
The Valley of Vision

This collection of Puritan prayers and devotion was first published by the Banner of Truth in 1975. It has now been reissued in a leather binding. Here are two examples of its contents.

The Valley of Vision

LORD, THE HIGH AND HOLY, MEEK AND LOWLY,
Thou hast brought me to the valley of vision,
where I live in the depths but see thee in the heights;
hemmed in by mountains of sin I behold thy glory.

Let me learn by paradox
that the way down is the way up,
that to be low is to be high,
that the broken heart is the healed heart,
that the contrite spirit is the rejoicing spirit,
that the repenting soul is the victorious soul,
that to have nothing is to possess all,
that to bear the cross is to wear the crown,
that to give is to receive,
that the valley is the place of vision.

Lord, in the daytime stars can be seen from deepest wells,
and the deeper the wells the brighter thy stars shine;

Let me find thy light in my darkness,
thy life in my death,
thy joy in my sorrow,
thy grace in my sin,
thy riches in my poverty,
thy glory in my valley.

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The Gift of Gifts

O SOURCE OF ALL GOOD,

What shall I render to thee for the gift of gifts, thine
own dear Son, begotten, not created, my redeemer,
proxy, surety, substitute, his self-emptying
incomprehensible, his infinity of love beyond the heart's grasp.

Herein is wonder of wonders: he came below to raise
me above, was born like me that I might become like him.

Herein is love;

when I cannot rise to him he draws near on wings of grace, to raise me to
himself.

Herein is power;

when Deity and humanity were infinitely apart
he united them in indissoluble unity, the uncreate and the created.

Herein is wisdom;

when I was undone, with no will to return to him, and no intellect to devise
recovery,
he came, God-incarnate, to save me to the uttermost, as man to die my
death,
to shed satisfying blood on my behalf,
to work out a perfect righteousness for me.

O God, take me in spirit to the watchful shepherds, and enlarge my mind;

let me hear good tidings of great joy,
and hearing, believe, rejoice, praise, adore, my
conscience bathed in an ocean of repose,
my eyes uplifted to a reconciled Father;
place me with ox, ass, camel, goat,
to look with them upon my redeemer's face,
and in him account myself delivered from sin;

let me with Simeon clasp the new-born child to my heart,
embrace him with undying faith, exulting that he is mine and I am his.

In him thou hast given me so much that heaven can give no more.

David Ford

As most readers of *Foundations* know, David Ford, the General Secretary of the BEC, is soon to take up a new appointment with the Free Church of Scotland as a missionary in Colombia. I would like to take this opportunity to thank David for his support and encouragement of this journal and to express on behalf of its readers our gratitude for his work with BEC. Our prayer is that the Lord will bless him in his new work for him.