devil get advantage, when powers fail. But lower them to their graves strong in faith, joyful in hope, rooted in love, redolent of every grace.

We commend our *young* to Your tenderest care. How deep, how abiding are early impressions! While the soil is yet *tender*, may seeds of godliness be sown. Before Satan with his legion stealthily creeps in, before the world with its bewitching vanities allures, before corrupt examples beckon to destruction's way—do, O blessed Jesus, enter and win their first affections, and mold their pliant wills. Show them in life's dawn, Your beauty and Your glory, the peaceful charms of godly walk, and seal them by Your Spirit as Your own forever.

Solemnize the minds of parents, that they may feel what a treasure is entrusted to their care, even the immortal souls of the offspring granted to them. May children never see in them an unholy look, or hear from them an unholy word. May tender consideration train the tender shoots. May loving prudence educate them, as their strength can bear, for the Christian warfare and the Christian crown.

May Your Holy Spirit be the great teacher in all classes of all schools. May our youth be instructed that Christ is the mine containing all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. May they early learn that the fear of the Lord is true wisdom, that to depart from evil is right understanding, and that to be brave for Christ is the noblest heroism.

May *servants* serve as unto the Lord. May *masters* rule as servants of a heavenly Lord. Thus may every stone, from the foundation to the pinnacle in the social fabric, be cemented in Christian harmony and peace and godliness. In every house may there be a *church*. May every dwelling be a *school for heaven*. From every heart may prayer and praise in sweetest fragrance be continually ascending. May our country's glory—be its devotedness to the God of our salvation. Thus may our land bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, bless us forever. Holy Father, turn not away from the desire of our hearts, humbly presented in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## **FRIDAY MORNING.**

Grant, we beseech You, O heavenly King, that our morning worship may be pure in *simplicity*, and earnest in godly *sincerity*. Truly to *know* You—is truly to *love* You. Truly to *love* You—is truly to *serve* You. Therefore shed abroad Your knowledge in our hearts.

Cause all *ignorance* to vanish before the brightness of Your light. You have given us in Your holy Word, large records of Your grace and love. May we feast on them, until our inner man is steeped in their sweetness. Strengthen us with the abiding thought that You have loved us, and given Yourself for us—and that You will love us unto the end. In the manger of Your birth, in the garden of Your agony, in the cross of Your suffering, and in Your never-failing intercession, may we read the *meltings of Your heart* towards us. Bold in this thought, may we this day defy our cruel adversary, tread down his vile temptations, resist his cunning arts, renounce the world, despise its vanities, and be valiant for Your truth.

Deepen in our souls a sense of our holy relationship to You. May we know You as the spiritual Bridegroom of Your Church, and may the wondrous truth fill our adoring minds with joy unspeakable and full of glory. We think of You, Jehovah's fellow, one with the Father, in glory equal, in majesty co-eternal, God over all, blessed for evermore. We think of angels veiling their faces before You while they worship. We think of Your glory, and our vileness; Your majesty, and our baseness; Your beauty, and our deformity; Your purity, and our filth; Your riches, and our poverty; Your righteousness, and our unrighteousness. We see the amazing distance, the infinite disproportion. Yet we believe that You have looked on us with

unchanging and unchangeable love—and have espoused us unto Yourself forever.

As You have *loved* us—so may we love You. As You have *given* Yourself for us—so may we give ourselves to You. As You have *died* for us—so may we *live* for You. May we be devoted to You in every moment of our time, and every movement of our minds, and every pulse of our hearts, in faithfulness, purity, and truth.

May we never dally with the world, or any of its defiling allurements. May our walk be closely by Your side. Keep us ever listening for Your voice in the pages of Your Word, ever holding communion with You, ever leaning on Your arm. May we be clothed with every lovely grace, and adorned with the garment of Your righteousness, which is the beauty of Your people.

O You, who have done such wondrous things for us, leave us not, neither forsake us, until we sit beside You on Your throne forever!

Happy in our precious privileges—may our hearts be tender to commiserate the unhappiness of those who are dead in trespasses and sins. We know that it is Your gracious will by the foolishness of preaching, to save those who believe. Raise up then, we beseech You, a noble band of faithful men. Replenish them with every grace. Make them wise as *serpents*, bold as *lions*, harmless as *doves*. And put them forth as *laborers* into Your harvest. Sustain their *zeal* as a blazing torch—until they return, bringing many sheaves into Your garner!

Especially we beg You to keep our beloved country untainted by *heresy* and *superstition*. You have visited us when darkness spread its deadly pall around. When gospel light glimmered as an expiring spark, You lifted on high the *banner of the reformation*.

You endued holy martyrs with heroism, braving all agonies in testimony of Your truth. Enable us to strive, as successors of their zeal—against all deadly error. May we stand as a rock against every approach of idolatry.

Without Your aid, how soon might we relapse! The enemy threatens to come in like a flood. But, may You help us, and we shall be strong. Preserve us, and we shall be safe. Uphold us, and we shall not fall.

Get to Yourself a great name in England as the bright home of truth and righteousness. Unto Your great name, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—be eternal praise. Amen.

### **FRIDAY EVENING.**

Heavenly Father, we thank You that in Your tender mercy You have been pleased to plant us together in the Church of God, which He has purchased with His own blood. Add grace more and more, that we may live worthy of this high and heavenly calling. Safe in our *heavenly ark*—may we pass through the waves of this troublesome world into the harbor of eternal rest! May we fear no wreck, knowing that Christ is seated at the helm, that angels are our convoys, that Your Word is our chart, and that our fellow-voyagers are the purchased possession of Your dear Son.

We have undoubting assurance that great is the Lord Almighty in the midst of His Church. Therefore will not we fear though the earth is removed, and though the mountains are carried into the midst of the sea, and the waters thereof rage and swell. Teach us the inestimable privilege of being portion of the vineyard which Your right hand has planted, and for which You have done such wondrous things. Rightly

may You require the good fruit of perfect holiness, proportionate to all Your heavenly care. Grant, we beg You, that we may not be *barren trees*, or laden only with *worthless leaves of profession*, or vines bearing only wild grapes. Water us with more abundant dews of blessing. Invigorate us with more of Your ripening rays.

As members of Your Church we believe that we are the Lamb's bride. As such help us to be true and faithful, chaste and loving, pure and devoted. Suffer no straying affection wantonly to dally with the pleasures of this world. But may we live raised high above the love of things temporal, and always listening for the cry, Behold, the bridegroom comes.

We believe that our beloved Savior, in tender love, gave Himself for us, that He might sanctify and cleanse us with the washing of water by the Word; and that He might present us unto Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing—but that we should be holy and without blemish. Accomplish this blessed work in us, good Lord. Here we offer and present our hearts unto You. Come in and establish Your *undisputed reign*. Come and *replenish* them with hallowing grace. Come and *fit* them for Your perpetual home. Come and hold sweet converse with us. By Your Spirit—tell us more of Your love. Cause all Your goodness to pass before us. *Enable us with open eye—to gaze on Your beauty and Your glory, until we become wholly conformed to Your likeness.*

May Your every *promise* be fulfilled in us. May Your every *precept* be the pathway of our feet. Thus may we rejoice in the joy of being truly Yours. *With such delights before us, do not allow us madly to turn aside to the husks and rubbish of this barren world.* We are taught that the temple of God can have no agreement with idols. And are we not the temple of God? And has not God said, "I will dwell in them,



and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people!" Therefore help us to come out from among them, and to be separate, and to touch not the unclean thing.

Blessed Lord, hasten the time when all shall know You, from the least unto the greatest. Speak but the word—and the veil shall no more blind their eyes. Pluck out of them the heart of stone. Expel the evil spirit of unbelief. Give them, according to Your Word, the Spirit of grace and supplication. Turn their eyes to Him whom was pierced for transgressors. Cause them to mourn for Him as one who mourns for his only son, and to be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for the death of his firstborn.

Give us grace never to put a stumbling-block in any returning sinner's way. May we rather *entice* them, *attract* them, *allure* them, *win* them. Grant that others may see in us, how good it is to *sit beneath the cross*, and through the reconciling blood to cry, "Abba, Father!" Answer us according to Your rich promises to prayer. Let us not seek Your face in vain. Hear us, for Your great glory in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## **SATURDAY MORNING.**

Preserved by Your tender care, we live to see, most gracious Lord, the opening hours of another day. Increase and multiply upon us, Your mercy. Your goodness to us has never failed. Past provocations have been no barrier to its constant flow. Your *nature* and Your *name* is *love*.

Through the helpless hours of darkness, You have kept us safe. Helpless in ourselves, we meet this dawning light. But we come to

You for help in the name of Jesus. We cling to Your protecting arm. We hide ourselves in You—our fortress and our sure refuge. We take You as our shield and buckler. Fight for us—and our foes must flee. Uphold us—and we cannot fall. Strengthen us—and we shall stand unmoved, immovable. Equip us with the whole armor of God—and we shall receive no wound. Stand by us in the conflict—and we shall tread Satan beneath our feet. Save us—and we shall be saved. Put the song of salvation on our lips—and our mouths shall shout aloud Your praise.

Especially we beseech You to deepen in our hearts, the abhorrence of all evil. May we hate sin with perfect hatred. It is the vile monster which defies Your power, casts off Your yoke, treads down Your lovely law, defiles our nature, spreads misery throughout this earth, brought death into the world, and nailed the spotless Lamb of God to the accursed tree. Teach us to look to Jesus on the cross—and so to estimate its loathsome guilt in Your sight.

Could there be no pardon—but through Your dear Son's death! Could no cleansing wash out its filth—but Jesus' precious blood! Could no atonement expiate the evil—but the shame, the agony, the bruises of the incarnate God! We see the boundless *price!* May we read therein the boundless *guilt!* In the infinite *payment!*—show us the infinite *debt.* Thus may we discern the deadly viper in its real malignity, and tear it with holy indignation from our breasts, and resolutely turn from its every snare, and refuse to hold polluting dalliance with it!

Help us, too, to learn in Your all-sufficient sacrifice—Your tender and immeasurable love. May such love kindle mightily the flame of our responding love. May it blaze in our every faculty of heart and soul.

May it rule throughout our inner man. May it consecrate our every thought and word and work a whole burnt-offering to Your glory.

Blessed Jesus, at Your cross may we be taught the awful miseries from which You have redeemed us! Without Your rescuing blood we must have been lost forever! Help us to ponder what the word "lost" implies. Your warning Word ofttimes draws back the veil. Send down Your enlightening Spirit to make vivid, the appalling scene. And when we read of fire which never ceases to burn, and indignation and wrath and anguish forever raging, and blackness of darkness forever, and everlasting destruction from Your presence and glory—may we cling more closely to Your cross! May our faith adhere to You with a more resolute and more intense grasp; may our total being be devoted to You; and may our detestation of all sin be as strong as Your love towards us. Work in us, we beg You, this transforming work. Keep us from all iniquity. Purify us unto Yourself, as a holy people. May holiness be the atmosphere in which we live.

Smile too on our beloved country, from the sovereign on the throne to the lowliest cottager, with blessings from on high. Diffuse Your knowledge. Establish the reign of Your faith and fear. Send out Your Spirit to put life into all our means of grace. Let our Bibles be duly studied, and may they vivify our hearts!

Give us intelligent *gratitude* for the marvelous blessings of our Reformation. Increase our valor for its glorious truths. Arm us with holy resolves never to relinquish *our inestimable treasure*. Check every backward look to *Rome's destructive falsehoods*. Hasten the time when the Lord himself shall appear to consume the *mystery of iniquity* with the breath of His mouth, and to destroy it with the brightness of His coming. We long for the day when *truth* shall be our unclouded sun, and when the deceits of *idolatry* shall be as a

withered weed. We trust such prayer is Your Spirit's interceding voice within us. Therefore we boldly offer it in the prevailing name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## **SATURDAY EVENING.**

O God of patience and consolation, grant us as a family, this night, to be like-minded one towards another, according to Christ Jesus; that we may with one mind and one mouth glorify You, even the Father of our Lord and only Savior. Glory be to You, for this **throne of grace**. Make it ever to us—the chosen *pleasure-ground of our souls*. May it be the *fortress* to which continually we flee. Here may we obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. Here may we see by faith, Your reconciled smile. Here may we rejoice to plead the name of Jesus. Here may we sharpen the *sword* of the Spirit, anoint the *shield* of faith, and put on the *helmet* of salvation.

By prayer too may we gather supplies of heavenly manna—even the precious nourishment of Your Word. Thus may we be strengthened for each conflict, nerved for our upward race, and empowered for more than conquest over every foe. We know that Christ is an open channel for all blessings to descend upon us. Help us to beg, until the sluices of mercy widely open, and our souls are so replenished, that there shall be no room to receive more.

We marvel at our cruel folly, that when such enriching favors are within our reach—that we are so slow to extend the hand to take them. Compassionate our deadness for Your great name's sake. Quicken us, arouse us, stir us up, fill us with holy zeal, put strength into us that we may strive with You, and refuse to let You go. It is

Your glory to be vanquished by the power of prayer. May Your Spirit within us wrest all blessings from Your yielding hands.

We bless You for Your holy **Scriptures**—for all their precepts—all their promises—all their light. Forgive our sad neglect of this most inestimable treasure. May we study the sacred pages with *minds* intent to learn more of Christ, with *memories* sanctified to retain, with *wills* resolved to follow.

We confess with shame, past hours wasted in *unprofitable reading* and other worldly entertainments. Counteract, we beseech You, the evil of a licentious press. Give grace to all to whom You have given the gift to write. May ready pens be consecrated to Your glory. May Your Spirit direct all talent to the grand work of making this fallen world rich in true knowledge, and wise unto salvation.

If other days are ours—guide us that no more *time be squandered in vain pursuits*. We desire to grow in Your *faith* and *fear* and *love*. We know that when we do not advance—we must backslide. Deliver us from the misery of feeling that we *once* ran well—but *now* our course is hindered.

Build us up in our most holy faith. Let us show out of a holy heart—our godly works with meekness of wisdom. May we display *gentleness* and *humility* and *love* to all men. May we ever esteem others better than ourselves. Help us never to be overcome by evil—but to overcome all evil with good. May we walk humbly, because of much *good omitted*, and much *evil committed*. Impress on our minds the shortness of time—the work to be done—the account to be rendered—the nearness of eternity—the misery of lamps expired, when the voice of the Bridegroom is heard.

May we never forget that Your eye always sees us, Your ear always hears us, Your recording hand always commits to a book of remembrance, and that all hidden works must be unveiled when the judgment day arrives. May it be our one effort to approve ourselves as faithful servants of the Lord Christ. Above all things—may we seek Your favor! Above all things—may we dread Your frown!

Strengthen us to give You no rest, until You shall reign supreme in our every thought and word and work. Command what is well-pleasing in Your sight, and give us power faithfully to fulfill the same.

As we shall desire to appear before Your great white throne—so may we now appear in Your sight—and before all men. Increase in us more and more the gift of that precious faith which purifies the heart, overcomes the world, works by love, and makes us one with Christ.

May Christ be the pulse of our hearts. May He speak in every word of our lips. May He shine in every step of our earthly walk. May we be very temples of the Holy Spirit—a habitation of God through the Spirit. Grant our requests for His dear sake. Amen.

