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MANUAL OF DEVOTION

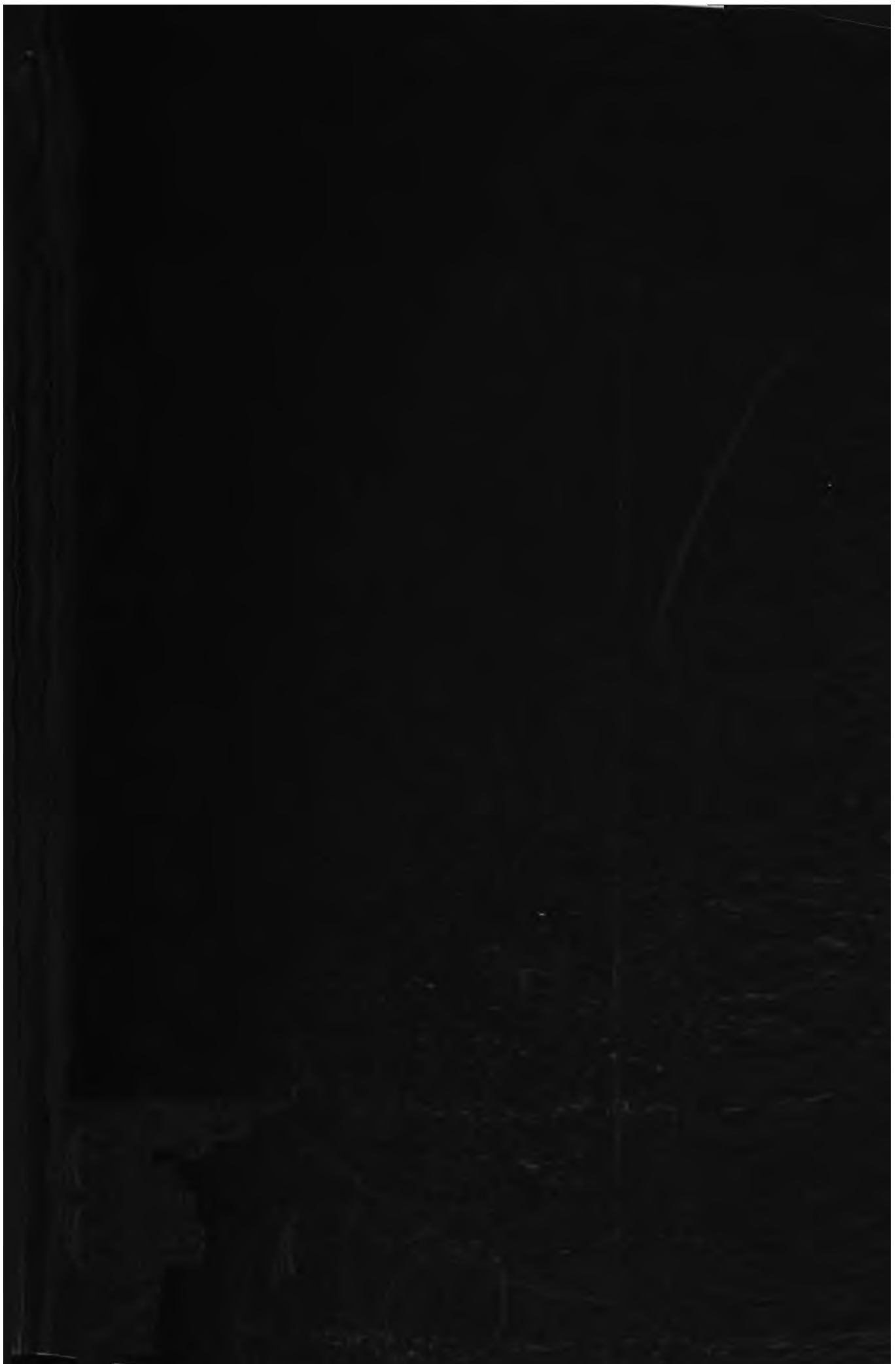


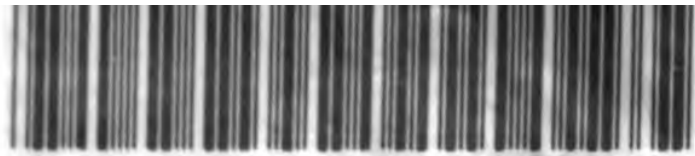
ST AUGUSTINE



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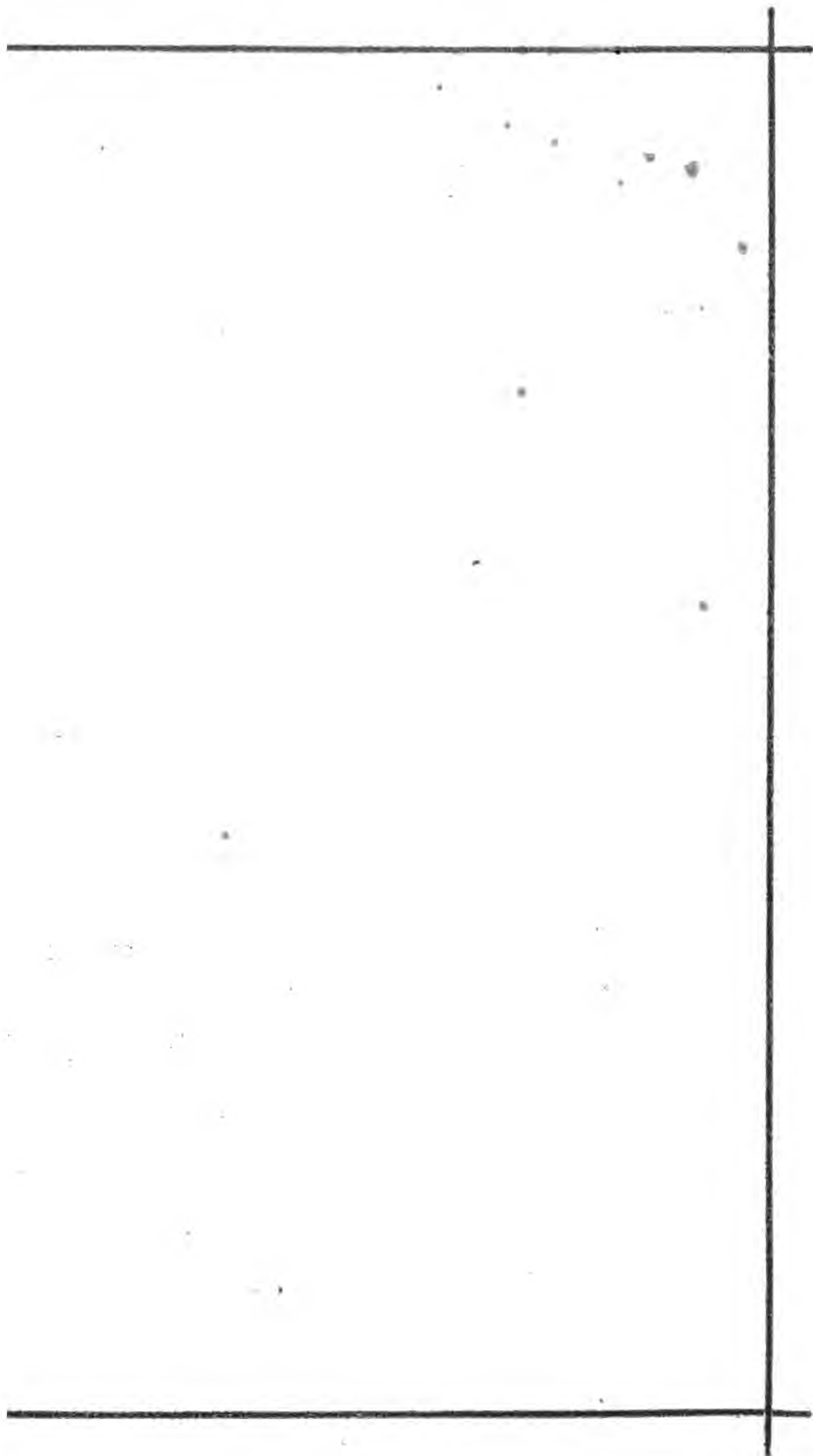






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Manual of Devotion.



Manual of Devotion

FROM THE WRITINGS
OF
SAINT AUGUSTINE.

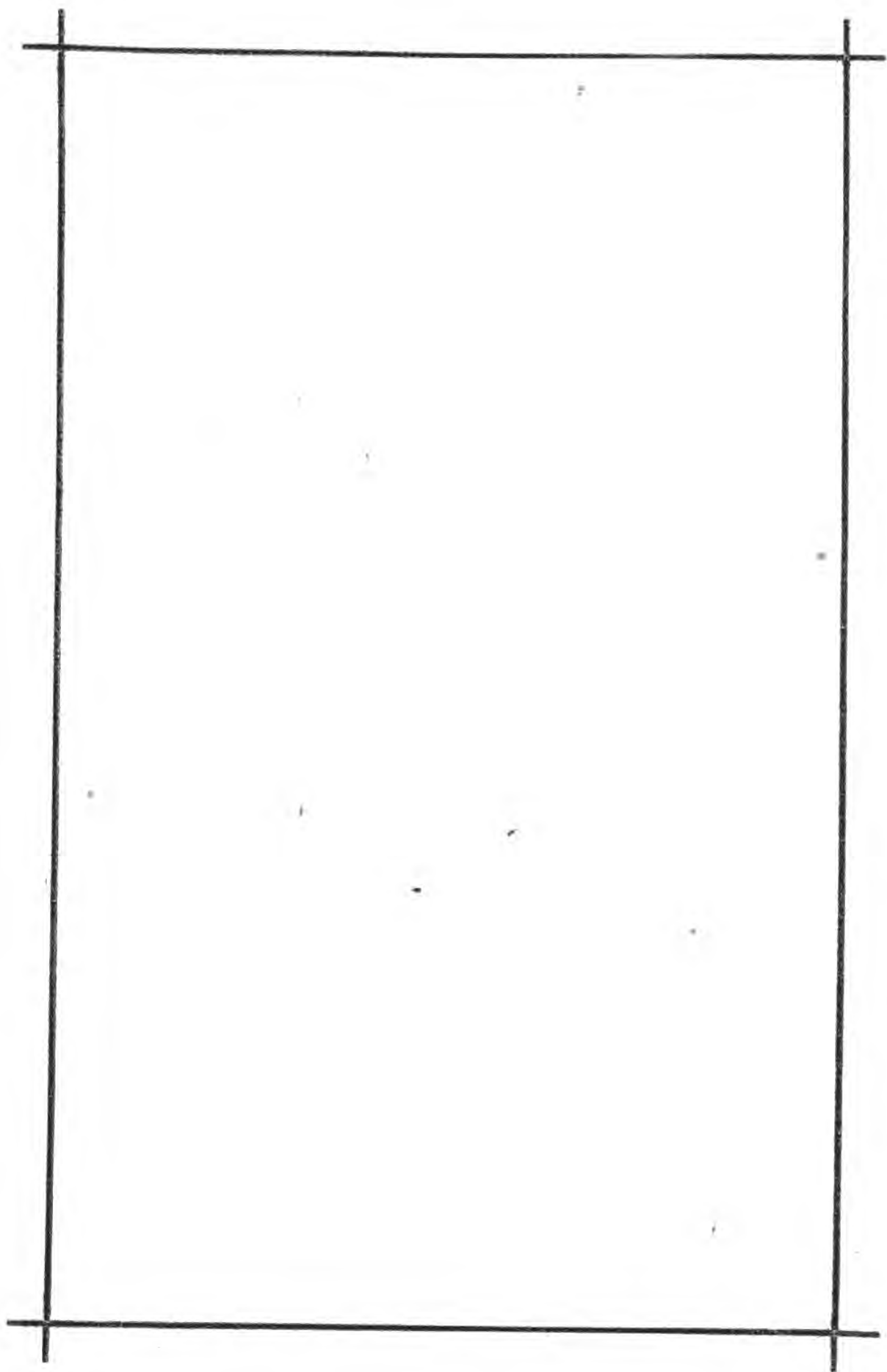
Translated by the
REV. MARCUS DODS, D.D.

NEW EDITION.



Edinburgh:
JOHN MACLAREN & SON.
LONDON: GRIFFITH & FARRAN.

138. i. 503



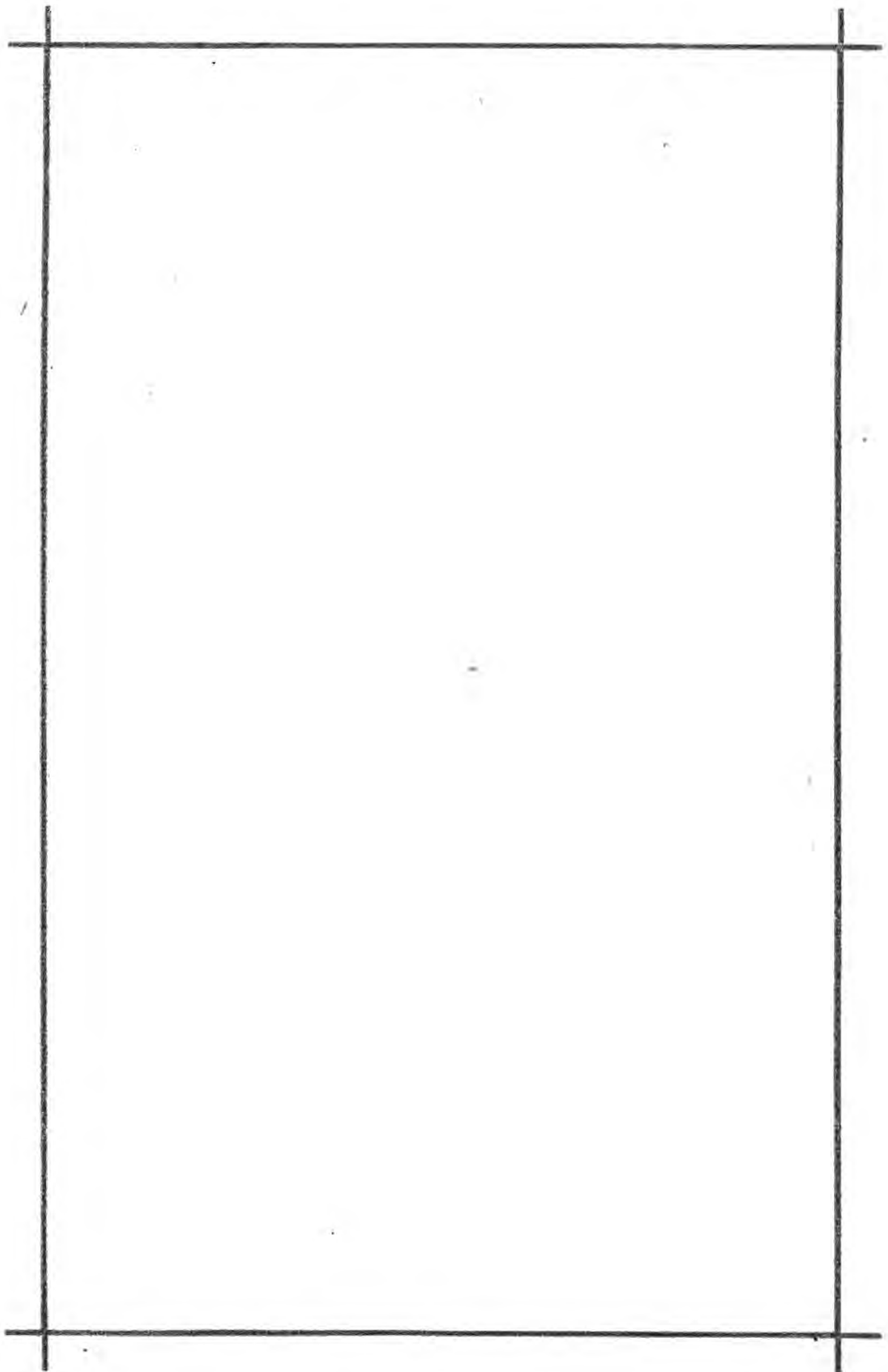


PREFATORY NOTE.

