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OF

GEORGE EDWARD ELLIS,

Seventh President of the Society.

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Manual of Devotion

by

J. B. WATERBURY, D.D.

Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath
School Society, and approved by the
Committee of Publication.

BOSTON:

MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,

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M A N U A L

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D E V O T I O N .

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REV. J. B. WATERBURY, D. D.

*Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and approved
by the Committee of Publication.*

B O S T O N :

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MANUAL OF DEVOTION.

CHAPTER I.

PRAYER ARDENT OPENS HEAVEN'S GATE.

PRAYER is the expression of a dependent being for help. It implies want and weakness. These are felt by the applicant, though the manner of making them known may be various. Formal speech is not always necessary ; prayer may be offered and accepted in the look, the sigh, the tear, as expressive of the heart's desire. Shadowed forth in nature, is this high, and solemn, and universal duty. The infant prays, when the pangs of hunger impel. The mother responds to its pantomimic entreaty. The child pleads at the parental knee, and knows the meaning of that declaration, that earthly parents "know how to give good gifts unto their chil-

dren." The brute knows his owner, and greets him with a prayer, such as may be heard in the whinny of a horse, the lowing of the ox, and the sharp, eager bark of the dog ; and the master understands the prayer, and is not backward in answering it. The earth itself, in time of drought, seems silently to implore the heavens for moisture ; and the tiny flower, shrunk and pale, seems to plead for the dew and the rain to revive its verdure and expand its petals. Nature has her pleadings as well as her praises ; and teaches us, by the one, the duty of prayer, as she does by the other, the duty of thanksgiving. The voice of nature, it is often said, is the voice of God. In respect to prayer, it certainly is. Here the Divine Voice is emphatic. Every deep, conscious want within us ; every thing almost without us, seems to say, " Dependent creature, call upon thy God."

But is God accessible ? Is there a way to the mercy seat ? Is there, indeed, a mercy seat at all ? These questions are natural, reasonable. They would be suggested, the moment a creature like man begins to feel the need of help from God.

Unless the habit of prayer has been formed in childhood, and kept up until maturity, the idea of a direct and solemn appeal to God, is more terrific than encouraging. There is something awful in speaking to God of our wants, our sins, and our necessities. The view of his character as holy, as just, seems more prominent than any other view, and is more immediately suggested under the consciousness of personal guilt. We cannot first get before our mind the view of his mercy ; nor see at once how justice may be reconciled with mercy. Sinai seems to cover the whole field of vision. Nothing but its blazing summit is seen ; nothing heard but its quaking and its thunderings. We tremble to approach a being so holy and so just. We ask for some Moses to stand between us and the face of God ; and for some high priest to take our offerings, and wash them in sacrificial blood. This feeling was provided for in the Jewish economy. Moses stood between the people and God ; and Aaron, with the blood of atonement, presented their offerings at the mercy seat.

But that dispensation was preparatory, and

emblematical of good things to come. Moses was a type of Christ—the one mediator between God and man,—and Aaron was an equally significant type of our Lord, “who offered up himself once for us all;” and, having sprinkled us with his own precious blood, has appeared in the presence of God for us.

By this new and living way, therefore, we may come boldly, that is, confidently, to the mercy seat, and “find grace to help in time of need.” Yes, there is a mercy seat, and there is a way to it. “*I am the way,*” says Jesus. “No man can come unto the Father, but by me.” “I am the door.” “I have the key to shut, and to open.” “Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, it shall be done unto you.” How the darkness, which shrouds our path, and obscures the gate of heaven, flees at such announcements! “Looking unto Jesus,” is looking in the direction of heaven. Praying with faith in his name, is taking a sure passport to the favor of God. “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”

THE NATURE OF PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,—
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try !—
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels, in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—“ Behold he prays ! ”

O, thou ! by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

PRAY AT THE DAWN.

EARLY rising and early devotions should go together. So thought David, when he said, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." And when Solomon declares, that "they who seek Him EARLY shall find him," he perhaps refers to early devotions, rather than to the opening period of life.

"When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like."

How fit is the morning hour—the very dawn of day—for the duty of prayer! All the circumstances prompt the soul to offer praise, and to seek the blessing of God. That "sweet restorer," sleep, has done its office on the body and the mind. It has greatly relaxed the muscles, which had been strained to their utmost

tension in the labors and duties of life ; and which, like the chords of a harp, having played the allotted part, now need to be released for a time ; it has soothed the quivering nerves, which had been made tremulous by excitement ; it has received into its soft lap the aching head, and with its gentle wing has fanned the feverish brow ; it has bid all care and anxiety for the time depart, and sent, perhaps, some compensatory visions of bliss into the troubled soul ; it has let fall the curtain of the eye over its delicate vision to protect it from danger, and to refresh it after the glare of the sunlight. Thus has the night passed silently and safely ; whilst the physical and mental powers were drinking in the refreshing nectar, and preparing for a new and vigorous encounter with the stern duties of life. How sweet a provision is sleep ! How it ekes out the strength of this frail tenement of clay ! Who can be insensible to the goodness of God in this provision for man and beast !

As the morning twilight steals into the chamber window, open thine eye, and raise it towards

him, under the shadow of whose wing thou hast dwelt in safety.

Thou hast received, as it were, a new being. Thou hast been in a sort of sepulchre ; hast passed through a symbolical mortality, where there has been stillness and silence without pain or struggle. "Sleep is the image of death," and waking is the type of our resurrection. How refreshed are all the frames of nature at this morning hour ! The impulse is to sing, to leap, to be glad and gay, as the renovated nerves and muscles come into action. Let this excitement take the proper direction. Let some of it, yea, the *first* of it, be expended in some act of grateful devotion. By whose appointment is the season of rest ? Who causes sweet sleep thus to distil like the dew upon thine eyelids ? Oh, if thou hast a heart to feel, let it rise and give thanks to God, who is "good, and whose mercy endureth forever." Let not the bird be before thee with its morning melodies ; nor let its unconscious carols shame thee for thy silence ! Now is the time to kneel and give thanks ; to pour a

grateful strain into the ears of him who "maketh the outgoings of the morning to rejoice."

"When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun ;
Give *him* thy first thoughts then : so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet, never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us : the manna was not good
After sun rising ; far-day sullies flowers ;
Rise to prevent the sun : sleep doth sins glut
And heaven's gate opens when the world's shut."

PRAY AT THE TWILIGHT EVE.

PRAYER at evening seems almost a dictate of nature as well as an appointment of Heaven. There is something in the nightfall, a sort of sombre influence, that disposes to reflection, and prepares the mind for serious thought and meditation. Our artificial arrangements have tended to check and suppress this meditative tendency ; but there is no doubt that Providence intended that the twilight, merging into darkness, and succeeded by the solemn illumination of the starry concave, should be morally suggestive, and minister to our spiritual improvement. It was at this hour that the patriarch Isaac went out to meditate ; and many a pious soul has followed his example, and sought, in the dim, religious light of the departing day, to compose the mind for an approach into the divine presence. By artificial arrangements to defeat this end, I mean that mankind, consciously

reluctant to meet their own thoughts, and pass judgment upon their daily conduct, have contrived a thousand ways to neutralize the effect of this sober, and I may even say, this religious season of the day. This is especially the case in cities, where every thing tends to crush out of the soul the religious element, and where amusements, and gaiety, and noise, and worldly excitement leave scarce any opportunity for calm and serious reflection upon eternal things. There is no twilight hour of prayer in our cities. The lamps and chandeliers are lighted almost in advance of the setting sun; and ere the wheels have ceased to thunder in our streets, the stream of pleasure hunters is seen in eager pursuit of their evening amusements. How few at this hour are found in their closets! How few can say, in the language of a beautiful and highly devotional hymn,

“I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.”

Yet I trust there are some who thus retire from the noise and bustle of the world, to hold communion with their own thoughts and with God.

I speak of the early evening or twilight hour as most appropriate for devotion, inasmuch as the later period usually finds us wearied and drowsy, and in a measure incapable of a profitable or reverent approach to God. But still, if the earlier time cannot be secured, the duty should be performed ere we retire to our rest.

The evening prayer is associated with our earliest and pleasantest recollections. The first religious idea, probably with most of us, began when our affectionate and pious mother put us on our knees, and, joining our little hands, bade our tongue lisp her sweet accents in the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep;" and thenceforward we felt, that to sleep without prayer, was as great a deprivation as to retire without the maternal kiss. Well will it be for us, if this conscientiousness have followed us into the period of mature life; and the evening prayer which our mother taught us, or some other

equally appropriate form of prayer, is offered at the close of each succeeding day.

“ When each day’s scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose.
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Savior, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies.”

PRAY TO GOD, AS NEAR.

Do we ordinarily realize, with sufficient force, the fact, that our Heavenly Father is actually at our side in the closet? Do we not sometimes, even then and there, worship him as if he were afar off? How the interest will augment, and the solemnity deepen, if we can keep this thought of God's immediate proximity, of his actual presence, before the mind! Let the eye of faith discern him, and the heart of love fix upon him; and then, in child-like confidence, let all the wants, and weaknesses, and confessions, and sorrows, be made known unto him. He is there to see and to hear it all. The burden of a sigh—the softest whisper, his ear catches, and with a Father's compassion, he enters into all our feelings, and offers himself, as “a present help in every time of trouble.” Child of sorrow, the closet is the place for thee! The divine sympathies await thee there.

“ If pain afflict, or wrong oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,—
 If guilt deject,—if sin distress,
 The remedy 's before thee,—pray.”

As a means of putting the mind in a favorable posture, I have found the benefit not only of saying to myself, “ God is here ;” but of quoting the very words of Christ : “ Thy Father which seeth in secret.” This has seemed more than anything else to realize to my thoughts the actual presence of God, and to give unction to my prayers.

Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Farther than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God ! art nigh ;—

Art nigh, and yet my lab'ring mind
 Feels after thee in vain,—
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to thy seat attain ;
 Thy messenger—the stormy wind ;
 Thy path—the trackless main.

These speak of thee with loud acclaim :

They thunder forth thy praise—
The glorious honor of thy name,
The wonders of thy ways ;
But thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in the solar blaze.

We hear thy voice, when thunders roll

Through the wild fields of air :
The waves obey thy dread control ;
Yet still thou art not there :
Where shall I find him, O, my soul !
Who yet is everywhere.

Oh ! not in circling depth, or height,

But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest :
Oh ! come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

PRAY WHEN AFFLICTED.

AFFLICTION is the natural prompter of prayer. Sympathy and succor are what every suffering creature desires ; and these desires are very apt to be made known, either by a look, or a groan, or a specific request. The lion has been known to demit his rage and lift his thorn-pierced foot to the passing traveller ; and the wounded dog has almost *spoken*, in his pantomimic efforts to engage the sympathy and help of his master.

How quick will the child fly to its parent, when any trouble disturbs its feelings, or any bodily ailment is felt ! How grateful also is it to the heart of friendship, to disburden the soul's trials to one who is known to sympathize, and who is ready to extend the helping hand !

In a world like this, and in a condition like ours, where "man is born to trouble," we should be grateful for those alleviations and compensations which are found in the benev-

olence and sympathy of our fellow men. But there is a still higher source of comfort, a stronger refuge, and a surer support, to which we can resort in time of affliction. It is found in the ever present God. To him let the afflicted go, and pour out their soul before him.

Whatever burden may press upon our spirit, that burden we are invited to cast upon the Lord. Sweet is prayer to the afflicted! Dark may be the world without, but there is sunshine within, if the soul can only reach the footstool, and lay itself there in submission and humble expectation. The waves and the billows may roll deep and dark; but they can never utterly overwhelm him who clings to the rock of salvation, and says, in the soliloquy of faith, "Why art thou cast down, Oh my soul; and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

Oh! let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils the sky;
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in mystery

I cannot, Lord ! thy purpose see,
But all is well, since ruled by thee.

Thus trusting in thy love, I tread
The path of duty on :
What though some cherished joys are fled,
Some flattering dreams are gone ?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain ;
Why should my spirit then complain ?

PRAY FOR LIGHT.

THERE is a spiritual perception of truth, in which the heart or affections has much more to do, as to a right appreciation, than the understanding. "Open thou my eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." "Give me understanding, that I may know thy precepts." Such language shows that the Psalmist, conscious that by the mere force of his understanding he could not gain a practical knowledge of the truth, pleads for help from Heaven. He is using the bucket. He is dropping it into the deep well, and drawing up the waters of salvation.

No man can grow in knowledge—in the knowledge of divine truth, without this very process. Here are beautiful shades of truth, which the spiritual mind alone can perceive and appreciate. It is analogous somewhat to artistic skill, wherein the nicer touches of the pencil are

discovered and admired, only by such as have for years sedulously cultivated their genius. Oh, these Heaven-inspired pictures, drawn by a pencil of light; who can understand their beauty but those whose eyes have been opened by a touch from Heaven! Dr. Scott, author of the Commentary, a man of deep learning, was accustomed, nevertheless, to pray over all the hard passages, looking directly up to the fountain of light, that he might be led to see and appreciate the force and beauty of these passages. Hence there is no commentary, wherein is seen a diviner unction. He made great use of the bucket.

Let all Christians, and especially ministers and Sabbath School teachers, remember this, and keep the bucket going. The very bucket itself, if not used, will shrink and open, the bands loosen, and the bottom become leaky, so that when, under some pressing necessity, as a sudden affliction, we attempt to draw with it, we shall find it incapable of holding any water, or dropping to pieces in our hands. But keep it in use, and all will be tight, and the water will come up, sweet and

refreshing, and the soul will slake its thirst, and go on its way rejoicing.

Come, blessed Spirit ! source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,—
The thicker darkness of the mind.

To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals,
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Thy book unfold, and loose the seals.

Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

PRAY ALWAYS.

“ALWAYS,” does not mean that prayer, and nothing but prayer, should occupy our thoughts and lips ; but that it should be habitual, daily, and at the appropriate times of the day. It should be in the heart, and ready to break out on the lips—a fire suppressed, whilst other necessary duties and labors are upon us, but kindling into a flame the moment the proper occasion recurs.

“Always,” means so long as the needed good is withheld. If a sinner, conscious of his exposedness to wrath—feeling that none but God can help him or have mercy on him—begins to pray the prayer of the publican, how long shall he continue to pray? Why, until God *does* have mercy on him. Impatience on his part, at the delay of the blessing, is no reason why the prayer should be intermitted. Such delay cannot nullify his obligation, nor do away

the necessity of prayer. It should only render him the more earnest and importunate. If he comes to me, and says, "I have prayed a long time for mercy, and I see not a ray of hope. How much longer must I pray?"—the only answer is, "always." Prayer is not to be intermitted, if hope never comes. Better die *praying* than *prayerless*. But it *will* come, if the heart be contrite, and the prayer be importunate. *When* it will come, is for God to say. Thy duty is plain; pray *until* it comes—"pray always."

"Always," with a *Christian*, means literally till death—till that moment, when, as Toplady said with his dying breath, he is done with *prayer*, and his work henceforth is *praise*. So long as there are sins to confess and to be forgiven; so long as there is strength needed to combat and to conquer the world; so long as temptations and trials are to be encountered and endured; so long as the conflict is to go on between the flesh and the Spirit, must the Christian make up his mind to "pray with all prayer and supplication." His Christian graces

can develop on no other condition. His progress heavenward cannot be secured, but in the use of this means. "Always," yes, "always," must he pray, until his eye opens on the light of the celestial city, and his soul is safe within its golden gates.

"He enters heaven with prayer."

"Always," applies to the efficacy of prayer in behalf of others. We have an endeared circle. Some of them give no evidence of piety. We have prayed for them for a long time, but still no sign appears of special interest on their part in the subject of religion. Shall we remit? Shall we *faint*? By all that is precious in their soul's salvation, by all that is true and faithful in a covenant God, I say *no*. Never cease thy importunity so long as the blessing is withheld, so long as life shall last. And so of those beyond our own immediate circle,—so of men in general, who seem utterly to neglect and despise the day of their visitation. God has their hearts in his hand, and says to the Christian, I wait for thy intercession. Come and plead for these

souls ; not once or twice, not merely when there is a great excitement to stir thee up, but “always,” and “without ceasing.” “Knock thus, and it shall be opened unto thee ; thus ask, and it shall be given.”

“ Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain,
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray and pray again.”

PRAY BELIEVINGLY.

“It is of no use,” say one, “for me to pray, I know God won’t hear me,” “I *have* prayed,” says another, “and yet I see not the least reason to believe that my prayer was answered.”

Unbelieving, petulant mortal ; thou hast not begun to understand what prayer is ! If you know God won’t hear you, then you are totally destitute of faith. You have not the first requisite of prayer. It is true, God *won’t* hear you, so long as you are in such a state of mind. You not only show your own ignorance of the nature of prayer by such a declaration, but you cast dishonor upon God. God will hear the prayer that comes from a broken, bleeding heart. But *yours* is not such a heart. Your declaration shows that you have hard thoughts of God. “He won’t hear *me* !” What does this mean ? Does it not mean that, in your opinion, God will *hear* others—that he will show favors to others

and not to *you*? Is not this a reflection on the divine benevolence? Or does it mean that you are so vile and so unworthy, that God won't hear you? But this is putting the matter in an unscriptural light. God hears no person's prayer because he is worthy. He hears for no other reason than because *Christ* is worthy. Are not thy feelings, then, all wrong? Thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Humility is lacking; God gives no favors to the proud. Faith is wanting, and without faith it is impossible to please him. You must believe in his willingness; "that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." You must put your application on the ground of utter destitution, and of Christ's all-sufficiency. Do *this*, and then see if it is of no use for you to pray.

That Christians do not always ask in faith, is evident to their own consciousness. How often are they obliged to accuse themselves before God in respect to the coldness, the formality, and the unbelief which characterizes their prayers,—to implore his forgiveness for the sins of their holy things! Still should they aim at the scriptural

standard in all the exercises and duties of a devotional nature. Sincerity, humility, earnestness, and faith, are the requisites of prayer. The last named is the one directly under consideration.

The prayer of faith implies unlimited confidence in God; confidence in his general government, confidence in his particular providence. If it respects a particular thing, it asks in the belief that it will be given, provided the All-Wise and the Holy One, sees that it is best to bestow it. Paul prayed,—as we may suppose in faith,—for the removal of a grievous bodily affliction. The very thing prayed for was not given. But was not faith rewarded in the answer? Yes, more than rewarded in the sufficient grace that was given. The prayer of faith does not say, give me this or nothing; but give me this if possible, if consistent with thy holy will; but humility, that other important ingredient in prayer, will add, “Not my will, but thine, be done.”