## **FOURTH WEEK.**

### **SUNDAY MORNING.**

O You who hears prayer—unto You we now come. Grant that by the *eye of faith* we may behold You bending down Your *ear of love* to receive our feeble breathings. May our cries ascend perfumed with

the incense of Jesus' atoning blood, and so be welcomed with acceptance.

We shall prevail, for You have promised. Smiles await us, for Your Spirit intercedes within us. We shall be heard, for Your dear Son pleads for us.

May we now be filled to the full with the Spirit of grace and supplication. In public and in private, in the sanctuary and in the closet, may our life be steeped in prayer. We thank You that through Your distinguishing favor our birth has placed us in a land in which Your worship has external reverence, and congregations throng Your courts. We thank You that in the village and the town church-bell sounds proclaim the return of this holy day, and invite to glad solemnities.

Rejoicing in our precious privileges, we think of the multitudes to whom this day brings neither repose nor peace. From the eminence of our hallowed position, we cast our eyes over the wide expanse of heathendom, and we mourn. We feel our duty towards them, and we bring their *desolation* before *Your pitying-eye*. Fervent thanks we render—that we have not been left in their cold darkness. We forget not, that the *mercy* which befriended us—can befriend them. We know that the *power* which rescued us—can rescue them. There is nothing too hard for You to do! We beseech You, then, to bless them—as You have blessed us. Send out Your light and Your truth to the regions which enjoy not the calm delight and sanctifying mercies of the Lord's day. Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.

We pray with more earnest wrestling for *those around us*, who, in the midst of all Christian privileges, willfully choose darkness rather than light. Gracious Lord, forget them not, while they thus slight

You. Manifest the freeness of Your grace by subduing their obdurate rebellion. Reign in the midst of these enemies. *Compel* them to come in. We tremble, lest the heathen should rise up in the judgment and condemn them for so despising Your proffered mercies.

Grant that the mind of Christ may pervade us. He never wearied in pouring out His heart to You. In the days of His flesh, He offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears. May we thus *take heaven by storm*.

Open Your hands wide to pour down streams of blessing on all who shall publicly teach in Your name. May they stand between the living and the dead, and may the destroying plague be checked. Give them to feel deeply—that eternal interests hang on their lips. May their every word be everlasting truth. May they so labor, that at last they may be welcomed as *good and faithful servants*.

May we not be forgetful that this day may close our Sundays upon earth. The next return, may see our places vacant. May it then be our best. May it find us ready, in Your dear Son, to join the ever-hymning choir.

May our devotions in Your house stimulate many. May the *thoughtless* see in us how good it is to draw near to You, our God. May the *formalist* be taught by our sincerity, that You are a Spirit, and those who worship You, must worship You in spirit and in truth.

Remember, O Lord, with tender love—the sufferers on whom You have been pleased to lay the hand of detaining sickness. Their feet may not tread Your courts—may You come down and visit them. Let the *light of Your countenance* shine sweetly in their *chambers of languishing*. Let Your voice whisper through their souls, "Peace be



unto you! It is I, do not be afraid!" May their joyful experience testify that *Your presence* is not confined to any *place*.

But while our hearts drink deeply of the streams which make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High, multitudes will make this a day of especial sin. Your eye will behold trespasses crying up unto the heavens. Merciful Lord, do not let Your righteous wrath to go forth. Spare these *captives of Satan*. Extend to them *longer space* for repentance. Above all, touch them with Your converting grace. Magnify the riches of Your loving-kindness. Receive glory—by giving *life* to the dead, and *light* to the blind. Thus we present our earnest cries in the all-prevailing name of Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord. Amen.

### **SUNDAY EVENING.**

Lord of all power and might, You that are the author and giver of all good things—help us by Your grace to close this day in close fellowship with You. It was the early desire of our hearts to be wholly in the Spirit throughout this day. The review of its hallowed hours causes us to *hide our faces in the dust of shame*. Our best work is vile and hateful in our own sight! What, then, must it be in Yours! If our purest service is unclean—how must our open transgressions rise in condemnation! Have mercy, have mercy upon us, for Your dear Son's sake. Have mercy, have mercy upon us, according to the multitude of Your tender mercies. Have mercy, have mercy upon us, for the great glory of Your great name.

We are heartily sorry for the misdoings of this day. Forgive us all that is past. O Lord, the only begotten Son Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, who takes away the sin of the world

—take away all *our* guilt. You who sit at the right hand of God the Father, receive our prayer. Great Intercessor, plead in our behalf.

May we retire to our rest this night, O blessed Savior, in the happy assurance that Your blood cleanses from all sin. We know that You will never cast out the people or the prayers of those who flee to You. To You—we now come. We clasp by faith Your precious promises. We cling to Your saving cross. We desire to wrestle with You in the might of faith, not letting You go, until You bless us.

Bless us by revealing to us more and more of the saving merits of Your passion. Bless us by causing all Your goodness to pass before us. Bless us by lifting up the light of Your countenance upon us. Bless us by speaking peace to our contrite hearts. Help us to bless and praise You now, even as we hope to bless and praise throughout the endless age.

Give us more of the *joy of Your salvation*. We would be fruitful, as trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified. *Enable us to keep ourselves pure from all the corrupting stains of this world*. May we appear among men as the Lamb's bride, clothed with the garments of salvation, covered with the robe of righteousness.

This day, the silver trumpet of Your truth has sweetly sounded in countless assemblies. Oh! that Your Spirit may have worked triumphantly. May no word have been unprofitable, because of lack of faith in the hearer's heart. May no grain of precious seed have failed to take deep root. Speak but the word, "Let there be light!" and there shall be light. Say, "Let there be sight!" and opening eyes shall see, and awakened souls shall live.

If in any pulpits this day, darkness has been put for light, and *noxious poison* for the *bread of life*, we beg You, of Your sovereign grace, to counteract the evil. "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered; let those who hate Him flee before Him."

Dissipate all the dark clouds of *prejudice* and *pride* and *self-conceit*. Cast to the winds, the empty husks of formality. Expose to shame, all the flimsy refuges of self-righteousness. Humble the conceit of every proud heart. Let the desperate wickedness of the natural heart be seen, and felt, and hated, and renounced. Let Jesus Christ alone be exalted in the majesty of His person, the perfection of His work, the beauties of His grace, the triumphs of His power, the unchangeableness of His will, the infinitude of His love, the boundlessness of His salvation.

Thus may Your glorious kingdom come. Thus may all Your enemies be crushed. We mourn that Your dear Son should still be the despised and rejected by men, and that His truth should be slighted and trampled under foot. We mourn that many who profess to value Him as the pearl of great price—should so often be ashamed of His saving name. Deliver us from such awful guilt. As with our *hearts* we *believe* unto righteousness, so with our *mouths* may we openly *confess* unto salvation.

Gracious Father, now go with us to our bedside worship. Draw nearer to us. May we not leave You, until slumber seals our eyes, and forgetfulness lulls our senses. If we should have sleepless hours, give us tranquillizing thoughts of You. May we feel that You are very near, and may Your faithful love be the *pillow of our weary minds*. If dreams are ours—may they be hallowed and serene. Thus may we arise refreshed to run our upward race. Let our prayers prevail for Your love's sake in Jesus Christ. Amen.

## MONDAY MORNING.

Gracious Lord God, at the opening of the first working day of another week, we come to shelter ourselves beneath the *covert of Your protecting wings*. It is of Your *tender mercy*—that we now live. It is of Your *boundless grace*—that we draw near to meet You at Your mercy-seat.

Our little barks are now entering on the troublous waves of the restless world. Grant that Your Holy Spirit may sit at the helm and steer us safely. Allow no *adverse current*—to divert our heavenward course. Amid storms and shoals, if such imperil us, let not our faith be wrecked, or our souls' concerns receive any damage. Bring us to its close with garments unspotted, consciences unwounded, and no grace bedimmed.

Strengthen us to take a decided stride towards heaven. And may we allure many into the *narrow way of life*; and lay up rich stores of experience of Your faithfulness and truth.

Write deeply by Your Spirit's pen—the lessons of yesterday upon the tablets of our mind. Soften us as yielding wax. Impress on us Your heavenly image. You are the *Potter*—we are the *clay*. By Your preached word, mold us and form us into thorough conformity to the likeness of Your dear Son. May our whole aspect show His lovely lineaments. May all who see us take knowledge of us—that we belong to the household of faith, that we are children of God, heirs of God, joint-heirs of Christ. May our citizenship be above. May we breathe the atmosphere of purity and godly love.

Give especial efficacy to all means of grace. Through them keep us Yours forever. We *ask* great things. We *expect* great things. We doubt not, that we shall *receive* great things. We boldly come to You in Christ Jesus. In Him we trust You, without one misgiving doubt. For we hear the proclamation of Your name, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin!" We hear, we believe, we adore!

We venture on You, we venture wholly, we venture fully. We come to our Father's arms. It is our privilege and our joy to recount all that You *are to* us—and all that You have *done for* us. While we strive to conceive Your greatness and Your goodness, we find that Your love excels all knowledge. But we delight to sing, "Your mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and Your faithfulness reaches unto the clouds! Your righteousness is like the great mountains! Your judgments are like the great deep. Who is a God like unto You—who pardons iniquity, and passes by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage! You do not retain Your anger forever, because You delight in mercy. You will turn again—You will have compassion upon us—You will subdue our iniquities; and will cast all our sins into the depths of the sea!"

Tightly clasping these heaven-sent assurances, taking them as our staff and our shield, the light of our countenance, and the very joy of our hearts—we now go forth to our daily duties.

We humbly desire that our *contracted hearts* may be expanded by Your Spirit—to look beyond our own need, and to embrace in our sympathies, the whole family of mankind. Multitudes throng this earth into whom You have breathed the breath of life. But their souls are dead towards You. They bring no glory to Your great name. The song of heaven swells with no praises from their lips. They wrong

You. They defraud You of the service and worship which are so justly due to You.

We are bold and earnest to bring their misery to You, the God of all tender compassion. We name them meekly, knowing that You, the God of the whole earth—are doing right. We know that You are all wisdom—while we by nature grope in blindness. But we trust it is of Your Spirit, that we feel pity for their forlorn and perishing state. Thus we beg You to *snatch them as brands from the burning*. Raise them to shine above the brightness of the stars, as gems in the mediatorial crown of Jesus!

Bless, O God of love, O God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, all Your missionaries who leave our shores. Give life to all our efforts in behalf of heathendom. Prosper all our desires to advance the gospel-truth. Hear all our prayers for those who know You not. Accept these humble supplications and these poor praises. We present them in the all-prevailing name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

### **MONDAY EVENING.**

Gracious Lord God, Your protecting wings have sheltered us during all the perils of this day. For such boundless mercy—we render our united praise. But while we praise, we chide our dull hearts—that they are not *one flame of adoring love*. We loathe ourselves for all our shortcomings. But no deficiency is more hateful to us than the *poverty of our thanksgivings*. If *angels* veil their faces when they stand before You—into what dust of shame should *we* sink low! But in faith of Your dear Son's most glorious work for us—we look forward to the days of heaven, when no languor shall oppress, no iniquities shall chill, no thoughts shall stray, no mists of unbelief

shall dim our gaze. Our hearts throb for the time when *zeal* shall never tire. Oh! when shall we see You as You are—and offer the pure hallelujahs of perfect love.

How marvelous is Your loving-kindness, that Your faithful promises should spread such prospects before our longing eyes. We are called to regard heaven as our home forever. We feast on the grand words: "Father, I will that those whom You have given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory which You have given Me. The glory which You gave Me, I have given them. So shall we ever be with the Lord."

We receive these bright assurances as the stay, the prop, the cheering comfort of our souls. The voyage seems sometimes long. The waves lift up overwhelming heads. The storms are fierce and pitiless. But Christ holds the helm. Your Word secures safe passage. The haven will be surely gained. *Free grace* bestows on us the mighty pledge. Therefore our vile unworthiness can never hinder. The worthy price of Your dear Son's blood—has bought these heavenly homes. No worth of *ours* is needed to fill the scales which hold *His* merits. We rejoice in the seal of Your Holy Spirit, the pledge of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession.

You have been with us this day. We know that when You *begin* a good work—You will *perform* it. None can stay Your hand, or pluck Your people from You. Repentance is hid from Your eyes. You hate 'divorce'. Therefore, without one fear, we trust You, that we shall be with You forever.

Grace prevents, and grace will follow. Not one link of the glorious chain of saving grace can ever fail. It is written, "Whom He did predestinate, them He also called, and whom He called, them He

also justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified." We read, we believe, we adore!

We cling to these promises—as the anchor of our sin-tossed souls. We rejoice, amid all our unworthiness, in hope of the glory of God. In humble confidence we now commend to You ourselves, and all belonging to us for the hours of approaching darkness. If it be Your blessed will to raise us again from our beds of slumber, may we diligently use the prolonged space to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven. Eschewing all earthly vanities, may we trim our lamps, and shine as lights in the world. May we live as *kings* and *priests* unto You, and to Your glory.

If we see future days, may every step cement us more closely to our beloved Lord Jesus, and render us more conformed to His image. Help us in all things to have a conscience void of offence towards You, and towards all men. May we ever grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We beseech You also to stand by the beds of those on whom *death* is now placing its icy hand. Oh! that they might be enabled each one to say: "Lord, now let You Your servant depart in peace—for my eyes have seen Your salvation!" May each dying whisper be: "Into Your hands I commend my spirit, for You have redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" May they die, as we hope to die, when our last hour shall come. Thus may the realms of light be peopled, and others in their place spring up to fight the good fight of faith, and to testify for You on earth. Pour down on us and all Your flock, all the blessings sealed to Your people in the everlasting covenant of grace. Hear us, bless us, for Christ's sake. Amen.



## TUESDAY MORNING.

Almighty and eternal God, maker of all things, judge of all—Your covenant, that day and night shall not fail, abides unbroken. May we be thus reminded that Your better covenant of eternal love in Jesus Christ is unchangeableness and truth. In this glad confidence we come as a family this morning to commit ourselves to Your faithful care. We have no power of ourselves to help ourselves. There is no safety for us—but under the shelter of Your protecting wings. Spread their covert around us—so no evil can approach to hurt.

We shall be exposed this day to Satan's malice and attacks—may You by Your outstretched arm repel him. He will desire to have us, that he may sift us as wheat. Hear the prayer of Jesus in our behalf—that our faith fail not. Upheld by You—may we strengthen others.

We confess the treachery of our sin-sick hearts. They are ready to *dally* with our many foes—and are quick to give admittance. May You be pleased to bar fast the portals, and may Your blessed Spirit fortify their every inlet.

Our feet are set in slippery places. Hold up our goings in the everlasting way. May no fall, soil the white robes of our purity. May no backslidings cause dishonor to Your name. This day will bring us nearer to our heavenly home. May each moment witness our *ripening* for it.

We now go forth, ignorant of the circumstances which may demand attention. Grant that in every transaction our *holy consistency* may shine before men, and lead them to glorify our Father who is in heaven. May we be *wise* as serpents—and *harmless* as doves. May our *peace* flow as a river, and our *righteousness* as the waves of the sea. Let that mind be in us—which was in Christ Jesus. Preserve us

holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. Especially solemnize our hearts. May we live circumspectly, abounding in holy meditation. Give us the skill to convert each circumstance into prayer. Thus may we be shielded against the *surprise of unexpected evil*.