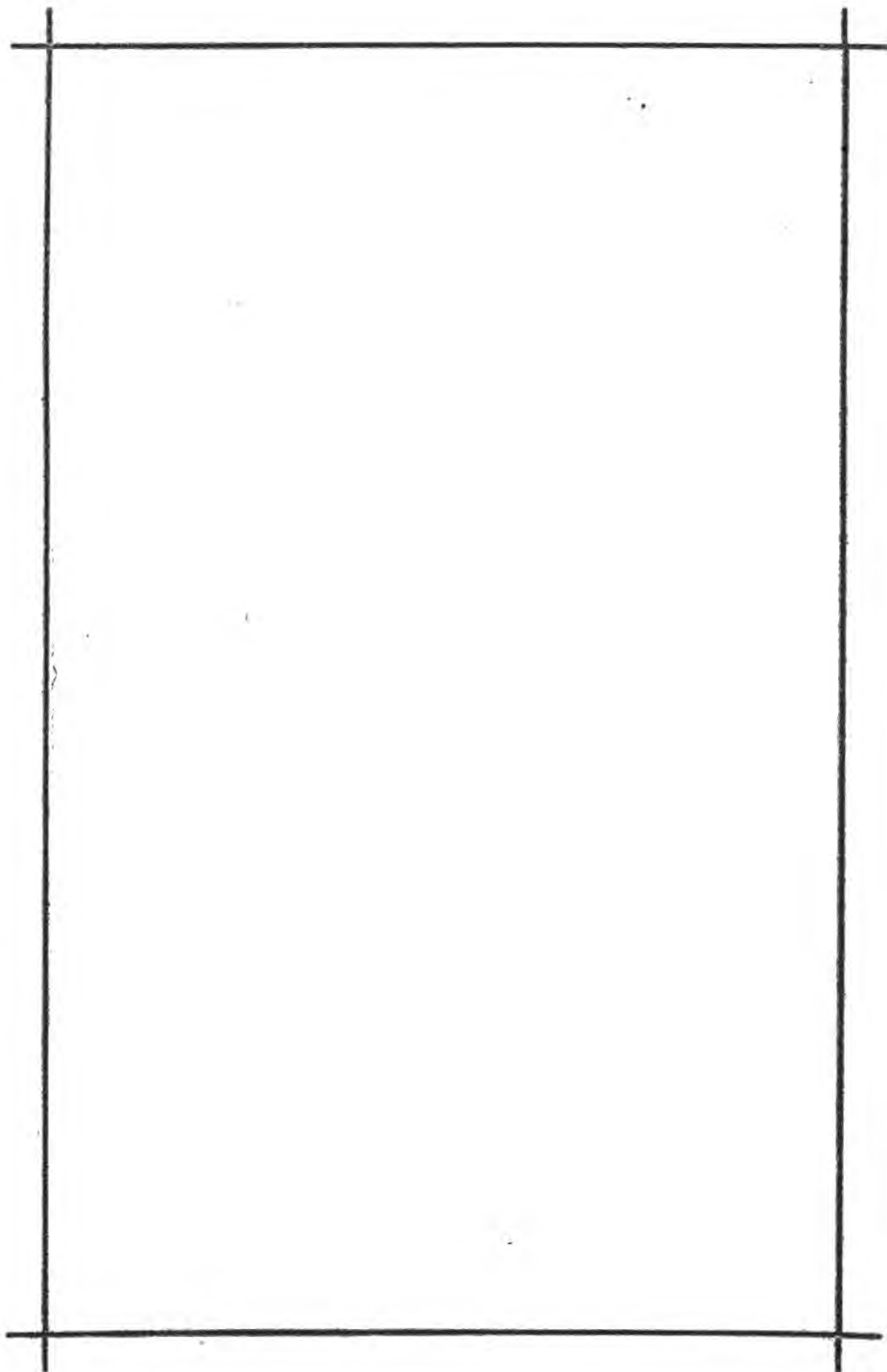


THREE Books of Devotion have long been published under the name of Augustine. Of these the "Manual" is generally considered genuine, while the "Soliloquies" and "Meditations" lie under some suspicion. In this volume the Manual is given entire, and such portions of the other compilations as bear very sufficient evidence of their authorship. The Preface will no doubt be rejected by critical readers.





Part First.





P R E F A C E.



SEEING that we have been placed in the midst of snares, we easily grow cold in heavenward longing. Wherefore we are in continual need of some defence, that, when we fall away, we may be roused up, and hasten back to God our true and highest good. On this account, not in rash presumption, but in great love to my God, and for His glory alone, I have bestowed my labour on this little book, in order that I might always have with me a short and handy collection of the more pleasing sayings of the Holy Fathers regarding my God, so that by reading them, as often as I grow cold in my love, my heart might revive and burn within me. Now may my God be present with me; my God whom I seek, whom I love,

whom with heart, mouth, and every faculty I praise and bless.

My mind is consecrated to Thee, lit up by love of Thee, panting after Thee, eagerly seeking Thee, longing to see Thee : there is no joy save to speak of Thee, to hear of Thee, to write of Thee, to discourse of Thee, to meditate oftentimes upon Thy glory, that the sweet remembrance of Thee may be some peaceful rest amid this turmoil. On Thee, therefore, do I call, O Thou that art most longed for ; to Thee do I cry with my whole heart. And when I call upon Thee, within myself do I call ; for I should not be at all unless Thou wert in me ; and unless I were in Thee, Thou wouldst not be in me. In me Thou art, for in my memory Thou abidest ; from it have I known Thee, in it do I find Thee, when I remember Thee and delight in Thee, from whom are all things, by whom are all things, and in whom are all things.



Manual of Devotion.

CHAPTER I.

Of the wonderful Being of God.

THOU, O Lord, fillest heaven and earth, upholding all things without burden; filling all without confinement; ever acting, ever at rest. Gathering, though Thou needest not; seeking, though Thou hast all things. Loving, and yet Thou art calm; jealous, and Thou art secure. Thou repentest, yet Thou grieveest not; Thou art angry, yet fury is not in Thee. Works Thou changest, but not design. Thou recoverest what Thou hast not lost; never in need, Thou rejoicest in gain.

Who has anything which is not Thine? Thou payest debts, owing to no one; Thou

remittest debts and lovest nothing. Who art everywhere, and everywhere art wholly present. Who canst be felt, and canst not be seen. Who art nowhere absent, yet art far from the thoughts of the wicked. Yet Thou art not absent even when far off; for Thou art present in judgment if not in mercy. Who art everywhere present, yet scarcely to be found. Whilst Thou standest we follow after Thee, and cannot overtake Thee. Who holdest all things, fillest all things, embracest all things, transcendest all things, upholdest all things.

Who teachest the hearts of the faithful without the din of words. Who changest not in times and seasons, nor art now to be found, and now afar off; who dwellest in light inaccessible, which no man hath seen, nor can see. Remaining in Thyself and at rest, Thou encompassest all things. For being truly One, Thou canst not be divided, but with Thy whole Being fillest all things, holdest all things; the whole is Thine, and Thou glorifiest it.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Ineffable Knowledge of God.

IF the universe were filled with books, Thine unspeakable knowledge could not be told. No mind can comprehend it; no words can utter it. Thou art the Fountain of Divine glory, the Sun of eternal splendour. Thou art great without quantity, and therefore immeasurably great. Thou art good without quality, and therefore truly and perfectly good, and none is good save Thee only. Whose wish is performance: whose will is power. Who by Thy will alone hast made all things, which out of nothing Thou didst create. Who without any need possessest all Thy creation. Who rulest all Thy creatures without weariness, who governest them without labour, and there is nothing high or low that disturbs the order of Thy government.

Who dwellest in all places and art every-

where present, yet without position or motion. Who art not the author of evil, which Thou canst not do ; though there is nothing that Thou canst not do ; yet of all that Thou hast done Thou repentest of nothing. By whose goodness we are made, by whose justice we suffer, by whose mercy we are delivered. Whose omnipotence rules, governs, and fills all that it hath created. Nor would we say that Thou fillest all things, as if they contain Thee, but rather they themselves are contained by Thee. Nor would we think that each of Thy works, according to its size, possesses a portion of Thee, for Thou art entirely in all things, and all things in Thee. Whose omnipotence embraces all things, and none can escape from Thy power : for he who knows not Thy mercy, shall in nowise escape Thy wrath.

CHAPTER III.

Of the Desire of the Soul that perceives God.

THEE, therefore, O most merciful God, do I invite into my soul, which Thou preparest for Thy reception by the desire which Thou Thyself inspirest. Enter into it, I beseech Thee, conform it to Thyself, that Thou mayest possess that which Thou didst create and hast renewed, that I may have Thee as a seal upon my heart. I pray Thee, O most Holy One, forsake not him that calleth on Thee. For before I called upon Thee, Thou hadst called me, and hadst sought me ; that I Thy servant might seek Thee, and seeking find Thee, and love Thee when found. I have sought and found Thee, O Lord, and I desire to love Thee. Increase my desire, and grant what I seek ; since if Thou gavest to me all that Thou hast made, this will not satisfy Thy servant, unless Thou givest Thyself. Give me

then Thyself ; O my God, restore Thyself to me. Lo, I love Thee, and if it is but a weak love, let it be strengthened. I am bound by the love of Thee, I burn with desire of Thee, I am delighted by Thy sweet remembrance.

Behold while my soul pants after Thee, and meditates Thine ineffable holiness, the very burden of the flesh grows light, the tumult of thought is still, the weight of mortality and wretchedness loses its heavy dulness ; all things are hushed, tranquillity reigns. The heart grows warm, the spirit rejoices, memory is fresh, the intellect is clear ; and all the soul, on fire with desire of seeing Thee, feels itself rapt by love of things invisible. Let my spirit take wings as the eagle's ; may it mount up and not faint, may it fly even to the beauty of Thy dwelling place and the throne of Thy glory ; and there on the table which Thou hast prepared may it feed with the heavenly citizens beside the flowing waters. Be Thou our joy, who art our hope, salvation, and redemption ; be Thou our joy, who art to be our reward. May my soul ever

seek Thee, and do Thou grant that in seeking Thee it fail not.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the Misery of the Soul which neither loves nor seeks our Lord Jesus Christ.

ALAS! wretched soul, that neither loves nor seeks Christ ; it remains parched and miserable. Its life is death, not loving Thee. He who does not desire to live to Thee is nothing, and lives for nothing. He who refuses to live to Thee is dead. He who is not wise to Thee is a fool. To Thee, O most merciful One, I commend, restore, and yield myself, through whom I am, live, and am wise ; in Thee have I confidence, in Thee do I trust, on Thee do I rest all my hope, through whom I shall rise again, live, and find rest. Thee I desire, love, and adore, in whom I shall live, reign, and be for ever blessed. The soul which neither de-

sires nor loves Thee, loves the world, is the servant of sin, and subject to iniquity ; never at peace, never free from care. But my soul shall ever be Thine handmaid, O most Holy One. Be Thou the end of my pilgrimage ; kindle my heart with love of Thee.

May my soul rest on Thee, O my God, may its meditation be of Thee, may I sing Thy praises with rejoicing, and in this exile of mine may this be my consolation. Let my soul find refuge under the shadow of Thy wings, far from the thoughts of this world. Let my heart be calm in Thee, my heart a great ocean swelling with billows. O Thou, who givest all good gifts, who aboundest in heavenly plenty, give bread to the weary, gather in the scattered, free the prisoner, bind up the broken in heart. Lo ! he stands at the door and knocks. I beseech Thee, by Thy tender mercy with which Thou hast visited us from on high, give entrance to the wretched one who knocks, that with free steps he may approach Thee, and may rest in Thee, and be refreshed with the bread of heaven.

For Thou art the bread and the fountain of life ;
Thou art the light of eternal glory ; Thou art
the life of them that love Thee.

CHAPTER V.

Of the Desire of the Soul.

O GOD, light of the hearts who see Thee,
and life of the souls that love Thee, and
strength of the thoughts which seek Thee,
grant that with a holy love I may cleave to
Thee. Come, I pray Thee, into my heart, and
with the riches of Thy pleasure make it to for-
get the things of time. I am ashamed and
vexed with the deeds of this world. All that
I see is sadness to me, all that I hear of passing
events is a grievance to me. Help me, O Lord
my God, and fill my heart with gladness ; come
to me that I may see Thee. But the house of
my soul is narrow, and Thou must enlarge it for
Thy dwelling. It is ruinous, do Thou repair it.

Many things are in it which would offend Thine eye, I know and confess ; but who will purify it, or to whom but Thee shall I call, "Cleanse me, O Lord, from my secret faults ; keep back Thy servant also from other men's sins ?"

Make me, O merciful Jesus, I pray Thee, O kind Saviour, make me, by love and desire of Thee, put off the burden of earthly desires and carnal affections. Let my soul rule my body, my reason rule my soul, Thy grace my reason, and subdue me wholly, both body and soul, to Thy will. Grant that my heart may praise Thee, and my tongue, and all my bones. Enlarge my mind, and raise the vision of my heart, that with swift thought my spirit may reach Thee, the Eternal Wisdom who art from everlasting to everlasting. Free me from the chains with which I am bound, that, casting off all that entangles me, I may serve Thee alone, cleave to Thee alone, and direct every effort towards Thee alone.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the Happiness of the Soul that is freed from its earthly Prison.

HAPPY is that soul, which, freed from its earthly prison, at liberty seeks the sky ; which sees Thee, its most sweet Lord, face to face ; which is touched by no fear of death, but rejoices in the incorruption of eternal glory. At rest and secure it no longer dreads death and the enemy. Now, O Lord, it possesses Thee whom it has long sought and always loved. Now it is joined to the company of those who sing to Thy praise, and for ever it sings to Thy glory the sweet sounds of never ending blessedness. For of the fatness of Thy house, and of the rivers of Thy pleasure, Thou givest it to drink. Happy is the band of the heavenly citizens, and glorious the solemnity of all who are coming back to Thee from the sad toil of this our pilgrimage, to the joy of beauty, and

the loveliness of universal splendour, and the majesty of all grace. There shall the eyes of Thy people see Thee face to face ; there nothing at all that can trouble the mind is permitted to the ears.

What songs of praise ! What sounds of harmonious instruments ! What sweetly flowing choruses ! What music rises there without end ! There sounds continually the voice of hymns and pleasant chants which are sung to Thy glory by the heavenly inhabitants. Malignity and the gall of bitterness have no place in Thy kingdom. For there is no wicked one, nor is wickedness found therein. There is no adversary nor any deceitfulness of sin. There is no want, no disgrace, no wrangling, no turmoil, no quarrelling, no fear, no disquietude, no punishment, no doubting, no violence, no discord ; but there is the excellency of peace, the fulness of love, praise eternal and glory to God, peaceful rest without end, and everlasting joy in the Holy Spirit.

Oh ! how blessed shall I be, if ever I hear

those most sweet choirs of Thy citizens, those mellifluous songs ascribing the honour that is due to the Holy Trinity. But oh! how exceeding blessed shall I be, if I shall be found among those who sing to our Lord Jesus Christ the sweet songs of Zion.

CHAPTER VII.

Of the Joy of Paradise.

O LIVING life, life everlasting, and blessed without end! Where is joy without sorrow, rest without toil, honour without fear, riches without loss, health without languor, abundance without fail, life without death, continuance without corruption, blessedness without calamity: where are all good things perfected in love, where there is vision face to face, where there is perfect knowledge in all things, and through all things; where the whole goodness of God is made manifest, and the

light of holiness is glorified ; where the present majesty of God is viewed, and the mind of the beholder fully satisfied with this bread of life which faileth not ; they see always and always long to see ; they long without uneasiness, and without loathing they are fully satisfied.

Where the Sun of Righteousness invigorates all by the wonderful sight of His beauty, and so shines upon all the inhabitants of the heavenly country that they reflect glory ; a light illuminating all things with divine beauty, exceeding the sun in brightness, and all the stars in purity. They, cleaving to the everlasting Deity are hereby made immortal and incorruptible according to the promise of the Lord our Saviour, "O Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me ; that they all may be one, as Thou Father art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the Kingdom of Heaven.

