

Prayers and  
Thoughts for  
the Use of the  
Sick

Selected by  
Lucy Forney Bittinger





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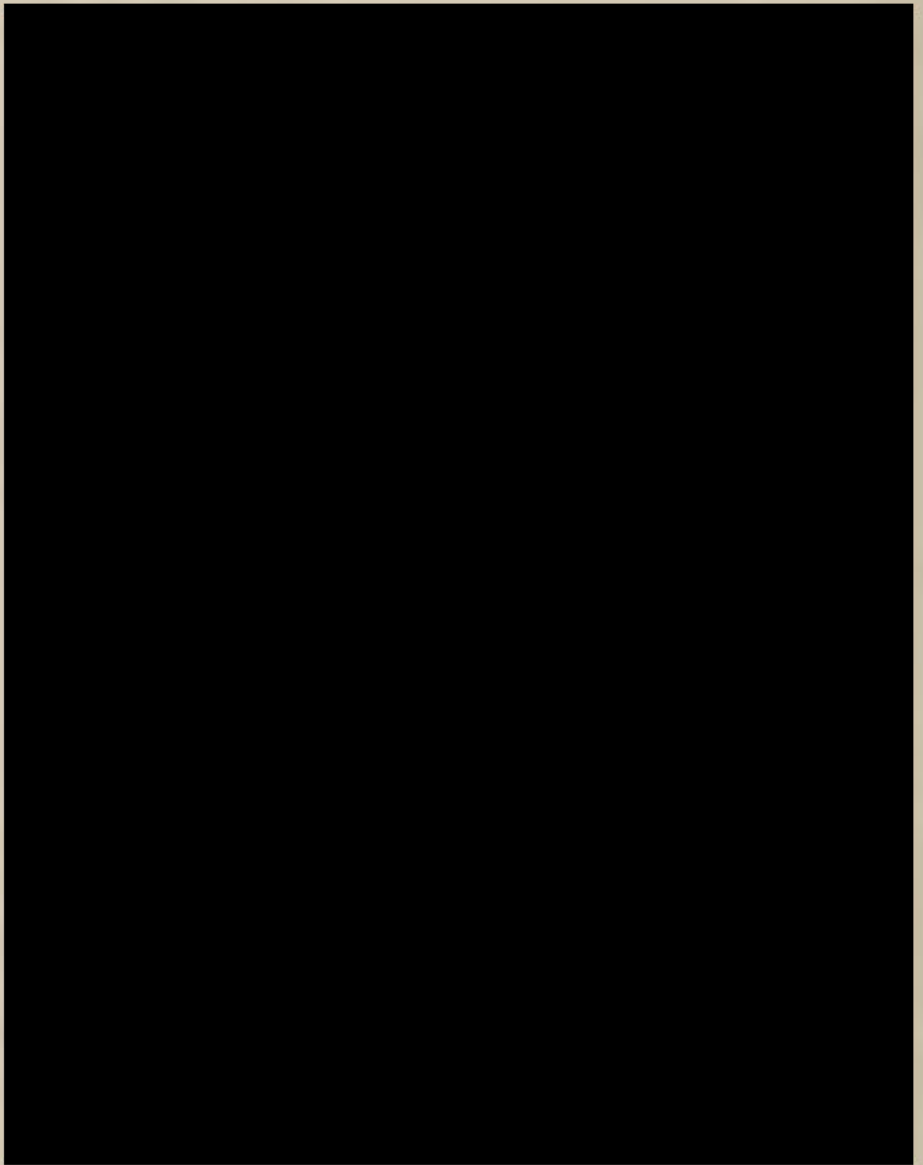
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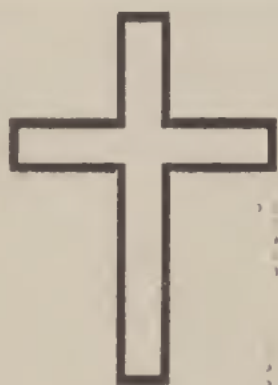




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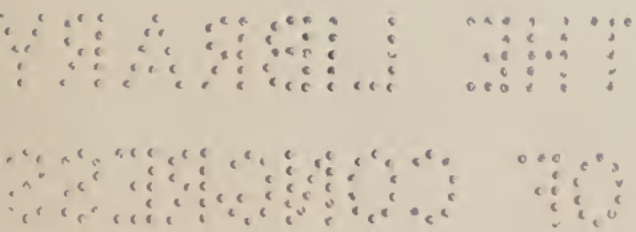


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TO THE DEAR AND  
BLESSED MEMORY OF

MY FATHER

“ ‘ *He rests from his labors and  
his works do follow him.*’ God  
grant us the same honor and the  
*same repose.*”

## PREFACE



Most persons know, through experience and observation, how difficult it is for persons weakened in body and mind by illness to find Bible passages suited to their state or to recall suitable passages, hymns, or prayers when such words would be a support and comfort. This is an attempt to collect these thoughts into a convenient and accessible form, and it is offered in hope that it may be of service to Christians called to bear the cross of sickness.

I

Prayers and Thoughts  
for the Use of the  
Sick

PRAYERS AND THOUGHTS  
FOR  
THE USE OF THE SICK



PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him. The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him. He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope. He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him: he is filled full with reproach. For the Lord will not cast off for ever: But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. (Lamentations, 3.)



In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me. Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort: thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress. For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth. O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help. But I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more. My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; for I know not the numbers thereof. I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only. O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come. Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things: O God, who is like unto thee! Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt

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quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side. I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even thy truth, O my God : unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel. My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee ; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed. (Psalm 71.)

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal. (2 Corinthians, 4.)

The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love : therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee. (Jeremiah, 31.)

Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver ; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. (Isaiah, 48.)

When he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him. And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed. And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them. And when Jesus was entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him, and saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented. And Jesus saith unto him, I will come and heal him. The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard it, he marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. And

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I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven : but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way ; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour. And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And he touched her hand, and the fever left her : and she arose, and ministered unto them. (Matthew, 8.)

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord ; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net. Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me ; for I am desolate and afflicted. The troubles of my heart are enlarged : O bring thou me out of my distresses. Look upon mine affliction and my pain ; and forgive all my sins. (Psalm 25.)

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten : be zealous therefore, and repent. (Revelation, 3.)



Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be

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in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure ; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous : nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees ; And make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way ; but let it rather be healed. (Hebrews, 12.)

O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath : neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore. I am feeble and sore broken : I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart. Lord, all my desire is before thee ; and my groaning is not hid from thee. My heart panteth, my strength faileth me : as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me. Forsake me not, O Lord : O my God, be not far from me. Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation. (Psalm 38.)

After this there was a feast of the Jews ; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep-market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water ; whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole ? The impotent man answered, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool : but while I am coming another steppeth down before me. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked. (John, 5.)

Lord, in trouble have they visited thee ; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them. (Isaiah, 26.)

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Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season (if need be) ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls. (1 Peter, 1.)

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. (Isaiah, 55.)



Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you : but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings ; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator. (1 Peter, 4.)

Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications : in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness. And enter not into judgment with thy servant : for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. For the enemy hath persecuted my soul : he hath smitten my life down to the ground ; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me ; my heart within me is desolate. I remember the days of old ; I meditate on all thy works ; I muse on the work of thy hands. I stretch forth my hands unto thee ; my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land. Hear me speedily, O Lord : my spirit faileth : hide not thy face from me,

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lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit. Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee. Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake: for thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble. (Psalm 143.)

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones. For I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth: for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made. For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him: I hid me, and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart. I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners. I create the fruit of the lips; Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord; and I will heal him. (Isaiah, 57.)

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust ; let me never be ashamed : deliver me in thy righteousness. Bow down thine ear to me ; deliver me speedily : be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me. For thou art my rock and my fortress : therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me. Into thine hand I commit my spirit : thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy ; for thou hast considered my trouble ; thou hast known my soul in adversities ; have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble : mine eye is consumed with grief, yea, my soul and my belly. For my life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing : my strength faileth because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed. I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours and a fear to mine acquaintance : they that did see me without fled from me. I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind : I am like a broken vessel. Make thy face to shine upon thy servant : save me for thy mercies' sake. (Psalm 31.)

Be not far from me ; for trouble is near ; for there is none to help. (Psalm 22.)

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O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak; O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed; My soul is also sore vexed; but thou, O Lord, how long? Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: Oh save me for thy mercies' sake. For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks? I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears. The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer. (Psalm 6.)

How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me? how long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me? Consider and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death. (Psalm 13.)

Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me. (Psalm 50.)

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows : yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth : he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. (Isaiah, 53.)

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble ; incline thine ear unto me : in the day when I call answer me speedily. For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth. My heart is smitten, and withered like grass ; so that I forget to eat my bread. By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin. I am like a pelican of the wilderness : I am like an owl of the desert. I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the



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house-top. He weakened my strength in the way; he shortened my days. I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are throughout all generations. Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. (Psalm 102.)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore. (Psalm 121.)

O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee: let my prayer come before thee: incline thine ear unto my cry; for my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave. I am counted with them that go down into the pit: I am as a man that hath no strength: free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more: and they are cut off from thy hand. Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me; thou hast made me an abomination unto them: I am shut up, and I cannot come forth. Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction: Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched out my hands unto thee. Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead? shall the dead rise and praise thee? Shall thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness? But unto thee have I cried, O Lord; and in the morning shall my prayer

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prevent thee. Lord, why castest thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me? I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up: while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted. Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off. They came round about me daily like water; they compassed me about together. Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness. (Psalm 88.)

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek. Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help: leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord. (Psalm 27.)



Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. (Hebrews, 4.)

There were present at that season some that told him of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. And Jesus answering, said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things ? I tell you, Nay : but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem ? I tell you, Nay : but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. He spake also this parable ; a certain man had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard ; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the

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dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree and find none : cut it down ; why cumbereth it the ground ? And he answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it : and if it bear fruit, well : and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down. (Luke, 13.)

For which cause we faint not ; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal. (2 Corinthians, 4.)

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me : thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me : thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever : forsake not the works of thine own hands. (Psalm 138.)

Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience. Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord: that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy. (James, 5.)

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy

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windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord ; and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established : thou shalt be far from oppression ; for thou shalt not fear : and from terror ; for it shall not come near thee. (Isaiah, 54.)

He giveth power to the faint ; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall : but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; and they shall walk, and not faint. (Isaiah, 40.)

Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me : O Lord, make haste to help me. But I am poor and needy ; yet the Lord thinketh upon me : thou art my help and my deliverer ; make no tarrying, O my God. (Psalm 40.)

The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble ; and he knoweth them that trust in him. (Nahum, 1.)

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God? When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? Why art thou cast down, O 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. (Psalm 42.)



The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. (Psalm 103.)

Fear thou not ; for I am with thee : be not dismayed ; for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. (Isaiah, 41.)

For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel ; In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. (Isaiah, 30.)

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man : but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it. (1 Corinthians, 10.)

For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him. Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do. (1 Thessalonians, 5.)

## PASSAGES OF POETRY

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill :  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will.

