

Help me.

I am so slow to learn, so prone to forget,so weak to climb;

I am in the foothills when I should be on the heights;

I am pained by my graceless heart,

my prayerless days, my poverty of love,

my sloth in the heavenly race,my sullied conscience,

my wasted hours, my unspent opportunities.

I am blind while light shines around me, take the scales from my eyes, grind to dust the evil heart of unbelief.

Make it my chiefest joy to study thee,

meditate on thee, gaze on thee,

sit like Mary at thy feet, lean like John on thy breast,

appeal like Peter to thy love, count like Paul all things dung.

Give me increase and progress in grace so that there may be

more decision in my character, more vigour in my purposes,

more elevation in my life, more fervour in my devotion,

more constancy in my zeal.

As I have a position in the world,

keep me from making the world my position;

May I never seek in the creature

what can be found only in the Creator;

Let not faith cease from seeking thee

until it vanishes into sight.

Ride forth in me, thou King of kings and Lord of lords,

that I may live victoriously, and in victory attain my end.