O H! kingdom of heaven, most happy kingdom, the kingdom free from death, and without end; which is established from everlasting to everlasting. Where the perpetual day knows not the lapse of time; where the soldier, victorious from his warfare, is heaped with unspeakable rewards, and his brows are encircled with the everlasting crown.

Would that the divine goodness would order me, the least of His servants, to cast off the weight of my sin, and to lay down the burden of this body that I might pass into the joys of His eternal city and find rest, that I might join the choirs of the saints above, that I might stand in the company of blessed spirits, that I might see the face of God, that I might no more be touched with the fear of death, that I might securely rejoice in the incorruption of

a perpetual immortality, and, being joined to Him who knoweth all things, might lose all the blindness of ignorance ; that I might esteem all earthly things of no value, that I might no longer behold or remember that vale of tears where life is full of toil, corruptible, steeped in bitterness, the mistress of evils, the handmaid of the powers beneath.

That life grieves emaciate, heats parch, atmospheres infect, food puffs up, hunger thins, jests enervate, sadness wastes away, care consumes, security stupefies, riches elevate, poverty casts down, youth elates, old age bends, infirmity breaks down, woe overwhelms, the devil ensnares, the world seduces, the flesh delights, the soul is blinded, the whole man harassed. And to these so many and so great ills death is the successor, and so puts an end to empty joys that when they have ceased to be they would not be thought to have been.

CHAPTER IX.

How God consoles the Sorrowful Soul after exceeding Distress.

BUT what praise or what thanks can we render unto Thee, O our God, who ceapest not to console us by the wonderful visitation of Thy grace amidst the woes of our mortal state? Behold me miserable, full of all distress, while I fear the end of my life, while I consider my sins, while I dread Thy judgment, while I meditate on the hour of death, while I shudder at the torments of hell, while I am full of anxiety regarding my works, not knowing how they are weighed by Thee, and ignorant of the end to which I may be brought.

And while I anxiously revolve these and many more doubts in my breast, Thou art present, O Lord God, with Thy wonted mercy to console me, and in the midst of these my complaints and grievous wailings and groanings

of my spirit, Thou takest up my sad and weary soul upon the high mountains, to the beds of spices, and Thou bringest me to the place of pasture beside the brooks of sweet waters where Thou preparest a table before me to refresh my wearied spirit and make glad my troubled heart ; till at length, being revived by these delights, I forget my misery, and, being raised above the earth, I rest on Thee with true peace.

CHAPTER X.

Of the Sweetness of Divine Love.

I LOVE Thee, O my God, I love Thee, and desire to love Thee more and more. O my God, who art fairer than the children of men, grant that I may desire Thee, and that I may love Thee as I wish and as I ought. Thou art immeasurable, and to be loved without measure ; especially by us whom Thou hast so loved, so

saved, and for whom Thou hast done such great and wonderful things.

O love that burnest ever inextinguishable !
O sweet Christ, O good Jesus, O Love, my God,
kindle me entirely with Thy fire, with Thy love,
with Thy sweetness, with Thy charity, with
Thy joy and rejoicing, with Thy goodness and
piety, with Thy pleasure, with desire of Thee
which is holy and good, chaste and pure ; that,
being altogether full of the sweetness of Thy
love, being kindled by the flame of Thy charity,
I may love Thee, my most precious Lord, with
all my heart, with all my soul, with all my
strength, and with all my mind ; with much con-
trition of heart, and with a fountain of tears,
with much reverence and trembling, having
Thee in my heart and mouth, and before my
eyes, always and everywhere, so that no room
may be left for strange loves.

CHAPTER XI.*

Of the Preparation of our Redemption.

MOST lovely Jesus Christ, I beseech Thee by that most sacred shedding of Thy precious blood, by which we are redeemed, grant to me contrition of heart and a fountain of tears, especially while I offer to Thee my prayers and supplications; while I sing the Psalmody of Thy praise; while I recall or set forth the mystery of our redemption, that manifest token of Thy mercy, worthy of all reverence and devotion; while I, unworthy as I am, minister at thine altars, as Thou my God and Priest immaculate didst order and appoint, for a memorial of Thy love, and for the daily renewal of our faith.

Amidst these so great mysteries, may my mind be confirmed and strengthened by the

* One of the expressions in this chapter has been altered from the original.

sweetness of Thy presence ; may it perceive that Thou art at hand, and may it be glad before Thee, O fire ever bright, love ever burning ; sweet Christ, good Jesus, light eternal and un-failing ; bread of life yielding increase to us, without decrease in Thyself ; who art daily eaten, and yet ever remainest entire : shine on me and kindle me, enlighten and sanctify Thy vessel : empty me of wickedness, fill me and keep me full of grace, that I may eat Thy flesh to the saving of my soul, and that eating Thee I may live of Thee, and through Thee, and may come to Thee, and rest in Thee.

CHAPTER XII.

Of Joy.

O SWEETNESS of love, and love of sweetness, may my bowels be filled with the nectar of Thy love, and my mind give forth a good word. O my God, Thou who art love,

sweet honey, snowy milk, food and joy, make me to grow by Thee, that with sound palate I may feed upon Thee. Thou art my life, in whom I live ; my hope to whom I cleave ; the glory that I long to obtain. Do thou keep my heart, rule my mind, guide my understanding, excite my love, entrance my soul, and draw to the heavenly streams the mouth of my thirsting spirit.

Let, I pray, the tumult of the flesh be silent ; and the phantasies of earth and water, air and sky, be still. Let dreams and the images of the night cease. Let every voice, every sign, everything expressed be silent ; yea, the soul itself, that it may contemplate Thee, O my God, since thou art verily all my hope and confidence. For in Thee and in our Lord Jesus Christ most gracious and merciful is the portion, the flesh and blood of each of us. Where my portion reigns, there I trust to reign. Where my blood rules, there I trust to rule. Where my flesh is glorified, there I know that I am glorified. Though I am a sinner, yet in

this gracious communion do I confide. If my sins deny me entrance, my substance requires it. If my own faults exclude me, the communion of nature draws me in.

CHAPTER XIII.

That the Incarnate Word is the Ground of our Hope.

FOR the Lord is not so cold of heart as not to love His own flesh and members. I should have despaired on account of mine exceeding sinfulness and vice, my transgressions and shortcomings which I have done, and daily do without ceasing, in thought, in word, and in deed, in all ways in which human frailty can sin, had not Thy Word, O my God, become flesh and dwelt among us.

But now I do not dare to despair, since He, "being given up to death, even the death of the cross, hath taken out of the way the

handwriting that was against me, and nailing it to the cross, hath crucified sin and death." In that Man who sits at Thy right hand and intercedes for me, I breathe secure. I long to come to Thee, trusting in Him in whom we rise again and are quickened, in whom we have even now ascended into heaven, and sit in heavenly places. Unto Thee be the praise, the honour, the glory, and the rendering of thanks.

CHAPTER XIV.

The more we Meditate on God, the sweeter becomes our Meditation.

MOST Holy Lord, who hast thus loved and saved us; thus quickened and exalted us; most merciful Lord, how sweet is the remembrance of Thee! The more I meditate on Thee, the more sweetness and loveliness do I find in Thee. Therefore according to my strength in this my pilgrimage do I delight in

Thy great gifts, viewing them with pious love and pure faith. Meanwhile, so long as I am joined to these frail members, I unceasingly desire and meditate on Thy wondrous love ; for I am wounded by the arrow of Thy love, I long for Thee, I seek to come to Thee, I desire to see Thee. Therefore shall I stand upon my guard, and with watchful eye shall I sing in my spirit, in my soul shall I make a loud noise ; with all my strength I will praise Thee, my Creator and Renewer. I shall pass through the sky in spirit, and in desire I shall be with Thee ; that I may be held in body alone, by this my present misery ; and may be ever with Thee in thought and affection : thither shall my heart go where Thou my treasure art, my desirable, incomparable, my much loved treasure.

But lo, my God most kind and compassionate, while I wish to consider the glory of Thine immeasurable love and goodness, my soul is not sufficient for the task ; for all perception of the human mind falls beneath Thy glory, Thy

beauty, Thy virtue, Thy magnificence, Thy majesty, and Thy love. As the splendour of Thy glory is inestimable, so the kindness of Thy love is unutterable, by which Thou adoptest as sons, and joinest to Thyself those whom Thou didst create from nothing.

CHAPTER XV.

*That Tribulations in this Life for Christ's sake
are to be desired.*

O MY soul, if it behoved us daily to endure afflictions, even to suffer hell for a time, that we might see Christ in glory and associate with His saints, would it not be worth enduring all sadness, that we might be partakers of so great bliss? Let then the devils lie in wait for us, let them make ready their temptations, let hunger break the body, or sordid clothing oppress the flesh; let labour wear us out, or watching consume us; let one man revile, this

one or that harass us ; let cold bow me down or heat burn me ; let my head be sick, my breast inflamed, my face pallid, my whole body a wreck, let my life be consumed in grief, and my years in groanings, let rottenness enter into my bones, and worms destroy this body, if so be that I may rest in the day of tribulation, and ascend to the prepared people.

For what will be the glory of the just? How great this joy of the saints, when the face of every man shall shine as the sun ; when the Lord shall begin to muster and marshal his people, and assign the promised rewards, giving to each according to his due, heavenly things for earthly, eternal for temporal, great for small ! Verily there shall be wondrous gladness, when the Lord shall lead His saints into the presence of His Father's glory, and shall make them sit down in heavenly places, that God may be all in all.

CHAPTER XVI.

How the Kingdom of Heaven can be won.

O HAPPY blessedness, and blessed happiness to see the saints, to be with the saints, and to be a saint; to see God and to possess God for evermore. With diligent mind let us think on these things, with all our heart let us desire them, that speedily we may be able to come to them. If you ask how that can be done, by what merits or with what aids, hear! The affair is in your own hands, for "the kingdom of heaven suffers violence."

The kingdom of heaven, O man! seeks no other price than yourself; give yourself, and it is yours. Whatever thy worth be, it suffices. Why do you hesitate about the price? Christ gave Himself, that He might buy you as a kingdom for God the Father. So do you give yourself, that you may be His kingdom;

that sin may not reign in your body to death, but the Spirit to the giving of life.

CHAPTER XVII.

Of Paradise ; what it is, and what it has.

O MY soul, let us return to the heavenly city, in which we are enrolled and appointed citizens. And since we are fellow citizens of the saints, and subjects of God, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, let us meditate on the glorious happiness of our city, as far as we possibly can. Let us then say with the Psalmist, "How glorious things are said of thee, O city of God!" the dwelling-place of the blessed. For thou art founded on the gladness of all the earth. Old age is not in thee, nor the misery of old age. There is not in thee the halt, nor the lame, nor the crooked, nor deformed ; but all who dwell in thee come to the stature of the perfect man, to the measure of the beauty of Christ.

What can be more blessed, more happy, than that life where is no fear of poverty, no weakness of disease? No one hurts, no one is angry, no one hates, no one envies! There is no hunger nor thirst. No throb of ambition is felt. No dread of the devil is there; no snares of demons; the terror of hell is far off. There is no death, neither of body nor of soul; but life rejoicing in immortality. There can be no discord, but all harmony, for the minds of the saints shall be one. All shall be peace and joy, rest and tranquillity. The splendour of Thy light, O city of our God, shall not be such as now is, but as much more glorious as it is more blessed, because "the city," as it is written, "shall have no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof." "And the saints who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

Wherefore there will be no night, no darkness, no gloom of clouds, nor any fierceness of

cold or heat: but such a state shall prevail as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man," unless of those who are found worthy to enjoy it, whose names are written in the book of life. But, above all, there is the bliss of associating with the choirs of angels, and archangels, and the heavenly excellencies; of beholding the Patriarchs and Prophets, the Apostles and all Saints, and of seeing our own parents also.

These are truly glorious things, but much more glorious is it to behold the face of God, and to look upon the light of His countenance. Exceeding glorious will be the glory of seeing God as He is; of seeing Him and possessing Him, and this to all eternity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

*That a Man can make no requital to God
but love.*

THE soul, ennobled by the image of God, and exalted in His likeness, has within it something which ever admonishes it, whether it be moved by its own affections, yea, or by its defections, either to remain with Him or to return to Him. It cherishes the hope not only of recovery by pardoning mercy, but of reaching forth to the bridal of the Word, and to alliance with God.

Love does all this, and for this the soul is made; love does all this, if, willingly as well as naturally, the soul loves as it is loved, and surrenders itself to be remoulded in the image of God. For love is the only emotion of the soul whereby the creature can respond in any measure to the Creator, or render to him its due. When love comes, it captivates and links to

itself all the other affections. Love is in itself sufficient ; in itself and on its own account it is pleasing. Itself the merit, the reward, the seed, the fruit, the enjoyment. For by love we are united to God.

Love makes one spirit of two. In wishing and in deprecating, love has the same objects. Love first of all conforms the character, next it looks on things that are present as though they were not present ; and thirdly, by the heart's pure vision, it sees all things within and above. Through love things honourable in the sight of men are done, then these are looked down upon from higher eminence, and finally even the intimate things of God are known.

CHAPTER XIX.

*That God requires in us something like to
Himself.*

GOD the Father is charity, God the Son is fondness, the Holy Spirit is the love of God, Father and Son. This charity and this fondness require in us something like them, some love by which we may be united as it were in the bonds of blood relationship. Love which knows not merit knows not fear. He who loves approaches God with confidence, addresses Him as a friend, nothing fearing, nothing doubting. He who does not love does not live. He who loves keeps his eyes continually on God, whom He loves and longs for, on whom he meditates, in whom he delights, in whom he lives, in whom he increases in strength.

The man thus devoted so reads, so sings, so acts in all his work as if God were present,

as in verity he is present. He so prays as if he were taken up and set before the face of the majesty of God on the throne high and lifted up, where thousands of thousands minister to Him, and tens of hundreds of thousands stand before Him. The soul whom He visits with love He wakens from sleep. Love advises and soothes and heals the heart. Love enlightens the dark, sets free the shut up, enflames the cold; it soothes the soul that is fierce and irritable and impatient. Love puts to flight vices, represses carnal affections, reforms the character, and renews the spirit. Love steadies the fickle workings of the soul, and the actions of this slippery life. All this does love when it comes to the soul, but when it departs the soul begins to fall back to its languid coldness, as when you take the fire from under the bubbling kettle.

CHAPTER XX.

Of the Confidence of the Soul that loves God.

A MIGHTY thing is love, whereby the soul of itself draws near to God with confidence, holds to God continually, familiarly inquires of Him, and consults Him in every strait. The soul that loves God can think, can speak of nothing else. It despises other things, it dislikes all others. Whatever it thinks, whatever it speaks, is redolent of love; so the love of God claims it for its own. He who longs to know God, let him love. He who loves not, in vain does he attend to reading, thinking, preaching, praying. The love of God begets the soul's love and draws it forth. God loves that He may be loved. When He loves, He desires nothing else than to be loved, knowing that those who love Him are blessed in their love.

The loving soul depends on love alone, and

renounces all its own affections, in order that it may be able to respond to love by returning love. Moreover, when the whole soul is poured forth in love, what remains to run in other channels? Love and the loving one, the Creator and the creature, the soul and God, flow together, but not with equal fulness. Yet if the soul gives itself up wholly to love, it is never altogether empty. Let not the soul that loves fear; let that soul be afraid that loves not.

The loving soul is borne on vows, is drawn by desires, veils its merits: shuts its eyes to majesty, opens them to pleasure, rests in the Saviour, and acts with confidence in him. By love the soul is withdrawn from the bodily senses, so that the soul that is sensible of God ceases to be sensible of itself. And thus it happens, that when the soul, allured by the ineffable sweetness of God is in a sort robbed of itself, yea, is ravished and in an ecstasy, then it enjoys God with mirth. Nothing can be so joyful which is not as temperate. Love to God gives confidence, confidence daring, daring

prompts to taste, and taste gives appetite. The soul that is touched with the love of God can think of nothing else, desire nothing else ; but ever sighs and says : “ As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.”

CHAPTER XXI.

What God has done on Man's behalf.