We know not who may have interchange of thought with us. Grant that those who address us, may be channels of good. May we too minister good to them. Set a guard upon our mouths. Keep the door of our lips. May we bear in mind that *eternal interests hang on life's little moments*. Let our speech be always with grace. May others have cause to rejoice that they have been brought into contact with us. If we should have interaction with any who are thoughtless and ungodly, so bless our converse that it may win them to the paths of peace. Grant that they may see in us—that religion is a real treasure, enriching with most sacred joy, and ennobling with true nobility.

Especially make us *kind and tenderhearted* one towards another, bearing one another's burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ. Let *gentleness and love* be the halo round our path. Smooth every asperity of temper. May we never forget how easy it is to occasion grief, and to inflict rankling vexation. May we rather strive to bind up every wound, to pour oil into every bleeding heart, and to cause the sons of sorrow to change their mourning into gladness.

Thus may the world be the happier and the better, because we live. May our communications sow the good seed of grace all around. Send down the dew of Your blessing and the rays of Your Spirit, that every seed may yield fruit to Your glory. May our tents be always pitched beside the Redeemer's cross. Fix our loving gaze intently on His death and passion. Knowing the iniquity which cleaves to our best efforts and our holiest walk—may we be ever plunging into the

fountain which is opened in His side. There may we wash and be clean. May our constant prayer be, "Purge us with hyssop—and we shall be clean! Wash us—and we shall be whiter than snow!" Help and defend us, until from *praying* ground—we pass to the realms of *unceasing praise*. We thus beseech You for Christ's sake. Amen.

## **TUESDAY EVENING.**

Blessed Lord God, urged by our need, invited by Your promises, called by Your grace—as a family we enter in spirit into Your immediate presence. We worship You in humble reverence and godly fear. We are filled with awe when we contemplate Your majesty, Your greatness, Your holiness, Your glory. But we take courage, when we remember Your boundless love, Your immeasurable goodness. Each hour of the day now fled, brought tender mercies to our hearts and home. For known deliverances—we bless Your holy name. For unnumbered and unknown benefits—we bring the tribute of our fervent praise.

We feel that every moment records our deep debt in Your book of reckoning. We are all *poverty*—as well as *guilt*. We have nothing of our own with which to pay. But we are rich—for Jesus is ours, and we are His. We bring Him in the arms of our faith. We present Him as more than counterpoising all our iniquities. We rejoice in believing that the scales in our behalf weigh down, and that Your justice is more than satisfied.

May we this night and evermore be found in Him, not having our own righteousness, which we utterly abhor—but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is of You, O God, by faith.

We humble ourselves for *faculties* misused, and many *opportunities* neglected. Grant, we beg You, that no harm may spring up from our unadvised words. Wherever our example has been amiss, may Your grace erase all mischievous impression. Let not any worthless seed, sowed inadvertently by our careless hands—take root, and bring forth bitter fruit. Pardon our vanity, our levity, our lack of watchfulness, our foolish walking, our inconsiderate ways.

May no evil result from fretful temper, unloving walk, or provoking pettishness in us. If by unkindness we have wounded any heart—may You pour in the balm of heavenly consolation. If we have turned coldly from need, and misery, and grief—do not in righteous anger turn from us. If we have withheld relief from poverty and pain, do not withhold Your gracious bounty from us. But by Your Spirit cause our hearts to be an overflowing ocean of tender love and godly compassion.

Give us without measure—that most excellent gift of love which suffers long and is kind, which envies not, which does not boast, which is not puffed up, which does not behave itself rudely, which seeks not its own, is not easily provoked, thinks no evil, rejoices not in iniquity—but rejoices in the truth; which bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things, and never fails.

Thus may we be imitators of You, our ever-loving God, whose *name* is Love. Thus may we shine as disciples of our adored Lord, who has left us His especial commandment, that *we love one another*. May the *robe* of love be our clothing, the *reign* of love be established in our hearts, and the *law* of love constrain our words and works.

Good Lord, many of Your servants are laboring to promote Your glory. Bless every word which has fallen from godly lips. Sanctify every visit to the *cells of misery*, and *huts of poverty*, and *chambers of sickness*, and *abodes of suffering*. Give power to those who are taking counsel to devise more extended schemes of benevolence. Fructify all efforts to send Your glorious gospel to the dark, the ignorant, the perishing, at home and abroad. Visit with mercy the heathen, the Jew, the infidel, the heretic, the formalist, and the idolater. If You but speak the word—what wondrous conversions will ensue! Earth waits for Your blessing. Bless it, O heavenly Father. Bless it, O gracious Jesus. Bless it, O Holy Spirit. Amen.

### **WEDNESDAY MORNING.**

Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come—to You all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein. By Your Spirit, tune our hearts and souls to swell the hymn of adoration. Cherubin and Seraphin veil their faces while they worship You. Into what lowliness of shame should we poor sinners sink! We humble ourselves. But still in the name of Jesus—we venture to lift up our eyes. Hear us and bless us for His sake, with all enriching blessings. Sanctify the day, the threshold of which we are now permitted to cross.

We earnestly desire throughout its hours to manifest Your love. Give us power to show to all around, that we are not our own—but Your purchased heritage. May we never forget—that we are bought by the precious blood of the redeeming Lamb. Enable us to live unreservedly unto You. May we magnify Your name, sound aloud Your praise, and advance the kingdom of righteousness and true

holiness. Invigorate us to bring forth abundant fruit worthy of our high calling—and Your marvelous goodness towards us.

Apart from Your dear Son, we *are* nothing, and can *do* nothing. Left to ourselves, our desires languish, our hearts relapse to deadness, our hands hang down, our efforts wither as a blighted blossom. But leave us not—we meekly pray.

Send to us unfailing support from Your holy place. Cement and intensify our oneness with our beloved Lord. The branch cannot bear fruit, except it abide in the vine. Neither can we, except we are engrafted in Him. May we more closely abide in Him. May our faith adhere to Him more immovably. May our love entwine itself around Him more tightly. May we be wholly one with Him. May He be wholly one with us. May His Spirit perfectly pervade us, and be intermixed with every fiber of our inner man. *May every pulse of our hearts be Christ!*

Interwoven with Christ, the true foundation, may we be built up as living stones, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable unto You by Him. Empower us thus to advance in all true godliness, until the top-stone of our salvation be brought forth with shouts of, "Grace to it, grace to it!"

We rejoice that we are very members of His mystical body. We adore Him as our glorious Head. Help us to grow up into Him in all things; from whom the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplies, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, makes increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

Thus may we promote Your kingdom upon earth, and hasten the time when Your will shall reign unrivaled and supreme. We desire

always to be occupied in some distinct object of spiritual concern. Make our feet joyful to seek the abodes of ignorance and vice, that we may be ministers of good. Pour upon our lips the fitting words of counsel and entreaty. May we be studious at every turn to sow the good seed of gospel-truth. Teach us—that we may teach others.

Give us patience, remembering Your marvelous forbearance. Your love to us has never wearied. Strengthen us that we may never weary in well-doing, knowing that in due season we shall reap—if we faint not.

Thus may we be followers of You, our most merciful Father, and walk in love, as Christ also has loved us, and given Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice unto You for a sweet-smelling savor. Grant us grace to draw water with joy, out of the wells of salvation. Established and refreshed, may we run with patience the race which is set before us, and abound in all those good works in which You have before ordained that we should walk. God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit—hear us and bless us now and evermore. Amen.

### **WEDNESDAY EVENING.**

O Lord God, O life of our lives, O Spirit of our spirits, O strength of our strength—You who have spread Your shield around our path this day, help us now, when night's shadows fall, to ascend to You on the wings of faith and prayer. We cannot thank You as we would. But for Jesus' sake, accept the praises which our poor lips bring.

We are indeed ashamed of all our doings and misdoings. With morning's light we offered ourselves to You. Good resolves were

warm within us. We look back on the past hours, and we are conscious of broken vows, lack of true service, backsliding steps, and unfaithful words. Crowds of vain thoughts and worthless works accuse us. Enter not into judgment with Your faithless servants.

We confess our manifold shortcomings. For the sole merits of Your beloved Son, cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Cast our sins and our iniquities behind Your back. *Bury them in the ocean of Jesus' blood.*

O God of hope, all our hope is in You. Enliven our drooping souls with an increase of the most precious gift of hope. Let not our unsteady hearts be tossed about amid storms and billows of doubt and fear. Give us to grasp tightly the sure and steadfast anchor of unfailing hope.

We rest on Your exceeding great and precious promises. Teach us that though heaven and earth shall pass away, not one word of Your lips can ever fail.

We trust in Your boundless love. Reveal to us the unfathomable source from which it springs, and persuade us that it must flow unchanged, unchangeable forever, and forever. We know whom we have believed. Give us unvavering assurance that You will surely keep that which we have committed unto You, against the day of Christ.

When we loved You not—You began a good work in us. We do love You now—but, alas! too faintly. We have confidence that now You will carry on Your work with power. You are for us—who, then, can be against us? Our life is hid with Christ in You. You, who have given us unto Christ, are greater than all the powers and principalities of darkness. None can pluck us out of Your almighty hands!



Thus may we stand firm in the fight of faith. May we boldly lift up our heads, invulnerable in the helmet of the hope of salvation. In every conflict may we be more than conquerors, through the sure and certain hope of eternal life, which You the God of truth promised before the world began.

Teach us that You have not appointed us to wrath; but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ. Against all hope in ourselves, we glory in hope that the rock of our salvation is high as the heaven of heavens. We know that tribulations are ordained for our good. When they gather round us, grant that they may work patience, and patience experience.

By experience may that hope be strengthened which makes not ashamed. Thus may we *live* in hope, and *work* in hope, and *sow* in hope, and *pray* in hope, and *die* in hope, and be *saved* by hope.

Many are the relatives and friends for whom we earnestly implore all Your blessings. Impart to them everlasting consolation and good hope through grace. We pray for them. And, may You kindle in their hearts the fervent flame of prayer for us. Together may we wrestle for each other's good.

We commit ourselves—we commit them—we commit all the household of faith—we commit all the family of man to Your gracious care for this night. May we lie down without one unforgiving or evil passion rankling in our breasts. May we close our eyes in sleep, as if this earth should meet our eyes no more. But if we wake again as pilgrims here, may it be to walk before You as Your redeemed children. Give this—give more—for Jesus' sake. Amen.

## **THURSDAY MORNING.**

O God the Holy Spirit, have mercy upon us miserable sinners. When the earth was without form and void, You moved upon the face of the waters. Then lovely order smiled, and beauty robed the world. Move, we beseech You, in our disordered hearts. Remove the deformities of unruly desire and hateful lusts. Chase away the mists and darkness of unbelief. Brighten our inner man with the pure light of truth. Sow abundantly the seeds of righteousness. Make our souls fragrant as the garden of the Lord. Enrich them with every godly fruit. Beautify them with heavenly grace. Cause them to reflect the rays of the Sun of righteousness.

We humbly put You in remembrance of Your gracious offices. Fulfill them all in us to Your great glory and our great joy. Be our comforter, our guide, our light, our sanctification. May we come behind in no grace, being filled with Your presence.

Especially take of the things of Christ, and show them with enlarged power to our longing souls. May we daily learn more of His love, His grace, His tender compassion, His faithfulness, His beauty. May we delight ourselves in Him with increased delight. Lead us to the cross, and show us in His wounds—the hateful character of sin. May we see our sins—as the nails which transfixed Him, the cords which bound Him, the sword which pierced Him, the thorns which tore Him, the taunts which stung Him. Help us to read in His cruel death—the reality and immensity of His love. Open to us the wondrous volumes of glorious truth in the cry, "It is finished!"

Increase our faith in the clear knowledge that atonement is forever achieved, and expiation completed, and our debt fully paid, and satisfaction infinitely made, and all our guilt washed away, and all our sins most righteously forgiven. Show us that our persons are

redeemed, our souls saved, hell vanquished, the devil crushed, heaven won, and eternity of glory our rightful home.

Holy Spirit, deepen in us these saving lessons. Write them with Your finger on the tablets of our hearts. Thus may our profiting advance. May our walk be sin-loathing, sin-fleeing, Christ-loving, God-fearing. Enlighten our consciences to discern all latent evil. Allow no devices of the devil to beguile or to deceive.

Implant the most tender sensitiveness of conscience. May we shrink from all approach and contact of ungodliness. Store our minds with the texts and doctrines of our blessed Bibles. May we ably wield Your all-conquering sword. Then temptations shall assault in vain.

Especially we beg You to look upon a world lying in the wicked one. He is mighty—but You are almighty. Shatter his scepter. Scatter to the winds his usurped dominion. Speak Your resistless word—and he is cast into outer darkness forever!

It is Your will, by the foolishness of preaching, to save those who believe. Raise up then a noble army of devoted preachers. Let their *hearts* be all zeal, and their *words* all fire. Arm them with the panoply of truth.

Arise, and let God's enemies be scattered. Let those who hate Him flee before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away. As wax melts before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

Shine forth, good Lord, in every dark place of this groaning world. Let Your light shine, and darkness shall no more be dark. Let the prayers of Your faithful people give You no rest, until You arise to turn away ungodliness, and to establish the sweet reign of purity and

peace. Hasten the time. Do it for Your tender mercy's sake. And to Your name, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be honor and dominion, praise and power, now, henceforth, and forever. Amen.

## **THURSDAY EVENING.**

Holy Lord God, give us grace to draw near to You acceptably, with reverence and godly fear. Grant that our frequent approach and constant welcome may not induce forgetfulness of Your infinite majesty. Deepen in our hearts—due awe of Your unsearchable greatness. By Your *word* all things were made. By Your *power* they are sustained. By Your *providence* they are ordered.

In Your sight, we are less than nothing. Before You, we lie low in dust and ashes as rebellious sinners. Give us, then, the meekest spirit of self-abasement. But raise our devotions from the deadening level of formality. May our prayers be ever the warm outpouring of our hearts. Appear before us as a Spirit, requiring those who worship You—to worship You in spirit and in truth. Fill us, too, with filial confidence. May we *fear* with love. May we *love* with fear.

May the Spirit of grace and supplication ever breathe in our earnest breathings. Strengthen us with lively assurance, that *faithful prayer in Jesus' name* grasps the arm of Your omnipotence, achieves wonders, obtains blessings, and never fails. Thus we believe that this our evening importunity will draw down streams of the most tender mercy. In this full hope, we beseech You to forgive us all the trespasses of the past day. We ask Your pardon; for without it we perish. We ask it with shame; for we are truly without excuse. We fail to watch. We restrain prayer. So iniquities, like the wind, carry us away.

Do not allow Your just displeasure to arise. Dash us not to pieces like a potter's vessel. Spare us, good Lord, for Your mercy is great. Spare us, for we are Your own children by the faith of Jesus. Spare us, for the atoning blood sprinkles us. *Spare us, for Jesus' cross is our shelter, our refuge, and our plea!* Spare us, for we close this day clinging to the horns of our sheltering altar.

Accept our adoring praises for Your precious mercies throughout the past hours. Unworthy as we are, we find that goodness and mercy always precede and follow us. In these gracious dealings we find a pledge that we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Strong in that blessed hope we now lie down to sleep. In night's dark hours—may You abide with us. We fear no perils if You are near.

We ask such renovating rest as You shall think most fitting for us. Above all, we earnestly implore that every power of mind and body, which You are pleased to give, may be a thank-offering to Your praise. We know it to be the misery of miseries, when faculties are misused as the instruments of sin. Save us by Your indwelling Spirit from such degrading sin.