Yet when spiritual blessings are in question,—as in the individual sanctification, or the pro-

gress of Christ's kingdom, then may faith take a stand, and even without presumption, say, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Faith *here* cannot believe too strongly, nor urge her suit too importunately. *Here* let there be no wavering. God's revealed will—God's own glory are here involved ; and the Christian may and must ask in faith, nothing wavering.

Grace falls like dew upon the head
 Of him whose sins are daily spread
 In grief before the Lord,
 Who promises the contrite heart,
 In kind forgiveness, to impart
 His spirit and his word.

Come, Holy Spirit,—gentle Dove,—
 Of heavenly gifts the best ;
 Come, with sweet peace and pitying love,
 Mercy and truth, thy train above,
 And dwell within my breast.

My Savior ! see a suppliant bend,
 Imploring thee to come,
 And with the spirit condescend
 To sup with me, as friend with friend,
 My honored heart thine home.

The prayer of faith grows wondrous bold,—
Vouchsafe, Oh God, to give ;
Enlarge my heart with grace to hold
More than the heaven of heavens enfold,—
The triune God,—and live.

PRAY WITH HUMILITY.

WHERE should a sinner be humble, if not in presence of the High and Holy One! Even angels, unsullied and bright, when they look towards *his* throne, veil their faces with their wings. "Holy, holy, holy," is their cry. Surely, then, when *thou* comest before him—thou who hast not the purity of angels; who, alas! art defiled in every part; whose "head is sick and whole heart is faint"—surely *thou* shouldst cover thy face and cry, "unclean unclean!" It is "the broken heart and the contrite spirit" that should characterize a sinner, when he ventures to approach God's mercy seat. It is to such that God will come; whilst "the proud he knoweth afar off." Look at the example of the publican. See him bowed down; not daring so much as to lift up his eyes to heaven. Hear him, as he smites his breast, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." How quickly

was the prayer of that penitent answered! Look at the weeping woman who made her way to the feet of Christ; whose conscious unworthiness was so great as to preclude utterance. There she stood, or rather knelt, and wept out her prayer. Hear the compassionate Jesus: Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; and he said to the woman, "Go in peace." Mark the returning prodigal; ere he can finish his self-condemning prayer, the father's voice of pity and of pardon is heard. Yes, God calls us to humility and penitence. Every thing in God—his greatness, his goodness, his justice, his holiness, says "be humble." Every thing in *us*; our weakness, our frailty, our dependence; but O, especially our deep sinfulness, our hardness of heart, our ingratitude, cry out "Humble thyself under the mighty hand of God!" Humility prepares the heart for mercy; and, when truly contrite, how soon are mercy and forgiveness found!

Father of mercies, God of love!

Oh! hear an humble suppliant's cry;

Bend from thy lofty seat above,—

Thy throne of glorious majesty;

Oh ! deign to hear my mournful voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

I urge no merit of my own,—
No worth to claim thy gracious smile ;
No,—when I come before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus ! is my plea,—
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

PRAY WITH IMPORTUNITY.

THE effectual and fervent prayer, that which avails with God, is *importunate*. God loves to hear his children say, in the language of Jacob, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." This may be said with the greatest reverence and the deepest humility, otherwise, it would be the language of presumption. Importunity implies not only earnestness but continuance. The importunate are not discouraged, if the answer come not immediately. The darker and more disheartening the circumstances, the more earnestly do they press their suit. See that Canaanitish woman, striving to get near our Lord! and when, having obtained an interview and offered her prayer, she is repulsed by the declaration—made with a view of eliciting her faith—"It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it unto dogs," she still pleads, "Truth, Lord; but the dogs eat of the crumbs

which fall from their master's table." Was not her importunity rewarded? And what did Jesus say, in regard to the poor widow who had to plead her own cause against her adversary? She came determined to be heard; and the judge says, "I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." "Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry *day and night* unto him? I tell you, that he will avenge them speedily." Jacob wrestled till the break of day. Elijah continued in prayer till the cloud rose on the distant horizon. The disciples continued in prayer till the Holy Spirit came down. "Go thou and do likewise."

He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

Jesus the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer,
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

PRAY SUBMISSIVELY.

JESUS so prayed, when he said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." This submission on the part of the suppliant is not inconsistent with earnestness and importunity. Was not Jesus earnest? Were not his prayers urged "with strong crying and tears?" Yet, behold, what a lovely spirit of submission mingles with them! It is our privilege to pray for relief in suffering, for the removal of burdens that press heavily on the soul, for blessings which seem to be necessary to our comfort here on earth; but, still, if we have a holy confidence in God, as infinitely wise and infinitely good, we shall always mingle submission with these requests. We shall say, in the language already quoted, when pleading for the removal of existing, or the averting of impending evils, "O Lord, if it be possible, if consistent with thy holy will,"

“let this cup pass.” The prayer that Jesus taught us inculcates this spirit of submission. “Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.”

When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;—
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.

Oh, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

Then, blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom Heaven adores and death obeys.

PRAY IN THE CLOSET.

EVERY Christian should have a closet ; a place sacred to himself alone, where he may meditate and pray. The idea of a closet is that of absolute privacy. It is a place where none can hear or overhear ; where the most perfect freedom can be felt between the soul and God. When our Lord said, "Enter into thy closet," he added, "and shut the door." Be absolutely *alone*. He insisted upon this for two reasons ; one was that we might not be as the hypocrites, who prayed to be seen and heard of men. Such persons would not find the closet a very attractive place. They would prefer the corners of the streets, or the temple ; and if they entered into their closets to pray, they would be very likely to leave the door ajar so that some might overhear their petitions, and say, "What a religious man he is !"

Another reason was, that we might have the

full effect of seclusion ; so that the mind might not only be free from distraction and interruption, but be free from all temptation to insincerity or mere formalism.

The closet, too, has charms for those who wish to unburden all their souls ; to confess all their sins ; to make known all their desires. Who is there that does not feel, pressing on the heart and conscience, burdens which no human sympathies can alleviate, or human power remove? We do not wish to make others unhappy by imparting a knowledge of them ; but we can retire into the secret chamber, and make them known to him who can remove them, or can impart the grace that will enable us to bear them. There are sins to confess, of thought and feeling, which we would not and could not disclose to our dearest earthly friend ; which can only be whispered in the ear of him who seeth not as man seeth. We want a place of prayer so secluded, that we may ingeniously, and with deep contrition, lay open all the tortuous and deceitful windings of the heart. Such is the closet. There can we fall upon our faces,

and tell our God all our weaknesses, all our sins ; and plead for mercy and forgiveness through the blood of Jesus. "The closet," says Kempis, "seldom visited, becomes disagreeable ; but often and daily resorted to, is delightful." The closet is the soul's armory. Here it is, that the panoply is stored ; and here must we come to select it ; to fit it ; yes, and to burnish it. Soldier of the Cross ; you cannot contend without the closet !

Every Christian should have his closet. This we said in the beginning, and we say it again. When you are building or moving a house, among all the conveniences regarded, don't forget to have a place for secret prayer. When you are engaging lodgings, let this idea of a closet enter into the arrangement. Have an eye to it when you are travelling. A part of every day should be spent alone with God. Piety cannot thrive on any other condition. Having made this arrangement, enter daily into thy closet. Be found there at the dawn, and at the eve of day. Let not that closet mourn thy absence. Let not its silence for days rebuke

thee. Be it thy home, the most sacred spot to
thee this side of heaven.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love
She then communes with God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life,—
Sweet source of light divine,—
And—all harmonious names in one—
Blest Savior !—thou art mine.

PRAY IN THE FAMILY.

THE absence of family worship, is a melancholy deficiency in any household. Upon entering such a household, the mind is struck instantly with a great want. A religious person is somewhat shocked, at being called to a table loaded with the necessaries and luxuries of life, and no recognition of the hand that gave them; at seeing no Bible opened, and hearing no prayer offered. It seems like the atheistical spirit, which says, "No God." I would have a chapter in the Bible read, and the Lord's prayer offered, if nothing more. Surely, this can be done in every household. The Lord's Prayer is peculiarly a family prayer. It speaks of "us," and "ours;" and with this form given us by our Savior, no man who is a householder, can consistently excuse himself from the duty, on the ground that he cannot command the appropriate language of prayer.

When, and how often, should family prayer be offered? What is the spirit and tenor of the Lord's Prayer? In that form we are instructed to pray every day for our daily bread. "Give us this day our daily bread." And, moreover, our Lord has taught us not to be anxious about the things of the morrow; it is the things of to-day, whether of good or evil, that should enter into our thanksgivings and deprecations.

Nature herself has suggestions which harmonize with the inspired precepts. That morning and evening sun, which chronicles the hours of existence on the great dial plate above us, tells us when to kneel and offer our matins and our vespers—if I may be pardoned a phraseology not altogether Protestant—and this not only for the individual, but for the family.

As the blessings are common to all the household, such as protection, and exemption from pain, sickness, and death; such as food and clothing, house, and home, health, and cheerfulness; the enjoyment of sleep, and ability to labor; blessings which concern, not only the individual, but all the household; each sympa-

thizing with the other ; so should the morning and evening, find them kneeling together at a common altar, and in a common and humble recognition of the hand of God, whether bestowing undeserved mercies, or imposing trials and afflictions. All are alike dependent on God's protection for each day, so that, separating at the morning hour, they know not what sad or joyful events, may befall one or more of them, ere the evening shall gather them to their rest. How appropriate, then, is the morning and the evening family prayer !

As to the mode of conducting family worship, it should be characterized by the utmost simplicity. Every thing should be brief, natural, and to the point. Read no long commentaries. They weary. Read a simple chapter in the Bible—in course, if you please—though I should rather select parts of the Scriptures, adapted to promote devotional feeling, or to suggest some topic for practical reflection. If, in reading, a thought strikes the mind with force, applicable to the circumstances of the family, or to any member of it, give it utterance ; but

avoid running into exhortation. It will do sometimes to pause and call attention to the reading, especially if the passage be unusually interesting or affecting.

It is well, where there is a talent for it, to introduce singing ; not perhaps habitually, but frequently ; and especially on occasions when the divine goodness has been impressively manifested ; or when some unusually bright and beautiful morning suggests the duty of praise. The prayer should be short, adapted to existing circumstances ; but, as the tenor of things is supposed not to vary much from day to day, there can be no objection to a certain degree of uniformity in the confessions, thanksgivings, and supplications, provided they are uttered with a truly devotional spirit. It is useless, perhaps unprofitable, to seek variety, where there is no occasion for it, and simply for the sake of keeping up the interest. I had rather the Lord's prayer alone should be offered, if it could be done with a penitent, sincere, and grateful heart, than to seek after eloquent or varied

diction, without an accompanying penitence, faith, and love.

But I am not for forms of prayer in the family, except in rare cases, and where the question lies between their use and the non-performance of family worship. If there be any place on earth, where a pious father can pray, it must be when surrounded by his own affectionate circle ; and as their characters and circumstances must, as time advances, require new modifications of prayer ; so, it would be far more profitable and interesting, to be able, without the restrictions of any form, to adapt the prayer to such changes.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,—
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms, let us repose,
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee, in heaven, at last.

PRAY IN THE SANCTUARY.

THE sanctuary is for worship. Yet many go not there to pray. Some go in conformity with custom—some to hear the music—some to gaze at the worshippers—some merely to hear the sermon ; captivated either by the beauty of the composition, or the gracefulness of the delivery ; but the true Christian would condemn himself for visiting the sanctuary from such motives. He knows and feels that “ it is the house of God and the gate of heaven.” The motive that carries him there, he is careful to scrutinize ; and when he enters the sacred courts, if he is a devout man, he will lift up his heart, and say, “ Arise, O God, into thy rest ; thou and the ark of thy strength. Let thy priests be clothed with salvation, and thy saints shout for joy.” To the devout and pious heart, prayer and praise are the principal attractions of the house of God. He loves “ its sweet communion ; its

solemn vows ; its hymns of love and praise.” When, after the struggle with his temptations and his fears, in the solitude of the closet, he has failed to gain that strength and comfort which he desires, he goes into the sanctuary, hoping that *there* he may receive some token of encouragement ; is he disappointed ? No ; he finds there a present help in his time of need. His silent aspirations reach quickly the ear of sovereign grace. God “sends him help from the sanctuary, and strengthens him out of Zion.” Pray then in the sanctuary ! Keep the heart, while there, in the attitude of devotion. Let the soul be ready to rise with the voice of prayer and praise ; and then will you be able to say, “ Lord, it is good for me to be here.”

The festal morn, my God ! is come,
That calls me to thy sacred dome,
Thy presence to adore :
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallowed floor.

With holy joy I hail the day,
That warns my thirsting soul away ;
What transports fill my breast !

For, lo ! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions that contain
Th' angelic forms,—an awful train,—
And shine with cloudless day.

PRAY IN THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

Go to the prayer meeting. Contribute your *presence*, if nothing more. Let every professor feel the obligation. The prayer meeting is not for amusement. Christians meet there to worship God—to pray for blessings on the church, and for the conversion of sinners. The scriptures are read there—God's praises are sung—Christians speak one to another, and a presiding angel keeps a book to record the sincere and humble fellowship. What if Brother A. does not pray with eloquent or with elegant diction; or what if B. does not, in his exhortation, use the most appropriate phraseology, if their prayers and their exhortations come out of a tender heart, let that suffice. God thinks but little of good grammar or eloquent language, compared with the humble and sincere heart. Complain not that the prayer meeting is dull, and by staying away make it still more so; but

go and enliven it by your presence. Let every professor do this, and life and warmth would be at once enkindled.

Another mode of increasing the interest in the stated prayer meeting is, to make some spiritual preparation for attending it. One reason, no doubt, why the complaint of dulness is made is, that the religious sympathies are not set in motion. We are apt to rush from secular, to sacred occupations ; and to expect the mind to transfer its interest instantaneously from the one to the other. You had forgotten this was the evening of the prayer meeting. Some business of an absorbing nature had employed your thoughts, or some attractive volume or periodical was in hand, and now you must throw all aside, and enter into the place, where prayer is wont to be made. You do it somewhat reluctantly. You almost wish it were not the evening allotted to prayer. Your mind is elsewhere, and you contrive to occupy yourself up to the last moment, and even beyond, in the matter, which has engaged your attention.

You at length drop all and hasten to the

meeting, The exercises are begun. The hymn sounds undevotional ; the prayers are cold and inappropriate ; the remarks are unedifying ; and you are glad when the hour for the meeting closes. It has been a dull meeting, you say ; and to *you* it truly has been a dull meeting. But the reason ! Let your inquiries be for that. Is it not to be found in your own state of mind ? Was it reasonable to expect that your mind would go with your body to the meeting, and at once unclasp itself from that business, or that book, or that lively circle of companions, which you so reluctantly left behind ? You blame the meeting ; you blame the exercises ; but should you not blame yourself ? Anticipating the hour of prayer, had you laid aside your business or your book, or withdrawn from your companions in time to set in motion a new train of thought more in accordance with the solemn and delightful exercises of social worship ; had you retired for a little season, opened your Bible, and knelt before God in your closet, asking for that preparation of heart which alone is of the Lord ; and then at the appointed time been found in

your proper place at the prayer meeting ; methinks those hymns would have sounded more sweetly ; and those prayers been more appropriate, and those exhortations more welcome. The religious sympathies set in motion, would have placed you in much more favorable circumstances, both to judge of the meeting and to improve under its privileges. Two things, then, are needful to deepen an interest in the stated prayer meeting—a general attendance of all the church members, and a due preparation of heart for the exercises. Let those be attended to, and there will be no more complaints of dull and uninteresting meetings.

Jesus, Lord ! we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all strife forever cease.

Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.

Let us, each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,

To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

Let us, then, with joy, remove
To thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly,—
Showing how believers die.

PRAY THE EJACULATORY PRAYER.

THIS is an informal mode of prayer. It is, as the word denotes, darting a thought upwards to God for his help in time of need. Many such arrowy thoughts fly from the soul of a devout person in the course of a single day. As they are shot heavenward, they seem to be lost in the depths of the sky; but every one of them is caught, as by some angel hand, and laid at the foot of the throne. Such prayers are peculiarly acceptable to God, as being prompted by a true spirit of piety. They evince a sense of the divine presence. He who practises ejaculatory prayer, acts on the principle, that God is near and around his path. Like Enoch, he is one who "*walks* with God." This ejaculatory prayer is a species of silent communion or conversation with the invisible One. It says, "Thou, God, seest me." "Thou knowest my way." "Thou compassest my path." It supposes that abroad,

as well as at home, God is so near, that he hears the softest whisper of the soul. This state of mind has not only a foundation in truth, but it is, we have reason to think, peculiarly pleasing to him who has said "In all thy ways acknowledge me." "I have set the Lord," says David, "always before me ; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

This kind of prayer also implies an habitually devotional frame of mind. It carries the spirit of piety out into the world, and fulfils the injunction of the apostle, "Pray without ceasing." How many, after having hurried through a formal prayer in the morning, drive at once into the business and pleasure of life! Their prayer said, away they fly on the wings of eager desire, in pursuit of their favorite plans and projects, not affording, throughout the day, even a momentary thought on things divine. How can a devotional spirit be maintained under such circumstances?

This kind of prayer shows, that watchfulness accompanies prayer. "Watch and pray," is the injunction of our Lord. But if we rest satisfied

with simply uttering prayer in the morning, and then restraining prayer—even ejaculatory prayer—through the day, it will be evident, that whilst we professedly perform *one* part of the injunction, we practically omit the other. The ejaculatory prayer says, “Lord, I am now about to encounter temptation. My spirit and temper are now about to be put upon another day’s probation ; and I will guard all the inlets and avenues through which the tempter is accustomed to make his entrances and his assaults. Having prayed in my closet, that God would keep me from temptation, I will watch unto prayer ; and, as the occasions arise, when I shall be exposed to say or to do something that will defile my spirit, or bring reproach upon thy cause, I will, in the moment of trial, send up the earnest, but brief cry, for help divine.” Such a soliloquy will the watchful Christian often hold with his own soul. And going forth to the business of the world, in such a spirit, if you could look into his bosom, you would see, that whilst he had an eye to a diligent pursuit of his calling, he had also an eye to his character as a Christian, and to

his exposedness to temptations from the world, the flesh, and the devil. You would see shot forth occasionally from his soul, these little winged arrows against evil thoughts, or dishonest suggestions, or irritable tempers ; and you would discover the secret of his calm and consistent piety, amid all the turbulence and trials to which business men are exposed.

Author of good ! to thee we turn,
 Thine ever-wakeful eye
 Alone can all our wants discern,—
 Thy hand alone supply.