—*Faber.*

O Thou whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seem severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say  
There is no mercy here !

Oh ! may I, Lord, desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,  
Succeeded by a frown.

Then though Thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see ;  
The gracious hand that strikes the blow  
Was wounded once for me.

—*Edmeston.*

Why should I murmur or repine,  
O Lamb of God, who bled for me ?  
What are my griefs, compared with Thine,—  
Thy tears, Thy groans, Thine agony !

If Thou the furnace dost employ,  
Thou sittest as refiner near  
To purge away the base alloy,  
Till Thine own image bright appear.

Submissive would I kiss the rod,  
Needful each stroke, I humbly own :  
Help me trust Thee, O my God !  
If now Thy wisdom be unknown.

—*Macduff.*

When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis 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, 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 streams,  
What must the fountain be  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from Thee !

—*Toplady.*



Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high ;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide :  
Oh, 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.

—*Charles Wesley.*

Sovereign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise !  
All my times are in Thy hand ;  
All events at Thy command.

Times of sickness, times of health,  
Times of penury and wealth,—  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

—*Ryland.*

And wilt Thou now forsake me, Lord ?  
I feel it cannot be ;  
No earthly tongue can ever tell  
What Thou hast been to me.

Through all the changing scenes of life  
Thy love hath sheltered me ;  
And wilt Thou now forget Thy child ?  
I feel it cannot be.

In life or death, I take my stand  
Where I have ever stood,  
Beneath the shelter of Thy cross,  
And trusting in Thy blood.

And then, when youth and health and  
strength  
And energy have fled,  
The shades of evening peacefully  
Shall close around my head.

And when in all the helplessness  
Of death I turn to Thee,  
Thou wilt not then forsake me, Lord !  
I feel it cannot be.

—*Unknown.*

My spirit on Thy care,  
    Blest Saviour, I recline ;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
    For Thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust ;  
    On Thee I calmly rest :  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
    And count Thy choice the best.

Let good or ill befall,  
    It must be good for me,—  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
    Of having all in Thee.

—*Henry Francis Lyte.*

Lord, it belongs not to my care,  
    Whether I die or live ;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
    And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad  
    That I may long obey ;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
    To soar to endless day ?

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Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ;  
No one into His kingdom comes,  
But through His opened door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see ;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be !

Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary sinful days,  
And join with all triumphant saints  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

—*Baxter.*

God is the refuge of His saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold Him present with His aid.

—*Watts.*

Saviour ! happy would I be,  
If I could but trust in Thee ;  
Trust Thy wisdom me to guide ;  
Trust Thy goodness to provide ;  
Trust Thy saving love and power ;  
Trust Thee every day and hour :

Trust Thee as the only light  
In the darkest hour of night ;  
Trust in sickness, trust in health ;  
Trust in poverty and wealth ;  
Trust in joy, and trust in grief ;  
Trust Thy promise for relief :

Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul ;  
Trust Thy grace to make me whole ;  
Trust Thee living, dying too ;  
Trust Thee all my journey through ;  
Trust Thee till my feet shall be  
Planted on the crystal sea !

—*Edwin H. Nevin.*

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word !  
What more can He say than to you He hath  
said,  
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled :—

“Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed ;  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid ;  
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
to stand,  
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.”

“When through the deep waters I call thee  
to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.”

—*Kirkham.*

Jesus, in sickness and in pain,  
Be near to succor me ;  
My sinking spirit still sustain :  
To Thee I turn, to Thee.

When cares and sorrows thicken round,  
And nothing bright I see,  
In Thee alone can help be found ;  
To Thee I turn, to Thee.

Through all my pilgrimage below,  
Whate’er my lot may be,  
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,  
Jesus, I’ll turn to Thee.

—*Gallaudet.*

Thou very present Aid  
In suffering and distress,  
The soul which still on Thee is stayed,  
Is kept in perfect peace.

Jesus, to whom I fly,  
Doth all my wishes fill :  
What though created streams are dry ?  
I have the fountain still.

—*Charles Wesley.*

Let me but hear my Saviour say,  
“Strength shall be equal to thy day,”  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I can do all things—or can bear  
All suffering, if my Lord be there ;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While He my sinking head sustains.

I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ’s own power may rest on me ;  
When I am weak, then am I strong ;  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

—*Watts.*



“ My times are in Thy hand : ”  
My God ! I wish them there ;  
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

“ My times are in Thy hand, ”  
Whatever they may be ;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

“ My times are in Thy hand ; ”  
Why should I doubt or fear ?  
My Father’s hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

—*Lloyd.*

I cannot always trace the way  
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move ;  
But I can always, always say  
That God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I’ll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

—*Sir John Bowring.*

Along my earthly way  
How many clouds are spread !  
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,  
Seems gathering o'er my head.

Yet, Father, Thou art Love ;  
Oh, hide not from my view !  
But when I look, in prayer, above,  
Appear in mercy through !

My pathway is not hid ;  
Thou knowest all my need ;  
And I would do as Israel did,—  
Follow where Thou wilt lead.

Lead me, and then my feet  
Shall never, never stray ;  
But safely I shall reach the seat  
Of happiness and day.

And, oh ! from that bright throne  
I shall look back, and see,—  
The path I went, and that alone,  
Was the right path for me.

—*Edmeston.*

God is love ; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove ;  
From the gloom His brightness streameth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

—*Sir John Bowring.*

The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear His name,  
Is such as tender parents feel :  
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

But Thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

—*Watts.*

Since all the varying scenes of time  
God's watchful eye surveys,  
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,  
Or to appoint our ways !

Good, when He gives, supremely good ;  
Nor loss when He denies :  
Ev'n crosses, from His sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.

Why should we doubt a father's love,  
So constant and so kind !  
To His unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resigned.

—*Hervey.*

O Lord, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,  
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears ?

No. Rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize to Thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold, from me.

Thy favor, all my journey through,  
Thou art engaged to grant :  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

—*Cowper.*

My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
“Thy will be done !”

Should grief or sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father ! still I strive to say,  
“Thy will be done !”

If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :  
“Thy will be done !”

Renew my will from day to day ;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,  
“Thy will be done !”

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
    However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand ;  
    Choose out the path for me.  
I dare not choose my lot :  
    I would not, if I might ;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
    So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
    Is Thine : so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
    Else I must surely stray.  
Take Thou my cup, and it  
    With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem ;  
    Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
    My sickness or my health ;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
    My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
    In things or great or small ;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
    My Wisdom, and my All.

—*Bonar.*



My Jesus, as Thou wilt !

Oh, may Thy will be mine !  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign :  
Through sorrow, or through joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !

Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear :  
Since Thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

My Jesus, as Thou wilt !

All shall be well for me :  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with Thee :  
Then to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, Thy will be done !

—*Schmolke.*

In heavenly love abiding,  
    No change my heart shall fear,  
And safe is such confiding,  
    For nothing changes here :  
The storm may roar without me,  
    My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
    And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,  
    No want shall turn me back ;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
    And nothing can I lack :  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
    His sight is never dim :  
He knows the way He taketh,  
    And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,  
    Which yet I have not seen ;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
    Where darkest clouds have been :  
My hope I cannot measure ;  
    My path to life is free ;  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
    And He will walk with me.

—*Anna L. Waring.*

Give to the winds thy fears ;  
    Hope on, be undismayed :  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;  
    God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,  
    He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time : the darkest night  
    Shall end in brightest day.

Far, far above thy thought  
    His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
    That caused thy needless fear.

What though thou rulest not !  
    Yet heaven and earth and hell  
Proclaim—God sitteth on the throne,  
    And ruleth all things well.

—*Gerhardt.*

*Translated by J. Wesley.*

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
    Though strength and friends be gone ;  
Though joys be withered all, and dead,  
    Though every comfort be withdrawn ;  
On this my steadfast soul relies,—  
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

—*John Wesley.*

Affliction is a stormy deep,  
Where wave resounds to wave ;  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save.

Here will I rest, and build my hope,  
Nor murmur at His rod ;  
He's more than all the world to me—  
My Health, my Life, my God !  
—*Colton.*

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm :  
Let Thine outstretchèd wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
Beside her desert spring.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in the hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain,—

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast ;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

—*Bonar.*

'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.  
Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.  
Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a castaway ?  
Aliens may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly, vain delight,  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not, if he might.

—*Cowper.*

O Lord of health and life, what tongue can tell  
How at Thy word were loosed the bands of hell ;  
How Thy pure touch removed the leprous stain,  
And the polluted flesh grew clean again ?

Oh, wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,  
Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and make us  
whole ;

Oh, bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee ;  
Speak but the word, and we once more are free.

Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of Thy love,  
Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain remove ;  
Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation bring,  
Then sickness hath no pang, and death no  
sting.

We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of grace ;  
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy face,  
So, when that face again unveiled we see,  
Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.

Then grant us strength to pray “ Thy king-  
dom come, ”

When we shall know Thee in Thy Father’s  
home,

And at Thy great Epiphany adore  
The Co-eternal Godhead evermore.

—*Beadon.*

Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,  
For I am weary and opprest ;  
I come to cast myself on Thee :  
Thou art my rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak,  
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek :  
Thou art my strength.

I am bewildered on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;  
O send Thou forth some cheering ray :  
Thou art my light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to Thee : my terrors cease ;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts :  
Thou art my peace.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink :  
Thou art my life.

—*Macduff.*



O Love Divine ! that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our heart still whispering, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear ;  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living or dying, Thou art near.

—*Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and grief  
This feeble frame should be,  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :  
Good Lord, remember me.

And oh, when in the hour of death  
I bow to Thy decree,  
Jesus! receive my parting breath:  
Good Lord, remember me.

—*Thomas Haweis.*

Jesus, I live to Thee,  
The loveliest and best;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
In Thy blest love I rest.

Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me,  
In my eternal home.

Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven forever mine.

—*Harbaugh.*

God of my life, to Thee I call !  
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall ;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
Where, but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

Poor though I am—despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

—*Cowper.*

THE PRISONER OF THE LORD

A Sabbath Hymn for a Sick-Chamber.

Thousands, O Lord of hosts, to-day  
Within Thy temple meet ;  
And tens of thousands throng to pay  
Their homage at Thy feet.

They see Thy power and glory there,  
As I have seen them too ;  
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,  
As I was wont to do.

I, of such fellowship bereft,  
In spirit turn to Thee ;  
Oh, hast not Thou a blessing left,  
A blessing, Lord, for me ?

Behold Thy prisoner, loose my bands,  
If 't is Thy gracious will ;  
If not, contented in Thy hands,  
Behold Thy prisoner still.

I may not to Thy courts repair,  
Yet here Thou surely art ;  
Oh, give me here a house of prayer,  
Here Sabbath-joys impart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,  
To hope, the joys untold ;  
Let love, without a veil between,  
Thy glory now behold.

Oh, make Thy face on me to shine,  
That doubt and fear may cease ;  
Lift up Thy countenance benign  
On me, and give me peace.

—*Montgomery.*

O Thou, who lov'st to send relief  
In time of our distress,  
Because Thyself didst bear our grief,  
And feel our sicknesses ;

Thy will be done, I still would say,  
Whate'er that will may be ;  
And let this trial, day by day,  
Fulfil its end in me.