May our *beds* ever remind us of our *graves*. May our *uprising* foreshadow the joys of *resurrection*. We glory in the truth, that Jesus died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we shall live together with Him.

Hear us for ourselves. Hear us for others also. It is our privilege that we may spread all need before Your throne. How multiform is the *need* of earth this night! We have knowledge of some suffering. We commend it to Your alleviating love. There is much unknown to us. But Your eye sees. Oh! may Your pity yearn pitifully over all distress!

We feel for those who are now retiring without prayer and praise. They are not pricked to the heart by sense of sin. They dread not the coming wrath. They are unmoved by the marvels of Your forbearance. May Your goodness lead them to repentance. May Your long-suffering be their salvation.

Some perhaps are this night meditating evil things. Hedge up their devious ways with thorns. Defeat their plots. Cause the tears of penitence to flow.

The devil is busy scattering *temptations*. Turn his foul weapons against himself. May the tempted escape as birds from the fowler's snare. Soothe the sufferings of the *sick*. Assuage their pains. Give them the comfort of Your presence—then all sorrow will be joy. Surround Your *dying* servants with the glories of heavenly light. May they depart in peace, rejoicing in Your salvation. Hear us for His sake who died and rose again for us, and ever lives at Your right hand—Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## **FRIDAY MORNING.**

Almighty Father, help us duly to prize, and devoutly to use, our privilege of access to You. Aid us not only in our united worship—but also in our closet duties. Here we confess common sins, and implore family blessings. There may we diligently try our spirits, and minutely examine our thoughts and lives. Give us faithful boldness carefully to sift our motives, and accurately to ascertain our progress in the life of godliness.

The knowledge of ourselves sinks us in the deepest abasement. How far are we from what we should be! How distant are we from the

state of holiness, to which Your Spirit unresisted, would have raised us! But by Your grace—we are what we are. By Your long-suffering mercy—we are here this morning bewailing our miserable shortcomings, and washing in the *blood* which cleanses from all sin.

We confess, with contrite shame, that our thoughts are quick to wander from You, and to intermingle with the polluting pleasures of the world. Times without number we desert our first love. We forsake You to whom our hearts are pledged. We drink the *poison* of the sorcerer's cup.

We have not kept jealous watch over *traitorous senses*. We have left them unguarded, and almost inviting the admission of trains of unholy lusts. The door of our *lips* has opened readily to send forth words unfaithful to You our God, injurious to our fellow-men, empty of grace, full of folly, dishonoring to our heavenly calling. We turn with downcast eyes, from the contemplation of our walk before men. It has not been high, and holy, and harmless, and without rebuke. It has not been in accordance with the gospel principles of uprightness, justice, purity, and truth. Our *light*, instead of shining, has been dim. Our *salt*, instead of being purifying, has been unsavory. Our *examples* have not allured to Christian sanctity. Our *progress* has not always been onward, upward, heavenward, straightforward.

Sometimes we have been backsliders. Sometimes we have turned aside into bypaths. Instead of running with patience our appointed race—we have been loiterers, lingerers, taking ease on forbidden ground, looking back to once-loved scenes.

We mourn, too, that Your blessed Book, which You have given as a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path—has been neglected and postponed for the frothy childishness of man's conceits. Too often it

has been read with lack of reverence. We have not duly heeded Your own voice speaking from Your holy place. The treasure of treasures has been undervalued. *We have trodden holy ground with careless feet.*

Pity us, good Lord. Pardon us, O our God. We flee unto You, the Lord merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. You will not always chide, neither will You keep Your anger forever. We have full faith that through the precious and all atoning blood of Jesus, You will turn again and have compassion upon us, that You will subdue our iniquities, and cast all our sins into the depths of everlasting forgetfulness!

We now go forth to the duties of our vocation, zealous to amend our lives according to Your holy Word. Animate us to quicken our pilgrim-steps, to fight more manfully the fight of faith, and to adorn more faithfully Your heavenly doctrine.

Replenish with Your richest blessings all Your faithful servants. Strengthen them with might by Your Spirit in the inner man. May their godly walk bring glory to Your name. May this day witness mighty triumphs to the cross of Jesus. May Satan be compelled to release many captives. May many liberated feet tread down his deadly yoke.

Bless our beloved country. We commend to Your especial favor our Queen and all her house. May they be as high in heavenly pre-eminence as they are in earthly rank. May Christian virtue be the luster of the crown. Bless all who exercise authority. May they rule in You and for You. Bless our schools. May Your Spirit ever be the teacher in them. When we lie down in the grave, may our children arise to outshine us in far better service. May they make this land a



name and a praise unto You throughout the world. We pray, we praise, pleading the love of Jesus, our Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

## **FRIDAY EVENING.**

Heavenly Lord God, encouraged by the multitude of Your tender mercies, emboldened by experience of Your unfailing goodness, we hasten to Your throne of grace. When we look back, we see streams upon streams of Your love overflowing our past path. Out of nothing You have made us living souls. We adore You as the God of our creation. When, through our first parents' fall, we were afar from You—You sent Your only begotten Son to bring us back. We thank You for redeeming blood. When we were content to live and perish in the wilderness of the world—You by Your Spirit translated us from ignorance—to knowledge, from darkness—to marvelous light, from the abyss of misery—to the kingdom of righteousness and peace. Thanks be unto You, for our high and holy calling!

When we lacked wisdom—You have supplied it from the fountain of light. When we have erred and gone astray like lost sheep—You have recalled our wandering feet. If we have stood firm in the hour of temptation, it was Your arm which sustained us. If after grievous falls, we have arisen again in penitence and prayer—we owe it to Your restoring grace.

We thank You for the ministry of *angels*, not less real because unseen. We thank You for the precious comfort of Your holy *Word*. We thank You for the bright cluster of Your cheering *promises*. We thank You for the *ordinances* of Your service. We thank You for the teaching of Your *Spirit*. We thank You for the dear fellowship of Christian friends. We thank You for the recorded annals of holy lives.

We thank You for *examples* sweet to allure—and for *beacons* sad to deter.

In all these provisions, we see Your gracious will that we should grow in grace, and fit for Your eternal presence. Your preserving mercy gives assurance that it will follow us to the end. The *gracious beginning* is a pledge of *glorious conclusion*. Our heaven-born *faith*—gives promise that it will lead to heavenly *sight*. Our new birth of incorruptible seed—is pledge of never-ending life.

We thus draw near unto You—believing that You will draw near to us. When we asked not, You have given heaven's best gift, even Your only begotten Son. We doubt not that with Him, in answer to our cries, You will also freely give us all things.

In the comfort of these thoughts, in the joy of these hopes, in the strength of this gladness, we bless and adore You, O eternal God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Now we entrust ourselves to You for the hours of this night. May we prolong our days, if it be Your gracious will. But if our earthly service is now ended, receive us to a heavenly home. We know that *Your wise orderings* are our best welfare. We would have nothing but in accordance with the counsels of Your grace. May our being now and ever be *in* You, and *for* You, and *with* You.

Blessed Jesus, You who have loved us, and given Yourself for us as an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor; perfume our humble breathings. Present them worthy in Your prevailing worthiness.

Heavenly Father, Your tender mercies are over all Your works. Is it not well-pleasing to You, that we should name others at Your throne?

Hear us then in behalf of all who are now draining the *cup of sorrow*. Many *widows* now feel their loneliness. So fill their hearts that no aching void may crave. May they feel that, with You for their God, they have more than all. *Orphan children* are without the parental shield. Under the shadow of Your wings may they find safety. Be their portion for time and for eternity.

Visit this night the many hospitals in which *pain* and disease keep watch. Wipe weeping eyes. Assuage the sufferings of afflicted bodies. Reveal to the anguish-stricken, the blessed Jesus, who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. Give them, without one repining thought, to leave themselves in Your blessed and blessing hands.

Be with those who are traveling by land and by water. Teach them that there is no peril when You are near, and that there is no place which Your presence fills not.

Especially be gracious to the beloved friends who are one with us in kindred and affection. May grace cement all our hearts to You, and in You to each other. May we be one now and one forever. Make us fellow-helpers to each other's faith, and partners of each other's holy joys. Pardon all our sins. And save us with Your everlasting salvation, according to Your covenant of grace in Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord. Amen.

## **SATURDAY MORNING.**

Holy Father, merciful and gracious, give us Your holy Spirit to help our infirmities in prayer. The worthiness of Your Son is our only plea. But that plea is instant access to Your heart.

Jesus, be the fragrance of our morning sacrifice. Manifest Yourself unto us in this service. Bring us into the sanctuary of Your immediate presence. May Your banner over us be love. Mightily enlarge our faith, that we may fully know the glories of Your grace, and all the wonders of Your redeeming work.

We know that, while we run the way of Your commandments, Your doctrines will become more clear. Strengthen us, then, to obey that we may know, and to know that we may obey. May light prevent, attend, and follow us. May every ray which shines upon us be reflected by us.

We thank You for all the ordinances by which You instruct and feed Your people. Make them spirit and life unto our souls. We have lost much by sad neglect. Let no provocations induce You to shut up Your loving-kindness in displeasure. If You are angry, the fruitful pastures of Your ordained means will become a wilderness and desert to us. If You cease to smile, the heavens will withhold their fructifying dew, and no more drop down their fatness.

Help us to give due heed to Your preached Word, lest faithful pastors be removed, and Your Spirit refuse to teach us.

Excite us to use duly Your throne of grace both publicly and in private. May prayer never become in us formality. May not the door remain closed because we *feebly knock*. Especially replenish us with overflowing grace when we receive the memorials of Your broken body and Your outpoured blood. Solemnize and gladden us. Humble us in reverential awe. Exalt us in adoring faith. Reveal Yourself to us—as tasting the accursed death in our stead. Open our eyes to behold You hanging for us on the accursed tree. May we see our death in Your death, and our reconciliation through Your blood. Invigorate and comfort our souls by the spiritual meal. May they be

strengthened even as our bodies receive strength from bread and wine. Increase our holy trust, that those who thus communicate in remembrance of Your dying love, shall never be the prey of Satan, the devouring lion.

Keep us from all *superstition* in the use of sacred rites. May outward means of grace, ever unveil You. May they never obscure You. May we worship and adore You in the simplicity of truth, and sincerity of faith. Clothe us with the garments of purity and true holiness. So may we be fit guests at the heavenly table. Let *love* be our robe, and deep *humility* our befitting clothing. Thus nourish us to life eternal.

Pity those who have no part or lot in our chief joys. Yet there is room. May Your Spirit call. And may he never cease to work, until penitence and faith subdue the hearts now closed to You.

Go with us, holy Father, to the duties of this day. Whatever is our station or our work, may we rejoice to be where You have placed us, and to do what You are pleased to command. We know that the period of our being, our assigned employment, the companions who are by our side, the people with whom we have converse, are all pre-arranged in accordance with Your counsels. We believe that You order all our matters so as to enable us most to advance the interests of Your kingdom and our souls. Enable us humbly to walk in Your paths, and never to seek our own honor—but Yours alone.

We bewail that we have been such unfaithful and unprofitable servants. We plead the precious blood for pardon of all that is past. We trust in Christ's glorious righteousness as the covering of all our shortcomings. We pray for the perpetual aid of Your Spirit, that no future moment may be misspent.

For Your tender love's sake grant that at last we may each receive the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord!" We bless You that we may thus boldly supplicate. We bless You for Your promises to answer. We bless You that You are far more willing to hear—than we to pray. Be it unto us according to Your might to save. And to You be all the glory, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

### **SATURDAY EVENING.**

God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit—have mercy upon us miserable sinners. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, O Lord God, Son of the Father, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. You who take away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. You who take away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. You who sit at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. By Your agony and bloody sweat, by Your cross and passion, by Your precious death and burial, by Your glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Spirit—have mercy upon us!

Pardon all the sins of this day and of this week, all the sins of all the hours of our lives; our sins of early, mature, and advanced years; our sins of omission and commission; our sins against light and knowledge, and the whispers of conscience and restraints of Your Holy Spirit. Good Lord—hear and save us!

Pardon our sins in private and in the family, and in the busy haunts of men; our sins of lip and life and walk; our sins in the study of Your blessed Word and in the neglect of it; our sins in prayer irreverently offered and coldly withheld. Good Lord hear and save us!

Pardon our sins against our God, our neighbor, and ourselves; our sins in time misspent; our sins in yielding to the tempter's wiles, in opening our hearts to his admission, in being unwatchful when we knew him to be near. Good Lord, hear and save us!

Pardon our sins in vexing Your Holy Spirit, in quenching the heavenly sparks of His grace, in resisting His loving motions; our sins of hardness of heart, of unbelief, of presumption, and of pride; our sins of unfaithfulness to the souls of men, of lack of bold decision in the cause of Christ, and deficiency of outspoken zeal for His glory. Good Lord deliver, hear, and save us!

Pardon our sins of deception, injustice, untruthfulness in our dealings with others; our sins of bringing dishonor on the great name by which we are called; our sins of substance unduly hoarded, improvidently squandered, and not consecrated to the glory of the great Giver; our sins of covetousness, which is idolatry in Your sight; our sins of impurity in thought and word; our sins of light and trifling reading; our sins in study and in recreation; our sins of morose and peevish and angry tempers; our sins against the pure law of universal love. Pardon all our sins, known and unknown, felt and unfelt, confessed or not confessed, remembered or forgotten. Good Lord hear and save us!

As a family on bended knees, with earnest cry, in full faith in Your atoning blood, we implore these mercies. We call upon You by Your name Jesus, which tells us that Your property is to save; by Your love without beginning and without end; by Your assurance that salvation's work is finished; by Your gracious call to the weary and heavy-laden; by Your blessed promise that You will never cast out; by all You are, by all that You have done for us, by all that You are

doing, by all the glory yet to be revealed—we beseech You to pardon, bless, and save us!

But limit not Your mercy unto us. In gracious condescension to our united supplication, may blessings without measure flow down upon earth's sons. Hear us for our Queen, and for all who sit on thrones, for all their families, for all their subjects. Give needful grace, that they who rule may rule for You, and they who obey may obey in You.

Hear us for all pastors of Your Church. Work in them, work by them, that Your gospel may be known, Your name glorified, Your people gathered in, and edified and saved.

Especially go forth with the missionaries who seek Your redeemed people scattered throughout the world. Pity the outcasts of heathen lands. Dispel all darkness by the bright rising of Your gospel light.

Be with all who are any ways afflicted in mind, body, or estate. May the dying depart in peace, in full comfort of Your full salvation. May the living live unto You, always ready to depart. Retire with us now to our private devotions. *May we lie down in perfect peace—clasping the redeeming cross*, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. And all glory be to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the God of our salvation, now and ever. Amen.

## **SPECIAL DAYS**

### **CHRISTMAS DAY**



## MORNING.

We will extol You, O God, our King. We will bless Your name forever and ever. But especially on this hallowed morn, we desire to pour forth floods of adoring praise. O our souls, bless the Lord. O every faculty within us, magnify His boundless love.

We bring our thanks for the *gift of gifts*. Your only begotten Son is born into this world. He is made bone of our bones, flesh of our flesh. The least gift from heaven to guilty earth exceeds all praise. What shall we render unto You—for sending Your own dear Son to take upon Him our nature, and truly to be one of the family of man! Utterance cannot express due gratitude. But accept, we beseech You, the breathings of Your Spirit in our hearts. Mark how fervently we love You, and how we strive to testify thanksgiving.