Oh ! let thy love within us dwell,
 Thy fear our footsteps guide ;
 That love shall vainer loves expel,—
 That fear, all fears beside.

Not what we wish—but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply ;
 The good we ask not, Father, grant :
 The ill we ask—deny.

PRAY ONE FOR ANOTHER.

THE obligation to pray for others generally, is recognized and enjoined in the Scriptures. Not only are all men required to pray, but Christians are to pray for all men. Prayer, when thus general, however, is not apt to have so deep a hold on the soul's sensibilities, as when it is offered for *individuals*. The case then becomes more specific, and affection mingles itself with faith.

This kind of prayer for individuals, has been practised by the good in all ages. The power of sympathy and love has thus been sanctified to the noblest of purposes. Abraham prayed thus for his kinsman, Lot, when exposed to the fiery storm that was coming upon Sodom. David's prayer went up even for his enemy "in his calamity." Jesus prayed not only for his disciples, but for Peter in particular. "I have prayed for thee." "Always making mention of

thee," says the apostle Paul, "in prayer"; and he says, "Brethren, pray for us."

To pray for an individual, is to express the deepest and most sincere interest in his welfare. I know of no one thing, that is a better test of true friendship. It is benevolence in its purest form. Whatever favors have come to *ourselves* through prayer, we are authorized to solicit for our friends and neighbors. Indeed, we are constituted, by sanctifying grace and the spirit of adoption, intercessors with God in behalf of those whom we love as Christians, or to whom we are united by the ties of consanguinity or friendship.

There is no doubt that this sort of prayer is not only in conformity with the example, but in harmony with the Spirit of Christ. It is carrying out the principle which he so often insisted upon, that we should "love one another." What purer affection can there be, than when one Christian prays for another, or when, with deep and solemn earnestness, the man of prayer intercedes for the salvation of some individual, who as yet gives no evidence of true piety? If, in the secrecy of the closet, this be done, what

stronger proof can there be of disinterested love? How I should value a friendship that seeks my good, and my *highest* good, under circumstances so unselfish! Could I know, that one and another, whom I regard as disciples of Christ, are bearing me on their hearts where no eye sees them but the Omniscient, and no ear hears them but that which is "open to the cry of the righteous"; asking for me those pure affections, and those spiritual gifts which adorn the character of the Christian, and render him useful, what hope, and courage, and comfort would it put into my soul! I should consider such intercession, in my behalf, as a most affecting expression of personal regard. In the solitary struggle with my besetting sins, if I could but know that others were praying with me, and for me, that my faith might not fail, what a solace would it impart to my sorrowing spirit! Oh, Christian, we do not pray often enough one for another!

How sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

PRAY ONE FOR ANOTHER.

Oh ! may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow ;
Let union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action, glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

PRAY "THY KINGDOM COME."

ONE of the first petitions taught in the Lord's prayer, is "Thy kingdom come." It shows that God has established a connection between this prayer and the coming of his kingdom. He has made its coming to depend in a sense on the faith, and prayers, of his people. Could he not establish it without these prayers? Certainly. Why then does he call for them? More for *our* sakes than for *his*. Our benevolence, our faith, our sympathies with a suffering world, are all bound up in this great and important duty. Our very energies, which he has condescended to enlist in this heavenly enterprise, depend much on the performance of this duty. This prayer is also in harmony with the great end for which the Savior came into the world; for which he labored and died. His glory and triumph are concerned in this prayer. As yet, how few, compared with any existing genera-

tion, O, how few, have submitted to his rule !
As yet the great enemy of God and man triumphs in Christian, and in heathen lands. The chariot of salvation moves heavily. The angel's wing—bearing the everlasting gospel—droops. Millions are still bowing to idols. War rages. Hatred, strife, and oppression, extort groans from poor, sin-cursed humanity. Yet there is hope, for even a world like ours. All power is in Jesus' hands. He waits to exert it in claiming his dominion over earth. He waits for our prayers. "Thy kingdom come," should go up unceasingly from every child of God. The love of Christ should prompt it. The love of souls should make it heard in the closet, and in the sanctuary ; nor should it cease, until we can exclaim, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord."

Rise, gracious God ! and shine
In all thy saving might :
And prosper each design,
To spread thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

Put forth thy glorious power !

The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,

In converts born of thee :
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

CHAPTER II.

PRAYERS AND HYMNS.

As to the Prayers composed by the author, and here inserted, let it be understood, that he does not present them as perfect models of devotional composition, nor with a view to have them adopted in place of those which are unpremeditated, and of course less formal. He is in favor of extemporary prayers, as will appear from what has already been said. But he is aware that there are many minds which need some promptings in this sacred duty; and to *such*, compositions like these will be acceptable, as aids to devotion—especially in the beginning of their Christian course. There are young heads of families, also, who might be induced to adopt some such prayers made ready at their hand, and so set up the family altar, who otherwise

from diffidence might not be willing to venture on extemporaneous prayer. Still, I would offer them only as helps to a more perfect way. I aim in them, to do for the inexperienced, what the parent bird is accustomed to do for her young when she sees them on the ground, attempting in vain to take wing. She shows them how to rise. Soon, by her example, they *do* rise, and ere long can bear a self-sustained flight. May it be so with any, who may adopt, for a season, these very imperfect prayers.

PRAYER FOR SABBATH MORNING.

PRAISED be thy name, O Lord God, that we live to behold the light of this sacred morning !
“ We have laid ourselves down and slept, and we have awaked, because thou hast sustained us.”
Thanks be to thy name for sleep and rest ! How much of thy goodness, O Lord, do we see in this merciful provision, both for man and beast ! Let us not fail to recognize thy hand in an arrangement so providential.

Especially should we give thanks that thou hast provided a rest for the soul by setting apart one day in seven for duties and services adapted to our spiritual improvement. The Sabbath, thou hast made for man ; and O that, on this hallowed day, we may grow in grace and in knowledge, and so make diligent preparation for that holier rest which remaineth for the people of God !

Praised be thy name also, that this day commemorates the resurrection of our Lord, leading us to think of the necessity of a resurrection from the death of sin to a life of holiness. May we henceforth die unto sin, and live unto God! And now, O Lord God, be pleased to meet our souls at this early hour. Help us to consecrate our first thoughts to thee. May we lay aside all earthly cares, all vain and foolish fancies, and be found with the heart fixed on things heavenly and divine. May we truly repent of all our sins, and renewedly consecrate ourselves to thy service, trusting in thy promised grace, and looking for acceptance only through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Breathe into our souls the spirit of devotion, so that, whether in the closet or the sanctuary, we may "worship thee in spirit and in truth." Help us in hearing thy word. Open our hearts, that we may receive it with meekness; and may it, like the good seed in the good ground, bring forth fruit an hundred fold. Bless all who preach the word,—especially our own beloved pastor,—and enable him rightly to divide the

word of truth, giving to each a portion in due season. Accompany their labors with the quickening power of the Holy Ghost ; so that Christians may be sanctified through the truth, and the careless and impenitent be convicted and converted. Let souls that are burdened with a sense of sin be led by the Holy Spirit to look unto the Lamb of God as the only and all-sufficient Savior.

Grant, O Lord, that the Sabbath may be sacredly kept, according to thy commandment, that its desecration in Christian lands may cease, and that its blessed privileges may be speedily conveyed to every tribe and nation ; so that everywhere, incense, and a pure offering, may rise ; thy kingdom come, and thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN FOR SABBATH MORNING.

ANOTHER SIX DAYS' WORK IS DONE.

Another six days' work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return my soul—enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day thy God has blest.

Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new ;
With praise, we think on mercies past ;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

PRAYER FOR SABBATH EVENING.

AT the close of this sacred day, we come, O Lord, to offer to thee our thanksgivings for its privileges, and to pray for their sanctifying effect on heart and mind.

Many and various are thy blessings ; but none are so precious as the blessings of the gospel. Worldly gifts are necessary for our present comfort ; and thankfully would we recognize thy hand in their bestowment ; but O Lord, how infinitely superior are the provisions which thou hast made for the immortal soul ! The gift of thy dear Son, who can properly estimate it ? The bread of life, who that has hungered after righteousness, but must bless thee eternally for the rich provision ! The gift of the Holy Ghost, how indispensable is it to quicken our dead souls ! The means of grace, as the Sabbath, the preached word, the fellowship of the saints, how needful to our spiritual growth !

O, the rich blessings which have come to us through our Lord Jesus Christ! "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift!"

And now, having enjoyed these privileges, follow them with a sanctifying influence upon us and upon others. Forgive our coldness and our wandering thoughts. Accept what has been sincere, and pardon all that has been amiss; and may the word of God enter into our hearts, and control all our future conduct! May our pastor find that his labors this day have not been in vain in the Lord; and what he sows in tears may he hereafter reap in joy.

And now, O Lord, we commit ourselves to rest. When sleep shall have visited our eyelids, may we awake, and engage in secular duties, under the impressions we have this day received; and may we exhibit, in all our conduct and temper, the Christian spirit, and at last may we be received to the everlasting rest through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMN FOR SABBATH EVENING.

I LOVE TO SEE THE LORD BELOW.

I love to see the Lord below ;
His church displays his grace ;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there ;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love ;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

He shines—and I am all delight ;
He hides—and all is pain :
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again!

O Lord, I love thy service now ;
Thy church displays thy power ;
But soon in heaven I hope to view
And praise thee evermore.

PRAYERS FOR THE SECULAR WEEK.

MORNING PRAYER—(MONDAY.)

O, THOU, "who makest the outgoings of the morning to rejoice," be present with us, and impart to us the true feelings of devotion. As the Spirit of God, brooding over the dark abyss, once brought light out of the darkness, so may he now hover over our dark souls, and cause the gloom to disappear, and calm all the agitated passions. For sleep, and rest, and protection, accept our thanks! Sweet has been our slumber; soothing to the mind, and refreshing to the whole frame. In this, we would acknowledge thy kind Providence; for truly, "Thou givest thy beloved sleep."

How many, during the past night, have wept sore, whilst our eyes have been kept from tears! How many have not had where to lay their heads, whilst ours have been laid upon a pillow of down! How many have been racked with

pain, or restless in fevers, or wakeful through care and anxiety ; or have been watching around the sick and dying bed ; but none of these things have disturbed our slumbers ! All with us has been peace. Let our gratitude, then, O Lord, be deep and sincere.

And now, receiving, as it were, a new life from thee, with all our powers refreshed, may we go forth to the duties of this day in a spirit of humble dependence on thee, and determined to seek thy glory in all things. Thou knowest our weakness, and the power of temptation. Let thy guardian hand surround us at every step. When we mingle with the world, engage in its business, or participate in its pleasures, may we never forget the sacred obligations which are upon us to live a Christian life ; and, in all respects, to set a Christian example. Help us to govern our temper. May we exhibit meekness under affronts, and submission under disappointments. In all our intercourse with our fellow men, may we so conduct ourselves as neither to prejudice them against religion, nor in any way to encourage them in sin. May our life attract

them to the cross, and our spirit win them ; and all our conversation convince them of the reality of true piety.

When occasions shall offer for doing good, may we never be unmindful of them, nor backward in improving them. Yet whatever we may do with a view to advance the cause of Christ, or to draw men unto him, may it all be done in a spirit of humility and love.

Keep us from all dishonesty ; from all deceit ; from all hypocrisy. May sincerity, and truth, and uprightness mark all our conduct. At home and abroad, may we let our light shine ; and O Savior, shine thou *in* us, and *through* us, that men may see that the light is truly reflected from above. With diligence in business, may we keep a fervency of the spirit towards God, showing that, though in the world, we are not of the world, but that our affections are set on things above.

Be pleased, O Lord, to bless all who are dear to us ; and make them the true followers of Jesus. Remember in mercy the children of affliction ; and send abroad over the whole earth

the light of the gospel. Put an end to war and oppression; and cause the human family to blend in a spirit of Christian brotherhood; and let the time come speedily when Jesus shall reign King of nations, as he is King of saints.

And now, O Lord, bring us to the close of the day with thy blessing, prepared to acknowledge thy hand in all that has happened to us, and to ascribe all the good to thy undeserved mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

AND now another day has gone, and the shadows of the night are upon us. O Lord, we come to acknowledge thy care and kindness through the past day; for having been kept from all injury to our persons and our characters, and for having been enabled to prosecute the business of the day. Whatsoever thou hast seen amiss in us, in thought, word, or deed, we entreat thee to forgive. We know and feel that not a day passes, or an hour, but something is done by us that should not have been done, or something left undone which should have been done. Thus are our sins accumulating, as our days are extended. "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou us from secret faults."

O Lord, our sins are innumerable, and their number is not greater than their enormity. They are sins against light, and love, and

mercy. They are sins against the law and the gospel. They came from a nature depraved ; beginning in very childhood, and darkening every period of our existence. "Enter not into judgment with us, O Lord ;" "for if thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, who could stand ?" But there is "forgiveness with thee, and plentiful redemption." Yea, "where sin hath abounded, grace doth much more abound." Lord, hast thou not said that, "if we confess our sins, thou art faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" ? Hast thou not assured us, that the blood of Jesus Christ, thy Son, cleanseth us from all sin ? Our plea is this, "that Christ died for us." We know that, in pardoning us for his sake, thou dost exalt thy mercy without sacrificing thy justice. O then, for his sake, blot out all our transgressions ; and our sins and our iniquities remember no more. Especially may we be sprinkled, this night, with atoning blood, and lie down under the peace which conscious forgiveness inspires.

Keep us, O Lord, during the slumbers of the

night, from all danger, from all accidents, or personal injuries ; and let our sleep be peaceful and refreshing. Let our night visions be pure and heavenly. If we are wakeful, may “ we meditate on thee in the night watches.” When the morning light shall come, may we arise, refreshed and strengthened, and prepared to serve thee with more fidelity than heretofore ; thus may our days and nights be spent in obedience to the will of God ; keeping in mind the solemn fact that soon they will be all numbered and finished ; and that the night of death and the sleep of death must ere long be upon us, when we must bid adieu to all terrestrial things, and go to give an account of the deeds done in the body. But solemn, and even dreadful, as the thought is, thanks be to thee that it is relieved and cheered by the faith that looks to him who has conquered death for us, and who has promised that he will “never leave us nor forsake us.” To him, with thee and the Holy Spirit, be praises everlasting. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER—(TUESDAY.)

ALMIGHTY God, thou hast revolved upon us the light of another morning. We give thee thanks for that arrangement of Providence by which "the dayspring is made to know its place." "Thou hast made us, and not we ourselves; and we are all the workmanship of thy hand." Thee we are bound to serve, "with our bodies and our spirits, which are thine." "Having obtained help of thee, we continue to this time," and would now tender our praises for the sleep and rest which, by thy good providence, we have enjoyed; praying that, whatsoever thou hast seen wrong in us during the night, thou wouldst forgive, for his sake who "loved us, and died for us."

Cleanse us, O Lord, from all "defilement of the flesh and Spirit," and enable us to "perfect holiness in the fear of God." We cast our-

selves anew on thy care, and humbly entreat thee to guide us this day by thy counsel, and guard us from all the danger, to which we may be exposed. Especially wilt thou be our shield against the adversary of souls, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Feeling our weakness, through the power of the flesh and remaining corruption, we pray that "thy strength may be made perfect in that weakness." On thy kind arm, O Lord, may we lean, and find thee a present help in every time of temptation. Help us to watch as well as pray; to watch over our own spirits whilst in contact with our fellow men; that no feelings of envy or ill will, of pride or vanity, of selfishness or covetousness may be found within us. Should any of these sinful feelings arise, help us to hate and repress them.

May we be as anxious to appear pure in thy sight as before our fellow creatures, who can look only on the outward appearance. Thou, O God, looketh on the heart. Knowing this, and feeling this, may we "keep our hearts with all diligence."

May we ever be ready to make reparation for evil done to others, by any act or word, whether intentionally or unintentionally ; and, as we hope to be forgiven of thee for ten thousand sins, so may we be ready to forgive any who shall trespass against us.

“ May integrity and uprightness preserve us.” May no dishonest act, or even intention, be chargeable against us. May “ we keep a conscience void of offence, both towards God, and towards men.” Give us strength and grace to prosecute all lawful duties with energy and success. In all our intercourse with friends and neighbors, may we evince the Christian spirit ; so that, in simplicity and godly sincerity, we may so have our conversation among them as to impress their minds with the reality and purity of our religion.

Deeply may we be interested in the welfare of others. Give us a love to our fellow men such as Jesus had, a sympathy such as he expressed, and a readiness to bless them in their troubles, so far as we are able, that shall prove the excellency, as well as the sincerity, of our religion.

Lord, remember in mercy all the sorrowing children of men. Send help to the needy, and light to them that sit in darkness. O let the gospel have free course, and let thy kingdom come in all the earth.

Give us the victory over the world by faith, and receive us at last to thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

PRAISED be thy name, O Lord, that, when wearied with the toils of the day, the darkness comes and invites to repose. How beautiful and kind the alternation of day and night! O Lord, in this we see thy goodness. And now, ere we close our eyes in sleep, let us lift up our spirits to thee, in gratitude and in trust; in gratitude for the health and strength vouchsafed to us in the prosecution of the duties of the past day; for the guardian care of thy providence, shielding us from all harm; and, especially, in the fact that thou hast not left us to fall into any disgraceful act, or sin, by which thy cause would have been dishonored, and our own characters, as Christians, brought into suspicion.

Nevertheless, O Lord, being conscious of thoughts, and acts, and feelings, which might

not attract the notice of others, nor by them be understood, on account of their inward and secret character ; but which are known to thee as inconsistent with the purity of thy law ; we pray that thou wilt forgive us all wrong in thought, word, and deed ; and wash us from all iniquity in that precious “ blood which cleanseth us from all sin.”

How can we commit ourselves to rest, O Lord, until we have laid our guilty souls beneath the dropping of that all-cleansing blood ! Savior, wash us in it, and make us clean. O speak peace and pardon to our souls ! May we also renew our trust in thee ; especially, as we are now to commit ourselves to sleep, wherein we shall be all unapprized of danger, should it impend, and unable to guard against it. It may be, that the fire shall kindle upon our habitations, or that the robber will invade them, or that sickness, and even death, may unexpectedly come upon us. Yet, amid all these possible evils, may we not as heretofore, O Lord, trust in thee, and feel safe under the protection of thy wings ? Yes, we “ will trust and not be afraid.” To thee, we

commit the keeping of our souls and our bodies until the morning light." We "will both lay ourselves down, and sleep, and awake, for thou, Lord, only makest us to dwell in safety."

