

Journeying On

Lord of the Cloud and Fire,

I am a stranger, with a stranger's indifference;
My hands hold a pilgrim's staff,
My march is Zionward,
My eyes are toward the coming of the Lord,
My heart is in thy hands without reserve.

Thou hast created it, redeemed it, renewed it, captured it, conquered it.

Keep from it every opposing foe,
 crush in it every rebel lust,
 mortify every treacherous passion,
 annihilate every earthborn desire.

All faculties of my being vibrate to thy touch;
I love thee with soul, mind, body, strength,
 might, spirit, affection, will,
 desire, intellect, understanding.
Thou art the very perfection of all perfections;
All intellect is derived from thee;
My scanty rivulets flow from thy unfathomable fountain.
Compared with thee the sun is darkness,
 all beauty deformity,
 all wisdom folly,
 the best goodness faulty.
Thou art worthy of an adoration greater than my dull heart
 can yield;
Invigorate my love that it may rise worthily to thee,
 tightly entwine itself round thee,
 be allured by thee.
Then shall my walk be endless praise.

—From The Valley of Vision: A Collection of Puritan Prayers and Devotions