O Lord, look down, O Lord, forgive,  
Oh, help me from on high ;  
Since no man to himself must live,  
Nor to himself can die.

And when, through feebleness or pain,  
My thoughts are far from Thee,  
Though I forget Thee, Saviour, then,  
Oh, yet, forget not me.

In Him that bore our griefs and pains  
Shall they, that suffer, boast,  
Who with the Father ever reigns,  
And with the Holy Ghost.

—*J. M. Neale.*

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD

I say to thee, do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move  
Under a canopy of love  
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way  
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,  
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
All in our Father's house at last.

—*Archbishop Trench.*



## PER PACEM AD LUCEM

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
    A pleasant road ;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
    Aught of its load :

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
    Beneath my feet ;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
    Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :  
    Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter and though heart  
    should bleed—  
    Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
    Full radiance here :  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
    Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
    My way to see ;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
    And follow Thee.

—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

## PRAYERS

O God, who chastisest us in Thy love, and refreshest us amid Thy chastening ; grant that we may ever be able to give Thee thanks for both ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.  
—*Leonine Sacramentary, A.D. 440.*

Lord, let no sickness or cross accident, no employment or weariness, make me angry or ungentle, and discontented, or unthankful, or uneasy to them that minister to me ; but in all things make me like unto the holy Jesus. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

O Lord, let me not henceforth desire health or life, except to spend them for Thee, with Thee, and in Thee. Thou alone knowest what is good for me ; do, therefore, what seemeth Thee best. Give to me, or take from me ; conform my will to Thine ; and grant that, with humble and perfect submission, and in holy confidence, I may receive the orders of Thine eternal Providence ; and may equally adore all that comes to me from Thee ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—  
*Blaise Pascal.*

O God, who seest all our weaknesses, and the troubles we labor under, have regard unto the prayers of Thy servant, who stands in need of Thy comfort, Thy direction, and Thy help. Thou alone knowest what is best for us; let me never dispute Thy wisdom or Thy goodness. Lord, so prepare my heart, that no affliction may ever so surprise as to overbear me. Dispose me at all times to a readiness to suffer what Thy Providence shall order or permit. Grant that I may never murmur at Thy appointments, nor be exasperated at the ministers of Thy Providence. Amen.—  
*Thomas Wilson.*

We ask not, O Father, for health or life. We make an offering to Thee of all our days. Thou hast counted them. We would know nothing more. All we ask is to die rather than live unfaithful to Thee; and, if it be Thy will that we depart, let us die in patience and love. Almighty God, who holdest in Thy hand the keys of the grave to open and close it at Thy will, give us not life, if we shall love it too well. Living or dying we would be Thine. Amen.—*François de la Mothe Fénelon.*

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Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves, keep us both outwardly in our bodies and inwardly in our souls, that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. — *Gregorian Sacramentary*, A.D. 590.

Grant, gracious Father, that I may never dispute the reasonableness of Thy will, but ever close with it, as the best that can happen. Prepare me always for what Thy Providence shall bring forth. Let me never murmur, be dejected, or impatient, under any of the troubles of this life, but ever find rest and comfort in this, THIS IS THE WILL OF MY FATHER, AND MY GOD: grant this for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Thomas Wilson*.

O God, the Consolation of all such as be sorrowful, and the Salvation of all them that put their trust in Thee, grant unto us, in this dying life, that peace for which we humbly pray, and hereafter to attain unto everlasting joy in Thy presence, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Roman Breviary*.

O Merciful God, be Thou now unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat Thee. Give me grace to await Thy leisure, and patiently to bear that Thou doest unto me ; nothing doubting or mistrusting Thy goodness towards me ; for Thou knowest what is good for me better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things what Thou wilt ; only arm me, I beseech Thee, with Thine armor, that I may stand fast ; above all things, taking to me the shield of faith ; praying always that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will, abiding Thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please Thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me ; and I am assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest cannot but be well ; and unto Thee be all honor and glory. Amen.—*Lady Jane Grey.*

O God, who makest cheerfulness the companion of strength, but apt to take wings in time of sorrow, we humbly beseech Thee that if, in Thy sovereign wisdom, Thou sendest weakness, yet for Thy mercy's sake deny us not the comfort of patience. Lay not more upon us, O heavenly Father, than Thou wilt enable us to bear ; and, since the fretfulness

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of our spirits is more hurtful than the heaviness of our burden, grant us that heavenly calmness which comes of owning Thy hand in all things, and patience in the trust that Thou dost all things well. Amen.—*Rowland Williams.*

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, who in our tribulation are yet of good cheer because of thy loving-kindness, may find Thee mighty to save from all dangers, through Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Roman Breviary.*

Grant unto us, Almighty God, in all time of sore distress, the comfort of the forgiveness of our sins. In time of darkness give us blessed hope, in time of sickness of body give us quiet courage; and when the heart is bowed down, and the soul is very heavy, and life is a burden, and pleasure a weariness, and the sun is too bright, and life too mirthful, then may that Spirit, the Spirit of the Comforter, come upon us, and after our darkness may there be the clear shining of the heavenly light; that so, being uplifted again by Thy mercy, we may pass on through this our mortal life with quiet courage, patient hope,



and unshaken trust, hoping through Thy loving-kindness and tender mercy to be delivered from death into the large life of the eternal years. Hear us of Thy mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. — *George Dawson.*

O Thou God of Patience, give us patience in the time of trial, and steadfastness to endure to the end. O Thou Spirit of prayer, awaken our hearts, that we may lift up holy hands to God, and cry unto Him in all our distresses. O Thou gentle Wind, cool and refresh our hearts in all heat and anguish. Be our Defence and Shade in the time of need, our Help in trial, our Consolation when all things are against us. Come, O Thou eternal Light, Salvation, and Comfort, be our Light in darkness, our Salvation in life, our Comfort in death; and lead us in the straight way to everlasting life, that we may praise Thee forever. Amen.—*Bernhard Albrecht.*

Lord, do not permit my trials to be above my strength; and do Thou vouchsafe to be my strength and comfort in the time of trial. Give me grace to take in good part whatever shall befall me; and let my heart acknowl-

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edge it to be the Lord's doing, and to come from Thy Providence, and not by chance. May I receive every thing from Thy hand with patience and with joy. Amen.—*Thomas Wilson.*

Cast me not away from Thy presence, from Thy all-hallowing and life-giving presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit, Thy sanctifying, Thy guiding, Thy comforting, Thy supporting, and confirming Spirit from me. O God, Thou art my God for ever and ever; Thou shalt be my guide unto death. Lord, comfort me, now that I lie sick upon my bed; make Thou my bed in all my sickness. O deliver my soul from the place of hell; and do Thou receive me. My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Behold, Thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and my age is even as nothing in respect of Thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity. When Thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like a moth fretting a garment; every man, therefore, is but vanity. And now, Lord, what is my hope? truly my hope is

even in Thee. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with Thine ears consider my calling : hold not Thy peace at my tears. Take this plague away from me ; I am consumed by means of Thy heavy hand. I am a stranger with Thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and be no more seen. My soul cleaveth unto the dust : O quicken me according to Thy word. And when the snares of death compass me round about, let not the pains of hell take hold upon me.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Remember, O most pitying Father, what this frail and feeble work of Thine hands can bear without fainting ; nothing, indeed, of itself, but all things in Thee, if strengthened by Thy grace. Wherefore grant me strength, that I may suffer and endure ; patience alone I ask. Lord, give me this, and behold my heart is ready. O God, my heart is ready to receive whatsoever shall be laid upon me. Grant that in my patience I may possess my soul ; to that end, may I often look upon the face of Christ Thy Son, that, as He hath suffered such terrible things in the

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flesh, I may endeavor to be armed with the same mind. Wherefore I commit my strength unto Thee, O Lord ; for Thou art my Strength and my Refuge. Keep me, and bring me safely out of this trial when it shall please Thee. Amen.—*Treasury of Devotion.*

O holy Jesus, Thou art a merciful high-priest, and touched with the sense of our infirmities ; Thou knowest the sharpness of my sickness and the weakness of my person. The clouds are gathered about me, and Thou hast covered me with Thy storm : my understanding hath not such apprehension of things as formerly. Lord, let Thy mercy support me, Thy Spirit guide me, and lead me through the valley of this death safely ; that I may pass it patiently, holily, with perfect resignation.

Thou hast promised to be with us in tribulation. Lord, my soul is troubled, and my body is weak, and my hope is in Thee ; now make good Thy holy promise. Now, O holy Jesus, now let Thy hand of grace be upon me : Lord, remember Thy servant in the day when Thou bindest up Thy jewels.

O take from me all tediousness of spirit, all impatience and unquietness : let me pos-

sess my soul in patience, and resign my soul and body into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and a blessed Redeemer.

O holy Jesu, Thou didst die for us : by Thy sad, pungent, and intolerable pains, which Thou enduredst for me, have pity on me, and ease my pain, or increase my patience. Lay on me no more than Thou shalt enable me to bear. O Lord, smite me friendly ; for Thou knowest my infirmities. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of truth. Come, Holy Spirit, help me in this conflict. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Holy Father, whose chosen way of manifesting Thyself to Thy children is by the discipline of trial and pain, we rejoice that we can turn to Thee in the midst of great anxiety, and commit all our troubles to Thy sure help. As Thou art with us in the sunlight, O be Thou with us in the cloud. In the path by which Thou guidest us, though it be through desert and stormy sea, suffer not our faith to fail, but sustain us by Thy near presence, and let the comforts which are in Jesus Christ fill our hearts with peace. And,



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O God, grant that the fiery trial which trieth us may not be in vain, but may lead us to a cheerful courage, and a holy patience; and let patience have her perfect work, that we may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing, wholly consecrate to Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Henry W. Foote.*

Grant unto us, Almighty God, that when our vision fails, and our understanding is darkened; when the ways of life seem hard, and the brightness of life is gone,—to us grant the wisdom that deepens faith when the sight is dim, and enlarges trust when the understanding is not clear. And whensoever Thy ways in nature or in the soul are hard to be understood, then may our quiet confidence, our patient trust, our loving faith in Thee be great, and as children knowing that they are loved, cared for, guarded, kept, may we with a quiet mind at all times put our trust in the unseen God. So may we face life without fear, and death without fainting; and, whatsoever may be in the life to come, give us confident hope that whatsoever is best for us both here and hereafter is Thy good pleasure, and will be Thy law. Amen.—*George Dawson.*



Almighty and everlasting God, the Comfort of the sad, the Strength of sufferers, let the prayers of those that cry out of any tribulation come unto Thee ; that all may rejoice to find that Thy mercy is present with them in their afflictions ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Gelasian Sacramentary*.

O my God, by whose loving Providence, sorrows, difficulties, trials, dangers, become means of grace, lessons of patience, channels of hope, grant us good will to use and not abuse those our privileges ; and, of Thy great goodness, keep us alive through this dying life, that out of death Thou mayest raise us up to immortality. For His sake who is the Life, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Christina G. Rossetti*.

O God Almighty, who to them that have no might increasest strength, strengthen us to do and suffer Thy good will and pleasure ; through Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Christina G. Rossetti*.

