

It falters where I firmly tread,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,
 It stretch lame hands of faith, and grope...

Eternal God, who hast been the hope and joy
 of many generations, and who in all ages hast
 given men/women the power to seek Thee, and in
 seeking to find Thee, grant us, we pray Thee, a
 clearer vision of Thy truth, a greater faith in
 Thy power, and a more confident assurance of
 Thy love.

When the way seems dark before us, give us
 grace to walk trustingly:

When much is obscure to us, let us be all the more
 faithful to the little that we can clearly see:

When the distant scene is clouded, let us rejoice
 that at least the next step is plain:

When what Thou art is most hidden from our eyes,
 let us still hold fast to what Thou dost command.

When insight falters, let obedience stand firm:
 if but we lack in faith let us repay in love.

And if still we cannot find Thee, O God, then
 let us search our hearts and know whether it is not
 rather us who are blind than Thou who art obscure,
 and we who are fleeing from Thee rather than Thou
 from us; and let us confess these our sins be-
 fore Thee and seek Thy Pardon in Jesus Christ
 Our Lord —