IN love God has come to men, has dwelt among men, has become a man. In love the Invisible God has become like to His servants. In love He was wounded for our transgressions. Safe and stable is the rest to the weak and to the sinner in the wounds of the Saviour. There do I dwell in safety, the bowels of His compassion flow to me through the wounds. Thence do I receive whatever I need. His compassion flows and the sluices are opened : through the holes of the body I see

the recesses of the heart. The great mystery of love lies open to me. There lies open to me the tender mercy of our God, with which He hath visited us from on high.

The wounds of Jesus Christ are full of pity and love, full of sweetness and charity. They pierced His hands and His feet, and His side they thrust through with a spear. Through these holes I see how sweet is the Lord my God, for of a surety He is meek and kind, and full of compassion towards all who call upon Him in truth, who seek after and earnestly love Him. A plentiful redemption is given to us in the wounds of Christ our Saviour, boundless sweetness, fulness of grace, and perfection of excellency.

CHAPTER XXII.

*Of the Remembrance of the Wounds of Jesus
Christ our Lord.*

WHEN any base thought strikes me, I recur to the wounds of Jesus Christ. When the flesh weighs heavily on me, and presses me down, I rise again by the recollection of the wounds of my Lord. When the devil prepares snares for me, I flee to the tender mercies of my Lord, and the tempter flees from me. If the flame of lust excite my members, it is extinguished by the recollection of our Lord, the Son of God. In all trials I have not found so sovereign a cure as the wounds of Christ. In them I sleep secure, and rest without fear.

Christ died for us. Nothing is so deadly bitter as not to be sweetened by the death of Christ. All my hope is in the death of my Lord. His death is my merit and refuge, salvation, life, and resurrection. My merit the

compassion of the Lord—I am not devoid of merit, so long as that Lord is not wanting in compassion. If the mercies of the Lord are many, many too are my merits. The more powerful He is to save, so much the more secure am I.

CHAPTER XXIII.

*That the Remembrance of the Wounds of Christ
is a Sovereign Cure in all Trials.*

I HAVE sinned a great sin, and am conscious of many transgressions. Nor yet am I wholly cast down, for “where sin hath abounded, grace did much more abound.” He who despairs of the pardon of his sins, denies that God is merciful. He does God great wrong who trusts not in His mercy. As far as in him lies, he denies that God hath love, truth, and power, in which rests all my hope. In the love of adoption, in the truth of the promise,

in the power of the redemption. Let my foolish heart now murmur as it will, and say, "Who art thou?" And "how great is that glory," or "with what merit do you hope to obtain it?" With confidence I will reply, "I know in whom I have believed," with what surpassing love He hath adopted me, how faithful He is in promising, how powerful to perform, for none can say unto Him, What doest Thou?

I cannot be terrified by the multitude of my sins, when I think of the death of our Lord, for this outweighs my sins. The nails and the spear call out to me, that in very truth I am reconciled to Christ if I love Him. Longinus has opened to me with his spear the side of Christ, and I have entered in, and there do I rest secure. He who fears, let him love; for love casteth out fear. There is no such powerful and efficacious medicine for the fever of lust as the death of my Redeemer. He stretches forth His arms on the cross, He opens His hands, ready to receive the sinner

to His embrace. In those arms I long to live and die. There in safety will I sing praises, there will I extol Thee, O my God, because Thou hast upheld me, and hast not suffered mine enemies to triumph over me. Our Saviour bowed His head, that He might kiss His loved ones. So often do we meet the kiss of God, as we are goaded with His love.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Meditation of the Soul on the Love of Christ.

O MY soul, impressed with the image of God, redeemed with the blood of Christ, betrothed by faith, dowried with the Spirit, adorned with virtues, reckoned with the angels, love Him, by whom thou hast been so greatly loved. Wait upon Him, who hath waited on thee. Seek Him who seeketh thee. Love thy lover, whose love hath anticipated thee, whose

love is the cause of thine. He is the merit, the reward, the fruit, the use, the end. Be anxious with the anxious, easy with the easy, pure with the pure, holy with the holy. As thou hast appeared to God, such must He appear to thee ; kind, meek, and of much compassion, He seeks for kindness, meekness, and great compassion. Love Him who brought thee from the lake of destruction, and from the miry clay.

Choose Him as a friend before all thy friends ; for when all things are taken from thee, He will be true to thee. In the day of thy burial, when thy friends depart and leave thee, He will not forsake thee, but will preserve thee from those who go about seeking to devour, and will guide thee through the unknown lands, and will lead thee through the broad streets of the heavenly Zion, and there will place thee among the angels before the face of the majesty of God, where thou shalt hear the angelic song, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." There is the song of rejoicing, the voice of triumph and

salvation, and of the giving of thanks, amid the sound of praise and hallelujahs for ever. There is store of gladness, excellent glory, abundant happiness, and all good.

O my soul, pant ardently, vehemently desire that you may be able to come into that heavenly city, of which things so glorious are said, where is the habitation of the blessed. By love you can reach it; to one who loves, nothing is difficult, nothing impossible. The soul that loves often ascends thither, and runs familiarly through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, visiting Patriarchs and Prophets, saluting Apostles, gazing at the armies of martyrs and confessors, and viewing the choirs of Virgins. Heaven and earth, and all that is therein, cease not to tell me to love the Lord my God.

CHAPTER XXV.

*Nothing can satisfy the Soul but the
greatest Good.*

THE heart of man, when not fixed on eternity, cannot be stable, but, more fickle than all things moveable, it runs hither and thither, seeking rest where rest is not. He cannot find that rest in the fleeting and transitory objects which enthrall his affections, for such is his dignity that no good but the highest can suffice him. Such is his liberty that he cannot be forced to any vice. Besides, the cause of each man's condemnation or acquittal is his own will, and so nothing can be offered to God more pleasing than a good will. By this we are led to God. By this we choose God and love Him. By this we run and come near to God. By this we possess Him.

Oh! good is the will by which we are reformed and made like to the image of God. So much

prized by God is a good will that He will not enter the heart in which a good will has not dwelt. A good will draws to itself a majestic Trinity ; Wisdom enlightens in the knowledge of truth : Love inflames with the desire of goodness : Fatherly affection fosters that which it has created that life may be sustained.

CHAPTER XXVI.

What the Knowledge of Truth is.

WHAT is the knowledge of truth? First, to know thyself. That you may study to be what you ought ; and that you may correct what needs correction. Secondly, to know and love thy Creator. For this is the whole good of man. See, then, how unutterable is the Divine love towards us, creating us from nothing and giving to us all that we possess, But because we have loved the gift more than the Giver, the creature more than the Creator,

we have fallen into the snare of the devil, and have become his servants. But God being moved with compassion hath sent His Son to redeem His servants; He hath also sent His Holy Spirit to adopt His servants as sons; He hath given His Son as the price of redemption, His Holy Spirit as the privilege of love; in short, Himself entirely as the heritage of adoption.

Thus God, most good and merciful, hath, in love to man, bestowed not only His benefits but even Himself, that He might restore man not so much, or at least not only, to God but to himself. In order that men might be born of God, God was first born of man. Who is so hard of heart as not to be softened by love so uncalled for, such deep love that for the sake of man He deemed fit to become man? Who can hate man whose likeness and nature he sees in the humanity of God? Verily he who hates man hates God; and so loses his pains.

God in man's behalf became man, that he might be the Redeemer, who is also the Creator; that man might be brought back at his own ex-

pense. And that He might be loved by man as a friend, He appeared in the likeness of man ; and that the double vision of man might be blessed, that both the eye of the heart might be enlightened by His divinity, and the eye of the body by His humanity, that the human nature resting on Him might go in and out and find pasture.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Of the Work of the Holy Spirit.

OUR Saviour was born, crucified, and died for us, that by His death He might destroy death. And when His body as the cluster of ripe grapes was trodden in the winepress of the cross, the Holy Spirit was sent to prepare our hearts, that the new wine of His divinity might be received into new bottles. First, that the hearts should be made clean, that the wine poured in might not be polluted ; and

then sealed, that the wine poured in might not be lost. That they might be purged from rejoicing in iniquity, made fast from rejoicing in vanity. For the good cannot enter till the evil retire. Rejoicing in iniquity pollutes, rejoicing in vanity loosens and spills. Rejoicing in iniquity makes a dirty vessel, rejoicing in vanity a leaky one.

We rejoice in iniquity when we fall in love with sin, we rejoice in vanity when we fall in love with fleeting things. Cast out then the evil that you may receive the good. Pour out bitterness that you may be filled with sweetness. The Holy Spirit is joy and love; cast out the spirit of the devil and of this world that you may receive the Spirit of God. The spirit of the devil rejoices in iniquity, the spirit of this world in vanity. Behold, then, how evil are these spirits; for the one is guilt, the other the occasion of guilt. But if the evil spirits be cast out, the Spirit of God will enter. He will both enter the tabernacle of the heart, and will there make pure joy and holy love, by which the love of sin

and of the world is cast out. The love of the world seduces and deceives ; the love of sin defiles and leads to death. The love of God enlightens the mind, cleanses the conscience, makes glad the soul, and points out God.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of the Work of the Lover of God.

HE in whom dwells the love of God ever meditates on the time when he shall come to God, when he shall leave the world, when he shall escape the corruption of the flesh that he may find true peace ; the desires of his heart are set on things above. When he sits, when he walks, when he rests, whatever he does, his heart retires not from God. He exhorts all to the love of God ; he commends to all the love of God ; and shows to all, by thought, word, and deed, how sweet

is the love of God, and how far it transcends the love of the world.

He laughs at the glory of this world. He convicts it of anxiety ; and shows how foolish it is to place trust on things which are passing away. He wonders at the blindness of men who love these things. He wonders how it is that all do not forsake things fleeting and fading. He thinks that what is sweet to his taste must be sweet to all ; that what he loves must be lovely to all, that what he knows is evident to all. Often does he think of God, and is refreshed, for the oftener he meditates the sweeter is the fruit. For it is a pleasant thing to consider what it is ever pleasant to love and praise.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of the true Peace of Heart.

VERILY this is the true peace of heart, to rest entirely on the love of God. Nor does the heart desire anything else, but is delighted and joyful in its possession. If it be drawn thence by some idle thought, or be ever so little diverted therefrom, it desires to return with all haste, deeming it to be exile to be anywhere but in the love of God. As there is no moment in which a man does not experience the Divine goodness, so there ought to be no moment in which He is not present to the memory.

Therefore he stands charged with no small crime, who, in his address to God, suddenly hastens from His presence, as if from the presence of one who neither sees nor hears. And this is

his case when he follows his own evil and importunate notions, and prefers to God some of his meanest creatures, towards which his mind's eye wanders. He shows his preference by thinking of the creature oftener than God, whom he ought continually to worship as his Creator, adore as his Redeemer, wait upon as his Saviour, fear as his Judge.

CHAPTER XXX.

Whatever draws the mind's eye from God is to be shunned and abhorred.

FLEE, O man, from your cares, and retire for a little from the turmoil of your thoughts. Throw off the burden of your anxiety, defer your wearisome disputes, spend some little leisure on God, and take rest in Him. Enter the chamber of your own mind, shut out everything but God, and what may help you to find God,

and with shut door seek Him. Now let your whole heart say to God, "I seek Thy face; Thy face, Lord, do I seek."

Now, therefore, O Lord my God, do Thou teach my heart, where and how I may seek Thee, where and how I may find Thee. O Lord, if Thou art not here, where shall I seek Thee? But if Thou art everywhere, why do not I see Thee here? Yea, verily, Thou dwellest in light inaccessible. But how shall I approach that light inaccessible? Or who shall lead me and bring me to it, that I may see Thee in it? Then by what marks or by what appearance shall I seek Thee? I have never seen Thee, O Lord my God, Thy face have I not known. What, O most High God, what shall that most banished exile of Thine do? What shall Thy servant, anxious for Thy love, and cast far from Thy face, what shall he do? Lo, he pants to see Thee, and Thy face is too far from him. He desires to come near, and Thy dwelling is inaccessible. He desires to find Thee, and he knows not where to seek Thy

seat. He desires and feels after Thee, but knows not Thy face.

CHAPTER XXXI.

*That through Sin the Sight of God is lost and
Misery found.*

O LORD, Thou art my God and my Lord, and I have never seen Thee : Thou hast made me and kept me alive, and bestowed upon me all good things, and I have never seen Thee, never known Thee. In short, I was made to see Thee, and I have missed the end for which I was created. Oh ! wretched lot of man, when he loses that for which he was created ! O dire and drear calamity ! Alas ! what has he lost, and what has he found ? He has lost happiness, for which he was made : he has found misery, for which he was not made. That is

gone without which nothing is happy, that remains which must make all things wretched. Man was to eat the bread of angels, for which he is now an-hungered : now he eats the bread of affliction, which he was not to know.

“How long wilt Thou forget us, O Lord? for ever? How long wilt Thou hide Thy face from us?” When wilt Thou again look upon us, and hear us? When wilt Thou enlighten our eyes, and show us Thy face? When wilt Thou restore Thyself to us? Look on us, O Lord, and hear us; make Thy face to shine upon us and enlighten us. Restore Thyself to us, that it may be well with us, for without Thee it goes ill with us. Desire us to draw near to Thee; help us, I pray Thee, O Lord. My heart is bitter in its desolation. Sweeten it, I pray Thee, with Thy consolation. Hungry I have sought Thee, send me not empty away. I have drawn near to Thee famishing, let me not go away hungering. Poor, I have come to Thee, who art rich; wretched, to Thee full of compassion, let me not depart empty and cast away.

Lord, I am bowed down, and am not able to lift up mine eyes. Raise me that I may look upwards. Mine iniquities have gone over my head, they have wrapped me round ; as a heavy burden, they are too heavy for me. Free me that the jaws of the pit may not swallow me up. Teach me to seek Thee, and show Thyself to me seeking Thee ; for I can neither seek Thee, unless Thou teachest me ; nor find Thee, unless Thou showest Thyself. In desiring let me seek Thee, in seeking let me desire Thee : in loving let me find Thee, in finding let me love Thee.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Of the Goodness of God.

I CONFESS, O Lord, and render thanks to Thee, who hast formed me after Thine own image, that I might be mindful of Thee, that I might think of Thee, that I might love Thee ; but so obscured by the smoke of sin, so stained by the foulness of vice is that image that it cannot accomplish that for which it was made, unless Thou renewest and reformest it. I pray Thee, O Lord, do Thou, who addest to faith knowledge, grant that I may understand all that Thou knowest to be good for me ; that Thou art as we believe, and what we believe. And indeed we believe Thee to be something than which nothing can be better or greater. What, then, art Thou, O Lord, but the greatest good of all, the only self-existent by whose word all things exist ? What good thing can be wanting to Thee, the greatest, by whom all goods

consist? Thou accordingly art just, true, blessed, and whatever else it is better to be than not to be.

But how sparest Thou the evil if Thou art perfectly just? It is because Thy goodness is incomprehensible. This lies hid in the light inaccessible in which Thou dwellest. In the deepest and most hidden recess of Thy goodness lies the fountain whence flows the river of Thy pity. For seeing that Thou art entirely and perfectly just, Thou art also merciful to the evil, because thou art entirely and perfectly good. For Thou wouldest be less good if Thou wert merciful to no evil. For He who is good both to evil and good, is better than he who is good only to the good. And he who is good both in sparing and punishing, is better than he who is good only in punishing. So, then, Thou art merciful, because Thou art entirely and perfectly good.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Of the Excellent Enjoyment of God.

O INFINITE goodness, which thus passes all understanding, let that mercy which flows from such wealth come to me. As it flows forth from Thee may it flow to me. Let Thy mercy spare that Thy justice may not take vengeance. Now, O my soul, arouse thyself, and arise, O my mind, and think with all thy might how great and excellent that good is which is God.

For if each good is delightful, consider diligently how delightful that good is which contains the joy of all good ; and not such a joy as we find in created things, but as different as the Creator is from the creature. For if life created is good, how good is Life the Creator ! If health that is given be pleasant, how pleasant is that health which is the fountain of all health ! If the wisdom which recognises and contemplates things made be lovely, how lovely

is the Wisdom which made all things of nothing, and established Nature ! In short, if the delights of delightful things are great and many, what is the measure of the delight in Him who made these delightful things themselves ? Oh ! what will he have, what will he not have, who enjoys this good ? Whatever he does not wish shall not be ; he shall possess the good things of soul and body, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The greatest Good is to be sought.