Give me, Lord, I pray Thee, the grace and virtue of constancy, and unwearied endurance, that so I may receive with thanks-

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giving whatever Thy hand may send of calamity or distress in this life, may bear it patiently, overcome it manfully, and, in every change and chance of life, may, with simple trust and resignation, cast myself and all I have into the arms of Thy good Providence. Amen.—*Johann Arndt.*

O Lord, our heavenly Father, who orderest all things for our eternal good, mercifully enlighten our minds, and give us a firm and abiding trust in Thy love and care. Silence our murmurings, quiet our fears, and dispel our doubts, that, rising above our afflictions and our anxieties, we may rest on Thee, the Rock of everlasting strength. Amen.—*New Church Book of Worship.*

O Lord, what cross willest Thou that I should bear this day, for love of Thee? Thou knowest, Lord, that I am all weakness, strengthen me to bear it patiently, humbly, lovingly. If I sink under it, look on me and raise me up. Give what Thou commandest, and command what Thou wilt; sanctify my cross to me, and keep me Thine own forever. Amen.—*E. B. Pusey.*

O Lord, let that become possible to me by Thy grace, which by nature seems impossible to me. Thou knowest that I am able to suffer but little, and that I am quickly cast down, when a slight adversity ariseth. For Thy name's sake, let every exercise of tribulation be made pleasant unto me ; for to suffer and to be troubled for Thy sake is very wholesome for my soul. Amen.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

O God, the Father of Lights, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift ; mercifully look upon our frailty and infirmity, and grant us such health of body as Thou knowest to be needful to us ; that, both in our bodies and souls, we may evermore serve Thee with all our strength and might ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Private Devotions, 1560.*

O Thou, our Lord and our God, our merciful Father in Heaven, we entreat Thee with childlike hearts, give us in this world whatever is really good and happy for us in soul and body, according to Thy holy will and pleasure. May we live as Christians, endure with patience, and at last die in peace and hope, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Johann Quirsfeld.*

O Lord, I accept this sickness from Thee and entirely resign myself to Thy blessed will, whether for life or death. O Lord, I offer thee all that I now suffer, or have yet to suffer, in union with the suffering of my Redeemer. —*Key of Heaven.*

Lord! when I am in sorrow I think on Thee. Listen to the cry of my heart, and my sorrowful complaint. Yet, O Father, I would not prescribe to Thee when and how Thy help should come. I will willingly tarry for the hour which Thou Thyself hast appointed for my relief. Meanwhile strengthen me by Thy Holy Spirit; strengthen my faith, my hope, my trust; give me patience and resolution to bear my trouble; and let me at last behold the time when Thou wilt make me glad with Thy grace. Ah, my Father! never yet hast Thou forsaken Thy children, forsake not me. Ever dost Thou give gladness unto the sorrowful, O give it now unto me. Always dost Thou relieve the wretched, relieve me too, when and where and how Thou wilt. Unto Thy wisdom, love, and goodness, I leave it utterly. Amen.—*J. F. Stark.*

O my God, Thou and Thou alone art all-wise and all-knowing! I believe that Thou knowest just what is best for me. I believe that Thou lovest me better than I love myself, that Thou art all-wise in Thy Providence and all-powerful in Thy protection. I thank Thee, with all my heart, that Thou hast taken me out of my own keeping, and hast bidden me to put myself in Thy hands. I can ask nothing better than this, to be Thy care, not my own. O my Lord, through Thy grace, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest, and will not lead the way. I will wait on Thee for Thy guidance, and, on obtaining it, I will act in simplicity and without fear. And I promise that I will not be impatient, if at any time I am kept by Thee in darkness and perplexity; nor will I complain or fret if I come into any misfortune or anxiety. Amen.  
—*John Henry Newman.*

Merciful and gracious God, who dealest wonderfully with Thy saints, and deliverest them in due season, though Thy help tarry for a time that our faith may be tried, and our hope increased and made sure by patience and experience: bow down Thine ear to our



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supplications and grant us Thy Holy Spirit, that, continuing instant in prayer, with full assurance of hope, we may patiently wait for Thy promised help; through Thy Son, our dear Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Lutheran Church Book.*

O Lord my God, be not Thou far from me; my God, have regard to help me; for there have risen up against me sundry thoughts, and great fears, afflicting my soul. How shall I pass through unhurt? how shall I break them to pieces? This is my hope, my only consolation, to flee unto Thee in every tribulation, to trust in Thee, to call upon Thee from my inmost heart, and to wait patiently for Thy consolation. Amen.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Almighty and merciful God, who art the Strength of the weak, the Refreshment of the weary, the Comfort of the sad, the Help of the tempted, the Life of the dying, the God of patience and of all consolation; Thou knowest full well the inner weakness of our nature, how we tremble and quiver before pain, and cannot bear the cross without Thy Divine help and support. Help me, then, O eternal and pitying God, help me to possess



my soul in patience, to maintain unshaken hope in Thee, to keep that childlike trust which feels a Father's heart hidden beneath the cross; so shall I be strengthened with power according to Thy glorious might, in all patience and long-suffering; I shall be enabled to endure pain and temptation, and, in the very depth of my suffering, to praise Thee with a joyful heart. Amen.—*Johann Habermann.*

Lord God, heavenly Father; if it please Thee to visit me with bodily infirmities, here I am. I know Thou art too kind and gracious to suffer anything to come upon me except for my good and blessing. Grant that I may rightly receive Thy visitation, and that my sickness may be to Thine honor and glory; through Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour. Amen.—*Lutheran Church Book.*

Lord Jesus Christ: Give unto me at all times a patient spirit, willing and ready to wait and pray, that I may not be weary of Thy chastening, but cast my burden upon Thee with all cheerfulness and confidence, and ever hope the best from Thee, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy

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Ghost for ever and ever. Amen.—*Lutheran Church Book.*

O my God, I do not desire to be freed from my pains; Thou knowest what is best for me; give me patience to suffer whatever Thou pleasest and so long as Thou pleasest. If it be Thy pleasure to inflict upon my weak body still greater punishments than those I now suffer, my heart is ready, O Lord, my heart is ready to accept them and to suffer in whatever manner and measure shall be conformable to Thy holy will. This one grace I most ardently beg of Thee, my God, that I may die the death of Thy elect and be admitted, after the suffering and tribulations of this transitory life, into the kingdom of Thy glory, there to see and enjoy Thee in the company of the blessed for all eternity. Amen.—*Key of Heaven.*

Ah, God! behold my grief and care. Fain would I serve Thee with a glad and cheerful countenance, but I cannot do it. However much I fight and struggle against my sadness, I am too weak for this sore conflict. Help me in my weakness, O Thou mighty God! and give me Thy Holy Spirit to refresh and

comfort me in my sorrow. Amid all my fears and griefs I yet know that I am Thine in life and death, and that nothing can really part me from Thee; neither things present, nor things to come, neither trial, nor fear, nor pain. And therefore, O Lord, I will still trust in Thy grace. Thou wilt not send me away unheard. Sooner or later Thou wilt lift this burden from my heart, and put a new song in my lips; and I will praise Thy goodness, and thank and serve Thee here and forever more. Amen.—*S. Scheretz.*

Lord, I am certain of Thy unbounded love; I will therefore lay me down in peace and take my rest, neither in love with life nor in fear of death. My lot is in Thy hands. I cast all my care, Lord, upon Thee, for Thou carest for me, and all the hairs of my head are numbered in Thy sight. Thou hast set me my bounds, which shall not be passed. Thou art the Lord; do as seemeth good in Thine eyes. Who am I, that I should say, What doest Thou? Shall the clay say to the potter, What doest thou? or the thing formed rebuke him that fashioned it? And are not we in Thy hands as clay is in the potter's?

Thy will, therefore, be mine. If Thou wilt have me live, my heart is ready, O God; only increase Thy grace, that I may serve Thee more faithfully: if Thou wilt have me die, my heart is ready, O God; only let my spirit be received in peace. Thou, O Christ, art life to me, and to die is gain. If longer life be given me, I will live to Thee, to Thy honour and glory. Wilt Thou that I die, death shall be my gain, for I shall follow and attain Thee whom my soul loveth and seeketh. If, then, I walk in the midst of the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Receive me according to Thy Word, and I shall live, and let me not be disappointed of my hope. Only this I would ask of Thee, dear Lord: whensoever Thou wilt that I die—to-day or to-morrow, in the midst of my years, or in old age—let me die in Thy favour. Lighten mine eyes that I sleep not in death. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of truth. Living or dying, Lord, I am Thine. In me Thy will be done; and let me never be separated from Thee, O God, my God, my all.—

*H. L. Sidney Lear.*

*The following selections are from the works of Jeremy Taylor :*

THE PRAYER TO BE SAID IN THE BEGINNING  
OF A SICKNESS

O Almighty God, merciful and gracious, Thou hast now called me to the fellowship of sufferings: Lord, by the instrument of religion let my present condition be so sanctified, that my sufferings may be united to the sufferings of my Lord, that so Thou mayest pity me and assist me, relieve my sorrow and support my spirit, direct my thoughts, and sanctify the accidents of my sickness, and that the punishment of my sin may be the school of virtue; in which, since Thou hast now entered me, Lord, make me a holy proficient, that I may behave myself as a son under discipline, humbly and obediently, evenly and penitently, that I may come by this means nearer unto Thee; that if I shall go forth of this sickness by the gate of life and health, I may return to the world with great strengths of spirit, to run a new race of a stricter holiness and a more severe religion; or, if I pass from hence with the outlet of death, I may enter into the bosom of my Lord, and may



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feel the present joys of a certain hope of that sea of pleasures, in which all Thy saints and servants shall be comprehended to eternal ages. Grant this for Jesus Christ's sake, our dearest Lord and Saviour. Amen.

AN ACT OF RESIGNATION BY A SICK PERSON  
TO BE SAID IN ALL THE ACCIDENTS OF  
HIS SICKNESS

O eternal God, Thou hast made me and sustained me ; Thou hast blessed me in all the days of my life, and hast taken care of me in all variety of accidents ; and nothing happens to me in vain, nothing without Thy providence ; and I know Thou smitest Thy servants in mercy, and with designs of the greatest pity in the world : Lord, I humbly lie down under Thy rod ; do with me as Thou pleasest ; do Thou choose for me, not only the whole state and condition of being, but every little and great accident of it. Keep me safe by Thy grace, and then use what instrument Thou pleasest of bringing me to Thee. Lord, I am not solicitous of the passage, so I may get to Thee. Only, Lord, remember my infirmities, and let Thy servant rejoice in Thee always, and feel, and confess, and glory in Thy good-



ness. I am Thy servant and Thy creature, Thy purchased possession, and Thy son: I am all Thine; and because Thou hast mercy in store for all that trust in Thee, I cover mine eyes, and in silence wait for the time of my redemption. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR THE GRACE OF PATIENCE

Most merciful and gracious Father, who, in the redemption of lost mankind by the passion of Thy most holy Son, hast established a covenant of sufferings; I bless and magnify Thy name, that Thou hast adopted me into the inheritance of sons, and hast given me a portion of my elder Brother. Lord, the cross falls heavy and sits uneasy upon my shoulders; my spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak; I humbly beg of Thee, that I may now rejoice in this Thy dispensation and effect of providence. I know and am persuaded, that Thou art then as gracious when Thou smitest us for amendment or trial, as when Thou relievest our wearied bodies, in compliance with our infirmity. I rejoice, O Lord, in Thy rare and mysterious mercy, who, by sufferings, hast turned our misery into advantages unspeakable: for so Thou makest us like

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to Thy Son, and givest us a gift that the angels never did receive; for they cannot die in conformity to and imitation of their Lord and ours; but blessed be Thy name, we can; and, dearest Lord, let it be so. Amen.