Guard our thoughts, even in the season of sleep. Let no harrowing or polluted fancies disturb our night visions. May angels preside over our slumbers, and whisper celestial thoughts to our ever active souls. Let not Satan get any advantage over us, in this season of helplessness. Let no accident befall us or our habitations; but may the body be refreshed, and all its active powers recruited by the night's rest, and may we see the light of another day in mercy, prepared for its duties, its labors, and its trials.

But, should it please thee, O Lord, suddenly to call us away, or should the slumber of nature pass into the sleep of death; grant, O most merciful Father, that we may be found ready to depart, and be accepted in him, who is our hope and our righteousness; and to him, with thee, and the Holy Spirit, shall be praises everlasting. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER—(WEDNESDAY.)

GREAT and merciful Father, dwelling in light and glory ; as worms of the dust we would approach thee, and reverently worship at thy footstool. We desire to take thy name upon our lips with the deepest reverence ; and we pray that it may be hallowed by all ; and that all may be led to “ worship thee in spirit and in truth.”

Though dwelling in heaven, thou art not unmindful of us thy creatures here on earth ; but hast made ample provision for us in the bestowments of thy providence ; and still more, thou hast determined to put down the power of evil, and erect a kingdom in all hearts, where thy authority may be recognized, and thy glory displayed. O, let this kingdom come—“ a kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost ;” and let “ thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.” Speak but the

word, and human hearts will submit to thy control.

But, O Lord, since thou hast established a connection between the Gospel of Christ and the coming of this kingdom ; since the means of grace are the means of salvation, so let these means be rapidly conveyed to all people ; and let thy power attend them, that all hearts shall thus be brought into sweet subjection to thy most holy will. How blessed will that day be, O Lord, when earth shall thus be changed into heaven !

And now, most merciful Father, as dependent creatures, we pray that thou wilt this day supply our every want. Give us food for the body and food for the soul. Dependent on thee for our daily bread, we pray that it may be given, and that our water may be sure ; and, “ having food and raiment, may we be therewith content.”

Forgive us, also, our trespasses, O Lord, for they are many and great. With a sinful nature, we have run into a thousand ways of folly, and committed innumerable transgressions against thee, notwithstanding all thy goodness and for-

bearance. Help us truly to repent of these our transgressions, to abhor ourselves on account of them, and to seek for their forgiveness only through him whose blood was shed for the remission of sins. As an evidence, O Lord, that we are forgiven, and as a duty enjoined upon us, both by precept and by the example of our Lord, may we truly forgive all who have trespassed against *us*.

And, now, as we are about to encounter, once more, the trials, and labors, and evils of this busy world, O Lord, so direct our steps that we may fall into no temptation ; or, if tempted, grant that we may have grace to resist. O deliver us in the hour of trial, and secure us against all the machinations of the evil one ; for thine is the power, O Lord, and thine shall be the glory forever. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

“NIGHT unto night showeth knowledge of thee,” O Lord; “the darkness hideth not from thee, but the light shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.” How solemn is the thought that thy all-penetrating glance pervades the soul, and that no darkness or shadow of death can screen its most secret emotions from thee!

Searcher of hearts, we come to thy throne of grace, in this still dark hour, that we may review the day, note its mercies, and thankfully acknowledge them; that we may recollect wherein we have erred from thy precepts, and humble ourselves on account thereof, and that we may reverently commit the keeping of our souls and bodies to thy guardian care. If, O Lord, we have not acted this day as children of God should act; if in any thing we have dishonored our parentage,

professing to have been born of thee ; or if, in speaking of thy name or attributes, thy works or worship, we have not felt and exhibited all that reverence, which thy exalted character should inspire, O, forgive us, through Jesus Christ, and cleanse us from this sin.

So, also, having prayed that thy kingdom may come, if in any way we have impeded its progress, or, if we have not availed ourselves of opportunities to advance it, may we feel true contrition for such delinquencies. In asking thus for thy forgiveness, may we now truly forgive any who may have injured us, or sought to injure us ; and, instead of feeling any anger or hatred, may we pray for them and pity them ; thus may we evince the spirit of him who loved his enemies and prayed for them.

We pray, O Lord, in the morning, that we may not be led into temptation. Have we watched against the evil to which we have been exposed? Alas, O Lord God, we have reason to think we have not been sufficiently vigilant, and that, were thy pure eyes to mark strictly our conduct and our feelings, thou wouldst find hearts not in all

respects right in thy sight. But, whatever evils thou hast seen in us ; whether they be lust of the flesh, pride, envy, or ambition ; do thou, O our gracious God, forgive, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Ere we lie down upon our beds, we would hope for thy pardoning mercy. Let us feel that we are forgiven. Help us to look by faith to the Lord Jesus Christ ; to repair to his blood, which is able to cleanse from all sin. Graciously, O Lord, take us anew under thy protection, and shield us from the evils incident to the night, and give us sweet and undisturbed repose, and awake us with the morning light, to commence the duties of another day. Or, should it please thee, to remove us by death, as sometimes thou art wont to do, even where there is health and vigor, grant, O most merciful Father, that we may sleep in Jesus, and awake in the image and likeness of God. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER—(THURSDAY.)

OH Lord, our God, the light of another day, has dawned upon us, and we come, as is our duty, to give thee thanks and praises for the night season, and for the sleep and rest which we have enjoyed. For these common and constant blessings, grant that we may ever be truly grateful, for they are our greatest temporal blessings ; and when they are interrupted, how sad and sorrowful do we become !

Help us, O Lord, to cast off, with the darkness, all dulness of body, and mind, and spirit ; to awake to newness of life, and to recommence our duties with a determination to be more diligent and faithful in their performance. Early would we seek thee, O our God ! We would give thee our first thoughts, and consecrate to thee, each morning, our renewed existence.

How many, the past night, have slept the

sleep of death ! How many could not sleep for the pressure of sorrow ! How many have in anguish watched for the light of the morning ! But, O Lord, our slumbers have been sweet and refreshing. May we, then, not only give thee thanks, but may we devote this spared life, and these recruited energies anew to thy service !

Go forth with us, we pray thee, to the duties and labors of life. Keep us in all thy ways, and give thine angels charge concerning us. We know not what may befall us this day, "for it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps ;" but can we not put our trust in the shadow of thy wings ? May we not "cast all our care upon thee who carest for us ?" If temptations beset us, either from without or from within, grant, O Lord, the grace that is requisite to resist and withstand them. Deliver us from their power. Help us to guard against them—to keep our temper—to shut our eyes against the seductions of the flesh—to resist covetousness, pride, and envy—to walk among our fellow-men in the spirit of true Christians ; letting our light shine so as to lead them to glorify thee.

O let us be prompt to do good, as the occasion may offer ; “ for with such sacrifices thou art well pleased.” Let us feel for another’s woes. Give us that benevolence which shall be ready to make sacrifices of time, labor, and money, in order to carry consolation to the afflicted, and relief to the suffering. Especially, may we labor for the salvation of souls. May we not only pray “ thy kingdom come,” but may we use efforts to promote its coming in other hearts, as well as in our own. May we “ be content with such things as we have,” and may we trust in thee for the supply of all our reasonable wants. And now, O Lord, wilt thou forgive all our sins, and sanctify all our affections, and prepare us for all thy will, and receive us at last to the mansions above, for Christ’s sake. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

WEARIED, O Lord, with the labors of the day, we seek our couches, grateful to thee that a rest is provided for man and beast. Sleep is thy gift, O Lord. It is one of those provisions which strikingly evince thy wisdom and goodness. How else could this poor frail existence—this body of flesh, continue to thrive! Even the mind itself needs the relaxation which is found in sleep, that its cares and anxieties may for a season be suspended, and its faculties be refreshed.

But, ere we seek our beds, we would earnestly pray, that thou, O Lord, wouldst forgive all the sins which we have committed this day; whether of thought, word, or deed; whether against our fellow-men, or against thee. Alas, that each day should be marked by sin—that not one should pass without a consciousness of

contracted guilt! But, O Lord, "we are all as an unclean thing." We are defiled in every part, and our strongest resolutions, and best intentions, are but feeble barriers to the power of temptation. It is only when held up by thee, that we are safe; and it is only when thy strength is imparted to our weakness, that we are strong in virtue and holiness! Left to ourselves, what poor, feeble, creatures we are! How many wrong thoughts! How many corrupt desires! How unstable in virtue! How ready to yield to the seductive influences of the flesh! Whatsoever then thou hast seen wrong in our spirits or conduct, this day, O Lord, we pray thou wilt forgive; and help us to see the wrong, and deeply to mourn over it. Our prayer is, "Search us, O Lord, and know our hearts; try us and know our thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in us, and lead us in the way everlasting." We desire to be pure within. Cleanse us, O Lord, from all secret faults. "Create in us clean hearts, and renew right spirits within us."

Wilt thou be pleased, O our God, to throw

over us this night thy wing of protection. Keep us from the evils to which we may be exposed. Let thine angels encamp around about us ; and may we have such thoughts and emotions in sleep as shall not disturb or terrify our souls. May they savor of celestial visitations ; and when the morning shall come, may we awake refreshed, and be the better prepared to resume and prosecute the various duties and labors which thy providence has assigned us. Grant these petitions, O Lord, for the Redeemer's sake. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER.—(FRIDAY.)

OH Lord God, "to whom glory belongeth," help us to come before thee, this morning, and render to thee a tribute of sincere praise and thanksgiving. It is our duty to worship thee with the morning light—to say, with David, "In the morning will we direct our prayer unto thee, and will look up." What season so calculated to inspire the soul with devout gratitude! The shadows of the night have fled. At thy command, the light of the day has dawned, and the sun has risen. All nature rejoices under the opening eyelids of the morning. Our own powers of body and mind, refreshed by sleep, seem like a new gift from thy hand. We awake to cheerfulness and joy. O let us sing thy praises, and dwell upon thy love! "Awake, psaltery and harp; I myself will awake early."

But whilst, O Lord, we would praise thee for

daily and nightly blessings, we would especially give thanks that the dayspring from on high has visited our lost race—our dark and fallen world. Unspeakable is the gift. Who can comprehend the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, of that love which is in Jesus Christ our Lord! Where would be our joy, if *this* joy were extinguished? How dark and dreary would be our path if the Sun of Righteousness had not risen upon us! Thanks, immortal thanks, be unto thee, O God, for the gift of thy Son Jesus Christ. In him all other blessings are embraced “With him thou freely givest us all things.” The very light that shines seems to acquire additional lustre as coming from “the Father of lights,” now reconciled to us through Jesus Christ. And, O may this light, which has shined upon us, go forth to dispel the darkness which sin has spread over the nations. Bless those faithful missionaries who are laboring for this end. Assist them, O Lord, in their arduous and self-denying work. Give the heathen to thy Son for his inheritance. Let thy kingdom come in all the earth, and thy will be done as it is done in heaven.

Lord, teach us to know more of the wonderful plan of redemption. O, give us a heart deeply penitent,—the contrite and broken heart—that we may be prepared, with renunciation of all self-righteousness, to accept of the righteousness which is by faith. May Jesus be to us, “all and in all.” May we find our strength in him, as well as our righteousness. Help us to honor his name before men. May we “go forth bearing his reproach, taking up our cross daily and following him.”

And now, O Lord, as thy servants go forth anew to encounter the labors and temptations of this life—to mix with the world ; may we be kept in thy fear and love ; may no evils befall us, but such as by thy grace we may be able to overcome ; and may all our conduct be such as thou wilt approve, and such as shall do honor to the religion which we profess ; for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

THOU hast brought us, O Lord, through the labors and duties of the day, and the shadows of the night have fallen around us, and now our wearied nature calls for rest. But ere we retire to our couches, we would bend the knee in humble confession, and in grateful praise. We would acknowledge, O Lord, that not a day passes without many things done by us which our hearts condemn; and thou hast said, "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." These sins, whether committed against thee alone—as where they exist in the state of the mind and heart, and are not visible to others—or, whether they have led to wrong actions, so as to injure the feelings or the persons of our friends or fellow-men; O Lord, may all these sins be forgiven and washed away in the precious blood of Christ.

We would bring our hearts and consciences to the fountain that is open "for sin and for uncleanness." Cleanse us therein; that our iniquities may be blotted out. If others have injured us, and we are tempted to feel like resenting it, or claiming reparation, may we remember the prayer, as taught us by our Lord, "as we forgive others their trespasses against us." This forgiving spirit, O Lord, may we possess. Thus may we lie down at peace with thee and with all mankind.

But how shall we thank thee for the mercies of the past day! What language can we use to express at once our great unworthiness and thy great goodness! O Lord, thou hast dealt very mercifully with us this day. Thou hast given us food and raiment, house and home, friends and relatives; and thy kind providence has guarded us from evil, and supplied, yea even anticipated, our wants.

For all these good gifts, O Lord, deeply impress upon our hearts a lesson of gratitude. And as now we are about to commit ourselves to sleep, we pray that the same kind providence may watch over us and ours, guarding us from all

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danger, and bringing us in health to the light of another morning. O thou that never slumberest nor sleepest, into thy hands we commit all our interests, believing that thou art equally with us, whether sleeping or waking, whether at home or abroad. And when the sleep of death shall come, may we welcome it and fear no evil, trusting to the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER.—(SATURDAY.)

How blessed the privilege, O Lord, of repairing to thy throne of grace “to obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need!” How blessed the soul that can say, “It is sweet to draw nigh unto thee, O my God!” And is it not so with us, especially at this early hour, when we feel the invigorating influence of sleep and rest? Lord, we ascribe all the blessings of the night season to thee. Thou hast appointed it in great love and mercy; and dead must be that heart that can rise from a sweet slumber without any recognition of a Father’s care and kindness.

And now, in this calm hour, ere the world has had power to ruffle our spirits or disturb our thoughts; here in this retirement, come, by thy Holy Spirit, and commune with thy servants at thy throne of grace. O Lord, give us the

true spirit of prayer and praise. Let our souls rise towards thee and let this altar be as "the house of God and as the gate of heaven." Forgive all the sins of the night past—wash them all away in the blood of Jesus, and impart to us that strength which we need, to meet the duties and labors of this day.

Weak in ourselves, O Lord, we need thy constant care and thy constant help, lest we should fall into temptation, or not fulfil the obligations which rest upon us as Christians. We go forth to our duties, therefore, trusting to thy promised presence, for thou hast assured us, that if in all our ways we acknowledge thee, thou wilt direct our paths.

Grant, O Lord, that we may be successful in all our laudable endeavors to obtain a necessary provision for this life, for unless "thou build the house, they labor in vain that build it." No prosperity can come without thy blessing. But, O Lord, let us not be carried away with desires for earthly gain or earthly honor. May we seek first the kingdom of God and thy righteousness; believing that, if we so do, thou wilt add all neces-

sary things unto us ; especially may we love our fellow men, and do all in our power to promote their spiritual welfare. Give us a love for mankind such as Jesus had ; and enable us to follow him in the labors and sacrifices which he put forth to relieve their sufferings and to save their souls.

Keep us from a worldly spirit—from sensual lusts—from covetousness, pride, and envy. May we be like Christ. “ May the same mind be in us which was also in him.” “ Then shall we be upright, and we shall be innocent from the great transgression.” All these and whatsoever else thou knowest us to need we humbly ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

THE day is past and gone. The week itself, O Lord, is coming to a close. How have our spiritual affairs prospered, and what has been the condition of our souls, amid all the duties and the discipline of life? Great God, we desire, this evening, to call ourselves to a solemn account; to review the day, and the week, and to say to our souls, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Sure we are, O Lord, that much evil has been done by us, and that we need, anew, to repair to the fountain of cleansing. Wash us, Saviour, in thy precious blood. How dark and despairing would our souls be, in view of conscious guilt—in view of our innumerable short-comings, were we not assured, that, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous?" O, how precious and consoling is this thought to us, that, "Christ died for

our sins, and rose again for our justification." Sprinkle us, this night, O Lord, with atoning blood. Apply the peace-speaking blood; and then shall we lie down without a thought to disturb our repose. Thanks be unto thee, O Lord, for all the blessings of the day and of the week. They have been innumerable. Day and night have they flowed in upon us. Our cup thou hast filled, and our table thou hast spread. We have gone out and come in without injury to our persons, or to our characters. How grateful should we be for all thy mercies, even of a temporal nature! but, when we think of the rich provisions of thy grace, we cannot find language to express our obligations; and if, O Lord, thou hast taught us to appreciate these spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, we ascribe it to thy sovereign grace alone, which oft selects the most unworthy for its exercise.

We would, on this evening, O Lord, call our thoughts off from the world, and have our spirits in tune for the services and duties of the sacred day. But, alas, what can we do, unless thy Holy Spirit breathes upon us, and imparts a divine

influence, that shall cleanse and elevate our affections? Come, Holy Spirit, from thy bright abode, and enter this dark and sin-defiled heart. Here let thy power be felt, preparing our spirits for the sacred day ; putting on us, as it were, the wedding garment ; that we may appear before our Saviour and King, as a guest approved ; and that we may be able to worship him in the beauty of holiness ; and to him, with thee and the Father, shall be the praise evermore. Amen.

MORNING HYMNS.

GOD OF THE MORNING.

God of the morning, at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice,
 To run his journey through the skies ;—

From the far chambers of the east,
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies, and shines.

O, like the sun may I fulfil
 Th' appointed duties of the day ;
 With ready mind, and active will,
 March on and keep my heavenly way.

But I shall rove, and lose the race,
 If God my Sun should disappear,
 And leave me in this world's wide maze,
 To follow every wandering star.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
 Thy threatnings just, thy promise sure,
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss :
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint, and cold, compared with this.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

Awake, my soul, and, with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below :
Praise him above, angelic host ;—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MORNING HYMN.

(ORIGINAL.)

Arise my soul and sing,
Thy kind Redeemer's praise,
To Him, the early tribute bring,
Whose love demands thy lays.

Around my weary head,
His guardian angels keep ;
And o'er my eye-lids hath he shed
A sweet and balmy sleep.

No rude alarm has broke
Upon my midnight dreams :
No raging flame, no ruffian stroke,
Nor lightning's deathful gleams.

The cheerful light of day,
That dawns upon my eyes,
Invites me to arise and pay
The morning sacrifice.

Lord, guide me through the day,
And guard from every ill ;
O, wing my spirit on its way,
To thy celestial hill.

EVENING HYMNS.

THUS FAR THE LORD HAS LED ME ON.

Thus far the Lord has led me on ;
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head.
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

MY GOD, HOW ENDLESS IS THY LOVE.

My God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

EVENING HYMN.

(ORIGINAL.)

The light has fled—the shadows fall :
 The season of repose is nigh ;
 My weary frame requires that rest
 Which slumber can alone supply.