"Wonder of wonders! The Son of God comes down from heaven—that to heaven we poor sinners may be raised. Our Lord Jesus Christ takes the manhood into God—that we may become partakers of the divine nature. He is born one with us—that we may be one with Him forever.

Herein is *love*, when we could not rise to Him, He flies down on the wings of grace—to raise us to Himself. Herein is *power*, that when Deity and humanity were infinitely apart, God has joined them in indissoluble oneness. He has united *infinite opposites* in one Christ.

Herein is God's wisdom in the highest, that when we were utterly undone by sin, without will to return, without intellect to devise recovery—Jesus appears on earth, able as God to save us to the uttermost, and qualified as man to die our death, to shed sin-atonement blood in our stead, and to work out perfect righteousness in our behalf.

Father, God most merciful, help us to bless You more. In spirit we take our station by the watching shepherds. So we strive to expand our contracted hearts. We hear, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people—for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior who is Christ the Lord!" We hear, we believe, we rejoice, we give thanks, we adore. We bid all fears to flee away. We call upon our consciences to bathe in an ocean of repose. We look up with filial confidence. We see You—our reconciled Father. Separation has ceased. We draw near, because You have thus drawn near to us. We love You—because we have this proof that You have so loved us.

A Redeemer is come! We put all our trust in Him. We believe that we are fully and forever redeemed from sin, and all sin's penalties and woes. You have raised up an horn of salvation for us. We see its all-sufficient might. We embrace it with undoubting faith. We realize that You have saved us. Like Simeon—we clasp the new-born Savior to our hearts. We exult that He is ours, and we are His. We are one with Him. Therefore You are our Father because His Father, and His God because our God.

Father, again we say, help us to bless You for all the benefits of this wondrous birth.

Give us grace, that our *lives* may praise You better than our *lips*. Keep our thanksgiving free from every blot. You have given so much for us, that heaven itself could give no more. Here we present ourselves to Your undivided service. Accept us. Preserve us. Rule within us. May Your dear Son indeed be born within us. May His continual indwelling sanctify every movement of our minds.

May the good tidings of this day have free course and be glorified throughout earth's length and breadth. Wherever man lives, may he

rejoice in the Child born, the Son given.

Hasten the time when He who as at this time came to visit us in great humility, shall come again in His glorious majesty with all His saints.

Holy Father, we offer our prayers and praises in the way which You have ordained—Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS DAY.

## EVENING.

Blessed Jesus, we have this day been especially rejoicing in Your coming to seek us and to save us, when we were lost. Once more, as a family, we assemble to delight ourselves in You. Our gratitude indeed has no bounds. But shackled in these bodies of sin, we cannot thank You as we would. But You know what we are made of. You are touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Regard us therefore in the pitifulness of Your tender mercies. Graciously accept our feeble praise. When You shall be pleased to call us to our heavenly home, You shall receive more fitting adoration.

We have in happy faith gazed on You as a babe in Bethlehem. We have seen the fulfillment of ancient prophecies, and the coming of the *Desire of all nations*. As we gaze, teach us more and more of the deep meaning of this wondrous advent. May we read in it the breadth and length, the depth and height of Your eternal love. When we see this incomprehensible self-emptying, this *concealment of Deity in the rags of humanity*, this profound humiliation, this Your readiness to live for a season as a man among men—may we clasp to our very souls the glad assurance that we are indeed dear to You—dear even to the infinity of love. You stoop to put on our lowly flesh, not only because You Seek Your heavenly Father's glory—but because our names are engraved on Your heart. Help us by Your Spirit to love You, according to the boundlessness of Your love toward us.

Gloriously accomplish, we beseech You, all the wondrous purposes of Your coming. O *Seed of the woman*, crush the serpent's head. Show that You are his mighty conqueror. Allow him no longer to receive

wrongful allegiance, as the *god of this world*. Destroy his usurped dominion. Shatter the scepter of the cruel tyrant. You are manifested to destroy his works. Hasten the time, when in You and in Your name, we too shall bruise him under our feet.

You are come to achieve redemption. May we glory in You as procuring ransom and deliverance to the full. You are born one of our family. Thus You are our proxy, our surety, our substitute. Open widely the eyes of our faith, that we may see all our merited curse, expended on Your unoffending head, and the *sword of Divine justice buried in Your heart!* You have lived a man on earth to fulfill every demand of the most holy law, and to work out in our nature, perfect righteousness. Enable us to see the glories of that robe of righteousness. May we put it on by the hand of faith. May we rejoice that we are lovely in this Your precious loveliness, and beautiful in this Your matchless beauty.

You visit earth—to be the way, the truth, and the life. Reveal to us Your paths. Ever guide our feet to walk the heavenward walk. Proclaim to us Your truth. May it sanctify us wholly, and make us free from ignorance and sin. Give to us more abundantly, the life of *grace*, until it issues in the life of *glory*.

By Your birth You are the firstborn among many brethren. You are not ashamed to call us brethren. Do then, as You have said, declare Your name unto Your brethren. Enable us to realize all the joys of this true relationship. May we hold converse with You in all brotherly confidence. While we reverently worship You as the mighty God, may we cling to You as our near kinsman.

You came down on the wings of love, that, as the heavenly Bridegroom, You may betroth Your people unto Yourself forever.

Show us the glories of this mysterious union. Reveal to us that You hate divorce, and that You will never leave us nor forsake us.

Thus may we learn in Your manger, that the last Adam more than restores the inheritance which we lost, when the first Adam fell. And may we lie down this night singing in our hearts with all grateful rapture, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men! Amen and amen.

## **LAST DAY OF THE YEAR**

### **EVENING.**

We kneel together, O great God, for the last time in the year, which has now reached its close. May our last united cry be our best—the most glowing in fervor—the most abased in humility—the most fragrant in the reconciling blood—the most hallowed by the interceding Spirit.

We look to ourselves—and we turn to You. Our earthly days roll rapidly away. Our moments vanish while we grasp them. But You change not. Time is not time to You. From everlasting to everlasting Your name is, "*I am that I am.*" Glorious Jehovah, we are astounded at Your unspeakable greatness. We marvel more at Your surpassing goodness. Trusting in Your superabounding grace, we thus draw near.

It befit us at the end of each *day*, to bring the tribute of thanksgiving for our daily mercies. What shall we render for all the mercies of all the days of the *year* now fled? Oh that we could gather all into one

mass, and meet them with deserving praise! But we cannot count the *ocean's sands*. How, then, can we calculate Your mercies, which in number are far more! Our thanks are worthless for the *least* of all Your favors. What are they when weighed against the wondrous *whole*! We know but a part—but that part surpasses praise. But we ardently desire that the concluding year should bear witness that we bring adorations with overflowing hearts.

For all Your personal mercies—for the measure of *health* with which we have been favored—for the preservation of our frames from fatal sickness and from evil accident—for the comforts of a sheltering roof—for the sufficiency of food and clothing—for the continuance of mental and bodily power—Good Lord accept the praises of our inmost souls!

For Your goodness to us as a *family*—for mutual support and help—for the sweet delights of domestic harmony and peace—for seats now filled which might have been a vacant blank—Good Lord accept the praises of our inmost souls!

For Your distinguishing favors to us as a *nation*—for the peace which smiles upon our borders—for the plenty of our fields—for the absence of wasting sickness and destroying plagues—for the protection of right laws—for the Bible open to our use—for the continued light and liberty of our glorious Reformation—Good Lord accept the praises of our inmost souls! Enriched with all these blessings, and with countless more, we close this year. We know our privileges. We feel them. We bless Your holy name!

But other thoughts oppress us. We blush to lift up our eyes unto You, O God of all grace and love. Shame and confusion of face humble us to the very dust. Wherever You have been boundless in mercy—we have been abundant in sin. We cannot measure our *ingratitude*. We

cannot estimate our *vileness*. We cannot in thought reach to the extent of our transgressions throughout this traversed year.

Each day has added to our guilt. Each scene has witnessed our straying feet and our offending tongues. What is there in heaven or in earth, above, around, without, within—which condemns us not? The sun condemns us, which has seen our misdeeds; the darkness, too, which hides nothing from You. The *cruel accuser* justly accuses. How often have Your good angels been provoked to leave us! Your righteous law, Your holy Word, our sin-soiled consciences, our public and our private hours, our neighbors and ourselves—write dark things against us. We make no *denial*. We frame no *excuse*. We confess, Father, we have sinned throughout this year against heaven and before You—and are no more worthy to be called Your sons.

But still we live! We live to fly as contrite penitents to Your extended arms! We know that You will not cast us off—for Jesus brings us near. You will not condemn us—for Your dear Son died in our place. You will not mark the mountains upon mountains of our sins—for the Savior has removed them all. His precious blood has washed out every crimson stain! His beauteous righteousness, covers all our deformities!

O God, our God, we bid farewell, then, to this year, clinging to His cross, sheltered by His side, hidden in His wounds, cleansed in His blood, covered by His spotless robe, beautified in His salvation. Thus we conclude our last united prayer, blessing You for Jesus Christ. All honor, and glory, and might, and majesty, and dominion, be unto You, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the God of our salvation, now, henceforth, and ever. Amen.



# FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR

## MORNING.

We are permitted to see the dawn of another year. Gracious Lord God, we assemble to commence it with You. Length of days is no profit to us—except they are passed in Your presence, in Your service, to Your glory. Therefore as a family we bend the knee, and implore, for Christ's sake, that Your grace may precede and follow us, may guide and sustain us, may sanctify and aid us, through every hour which Your goodness may grant to us.

Grant that we may not be for one moment apart from You. May we set You always before us. Be ever on our right hand—so shall we not be moved. Send Your Holy Spirit to supply our every *thought*, to speak in our every *word*, to direct our every *step*, to act in our every *act*, to prosper our every *work*, and to build us up in our most holy faith. May we live each day with eternity extended before our eyes, viewing all things in its mirror, and ever listening for the chariot-wheels of Your returning Son, for the voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God.

Teach us ever to bear in mind that *we are not our own*. The precious blood of Jesus has redeemed us as Your special possession. Your Holy Spirit has called us to Your free yoke. We have been made willing in the day of Your power. Holy vows bind us to Your service. Here again we renew our vows. Here again we consecrate ourselves to You. Here again we present our souls and bodies to be a living sacrifice, on Christ our altar.

We profess that it is our one desire to acquaint ourselves with You, to show forth Your praise, to testify our love, to advance Your kingdom.

Fervent gratitude constrains us. Standing on the *rock of salvation*, arrayed in the robes of righteousness, our hearts throb to testify that we are a people who delight to honor You.

Open our eyes to see our appointed work, and with all steadfastness of resolve to do it. May we never be without some definite plan to promote the good of others, and the glory of Your name. Thus may we launch our barks on the unknown waters of this year, with Christ seated at the helm. And may Your Spirit fill the sails with gales which waft towards heaven.

Many are now entering on their last year on earth. It may be so with some or all of us. May we always be ready with our loins tightly girt, and our lamps brightly burning. If our descending Lord shall knock—may we open unto Him immediately. If death shall come—may we have nothing then to do but *joyfully to die!*

Out of the fullness of our hearts, we would this morning make large intercessions. Where Your Spirit dwells there is vast liberty of soul. We pray, then, for all the tribes of man scattered throughout the world. May this be a year of superabounding blessing to them. Wherever Your sun shall shine—may the Sun of righteousness arise with healing on His wings. Wherever Your dew shall fall—may showers of grace descend. Distribute far and wide—holy missionaries to tell of Jesus, and salvation through His cross. May the bright tidings dispel the *night of sin*. May Satan flee before the all-conquering Gospel.

Grant that this year may surpass all others in blessings to our own beloved land. We pray for all sorts and conditions in our midst. We remember with earnest cry Your servant whom You have raised to be our Queen. May Your grace ever sanctify her. May Your comforts ever cheer her. May Your wisdom ever teach her. May Your right

hand ever uphold her. Be this year, the Counselor in all the councils of the nation. Preside as the Judge in all our courts. Maintain peace and prosperity and happy contentment among all classes. May the whole fabric of society be cemented by one feeling of harmony. May hearts yearn for mutual and unbounded good.

May Your wisdom and knowledge be the stability of our times; and the fear of the Lord our treasure. May righteousness exalt our land, and may all people be constrained to testify that the Lord Almighty is truly with us, and that His glory is great in our midst.

Multiply the triumphs of Your holy Word this year. May multitudes yield to its converting and sanctifying power. Be with Your ministering servants in every sermon and in every visit. Be the teacher in our schools, the healer in our hospitals, and our universal benefactor.

Thus we commend ourselves and all our concerns, and all the world and all its interests—to Your gracious care. Surely You who have not spared Your own Son—but have freely given Him up for us all, will with Him also freely give us all things for time and for eternity. Grant this for Jesus' sake. Amen.

## **MISCELLANEOUS PRAYERS**

### **MORNING.**

Heavenly Father, deepen in us this day contrition for our vileness, as miserable sinners, in Your sight. We cloak not our wretchedness. Our *lips* are ready to confess—but our *hearts* are slow to feel, and our *feet* are reluctant to amend our ways. We bring our hard hearts

unto You. Break them by Your Spirit—and then bind them up by Your grace. Wound them to the core—and then pour in the Gospel-balm.

Such is the blindness of our fallen nature—that we cannot see sin's deformity, except as You are pleased to unmask it. Such is our deadness—that we cannot hate it, except as You shall graciously implant abhorrence. Such is our infirmity—that we cannot flee it, except as Your strength enables. Conscious of all inability, we come to You for light, for help, for strength, for blessing.

We know that sin is the transgression of Your righteous law, and that the commandment is spiritual and exceeding broad. Who can tell then how oft he offends? But sins without number stare us in the face. They are piled as mountain upon mountain. Their height reaches unto the heavens!

But their full extent is open only to Your omniscient eye. The burden of our known transgressions weighs us to the dust. But the burden is light, compared to the mass which the *scales of Your justice* hold. We see but little, because our *light* is partial and our *sight* is dim. How must we appear, as seen of You, before whom the very heavens are not clean! You charge Your *holy angels* with folly. What must be Your estimate of *our polluted souls*! Humbled for what we see and feel; fearful for what is known only unto You, we meekly cry, "Pardon all our sins—for Jesus' sake!"

We bewail too the mighty aggravations of our felt guilt. How good beyond all thought, have You been to us! How vile are our ungrateful returns! All the faculties, so mercifully bestowed upon us, have been used as weapons of revolt against the gracious Giver. As rebels, we have misused the *strength* which You have supplied, and the weapons which You have prepared. How often have we yielded our

members as instruments of iniquity unto iniquity. Our abilities of mind and body have rendered *traitorous service to the foul adversary* of Your kingdom. Willful ingratitude darkens our whole lives. We sink low in shame. We cry, "God be merciful to us miserable sinners!"

We bewail our cruel folly. We know that *the way of transgressors is hard*—that *evil* paths are surely *wretched* paths—that departure from You, the source of all joy and peace, is downfall into all distress. Still how often without resistance, have we *floated down the stream of evil!* We confess our madness. Oh! pity us, pardon us, we beg You!

We see the purity and beauty of Your perfect law—the happiness of those in whose hearts it reigns—the calm dignity of the walk to which it calls—yet we daily violate its precepts, and tread them beneath contemptuous feet.