Thou, who art the God of patience and consolation, strengthen me in the inner man, that I may bear the yoke and burden of the Lord without any uneasy and useless murmurs and ineffective unwillingness. Lord, I am unable to stand under the cross, unable of myself; but Thou, O holy Jesus, who didst feel the burden of it, who didst sink under it, and wert pleased to admit a man to bear part of the load, when Thou underwent all for him, be Thou pleased to ease this load by fortifying my spirit, that I may be strongest when I am weakest, and may be able to do and suffer everything Thou pleasest, through Christ who strengthens me. Lord, if Thou wilt support me, I will for ever praise Thee: if Thou wilt suffer the load to press me yet more heavily, I will cry unto Thee, and complain unto my God; and at last I will lie down and die, and by the mercies and inter-

cession of the holy Jesus, and the conduct of Thy blessed Spirit, and the ministry of angels, pass into those mansions where holy souls rest, and weep no more. Lord, pity me; Lord, sanctify this my sickness; Lord, strengthen me; holy Jesus, save me, and deliver me. Thou knowest how shamefully I have fallen with pleasure: in Thy mercy and very pity, let me not fall with pain too. O let me never charge God foolishly, nor offend Thee by my impatience and uneasy spirit, nor weaken the hands and hearts of those that charitably minister to my needs; but let me pass through the valley of tears and the valley of the shadow of death with safety and peace, with a meek spirit and a sense of the divine mercies; and though Thou breakest me in pieces, my hope is, Thou wilt gather me up in the gatherings of eternity. Grant this, eternal God, gracious Father, for the merits and intercession of our merciful High Priest, who once suffered for me, and for ever intercedes for me, our most gracious and ever-blessed Saviour Jesus.

A PRAYER TO BE SAID ON TAKING MEDICINE

O most blessed and eternal Jesus, Thou, who art the great Physician of our souls, and

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the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in Thy wings, to Thee is given by Thy heavenly Father the government of all the world, and Thou disposest every great and little accident to Thy Father's honour, and to the good and comfort of them that love and serve Thee ; be pleased to bless the ministry of Thy servant in order to my ease and health, direct his judgment, prosper the medicines, and dispose the chances of my sickness fortunately, that I may feel the blessing and loving-kindness of the Lord in the ease of my pain and the restitution of my health ; that I, being restored to the society of the living, and to Thy solemn assemblies, may praise Thee and Thy goodness secretly among the faithful, and in the congregation of Thy redeemed ones, here in the outer-courts of the Lord, and hereafter in Thy eternal temple for ever and ever. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR PARDON OF SINS, TO BE SAID  
FREQUENTLY IN TIME OF SICKNESS

O eternal and most gracious Father, I humbly throw myself down at the foot of Thy mercy-seat, upon the confidence of Thy essential mercy, and Thy commandment that

we should come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may find mercy in time of need. O my God, hear the prayers and cries of a sinner, who calls earnestly for mercy. Lord, my needs are greater than all the degrees of my desire can be: unless Thou hast pity upon me, I perish infinitely and intolerably; and then there will be one voice fewer in the choir of singers, who shall recite Thy praises to eternal ages.



O just and dear God, my sins are innumerable; they are upon my soul in multitudes; they are a burden too heavy for me to bear; they already bring sorrow and sickness, shame and displeasure, guilt and a decaying spirit, a sense of Thy present displeasure, and fear of worse, of infinitely worse. But it is to Thee so essential, so delightful, so usual, so desired by Thee to shew mercy, that although my sin be very great, and my fear proportionable, yet Thy mercy is infinitely greater than all the world. Lord, Thou hast sent Thy Son to die for the pardon of my sins; Thou hast given me Thy Holy Spirit as a seal of adoption to consign the article of remission of sins; Thou hast, for all my



sins, still continued to invite me to conditions of life by Thy ministers the prophets; and Thou hast, with variety of holy acts, softened my spirit, and possessed my fancy, and instructed my understanding, and bended and inclined my will, and directed or overruled my passions, in order to repentance and pardon: and why should not Thy servant beg passionately, and humbly hope for, the effects of all these Thy strange and miraculous acts of loving-kindness? Lord, I deserve it not, but I hope Thou wilt pardon all my sins; and I beg it of Thee for Jesus Christ's sake.



O my God, how shall Thy servant be disposed to receive such a favour, which is so great, that the ever-blessed Jesus did die to purchase it for us; so great that the falling angels never could hope, and never shall obtain it? Lord, I do from my soul forgive all that have sinned against me; oh, forgive me my sins, as I forgive them that sinned against me. Lord, I confess my sins unto Thee daily, by the accusations and secret acts of conscience; and if we confess our sins, Thou hast called it a part of justice to forgive us



our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Lord, I put my trust in Thee ; and Thou art ever gracious to them that put their trust in Thee. I call upon my God for mercy, and Thou art always more ready to hear than we to pray. But all that I can do, and all that I am, and all that I know of myself, is nothing but sin, and infirmity, and misery ; therefore I go forth of myself, and throw myself wholly into the arms of Thy mercy through Jesus Christ, and beg of Thee, for His death and passion's sake, by His resurrection and ascension, by all the parts of our redemption, and Thy infinite mercy, in which Thou pleasest Thyself above all the works of the creation, to be pitiful and compassionate to Thy servant in the abolition of all my sins ; so shall I praise Thy glories with a tongue not defiled with evil language, and a heart purged by Thy grace, quitted by Thy mercy, and absolved by Thy sentence, from generation to generation. Amen.

AN ACT OF HOLY RESOLUTION OF AMENDMENT  
OF LIFE, IN CASE OF RECOVERY

O most just and most merciful Lord God, who hast sent evil diseases, sorrow and fear, trouble and uneasiness, briars and thorns, into

the world, and planted them in our houses, and round about our dwellings, to keep sin from our souls, or to drive it thence; I humbly beg of Thee, that this my sickness may serve the ends of the Spirit, and be a messenger of spiritual life, an instrument of reducing me to more religious and sober discourses. If I recover, I will live, by Thy grace and help, to do the work of God, and passionately pursue my interest of heaven, and serve Thee in the labour of love, with the charities of a holy zeal, and the diligence of a firm and humble obedience. Lord, I will dwell in Thy temple and in Thy service; religion shall be my employment, and alms shall be my recreation, and patience shall be my rest, and to do Thy will shall be my meat and drink; and to live shall be Christ, and then to die shall be gain.

“ Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen.” “ Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.” Amen.



O Lord our God, whose mercy is infinite, but Thy wrath endureth but the twinkling of

an eye, and even in this short time of Thy wrath, Thou rememberest mercy; we cry unto Thee, and address ourselves unto Thee right humbly: Oh, turn not Thy face away from us; keep our life from them that go down into the pit, and preserve our souls from hell. O Lord, heal us, and be merciful unto us, and save us, turn our heaviness into joy, and gird us with gladness; so shall we give thanks unto Thee for ever; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



O God, our rock and the house of our defence, let us be glad and rejoice in Thy mercies and salvation. Consider, O Lord, our trouble; and, in pity, know our souls to be set round about with enemies and adversaries. Shut us not up into the hands of our enemies, nor our lives within the grave. Our time, O Lord, is in Thy hand, to Thee pertain the issues of life and death: and though our strength hath failed us because of our iniquity, and our bones are vexed by reason of our sins, yet our hope is in Thee, O Lord; we have said, Thou art our God. Deliver us

from all our enemies, bodily and ghostly : turn our sadness into joy and our mourning into gladness, lest our bodies and souls be consumed for very heaviness. Let us not be put to confusion nor to silence in the grave, but let us see Thy marvellous loving-kindness, and partake of Thy plentiful goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee, even before the sons of men. O let us never be cast out of the sight of Thine eyes, but deal with us in mercy and loving-kindness. Into Thy hands we commend our spirits, resigning ourselves up to Thy providence and disposition, either to life or death, as Thou in Thy infinite wisdom shall find most proportionable to Thy glory and our eternal good, beseeching Thee to be our guide to death, and to lead us for Thy name's sake to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



O Lord God, who art wonderful in Thy works, and in Thy doings towards the children of men ; Thou chastisest every one whom Thou receivest, proving us and trying us, like as silver is tried ; let Thy merciful

hands lead us through the fire of afflictions, and the waters of temporal chastisements, so as we may not be consumed with the flames of Thy wrath, nor the waters go over our souls; but that we, being sustained by the comforts of Thy Spirit, and refreshed with the dew of Thy graces, may at last be brought out into a wealthy place, even the place of eternal treasures; that while Thou holdest our souls in life, we may never cease praising Thee, who hast never turned Thy mercy from us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



O Lord God of our salvation, who for our sakes wert wounded, and didst die and lie in the grave, but yet alone of all that ever died, wert free among the dead, and by Thine own power didst rise again with victory and triumph; have mercy upon Thy servant, for Thine indignation lieth hard upon me, and Thou hast vexed me with all Thy storms. My soul is full of trouble by reason of my sins, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave: restore me unto Thy favour, and let me not go down into the dark, nor my life into the



place where all things are forgotten ; but let me shew forth Thy loving-kindness amongst Thy redeemed ones in the land of the living ; for the living, the living, he shall praise Thee, and confess the holiness and the mercies of Thy holy name. Oh, hide not Thou Thy face from me, but give me health of body and restore and preserve me in the life of righteousness ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



O Eternal God, who endurest for ever, and Thy remembrance throughout all generations, have pity upon us according to the infinite treasures of Thy loving-kindness ; hear the voice of our groaning, for Thy indignation and Thy wrath lieth hard upon us. Look down, O Lord, from Thy sanctuary ; hear the mournings of us and of all distressed people ; send us health, and life so long as it may be a blessing ; and do not shorten our days in wrath : but give us grace so to spend all our time in the works of repentance and holiness, that when our years fail, and our change is come, we may be translated to the new heavens, which shall never perish nor wax old, there to continue and stand fast in Thy



sight for ever; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A PRAYER TO BE SAID AT THE BEGINNING  
OF A SICKNESS

O Lord my God, who chastisest every one whom Thou receivest, and, with Thy fatherly correction, smitest all those whom Thou consignest to the inheritance of sons, write my soul in the book of life, and number me amongst Thy children whom Thou hast smitten with the rod of sickness, and, by Thy chastisements, hast brought me into the lot of the righteous. Thou, O blessed Jesu, art a helper in the needful time of trouble; lay no more upon me than Thou shalt enable me to bear, and in due time restore me to health, and to Thy solemn assemblies again, and to the joy of Thy countenance. Give me patience and humility, and the grace of repentance and an absolute dereliction of myself, and a resignation to Thy pleasure and providence, with a power to do Thy will in all things, and then do what Thou pleasest to me; only in health or sickness, in life or death, let me feel Thy comforts refreshing my soul, and let Thy grace pardon all my

sins. Grant this, O blessed Jesu, for my trust is in Thee only: Thou art my God, and my merciful Saviour and Redeemer. Amen.