O God, thy providence how kind !
 That draws the curtains of the night,
 Around the tired world until
 The orient sun restores the light.

From morn till eve thy hand hath led
 My joyous spirit on its way ;
Along my path, hath mercy shed
 Its cheering beam—its guiding ray.

And now, when wrapt in slumbers deep,
 Beneath me place thy guardian arm :
And o'er my bed thy vigils keep,
 To shield thy helpless child from harm.

PRAYER ON LEAVING HOME.

THY providence, O Lord, bids us go for a season from our home, that endeared spot to which so many tender ties bind us. We are made conscious of its value even by this anticipated departure. Thanks to thee for so sweet an earthly refuge, for all the enjoyment we have had in it, for the love of kindred and the domestic affections.

But now, we must for a season separate ourselves from all these, and go among strangers. We pray that we may enter upon this journey in the consciousness that we are following the path of duty, that we may realize that our safety and our success, and our return at the appointed time, are entirely in thy hands, and under thy control. May we "commit our ways unto thee, and wilt thou direct our paths."

We would place ourselves, O Lord, under thy protecting care; knowing that amid the

dangers by land or water to which we shall be exposed, no power but thine can shield us. Let us not be of the number, O Lord, who, without regard to thy providence, or without a proper sense of the uncertainty of life, say, "we will go into this or that city and buy and sell and get gain;" but may we ever say, "if the Lord *will*, we will do this and that." We trust, O Lord, that such are our feelings now; and that as we know not what a day may bring forth, we humbly desire to cast ourselves wholly on the guidance and protection of thy providence. "Give thine angels, O Lord, charge concerning us." Let no accident or injury befall us while absent, and none befall those dear ones from whom we must be separated.

Let a sense of thy presence be with us, and to whatever temptations we may be exposed, O, let thy unseen hand break their power over us, so that we may go and return with a peaceful conscience, and have reason to speak of the Lord's goodness by the way.

If the occasion should offer to do good to others on the journey, may we be prompt to

meet it, and wise to improve it. May our example ever be such as to do honor to that cause which we profess to love, avoiding even the appearance of evil, and striving in the circumstances to glorify God. Grant this, O God, for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

HYMNS ON LEAVING HOME.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak — but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

THY PRESENCE, EVERLASTING GOD.

Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

Give us, O Lord, within thy house,
Again to pay our thankful vows :
Or, if that joy no more be known,
O may we meet around thy throne !

PRAYER IN PERPLEXITY AND TROUBLE.

“THOU hast brought us into darkness,” O Lord, “and not into light.” Our way is hedged up. We know not which way to turn, or what to do. Our own wisdom is insufficient, and counsel from our friends or fellow-men would be vain. Whither can we turn, O Lord, but to thee? Where but from thy throne, can light break forth upon our path?

Forsaking then our own wisdom, leaving the broken cisterns of human help, we come directly to thy throne of grace, that we may find “help divine in this our time of need.” “As the eyes of a servant are towards his master, so will we direct our eyes unto thee,” O Lord, “until thou have mercy upon us.” “We are as one that watcheth for the morning.” It is all night with us now. But break forth, O sun, upon our darkness! Shine upon us, O our blessed

God, and scatter these gloomy shades, and point out our way!

If our sins have led to this trouble and perplexity; if, by self-seeking, or self-indulgence, we have made it necessary that thou shouldst thus afflict us, we accept the punishment of our sins. It is right, O Lord, that we should be brought into straits. Reveal to us these sins in all their enormity, and give us deep repentance on account of them. We cannot expect thee to approve, when we err from thy precepts; nor to smile upon us, when we do not seek thy kingdom and righteousness first. Our first duty we acknowledge is to search and see wherein we have wandered from the right path, and to retrace our steps. But even this must be brought about by thy grace and spirit. O, our God, impart that grace; give the Holy Spirit to show us wherein thou hast a controversy with us. Bring us into the right way. Set our feet in the path of life; and shine with thy reconciled countenance upon us.

Let thy providence work with thy grace, and so order events that this perplexity may be

unravelling, and the way of duty be made plain before our face. As in days past when we have cried unto thee in trouble, and thou hast been our helper and deliverer ; so now, O Lord, do thou appear for our help, and we will give the praise and the glory to thy great name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HYMNS IN PERPLEXITY AND TROUBLE.

THE LORD UNTO THY PRAYER ATTEND.

The Lord unto thy prayer attend,
In trouble's darksome hour :
The name of Jacob's God defend,
And shield thee by his power !

In thy salvation we 'll rejoice,
And triumph in the Lord ;
For, when in prayer he hears thy voice,
He will relief afford.

In chariots and on horses some
For aid and shelter flee ;
But in thy name, O Lord, we come,
And will remember thee.

O Lord, to us salvation bring ;
In thee alone we trust ;
Hear us, O God, our heavenly King,
Thou refuge of the just !

MY SPIRIT SINKS WITHIN ME, LORD.

My spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove ;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low ;
Why should my soul indulge in grief ?
Hope in the Lord — and praise him too ;
He is my rest — my sure relief.

O God, thou art my hope, my joy ;
Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill.

MY SPIRITS DROOP, MY HEART IS SAD.

My spirits droop, my heart is sad ;
Mysterious fears my breast invade ;
While all the world without is clad,
In sickly hues or cypress shade.

O why, my soul, this dreary void ;
When God is nigh to answer prayer ?
Hast thou not oft his love enjoyed ;
And rolled upon his arm thy care ?

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Come then, and cast away thy fears ;
Dismiss thy gloom — renew thy song ;
The Savior bids thee dry thy tears ;
Nor by despair his mercy wrong.

Yes, my Redeemer, I will come ;
And seek repose on thy kind breast ;
There shall I find a welcome home ;
There shall my spirit sweetly rest.

PRAYER FOR THOSE FALLEN UNDER THE
POWER OF THE TEMPTER.

“HAVE mercy upon us, O God, according to thy loving-kindness, and, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out our transgressions.” As David thus prayed, when his soul was in anguish for his sins, so, O Lord, would we ; for although we may not have fallen so low, yet does our conscience tell us of a dreadful guilt which, by yielding to the tempter, we have incurred.

O, Lord God, we see now the evil of sin ; we see the source of sin ; it lies within, in the deep pervading depravity of the heart. We are humbled in thy sight, O Lord. We feel as if we were unworthy to look up, much more to take upon our lips thy great and holy name. Yet whither shall we flee, with a heart so burdened, a conscience so defiled ! To whom shall

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we go but unto thee, for thou only canst forgive; and "Thou only hast the words of eternal life." O "cast us not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from us." Though trembling and afraid, still would we come, and make full confession of our sin.

Hast thou not said, O Lord, that, "if we confess and forsake our sin, we shall have mercy?" Lord, we make sincere confession. We deeply deplore our transgressions. If tears would suffice to wash it out of our soul; or if sacrifices would avail, how could we render them; but "sacrifice and offering of human procurance thou wouldst not." "Thou requirest not such sacrifices." But, O Lord, what man could not do to atone for sin, thou hast thyself done, in giving up "thy well beloved Son; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "If any man sin," thou hast said, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Thou hast set him forth, as "the propitiation for our sins." May we not then hope in thy mercy through him "who loved us and died for us!" May

we not lay our hand, our *guilty* hand, on the head of this great sacrifice, and with a sorrowing heart confess our sin, and make that precious blood the plea of forgiveness! Yes, O, our God, we know thou delightest in mercy; and that with Christ in view thou art not strict to mark our iniquity.

But, heavenly Father, it is not forgiveness alone that we seek; we long to be delivered from the power and pollution of sin. We long to be holy; to be conformed to thy most perfect law; our prayer is, "Wash us thoroughly from our iniquity, and cleanse us from our sin." "Create in us a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within us."

Grant that we may, by this experience of our own weakness and liability to sin, be taught a lesson of dependence and humility. Hereafter, O Lord, may we trust only in thy strength, and have no confidence in the flesh. May we humbly look to thee in every time of temptation, and find thee a present help.

Grant, O Lord, that we may learn to sympathize with others in their weakness and their

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sins ; and, instead of censure, exercise pity as having been ourselves subject to the same trials and temptations. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Christ our Redeemer. Amen.

HYMNS FOR ONE FALLEN UNDER THE
POWER OF THE TEMPTER.

DEAR REFUGE OF MY WEARY SOUL.

Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?

No — still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer ;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there !

Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

JESUS! REFUGE OF MY SOUL!

Jesus ! refuge of my soul !
Let me to thy bosom fly ;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone, —
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ ! art all I want :
More than all in thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name :
I am all unrighteousness.
False, and full of sin I am :
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found ;
 Grace, to cover all my sin.
 Let the healing streams abound, —
 Make, and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art, —
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart, —
 Rise, to all eternity.

ALAS, WHAT HOURLY DANGERS RISE!

Alas, what hourly dangers rise !
 What snares beset my way !
 To heaven, oh let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears !
 My weak resistance ! — ah, how vain !
 How strong my foes and fears !

O gracious God ! in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid ;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.

Increase my faith — increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail ;
 O bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.

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Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

OH MY UNGRATEFUL HEART !

O my ungrateful heart !
How soon from God, it strays !
Though wooed by mercies, 't will depart,
From wisdom's peaceful ways.

Yes, though my sin I hate ;
The tempter still has power ;
With hellish art he lays his bait ;
He knows the fatal hour.

But whither shall I flee,
Oppressed with conscious guilt ?
To thee, my injured Lord, to thee ;
Thy blood for sin was spilt.

Low at thy feet I lie ;
And there my tears I pour ;
O hear the suppliant's bitter cry ;
Forgive me, Lord, once more.

PRAYER UNDER BEREAVEMENT.

HOLY, and just, and good, art thou, O God !
All thy dealings we know are right ; yea, even
thy chastisements which seem, to our selfish
judgment, so severe, and “ which, for the pre-
sent, are only grievous,” even these are but the
tokens of a Father’s love to those whom “ He
correcteth.”

O Lord, it is not for man to complain ; for
man is sinful ; and penitence and submission
are the only proper feelings under thy chastise-
ments. In this, and in every affliction, may we
recognize thy just displeasure against sin ; for,
O Lord, had not sin entered, death had not
been known ; but “ death is the wages of sin ;”
and is but a righteous penalty inflicted by a
righteous God.

Yet, O Lord, the heart is crushed under the
weight of sorrow which death inflicts on the sur-

vivor. To say farewell ; to look for the last time on the loved one ; to see the anguish and agony and dying struggles, and then to behold the cold, unconscious form which we are obliged to bury out of our sight ; O, Lord, this it is that makes the heart unutterably oppressed and sorrowful.

We feel as if the world was a blank ; as if never more could we take any interest in mortal things. We are ready to say, all is gone ; like Rachel, “we refuse to be comforted.” Even the hand of friendship tries in vain to wipe our tears away ; and all human sympathy seems spent on us in vain. One only thought darkens all the prospect — *the loved one is gone*. Thou hast not forbidden us to mourn the loss of those we so tenderly love. Thou hast given us a nature that demands this sorrow, and compels these tears. “Jesus wept.” How precious the tears which mingled with those of Mary and Martha at the grave of Lazarus ! We thank thee for those tears, blessed Lord ! Still would we, amidst all our grief, remember that the flood of sorrow should not drown every other

feeling ; that resignation should mingle with it, and control it ; that in the spirit of the same Saviour, who wept at the grave of Lazarus, we should say, with heart-felt submission to thy holy will ; “The cup which our Father hath given us, shall we not drink it ?” O Lord, help us to drink it in the same spirit, saying, “Not our will but thine be done.”

Sanctify this sore bereavement to our soul. Make it a means of weaning us from the world, of drawing our affections heavenward, of making us spiritually minded. Grant that we may henceforth set our affections on things above, and place our hopes where not even death can disappoint them. Prepare us, O Lord, for our own dissolution ; and when we shall be called to enter the dark valley, wilt thou be with us, and may thy rod and thy staff comfort us ; for Jesus' sake. Amen.

HYMNS UNDER BEREAVEMENT.



O WEEP NOT FOR THE JOYS THAT FADE.

O weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away ;
For hopes, that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day.

The clouds of sorrow will depart,
And brilliant skies be given ;
For bliss awaits the holy heart,
Amid the bowers of heaven.

O weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonely grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave.

For though thy pleasures may depart,
And mournful days be given,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
When friends rejoin in heaven.

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.

Friend after friend departs :

Who hath not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts,

That finds not here an end :

Were this frail world our only rest,

Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond this vale of death,

There surely is some blessed clime

Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affection transient fire,

Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,

Where parting is unknown ;

A whole eternity of love,

Formed for the good alone :

And faith beholds the dying here

Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,

Till all are pass'd away,

As morning high and higher shines,

To pure and perfect day ;

Nor sink those stars in empty night, —

They hide themselves in heaven's own light..

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distrest,
 A balm for every wounded breast,
 'Tis found above — in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given ;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom : —
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE, WHERE'ER YE
 LANGUISH.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish ;—
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure, —
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying, —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing —
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

WHY DO WE MOURN DEPARTING FRIENDS.

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HOW BLEST THE RIGHTEOUS WHEN THEY
DIE.

How blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest !
How mildly beams the closing eye !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away :
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er :
So gently shuts the eye of day :
So dies a wave along the shore.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

THE following most touching prayer was found among the papers of that eminent saint and celebrated writer and philosopher, Blaise Pascal. No Christian can read it without being deeply affected. Every word of it is from the heart, and goes to the heart. If the reader has ever experienced protracted bodily suffering, the sentiments of this prayer will be understood. If any Christian is now under pain of body, this will be an appropriate prayer for him.

PRAYER FOR THE SANCTIFIED USE OF
AFFLICTION BY DISEASE.

O LORD, whose Spirit is in all things so good and gracious, and who art so merciful, that not only the prosperities, but even the humiliations of thy elect are the results of thy mercy ; graciously enable me to act in the state to which thy righteous hand has reduced me, not as a

heathen, but as a true Christian ; that I may recognize thee as my Father and my God, in whatever state I am ; since the change in my condition makes no change in thine ; since thou art always the same, though I am ever variable ; and that thou art no less God, when thou ministerest affliction or punishment, than in the gifts of consolation and peace.

Grant, O my God, that I may adore in silence, the order of thy providence, in the guidance of my life ; that thy rod may comfort me ; and that, if I have lived in the bitterness of my own sins during my prosperity, I may now taste the heavenly sweetness of thy grace, during the salutary evils with which thou hast chastened me. But I confess, O my God, that my heart is so hardened, and so full of the thoughts, and cares, and anxieties, and attachments of the world, that neither sickness, nor health, neither sermons, nor books, nor thy holy Scriptures, nor thy gospel, nor its holiest mysteries, nor alms, nor fasting, nor mortifications, nor the sacraments, nor thy death, nor all my efforts, nor those of the whole world put together, can effect any

thing whatever, even to begin my conversion, if thou dost not accompany all these things by the extraordinary assistance of thy grace. For this, O my God, I address myself to thee, the Almighty, to ask from thee a gift, that all thy creatures together could not bestow. I should not have the daring to direct my cry to thee, if any other being could answer it. But, O my God, since the conversion of my heart, for which I now entreat, is a work which surpasses all the efforts of nature ; I can apply to none but to the Author and Almighty Master of nature, and of my heart. To whom should I cry, Lord, to whom should I have recourse but to thee? Nothing short of God can fulfil my desire. It is God himself that I need, and that I seek ; and to thee only, O my God, do I address myself, that I may obtain thee. Open my heart, Lord. Enter this rebel place, where sin has reigned. Sin holds it in subjection. Enter as into the house of a strong man ; but first bind the strong and mighty enemy who ruled it, and then take possession of the treasures which are there. O Lord, regain those affections which the world

has stolen. Seize this treasure thyself, or rather resume it ; for it belongs to thee as a tribute that I owed thee, as stamped by thine own image.

Touch my heart with repentance for its faults ; for without this inward grief, the outward evils with which thou hast smitten my body, will be but a new occasion of sin. Make me to know that the diseases of my body are only the chastening, and the emblem of the diseases of my soul. But grant, Lord, also, that they may be the remedy, by making me consider, amidst these pains that I do feel, the evil which I did not previously perceive in my soul, though totally diseased and covered with *putrefying sores*. For, O Lord, the greatest of its evils is that insensibility, and that extreme weakness which has deprived it of all consciousness of its own miseries. Make me then to feel them deeply ; and let the remainder of my life be a continued penitence, to bewail the sins which I have committed.

O Lord, though my life past has been exempt from gross crimes, from the temptations to which

thou hast preserved me ; it has been very hateful in thy sight, from my continual negligence, my misuse of thy holy sacraments, my contempt of thy word, and of thy holy influence, by the listlessness and uselessness of my actions and thoughts, by the total loss of that time which thou hast given me for thy worship, to seek, in all my ways, the means of pleasing thee, and to repent of the sins which I daily commit ; sins from which even the most righteous are not exempt ; so that even their life had need be a continual penitence, or they run the risk of falling from their steadfastness. In this way, O my God, I have ever been rebellious against thee.

Graciously, O Lord, impart thy consolations during my sufferings, that I may suffer as a Christian. I ask not exemption from distress ; for this is the reward of the saints : but I pray not to be given up to the agonies of suffering nature, without the consolations of thy Spirit ; for this is the curse of Jews and heathens. I ask not a fulness of consolation, without any suffering ; for that is the life of glory. I ask not

a full cup of sorrow, without alleviation, for that is the present state of Judaism. But I ask, Lord, to feel, at the same time, both the pangs of nature for my sins, and the consolations of thy Spirit through grace ; for this is true Christianity. Let me not experience pain, without consolation ; but let me feel pains and consolations at the same time, so that ultimately I may experience consolation only, free from all suffering. For formerly, Lord, before the advent of thy Son, thou didst leave the world to languish without comfort under natural sufferings : now thou dost console and temper the sufferings of thy saints, by the grace of thine only Son ; and hereafter, thou wilt crown thy saints with a beatitude, perfectly pure, in thy Son's eternal glory. These are the marvellous degrees through which thou dost carry thy works. Thou hast withdrawn me from the first ; cause me to pass through the second that I may reach the third. This, Lord, is the mercy that I ask.

Take from me, then, O Lord, the grief that self-love may feel on account of my own suffering, and on account of those human events

which do not fall out precisely according to the wishes of my heart, and which do not make for thy glory. But awaken within me a sorrow assimilated to thine own. Let my sufferings mollify thine anger. Make them the means of my safety and my conversion. Let me wish no more for health, and life, but to employ and expend them for thee, with thee, and in thee. I do not ask of thee health or sickness, life or death ; but merely that thou wouldst dispose of my health or sickness, of my life or death, for thy glory, for my salvation, and for the benefit of thy church, and of thy saints, among whom I would hope, by thy grace, to be found. Thou only knowest what is needful for me : thou art the sovereign Lord ; do with me what thou wilt. Give or take ; only conform my will to thine ; and grant that, in humble and entire submission, I may accept the ordinances of thy eternal providence, and that I may regard with equal reverence, whatever comes from thee.

