

# *Divine Mercies*

**O Thou Eternal God,**

Thine is surpassing greatness, unspeakable goodness, and superabundance of grace. I can as soon count the sands of the sea-shore as number thy tender mercies towards me. I know but a part, but that part exceeds all praise. O my Lord, how I thank thee for personal mercies; a measure of health, preservation of body, comfort of house and home, sufficiency of food and clothing, continuance of mental powers, my family, their mutual help and support, the delights of domestic harmony and peace, the seats now filled that might have been vacant, my country, my church, my Bible, my faith.

But, O my Lord, I mourn over my sins of ingratitude, vileness and that the days thou hast given and sustained me to love and serve thee are rather scenes that witness my offending tongue, and wayward wonderings from my sacred duty to serve and follow thee. All things in heaven and earth, around, within, without, --all Lord condemn me. The sun sees my deeds; the darkness cannot hide from Thee all that I have done and am. The cruel accuser doth justly charge me, yea and heavenly angels who have been provoked to leave me--all lies before me, and I am undone.

How doest Thou look upon me beholding all my secret sins against thy righteous law and holy Word. My sin-soiled conscience, my private and public life, my neighbours, myself--all write dark things against me. I deny them not, nor frame any excuse, but confess, "Father, I have sinned." Yet, I am still alive! Yet, I fly repenting to thy outstretched arms. Thou wilt not cast me off, for Jesus brings me, a poor sinner near. Thou wilt not forever be angry with me nor condemn me for He died in my stead.

Thou wilt not mark my mountains of sin, for Christ has leveled them all and his beauty covers all my deformities.

O my God, I bid farewell to sin by clinging to his cross and hiding in his wounds, and sheltering in his side.