Your loving *Spirit* strives within us. He warns us in the pages of Your sacred Word. He speaks to us in startling providences. He allures us by His secret whispers. How often do we choose rather the devices and desires of our own hearts! How often do we impiously resist, and vex, and grieve Him! How often do we provoke Him to abandon us forever! *Conscience*, too, has loudly rebuked, and in our recklessness we have stifled its faithful dictates.

For all these sins we mourn before You, most merciful and longsuffering Father. We smite upon our breasts, as utterly unworthy of the least of Your mighty and unfathomable mercies. Hear now our cry, and work in us by the omnipotence of Your Holy Spirit, more profound and abiding repentance. Give us more and more of that *godly grief*, which ever fears and trembles, and yet ever trusts and loves—which is ever watchful and prayerful, and yet is ever confident and hopeful. May the remembrance of the sad past—

quicken us to walk in entire newness of life. Grant that through the tears of penitence, we may see more clearly the brightness and the glories of the saving Cross.

Oh! blessed Jesus, we flee to You. We cling to You. Our countless iniquities condemn us—but You will wash them all away! Our tears of penitence cannot remove one blot. But Your blood has all cleansing merit. Our prayers can earn no pardon. But Your mercy says, "Your sins which are many—are all forgiven!" The more we loathe ourselves, the more we love You. Our vile demerits—commend Your glorious worth. Lost in ourselves—we live in You. Trusting in You, we shall never be confounded! Hear us, bless us, for Your love's sake. Amen.

## **EVENING.**

"For you know that it was not with perishable things such as silver or gold that you were redeemed from the empty way of life handed down to you from your forefathers, but with the *precious blood of Christ*, a lamb without blemish or defect!" 1 Peter 1:18-19

Blessed Jesus, we kneel before Your cross, humbly praying that, through Your Spirit, power may come forth from it to show us more deeply the heinousness of our sin. We see You laden with our iniquities. What must iniquity be—if there can be no pardon except You shall thus expire! We see the outgoing of the severity of divine wrath. What must that evil be—which thus requires it! In that crown of thorns, in those pierced hands and feet, in those bleeding wounds, in that bruised frame, in that dying cry—we are taught the enormity of our guilt. We know that Your blood to be the blood of God. Its worth is infinite. Its precious value exceeds all thought. Infinite

therefore must be the evil—for which it is the only ransom. Exceeding all thought—must be the guilt which requires such price! In Your death—we see the tremendous guilt of our sins. We see it, and we cast ourselves in the lowliest humility before You.

Sin is the malady which so sorely afflicts us. It cleaves to us as our very skin! It is born in our birth. It lives in our lives. It adheres to us when we lie down to die. It follows us as our very shadow! It intermingles in our every thought. When we go forth—it is by our side. When we come in—it still accompanies us. We are tied and bound by its enslaving chain! At Your cross—we are taught how terrible is the evil of sin. We see how unutterable is the wrath which it so righteously deserves. Laden with our mountains of sins, we especially come at this time to You for refuge.

Looking unto You, and striving to estimate more and more the riches of redeeming grace, we loathe and abhor ourselves as fully sin-soiled and polluted. We marvel that the sun consents to give us light—the air to supply breath—the earth to bear our tread—the fruit nourish us—Your creatures to subserve our use. Through us the whole creation groans and travails. Justly might all things, animate and inanimate, rise in abhorrence of us!

How much more do we marvel, precious Jesus—that Your compassionate heart yearned over us—that Your love hastened to our rescue—that You endured all our curse, and all our guilt. We bless You—while we hide our heads in deepest shame!

Gracious Savior, may the sight of Your unutterable sufferings excite in us due detestation of this monster! Oh, forbid it, that we should ever dally with that foe—which brought You to such anguish. Forbid it, that we should fondle in our breasts—that viper which stung You to death! Forbid it that we should lightly regard that sin, which

kindled the flames of hell, from which nothing but Your dying love could snatch us! May we hate it with unmitigable hate! May we abhor it with abhorrence—only exceeded by the infinite love with which we desire infinitely to love You, our adorable Savior!

But while we pray that henceforth we may increasingly abominate all evil—we know that without Your grace, that *our traitorous heart* will look treacherously back. It has deceived us. It has betrayed us. Bind it now, more closely to Yourself. Never allow it to stray.

You are our only Redeemer. You are our only help. Repentance, and strength, and pardon are the free gifts of Your grace. We adore You that You are exalted to be a Prince and a Savior, to give repentance unto Your people and forgiveness of sins. Fill us, we beg You, with godly sorrow—even that sorrow which works repentance to salvation not to be repented of. From the depths of our humiliation we cry aloud to the heights of Your mercy. We call upon You in the full assurance of faith. Having died to deliver us from the punishment of our sins, we trust You by Your life to deliver us from their power.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts. Point out anything in me that offends you, and lead me along the path of everlasting life!" Psalm 139:23-24

Have mercy on all near and dear to us—on all who intercede for us—on all who ask our intercession. Grant that we may meekly walk together in the lowest valley of humiliation because we are sinners. Grant that we may rejoice together in You as all our hope and all our desire. Grant that we may journey together in much tenderness of conscience, because so prone to evil. Grant that at last we may triumph gloriously as heirs of Your great salvation. Hear us, we earnestly beseech You. Amen.



# *Christ's Death*

## **MORNING.**

Holy Father, we worship You in Your great name of '*Love*'. The heavens, the earth, and all that are therein, proclaim Your wondrous goodness. But it shines forth in surpassing luster at Calvary's stupendous scene. We desire to adore You. Enlarge our hearts. Pour warmth into our affections. Open our lips. Supply words. And in Your mercy condescend to hear the praises which we devoutly utter.

At the cross we see Your heavenly grace removing the tremendous load of our iniquities from us—and heaping them all on Your beloved Son. We see Him standing as a transgressor in our place. We see Him, who knew no sin, made sin for us. We see Him, the all-holy, accounted as a curse. What shall we say unto You, O God of all grace? We can only fall low and cry, "We bless You! We adore You!"

We see Your justice leading the Spotless Lamb to the slaughter, and rigorously demanding the full payment of all our debt. The avenging sword enters into His very heart! The stream of sin-atonement flows. Full recompense is meted out. Exceeding satisfaction is made. Justice can ask no more. Charges against us are all obliterated. The debt-book is cancelled. If our sins are searched for, they cannot now be found! For the gift of Your Son as our substitute—for the death of Your Son as our ransom—we bless You; we adore You.

We hear the thunder of Your outraged law. We behold the gathering of the unsparing storm. But at Calvary it all breaks on the head of Him who is accounted the disobedient one for us. The curse descends in all its horrors. He absorbs the whole. We gaze—the

darkness passes away. All heaven's smiles beam brightly over us. O our God, we bless You and adore.

We behold, and He is devoted to all anguish—that we may be inheritors of all joy. He is cast off—that we may be brought near. He is treated as an enemy—that we may be welcomed as friends. He is deserted—that we may be received to everlasting favor. He is surrendered to hell's worst—that we may attain heaven's best. He is stripped—that we may be clothed. He is wounded—that we may be healed. He thirsts—that we may drink of the water of life. He is in darkness—that we may rejoice in the glories of eternal day. He weeps—that all tears may be forever wiped from our eyes. He groans—that we may sing an endless song. He endures all pain—that we may rejoice in unfading health. He wears a crown of thorns—that we may receive a crown of glory. He bows His head in death—that we may lift up our heads in heaven. He bears all reproach—that we may receive all welcome. He is tormented—that we may be comforted. He is made all shame—that we may inherit all glory. His eyes are dark in death—that our eyes may gaze on unclouded brightness. He dies—that we may escape the second death, and live for evermore. O gracious Father, thus You spare not Your only begotten Son, that You may spare us. All this *transfer* Your love designed and has achieved. We bless You; we adore.

Heavenly Father, enable us to show forth Your praise, not only by the fruit of our *lips*—but also in the fruit of our *lives*. Shall we see all our enemies crushed— Satan baffled, defeated, and destroyed; *all our sins cast behind Your back—all buried in the ocean of reconciling blood; hell's gates closed—heaven's portals thrown widely open*, and not exult in joy unspeakable and full of glory? Oh that every breath could be ecstatic praise, and every step be buoyant in delight!

Help us to go on our way rejoicing. Infinite attributes were outraged—but infinite atonement is made. Infinite punishment was due, infinite punishment has been endured. Our disease was incurable by our own resources—but all is healed in the saving wounds of Jesus!

We pray that the glad tidings of this glorious and finished work may be this day loudly and universally proclaimed. Jesus declares that, being lifted up, He will draw all men unto Himself. He has been lifted up on the cross, a spectacle to angels and to men. May He be lifted up in every pulpit. May multitudes flock to Him—as doves to their windows. May preachers know nothing among their flocks—but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. May their message be fragrant in His blood.

Go forth, O conquering Spirit, and show that the cross is mighty to subdue and comfort. Prove that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believes. Glory be to Your great love, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Amen.

### ***Christ's Death***

#### **EVENING.**

O Jesus, O You whom our souls love, give ear, we beg You, to our evening-worship. The very stones would cry out, if we would fail to love You, who has so loved us. Greater love has no man than this—that a man should lay down his life for his friends. But You have laid down Your life for us, when we were enemies, estranged by nature, and hateful by wicked works!

We bless You for Your cross. Love shines brightly inscribed above it. We clasp the record to our souls. And knowing that You are the same yesterday and today and forever, we believe that You love us now, and will love us to the end.

Thus we come and present our hearts as a willing thank-offering. Accept them, we beseech You. Come in and occupy them wholly. Cast out every opposing feeling. Reign supreme. Let no rival passion interpose. Live in all our affections. Move in their every pulse.

We have this day been standing in spirit beside Your cross. Now let our concluding worship as a family give united adoration. The sight constrains us to the deepest humility. Our vile iniquity—is the cause of Your shame. We cannot fathom the sins which plunged You into such depths of unutterable woe! We cannot estimate the burden of wrath which thus crushed You. We cannot deny that the offences which stain us are evils of infinite malignity, since nothing but Your blood, O You who are Jehovah's fellow, could wash away their guilty stains. As transgressors, we abhor ourselves before You.

While thus we sink into lowliest abasement, we hear Your reviving cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" The voice is heard in heaven. The Father always hears You. The prayer is accepted. You can not plead in vain. Forgiveness is sealed. Forgiveness is ours. Our sins and our iniquities will be remembered no more. The voice of the blood outcries the voice of our condemning offences. We rejoice in the comfort that we may this night lie down in peace, nothing doubting that through Your cross—eternal pardon is our portion!

Blessed Savior, continue, we beseech You, this Your cry in our behalf. Now at the right hand of the Majesty on high, plead Your atoning sacrifice. While we live—we go astray. Each moment testifies that

when we would do good—that evil is present with us. Ever extend for us Your wounded hands. Ever renew the prevailing intercession, "Father, forgive them!"

Before we part this night, we would again drink in the wondrous tidings, "It is finished!" Increase our faith to grasp the full extent of the mighty word. May we live with it ever echoing in our ears. May we take it as the strong staff to stay our pilgrim steps. May the precious cordial ever cheer our hearts. May it give us boldness in every hour of trial and temptation. May it drive all desponding fears away.

"It is finished!" What more can we desire? "It is finished!" Of what, then, shall we be afraid? Salvation is finished to the uttermost. We adore You, O blessed Jesus. Heaven and earth shall pass away—but Your glorious work forever stands immovable. Your voice is the truth of God. Your voice declares it.

We mourn the *wretchedness of our best services*. They are indeed most vile. But no worth of ours is needed to complete what You have infinitely completed. If all holiness were ours, it could bring no addition to Your perfect achievement. Neither can our many sins impair it. Shall we not adore You, O You all-glorious Savior! We do adore You from our inmost souls.

But though our doings can add nothing to the finished fabric of Your salvation, we burn with desire by our lives to testify our gratitude. Our hearts throb to show forth Your praise, and to advance Your glory. But we can do nothing without Your Spirit. You must work in us to will and to do. We beg You to put forth Your mighty power to help us. Sanctify us wholly, body, soul, and spirit. Oh! that we might be holy, harmless, undefiled. Oh! that we might walk in purity and

love. May we live as the purchased possession of Your blood—the bride whom You have espoused—the partners of Your throne.

May we be transformed into Your image. As we gaze on You—may we be changed into Your likeness from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of our Lord. Surely You who have loved us unto death, will not deny these earnest petitions of our lips! Jesus, hear, answer, bless! And all glory be to You, now and forever. Amen.

## ***Christ's Resurrection***

### **MORNING.**

Heavenly Father, we come together this morning to uplift the voice of thanksgiving. We rejoice before You in the strength of our salvation. Great was the joy of Israel's sons—when they saw the Egyptians dead on the sea-shore. Far greater is the joy of our souls—when we see all our foes crushed in the dust.

O God of peace, You have brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. Our hearts would sing aloud Your praise. Glory be to You for evermore!

Jesus strides forth from the tomb, conqueror of death and hell and all opposing might. He bursts the bands. He tramples down all powers of darkness. He shows Himself alive by many infallible proofs. We thank You. Glory be to You, O God most high!

Open our eyes by Your Holy Spirit to see the glories of this grand achievement. May we read in it the full triumph of Your redeemed.

May we drink deeply of the streams of its comfort. May we clothe ourselves in the *garments of completed salvation*.

Jesus lives—who was dead. He is alive for evermore. The gracious surety, who was apprehended for the payment of our debt, comes forth from the prison-house of the grave—free and discharged. Show us herein the proof that His vicarious payment is accepted, that the claims of justice are all satisfied, that no charge remains against us. Teach us plainly in this fact that the devil's scepter is shattered, and his wrongful throne leveled. He held Jesus for a little space. He put forth all his strength to detain Him. But vain were his uttermost efforts. The conqueror shouts, "I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in Me, even if he dies, will live! Everyone who lives and believes in Me will never die—ever!"

Holy Father, may we be begotten again by the Spirit unto a lively hope by this resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. He has purchased a priceless inheritance for His children. It pure and undefiled, beyond the reach of change and decay! It is reserved in heaven for those who are kept by Your mighty power through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. Give us the assurance that in Him—we died; in Him—we endured all punishment; in Him—we made full atonement; and in Him we rise again. Give us to know that in His life—we live; in His victory—we are victorious; in His triumphs—we triumph; in His glory—we shall be glorified.

Do not allow the *fear of death* to bring us into bondage. Jesus has destroyed him who had the power of death, that is, the devil. He has delivered us from death's chains. He has abolished this *last enemy*. Give us grace, then, to raise the anticipating shout, "O grave, where is your victory! O death, where is your sting!"

Help us to live as truly one with our risen Lord. May we seek those things which are above. May we set our affections no more on things below, knowing that we are dead and our life is hid with Christ in God. May we mortify our members which are on earth, constantly looking for the appearing of the great God and our Savior, who will change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.

O You Holy Spirit, who raised up the Lord Jesus from the dead—dwell within us, we beg You, in all Your reviving fullness. Quicken us to liveliness in all our holy services. May we feel that because He lives—we live also. We know that Christ being raised from the dead—dies no more. In that He died, He died unto sin once—but in that He lives, He lives unto God. So may we in Him die unto all sin, and in Him live a resurrection-life of righteousness and true holiness.