IN THE PROGRESS OF A SICKNESS

Heavenly Father, if it may be for Thy glory and my ghostly good, to have the days of my pilgrimage prolonged, I beg of Thee health and life: but if it be not pleasing to Thee to have this cup pass from me, Thy will be done: my Saviour hath drunk off all the bitterness. Behold, O Lord, I am in Thy hands, do with me as seemeth good in Thine eyes. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me. I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is Thou, Lord, only, who shalt make me to dwell in everlasting safety, and to partake of the joys of Thy kingdom, who livest and reignest, eternal God, world without end. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR A SICK PERSON IN DANGER  
OF DEATH

O Lord Jesus Christ, our health and life, our hope, and our resurrection from the dead,

: L. of C. .

I resign myself up to Thy holy will and pleasure, either to life, that I may live longer to Thy service, and my amendment; or to death, to the perpetual enjoyment of Thy presence, and of Thy glories. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; for I know, O Lord, that nothing can perish which is committed to Thy mercies. I believe, O Lord, that I shall receive my body again at the resurrection of the just. I relinquish all care of that, only I beg of Thee mercy for my soul. There is no help in me, O Lord; I cannot by my own power give a minute's rest to my wearied body; but my trust is in Thy sure mercies; and I call to mind, to my unspeakable comfort, that Thou wert hungry, and thirsty, and wearied, and whipt, and crowned with thorns, and mocked, and crucified, for me. Oh, let that mercy which made Thee suffer so much, make Thee do that for which Thou sufferedst so much—pardon me, and save me. As my body grows weak, let Thy grace be stronger; let not my faith doubt, nor my hope tremble, nor my charity grow cold, nor my soul be affrighted with the terrors of death; but let the light of Thy countenance enlighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in

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death eternal ; and when my tongue fails, let Thy Spirit teach my heart to pray with strong cryings and groans that are unutterable ; that my soul may, by Thy strength, triumph in the joys of eternity, in the fruition of Thee, my life, my joy, my hope, my exceeding great reward, my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

AN ACT OF PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION

We know, O God, that Thou art infinitely wise and infinitely good, and Thou disposest all the events of Thy creatures to excellent purposes, and delightest to bring good out of evil. Behold, O God, we are Thy servants and Thy creatures, do to us as seemeth good in Thine eyes ; only give us patience and a long-suffering spirit, that we may not murmur secretly, when we complain openly ; that we may not make haste in the day of our calamity, but with a quiet spirit expect and wait for the time of our redemption. But make no long tarrying, O Lord, make haste to help us, O God of our salvation ; and be pleased to give us a light from heaven, that, with the eye of faith, we may see beyond the cloud, and look for those comforts which Thou didst prepare for Thy servants that love Thee, and put their

trust in Thee, and have laid up all their hopes in the bosom of God.

AN ACT OF HOPE

O God, our God, Thou hast said unto us, "I will never leave you, nor forsake you;" Thou hast often eased our calamities, and taken off Thy severe hand, Thou hast promised to be with us in time of need, Thou delightest to deliver them whose confidence is in Thy goodness. Thou hast supported our spirits in the day of our sorrow, and hast given us many intervals and spaces of refreshment, and renewest Thy loving-kindness day by day: Oh, let us never have our portion amongst the hopeless and desperate. Let us always pray to Thee, and hope in Thee, and in every period of our affliction let us do some actions of virtue, by which we may please Thee, and be accepted so long as we can pray. Thou hast commanded us to hope, and we do hope, that these comforts shall refresh our souls, that Thy mercies will support us under our afflictions, that Thy Spirit shall comfort us in it, and Thy grace and Thy glorious providence shall speedily deliver us from it. Amen, blessed Jesus, Amen.

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MEDITATIONS FOR SLEEPLESS  
NIGHTS

I close my heavy eye,  
Saviour, ever near !  
I lift my soul on high,  
Through the darkness drear :  
Be Thou my light, I cry,  
Saviour, ever dear !

I feel Thine arms around,  
Saviour, ever near !  
With Thee if I am found,  
Never can I fear,  
Whatever ills abound ;—  
Saviour, ever dear !

Thine is the day and night,  
Saviour, ever near !  
Thine is the dark and light,  
Be my covert here :  
Oh, shield me with Thy might,  
Saviour, ever dear !

And when I come to die,  
Saviour, ever near !  
Receive my parting sigh ;  
In the hour of fear,  
Be to my spirit nigh,  
Saviour, ever dear !

—*Bonar.*



Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. (Psalm 130.)

I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me. In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my sore ran in the night, and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted. I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak. I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. I call to remembrance my song in the night: I

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commune with mine own heart : and my spirit made diligent search. Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings. Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God? (Psalm 77.)

Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? Why art thou cast down, O 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. (Psalm 42.)

I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. My soul followeth hard after thee : thy right hand upholdeth me. (Psalm 63.)

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel : my reins also instruct me in the night seasons. I have set the Lord always before me : because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth : my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell ; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the path of life : in thy presence is fulness of joy : at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. (Psalm 16.)

Stand in awe, and sin not ; commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still. I will lay me down in peace and sleep ; for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.

O Father of spirits, and the God of all flesh, have mercy and pity upon all sick and

dying Christians, and receive the souls which Thou hast redeemed returning unto Thee.

Blessed are they that dwell in the heavenly Jerusalem, where there is no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God does lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Think upon all thy friends who are gone before thee; and pray that God would grant to thee to meet them in a joyful resurrection.

Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God. In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted: let me never be confounded. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AN ANODYNE

As in the night, I restless lie,  
I the watch-candle keep in eye;  
The innocent I often blame,  
For the slow wasting of its flame.  
Sweet ease!—O whither are you fled?—  
With one short slumber ease my head!

My curtain oft I draw away,  
Eager to see the morning ray;

But when the morning gilds the skies,  
The morning no relief supplies.  
To me, alas! the morning light  
Is as afflictive as the night.

My vigorous cries to God ascend,  
Oh! will not God my cries attend?  
Can God paternal love forbear—  
Can God reject a filial prayer?  
Is there in Heaven for me no cure—  
Why do I then such pains endure?

My flesh in torture oft repines  
At what God for my good designs;  
My spirit the repiner chides,  
Submissive to God's will abides:  
God my disease and temper weighs;  
No pang superfluous on me lays.

Why should I then my pains decline,  
Inflicted by pure love divine?  
Let them run out their destined course,  
And spend upon me all their force;  
Short pains can never grievous be,  
Which work a blest eternity.

—*Bishop Ken.*

Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord ; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night ; for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Gelasian Sacramentary*.

## MIDNIGHT HYMN

My God, now I from sleep awake,  
The sole possession of me take ;  
From midnight terrors me secure,  
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Blest Angels ! while we silent lie,  
Your Hallelujahs sing on high ;  
You, ever wakeful near the Throne,  
Prostrate adore the Three in One.

I with your choir celestial join,  
In offering up a hymn divine :  
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,  
And bid the night and world farewell.

O may I always ready stand,  
With my lamp burning in my hand ;  
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !



Glory to Thee, in light array'd,  
Who Light Thy dwelling-place hast made ;  
A boundless ocean of bright beams  
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in its meridian height  
Is very darkness in Thy sight :  
My soul, O lighten and inflame,  
With thought and love of Thy great name.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, y' Angelic Host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

—*Bishop Ken.*

II

Thanksgivings for Recovery  
from Sickness



## PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE

I waited patiently for the Lord ; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God ; many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord. Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust. Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward : they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee : if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered. (Psalm 40.)

I will bless the Lord at all times : his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord : the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. They looked unto him, and were lightened :

and their faces were not ashamed. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate. (Psalm 34.)

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome

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pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust : his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night : nor for the arrow that flieth by day ; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee. Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation ; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder : the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him : I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation. (Psalm 91.)



I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore : but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness : I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord : this gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter. (Psalm 118.)

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation. He that is our God is the God of salvation ; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death. (Psalm 68.)

For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary ; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth ; to hear the groaning of the prisoners ; to loose those that are appointed to death. (Psalm 102.)

The writing of Hezekiah king of Judah, when he had been sick, and was recovered of his sickness : I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave : I am deprived of the residue of my years. I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living : I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.

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Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent : I have cut off like a weaver my life : he will cut me off with pining sickness : from day even to night wilt thou make an end of me. I reckoned till morning, that, as a lion, so will he break all my bones : from day even to night wilt thou make an end of me. Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter : I did mourn as a dove : mine eyes fail with looking upward : O Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me. O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit : so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live. Behold, for peace I had great bitterness : but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption : for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back. For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee : they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day : the father to the children shall make known thy truth. The Lord was ready to save me : therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life, in the house of the Lord. (Isaiah, 38.)

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people. O Lord, truly I am thy servant: I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds. I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the

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presence of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord. (Psalm 116.)

## HYMNS

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless His name,  
Whose favors are divine.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul !  
Nor let His mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

'T is He forgives thy sins ;  
'T is He relieves thy pain ;  
'T is He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave ;  
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sovereign power to save.

— *Watts.*

Lord, what is man ! that child of pride,  
That boasts his high degree !  
If left one moment to himself  
He sinks—and where is he ?

In Thee I live and move and am ;  
Thou dealest out my days :  
Lord, as Thou dost renew my life,  
Let me renew Thy praise.

To Thee I come, from Thee I am,  
For Thee I still would be ;  
'T is better for me not to live,  
Than not to live to Thee.

Thou art my living fountain, Lord ;  
On me Thy streams still flow :  
Myself I render up to Thee,  
To whom myself I owe.

— *Unknown.*

What shall I render to my God  
For all His kindness shown ?  
My feet shall visit Thine abode,  
My songs address Thy throne.

Among the saints that fill Thy house,  
My offerings shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

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How much is mercy Thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God !  
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight !  
How precious is their blood !

How happy all Thy servants are !  
How great Thy grace to me !  
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,  
Lord, I devote to Thee.

Now I am Thine, forever Thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move ;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with Thy love.

Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,  
And Thy rich grace record ;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

—*Watts.*

My God ! Thy service well demands  
The remnant of my days ;  
Why was this fleeting breath renewed  
But to renew Thy praise ?



Thine arm of everlasting love  
Did this weak frame sustain,  
When life was hovering o'er the grave,  
And nature sunk with pain.

Calmly I bowed my fainting head  
On Thy dear faithful breast,  
Pleased to obey my Father's call  
To His eternal rest.

Into Thy hands, my Saviour, God!  
Did I my soul resign,  
In firm dependence on that truth  
Which made salvation mine.

Back from the borders of the grave  
At Thy command I come,  
Nor would I urge a speedier flight  
To my celestial home.

Where Thou appointest my abode,  
There would I choose to be,  
For in Thy presence, death is life,  
And earth is heaven with Thee.