WHY, then, O weak man, do you wander through so many places seeking goods for soul and body ? Love the one good in which are all others, and you will be satisfied. For what do you love, O my flesh ? What do you desire, O my soul ? Whatever you love is there ; there is whatever you desire.

If beauty, the just shall shine as the sun. If swiftness, or strength, or freedom of motion, which nothing can resist, they will be like the Angels of God. "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body;" in power surely, not in nature.

If you seek a long life of health, there they will have a healthy eternity, an eternal health, because the just shall live for ever; the Lord hath said, "They shall surely live." If satisfaction, they shall be satisfied when they see the glory of the Lord; they shall be filled with the riches of the House of God. If melody, then the Angels shall sing to God without ceasing. If any pure pleasure delights you, the Lord will give you to drink of the rivers of His pleasure. If wisdom, then the very wisdom of God shall show you true wisdom. If friendship, they shall love God more than themselves, and one another as themselves; and God shall love them more than they themselves do; for they shall love Him, and one another through Him, but He shall love Himself, and them through

Himself. If concord, there all shall be of one mind, for the will of God shall be supreme.

If power delights you, they shall be able to execute their will as God does His; for as God does what He wills by His own power, so through His power shall the saints execute their will. For as they shall desire nothing but what He wills, so He shall will what they desire, and what they desire must therefore be. If honour and riches, God shall appoint His good and faithful servants over many things, yea, they shall be called the sons of God and gods; they shall be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. But if certain security, they shall be as certain of never losing their security, as they will be certain that they will never lose it of their own will; and that God who loves them will take away from them nothing which they desire to retain; and that nothing else can do so, for God is on their side, and nothing shall separate them from God. How great and blessed is the joy where so great and blessed a good is.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Of the Mutual Love of the Saints in Heaven.

O HUMAN heart, needy heart, acquaint with wretchedness and griefs, buried deep in miseries, how would you rejoice if you abounded in all these good things! Ask thy inmost soul if it could contain the joy springing from such blessedness. But if any other whom you love as yourself had the same blessedness, your joy would be doubled, because you would rejoice not less on his account than on your own. If then two or three more had the same blessedness, for them in like manner you would rejoice as for yourself, if you loved each of them as yourself. What, therefore, will be the joy in the perfect love of innumerable angels and men, where no one will love another less than himself! For each one will rejoice as for himself.

If then a human heart could scarcely contain its own joy for so great blessedness, how will

it contain so many and so great joys? And as each one will rejoice in the joy of another in proportion to his love; and as each one will love God more beyond comparison than himself and all others, so he will rejoice more beyond comparison in the blessedness of God, than in that of himself and all others. And if they shall so love God with all their heart, with all their mind, and with all their soul, that yet all the heart, mind, and soul, do not suffice for the worthiness of the love, they shall so rejoice with all their heart, mind, and soul, that all the heart, mind, and soul shall not suffice for the fulness of their joy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Of the full Joy of Eternal Life.

MY Lord and my God, my hope and the joy of my heart, tell my soul if this be the joy of which Thou speakest through Thy

Son, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." For I have found a joy that is full even to overflowing; for though heart, mind, and soul, yea, when the whole man is full, there remaineth joy over and above. The whole of that joy, therefore, cannot enter into those rejoicing in it; doubtless they shall enter wholly into the joy of their Lord.

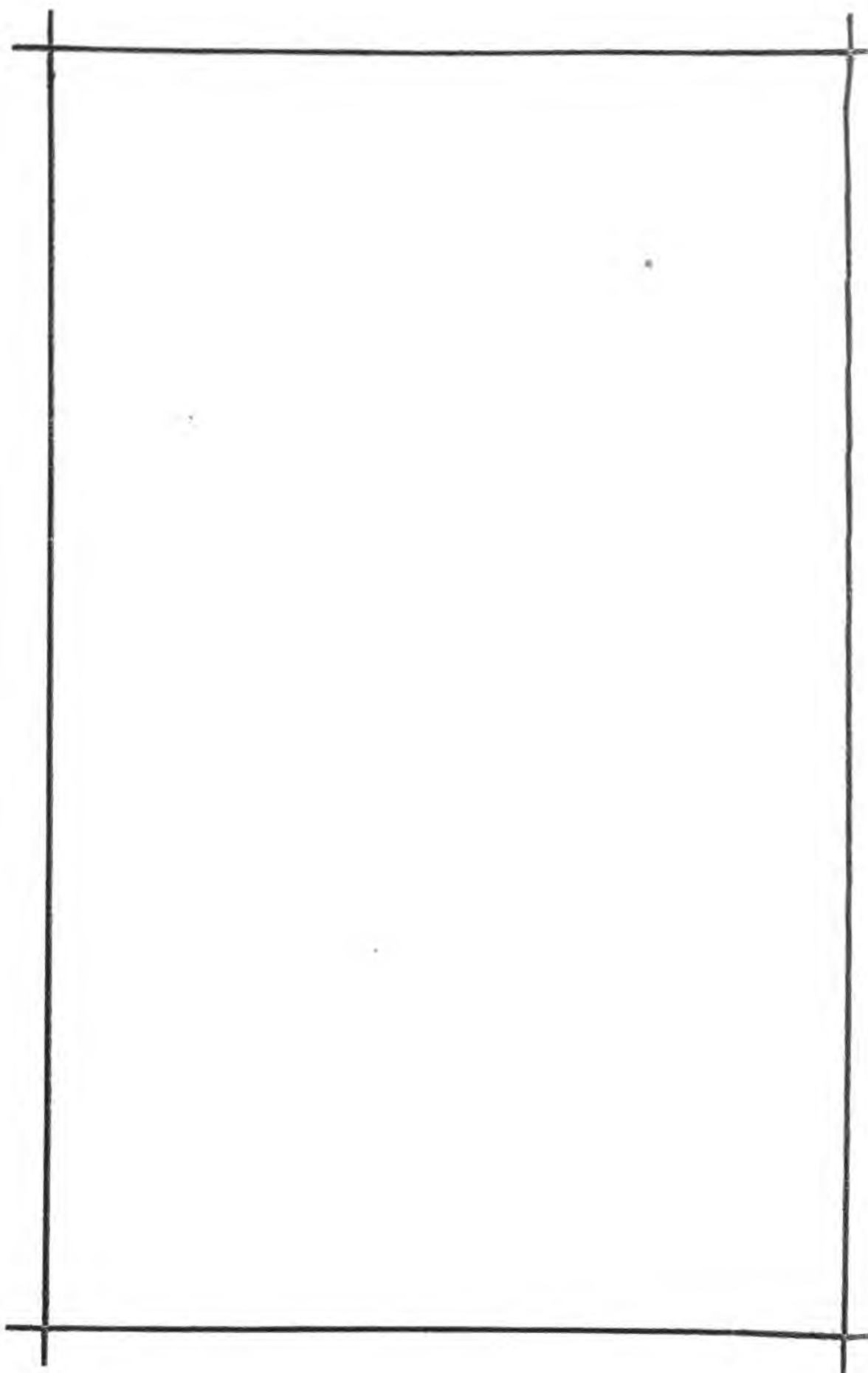
Tell me, O Lord, tell the heart of Thy servant, if this is the joy into which Thy servants shall enter, who enter into the joy of their Lord? But the joy in which Thy chosen shall rejoice, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man." Not yet, then, O Lord, have I said or thought how great is the joy of Thy chosen. They shall rejoice as they shall love, they shall love as they shall know Thee, O Lord; and how great shall be their love! Verily in this life it cannot be understood how great the knowledge and love of Thee shall be hereafter.

I entreat Thee, O my God, that I may know Thee, that I may love Thee, that I may rejoice

in Thee. And even if I cannot do so fully in this life, yet make me daily advance till my joy be full. May I grow daily in knowledge of Thee while I am in this life, that hereafter it may be full. Make Thy love here increase in me, that there it may be full ; that here my joy may in itself be great, that there it may be full in Thee. O God of truth, I pray that I may receive what Thou hast promised, that my joy may be full. Meanwhile, let my mind in this find food for meditation, and my tongue speak of it ; let my heart long for that joy, and my mouth proclaim it. Let my soul hunger for it, my flesh thirst for it, let all my substance long for it, until I enter into the joy of my Lord, there to remain for ever and ever.



Part Second.





*Prayer to Almighty God for the Renewal of
Life and Conduct.*

O LORD my God, grant to my heart that it may desire Thee ; in desiring seek, in seeking find, in finding love Thee ; in loving Thee, achieve redemption from all my ills and confirm me in all good. Grant, O Lord my God, to my heart, penitence ; to my spirit, contrition ; to my eyes, a fountain of tears ; to my hands, the liberality of almsdeeds. My King, quench in me the desires of the flesh, and kindle the fire of Thy love. My Redeemer, banish from me the spirit of pride, and graciously vouchsafe the treasure of Thy humility. My Saviour, remove from me the fury of wrath, and mercifully accord to me the shield of patience. My Creator, eradicate all rancour of soul, and bestow upon me the sweetness of a meek dispo-

sition. Grant to me, most merciful Father, steadfast faith, equable hope, constant love.

My Ruler, turn from me all vanity and double-mindedness, wandering of heart, scurrility of lip, superciliousness of eye; all greed, fault-finding, detraction, prurient and idle curiosity; all lust of wealth, grasping at power, desire of vainglory, the evil of hypocrisy, the poison of flattery, the contempt of the helpless, the oppression of the weak, the blasting spite of envy, the death of evil speaking. Cut off from me, my Maker, all rashness, injustice, stubbornness, restlessness; all love of ease and sleep, sloth and indolence, dulness of mind, blindness of heart, obtuseness of feeling, and churlish demeanour; all indocility, rejection of advice, and unbridled license of speech; all grinding of the poor, violence towards the weak, neglect of those under me, harshness to domestics, unfaithfulness to friends, lack of duty to relations, coldness towards my neighbours.

My God, my mercy, I beseech Thee, by Thy beloved Son, grant to me the works of

mercy, the pursuits of piety: to sympathise with the afflicted, counsel the erring, help the wretched, succour the needy, comfort the sorrowful; relieve the oppressed, revive the poor, restore the weeping, forgive my debtors, spare those who sin against me, love them that hate me, render good for evil, despise none, but esteem all; to imitate the good, to shun the bad, embrace virtues, eschew vices; patience in adversity, continence in prosperity, grace to keep silence, and grace to speak; to spurn earthly things, thirst after the heavenly.

*Praise of the Divine Compassion towards Man's
Worthlessness and Low Estate.*

BEHOLD, Thou who hast formed me, many things have I asked for, who deserved not even the fewest. I confess, alas! I confess, that not only do I not deserve the gifts I beg, but deserve many and exquisite punishments.

Yet publicans, harlots, and thieves, encourage me, who, plucked from the jaws of the enemy, are folded in the Shepherd's bosom. For Thou, O God, Creator of all, wonderful in all Thy works, art, according to Thy word, most wonderful in the works of Thy mercy. For Thou hast said by Thine own servant, "His tender mercies are over all His works." And what Thou hast said of one, "My mercy shall not depart from him," we trust Thou sayest of all. For Thou despisest none, rejectest none, abhorrest none, unless perchance some infatuated one has cast Thee off in abhorrence.

Not only then dost Thou not smite in anger, but to those provoking Thee grantest the gifts they seek. My God, the horn of my salvation and my helper, I, wretched I, have provoked Thee, I have done evil in Thy sight; Thy wrath I have called down upon me, Thine anger I have deserved; I have sinned, and Thou hast borne it; I have offended, and Thou bearest with me. If I repent, Thou sparest; if I return, Thou receivest; even while I delay,

Thou art waiting ; Thou recallest the wanderer, entrest the enemy, expectest the slumbering, embracest him that returns. Thou teachest the ignorant, soothest the sad ; the ruined Thou raisest up, and Thou restorest the fallen ; to him that asks Thou givest, to him that seeks Thou yieldest Thyself, and openest to him that knocks. Lo, O Lord, the God of my salvation, I know not what I shall render to Thee ; how I shall answer I am at a loss. There is no hiding-place from Thee, no lurking place screens from Thee. Thou hast shown to me the path of life, and hast taught me how I may walk in it ; Thou hast urged me by threat and by promise ; Thy threat is hell, Thy promise is the glory of paradise.

Now, Father of mercies and God of all comfort, by Thy terror pierce my fleshly lusts, that I may escape the things threatened, and restore to me the joy of Thy salvation, that by loving the things which Thou hast promised I may inherit them. O Lord, my strength, my rock, my God, my refuge and my deliverer : suggest

the thoughts which I may think of Thee, teach the words I may address to Thee, grant the works whereby I may please Thee. For one thing, one only, I know whereby Thou art pleased, and another which Thou dost not despise. Thy sacrifice is a broken spirit ; a broken and a contrite heart Thou acceptest. With these gifts, my God and helper, do Thou enrich me. With these bulwarks do Thou ward off mine enemy ; grant me this shade and refreshment from the scorching flame of vice, this holy shelter do Thou open, where I may escape my passionate desires.

Grant, O Lord, the strength of my salvation, that I be not among the number of those who for a while believe, but in the time of temptation go back. Shield my head in the day of battle, O Lord, my hope in the day of trouble, and safety in the time of tribulation.

Lo, O Lord, my light and my salvation, I have asked what I need ; I have shown what I fear ; but conscience gnaws my confidence, the secrets of my heart fill me with apprehension ;

what love ministers, fear scatters ; while zeal encourages, dread alarms. My deeds breed terror, but Thy love engenders confidence ; Thy goodness exhorts, my wickedness hinders. And, to confess the truth, the remembrance of my sins beats down the boldness of my rising soul.

The Fear of the Judge.

O GOD of gods, O Lord most high and excellent, I know that Thou shalt appear, I know that Thou wilt not always keep silence, when "a fire shall burn before Thee, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Thee, when Thou shalt have called to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that Thou mayest judge Thy people." And, lo, in presence of so many millions of people shall all my sins be bared ; to so many hosts of angels shall all my wickedness be manifest, whatever evil acts,

words, or thoughts have been mine. As many as have before me walked in good works, before so many as my judges shall I helpless stand. By so many shall I be convicted as have shown me an example of godly living. By so many witnesses shall I be confounded as there have been men to warn me by profitable discourse, and stimulate me by pious deeds. O my Lord, nothing occurs that I shall then be able to plead; I am at a loss what I shall answer. Already I am present at that dread trial; conscience gnaws me, the hidden secrets of my heart torment me. Yet avarice binds me, pride accuses, envy consumes, lust inflames, luxury and appetite poison and degrade me; detraction tears, ambition supplants, greed assails, hatred severs, anger disturbs, gentleness softens, sloth overcomes, hypocrisy deceives, flattery bends, and calumny stings me.

Behold, my Deliverer from the nations that rage against me, behold these are they with whom I have lived from the day of my birth, with whom I have associated and been bound in

confidence. The very pursuits I loved condemn me; the things I praised now chide me. These are the friends with whom I companied, the masters I obeyed, the lords I served, the advisers I trusted, the fellows I dwelt with, the friends of my household to whom my heart has been given. "Woe to me, my King and my God, that my sojourn with these has been so long. Woe is me that I have dwelt in the tents of Kedar." And though David could well say, surely may I much rather, "Too long hath my soul been there an inhabitant." O God my Rock, "in Thy sight shall no flesh living be justified." My hope is not in the sons of men. "If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, who, O Lord, shall stand?" And except Thou preventest the unrighteous with Thy mercy, there is none who may glory in righteousness. And besides the sins I have committed through the influence of others, it is impossible for me to forget how many I have taught to sin, how many I have persuaded unwillingly to offend, how many resisting I

have forced, and willing have approved and strengthened by my consent.

And, now, what shall I say? I deserve death, I seek life. I have despised the Judge whom now I daringly demand as my helper. I have rebelled against the King, whose protection I am now bold to claim. I have refused the authority of the Father whose aid I now presume to seek. But I believe what I have heard, that "Thy goodness leadeth to repentance;" and the words of Thy mouth have dropped to me as honey from Thy lips, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." Since, therefore, Thou hast thus instructed me, and revived me by Thy words, with all my heart and all the strength of my mind, I pray Thee, Almighty Father, with Thy beloved Son, and Thee, most gracious Son, with the most Holy and Comforting Spirit, draw me that I may run after Thee, "because of the savour of Thy good ointments."