Grant, O my God, that in uniform equanimity of mind, I may receive whatever happens ; since we know not what we should ask, and

since I cannot wish for one thing more than another without presumption and without setting up myself as a judge, and making myself responsible for those consequences which thy wisdom has determined properly to conceal from me. O Lord, I know that I know but one thing ; and that is, that it is good to follow thee, and evil to offend thee. After that, I know not what is better or worse in any thing. I know not which is more profitable for me, sickness or health, wealth or poverty, nor any other of the things of this world. This were a discovery beyond the power of men or angels, and which is veiled in the secrets of thy providence which I adore, and which I do not desire to fathom.

Grant then, O Lord, that such as I am, I may be conformed to thy will ; and that diseased as I am, I may glorify thee in my sufferings. Without these, I cannot reach thy glory ; and even thou, my Savior, wouldst not attain to glory but by this means. It was by the scars of thy sufferings that thy disciples knew thee : and it is by their sufferings that thou wilt recog-

nize those who are thy disciples. Recognize me, O Lord, amidst the evils that I suffer, both in body and mind, for the sins that I have committed ; and because nothing is acceptable to God, that is not offered by thee, unite my will to thine, and my agonies to those which thou hast endured. Let mine become thine. Unite me to thyself ; and fill me with thyself, and with thy Holy Spirit. Dwell in my heart and soul, to endure within me my sufferings, and to continue to endure in me, all that remains yet unsuffered of thy passion, which thou completest in all thy members, even to entire perfection of thy mystical body ; that, being thus at length full of thee, it may be no more I that live and suffer, but that it may be thou who livest and sufferest in me, O my Savior ; thou mayest fill me abundantly with the glory which they have purchased ; in which thou livest with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, world without end. Amen.

HYMNS FOR THE SANCTIFIED USE OF
AFFLICTION BY DISEASE.

WHEN LANGUOR AND DISEASE INVADE.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away :—

Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above :—

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own :—

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on the covenant of his grace
For all things to depend :—

Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee !

WAIT, O MY SOUL.

Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will :
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murmuring thought arise—
His ways are just—his counsels wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work—the cause conceals ;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

Wait then, my soul—submissive wait, '
Prostrate before his awful seat :
'Midst all the terrors of his rod,
Still trust a wise and gracious God.

O THOU, WHOSE WISE, PATERNAL LOVE.

O THOU, whose wise, paternal love,
Hath brought my active vigor down,—
Thy choice I thankfully approve:
And prostrate, at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains ;
I *choose* the state my God ordains.

Cast, as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do ;
Yet, while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show ;
My patience may thy glory raise,—
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

But, since without thy Spirit's might,
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,
The help I ask, in Jesus' right,
The strength he did for me procure,
Father, abundantly impart,
And arm with love my feeble heart,

O, let me live, of thee possessed,
In weakness, weariness, and pain ;
The anguish of my laboring breast,
The daily cross I still sustain,
For him, that languished on the tree.—
But lived, before he died for me.

WHEN I CAN TRUST MY ALL WITH GOD.

When I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,—
 Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power,—
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

O ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though sorrows fix me there,
 Is still a privilege,—and sweet
 The energies of prayer,
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

O, blessed be the hand that gave ;
 Still blessed when it takes :—
 Blessed be he who smites to save,
 Who heals the heart he breaks :
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

LORD, I WOULD THANK THEE.

Lord, I would thank thee, if thine hand
 Hath sometimes planted in my way
 A thorn, to teach, this earthly land
 Was not intended for my stay ;
 But that a better rest remains
 Which neither sin nor sorrow stains.

When prosperous seasons brightly smile,
 And cloudless seems the azure dome,
 How oft does thoughtless joy beguile
 The soul to seek no better home ;
 Thanks, if some bitter, painful things
 Remind me of celestial springs.

Grant me these tokens to receive,
 Remembering whence and why they came ;
 Then shall I in thy love believe,
 And breathe thanksgivings to thy name.
 Tokens of thy paternal love,
 Pledges of endless good above.

AS OFT, WITH WORN AND WEARY FEET.

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
 We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
 The thought,—how comforting and sweet !
 Christ trod this very path before ;
 Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
 From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
 Or sorrow in our path appear,
 The recollection will remain,
 More deeply did he suffer here.
 His life, how truly sad and brief,
 Filled up with suffering and with grief !

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin ;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth he trod,
With every human ill but sin ;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so he has been.
My God, my Savior, look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

PRAYER FOR REVIVAL.

“O LORD, revive thy work, in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy.” What the prophet thus prayed for in his day—when the church was in a backslidden and desolate state—we would pray for in behalf of Zion, whose ways now do mourn, with “few coming to her solemn feast.” “Look down, O Lord, and behold and visit this vine, and the vineyard which thou hast planted, and the branch which thou madest strong for thyself.”

But, first of all, we desire that our own souls may be visited with the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit. “Judgment must begin at the house of the Lord.” The altar fires must be lighted first in our own souls. The flame of devotion must kindle first in our own breasts. Come, then, O blessed Spirit, and revisit this heart! Reveal to us the actual state and con-

dition of our souls. Show us wherein we have gone astray,—what sins we have committed, which have grieved thee, and caused thee to depart,—what duties we have neglected, and thus brought darkness upon our path.

O convince us of sin, and enable us so to view our backslidings as to humble ourselves in the very dust, and exercise that “godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life.” Thus humbled and penitent, may we be prepared to enter anew, as it were, on the great duties of the Christian life, and ever after to show forth the praises of our God and Redeemer. And O may this humiliation and penitence be experienced by all those who profess thy name, but who alas! have fallen into coldness and worldliness through their own weakness and manifold temptations.

Thou seest, O Lord, how spiritual religion has declined—how devotional feeling has given place to attendance upon forms—how little interest is felt in the cause of Christ; so that even those who in the judgment of charity are Christians, evince but a feeble zeal in maintaining

thy truth, or advancing thy kingdom. Thou seest how the world, under various and specious pretences, has invaded the sacred household of faith; how little sympathy is felt in divine things; how few weep over the ruin of souls, or labor for their salvation. Thou seest that men are not valiant for the truth—that error has come in like a flood; that even those who profess a pure Gospel are easily led astray by specious pretences and subtle forms of error.

Our churches, O Lord, are not as “the house of God and the very gate of heaven.” Thou seest how few come to our solemn feasts; that souls are not seen flocking to Zion, “as a cloud, and as doves to their windows.” Our meetings for prayer, O Lord, are deserted by many who have vowed to sustain them, and whose absence gives mournful proof that their zeal has declined, and their hearts grown cold and indifferent as to their religious duties. We present these things before thee as ground of deep humiliation, not exempting ourselves from the blame and guilt. Yes, Lord, we are deeply humbled in view of all this coldness, negligence,

worldliness, and indifference; and we would most earnestly pray that thy Holy Spirit may come upon us, and awaken us to a sense of our sins and of our danger, and gloriously revive his own work.

We ask not, O Lord, for any revival that is not the work of the Holy Spirit. We desire and pray for such a revival as shall humble us truly before thee, as shall make us like Christ, filling us with love to one another, and with love to souls; a revival that shall take away all idols from our hearts, and place thee on the throne; that shall so increase our faith in things above, that the world shall cease to control our desires and affections; that shall beget in us a spirit of prayer such as Jacob and Elijah had—fervent, persevering, and successful; a revival that, beginning with the house of God, shall extend out upon the ungodly and the careless, drawing them to the sanctuary, awakening their attention to divine things, convincing them of their guilt and danger, and leading them to inquire “what they must do to be saved.” We pray for such a revival. O God, let it

come. Let thy ministers be clothed with salvation. Let them preach the gospel plainly, pungently, and "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven."

Make the word "quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword." Make it "the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation." Wilt thou not thus revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee? O, for thy glorious name's sake, come and turn our captivity, forgive our backslidings, and let "thy work appear unto thy servants and thy glory unto their children." Grant this, O Lord God, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

HYMNS FOR REVIVAL.

SAVIOR, VISIT THY PLANTATION.

Savior, visit thy plantation :

Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !

All will come to desolation,

Unless thou return again.

Lord, revive us :

All our help must come from thee.

Keep no longer at a distance ;

Shine upon us, from on high,

Lest, for want of thine assistance,

Every plant should droop and die.

Let our mutual love be fervent,

Make us prevalent in prayers,

Let each one esteemed thy servant,

Shun the world's bewitching snares.

Break the tempter's fatal power,

Turn the stony heart to flesh ;

And begin, from this good hour,

To revive thy work afresh.

WHILE I TO GRIEF MY SOUL GAVE WAY.

While I, to hopeless grief gave way,
 To see the work of God decline,
 Methought I heard the Savior say—
 “Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.”

“Though for a time I hide my face,
 Rely upon my love and power ;
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.

“Take down thy long-neglected harp,
 I’ve seen thy tears, and heard thy prayer ;
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But spring shall all its wastes repair.”

Lord, I obey,—my hopes revive ;
 Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing,
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help, and triumph bring.

O, SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, ARISE.

O, Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 With gentle beams on Zion shine ;
 Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
 And souls awake to life divine.

On all around, let grace descend,
 Like heavenly dew, or copious showers,
 That we may call our God our friend,
 That we may hail salvation ours.

COME, LORD, AND WARM EACH
LANGUID HEART

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart—
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

Redeemer, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

OH LORD, REVIVE THY WORK.

(ORIGINAL.)

O, we have waited long,
To see our God appear,
Plaintive have been our prayer and song,
Frequent the flowing tear.

And shall we wait in vain ?
And must our sorrows flow,
Whilst, hopeless, dying souls remain,
Exposed to endless woe ?

And must we yet behold
Thy little flock in tears ?
Will God not cheer his drooping fold,
And dissipate their fears ?

Our harps, O, Lord, have hung,
Upon the willows long ;
Sad is our heart, and mute our tongue,
And sad must be our song.

Now bid our sorrows cease,
Thy spirit on us pour ;
From long captivity release,
Revive us, Lord, once more,

WILT THOU NOT REVIVE US AGAIN ?

(ORIGINAL.)

Met, O, God to ask thy presence,
Join our souls to seek thy grace,
O deny us not, nor spurn us,
Guilty rebels, from thy face.

All is sin, we own, our Father,
All our lives are marked with guilt ;
Naught we plead those sins to cover,
Save the blood that Jesus spilt.

We have wandered, long have wandered,
And deserve thy chastening rod ;
But we come, to mourn our folly,
Heal and pardon us, O God !

May thy people wake from slumber,
Ere their lamps shall fade and die :
Bridegroom of the church, arouse them,
Rouse them by the midnight cry.

Let conviction seize the careless,
Through their souls, thine arrows dart,
Let thy truth, so long rejected,
Break and melt the flinty heart.

O, thou kind, forgiving spirit,
Comforter, on thee we call,
Cheer the saint—alarm the sinner,
Oh revive—revive us all.

CHAPTER III.

MEDITATIONS.

Following Christ.

WHAT is it to be a follower of Christ? The question is a practical one—a solemn one. To meet it properly—to have a satisfactory solution, we must listen to what Jesus said, and observe narrowly what he did. So far as possible, we must plant our feet in his very footsteps. He was *human* as well as *divine*, and that humanity was assumed in part to show us how to live on earth so as at length to reach the glories of heaven. True, it was a spotless humanity; yet had it those relations to this world, and those weaknesses and sinless infirmities, which are peculiar to our sensitive existence. “*Follow me,*” says our Lord; and the command implies more than a literal attendance upon his ministry. The

multitude followed him ; but soon they fell off, and went back, and walked no more with him." It was only the true disciple, whose heart the Lord had touched, who clave unto him ; and who, like Peter, could say, " Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

We hear his voice, saying to us, as he said to his first disciples, " Follow me."

Following Jesus in his Childhood.

When we hear the great exemplar saying, " Follow me," we take it for granted that he means, Follow me in my childhood. He became a child to teach us what a child should be, and how a child should act. He put himself in this endeared relation, that he might set us an example of filial respect and obedience. From the height of power, he took the lowly condition of juvenile subjection. Obedience to the parental authority, deference to a parent's wishes, characterized his earliest human existence. This was the law of God—a law which, as God, he

had himself enacted upon all who held, or who were to hold, the filial relation. "Honor thy father and thy mother," was a precept which his young heart approved, and which invariably, and with cheerful obedience, he observed.

Art thou young, still under the paternal care ; remember that, unless thou dost observe and keep this precept of the law, honoring thy father and mother, reverencing their persons, and obeying their reasonable commands, thou canst not be a follower of Jesus. Disobedience, self-will, fretfulness and impatience under restraint, are inconsistent with being a follower of that Saviour in his childhood. Art thou a young professor of religion ? So was he. He "submitted to all righteousness." He was consecrated in the temple. Still he adhered to his filial obligations. He clung to his earthly parentage, and, until manhood, was in willing subjection to the parental rule and authority. This he did to glorify his heavenly Father, who had enjoined such obedience ; to honor that law which required it, and "which is holy, just and good," and to set thee an example that thou mightest

know how beautiful is the virtue of filial obedience and respect.

Now, although thou art a professor of religion, thou art in no sense set free from this divine obligation of obedience to parents. Nay, the religion, if it be sincere, will correct thy former aberrations, and make thee more scrupulous and conscientious than ever in regard to the claims of the parental relation. Thou wilt say, "How did my Saviour act towards his earthly parents? What was his example in this respect?" And, if truly pious, thou wilt conform thy conduct and thy spirit to such example. This is following Jesus in his childhood.

But he had also a heavenly Father. His service was the Saviour's supreme delight, even in early childhood. His first affections were towards him. His will was his rule of duty, and in his commands he greatly rejoiced. At "twelve years of age," he went up to the temple at Jerusalem, and there caught the fire from its altars, which so burned within him that he could not tear himself away from the hallowed spot. There he opened the prophetic records,

and drank in the holy precepts, and even ventured to speak of them in presence of the elders. What was the Father's business, he felt to be his. He longed to be about it. Still was he willing to abide his time, and so he cheerfully went into obscurity, to practise those virtues which are none the less important because hidden from the view of the world.

Be my follower, he seems to say, in all this. Begin to serve God *now in thy youth*. Consecrate thy earliest years to Him. Instead of saying who will show me any earthly good? or where shall I go to find amusement and pleasure? say, as he said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business." If any chide you, and ask why do you not take this and that path of pleasure, where youthful feet are wont to tread; why turn to religion so early, when so many pleasures and gaities invite? say to them, "I wish to be a Christian; I wish to be a follower of Christ, and so, like him, I must be about my Father's business." This is following Jesus in his childhood.

HYMNS.

WITH HUMBLE HEART AND TONGUE.

With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray,
Oh ! bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

Oh ! let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined ;
Come, Saviour, dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

IN DUTIES AND IN SUFFERINGS TOO.

In duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace ;
As thou hast done—so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 't was thy delight
To do thy Father's will ;
Oh may that zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine ;
Oh may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

MEDITATION.

Following Jesus in his Consecration.

“FOLLOW me,” Jesus seems to say, “young disciple, in a public consecration to the service of God.” At the proper time he came forth, and “fulfilled all righteousness,” in a solemn and formal consecration of himself to the holy work which was given him to do. Then did the Spirit anoint him, and then was the voice of approval heard from heaven.

So must it be with thee. Thou must come out before God, angels, and men, and make a consecration of all thy powers to God. Jesus has set thee an example, and thou canst not be a true and faithful servant and follower of his, without this act of public and open profession. Some think they can be very good Christians without it. They imagine that, as religion is a matter of private interest between them and

their God, all this outward profession and public consecration is unimportant, if not unnecessary. But is this honoring Christ; or is it following his example? Has he not said, "whosoever is ashamed of me"—and this refusal to make a public consecration is often a proof of such shame—"of him will I be ashamed when I come in my glory?" Why did he, who was holy, ask at the hands of the Baptist the consecrating act? Was it not for example's sake? Did he not intend, by so doing, to impress upon all his followers the importance of a similar consecration? Why then shouldst thou hesitate? Thou sayest perhaps that "the act is so solemn, and the obligations so great, that thou art fearful of taking this step; that thou art afraid of not fulfilling these weighty obligations." It is well that such fears are entertained. Thou canst not have too deep a sense of thy weakness; and if it depended on thy own strength to meet and discharge the duties implied in a Christian profession, it would be as unreasonable to expect it, as it would be vain to attempt it.

But, fearful soul, knowest thou not that the same grace that touched and drew thy heart to me is all-sufficient to enable thee to perform the vows which I require thee to make? O yes, "my strength is perfected in thy weakness." If I require this public consecration of thee, and if, following my example, thou goest forward to make it, will I not be with thee to help thee, and to strengthen thee in the path of duty? Canst thou not rely on me for this, as thou hast relied on me for what is greater, viz. a hope of forgiveness? But if thou refusest to make this consecration, and so wilt not in this respect follow me, how canst thou expect to find peace within; or how canst thou expect the light of my countenance?

This consecration is needful to place thee among my visible followers. Thenceforward thou wilt be known as my disciple. Thus shall I be honored, in having one more soul ranked among the saints on earth, to show forth my praises, and to strengthen the interests of my visible kingdom. It is also a needful preparatory step to commemorating my dying love.

Having made it in all sincerity, thou wilt then be admitted to a seat at my table, and feed on those provisions which I have provided for the comfort and encouragement of believers.

This act of consecration, in thy case, supposes a full surrender of all thy active powers to me and to my service ; thy soul and thy body, thy time, talents, and influence. As before thou soughtest thy own glory, now thou art to seek mine. As before thy happiness was found in the pleasures of sense and of the world chiefly, now it must be found principally in me, and in my service. As before the love of the creature swayed thy affections, now thy highest love must be given to *me*. The language of thy heart must be, “ Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.” “ Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire in comparison with thee.”

If this seems to thee too much ; if this full and entire dedication is what thou art not prepared to make ; if something is to be kept back for a sinful heart to feed upon—some secret reservation or cherished idol—then art thou not

prepared for my kingdom, nor art thou a true and sincere follower.

“Give me thy heart.” In that short sentence is the whole matter contained. If that heart cannot be given, the profession cannot be sincerely made. But if thou canst give the heart to God ; if his service is thy supreme delight, and his people are loved for his sake, and because they bear his image ; then come and make the consecration. Follow me in this as I command thee to follow me in other things. I will be with thee, and “my grace shall be sufficient for thee.” “I will keep thee in all my ways ; and under the shadow of my wings shall be thy trust.” Thou shalt be acknowledged as one of my followers here ; and when I come in the judgment, I will “welcome thee to the joy of thy Lord.”