—*Doddridge.*

## PRAYERS

O most merciful and gracious God, Thou fountain of all mercy and blessing, Thou hast opened the hand of Thy mercy to fill me with blessings and the sweet effects of Thy loving-kindness. And now, O Lord, Thou hast added this great blessing of a deliverance from my late danger ; it was Thy hand and the help of Thy mercy that relieved me ; the waters of affliction had drowned me, and the stream had gone over my soul, if the Spirit of the Lord had not moved upon these waters. Thou, O Lord, didst revoke Thy angry sentence which I had deserved, and which was gone out against me. Unto thee, O Lord, I ascribe the praise and honour of my redemption. I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy, for Thou hast considered my trouble, and hast known my soul in adversity. As Thou hast spread Thy hand upon me for a covering, so also enlarge my heart with thankfulness, and fill my mouth with praises, that my duty and returns to Thee may be as great as my needs of mercy are ; and let Thy gracious favours and loving-kindness endure for ever and ever upon Thy servant ;

and grant that what Thou hast sown in mercy may spring up in duty ; that I, living here to the glory of Thy name, may at last enter into the glory of my Lord, to spend a whole eternity in giving praise to Thy exalted and ever-glorious name. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

I commend my soul to God my Creator, who made me out of nothing ; to Jesus Christ, my Saviour, who redeemed me with His precious blood ; to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who sanctified me. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.—*Key of Heaven.*

O Lord God, Father of mercies, the Fountain of comfort and blessing, of life and peace, of plenty and pardon, who fillest heaven with Thy glory, and earth with Thy goodness ; I give Thee the most earnest, and most humble returns of my glad and thankful heart, for Thou hast refreshed me with Thy comforts, and enlarged me with Thy blessing ; Thou hast made my flesh and my bones to rejoice ; for, besides the blessings of all mankind, the blessings of nature and the blessings of grace, the support of every minute,

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and the comforts of every day, Thou hast opened Thy bosom and at this time hast poured out an excellent expression of Thy loving-kindness upon me. Blessed be the Lord, even the Lord God of Israel, which only doeth wondrous and gracious things. And blessed be the name of His majesty for ever; and all the earth shall be filled with His majesty. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



III

Thoughts about Death





## PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE

Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. (1 Chronicles, 29.)

For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. (Hebrews, 13.)

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. (Romans, 14.)

For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better. (Philippians, 1.)

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and

my heart faileth : but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. (Psalm 73.)

Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. (John, 14.)

These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth ; and shutteth, and no man openeth ; I know thy works : behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it : for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold, I come

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quickly : hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out : and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God : and I will write upon him my new name. (Revelation, 3.)

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. (Psalm 23.)

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now, he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (for we walk by faith, not by sight:) we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him. (2 Corinthians, 5.)

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine

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age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee. Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish. I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it. Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand. When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more. (Psalm 39.)



## PASSAGES OF POETRY

My God, I know that I must die :  
My mortal life is passing hence ;  
On earth I neither hope nor try  
To find a lasting residence.  
Then teach me by Thy heavenly grace  
With joy and peace my death to face.

My God, I know not *when* I die ;  
What is the moment or the hour ;  
How soon the clay may broken lie,  
How quickly pass away the flower :  
Then may Thy child preparèd be  
Through time to meet eternity.

My God, I know not *how* I die ;  
For death has many ways to come,  
In dark mysterious agony,  
Or gently as a sleep to some.  
Just as Thou wilt, if but it be  
To bring me, blessed Lord, to Thee !

My God, I know not *where* I die,  
Where is my grave, beneath what strand ;  
Yet from its gloom I do rely  
To die delivered by Thy hand,  
Content, I take what spot is mine,  
Since all the earth, my Lord, is Thine.

My gracious God, when I must die,  
O bear my happy soul above,  
With Christ, my Lord, eternally  
To share Thy glory and Thy love :  
Then comes it right and well to me,  
When, where, and how my death shall be.

—*Benjamin Schmolck.*

*Translated by Mrs. Findlater.*

I know my end must surely come,  
But know not when, or where, or how ;  
It may be I shall hear my doom  
To-night, to-morrow, nay, or now ;  
Ere yet this present hour is fled,  
This living body may be dead.

Lord Jesus, let me daily die,  
And at the last Thy presence give ;  
Then Death his utmost power may try,  
He can but make me truly live.  
Then welcome my last hour shall be,  
When, where, and how it pleases Thee.

—*Solomon Frank.*

*Translated by Miss Winkworth.*

Lord Jesus Christ, true Man and God,  
Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod,  
And diedst at last upon the Tree,  
To bring Thy Father's grace to me :  
I pray Thee, through that bitter woe,  
Let me, a sinner, mercy know.

When comes the hour of failing breath,  
And I must wrestle, Lord, with death,  
When from my sight all fades away,  
And when my tongue no more can say,  
And when mine ears no more can hear,  
And when my heart is racked with fear ;

When all my mind is darkened o'er,  
And human help can do no more ;  
Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed,  
And help me in my hour of need ;  
Lead me from this dark vale beneath,  
And shorten then the pangs of death.

Joyful my Resurrection be  
Thou in the Judgment plead for me,  
And hide my sins, Lord, from Thy face,  
And give me Life, of Thy dear grace !  
I trust Thee utterly, my Lord,  
For Thou hast promised in Thy Word !

Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt ;  
Help us to wait until Thou wilt  
That we depart ; and let our faith  
Be brave, and conquer e'en in death :  
Firm resting on Thy sacred Word,  
Until we sleep in Thee, our Lord.

—*Paul Eber.*

*Translated by Miss Winkworth.*

Suffering Son of Man, be near me,  
All my sufferings to sustain,  
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,  
By Thy more than mortal pain ;  
By Thy fainting in the garden,  
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,  
Write upon my heart the pardon ;  
Take my sins and fears away.

By the travail of Thy spirit,  
By Thine outcry on the tree,  
By Thine agonizing merit,  
In my pangs, remember me !  
By Thy death I now implore Thee,  
Lord ! my dying soul befriend ;  
Make me lovingly adore Thee,  
Make me faithful to the end.

—*Wesley.*

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want :  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green ; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again ;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill ;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes ;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy, all my life,  
Shall surely follow me ;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

—*Scottish Psalter.*

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er :  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than I ever have been before ;  
Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be :  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea ;  
Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.  
But lying darkly between,  
Winding down thro' the night,  
Is the silent, unknown stream  
That leads at last to the light.  
Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink,  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think,  
Father ! perfect my trust,  
Let my spirit feel in death  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the Rock of a living faith.

—*Phæbe Cary.*



Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.

Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control ;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

—*Toplady.*

Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide :  
The darkness deepens ; Lord ! with me abide ;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless ! oh ! abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away :  
Change and decay in all around I see :  
O Thou who changest not ! abide with me.

'Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee :

In life and death, O Lord ! abide with me.

—*H. F. Lyte.*

In the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomforted,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artless doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees ;  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his potion and his pill  
Has or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill ;  
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true ;  
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath pray'd,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decay'd ;  
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When (God knows) I'm toss'd about,  
Either with despair, or doubt ;  
Yet before the glass be out,  
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with untruth ;  
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Judgment is reveal'd,  
And that open'd which was seal'd,  
When to Thee I have appeal'd ;—  
    Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

—*Robert Herrick.*

## PEACE

My soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry  
All skilful in the wars :  
There above noise, and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious Friend,  
And—O my soul, awake !—  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

—*Henry Vaughan.*

## HERE AND HEREAFTER

To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,  
 To leave so many lands unvisited,  
 To leave so many worthiest books unread,  
 Unrealized so many visions bright ;—  
 Oh ! wretched yet inevitable spite,  
 Of our brief span, that we must yield our  
     breath,  
 And wrap us in the unfeeling coil of death,  
 So much remaining of unproved delight !

But hush, my soul, and vain regrets, be still'd ;  
 Find rest in Him who is the complement  
 Of whatsoe'er transcends our mortal doom,  
 Of baffled hope, and unfulfill'd intent ;  
 In the clear vision and aspect of Whom  
 All longings and all hopes shall be fulfill'd.

— *Trench.*

Thou inevitable Day,  
 When a voice to me shall say—  
 “Thou must rise and come away ;

“All thine other journeys past,  
 Gird thee, and make ready fast  
 For thy longest and thy last :’—

Day deep-hidden from our sight  
In impenetrable night,  
Who may guess of thee aright?

Art thou distant, art thou near?  
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear?  
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come unseen before  
Thou art standing at the door,  
Saying, light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace,  
As shall leave me largest space  
To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head  
On some loved lap,—round my bed  
Prayer be made and tears be shed?

Or at distance from mine own,  
Name and kin alike unknown,  
Make my solitary moan?

Wilt there yet be things to leave,  
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,  
From which parting it must grieve?



Or shall life's best ties be o'er,  
And all loved ones gone before  
To that other happier shore ?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,  
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,  
Like a slumber sweet and deep ?

Or the soul long strive in vain,  
To escape, with toil and pain,  
From its half-divided chain ?

Little skills it where or how,  
If thou comest then or now,  
With a smooth or angry brow ;

Come thou must, and we must die—  
JESUS ! Saviour ! stand Thou by,  
When that last sleep seals our eye !

— *Trench.*

## PRAYERS

And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly, my hope is even in Thee. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet I will fear no evil. Lord, Thou knowest whereof we be made; Thou rememberest that we are but dust. I am Thine, O save me! Behold, O Lord, how that I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid; Thine unprofitable servant, yet Thy servant; Thy lost prodigal child, yet Thy child. Lord, I am created in Thine own image. Suffer not Thine own image to be utterly defaced, but renew it again in righteousness and true holiness. Into Thine hands I commend myself, for Thou hast redeemed me, Thou God of Truth. Amen.—*Lancelot Andrews.*

O King of Glory, bring us all home, I pray Thee, by grace unto glory. Let our light affliction which is but for a moment work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Amen.—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

O Lord our God, keep us from all darkness except such as our own foolishness brings over us. Let us remember that there is no darkness with Thee. Let us have but one thing to be afraid of—the death of the spirit. Let there be but one thing that we shrink from—unlovingness towards Thee and our brother. And when the storm is loud, and the night is dark, and the soul is sad, and the heart oppressed ; then, as weary travellers, may we look to Thee ; and beholding the light of Thy love, may it bear us on, until we learn to sing Thy song in the night. And when the last chill stream of death shall be crossed, grant that ours may be the Delectable Mountains, the company of faithful souls, the eternal years, the everlasting life. Of Thy great mercy hear our supplications, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—

*George Dawson.*

Living or dying, Lord, I would be Thine ; keep me Thine own for ever, and draw me day by day nearer to Thyself, until I be wholly filled with Thy love, and fitted to behold Thee, face to face. Amen.—*E. B. Pusey.*

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Help, O Lord Jesus Christ, that, in this my last extremity, I may joyfully overcome by Thy grace. Uphold me in true faith, and comfort me with Thy Spirit when my end shall come, that even in death I may not be severed from Thee. O Lord, to Thee I commend my soul which Thou hast purchased with Thy precious blood. Amen.