Here Man discovers and owns himself to be the cause of the Passion of the Son of God.

WHAT hast Thou done, most innocent and meek, that Thou shouldst thus be judged? What hast Thou done to be so hardly dealt with? What is Thy crime, Thy guilt; what the cause of Thy death and ground of Thy condemnation? I, I am the stroke Thou sufferest from; I am the blame of Thy death. I am the cause of Thy woe, the guilt Thou art punished for; I the bitterness of Thy passion, the travail of Thine agony. Oh! wonderful distribution of censure, ineffably mysterious plan! The unjust sins, the just is punished. The guilty wrongs, the innocent is stricken. The unholy offends, and the holy is condemned. What the wicked deserves the good suffers; what the servant contracts the Lord pays; what man commits, God endures. Whither, O Son of God, to what depth has Thy humility

descended ! To what height has Thy love blazed ! To what length has Thy goodness gone forth ! To what extent has Thy mercy ranged ! Whither has Thy love reached ! Whither has Thy compassion come !

For I have committed iniquity, Thou payest the penalty. I have done the wickedness, Thou sufferest the vengeance. I have given birth to the crime, by its death Thou art slain. I have been proud, Thou art humbled. I have magnified myself, Thou art distressed in pressing straits. I have lived in disobedience, by Thine obedience unto death Thou atonest for my guilt. I have yielded myself to appetite, Thou art pained with want. To all unlawful desire the tree of Eden has driven me, to the tree of Calvary Thou art led by perfect love. I have put forth my hand to what was forbidden, Thou willingly endurest torture. I am delighted with the fruit, Thou broken with torment. I enjoy delicacies, Thou art torn with nails. I taste the sweetness of the apple, Thou the bitterness of gall. Me the smiling Eve congratulates,

Thee the weeping Mary bewails. Behold the King of glory! Behold, my unholiness and Thy holiness are revealed! Lo, Thy righteousness and my unrighteousness stand manifest together.

*Here Man presents to the Father the Passion
of the Son.*

HOLY Father, behold the Son most holy, who for me hath suffered so unholy things. Remember, most merciful King, who it is that suffers, and graciously remember also for whom He suffers. Is not this, O my Lord, that innocent one, whom, though a Son, Thou gavest up, that Thou mightest redeem a servant? Is not this the Author of Life, who, led as a sheep to the slaughter, and becoming obedient to Thee even to the death, did not fear the most cruel and violent end? Remember, O Thou in whose purpose lies our whole salvation, that

this is the same, whom, though begotten of Thy power, Thou didst will to become partaker of my weakness. Truly this is Thy Deity, which has assumed my nature; which in the flesh ascended that shameful gibbet, and suffered the sad punishment of the cross. Let the eyes of Thy majesty look once again, O Lord my God, on the work of Thine ineffable love. Look upon Thy dear Son, thus stretched and racked. Behold the innocent hands flowing with sacred blood! and by this propitiation forgive the crimes which my hands have perpetrated. Consider the bare side, pierced with the cruel spear, and renew me by the washing of that sacred stream which I believe had there its source.

See the spotless feet, which did not stand in the way of sinners, but walked always in Thy law, now transfixed with horrid nails: and perfect my goings in Thy paths, and mercifully teach me to abhor all unrighteous ways. The way of unrighteousness put far from me, and cause me to choose the way of truth. I beseech Thee, O King of saints, by this Saint of saints,

by this my Redeemer, make me to run in the way of Thy commandments, that I may be one with Him in spirit, who did not shrink from being clothed in my flesh. Dost not Thou regard, most Holy Father, the most precious head of Thy beloved Son drooping from His neck relaxed in death?

The bare breast gleams white, the side shows red with blood, the racked bowels are parched, languor dims the gracious eyes, the kingly features grow pale and wan, the stretched out arms stiffen, the marble limbs hang painfully, a stream of blood steeps the transfixed feet. Father in glory, behold the Son of Thine acceptance thus wounded and torn, and graciously remember what my frame is. View the punishment of the God Man, and relieve the misery of man created. See the penalty inflicted on the Redeemer, and forgive the sin of the redeemed. This is He, O my Lord, whom Thou hast bruised for the sins of Thy people, though Himself Thy Beloved, in whom Thou art well pleased. This is that innocent one in whom

there was found no guile, and who was yet cut off among the transgressors.

*Here Man presents to the Father the Death
of the Son for his Atonement.*

BEHOLD, Almighty God, Father of my Lord, I have devoutly offered to Thee whatever I have found most precious ; graciously be pitiful towards me, since I have come to Thee as a suppliant, and have presented all that is most valuable. There was nothing else which I could expose before Thy majesty ; nothing now remains to be added ; all my hope is with Thee. To Thee I have directed my Advocate, Thy beloved Son. I have sent Thy glorious offspring as Mediator between me and Thee : I have sent Him, I say, as Intercessor, through whom I look for pardon. In words have I sent the Word, which for my deeds was sent forth from Thee. I have related and told out before

Thee the sufferings of Thy most holy Child, which I believe to have been endured for me. I believe that the Deity sent forth from Thee assumed my humanity; in which He deigned also to assume blows, chains, spittings, and scoffs, the cross even, with its nails and spear. This humanity, also, stained with the tears, and confined with the swaddling clothes of infancy, worn with the toils of youth, spent with fasting, exhausted with watching and wearied with journeys; afterwards furrowed with scourgings, torn on the cross, numbered among the dead, this humanity of mine He crowned with the glory of resurrection and introduced to the joy of heaven, setting it at the right hand of Thy majesty. This is my reconciliation, this my propitiation and atonement.

Consider here, then, further, the Son Thou hast begotten, the servant Thou hast redeemed. Here behold the Maker, and despise not His work. In Thy love embrace the Shepherd, and remember in Thy mercy the sheep He brings on His shoulders. This is that most faithful

Shepherd, who with manifold pains sought His sheep as it strayed among the steep cliffs of the mountains and the dangerous pitfalls of the valleys ; who, when it was just dying and desolately fainting in its far exile, found it at length, and with gladness lifted it on His shoulder ; and binding it to Him with the wondrous bond of love, raised it from the deep pit of confusion and disaster, and clasping it still in His loving embrace, brought back the lost one to the ninety and nine.

Behold, O Lord, my King, Lord God Omnipotent, behold the good Shepherd brings back to Thee what Thou didst commit to His charge. At Thine instance He undertook the salvation of man, whom He has restored to Thee cleansed from all blemish. Behold Thy Son has reconciled to Thee the work of Thy hands which had erred far from Thee. Lo, to Thy flock the tender Shepherd restores what the violent had taken and carried off as his prey. To Thy presence He restores the servant whom conscience had made a fugitive ; He restores him that he who

in himself had earned punishment might, in the satisfaction made by his Lord, win pardon ; and while his faults led him to hell he might follow this leader to His country and home. I was able by myself, Holy Father, to offend Thee, but to appease Thee I had no power. Thou, my God, didst become my helper ; Thy beloved Son partook of my humanity, that He might heal my infirmity ; so that there should thence be offered to Thee a sacrifice of praise, whence had sprung cause of offence ; and that He, sitting at Thy right hand, might evermore show Himself partaker of my substance, and thus through His humanity draw forth Thy favour towards me. Lo, this is my hope, this my confidence.

If, as is most fit, Thou lookest away from me in mine own iniquity, mercifully look upon me for Thy Son's sake. Regard Thy Son in whom Thou favourest Thy servant. Behold the mystery of flesh, and remit the guilt of flesh. As often as the wounds of Thy begotten are exposed to Thy view, let my sins be hidden, I

pray Thee. As often as the precious blood shows red on His holy side, let the stains of my pollution be made white and clean, I beseech Thee. And as flesh has provoked Thine anger, so, I entreat Thee, may Thy mercy be moved by flesh ; as flesh has drawn me astray to sin, so may flesh draw me to Thy pardon. Much does my unrighteousness deserve, but far more does the righteousness of my Redeemer lawfully demand. Great is my disobedience, but verily greater is the obedience of my Redeemer. For as far as God is above man, so far is my wickedness beneath His goodness.

For what evil has man done which the Son of God, become man, has not atoned for? What pride has swollen so high as not to be levelled by so deep humility? What empire of death is so ruling as not to be destroyed by this death of the cross? Assuredly, my God, if the sins of sinning man were weighed in a just balance with the grace of the redeeming Word, East were not so far from West, nor Hell so sunk beneath the highest Heaven.

Now, therefore, Thou Father of lights, forgive mine iniquities for the sake of the unspeakable pains of Thy beloved Son ; let, I beseech Thee, His holiness atone for my unholiness,—His moderation for my obstinate perverseness,—and His meekness for my harsh and overbearing temper. Let His humility atone for my pride, His patience for my hastiness, His goodness for my unkindness, His submissive and calm spirit for my unruly and restless temper ; all His sweetness, gentleness, and love for my bitterness, wrath, and cruelty.

A Devout Prayer to the Son.

O LORD Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who didst, for the redemption of all men, drain the cup of Thy passion, when stretched upon the cross, deign this day to accord to me Thine aid. Behold, I poor come to Thee rich, miserable to Thee merciful ; let

me not depart empty and despised. Entering Thy presence hungry, let me not retire unsatisfied. I approach famished, cast me not forth to want. Though "sighing comes before my meat," grant to my sighs the food I need. Chiefly, sweetest Jesus, I confess, in view of Thy tender munificence, my need of pardon and cleansing. Lo, O Lord, in sin was I conceived and brought forth : and Thou hast washed and sanctified me : and again have I defiled myself with greater sins. Born in sins I could not resist, I have since wallowed in sins of my own will.

But I do not forget, O Lord, Thy compassion ; Thou didst raise me from the home of my earthly father, and from the society of sinners, inciting me to follow Thee with the generation of them that seek Thy face, who walk in the right way, and dwell among the lilies of chastity, and are content to rest with Thee in the hut of lowest poverty. Yet I, unmoved by so many kindnesses, have since my entrance on Thy way committed many unlawful actions,

and done many wickednesses: and when I ought to have been forsaking my sins, I have added others to them. These are the evils with which I have dishonoured Thee, O Lord, and stained myself whom Thou didst create in Thine own image and likeness,—pride, vainglory, and all the many other evils by which my unhappy soul is vexed and troubled, torn and destroyed.

Behold, O Lord, mine iniquities have gone over mine head: and as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me. And except Thou, whose prerogative it is to pity always and to spare, dost sustain me by the right hand of Thy majesty, I am miserably sunk into the depth of hell. Consider, O Lord, and see, for Thou art holy, and lo, mine enemy triumphs over me, saying, “God hath forsaken him, I will persecute and take him, for there is none to deliver. And Thou, O Lord, how long? Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: O save me for Thy mercies’ sake.” Have mercy on Thy child, whom with no small travail Thou hast begotten; and do not think upon my evil, to the oblivion

of Thine own good. What father is he who will not deliver his son? Or what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not with the rod of His love?

Therefore, Father and Lord, though I be a sinner, I cannot but be Thy son: Thou hast made and regenerated me, heal therefore my sin, and leave me healed in the keeping of Thy Son. Can a mother forget the child of her womb? And though she may forget, Thou, the Father, hast promised not to forget. Lo! I cry, and Thou hearest not: I am grievously afflicted, and Thou dost not comfort me. What shall I, wretched, say or do? I, deprived of so great consolation, am cast forth from Thy presence. Ah me! from what good to what evil am I fallen! Whither was I going, and whither have I come! Where am I, and where am I not! In what light was I living, in what darkness do I now perish! For what was I sighing, and now in what do I sigh! I sought blessing, and behold trouble and dismay. Lo, now I die, and Jesus is not with me. And verily it is

better not to be, than to be without Jesus. It is better not to live, than to live without life.

And Thou, Lord Jesus, where are Thine ancient loving-kindnesses? Wilt Thou be angry for ever? I beseech Thee, turn from Thy wrath and pity me, and turn not away from me Thy face, who, to redeem me, didst not turn Thy face from them that scoffed and buffeted and spat upon Thee. I confess that I have sinned, and my conscience condemns me, and that repentance does not suffice for satisfaction: but it is certain that Thy mercy surpasses all offence. Do not, O Lord most merciful, do not write my bitter things against me, nor enter into judgment with Thy servant, but, "according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." Woe to me, miserable offender! when the day of judgment shall have come, and the books of conscience have been opened, when it shall be said of me, "Behold the man and his works!" What then shall I do, O Lord my God, when the heavens shall reveal my sin, and the earth

shall rise up against me? Behold, I will have nothing to answer, but with head hanging in confusion, I shall stand before Thee, trembling and dismayed.

Ah! me miserable, what shall I say? I will cry to Thee, O Lord my God. Why am I consumed in silence? Yet if I speak, my grief will not rest; and if I be silent, I am tormented with the bitterest bitterness of soul. Mourn, O my soul; mourn as a widow for the husband of her youth. Wail, wretched soul! wail and weep, since thy spouse, Christ, hath cast thee off. Do not, then, Almighty, do not assail me in Thine anger, for in me there is no strength to withstand Thee. Pity me, lest I despair, and grant me hope. If I have done enough to ruin me, Thou hast still enough to save me.

Thou, O Lord, willest not the death of sinners, nor delightest in the destruction of the dying: nay, that the dead might live, Thou wert dead, and Thy death has slain the death of sinners. I beseech Thee, O Lord, that I die not,

now that Thou livest. "Send Thy hand from above, and deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, lest they triumph over me, and say, 'We will swallow him up.'" Who can despair of Thy mercy, O good Jesus who, when we were enemies, didst redeem us by Thy blood, and didst reconcile us to God! Lo! protected under the shadow of Thy mercy, I run to the throne of glory demanding pardon, crying and knocking, until Thou hast mercy upon me. For if when we did not seek pardon, Thou didst call us to pardon, how much more shall we obtain it when we beg and implore it.

Remember not, most tender Redeemer, Thy justice against Thy sinner; but be mindful of Thy goodness towards Thy creature. Remember not wrath against the guilty, but be mindful of Thy mercy towards the miserable. Forget my proud provocation, and regard my humble invocation. For what is Jesus, but Saviour? Therefore Jesus, for Thy name's sake, arise to my help, and say to my soul, I am thy salvation. Much, Lord, do I presume on Thy

goodness, for Thou Thyself teachest me to ask, to seek, to knock. And therefore obedient to Thine invitation, I ask, seek, and knock.

And do Thou, Lord, who orderest me to ask, grant that I may receive ; who advisest me to seek, enable me to find ; who teachest me to knock, open to me knocking ; I am weak, do Thou strengthen me ; lost, do Thou restore me ; dead, do Thou revive me ; and vouchsafe, in Thy good pleasure, to direct and govern all my feelings, thoughts, and actions, that henceforth I may serve Thee, live to Thee, and commit myself to Thee. I know, O my Lord, that because Thou hast made me, I owe myself to Thee ; and because Thou hast redeemed me, and for me become man, I owe Thee more than myself : as much as Thou art greater than me, for whom Thou gavest Thyself, so much do I owe Thee, and would give Thee, had I it to give. Lo, neither have I more, nor can I give Thee what I have without Thee ; but do Thou receive me, even draw me to Thyself, that I may be Thine by imitation and love, as I am already Thine by

creation and by purchase—Thine who livest and reignest for ever. Amen.

Of the Trust which the Soul ought to have in the Lord Jesus and His suffering, and an expression of gratitude for the same.

I SHOULD despair on account of my great sins, my infinite shortcomings, had not Thy word, O God, become flesh and dwelt among us. But now I dare not despair, “for if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled by the death of Thy Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.” For all my hope, and the certainty of all my confidence, is in His precious blood, which was shed for us and for our salvation. In it I revive and hope once more, and trusting in it I desire to come near to Thee; “not having my righteousness, but that which is of Thy

Son, our Lord Jesus Christ." Wherefore we render thanks to Thee, O God, most gracious and merciful lover of men, who, by Jesus Christ, Thy Son our Lord, when we were not, didst powerfully create us ; and, when we were undone by our sin, didst marvellously deliver and restore us.