Be with all the faithful ambassadors who are going forth to preach Jesus and the resurrection. Open their mouths that they may speak with all boldness, realizing the glory of their grand message. And may multitudes, now dead in trespasses and sins, and imprisoned in the grave of iniquity, awaken at their call, and arise from the dead and receive life from Christ! Thus may the *tidings of the resurrection* achieve grand victories this day. We ask all for the sake of Him who died, and revived, and rose again, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### ***Christ's Resurrection***

**EVENING.**



O mighty Savior, true and eternal God, this day we have been looking unto You as our living Head. Now again, before we separate, we would lift up our eyes. Meet us in all Your grace, as the author of complete salvation. Visit us in all the brightness of Your reviving glory. May we know more and more—the power of this Your resurrection. By its full belief, may we be raised from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness. In it may we receive assurance that our bodies too shall rise again.

In spirit we have this day searched the sepulcher, and are certified that You are not there—but are risen. We have heard the Father's welcome, "You are my Son, this day have I begotten You!" It has been our humble desire to joy in Your joy, to glory in Your glory, and in our praises to crown You Lord of all.

And now again we bless You and adore You. We thank You that for our sins—You have died. We thank You that for our justification, You are raised again. We bless You, that in You—we are complete.

How great was Your goodness in undertaking our redemption—in consenting to be made sin for us, and in encountering all our foes! How great was Your strength in enduring all the extremities of divine wrath, and taking away the load of all our iniquities! How great was Your love in manifesting Yourself alive, that our every fear might vanish—our every doubt might be removed, and that we might know assuredly that Your sacrifice was accepted, and that the remission of our guilt was consummated.

Enable us to go forward during the remaining days of our earthly pilgrimage leaning on You our living Savior. Great indeed would have been our desolation, if we had not been cheered with evidence that death could not detain You. It is because You live—that grace lives within us. May Your life impart strength to us more and more.

Be ever by our side. May the light of Your countenance be our joy and support. May the whispers of Your love be heavenly melody in our hearts. May our affections burn within us, while we contemplate Your glorious triumphs for us.

Baptize our souls in the rich consolations which flow from You as the resurrection and the life. Teach us the mighty power of the sure word, "Who can bring an accusation against God's elect? God is the One who justifies. Who is the one who condemns? Christ Jesus is the One who died, but even more, has been raised; He also is at the right hand of God and intercedes for us!"

Strengthen us to fight the good fight of faith, in happy knowledge that You have triumphed over all the powers of darkness. May we advance towards heaven, setting our feet on the necks of our enemies laid low by You. May we resist with Your high praises on our lips. As You have prevailed for us—so may we prevail in You. As You have revived for us—live now we beg You within us, and make our hearts Your chosen home!

O source of our life, manifest that You are a risen Lord, by working wonders among the children of men. Go forth conquering and to conquer. Claim Your people as Your own. *Wrest them from the devil's cruel grasp.* Bring them to the saving knowledge of Yourself. Show them Your hands and Your side. Reveal to them Your precious death and glorious resurrection. May it be seen throughout earth's length and breadth, that Your gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believes; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

May the *beds* to which we now retire remind us of our near *graves*. May we look towards them with tranquil smile, knowing that at Your voice our bodies too shall rise again. We close our united prayers,

adoring You, that You have abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. For all Your work for us—we thank You. For all the joy, with which we rejoice in You—we thank You. For all our means of grace and hopes of glory—we thank You. Glory be to You, O Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior! Amen.

## ***Christ's Ascension***

### **MORNING.**

We approach You, O our God, this morning, with especial praises on our lips. We would join the whole company of heaven in shouting, "Lift up your heads, O you gates, and be lift up, you everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in!" We laud and magnify Your holy name, that You have exalted Your only Son, Jesus Christ, with great triumph unto Your kingdom in heaven.

Expand our hearts, and cause them to overflow with the joys of the ascension. We bless You for the glorious contemplations to which we are now especially invited. May we draw near in spirit, and see our adorable Redeemer, who for us was lifted up upon the cross, now lifted up to the heaven of heavens. May we see Him who, as the Man of sorrows, was crowned with *thorns*—now as the Lord of life, crowned with all *glory*! What could be deeper than Your *shame*—more bitter than Your *agony*—more *cruel* than Your death! What can be *higher* than Your exaltation—more *triumphant* than Your return, more *glorious* than Your life!

Quicken our faith to see the majestic ascent—the hosts of attending angels—the welcome at the portals of heaven. Enable us with open

eyes to gaze on the triumphant entrance, and mark all the enemies of our salvation dragged as captives, fast bound to the victorious wheels. Open our ears to drink in Your words assigning the seat to Him, "Sit on my right hand until I make Your enemies Your footstool!" May we gaze on Him—as invested with all authority and power, receiving the government upon His shoulders, and taking the scepter of mediatorial rule.

O blessed day! Happy ascension! We adore You, our Lord and our King, living and reigning to consummate our full salvation. We rejoice to see You, in our nature, seated on Your throne on high. What strength to our faith! What delight to our hearts! What rapture to our souls! You ever live to make intercession for us!

Our prayers, then, will be ever heard. May we pray with more undoubting confidence. Our praises will be ever welcomed. May we praise You with redoubled warmth. Daily, hourly do we sin. But our sins are all pardoned; for we have an Advocate in the courts above, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the atoning sacrifice for our sins. He presents the *unanswerable plea* of His death. He extends His *wounded hands*. The hands which were pierced—are the hands which pour down gifts. He withheld not Himself. What, then, can He keep back! We now have assurance, that we shall be blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places.

Blessed Jesus, we acknowledge before all heaven and all earth, that You could not do more for us. You came down from heaven to redeem us. You are ascended that we too should ascend. Your *death* is our life. Your *resurrection* is our justification. Your *ascension* is our hope. Your *return* will be our eternal triumph.

Holy Father, give wings to our adoring love, that we may also in heart and mind mount to the heaven of heavens, and ever live with

Jesus, our exalted Lord. He is our treasure. He is to us the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely One! Where our *treasure* is, where our *beloved* is, grant that there our *affections* may be also riveted. While the head is in perfect purity, do not allow the members to grovel in the filth and follies of this sin-soiled earth. While the Bridegroom reigns in glory, do not allow the bride to trifle with this world's polluted pleasures!

O Lord, our exalted King, the heavens have received You until the times of restitution of all things. Oh when will it be! Hasten, we pray, the blissful day.

The groaning earth, travailing in bondage, cries, "Come!" The Spirit and the bride cry, "Come!" We this day unite in the fervent cry, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

But while Your chariot-wheels delay, give us more and more of the joy and strength of Your presence. May we live in spirit with You until we see Your sign in the heavens, and raise the shout, "Lo! this is our God—we have waited for Him, and He will save us! This is the Lord—we have waited for Him; we will be glad, and rejoice in His salvation!" Amen.

## ***Pentecost***

### **MORNING.**

Heavenly Father, we beg You by the *coming of the Holy Spirit*, give ear unto our morning cry. We earnestly beseech You, that we may be very temples of His perpetual indwelling, and that His graces may

wholly replenish our souls. As the *sun* is full of light, as the *ocean* is full of drops, as the *heavens* are full of glory—so may we be filled with His presence!

Vain are all Your purposes of love, vain is the redemption purchased by Jesus, except the *Holy Spirit* shall work within us. Here then we present our longing hearts to You. It is our desire that they may be His abode forever.

We beseech You that the *Holy Spirit* may enter in—the Spirit of *wisdom* and *understanding*—the Spirit of *counsel* and *might*—the Spirit of *knowledge* and of the *fear* of the Lord; and may He make us of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord.

Oh that we might be entirely regenerated by His power—quickenened unto newness of life—created anew after God in righteousness and true holiness.

We know that by nature—we are dead in trespasses and sins. We owe it wholly to His mighty love, if we are begotten again to spiritual existence, and have received *eyes* to see Jesus in the glories of redemption. It is His free gift if we discern the realities of the unseen and eternal world. If too our *ears* have been opened to hear the heavenly call, and to respond, "It is the voice of our Beloved!" If our hearts have been warmed with love and throb with adoration—if our feet run with delight in the narrow way of life, it is because we have been visited with His almighty and sovereign grace.

We bring the tribute of *devout thanksgiving*. But we thirst for more! We supplicate for more. We are not limited in You, O You great and glorious Jehovah. To fill us to the overflowing would not diminish Your inexhaustible riches. *Streams* ever descending to us would leave Your *fountain* unimpaired! Give us, then, give us, we beg You,

more, much more, of the influence of Your Holy Spirit. He was given without measure to the Head. May He be given without measure to the members of the mystic body.

We bewail our coldness, our poverty, our empty hearts, our selfish desires, our languid services, our prayerless prayers, our praiseless praises. How different are we—from what we *desire* to be! How different are we from what we *might* be! Come, Holy Spirit, Your sevenfold gifts impart. Do not allow us, we beg You, to grieve or to resist You. We adore You as almighty God. Put forth, then, the strength of Your omnipotence. Expel every rebellious lust. Take Your holy seat on the throne within us. Reign supreme. Claim us and keep us as Your own forever.

Especially be our *teacher*. It is Your province to lead us into all truth. We supplicate Your unction, that we may know all things needful for life and godliness.

We bless You for Your *holy Scriptures*. We receive each word as given directly by Your inspiration. In Your light may we see light. Shine upon the sacred page. Instruct us in the glorious meaning. Write the transforming gospel on our hearts. Mold us in the Bible mold. Make us ever redolent of the Bible truth.

Come too, we implore You, as our *comforter*. Many are our troubles from without and from within. We often mourn in our prayers and are vexed. We find that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of heaven. But give us the joy of Your presence. Cheer us by revelations of Jesus. Keep the glories of the end before us, and we shall endure, rejoicing in Your holy support.

Above all, sanctify us wholly, body, soul, and spirit. May every thought, and word, and work be consecrated to the glory of our God.

May it be seen in us that You do work, and none can hinder You; and that You are fitting a people for the kingdom of heaven.

Arise in our behalf. Come forth to our help. Put forth Your strength to bless and save us. And to Your great name, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be everlasting praise! Amen.

### ***Pentecost***

#### **EVENING.**

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, whose tender love surpasses thought, we desire to close this day in united praise for all Your goodness. Especially we thank You for adding to all Your blessings—the gift of the indwelling Holy Spirit. By Him we adore You in the name of Jesus. By Him through Jesus we ascribe all glory unto Your holy name. We bless You for Him—the author and giver of light and life. May His work be more enlightening, more enlivening in our hearts.

We delight in the records of *His gracious power*. Your earliest word reveals His wondrous agency. When the *earth* was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep—Your Spirit moved upon the face of the waters. Beauty and order sprang out of *unsightly confusion*. Oh, that He would now move upon the face of this sin-soiled, this disordered world! Then *loveliness* would brightly shine, and *holiness* would wave its peaceful wand, and the spiritual *desert* would rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the fruits of *righteousness* would spring up and flourish and abound! Holy Father, cause Your Spirit to introduce a *new creation* to the praise of the glory of Your grace.



We mark His manifestation to the infant Church. In spirit we *hear* a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind. We *see* the descent of tongues like as of fire. We hear the gospel preached to men of every nation. We conclude that it is Your will, that the testimony of Jesus should have free course and be glorified. But darkness still shrouds the earth. Multitudes are perishing for lack of knowledge. The feet of those who bring good tidings, who publish peace—are not beautifully seen upon the distant mountains. Gracious Father, send forth Your Holy Spirit to raise up a noble army of faithful messengers. Cause Him to fill their hearts with the *love* of Your dear Son; to brace them with indomitable *zeal*; to give them burning words, and *courage* which nothing can subdue. May He give the Word and bless the Word, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, may Your name shall be great among men; and in every place incense shall be offered unto You and a pure offering. Zeal for Your glory constrains us. We beseech You that Your Spirit may hasten the blessed day.

We humbly put You in remembrance, that these are the days of the *ministry of the Spirit*. We sigh that His presence may be more deeply and more widely felt. We pray especially that our hearts may be His abiding home. May He dwell in us, and move in us, and guide our every thought, and direct our every step, and speak in our every word. May we be wholly occupied by the indwelling God. May our godly and godlike life, evidence the mainspring of our inner man.

We pray that He may entirely fill every preacher and every teacher. May no sound be heard from any pulpit but as suggested by His revealing light. May He be present in every school, and sit in every teacher's chair, and supply the whole instruction.

We pray, too, that His omnipotent power may open hearts to receive the pure testimony. May He cause it to take deep root unto salvation. Unless He arises to our help—all our efforts are but as a tinkling cymbal. Holy Father, hear our cry, and make Your ministering servants effectual instruments in His glorious hands.

We would bring before You the Gospel societies which You have been pleased to raise up. May Your Spirit direct all their counsels, suggest all their plans, give success to all their operations. May He make them wholly spiritual. Thus may they seek nothing but Your glory, and attempt nothing but in meek dependence on Your power. Sanctify the *projects* which they shall devise, and the *means* which they shall use.

Thus we lie low before You, praying for *Pentecostal blessings*. You have given Your dear Son. We thank You. You have promised Your Holy Spirit. We beseech You—do as You have said. Let not our hard hearts resist Him. Let not our ingratitude quench His love. May He magnify His glory by being glorified in us. We earnestly pray in filial confidence, pleading the name and work of Jesus Christ. Amen.

# *The Trinity*

## **MORNING.**

We come together this morning to ascribe glory unto You, O heavenly *Father*; glory unto You, O blessed *Jesus*; glory unto You, O holy and eternal *Spirit*. We humbly worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity, the God of our salvation. We prostrate ourselves in the deepest reverence before the revelation of this wondrous truth. We seek not curiously to pry into the *mystery*. But we receive it with entire faith—because Your Word declares it.

We adore You, O *Father*, as God and Lord. We adore You, O *Jesus*, as God and Lord. We adore You, O *Holy Spirit*, as God and Lord. And yet we adore not *three* Gods or three Lords—but *one* God and one Lord.

But especially we adore You for gracious concurrence in bringing us poor sinners to Your saving knowledge and Your kingdom. O *Father*, You have chosen and loved us, and sent Your Son to achieve our uttermost redemption. O *Jesus*, You have loved us; and have assumed our nature, and have shed Your blood, to wash out all our sins; and have wrought out perfect righteousness to cover all our unworthiness. O *Holy Spirit*, You have loved us, and have entered our dead hearts, implanting spiritual life, and revealing to us the glorious work of Jesus.

Three persons, one God—we bless and praise You for love so unmerited, so unspeakable, so wondrous, so mighty to raise us from the misery of the lost, and to exalt us to the bliss and glory of the saved!

O **Father**, we bless You that, in the plenitude of Your grace, You have given us to Your beloved Son to be—His *spouse*, His *jewels*, the *sheep* of His pasture, His *portion* forever. O **Jesus**, we bless You that, in the plenitude of Your grace, You have accepted us as Your own; that You have espoused us unto Yourself; that You have undertaken to sanctify and cleanse us with the washing of water by the Word, and present us unto Yourself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing. **Holy Spirit**, we bless You that, in the plenitude of Your grace, You consent to inhabit our hearts, to subdue our stubbornness, to exhibit Jesus as all our salvation, to implant faith, to bring us unto Him, to make us one with Him forever. All thanks we give that we are *elect* according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.

*Father*, we hear Your voice in Scripture testifying, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." *Jesus*, we hear Your assurance, that if we open the door, You will come in to us, and will sup with us. *Holy Spirit*, we are taught that our bodies are the temples which You delight to sanctify and to fill.

