

A Daily Prayer of George Marsh

O Lord Jesus Christ, which art the only physician of wounded consciences, we miserable sinners, trusting in thy gracious goodness, do briefly open unto thee the evil tree of our heart, with all the roots, boughs, leaves, and fruits, and with all the crooks, and knots, all which thou knowest: for thou thoroughly perceivest as well the inward lusts, doubtings, and denying thy providence, as those gross outward sins which we commit inwardly and deadly. Wherefore we beseech thee, according to the little measure of our infirmity, although we be far unable and unapt to pray, that thou wouldest mercifully circumcise our stony hearts; and for these old hearts create new within us, and replenish us with a new spirit, and water us, and moisten us with the juice of heavenly grace, and wells of spiritual waters, whereby the inward venom and noisome juice of the flesh may be dried up, and custom of the old man changed; and our heart, always bringing forth thorns and briers to be burned with fire, from henceforth may bear spiritual fruits in righteousness and holiness, unto life everlasting: Amen.

Beloved, among other exercises, I do daily on my knees use this confession of sins, willing and exhorting you to do the same, and daily to acknowledge unfeignedly to God your unbelief, unthankfulness, and disobedience against him. This shall ye do, if ye will diligently consider and look yourselves, first, in the pure glass of God's commandments, and there see your outward filthiness and uncleanness, and so learn to vanquish the same; that is to wit, fall in hearty displeasure against sin, and thereby be provoked to long after Christ; for we truly are sinners, but he is just. and the justifier of all them that believe on him. We are poor, but he is rich in mercy toward all them that call upon him. If we hunger and thirst for righteousness, let us resort unto his table, for he is a most liberal feast-maker. He will set before us his own holy body, which is given to us to be our meat, and his precious blood, which was shed for us and for many, for the remission of sins, to be our drink. He biddeth, willeth, and calleth for guests, which hunger and thirst. Come, saith he, all ye that labour and are laden, and I will refresh you, cool and ease you, and you shall find rest unto your souls.