To Thy fatherly love I give thanks, and from my whole heart do I render many praises to Thee, who, in Thine unutterable love wherewith Thou didst deign of Thy marvellous goodness to love us wretched and unworthy, didst send forth from Thy bosom Thine only begotten for our common good to save us sinners, then the children of wrath. To Thee I render thanks for His holy incarnation and nativity, for His blessed mother from whom He condescended to assume flesh for the sake of us and our salvation, that as He was true God of God, so might He be true man of man. To Thee I render thanks for His passion and His cross, for His death and resurrection, for His ascension into heaven, and His session at the

right hand of Thy majesty. For on the fortieth day after His resurrection, ascending in view of His disciples above the heavens, and sitting at Thy right hand, He has thence poured out according to His promise the Holy Spirit upon the sons of adoption.

To Thee I render thanks for that most sacred shedding of His precious blood, wherewith we are redeemed; as well as for the holy and life-giving sacrament of His body and blood, whereof daily in Thy Church we eat and drink, whereby we are washed and sanctified, and made partakers of one divine nature. To Thee I render thanks for Thy wonderful and ineffable love wherewith Thou hast thus loved and saved us unworthy by Thine only and beloved Son. For so hast Thou loved the world as to give Thine only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And this is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent by right faith, and works meet for faith.

Oh, how are we indebted to Thee, Lord God, redeemed at such a price, saved by such a gift, and established in so glorious a bounty! Oh, how art Thou to be feared by us miserable, how art Thou to be loved, blessed, praised, honoured, and glorified, who hast so loved, so saved, so sanctified, so ennobled us! To Thee we owe at least all we can, all we live, all we know. But who has anything that is not Thine? Do thou, then, O Lord our God, from whom proceed all good things, impart to us of Thy good for Thine own name's sake, that of Thy good and of Thy gift we may serve Thee, and in truth please Thee, and daily render to Thee the praise that is Thy due for these so great bounties of Thy compassion.

*Here Man complains that he cannot worship as
the Angels who see God.*

PARDON, O Lord, pardon, Holy One pardon and pity; pardon both my ignorance and my much imperfection. Do not reproach me as over-bold, because I, a servant (and would that I were a good one and not unprofitable and wicked), dare to praise Thee; and herein do I see my great wickedness, that, without contrition of heart and many tears, without due reverence and awe, I praise, bless, and adore Thee, the Almighty, our terrible and greatly to be feared God. For if the angels as they worship and praise Thee tremble, and are filled with strange ecstasy, how is it that I, a sinner, while I approach and offer Thee the sacrifice of praise, do not fear at heart, or show any pallor in my face or trembling of the lip; why is there no shivering in my body, no tears acknowledging Thy presence? This I wish, but what I

wish I cannot do, because capacity is wanting. While I behold Thee with the eye of faith, I marvel at the terror of Thy majesty ; but “ who is sufficient for this without the help of Thy grace ? ” The whole of our salvation, from first to last, worth and reward, is Thy great mercy.

Ah, wretched man that I am, how has my soul become thus insensate that it is not smitten with awe, while it stands before God, and sings to Him its praises ! Ah, wretched me, how has my heart become thus hard, that it flows not forth in tears from mine eyes, while the servant converses with his Lord, man with God, the creature with the Creator, he who is made of dust with Him who made all things of nothing ! Behold, O Lord, set me before Thee, and whatever in secret I think concerning myself I declare to Thy pitying ear. Do Thou, who art rich in mercy, and liberal in Thy bounties, grant to me of Thy riches, that with them I may serve Thee. For only with Thine own can we serve Thee, and if we please Thee it is with the ability Thou givest.

Penetrate, I pray Thee, my flesh with Thy fear, that my heart rejoicing may fear Thy name. Would that this sinful soul of mine feared Thee, as that holy man who said, "Always have I feared God as billows overwhelming me." Grant, O God, who art the giver of every good, grant that I may praise Thee with penitence, purity, and gladness of heart; that, loving Thee perfectly, and praising Thee worthily, I may with the palate of my heart itself have a sense, taste, and relish of Thy sweetness and tenderness, according to that which is written—"Taste and see that the Lord is good, blessed is the man that trusteth in Him: Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound. Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart are Thy ways: Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God: Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising Thee."

That God is the True and Highest Life.

O GOD, true and highest life, by whom, through whom, and in whom all things live, which live truly and blessedly : God good and lovely, by whom, through whom, and in whom, all good and lovely things are good and lovely : God, faith in whom quickens us, hope in whom exalts us, love of whom unites us to Thyself : God, who orderest us to seek Thee, and grantest that we find Thee, and openest to all who knock : O God, from whom to be turned away is to fall, to whom to be turned is to rise, in whom to abide is to stand fast : God, whom no one loses unless he be deceived, no one seeks unless admonished, no one finds unless purified : God, whom to know is to live, whom to serve is to reign, whom to praise is the safety and joy of the spirit, Thee, O God, with lips and heart, and every faculty, I praise, bless, and worship, and to Thy mercy and good-

ness I render thanks for all Thy benefits, and to Thy glory sing, "Holy, Holy, Holy."

Thee I invoke, O blessed Trinity, that Thou mayest come to me and make me a temple worthy of Thy glory. I pray the Father by the Son, I pray the Son by the Father, I pray the Spirit by the Father and the Son, that all vices be removed far from me, and all graces implanted in me. O infinite God, by whom are all things, through whom are all things, in whom are all things, visible and invisible; who surroundest all Thy works without, and fillest them all within; who rulest over them, and under them upholdest all, guard me, the work of Thy hands, who hope only in Thy mercy. Guard me, I pray Thee, here and everywhere, now and always, within and without, before and behind, above and beneath, and on every side, so that in me the enemy may find no opening for his treacherous assault.

Thou art Almighty God, guardian and protector of all who hope in Thee, without whom no one is safe, no one rescued from danger.

Thou art God, and there is no God beside Thee, neither in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath; who doest "great things and unsearchable, marvellous things without number." Thee praise becomes, honour and glory are Thy due. To Thee all Angels, to Thee the heavens and all powers ascribe glory, and cease not to sing praise, as creatures to their Creator, servants to their Lord, soldiers to their King. Thee, holy and undivided Trinity, every creature magnifies, every spirit praises.

Confession of Man's Misery and Frailty.

WHEN shall this crooked in me be ruled by Thy rectitude? When shall I be conformed to Thee? Thou, Lord, lovest solitude, I company; Thou silence, I noise; Thou reality, I vanity; Thou art purity, I follow impurity. Is there need of saying more? Thou art truly good, I evil; Thou holy, I unholy;

Thou blessed, I cursed ; Thou righteous, I unrighteous ; Thou art light, I am blind ; Thou art life, I dead ; Thou art health and healing, I am sick ; Thou art joy, I sadness. Thou art the truth, I am altogether vanity ; as is every man even at his best state. Alas, then, what shall I say, O Creator ? Hear, O Creator, I am Thy creature, and I perish : Thy creature, and I die. I am Thy workmanship, and now I am reduced to nothing. I am the work of Thy hands : "Thy hands, Lord, have made and fashioned me," those hands of Thine which were fastened to the cross for me ; "despise not, O Lord, the work of Thy hands ;" the wounds of Thy hands, I pray Thee, Lord, consider, "Lo, Thou hast graven me on the palms of Thy hands," read that inscription and save me. Behold, Thy creature sighs to Thee ; Creator, recreate me. Lo, Thy creature calls to Thee ; Life of life, enliven me. Lo, the work of Thy hands looks to Thee ; Framers of all, restore me. Spare me, O Lord, for mine age is as nothing before Thee.

What is man that he should address his Maker? Spare me while I speak with Thee. Pardon Thy servant who takes upon him to speak with so great a Lord: necessity has no law. Grief compels me to speak; the woe I suffer bursts my lips and forces me to exclaim: I am sick, and on the physician I call; blind, and I hasten to the light; dead, and I sigh towards the Life. Thou art Physician, Light, and Life; "Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me; Son of David, have mercy on me." Fountain of compassion, hear what the weak and sick calls to Thee. Light passing by, wait till the blind sees Thee; give him Thine hand that he may find Thee. Living Life, recall the dead. But what am I who speak thus with Thee? Woe is me, O Lord! O Lord, spare me. I am a rotting corpse, food for worms, a stinking vessel, fuel for the fire. What am I who speak with Thee? Woe is me, O Lord! O Lord, spare me. I am a man—unhappy man, born of a woman, whose days are few and full of trouble, a man who is like vanity; compared

to the beasts that perish, and even like to them.

What again am I? A dark, deep, miserable clay, a child of wrath, a vessel fit for dishonour: conceived in uncleanness, living in misery, soon to die in anguish. Ah me! yes, what am I, and what am I to be? A heap of corruption, full of loathing and horror; blind, destitute, naked, girt with stern necessities and many sore conditions of life, ignorant of my beginning and of my ending, knowing neither whence I came nor whither I go; miserable and mortal. Whose days pass away like a shadow, whose life vanishes as a vapour that endureth but for a little, as the flower of the field that springeth up and straightway withereth and falleth away; now it flourisheth, and now it is no more. My life, I say, is a frail life, a fading life, a life which, the more it increases, the more it decreases; the more it advances, the nearer it approaches to death; a life deceitful and shadowy, full of the snares of death. Now I rejoice, again I mourn; now I am strong,

and now weak ; now I live, straightway I die ; now I seem blessed, and again I am wretched ; now I laugh, and now I weep. And thus are all things subject to change, so that nothing remains for one hour in one condition. Fear and faintness, hunger and thirst, heat and cold, languor and grief, all here abound ; until all these give way to the greatest change and disaster, importunate death, which in a thousand unexpected ways daily snatches away us miserable men. All diseases find victims among us, all pains and woes exhibit themselves here. Sickness, distress, hunger, fire, water, and beasts of prey, all cut off their multitudes. Poison ends the life of many, the sword cuts down its millions, and death chills and subdues many with the simple fear of death. And now, over and above all this, is the great misery, that though nothing is surer than death, no one knows anything of his own. And when he thinks he stands, he is stricken and his hope perishes. For no man knows when, or where, or how he shall die, and yet it is certain that die he must.

Behold, Lord, how great is the misery of man, in which I am and yet have no fear! How great the calamity I suffer, yet I grieve not nor call upon Thee. I will call upon Thee, O Lord, before I pass away, if so be I may not pass away but abide in Thee. I will tell, then, I will tell out all my misery: I will confess it to Thee, and will not in shame hide my vileness from Thee. Help me, my strength through whom I am strong; aid me, my vigour through whom I am sustained; come, Light through whom I see; manifest Thyself, Thou glory through whom I rejoice; appear, Thou Life in whom I live, O Lord my God.

Ascription of Praise to God for His many Benefits, specially for His Love and Power in creating us.

THOUGH I be thus miserable and worthless, yet, O my God, show me how much I ought to love Thee, teach me how much I ought

to praise Thee, make known to me how much I ought to please Thee. Declare, O Lord, from above, with Thy voice deep and strong as the thunder, that the inner ear of my heart may learn; and I will praise Thee, who didst create me when I was nothing, enlighten me when I was in darkness, revive me when dead, and feed me with the good bounties of Thy hand from my youth. This same useless worm, rank and rotten with sin, dost Thou ever nourish with Thy best gifts.

Open to me, O key of David, which openest and no man shutteth against him to whom Thou openest, which shuttest and no man openeth to him against whom Thou shuttest, open to me the door of Thy light that I may enter and see and be taught: and I will confess to Thee with all my heart that "great has been Thy mercy toward me, and Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

O Lord, Thou art the hope of Thy saints and the tower of their strength ; O God, Thou art the life of my soul by whom I live, without whom I die. Thou art the light of my eyes by whom I see, without whom I am blind ; the joy of my heart, and I will love Thee with all my heart and soul, with all my strength and mind, for Thou hast first loved me.

And whence is this to me, O Creator of heaven and earth and the deep, who needest not anything that I can do or have, whence is this to me that Thou hast loved me ? O Wisdom, which openest the lips of the dumb ; O Word, by whom all things were made, open my lips and grant to me the voice of praise that I may relate all Thy benefits which Thou, O Lord, hast conferred upon me from the first. For, lo, I am because Thou didst create me ; and that Thou wouldst create me and appoint me a place among the number of Thy creatures, Thou didst from eternity foreordain, "before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world." For

no merit nor grace of mine preceded Thy will to create me. Thou hast created all of Thy mere goodness ; all Thy creatures were equal in merit, for none had any. And why then was not I made like to all those other creatures of Thine which are without reason, or like those which have not so much as animal life ? What merit or grace was there in me, that Thou shouldest have created me capable of becoming a son of God ? Far be it, Lord, from me to think that for any merit in me Thou hast granted to me what Thou hast denied to others. Thy goodness only, Thy mere grace has done this ; of Thy grace and goodness, then, do Thou, O Lord, vouchsafe to me that I may make to Thee some return, and be gracious in Thy sight.

Thy power, O Lord, as well as Thy goodness, calls forth praise to my Creator. For Thine omnipotent hand alone has alike created the angels in heaven, and the lowest, vilest worms of earth : not greater than itself in those, not less than itself in these. Thy hand, and no

mightier hand, has formed the heavenlies, that same hand and no meaner has formed all that is of earth. For as no other hand could create an angel, so no other could create a worm. As none could create the heavens, so neither could any create a leaf of a tree ; as none could create a body, so none could make one hair white or black, but Thine almighty hand alone, by which all things are equally possible. For neither is it easier for Thee to create a worm than an angel ; nor more difficult for Thee to stretch the heavens than a leaf. But all things “ whatsoever He pleased, that did He in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places ;” and me among all things, as He willed, so hath He appointed and formed.

Of the Praise of God.

YET, O Lord, how can I praise Thee aright, for without me Thou didst exercise Thy power and goodness, and without me Thou hast Thy praise. Thou, Lord, art Thine own praise. Let Thy works praise Thee according to the greatness of Thy power. Thy praise, O Lord, is unsearchable: it is not comprehended in the heart, it is not measured by the lip, it is not heard by the ear, for these pass away, but Thy praise, O Lord, abideth to eternity. Thought begins, and thought comes to an end; the voice sounds, and its sound dies away and is no more; the ear hears, and the hearing ceases; but Thy praise abideth ever.

Who, then, can praise Thee? What man can set forth Thy praise? He who believes that Thou art Thine own praise. He who knows that he himself cannot reach to Thy praise. And in Thee is our praise also, when we have that true praise which passes not

away, but is perpetual. We praise Thee not, but Thou praisest Thyself, through and in Thyself. Thou praisest not us, but Thyself in us, and us in Thee. And then have we true praise, when we have praise from Thee, when light approves light. And verily, as often as we seek praise from another, we are losing Thy praise; as often as we seek the transitory, we are losing eternal praise. Thou, O Lord, art eternal praise. Grant me Thyself, that I may praise Thee; for what am I, that I should of myself praise Thee, O Lord God most strong, spirit of all flesh, who inhabitest eternity?

Shall darkness praise light, or death life? Thou art light, I darkness; Thou art life, I death. Shall vanity praise the True and the Real? Thou art the truth, and I vanity. Shall my misery praise Thee; my human and mortal state, which to-day is, and to-morrow is taken away, shall this praise Thee? Shall the prey of corruption and the food of worms praise Thee, the Eternal; or shall a man con-

ceived, born, and brought up in sin, praise Thee, the Holy One? Praise is not comely in the mouth of a sinner. Nay, O Lord my God, but let Thine own unsearchable power praise Thee, Thine inscrutable wisdom and Thine ineffable goodness, Thy transcendent clemency and Thine abundant mercy, Thine eternal holiness and divinity, let these, O Lord, be Thy praise. And let also Thine almighty power praise Thee, and Thy rich goodness and love whereby Thou hast created us, O Lord God, the life of my soul.

A Prayer in Tribulation.

