

## 152. Our Blessed State of Grace.

**Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!** *1 John 3,1.*

In what a jubilant strain St. John describes our blessed state of grace! "Behold," he says, "what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" The very simplicity and grandeur of these words grip the heart and fill it with untold rapture. *We* the sons of God! Oh, what blessedness! We the *children of God*? Why, then we belong to God's family; God is our Father; heaven is our home; eternal life is our undisputed inheritance.

Oh, what blessed state of grace! Oh, what precious comfort it imparts! It is a blessed thing to look upon God as a Father, to know that we have been restored to His favor and are entitled *to* all privileges of a child. And that blessedness is ours. It is a blessed thing amid the trials and difficulties with which the human race has to struggle in this vale of tears to be upheld by the divine promise that the names of His followers are written in heaven, yea, graven upon the very palms of Jesus' hands, from which no one shall pluck them; that He will make all things work together for the welfare of His children and that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed when the children of God shall receive their inheritance. And that blessedness is ours. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God" and become the heirs of eternal salvation!

Eternal life is in store for us. Small wonder that John so exultingly cries out: "What manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us!" And he exclaims, "Behold!" O the blessed change! We gain joy for sorrow, life for death. We are God's heirs; God wills to us His glory; we are received into His house of many mansions, where there are pleasures forevermore.

## Prayer.

Dear Father in heaven, Thou lovest me, I know, because I love Thy Son, Jesus Christ, my Savior. Trusting in this, I do now confidently pray Thee, do not desert me to my foes, but keep me in the blessed state of grace. Hear me and grant what I ask, not because I am so holy and pious, but because I know that Thou, for Christ's sake, wilt readily give and grant all things to us. I commend myself to Thy divine protection and fatherly blessing for this and all the remaining days of my life. Thy holy angel keep guard over me that the enemy may have no power over me. Do not look upon my own person, but hear me because I lean on Jesus. Amen.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose  
I will not, I will not, desert to His foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, – no, never, – no, never forsake!

This devotion is one of 318 taken from *Daily Bread* by F. E. Pasche, published by CPH in 1926, but now in the public domain. They have been copied and reformatted by Rev. Bruce G. Ley and made available for distribution by pastors and missionaries.

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