HYMNS.

OH HAPPY DAY, THAT FIXED MY CHOICE.

Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

'T is done—the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

YE MEN AND ANGELS, WITNESS NOW.

Ye men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break.—

That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield :
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

MEDITATION.

Following Jesus in resisting Temptation.

I HEAR the voice of my Saviour again. He speaks to me of temptations. He warns me "to watch and pray." "Follow me," he seems to say, "in resisting temptation." Pure and holy though he was, he was not exempt from spiritual trials; nor was he shielded from the attacks of the great accuser and adversary.

By divine appointment was he led up into the wilderness, there to hear the suggestions of the evil one, and to smart under his oft-repeated attacks. Those were dark and fearful scenes. Worn and wasted by long fasting, and when the cravings of hunger were almost insupportable, then, taking advantage of the solitude, and of his weak and suffering state, Satan tried to lead him to gratify the flesh to the injury of the spirit. But with holy weapons, such as are

drawn from God's armory, he beat him off, and triumphed.

When, therefore, *thou* art tempted to indulge the flesh—to gratify its lusts, so as to injure thy spiritual interests, so as to war against the soul, as often thou *wilt* be—follow Jesus in repelling the temptation. Say to the tempter, Man is not to find his life in these sensual indulgences. He is to live upon the word of God. He is to prefer the nourishment of the soul by divine truth to the gratification of the flesh. “Keep under thy body.” Eat and drink to sustain it, not by indulgence to injure it. “Crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts.”

Jesus was tempted to avarice and ambition. The kingdoms of this world were spread out before him. The glory and riches contained in them were offered, on condition that he would renounce his allegiance to the Father. But with the weapons of holy warfare he drove the tempter away. His eye and heart were on a kingdom not of this world.

Art thou tempted by the glare of riches, the

grandeur which they confer, the pleasures which they procure? Alas, *what* mortal is not at times thus tempted? But remember “his conflict and his victory too.” Without dallying with the temptation, without, for an instant, allowing it a lodgment in the thoughts, he took the weapons of God’s word, and repelled it. So do thou. The temptation to worldly good—as the great good—to worldly display, to worldly honor, will come upon thee in a way to conceal the designs of the tempter, and to shut thy eyes, if possible, to the danger that impends. The pursuit of these things will be represented as lawful and innocent—which, indeed, under certain restrictions and with certain motives, they are—and thy eye will be attracted and thy feet allured in this path, so inviting to the carnal nature; and, ere thou art aware, thou wilt find thyself in the hot pursuit of the world, and then thy spiritual joys will be gone. Be on thy guard. “Watch and pray, lest thou enter into this temptation.” Remember “thou art not of this world, even as Christ was not of this world.” Remember that thou art required to

“overcome the world.” “The peace which Jesus gives is not that which the world giveth.” Follow him in resisting the seductive and ensnaring influences of this vain, transitory world.

Satan is “the God of this world.” He says, either by his direct suggestions, or by the persuasions of those who themselves are idolators of earth, Come, take thy share of these earthly glories. “All these will I give thee,” if thou wilt renounce thy self-denying life and thy self-denying master, and be my slave, to do my bidding. When thus assailed, do not stop to reason with the adversary; do not allow the seductive picture to get hold of thy imagination, and, through *that*, corrupt the heart and bend the will. Let there be in thy case no parley, as there was none in Christ’s. Follow him in the promptitude with which he repelled the adversary. Take the sword of the spirit and the shield of faith. Lift up thine eyes to a kingdom infinitely more glorious than all the kingdoms of earth, and say, “*There* is my inheritance.” The Saviour knows thy weakness, and he is well aware of the power of the great adversary.

His sympathies are with thee ; his strength—the same with which he overcame when on earth—is pledged to help thee. Only resist. Resist in his name, in his strength, and thou shalt surely “come off conqueror.” “Blessed is that soul that endureth” (or triumphs) in temptation.

There is still another class of temptations, under which I commend his example. In affliction and sorrow, in desertion by friends, in darkness of soul, when the hidings of God’s face are upon thee, in worldly straits, in bodily weakness and pain,—O then will come the suggestion that “God hath *forsaken* thee.” But all these temptations and trials were his. He knew the hour of sadness and despondency. But he took the cup and drank it. He clave to God’s word as his support. He resisted even unto blood. Follow him, sufferer, in all thy straits. Keep thine eye upon him. “Thou hast not yet resisted unto blood.” He will be with thee in the darkest hour of thy pilgrimage. “Hope in God” when every other hope is swept away, and thou shalt surely have “the help of his countenance.”

HYMNS.

SO LET OUR LIPS AND LIVES EXPRESS.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus, shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope—
The bright appearance of the Lord—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

JESUS, SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly ;
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing

Other refuge have I none—
 Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;
 Leave, oh ! leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me.
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last !

 MY DEAR REDEEMER, AND MY LORD.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word ;
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth—and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love—and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH, TO RISE.

Give me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above—how great their joys !
 How bright their glories be !
 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
 I ask them whence their victory came ;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.
 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
 (His zeal inspired their breast ;)
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.
 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

MEDITATION.

Following Jesus in his Works of Charity.

“ I,” said Jesus, “ must work the works of him that sent me while it is day.” “ I must be about my Father’s business.” In this spirit, and with this view, what a world of blessings did Jesus pour upon mankind !

His work was twofold: *mainly* to provide redemption, *subordinately* to scatter blessings along his path, until he closed his career in the sublime act of consecration on the cross. “ This subordinate work, of going about doing good,” was intended to set us an example of like beneficence among our ignorant and needy fellow-creatures. His heart was touched at the sight of human woe. His pity led him to the resorts of the wretched and the miserable, and he was ever ready to listen to their complaints, and to relieve their sufferings. You find him among

publicans and sinners. You see him at the pool of Bethesda. You follow him to the sick chamber, or pause with him at the gate of Nain, touched with compassion at the sight of the widow's tears. You see him refusing food even when hungry and exhausted, that he may teach a poor Samaritan the way of life and salvation. You behold him working a miracle to supply the thousands who otherwise must have fainted by the roadside. Unmindful of his own comforts, having not where to lay his head, he is ever at work to provide for the comfort and happiness of others. Blessed Saviour! Thy example is touchingly impressive! Dost thou require us to tread in thy footsteps? Yes; methinks I hear thee say, "Go thou and do likewise."

Jesus came not to seek his own glory. It was not with him a matter of importance as to whether his own wants were attended to. His great errand here was to give light to them that sat in darkness, to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the sick, to comfort those that mourn. Especially was it his work to provide salvation

for the lost, and lead the souls of men "out of darkness into God's marvelous light."

And, now that redemption is completed, and he is no more visibly on earth, he expects thee to follow his example, to perpetuate his spirit of love and beneficence. "The poor ye have always with you." Go among them, as he was wont to do. Go, and ascertain their wants and their sufferings, and then, as Providence gives thee the means, help them and comfort them. Especially seek out the desponding, the ignorant, and the outcast. Do all in thy power to soothe their sorrows, to enlighten their ignorance, and to save their souls. Do not sit down under thy own vine and fig tree, rejoicing in thy privileges, enjoying thy earthly comforts, when thou knowest that thousands and millions are calling upon thee, in his name, to bring them help.

Hear their cry. Hear it when it comes wafted on the breezes from far-distant lands, where no gospel light has yet shined. Said not Jesus to thee, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?" Was

not this his last command, and, from the nature and extent of it, art thou not required to send, or to carry, this heavenly light wherever there is a fallen human creature?

Canst thou be a follower of Jesus, and seat thyself in thy own selfish enclosure, regardless of the miseries, and wants, and woes of thy fellow-creatures at home and abroad? Has he not taught thee by his own example to go about and do good? Follow him then to the sick and suffering, to the poor and needy, to the ignorant and benighted. Let not indolence, or disgust, or avarice, or self-indulgence prevent thee from treading the same path of beneficence which Jesus when on earth was accustomed to tread.

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HYMNS.

WHEN JESUS DWELT IN MORTAL CLAY.

When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were his works from day to day
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation through our race ?

Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
 Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives,
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank ;
 Creation's blot, creation's blank.

But he, who marks from day to day,
 In generous acts his radiant way,
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
 The path to glory and to God.

FATHER OF MERCIES, SEND THY GRACE.

Father of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful from above
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

O may our sympathizing breast
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid ;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies ;
And midst the embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

ONE THERE IS, ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

O, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

MEDITATION.

Following Jesus in his Meekness and Patience.

LISTEN to the voice of Jesus again: "In the world ye shall have tribulation." If ye follow him, ye shall experience sufferings somewhat akin to his. He took ground against the evil practices of men. Their vices he reproved, their errors he exposed. He taught them the way of holiness, and drew a straight and narrow path for them to walk in. For all this, and for his example of holiness, he met with their opposition and their rebukes. But, "when he was reviled, he reviled not again;" "when he suffered, he threatened not." In meekness, he received their scorn and their abuse. Instead of rousing indignation, they excited his pity. When his disciples would have called down fire from heaven to consume those who treated him with indignity, he chided their

intemperate zeal, saying, "The Son of man is come to save men's lives, and not to destroy them."

Wouldst thou follow him, thou must discharge thy duty to those who are out of the way, who are the victims of vice and error, the self-deceived, those who have no religion, and those who have embraced a false religion. Thou must endeavor to reclaim the backslider, and, both by precept and example, strive to lead men from sin to holiness, and from Satan to God. In so doing—even where it is done in love—thou wilt find that thy efforts are sometimes received with anger or with scorn; and that, in some way, thy spirit will be sore tried, and thy meekness severely tested. But ever keep thine eye on his example. Preserve a temper calm and pitiful. Let the Christian spirit be in exercise. Show the meekness and gentleness of thy Master. This will convince gainsayers more than the mightiest arguments.

Look to his example also in the *hour of trial*. "In patience possess thy soul." He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

“ Was there ever sorrow like unto his ? ” His path was wet with tears and blood. Poverty, reproach, temptation, insult, violence, desertion of God and man—all these sufferings he voluntarily met in the progress of events, as he travelled from Nazareth to Golgotha. Dost thou complain of straitened earthly accommodations ? Remember thy Lord and Master “ had not where to lay his head. ” Dost thou feel the shafts of human malice ? Think of him ever and always beset by them. Art thou ready to give up in despair because the tempter has brought thy hope into question, or filled thy mind with dark and polluted thoughts, or driven thee to the very verge of atheism ? In all respects was he tempted as thou art ; and yet he clung to the promises of God, and patiently endured, without yielding for one moment to the evil assailant. Ah ; but I *have* yielded, Master, I hear thee say. Still, though “ cast down, thou art not destroyed. ” God’s power is sufficient to raise thee up. He will make a way of escape.

Often wilt thou be brought into circumstances

of actual bodily suffering. The pains of the body will beget depression of the mind. Things will look dark around thee. Thy earthly plans will miscarry—thy hopes be blasted. Favorite schemes will be frustrated.

From those, too, in whom thou hadst trusted, whose friendship seemed strong, and whose professions seemed sincere, thou wilt at times receive melancholy proof of the fickleness of human hearts. These things thou wilt experience as part of that discipline so needful to draw forth meekness, trust, and patience.

In this path, Christ has been before thee. Multitudes "went back, and walked no more with him." Some of his own disciples left him to buffet the storm alone. Indeed, at a time when their sympathies should have clustered around him, they withdrew. "He who ate with him lifted up his heel against him." A favorite disciple even denied him in presence of his enemies. Yet was he not alone; nor did he complain. Patiently he endured it all. Yea, he took the bitter cup out of the hand of his Father, and said, as he drank it, "Thy will be

done." Wilt thou be his follower, thou must, in like manner, meet patiently the ills of life, the strife of tongues, the desertion of professed friends, the disappointed hopes and expectations, the sufferings of body, and of mind, and of spirit which it may please thy Heavenly Father to bring upon thee. Take thy cup, however bitter, and drink it without a murmur; for all these bitter things only make earth less attractive, and heaven more sweet and desirable.

HYMNS.

MAKE US, BY THY TRANSFORMING GRACE.

Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be.

Oh, how benevolent, and kind !
How mild !—how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

But ah ! how blind ! how weak we are !
How frail !—how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

WAIT, O MY SOUL, THY MAKER'S WILL.

Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
 Tumultuous passions, all be still ;
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
 His ways are just, his counsels wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
 But though his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees ;
 And by his saints it stands confessed,
 That what he does is ever best.

Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat ;
 And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

 BEHOLD, WHERE, IN A MORTAL FORM.

Behold, where, in a mortal form,
 Appears each grace divine ;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.

Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
He, meek and patient, stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,
Who labored for their good.

When in the hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
" Thy will, not mine, be done ."

Be Christ our pattern, and our guide,
His image may we bear ;
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

· MEDITATION.

Follow Jesus in the spirit of devotion.

HE who, as *God*, has all things in his possession, and under his control, as *man*, voluntarily subjected himself to that weakness and dependence which characterize our human relations. He could work a miracle for the deliverance of others; but, in his own straits, he sought help from above. Why was this, but to show us an example of the devotional spirit? He withdrew from the multitude, into a solitary place for prayer. He went into a mountain to pray. Whole nights did he spend in prayer. As the hymn beautifully expresses it

“Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer.”

Follow Jesus, then, into solitude, and kneel with him in prayer. Do not be found always, nor often, in a crowd. Leave the noisy and gay

world, and enter into thy closet, as he was wont to do. Here “pray to thy Father in secret.” If he, who was holy, had need of strength divine ; and, under this consciousness, passed much of his time in prayer ; if, when he was afflicted and oppressed with mental sorrow, he prostrated himself in supplication until he could take the cup and drink it; surely thou hast still greater need of prayer, who art not only dependent as a creature, but polluted as a sinner. Be instant then in prayer. He would have thee pray also, as he was wont to do, for the lost and the guilty ; and especially for the children of God, that God may be glorified in the conversion of sinners and in the sanctification of believers. In all these respects, he seems to say, “ Follow thou me.”

HYMNS.

PRAYER IS THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

JESUS, WHO KNOWS FULL WELL.

Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain ;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

Though unbelief suggest,
“ Why should we longer wait ? ”
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer ;
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

MEDITATION.

Follow Jesus, in the great governing motive.

“I CAME not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.” To glorify the Father was his great end and aim. In all his labors, and in the entire consecration which he made to redeem the lost children of men, the divine glory was uppermost. Let it be the same with thee. Thou canst not possess his spirit, nor be his true follower, if thou art swayed habitually by any inferior motive.

If thou art seeking after pleasure, or gain, or honor, and art giving to any of these things a preference over the higher interests of God's kingdom, thou lackest the one thing that is needful. Whilst he does not expect thee to do in *all respects* as he did in regard to worldly good, and earthly relations ; he does call upon thee, as his professed follower, to show a readiness to give up the pleasures or pursuits of

earth, when they conflict with the greater interests of the soul, or render thee selfish or self-indulgent.

He expects thee to prefer spiritual to sensual enjoyment—to prefer self-denial to self-indulgence—to feel that “it is more blessed to give than to receive”—to inquire rather what will glorify God, than what will subserve thy own selfish projects. He asks thee not to follow him so literally as to make thyself houseless—having not where to lay thy head—nor to spend thy whole time in works of charity and mercy, nor to suffer all that he suffered; God may not call thee thus to do. But the same spirit should be in thee; a readiness to do, and to suffer, if God’s glory requires it, or God’s providence seems to indicate it.

Look well to thy controlling motive. Often inquire, why am I about to undertake this work or duty? What is my motive in this and that project, which I propose to carry forward? Has God required it at my hands? Will it compromit my spiritual interests? Will it conflict with that great leading principle, “Seek

first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,"
 "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do,
 do all to the glory of God?" This will be
 "following Jesus in the regeneration."

PRAYER FOR CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

OH, Lord Jesus, I hear thy voice in all these duties saying, "Follow me." I would fain obey. My heart longs to tread the same path, even though it be wet with tears; to have the same high and holy motive; to consecrate myself to the one great purpose of glorifying God, and doing good to men.

Oh, Jesus, my life should be as thine; so far as thine was imitable. The same purity, and resistance of temptation—the same zeal and untiring labors, the same meekness, humility, and patience. Oh for such a spirit, and such a life! Let me be moulded into thy sweet image. Put into my soul the same holy fervor. Help me to follow thee in thy labors of love, going about as thou didst, to do good. Thus may I feel and act, growing more and more into conformity to thee, until I shall be made perfect in thy likeness. Amen.

HYMN.

AND WHAT AM I? MY SOUL AWAKE.

And what am I? My soul awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice—or in heart appear?

What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say—do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;—
Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Darkness, and doubt, and terror spread.

May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live;
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SACRAMENTAL SEASON.

EVERY Christian values, as above all price, the season of communion with Christ at his table. The farther on he travels, and the nearer he gets to the land of peace and rest, the more precious are these seasons, and their effect is more and more sanctifying. They are his "oases" on the desert paths. How thankful should we be, that our Lord Jesus has appointed an ordinance so calculated to strengthen and to comfort us! And how deeply solicitous should we be, that we may rightly understand its value, and be suitably prepared in spirit for its enjoyment!

Let us then briefly state, for your edification, what we deem necessary in order to such an intelligent view of this ordinance; and also what is requisite in order to a profitable attendance upon it.

I. *What is our Authority for observing this feast?*

We answer, it was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church. When the paschal supper was ended, by a natural and easy transition, Christ introduced and enjoined the *Christian* feast, in which we are to commemorate, not deliverance from Egyptian bondage, but redemption from sin by the blood of the Lamb.

The language of St. Luke is as follows : “ And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them saying, This is my body which is broken for you : *this do in remembrance of me.* Likewise also the cup after supper, saying “ This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.” Such is our authority for the institution, and such the very words in which the duty of observing it was enjoined. That this duty was of perpetual obligation on the church, in all succeeding ages, may be seen, from what the apostle Paul has said in the 11th chapter of 1st Corinthians ; “ For I have received of the Lord, that which also I delivered unto you ; that the Lord Jesus, the

same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat ; this is my body which is broken for you ; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying ; This cup is the new testament in my blood ; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. *For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show forth the Lord's death until he come."*

II. *What is the design and nature of this ordinance ?*

We have already said, it was designed to commemorate a great event—even deliverance from sin, by the sacrifice of the Lamb of God. "This do in remembrance of *me*," has reference to Christ more especially as suffering and dying for our sins, *i. e.* it has reference to his *atonement sacrifice*. It is not simply, a *memorial*, but, as the elements used, together with the significant act of *breaking* the bread, and *pouring out* the wine, indicate ; it is a memorial of that body broken for sin, and that blood shed for its remission. The atonement by suffering is here set

forth ; and hence, they who simply observe it as a memorial, rejecting the idea of atonement, do not comply with the great original design of our suffering Lord. It was intended to make prominent, and keep ever before the mind, that we are indebted, for salvation from sin, solely to him who voluntarily gave his body and his blood as a sacrificial offering for that end.