O Thou ever-faithful God, shorten to me the agonies of death, and vouchsafe a peaceful and happy end, according to Thy loving-kindnesses as they have been ever of old, that I may thank and praise Thee for Thy mercy for ever and ever. Amen.—*Lutheran Church Book.*

O Thou true Saviour, Jesus Christ! Thou Who art the Lamb of God that takest away the sin of the world, and hast washed and cleansed me in Thy blood: I beseech Thee, by Thy bitter Passion, and especially by what Thou didst suffer when Thy soul passed out of the body, have mercy upon my poor soul in the hour of its departure, and bring me to life everlasting; Thou Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

Heavenly and eternal Father, Source of all being, from whom I spring, unto whom I shall return,—Thine I shall ever be. Thou wilt call me unto Thyself when my hour comes. Blessed shall I then be if I can say, “I have fought a good fight.” I fear not death, O Father of life; for death is not eternal sleep, it is the transition to a new life, a moment of glorious transformation, an ascension towards Thee. How could that be an evil that cometh from Thy hand, when Thou art the All-good? Lord of life and death, I am in Thy hand; do unto me as Thou deemest fit; for what Thou dost is well done. When Thou didst call me from nothing into life, Thou didst will my happiness; when Thou callest me away from life, will my happiness be less Thy care? No, no, Thou art love, and whosoever dwells in love, dwells in Thee, O Lord, and Thou in him. Amen.—*Heinrich Zschokke.*

Almighty, everlasting, and most merciful God, Thou Who dost summon and take us out of this sinful and corrupt world to Thyself through death, that we may not perish by continual sinning, but pass through death to

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life eternal: Help us, we beseech Thee, to know and believe this with our whole heart, to the end that we may rejoice in our departure, and at Thy call cheerfully enter into Thine everlasting kingdom; through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord. Amen.—*Lutheran Church Book.*

O Lord, teach me to consider that I must die, and that here I have no continuing city. Make me mindful of the shortness and vanity of my life, that I may think much upon mine end, and live and die in this world, not to myself, but to Thee; so that in cheerful faith I may look for the day of my departure and the appearing of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and hasten unto the same by a holy walk and a godly life; through Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour. Amen.—*Lutheran Church Book.*

O Lord Jesus! Since Thou hast hidden from me the day and hour when I shall be called away from earth, teach me to be ready at every moment, that I may willingly leave this world, depart in peace, and with Thee and all the elect keep the Sabbath of eternal rest; Thou Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.



*The following selections are from the works of  
Jeremy Taylor :*

Lord, preserve me in the unity of Thy holy Church, in the love of God and of my neighbors. Let Thy grace enlarge my heart to remember, faithfully to use, wisely to improve, and humbly to give thanks to Thee for all Thy favours, with which Thou hast enriched my soul, and preserved my person, and rescued me from danger, and invited me to goodness in all the days and periods of my life. Thou hast led me through it with an excellent conduct ; and I have gone astray after the manner of men ; but my heart is towards Thee. O do unto Thy servant, as Thou usest to do unto those that love Thy name : let Thy truth comfort me, Thy mercy deliver me, Thy staff support me, Thy grace sanctify my sorrow, and Thy goodness pardon all my sins ; Thy angels guide me with safety in this shadow of death, and Thy most Holy Spirit lead me into the land of righteousness, for Thy name's sake, which is so comfortable, and for Jesus Christ's sake, our dearest Lord and most gracious Saviour. Amen.

## A PRAYER FOR A HOLY AND HAPPY DEATH

O Eternal and Holy Jesus, who by death hast overcome death, and by Thy passion hast taken out its sting, and made it to become one of the gates of heaven, and an entrance to felicity, have mercy upon me now, and at the hour of my death. Let Thy grace accompany me all the days of my life, that I may, by a holy conversation and a habitual performance of my duty, wait for the coming of our Lord, and be ready to enter with Thee at whatsoever hour Thou shalt come. Lord, let not my death be in any sense unprovided, nor untimely, nor hasty, but after the manner of men, having in it nothing extraordinary, but an extraordinary piety, and the manifestation of a great and miraculous mercy. Let my senses and my understanding be preserved entire till the last of my days; and grant that I may die the death of the righteous, free from debt and deadly sin, having first discharged all my obligations of justice, leaving none miserable and unprovided in my departure; but be Thou the portion of all my friends and relatives, and let Thy blessing descend upon

their heads, and abide there, till they shall meet me in the bosom of our Lord. Preserve me ever in the communion and peace of the church; and bless my death-bed with the opportunity of a holy and a spiritual guide, with the assistance and guard of angels, with the reception of the holy sacrament, with patience and dereliction of my own desires, with a strong faith and a firm and humbled hope, with just measures of repentance, and great treasures of charity to Thee, my God, and to all the world; that my soul, in the arms of the holy Jesus, may be deposited with safety and joy, there to expect the revelation of Thy day, and then to partake the glories of Thy kingdom, O eternal and holy Jesus. Amen.

A MEDITATION OF DEATH AND A PRAYER PRE-  
PARATORY TO IT

O Eternal God, whose being was before the mountains were brought forth, before the earth and the world were made, even from everlasting and world without end,—have mercy upon us weak and impotent people, the children of men, who fade away suddenly like the grass; remove our misdeeds from

before Thee, and our secret sins from the sight of Thy countenance : be not angry with us, neither consume us in Thy displeasure : teach us to number all the days of our life, and to reckon on still to the day of death ; that when our days are gone, and our years are brought to an end like a tale that is told, Thou mayest turn unto us at the last, and be gracious unto us in the pardon of our sins, in restraining the power and malice of all our ghostly enemies, in giving us opportunity of all spiritual assistance and advantages ; that our lamps being trimmed and burning bright with charity and devotion, we may enter into the bride-chamber, there forever to behold the glorious majesty of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

IN ALL SADNESS AND IN THE HOUR OF DEATH

O Lord God, Thou art our hope, and our portion in the land of the living ; consider our complaint and misery : Thou art our place to flee unto, Thou only art our sanctuary. O hide us under the covert of Thy wings ; keep us from all the dangers which multiply upon us, when our spirits are in heaviness and our bodies pressed with infirmities : be

Thou always at our right hand, and assist us so with the strength of Thy grace, that our temptations and our enemies not being above our strength derived from Thee, our souls may with confidence go out of prison, and give eternal thanks unto Thy name in the companies of the righteous; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR A BLESSED ENDING TO BE SAID  
IN TIME OF HEALTH AND SICKNESS

O blessed Jesu, Fountain of eternal mercy, the Life of the soul, and glorious Conqueror over death and sin, I humbly beseech Thee to give me grace so to spend this transitory life in virtuous and holy exercises, that when the day of my death shall come, in the midst of all my pains I may feel the sweet refreshings of Thy Holy Spirit comforting my soul, sustaining mine infirmities, and relieving all my spiritual necessities; and grant that in the unity of the holy catholic church, and in the integrity of Christian faith, with confidence and hope of Thy mercy, in great love towards Thee, in peace with my neighbors, and in charity with all the world, I may, through Thy grace, depart hence out of this



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vale of misery, and go unto that glorious country, where Thou hast purchased an inheritance for us with the price of Thy most precious blood, and reignest in it gloriously in the unity of Thy Father and ours, and Thy Holy Spirit and our ghostly Comforter, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

O be merciful unto us in the day of our calamity, and of Thy visitation; strengthen our faith in the day of our sicknesses and trial, when the cloud is thick, and the storm is great; that we may rely upon Thy grace, invoke Thy mercies, hope in Thy goodness, and receive the end of our hopes, the salvation of our souls. O let us never descend into the dwellings of the wicked, nor into the place of them that know not God: but be pleased here to guide us with Thy counsel, and after that receive us with glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O eternal God, Thou Fountain of life and pardon, there is no number of Thy days nor of Thy mercies; be merciful unto us now and at the hour of our death; let not Thy servants be arrested with sudden death, that



we be neither unready in our accounts, nor snatched hence with an imperfect duty, nor surprised in an act of sin, nor called upon when our lamps are untrimmed; let it be neither violent nor untimely, hasty nor unblessed; but after the ordinary visitation of men, having in it an excellent patience and an exemplar of piety, and the greatest senses and demonstrations of Thy eternal mercies. Preserve, O God, our reason and religion, our faith and our hope, our sense and our speech, perfect and useful till the last of our days; and grant that we may die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like to his.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not up Thy merciful eyes and ears unto our prayers; but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee; but strengthen us with a mighty grace, and support us with an infinite mercy, giving us perfect measures of repentance and great treasures of charity, that, at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable

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in Thy sight, and receive that blessing which Thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all them that love and fear Thee, saying, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." This mercy, O most merciful Father, vouchsafe to give unto us and all Thy servants, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

A PRAYER TO BE SAID BY A PERSON APT TO  
BE AFFLICTED WITH FEAR OF DEATH

O my dearest Saviour, take from Thy servant all inordinate fear of death, and give me a great desire after heaven and heavenly things: and when Thou shalt call me from this world, conduct me by the graces and comforts of Thy Holy Spirit evenly and holily, certainly and cheerfully, to the regions of hope and joy, that in Thy arms I may expect and long for the day of recompenses and of Thy glorious appearing. O God, hear the prayer and most passionate desires of Thy servant: and since Thou hast commanded us in time of need to come with boldness to the throne of grace, grant that I may be accepted by Thy mercies and loving-

kindness, through the merits and intercession of my Lord, in whom I desire to live, and for whom I will not refuse to die,—our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus; to whom with Thee, O blessed Father, and most Holy Spirit, I humbly give all honor, and thanks, and glory, and love, and service; and desire to do so for ever. Amen.

I know, O Lord, I am here but as a sojourner in a strange land, and not as a citizen in my own country. I am here but a tenant at will, and must shortly depart; for here I have no continuing city; but I must seek one to come, eternal in the heaven; where I shall bear a part in the heavenly quire with angels, evermore praising Thy holy name; there I shall behold light incomprehensible, where I shall be in no fear of death. Farewell, then, all the world, and all the things in it; “Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done;” now I am blessed, O Lord, for I shall dwell in Thy house, and shall still be praising Thee.

O eternal God, who dwellest in eternity, whose power is eternal, and whose kingdom

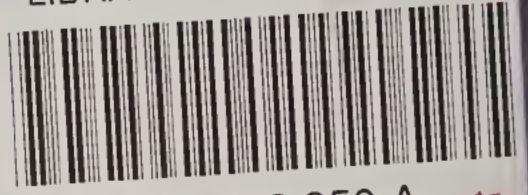
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is the kingdom of all ages ! Take me by Thy right hand, O Lord ; conduct me to Thy eternal glory : let me esteem all things as nothing, in respect of eternity. Grant, O Lord, that I may so pass through things temporal, that I do not finally lose the things eternal. Amen.

Whatsoever misery or affliction shall fall upon thee, say, “ By the Divine assistance, I will bear it patiently ; Lord Jesu, stand by me, and comfort me ; Lord Jesu, be present with Thy servant, that putteth his trust in Thee ; receive my spirit, and lead me through the valley and shadow of death ; lead me, and forsake me not, until Thou hast brought my soul into the land of the living, O Thou which art my light, life, and salvation ! ”

THE END

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