We adore the wonders of Your condescending love. We marvel at the high privilege of the true believer. All heaven comes down to dwell within him. He has his abode in God, and God in him. We humbly *believe* it. Grant us to *realize* it to the full.

Merciful *Father*, we thank You that You are ever seated on a throne of grace, giving ear to our prayers. *Jesus*, we thank You that Your hands are ever extended to receive our feeble petitions, to perfume them with the rich fragrance of Your blood, and to present them as an acceptable offering. *Holy Spirit*, we thank You that You are ever willing to help our infirmities, to show us our need, to supply words,

to strengthen us that we faint not in our supplications. Help us to see how wondrous is the exercise of faithful prayer. All heaven is concerned. In it the Triune Jehovah has employ.

We pray that this day we may be more deeply taught how *high* and *heavenly* is our calling; how *grand* and *glorious* are our privileges; how *sure* and *bright* are our hopes. May we walk worthy of You. May we duly ponder what manner of persons we ought to be—in all holy living and godliness. May we truly live as they who have been baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. May we renounce all that You forbid. May we diligently follow all that You command. Thus may the blessing of the Father, the blessing of the Son, the blessing of the Holy Spirit—be our rich inheritance. Hear us, O our God, when this day we acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity; and, in the power of the divine Majesty, worship the Unity. Amen and Amen.

## ***Communion Meditations***

### **MORNING.**

Heavenly Father, accept our thanksgivings for all the *means of grace* which Your mercy has provided. They are the joy and strength of our souls. We see in them *Your loving purpose*. It is Your will that spiritual life should flourish and abound within us. Help us by Your Holy Spirit to use them all duly, devoutly, gratefully, to Your praise and our exceeding profit!

This day we would especially magnify Your goodness for the ordinance of the body and blood of our beloved Lord. Truly Your

Word is fulfilled, that You will prepare for Your people a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined.

We confess that *we are utterly unworthy to gather up the crumbs under Your table*. How unworthy then are we to sit down as guests at this heavenly table. But we come not trusting in ourselves—but wholly relying on the merits of Your dear Son, and hiding all our unworthiness beneath the robe of His glorious righteousness. We hear the tender invitation. We marvel at the wondrous grace. We cannot hesitate. In faith and love we come. Give us a gracious welcome. Refresh and strengthen us with the *rich bounties* of this feast.

We draw near to behold marvelous things. By Your Spirit enliven our faith rightly to discern, duly to appreciate, spiritually to apprehend. Thus may we *richly grow in grace*.

We *reverently* look. Bread is broken. Wine is poured forth. Write deeply on our hearts, the precious meaning. Jesus Christ is evidently set forth crucified before us. In the *broken bread* we spiritually see His broken body. In the *poured out wine* we spiritually see the shedding of His blood.

While we humbly gaze, may we anxiously ponder, "Why, blessed Jesus, why did You thus die?" May the precious answer sound through every part of our hearts and souls, "I die—that you may not die. I lay down My life—to purchase your life. I present Myself as a sin-offering to—expiate all your sins. My blood thus streams—to wash out all your guilt. The fountain is thus opened in My side—to cleanse you from all impurity. I thus endure your curse. I thus pay your debt. I thus rescue you from all condemnation. I thus satisfy

divine justice for you!" See in these elements My body given unto the shame and sufferings of the cross for you.

Father, we know that this *table* is ordained to exhibit these precious truths. May we tightly grasp the breadth and length of this glorious purpose. May our faith expand, and strengthen, and grow mightily. May all fears and doubts be slain. May delighted assurance pervade us. May we truly believe, that full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, are forever made. May we glory more and more in Christ our everlasting salvation.

But we are called to draw nearer yet. We hear the voice of our great Lord, "Eat, drink, yes, drink abundantly, O beloved!" We gladly come forward to obey. We extend the hand. We take the bread. We receive the cup. We eat. We drink.

Thus we humbly *testify* before all heaven and before all earth, that we do personally and for ourselves, gladly, in faith, and reverence, and love, receive our blessed Jesus to be the *life*, the *strength*, the *nourishment*, the *joy*, the *delight* of our souls. We profess that we feed on Him and Him crucified, as all our hope, salvation, and desire.

Blessed Jesus, at Your table may all the benefits of Your cross and passion, may all the glories of Your accomplished redemption, be sealed to our souls. We do all that Your ordinance prescribes in remembrance of You.

We remember Your *eternal love*. We remember Your *boundless grace*. We remember Your *infinite compassion*. We remember Your *agony* and bloody sweat. We remember all that You have done for us. We remember Your call to this most hallowed ordinance. And we pray that You will remember us.

As we participate, may we truly feel that we are one with You, and You are one with us. As the outward elements nourish our bodies, may Your indwelling presence invigorate and bless our souls. Thus feed us until we hunger no more. We look to the day when You, the Lamb in the midst of the throne, shall feed us and lead us unto living fountains of water! Hear. Answer. Amen.

### ***Communion Meditations***

#### **EVENING.**

O You Lord and Savior of our souls, in obedience to Your gracious calling, we have this day partaken of the holy bread, and drank the holy cup. We thank You that on the same night in which You were betrayed You did institute this holy ordinance, ever *to exhibit Your dying love*. We thank You that You have revealed that in it Your people shall show forth Your death until Your return. We thank You that the high privilege has been ours of thus *gazing on You as making atonement for us on the cross*.

Hear our prayer, that all the blessings of this sacred service may be sealed to our souls. May our *faith* be mightily revived, our *hopes* invigorated, our *souls* strengthened for more devoted work. Send richer and larger supplies of Your Holy Spirit, that we may keep constantly in devout remembrance, what solemn vows are ours, what high profession we have made. Increase our *watchfulness*. Stir up more vigorous *diligence*. Grant that all who see us may take knowledge of us—that we have been with Jesus. May conformity to His image be our conspicuous stamp. May it be seen in us that Your ordinances are mighty means of grace; that You do indeed visit the souls of all who partake in faith; that Your presence



is truly granted to their longing hearts; and that the flame of adoring love is largely brightened.

Help us in our future days, if future days are ours—to ponder the holy spectacle of this sacred rite. We have seen the greatness of the *price* whereby You have redeemed us from the *torments* of the lost, from the *vengeance* due unto our sins, and from the *curse* of the infracted law. May we never forget that we are not our own—but that we are bought by Your most precious blood. May we ever glorify You in our bodies and in our spirits, which are Yours.

By the clear eye of faith—we have looked to You, sealing us unto the great day of redemption. We have received the assurance of pardon, of adoption, of joint-heirship with You, of heaven, of eternal life, and of participation in all the glory which the Father gave to You. May we live henceforth as those who have thus received the pledge of the everlasting covenant. Forbid it that the follies, the trifles, the baubles of this polluted world, should occupy our minds or captivate our affections. May our walk be high and heavenly, even as our pledged inheritance.

We have this day renewed a most solemn covenant. Feeding on the memorials of Your broken body, we have avouched God to be our God, and we have bound ourselves to serve Him in faithfulness, sincerity, and truth all the days of our lives. As Your obedient children, may we fashion ourselves no more after the course of this evil world—but according to the strictest rules of Your blessed Word. We know that all Your promises You will surely keep and perform. May all our promises to You be also kept inviolate.

We have this day, looking to the cross, bewailed our hateful sins. We have confessed their number, their magnitude, their aggravations. We have testified that the *remembrance* is grievous, and that

the *burden* is intolerable. Arm us with holy resolve to fight more valiantly against them, and never to look back to the paths which we have so solemnly forsaken.

We know that our walk must still be amid the wily snares and constant assaults of the devil. His hatred is most keen against those who avow themselves to be Yours. After Your most holy baptism, he approached You with his deadliest arts. May we be on our guard. As You conquered, so may we conquer—using the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

Blessed Lord, hear our sacred prayer. Draw nearer, oh, draw nearer to us. Enable us to walk worthy of You—Your love—Your death—Your promises. May we live answerably to all our pledges and our vows.

Preserve us as Your portion, Your spouse, Your treasure. And unto You, who are able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of Your glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

## **SICKNESS**

We bring before You, merciful Father, in the arms of our faith, that beloved member of our household on whom You have been pleased to lay the hand of sickness. In their chastening—we are chastened. In their sufferings—we suffer. Give us tender sympathy—to watch and to alleviate. In the sick chamber—may we be gentleness and love. Grant Your blessing to all the remedies, which, trusting in You, we

use. If it is Your gracious will, arrest the malady, and may the voice of health and gladness again gladden our dwelling. Especially give patience in all pain and languor, and may the sufferer humbly bless Your heavenly will, knowing that You do all things well.

## **SICKNESS UNTO DEATH**

Hear us in behalf of our beloved one, whom we humbly surrender unto You. We read in the increasing malady, Your sovereign will to take whom You will, to Yourself. We meekly cry, "May Your will be done!" We bless You for all Your goodness to our beloved one, during the days of earthly pilgrimage. Draw nearer now when heart and strength fail. May Your last mercies upon earth be Your richest. Do not allow Satan to molest. Whisper *sweet peace* to the departing spirit. May Your rod and Your staff comfort, and grant an abundant entrance into Your heavenly kingdom.

## **DEATH**

In this hour of grievous trial and affliction—we flee unto You, our God. You gave—we thank You. You have taken away—give us grace to bless Your holy name. In this *death* may we see the *fruit of sin*, and may we loathe it with deeper hatred.

Help us to remember that Jesus has abolished death, and may we love Him more and more. May we hear the rod, and You who has appointed it. Write deeply on our hearts the lessons which this *solemn event* is loud to teach. Send Your Spirit to search our

inmost souls, and to sever us from every evil way. May the loss for which we weep be our everlasting gain.

## **BURIAL**

This day we bear the remains of our beloved one to the grave. Blessed Jesus, if we weep, we would remember that at the grave You shed tears of sympathy. We would remember too that in the grave for our salvation, You have lain. But You rose again. We know, therefore, that this our our beloved one shall rise too. But oh, how changed! Therefore, while we sorrow, we rejoice and bless You. Fill up, we beg You, the vacancy in our hearts by granting more of *Your comforting presence*. May we forget the *sorrow* of this day—in the *glories* of the bright future.

## **RECOVERY**

We believe that all Your dealings towards us are love in Christ our Lord. Your faithful Word declares that You kill, and make alive; You bring down to the grave, and bring up. Your Word is truth. We cried unto You in behalf of one whom sickness had laid low. But sickness is gone, and health again makes glad. We thank and bless You. Grant that the strength renewed may be wholly consecrated to Your service. May lengthened days be lengthened praise to You. In the restored life of one so dear to us, may we see Your tender love. May our devoted lives render due praise. May we adore You more as a God who

answers prayer, and who in the midst of judgments remembers mercy.

## DOMESTIC ANXIETY

O Our God, it is our high privilege to cast all our cares upon You—for You care for us. You have sent Your dear Son to bear not only all our *sins*—but all our *burdens* too. You know the trouble which now weighs down our hearts. We spread it before You. Give us grace to bear it with humble submission to Your sovereign will. Supply us with wisdom to endure this trial, so that our souls may prosper. May it work in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Allow no murmurings or impatience to disgrace our heavenly calling. Enable us to keep looking unto Jesus, who for the joy set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame. If there is bitterness in the *cup*—may we drink it without repining. If there is perplexity in our walk—may we seek Your guidance, believing that all things shall work together for our good.

## JOURNEY

Guard, we beg You, all who *travel* this day by land or by water. Especially hear us for those whom kindred or friendship bind to us. Preserve them from all the perils of the way. May Your protecting wings be spread around them. May the pillar of Your presence precede. May Your mercies surround and follow them. Grant that every journey may remind us that we tread this earth

as *strangers* and *pilgrims*. May we keep our loins girt, our lamps burning, our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, ever ready to take our last step below.

## RETURN TO HOME

The return in safety, this day, of the beloved members of our household calls for especial praise. O God, You have been with them in their going forth and coming in. From every danger You have been pleased to screen them. Many accidents might have imperiled or destroyed their lives, or filled them with disabling pains. Sorrow might now have been our bitter cup. But with joy we welcome them as preserved by Your watchful care. Accept the thanks which we devoutly bring. May this arrival remind us that soon we shall rest from all departures and returns. When life's *short day* is passed, give us to sit down forever amid the glories of Your redeemed.

## PUBLIC SICKNESS

O Our Father, we humble ourselves in deep contrition before You, acknowledging our manifold iniquities as individuals and as a nation. Wrath is gone forth. We confess that our sins have justly provoked You. The *destroying angel* has brought grievous sickness on our guilty land. We tremble and we flee to You. Pardon, we beseech You. Arrest this fearful *pestilence*. Recover those on whom its hand is resting. Preserve from its touch those, who are still escaped. O Jesus, stand between the living and the dead, that

the *plague* may be stayed. Bring back the voice of health and gladness. So will we bless Your sparing and restoring love forever and ever.

## **CIVIL COMMOTION**

Gracious Lord, troubles and rumors of troubles fill us with dismay. The voice of murmurings and discontent affrights our land. Turbulence has banished our happy tranquility. We tremble lest *civil disasters* should sadden our homes. Arise to our help and save us, O our God. Defeat the evil designs of ungodly men. Give especial wisdom to those who guide our nation. Make them firm to resist, intelligent to devise the needful remedy, and patient to endure. Allay all angry passion. Calm all ruffled minds. Speak the word, and sweet calm shall then return. Fill us with that righteousness which exalts a nation. Grant that Your people may dwell in peaceable habitations, in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places. O God of peace, give us peace always by all means.

## **DISTRESS OF WEATHER**

Father of all goodness, we bless You for every circumstance which teaches us our entire dependence on You. May all things prosperous and adverse, draw us more closely to Your side. We acknowledge that if our sins should be the measure of Your dealings—the *heavens* over our heads would be brass and iron, and our *fields* would be locked up in barrenness. But You are rich in mercy. Be pleased, we beseech

You, to send us bountiful seasons. Withhold not Your showers, when refreshing rain is needed. Give the ripening rays, when the time for the ingathering of our crops has come. Let not adverse weather hinder our labor, or diminish our plenty. Give us seedtime and harvest according to Your Word.

## **HARVEST**

Father, we adore You. Your tender mercies are over all Your works. You crown the year with Your goodness. Your paths drop fatness. You have given Your blessing to the ingathering of our crops. Our garners are enriched with store. Abundant provision is our portion. How good are You! How undeserving are our hearts and lives! But melted by such loving-kindness, may we devote our lives, which are Your gracious care, to Your undivided service. May the rich harvest of our fields, quicken us to pray for the harvest of immortal souls. The spiritual field is wide. Send forth laborers to gather in. May we always be looking to the end, when the *angels* shall be the reapers. Fit us. Bless us. Receive us as Your own forever.

## **RELIGIOUS MEETING**

This day we trust, by Your good hand upon us, to meet to testify the desire of our souls, that Your name may be hallowed, and Your kingdom advanced among the children of men. Give Your especial blessing to the great Society, the cause of which we shall strive to advocate. Send Your Holy Spirit to warm and sanctify the hearts of



all who shall be present. May thought of self be absent from each speaker. May the name and truth of Jesus be exalted and made very high! May heavenly-mindedness be the pervading tone. May we hear, may we give, as unto the Lord. May the sweet fragrance of a holy meeting cheer and elevate our hearts.

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