

The cover features a dark blue background with intricate gold-colored floral and scrollwork designs. At the top and bottom are large, symmetrical, fan-like floral motifs. On the left and right sides, there are vertical stems with leaves and smaller floral elements. The entire design is enclosed within a thin gold border with decorative corner pieces.

PIERCING  
HEAVEN

|  
PRAYERS  
*of the*  
PURITANS

|  
Robert Elmer, Editor



HELP ME REST IN  
GOD'S LOVE.



GOD STOOPS TO THE WEAK AND  
UNWORTHY

Who are we, and what is our father's house, that you have brought us here?

And now, O Lord God, what will your servants say to you? We are silenced with wonder, and must sit down in astonishment. We cannot utter the least of your praises.

What does the height of this strange love mean? And what does it mean to us, that the Lord of heaven and earth should condescend to enter into covenant with dust, and take into his bosom the viperous brood that has so often spit their venom in his face?

We are not worthy to be as the handmaids, to wash the feet of the servants of our Lord; how much less are we worthy to be your sons and heirs, and to be made partakers of all these blessed liberties and privileges you have settled upon us!

But for your goodness' sake, and according to your own heart, you have done all these great things. Even so, Father, because it seemed good in your sight.

This is why you are great, O God, for there is none like you, nor is there any God besides you. Amen.

—*Joseph Alleine*

## GOD HAS MARRIED HIS PEOPLE

What nation on earth is like your people?

You, God, came to redeem us as a people for yourself. You have confirmed us to yourself, to be a people for you forever; and you, Lord, have become our God. Wonder, O heavens, and be moved, O earth, at this great thing!

The tabernacle of God is with us, and you will dwell with us, and we will be your people; and you yourself will be with us, and be our God.

We are astonished and ravished with wonder, for the infinite breach is made up, the offender is received, God and man reconciled, and a covenant of peace entered into. Heaven and earth are all agreed upon the terms.

O happy conclusion! Will the stars dwell with the dust? Or the wide distant poles be brought together?

But here the distance of the terms is infinitely greater. Rejoice, O angels; shout, O seraphim; O all you friends of the bridegroom, be ready with the marriage song.

Look, here is the wonder of wonders: for you, Jehovah, have betrothed yourself forever to your hopeless captives, and you declare the marriage before all the world. You have become one with us and we with you.

You have bequeathed to us the precious things of heaven above, and the precious things of the earth beneath, and you have kept back nothing from us.

And now, O Lord, you are that God, and your words are true. You have promised this goodness to your servants, and have left us nothing to ask from your hands except what you have freely granted already.

Establish forever the word which you have spoken concerning your servants. Do as you have said; and let your name be magnified forever, saying, “The Lord of hosts, he is the God of Israel.”

Amen, hallelujah!

—*Joseph Alleine*

## TO THE GOD WHO BENDS DOWN TO REACH US

Precious Lord Jesus! Oh for grace to love you, who have so loved us! You stoop to call such poor sinful people your own, and love them as your own, and consider every thing done for them and done to them as to yourself.

Show my poor heart a portion of that love, that I may love you as my own and only Savior, and learn to love you to the end, as you have loved me and given yourself for me, an offering and a sacrifice to God.

Precious Lord, continue to surprise my soul with the tokens of your love. All the tendencies of your grace, all the evidences of your favor, your visits, your love-tokens, your pardons, your renewings, your morning call, your mid-day feedings, your noon, your evening, your midnight grace.

All, all are among your wonderful ways of salvation, and all testify to my soul that your name, as well as your work, is, and must be, wonderful.

Jesus, you put forth your hand and touched a leper! Deal with me the same way, precious Lord. Though I am polluted and unclean, yet reach down to put forth your hand and touch me also.

Put forth your blessed Spirit. Come, Lord, and dwell in me, abide in me, and rule and reign over me. Be my God, my Jesus, my Holy One, and make me yours forever.

Yes, dearest Jesus, I hear you say that you will be for me, and not for another. So will I be for you. Oh! You condescending, loving God, make me yours, “that whether I live, I may live to the Lord; or whether I die, I may die to the Lord; so that living or dying, I may be yours.”

—*Robert Hawker*

## IN THE BEAUTY OF JESUS

In your beauty, blessed Lord, we see a fullness of grace, truth, and righteousness. It corresponds exactly to the wants of poor sinners—your blood, to cleanse. Your grace, to comfort. Your fullness, to supply.

In you there is everything we can want: life, light, joy, pardon, mercy, peace, happiness here, glory hereafter.

Do I not see you, my King, in your beauty, when I behold you coming with all these for me? So I must cry out with the psalmist, “I will love you, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my strength and my song; and he is become my salvation.”

And that is not all. Because when I see the King in his beauty, I see him also in his love. Yes, blessed Lord, you are so beautiful, for you have so loved poor sinners that you give yourself for them.

And we know that our love for you did not come first, but your love to us came first. Your love prompted ours. Your love filled our hearts and, by your Spirit, first prompted our minds to look toward you. That makes you lovely indeed.

And now, Lord, every day's view of you increases that love, and brings home your beauty more and more. The more often you stoop to visit my poor soul, the more beautiful you appear.

Every appearance, every view, every glimpse of Jesus, tends to make my God and King more gracious and lovely to my soul, and adds fresh fervor to my love.

Come then, you blessed, holy, lovely one, and ravish my spiritual senses with your beauty, that my whole soul would be filled only with the love of Jesus every day. Until that day when, from seeing you here below, through your grace, I come to look upon you, and live forever in your presence, in the full beams of your glory in your throne above.

— *Robert Hawker*

## THE SHEPHERD OF NEW BELIEVERS

Great Shepherd of your sheep, is this how you deal so sweetly with your little ones? That explains why young believers, in the first seasons of knowing you, find so much blessed refreshment.

