

**PRA YERS,
PP. 1-201**

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Prayers, pp. 1-201 by Horatio Stebbins

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HORATIO STEBBINS

**PRAYERS,
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BY
HORATIO STEBBINS

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MINISTER OF THE
FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH
OF SAN FRANCISCO
1864-1902

SAN FRANCISCO
THE MURDOCK PRESS
1903

Gift
Mrs F. W. Kelsey
1-23-30

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE
FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH IN SAN FRANCISCO

"IN WHOSE FACES," FOR MORE
THAN A GENERATION, "HE SAW
THE REFLECTION OF CHRISTIAN
LOVE FOR HIM, AND WHO RE-
CEIVED WHAT HE HAD TO SAY
AS THE STILL, THIRSTY EARTH
RECEIVES THE GENTLE RAIN,"
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY
HIS CHILDREN.

1-23-30


Mrs. F. W. Kelsey

NOTE.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, unknown to my father, I engaged a stenographer, who, for nearly a year, sent me reports of the prayers of the Sunday services.

My father never knew that this record existed.

Feeling that their publication will afford an opportunity for members of his congregation and others who loved him to have and to hand down a precious memorial of his ministry, this little volume is offered.

R. S.

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PRAYERS

In the order of services the short prayer immediately follows the sermon.

FEBRUARY 17, 1889 — MORNING

INFINITE, Holy, and Almighty God, our Father, we come now to our place newly consecrated to thy service; we come with hearts refreshed in the genial air of this fair day; lift up our minds and hearts to thee with devout feeling, reverence, and prayer. Our wants are ever constant and ever the same; our weakness is ever near and our sin ever nearer. Thy love and thy grace are greater than our weakness and mightier than our sins, and we come to thee, O God, and take refuge in thee, our Strength and our Redeemer.

Consecrate unto our hearts, we pray thee, our experience—the experience of life, the experience of its events, the experience of its trials, of its joys. We bless thee always for thy greatness, the majesty of thy beauty, and we pray thee let that beauty rest upon us, O God,—yea, let the beauty of our God rest upon us.

We thank thee, Almighty One, for the pleasant inheritance upon which we have entered. We

acknowledge with gratitude all our debt in the past to those who have gone before us, the founders and builders, the teachers, those who have lifted up their voice to thee before the people, who have sung songs of mighty power, and spoken words of grace, sweetness, love, and terrible retribution.

And now, O God, thy people wait for thee, and is not also thy coming prepared as is the morning? Dost thou not come to thy people as the early and latter rain to the earth? Come now, thou Holy One, refresh the hearts of thy children, wash away all their sins, and remove their sins from them as far as the east is from the west; and let thy blessing, thy tender compassion, thy glory, and thy joy be upon us, now and evermore. AMEN.

O God, our Father, by whose Spirit all hearts are moved as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind, come now in thy abundant grace and bless thy people; confirm their hearts in every pure thought and in every good purpose, quicken their minds, their reflections, their meditations, their reason, and give them something of thy indwelling and divine life, which thy saints have ever called the life of God. AMEN.