Such is the design of this sacrament.

III. *Who may properly and lawfully partake of it ?*

In the first supper, there were none present but professed disciples ; nor, so far as primitive usage has been historically given to us, would it seem that any but the professed followers of Christ were allowed to partake. From the very nature of the ordinance, it is a feast for *Christians*. They who love Christ, they who *believe* on him, whose faith rests on his blood, as their atoning sacrifice ; a faith that works by love, and draws the soul into union with Christ, **THEY** may partake of it. It is designed, not to implant faith, where it does not exist, but to strengthen it where it *does* exist. It is also a

social ordinance, uniting in a common sympathy those who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Hence the same broken bread—the same cup—the same injunction, “Do this in remembrance of *me*.” “But suppose I am deceived; thinking or hoping that I am a Christian, and yet, not really *being* such, would it not be presumptuous, and a dreadful sin to put myself among the guests?” I have said, that it was for “*professed disciples*.” It is not for hypocrites, those who in their conscience *know* they are not qualified; but to say that we must, on the contrary, have *assurance*—be without the least doubt as to our regeneration, this is erring on the opposite extreme. How few, on such conditions, would commemorate the dying love of our Lord!

IV. *Characteristics or traits, by which to test our claim to the use and enjoyment of this sacrament.*

I will now lay down some scriptural traits of the Christian character; such as, in the judgment of good and wise men, have been supposed necessary to qualify one for the proper observ-

ance of this ordinance. These traits are no other than those which enter into and distinguish the character of the Christian from those whose hearts have never been renewed.

1. *Have you repented of sin?* Repentance is a primary duty. It is the first conscious change when the soul is savingly affected. It turns from sin to holiness, from the world to God. It is a change of mind and of sympathies. From loving and choosing the ways of sin and disobedience, it hates those ways, and decidedly, and from the heart, turns to God and to the ways of righteousness. It is accompanied with self-condemnation and even self-loathing, on account of the selfishness, and sin, and depravity, which the soul has exhibited. It is sorrow, sincere and heart-felt, for sin, mingled not seldom with tears. Where such repentance exits, there will be a firm purpose against all sinful indulgence, and an equally firm purpose to pursue holiness.

2. *Have you exercised faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?* "He that believeth shall be saved." "Without faith, it is impossible to please God."

“Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Now have you this faith? It supposes, *first*, that you have ceased to trust in your own works, whether they be virtues among men, or devotions towards God. Have you had such a sight of your sinful heart, vitiating even your best acts, as to make you sensible that no righteousness of your own can justify you before a holy God—and, regarding it all as but filthy rags, have you believed in Christ’s righteousness? Has your faith rested on his atoning blood? And have you felt that what he has done to reconcile God is an all-sufficient foundation on which to rest your hope of salvation?

3. *Has this faith wrought in your heart love to the object of it?* Is Jesus precious to your soul? I do not ask, if he is loved as he ought to be loved, but is he truly loved? Does his character seem lovely in your eyes, and his work of redemption bind your heart to him, by obligations of eternal gratitude? Has it also purified the heart? Uniting you to Christ, has it made you strive after conformity to him? Has

it made the pleasures of the world look vain and empty, whilst it has brought to view the more enduring glories of heaven? Do you find it an influential principle, setting you upon plans of usefulness, and leading you, more and more, to fulfil the commands of your Saviour?

4. *Do you desire to be holy, and do you strive to be holy?* “Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” “Be ye holy, for I am holy.” “Be ye followers of God as dear children.” It is not said without *perfect* holiness, but “without *holiness*, no man shall see the Lord.” As I understand, by nature, we are without holiness. Amiability is not holiness; the ordinary virtues of humanity are not. Holiness is something above nature; something that brings the soul into sympathy with God and angels. It makes us hate all sin. It makes us desire to be like God; and it actually, in some humble measure, makes us like him; that is, it makes us love and hate the things, which he loves and hates. Have you, even in a small degree, this holiness?

5. *Do you love all mankind?* Love is the highest of the Christian graces. “God is love, and

he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." Have you this grace? Do you love even your enemies—and can you, from the heart, pity and forgive them? Do you love the souls of men, and are you, as opportunity offers, doing what you can to bring them to the knowledge of Christ? Do you especially *love the brethren*? Are those dear to you who are dear to the Saviour? Where his image shines, even on the poorest and most obscure of the disciples, do you feel your heart warm towards it? Can you say "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God?"

6. Amid all your conscious defects, still do you desire to make a full and entire consecration of yourself and your all to Christ; keeping nothing back, and wishing to spare no sin or sinful indulgence? Can you sing, in the language of the hymn, "Here, Lord, I give myself away?" And is this consecration for time and for eternity? If to these queries you can humbly respond in the affirmative—if these traits are, in some degree, though far less than you desire, yours—then may you come even to

God's altar, and lay your hand on the head of the great sacrifice, and feel that Jesus is yours, and that you are his. The table is spread for you. You have a place here, and you may at once come and fill it. The wedding garment is on you, and you need not fear that Jesus will say, "How camest thou in hither." On the contrary, he will take you into his banqueting house, and his banner over you will be love. Lay aside all fear. Cast away every thought but the thought of Jesus' love, and come with cheerful feet to fulfil his dying command.

" Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you ;
'T is the Spirit's rising beam."

CHAPTER V.

MEDITATIONS ON CHRIST'S PASSION, PREPARATORY TO THE COMMUNION.

Jesus at the Supper.

THE dark shadows gathered over my Saviour, as he entered that upper chamber, and seated himself amidst his loved ones. I seem to see him taking a solemn survey of the twelve, who were so soon to be separated from him, and glancing mournfully towards one, in whose dark heart the purpose of betrayal had already begun to stir. Yes, there was one there, even among the original family of Christ, who was to "lift up his heel against him." As the announcement came forth, the question "Lord, is it I?" passed from one to the other, until it reached the traitor. Soon he disappeared from the scene, and Jesus knew with what intent. The darkness deepens. Every eye is turned towards

their Lord. Calmly he breaks the bread, and gives it to these dear disciples, saying, "This is my body broken for *you*." O, what words for him to utter, for *them* to hear! Did they understand them? Perhaps not fully. But when they saw his bleeding, mangled body, and bore it from the cross to the tomb, then they knew the import of the words, "This is my body broken for *you*;" "This cup is the New Testament in my blood;" "This do in remembrance of me." Never could that scene have been obliterated from their minds. That loving, pensive look! Those words so sweet, and kind, and considerate! O, who can think of that scene, even now, and not feel that, whilst there was never sorrow like his, so there was never such love! Can I ever cease to obey that last dying command? It was, thanks to my Lord, given for *me*, as well as for the first disciples. O, may I ever say,

"Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
 We show thy death, we sing thy name;
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb."

Jesus in the Garden.

Let me take my place with the three disciples, and listen to the prayers and groans of my suffering Lord. The night is dark, and the dews are heavy on the overshadowing olive trees ; but darker still is the soul of the sufferer, and the dews of death are appearing in big drops on his body. I listen, and the agonizing prayer is heard, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Dreadful must have been the ingredients of that cup, to have extorted from the Redeemer such a prayer! Was it mere bodily suffering? Was it the prospective agonies of the crucifixion? Not these alone; nor principally. The ingredients of that cup included a view of our sins, in all their magnitude, their enormity, and their guilt, to be borne in his own body on the tree. It was the incipient pressure of that load which was to crush down his pure and innocent spirit—the imputed guilt of his redeemed. It was this view that started those crimson drops from his body, and extorted that sorrowful prayer. But Jesus, though so amazed and overwhelmed, did not draw back

from the cup, but said, "Thy will be done." O the dying love of Jesus! What heart can watch at Gethsemane's gate, and not be touched with sympathy and gratitude? All this was endured for me. My sins were a part, and not a small part, of that weight of sorrow which so crushed the suffering Jesus to the earth.

"There my God bore all my guilt;
 This, through grace, can be believed!
 But the torments which he felt,
 Are too vast to be conceived.
 None can penetrate through thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

"All my sins against my God—
 All my sins against his laws—
 All my sins against his blood—
 All my sins against his cause,—
 Sins as boundless as the sea!
 Hide me, O Gethsemane!"

Jesus in the Judgment Hall.

From the garden of agony I follow thee, blessed Jesus, to the hall of judgment. Thy disciples have all fled. Panic-struck, they have left thee alone. But thou art not alone. The

Father is still with thee. But, O, to see thee thus in the hands of cruel men—to see thee betrayed with a kiss, bound with cords, insulted on thy way to the place of trial, denied by one of thy professed friends, placed at the bar of an unjust and malignant priesthood, condemned by the testimony of perjured witnesses, mocked by the soldiery, spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns, and, whilst bleeding and bending under this storm of human malice, treated with ridicule and scorn for thy high and just pretensions as King of Zion;—to see thee thus is enough to draw tears from the heart of stone. O, my Redeemer, didst thou endure all this to procure a pardon for my lost and guilty soul? Was it all voluntarily endured to open for me the gate of heaven; to make my salvation possible; nay, to lay a foundation for an eternal life of blessedness with thee in thy kingdom? Then let me devote all my powers, my faculties, and my affections to thee!

“ The morning dawns upon the place,
 Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
 Through yielding glooms, behold his face!
 Nor form nor comeliness is there.

- “ Brought forth to judgment, now he stands,
 Arraigned, condemned, at Pilate's bar ;
 Here, spurned by fierce Prætorian bands,
 'There, mocked by Herod's men of war.
- “ He bears their buffeting and scorn,
 Mock homage of the lip and knee,
 The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
 The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree !
- “ No guile within his mouth is found ;
 He neither threatens nor complains ;
 Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound—
 Dumb mid his murderers he remains.”

Jesus on the Cross.

Thy sufferings, blessed Saviour, are not complete, have not reached their climax, until the clamor, “Crucify him, crucify him,” prevails, and thou art led away to be crucified. I see thee tracing thy path with blood ; fainting under the weight of the cross ; dragged forward, amid the insults of an infuriate rabble, to the spot where the preparations are made for thy death. Meek Lamb of God, could angels weep, their tears would have fallen in a shower of sympathy on that dreadful scene. But when thou art

laid upon the cross, and the nails are driven through thy hands and feet, tearing and mangling that sacred flesh ; and O when, by dint of strength, the cruel executioners raise that cross, bearing on it the pale, writhing form, and drop it, with a jerk, into the opening prepared for it ; when I see thee thus lifted up, amid the exultations of thy enemies, who treated even thy dying throes with ridicule and scorn, my heart is penetrated with unutterable anguish. I cannot look upon the scene. I feel as if, in the language of Watts,

“ I must hide my blushing face,
Whilst thy dear cross appears.”

But thy sufferings from the cruelty of men were not the bitterest of thy pangs. The atonement required even the dereliction, for a time, of that paternal smile which has cheered thee amidst all thy previous sufferings. When that faded from thy suffering soul, and a horror of great darkness came upon thee, then it was that the cry broke forth, “ My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? ” In that awful moment

death came, when thy sufferings ended, and thy triumph began. When I inquire, why all this sacrifice? why this cruel death? The answer is, Not for his own crimes; not for any sin of his. He was "the Lamb of God, without spot, holy, harmless, and undefiled." He bore these sufferings, and met this cruel death, for thee and for others like thee. "He bore thy sins in his own body on the tree." He made his soul an offering for sin. He was "wounded for thy transgressions, and bruised for thy iniquities." His sufferings and death were appointed of God, and endured by him as "an atonement for sin." Yes, O my Saviour, I see the intent. Then let my sins be washed away in that blood. There, too, let me feel the dreadful evil of sin, and learn, by the sufferings endured to expiate it, how odious it is in thy sight.

PRAYER BEFORE COMMUNION.

O LORD JESUS, thou hast said to all thy disciples, "Do this in remembrance of me." Thou didst break the bread, and say, "Take, eat, this is my body." And also thou didst present the cup, saying, "Drink ye all of it." I feel the weight and solemnity of this, thy dying command. I acknowledge that it is both my privilege and my duty to obey it. But, O Lord, I need preparation of soul; I need humility, penitence, faith, love. I need to have these graces, to wear them as "the wedding garment." Who can confer them but thyself? By whom but by the blessed Spirit can they be brought into my soul? Come, then, O Saviour, by thy Holy Spirit, and give me the preparation of heart which I need for this interesting and solemn occasion.

I desire, O Lord, to open my whole heart to thine inspection. Knowing its deceitfulness, its desperate wickedness, I fear lest some secret sin

may be there ; some impediment which shall disqualify me for communion with thee at thy table. I have many wanderings and backslidings to confess and bewail before thee. I have not walked before thee as my own conscience and thy word require. But my prayer is, " Search me, O God, and know my heart ; try me, and know my thoughts ; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

I pray that I may have right and scriptural views of thy holy communion ; that I may discern the Lord's body ; that I may, with penitence for sin, and faith in thy great sacrifice as the only atonement for sin, so receive this bread and wine, as to honor thee in the ordinance, and gain spiritual strength to my own soul.

May I also enjoy the fellowship of the saints, and have that love to the brethren which is one proof that I am born of God. O, lead and guide my thoughts, so that, whilst at this feast, " the words " of my lips and the meditations of my heart may be acceptable in thy sight ; and thine shall be the glory forever. Amen.

PRAYER AFTER COMMUNION.

How sweetly solemn has been the service which I have enjoyed in thy house, O Lord, and at thy table! "It has been good for me to be there." Truly it has been "as the house of God and the gate of heaven." Whatsoever thou hast seen amiss in my feelings, or whatever wandering thoughts thou hast seen, O Lord, forgive. Even this solemn service is not without some sad remembrances of want of feeling or want of faith. Still would I bless thy name for a privilege so precious, an ordinance so strengthening.

And now, having renewed my vows to be thine, wholly thine, and having sealed those vows by the memorials of thy death; grant, O Lord, that I may "henceforth live, not unto myself, but unto him who died for me, and rose again."

May I carry with me into the world the savor

of this affecting scene. May I never forget that I have professed to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. O let thy love be in my heart so strong that there shall be no place for any rival affection. Take and keep the dominion in my heart.

Exposed, as I shall be, to the temptations of Satan and of the world, do thou, O Lord, be "at my right hand, that I may not be moved" from the path of purity and duty. Give me the shield of faith. Arm me with heavenly weapons, and strengthen me to wield them against sin and Satan ; and when at last I shall be called to quit this earthly warfare, grant, O Saviour, that I may be admitted to eat and drink of the bread and water of life with thee in thy kingdom. Amen.

HYMNS FOR THE COMMUNION.

JESUS INVITES HIS SAINTS.

Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favor—matchless grace
Of our descending God !

Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise ;
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HOW SWEET AND AWFUL IS THE PLACE.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !

While all our hearts, and all our songs
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
 " Lord, why was I a guest ?

" Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there 's room ?
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come ! "

'T was the same love that spread the feast
 That gently drew us in ;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.



GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye who feel the Tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn from him to watch and pray.

See him at the judgment-hall,
 Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned ;
 See him meekly bearing all !

Love to man his soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
 Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain view ;
 There the Lord of glory see,
 Made a sacrifice for you,
 Dying on the accursed tree :
 " It is finished," hear him cry,
 Trust in Christ, and learn to die.
 Early to the tomb repair,
 Where they laid his breathless clay :
 Angels kept their vigils there :
 Who hath taken him away ?
 " Christ is risen ! " he seeks the skies,
 Saviour ! teach us so to rise.

'T IS MIDNIGHT, AND ON OLIVE'S BROW.

'T is midnight—and on Olive's brow,
 The star is dimmed that lately shone ;
 'T is midnight—in the garden now,
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.
 'T is midnight—and from all removed,
 Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
 E'en the disciple that he loved
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
 'T is midnight—and for others' guilt
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.
 'T is midnight—and from ether plains,
 Is borne the song that angels know ;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains,
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HASTE, MY DULL SOUL, ARISE

“Haste, my dull soul, arise,
Cast off thy care ;
Press to thy native skies,
Mighty in prayer.
Christ, he has gone before ;
Count all thy troubles o'er,
He who thy burdens bore ;
Jesus is there.”

"Soul, for the marriage feast,
 Robe and prepare ;
 Holiness becomes each guest ;
 Jesus is there.
 Saints, wave your victory palms,
 Shout your celestial psalms ;
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,
 Oh let me wear."

OH HAPPY DAY, THAT FIXED MY CHOICE.

Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour, and my God ;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love !
 Let cheerful anthems fill this house,
 While to his altar now I move.
 'Tis done—the great transaction 's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Rejoiced to own the call divine.
 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest—
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

PRACTICAL RESOLUTIONS, GROWING OUT OF
COVENANT VOWS AND OBLIGATIONS.

I. I will attend regularly on the ordinances of the gospel, unless prevented by some act of providence, such as sickness or bereavement.

II. I will identify my feelings and interests with the church where I have made my profession and recorded my vows ; and I will strive, by every means in my power, and especially by a punctual and constant attendance on its various services, to strengthen the minister's hands, and encourage the people of God. If any novelties attract me away from my own church, or if the principle of mere curiosity urge me, I will treat it as a temptation, and resist it accordingly.

III. I will also, unless prevented by necessity, attend the social religious meetings, showing an interest in the *devotional* exercises, even when the minister is not expected to be present. This I will do conscientiously, and as a matter

of duty, having solemnly vowed to sustain the cause of religion, in this particular church, by “*my presence, my sympathies, and my prayers.*”

IV. I will guard against an influence, now powerfully exerted in a constant appeal to the excitable passions, by the endless variety of amusements at present in vogue, such as concerts, lectures, dramatic readings, semi-dramatic exhibitions, etc., believing that, whilst some of these may be useful and innocent, as an *occasional* recreation, still the tendency is to occupy too much time unprofitably, and beget indifference to holy and divine things.

V. I will endeavor to “seek first the kingdom of God,” taking this text as my motto, and applying it in all practical life, believing that, if I do so, God will add all necessary things unto me.

VI. I will avoid speaking reproachfully of others—harshly judging or severely criticizing them ; but will endeavor to restrain my tongue when the temptation to speak evil of another is upon me.