You gather the lambs and carry them in your bosom. You do this in a way that fully proves your love and compassion for the needs of your flock.

Yes, Lord, you are the one who restores my soul. Praises to your name, for you do it all in such a way that proves it to be for your great name's sake. Your grace comes freely and without reprimand.

“He restores my soul, and leads me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.”

Dear Lord Jesus! Grant me this happy frame of mind, that I may say with David, “My heart is steadfast, O God, my heart is steadfast; I will sing and give praise!” Amen!

—*Robert Hawker*

## SING THE SONG OF GLORY

Great, glorious, everlasting Redeemer! You are indeed both the High Priest and the altar, both the Sacrifice and the Sacrificer. Your one offering has both put out the fire of divine wrath and caused the holy flame of love and peace to burn there instead, which has kindled in every heart of your people.

Lamb of God, you have delivered us from the wrath to come!  
You have made our peace in the blood of your cross.



By your blood you have quenched the just fire of divine indignation against sin. You have quenched no less than all the fiery darts of Satan. You have subdued the flaming antagonism of our hearts, with all their fiery lusts and burning affections.

What will I say to you? What will I say of you? What will I proclaim concerning you, the Lord our righteousness?

Lord, help me to begin the song, and never entertain sin or Satan—not even death itself, or allow it for a moment to interrupt the heavenly note.

Instead let your name fill my entire soul and vibrate on my dying lips, so that I may open my eyes in eternity, while the words still hang there.

“To him who has loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests to God and the Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.”

—*Robert Hawker*

## ENJOYING THE FAVOR OF GOD

Lord Jesus, I seek you and your favor beyond all the riches of the earth, and all the enjoyments of the world.

Lord, help me never to forget that it was your favor that brought you down from heaven. Your favor that prompted you to die, to rise again, for poor sinners. Your favor which makes you wash us from all our sins in your blood.

All of your grace here, all the glories of redemption hereafter—everything was bought and the result of your favor.

Precious Lord, please show me your renewed favor, day by day. And let those visits from you be so gracious, so sweet, and so continual, that I may think or speak of nothing else.

I pray for grace to spend all the moments of my life here, receiving your grace and love, and bringing you love and praise, until you take me home to live at the fountain of your favor. That is when the whole happiness of eternity will be in the praises of God and of the Lamb, and we will enjoy “the favor of him who dwelt in the bush.”

— *Robert Hawker*

## THE FATHER PLANNED IT ALL

Almighty Father, it is your special mercy to give your Son, and with him all things, to the highly favored objects of your everlasting love.

From all eternity, you planned, ordered, willed, appointed, and prepared the great salvation of the gospel. You chose Christ as the head, and the Church as the body of this amazing work of redemption.

You have carried out all the great designs. You strengthen and complete everything in our final salvation—in grace here, and glory hereafter.

Blessed, holy, and compassionate Lord God! For the sake of Jesus fulfill this promise daily in my soul. Bear me up, carry me through, and strengthen me in Christ, that I may walk in his name, until you bring me in to see his face in your eternal

home, and I dwell under the light of his countenance forever,  
amen.

— *Robert Hawker*

## THE BLESSED WORK OF THE SPIRIT

Oh blessed Spirit, to whom I owe such unspeakable mercies,  
let me, Lord, contemplate you today as the gracious, kind,  
compassionate Comforter.

For you are the Holy Spirit, the Comforter. And with mercy you  
sympathize with all the followers of Jesus in our afflictions, both  
of soul and body.

How tenderly you show us our sins, and lead us to the blood of  
Jesus to wash them away.

How sweetly you visit, encourage, strengthen, instruct, lead,  
and guide us into all truth.

And how powerfully at times, by your restraining grace, you  
enable us to put to death the deeds of the body, that we may live.

Holy, blessed, almighty Comforter! Continue your visits to us.  
Come, Lord, and abide with me, and be with me forever. Prove  
that you are the Sent of the Father, and of the Son, by coming to  
me in the name of Jesus, by teaching me all the precious things  
concerning Jesus, and by acting as the one who reminds us of  
Jesus.

In you and by your blessed work, I may know and live in the  
sweet enjoyment of fellowship with the Father, and with his

Son Jesus Christ, through the influence of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Amen.

— *Robert Hawker*

## JESUS ONLY

Lord, when you asked Mary in her sorrow, “Woman, why do you weep? Whom do you seek?” our souls reply with her, “We seek Jesus alone.”

Oh then, to hear our own names called upon, as hers was: “Mary!” Our answer brings out every affection of the heart: “Rabbi! My Lord and my God!”

Yes! You, altogether lovely Lord, the fairest and first among ten thousand—I will go with you. I would forget my own people and my father’s house. For my father’s house is a house of bondage, because I was born in sin, and formed in iniquity. I am a child of wrath, just like everyone else, and by nature dead in trespasses and sins.

It is you, blessed Jesus, who have delivered me from the wrath to come. It is you who have quickened me by your Holy Spirit to a new and spiritual life. It is you who have sent your servants to call me to yourself, and have betrothed me to yourself forever.

Is there anyone who would still ask me, “Will you follow this man?”

My whole soul would outrun the question, and, like the apostle, I would answer, “To whom else will I go?”

Even the angels will witness for me. I have none in heaven or earth but you. Yes, you, dearest Redeemer! I will go with you,

follow you, live with you, hang on you, die with you. Not even death itself will separate you and me.

Oh let me feel in my soul those precious words of yours, concerning your church: “I will call them my people.” And my whole soul will respond to the gracious sound, and say, “the Lord is my God.” Amen.

—*Robert Hawker*