PITY O Lord, pity O Father, pity me a most miserable sinner, doing unworthily, and worthily suffering; constantly sinning and feeling daily Thy stroke. If I weigh the evil I have done, that which I suffer is not so heavy; the heavier is what I have committed,

the lighter what I bear. Thou, O Lord, art just and right in Thy judgment; all Thy judgments are just and true. "Just and righteous art Thou, O Lord our God, and there is no injustice in Thee." Not unjustly nor cruelly dost Thou afflict us sinners, almighty and compassionate God: who, when we were not, didst make us by Thy power, and when we were lost and undone, didst recover and recreate us by Thy marvellous goodness.

I know and am persuaded that our life is not shaped by casualties and chance, but is ordered and governed by Thee, O Lord our God. Thou hast the care of all, specially of Thy servants whose hope is in Thy mercy. Wherefore I beseech and humbly pray that Thou wouldst deal with me not according to my sins, which deserve Thy wrath, but according to Thy great mercy, which exceeds the sins even of the whole world. O Lord, who chastisest me outwardly, grant me within unfailing patience, so that Thy praise may

never fail from my lips. Pity me, O Lord, pity and help me, according as Thou knowest what I need in body and soul: Thou knowest all things, and Thou canst perform all things, who livest for evermore. Amen.

That God unceasingly considers the Works and Intentions of Men.

MANY, O Lord, are the benefits Thou hast bestowed upon me, and a pleasant thing it were always to think and speak of these, always to give Thee thanks; and so might I learn to love Thee with all my heart, and soul, and strength, and mind. But thine eyes have seen my imperfections, Thine eyes, which are far more piercing than the sun, beholding all the ways of men, and penetrating the depth of hell, and in every place beholding always the evil and the good.

For whilst Thou rulest all, Thou fillest each, and art everywhere present in all the plenitude of Thy being. Thou retainest the care of all that Thou hast created, for Thou hatest nothing which Thou hast made. And thus Thou observest all my steps and my ways, and watchest over me day and night as a guard, diligently marking all my paths. Perpetually Thou art considering me, as if Thou wert forgetful of all besides, and wert considering me alone of all Thy creatures in heaven and earth, and as if Thou hadst no other care but of me. For neither is the distinctness of Thine unalterable sight increased, if Thou lookest at one thing only; nor is it diminished if Thou viewest numberless and diverse objects. For as Thou at once and perfectly seest the whole, so however diverse the various parts be, Thy whole sight sees each perfectly and at once. As Thou seest all things, so Thou seest all in one: and as Thou seest all in one, so each part is before Thine undivided, unaltered, unobscured eye. And therefore the whole of Thy sight is at all times fixed upon

the whole of me at once, as if there were in the wide universe none other thing besides.

Thou standest, therefore, guard over me, as if Thou wert forgetful of all else, and as if Thou didst not care to look upon anything besides. Always Thou showest Thyself present, always ready if Thou findest me ready to receive Thee. Whithersoever I go, Thou, Lord, dost not desert me, except by my deserting Thee. Wheresoever I am, Thou dost not withdraw from that place : for Thou art everywhere, so that wherever I go, I may find Thee and exist still by Thee, that I may not perish being without Thee, for without Thee I cannot exist. Assuredly, then, I confess, that whatever I do I do in Thy presence ; and whatever it be that I do, Thou seest it better than I who do it. For whatever I am from hour to hour engaged in, Thou art still from hour to hour present as the perpetual scrutinizer of all my thoughts, intentions, delights, and employments. O Lord, all my desire is before Thee, and before Thee is the whole of my thought.

Thou, O Lord, seest whence my spirit comes, where it is, and whither it goes, for Thou art the "weigher of spirits." And whether the root be sweet or bitter, from which the leaves spring fair to the eye, Thou, who judgest the inner parts, and searchest the very sap of the roots, very well knowest. And not only the intention, but the deepest and inmost secret of its root Thou gatherest under the clear truth of Thine eye, beholdest, reckonest, and markest; that so Thou mayest render to every man not only according to his works or intention, but according to the inmost, most hidden, and furthest removed spring of the intention. Towards what I aim in my work, whatever I think, and in what I am delighted, Thou seest: Thine ears hear, Thine eyes see and observe: Thou markest, regardest, notest, and writest in Thy book, whether it be good or evil: that Thou mayest hereafter render to every good its reward, to every evil its punishment, when "the books shall be opened, and men shall be judged according to the things which are written in Thy books."

This, perhaps, is what Thou hast said to us, "I will consider the end of these things," since Thou dost indeed regard rather our intention and the result our wish would bring forth than the very act of our hand. And when I diligently consider this, O Lord my God, terrible and mighty, I am confounded alike with fear and great shame; for great necessity is laid upon us of living uprightly and righteously, seeing that we do all things in presence of our Judge who thus narrowly sees all that is done.

Of the Devil and his Manifold Temptations.

THE tempter was absent, and Thou wert the cause of his absence; occasion was wanting, and Thou wert the cause of its absence. The tempter was present, the occasion was not wanting, but Thou heldest me back from yielding my consent. The tempter came threatening and dark, as he is; and

Thou didst comfort me, so that I despised him. The tempter came, strong and as an armed man, and, that he might not overcome me, Thou didst bridle him and strengthen me. The tempter came transformed into an angel of light, and that he might not deceive me Thou didst rebuke him; and that I might recognise him Thou didst enlighten me. For he is that great red dragon, and the old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, having seven heads and ten horns, whom Thou hast created chief of the powers of the air, and of darkness, and of the deep, and who goeth about day and night seeking whom he may devour.

This is that old serpent who with his tail draws a third part of the stars of heaven and casts them upon the earth, who has shed his poison abroad through the life of this world, so that men who drink of the waters of this life die. And who but Thyself, O Lord, can deliver from his mouth? Help us, O Lord, who hast bruised the head of the great dragon: spread over us, O Lord, Thy wings, that we

may flee under them from the face of this dragon, who persecutes us ; and do Thou with Thy shield protect us from his horns. For this is his constant effort, this his one desire, to devour what Thou hast made. And therefore, my God, we call to Thee, free us from our daily adversary, who, whether we sleep or wake, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, by day and night presses on us with wiles and arts, now openly, now secretly, directing against us his poisoned arrows that he may slay our souls. And yet, O Lord, most wicked is our madness, for though we see this serpent with open mouth, this lion ready to devour, nevertheless do we sleep, and take our ease and our pleasure, as if we were secure against him who desires nothing else than our destruction. He, that he may slay his enemies, watches sleepless ; we, that we may protect ourselves, will not wake out of sleep.

Behold, he has stretched before our feet innumerable snares, and all our ways he has filled with various gins to catch our souls.

Who can escape them? He has laid snares in riches and snares in poverty; snares in food and in drink and in all pleasure; in sleep and in waking hours; in work and in word, and in all our way his snares lie hid. But Thou, O Lord, deliver us from the snare of the fowler and from the voice of his rage, that we may confess to Thee, saying, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped."

Very subtle, crafty, and skilful is this enemy of ours, O Lord; his ways are so stealthy and secretly winding that we cannot detect them, and except Thou discoverest him we cannot recognise his presence. For he is now in one form, now in another, and, adapting himself to every variety of time and place, he changes his temptations with every change of circumstance. That he may deceive the sad he mourns; that he may overcome the strong he appears as a lamb, and that he may destroy the meek he

appears as a wolf. All these things, Lord, Thou knowest better who knowest all his malice of contention and the stiffness of his neck. Neither do I record these things to reveal them to Thee, for Thou seest all things, and from Thee no thought lies hid. But before the footstool of Thy throne I make complaint of my enemy, Eternal Judge, that Thou mayest both condemn him and save us, Thy children; that Thou mayest destroy him and rescue us the sheep of Thy pasture, enlightening us that we may perceive his snares, and guarding us from all his endeavours.

A hopeful Prayer for the Divine favour and protection.

BUT I, Thy creature, will trust under the shadow of Thy wings, and will hope in that goodness of Thine which created me. Help Thy creature whom Thy goodness called

into being: let not that which Thy goodness made be ruined by my wickedness: let not that which Thy mercy formed perish in my misery. What use is there in creating me if I am to sink in my own corruption? Hast Thou, then, O Lord, made all men in vain? Thou hast made me, O Lord, rule what Thou hast made. Despise not, O God, the work of Thy hands. Out of nothing hast Thou called me into being; if Thou keepest me not, again, O Lord, I return to nothing. For as I was not, and Thou madest me, so again, if Thou dost not maintain me, I return to myself, to nothing.

Help me, O Lord, my life, lest I perish in my wickedness. Hadst Thou not made me, I had not been: because Thou madest me, I now am: if Thou keepest me not, even now I am no more. For no strength, merit, or grace of mine brought about my creation, but only Thy goodness and mercy. Let, then, that same goodness, which inclined Thee to make, incline Thee also to preserve and govern me. Let the mercy, which prompted Thee to create

what was not, prompt Thee now to save what is created. Let the love which constrained Thee to create constrain Thee to save; for neither is it any less than Thou, for Thou Thyself art that love, Thou art ever the same. Thy hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither Thine ear heavy that it cannot hear, but my sins have separated between me and my God; between darkness and light, the shadow of death and life; between vanity and reality, this shadowy life of mine and Thine eternal being.

O Lord God Almighty, Three and One, who art always and in all things, who wast before all and wilt be evermore in all, God blessed for evermore, to Thee I commit, now and for ever, my soul and body, and all my senses; my thoughts, affections, words, and actions; all things I have outward and inward, and all that I am; my heart, and mind, and memory; my faith and my perseverance,—all I commit into Thy hands, that Thou mayest guard and keep them by day and by night, at all hours and

every moment. Hear me, Holy Trinity, and preserve me from all evil, from all harm and sin, from all snares and assaults of devils, and all enemies, visible and invisible.

Invocation of the Holy Ghost.

NOW, O Love of the Deity, Holy Communication from the Father Almighty and ever blessed Son, omnipotent and comforting Spirit, most compassionate consoler of the sorrowful, now enter with Thy powerful energy the recesses of my heart, and enlighten by the brightness of Thine indwelling every dark corner of this neglected home, and by Thy visitation, and the plentiful shedding of Thy dew, refresh and fertilize all that is parched and barren. With the darts of Thy love pierce the inmost parts of my inner man; and with Thy wholesome fires inflame my breast, letting the

fire of holy zeal find nourishment in all my body and spirit.

Give me to drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures, that I may no longer relish the poisoned sweets of this world. "Judge me, O Lord, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation; teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God." I believe that whomsoever Thou inhabitest Thou makest him the dwelling-place of the Father and the Son. Blessed is the man who receives Thee as a guest, since through Thee the Father and the Son make their abode with him. Come now, come most bountiful comforter of the mourning soul, protector in emergencies and help in all tribulation. Come, cleanser of sins and healer of wounds. Come, strength of the failing, stay of the falling. Come, teacher of the humble and destroyer of the proud. Come, loving Father of the fatherless, gentle judge of the widows. Come, Thou hope of the poor, cherisher of all that languish. Come, star of those that are tossed on the wave, haven of the shipwrecked. Come, sole glory of all the living,

only safety of the dying. Come, most Holy Spirit, come and have mercy upon me : fit me for Thyself and graciously condescend to me, that my insignificance may find favour in Thy greatness, my weakness in Thy strength, according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, through Jesus Christ my Saviour, who with the Father lives and reigns in Thy unity, world without end. Amen.

A Prayer of the Servant of God in humility.

I KNOW, O Lord, I know and confess that I am not worthy of Thy love, but assuredly Thou art not unworthy of mine. I am indeed unworthy to serve Thee, but Thou art not unworthy of the service of Thy creature. Impart to me, therefore, O Lord, of Thy worth ; and from my unworthiness I shall arise worthy. Make me to cease from sin according to Thy

will, that according to my duty I may be able to serve Thee. Vouchsafe so to guard, rule, and finish my life that I may sleep in peace and rest in Thee. Be with me to the end that sleep may fold me in rest, rest in security, security in eternity. Amen.

An Act of Devotion and Prayer for Grace.

AT all times, O Lord, have Thy mercy and Thy grace prevented me. From many and great dangers hast Thou delivered me. When I strayed Thou didst lead me back to Thy way; when I was lying in ignorance Thou becamest my teacher; when I sinned Thou didst correct me; when sad Thou comfortedst me; despairing, Thou didst lend me hope; fallen, Thou didst raise me; when I stood Thou didst hold me up; when I went Thou leddest me; when I came Thou receivedst me; when sleeping Thou wert my watcher; when I

called Thou didst hear. Thy mercy shines in all my way, and in all Thy way. For I was wholly in death, and Thou didst wholly revive me. That, therefore, which I now live is wholly Thine; and with my whole heart and soul, with my whole self, I offer myself wholly to Thee. May my whole spirit, my whole heart, my whole body, my whole life, live to Thee, who only art my Life: for Thou didst wholly deliver me, that Thou mightest wholly possess me. I will love Thee, therefore, O Lord my strength: I will love Thee, mine unutterable joy and glory: and I will now live not to myself but to Thee. My whole life, which had perished in my misery, is raised again in Thy mercy, for Thou art God merciful and gracious, whose mercies are plenteous to all them that love Thy name.

Wherefore, O Lord my God, my Sanctifier, Thou hast commanded, in Thy law, that I love Thee with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength, at all times and every moment whilst I enjoy the

bounties of Thy compassion; since I would always be perishing, didst not Thou keep me always, and at every moment Thou bindest me to Thyself, while at every moment I receive Thy great benefits. As, therefore, there is no hour or instant in all my life in which I do not live by Thy bounty and enjoy Thy gift, so ought there to be no instant in which I have not Thee before me, and in my memory, and in my strong and hearty love. But neither am I able for this but by Thy gift, "from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift, and with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." For it is "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy," if I attain to the love of Thee. Thine, O Lord, is this gift, whose is every good. Thou commandest Thy love: bestow what Thou commandest, and command what Thou wilt.

Grant, O Lord, that in all my petitions I may ask what may delight Thee to bestow, and what may therefore profit me to receive. What

Thou hatest in me put far from me, and implant within me a spirit of purity and self-restraint that nothing I desire may offend Thee. Take from me all that hurts, and give me all that helps. Grant to me, O Lord, Thy healing for all my hurts and sores. Grant to me childlike fear of Thee, contrition of heart, humility of mind and a pure conscience. Grant to me steadfast brotherly love, and that I may never forget my own offences, nor ever require those of others. Grant to me a heart to fear and a mind to love Thee, understanding to perceive, ears to hear, and eyes to see Thee. Grant that so my darkness may be scattered, and that I may be able to discern between good and evil; and vouchsafe to me a wakeful intelligence.

Let nothing, I pray Thee, that is not of Thee and with Thee grow pleasant to me; let nothing be attractive, nothing valuable, nothing admirable, without Thee. Be Thou my all in all. Apart from Thee may all be lightly esteemed, may all become to me a universal blank and void. Whatever is opposed to Thee, may that

become hateful to me, and may Thy good pleasure be my unceasing desire. May joy without Thee be sorrow, may sorrow for Thee be joy. May Thy name be new life to me, and Thy memory my comfort. May tears be my meat day and night while I search out Thy past dealings with me. "May the law of Thy mouth be better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." May I delight to obey Thee, and abhor resistance to Thy will. Open Thou mine ears to Thy precepts, and by the power of Thy holy name, I pray Thee, suffer me not to turn aside to words of wickedness, nor to excusing myself in sin. And that in all grace I may endure to the end, I beseech Thee, O Lord, by Thine own gracious humility, "let not the foot of pride come against me, and let not the hand of the wicked remove me;" "continue to me Thy loving-kindness and Thy righteousness;" "make me perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle me;" "deliver me from every evil work, and preserve me unto Thy heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever." Amen.

The Soul expresses its Desire for God.

“**A**S the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God.” O fountain of life, well of living waters, when shall I come to the rivers of Thy pleasures, from a land desert, pathless, and parched, that I may see Thy power and Thy glory, and quench my thirst in the waters of Thy mercy. I thirst, O Lord; Thou art the fountain of life, give me to drink that I may never more thirst. Oh, when shall I come and appear before Thy face? Thinkest Thou, shall I ever see that day, that day of joy and gladness, that day which the Lord has made, that we should rejoice and be glad in it?

O day, notable and glorious, that knows no

evening and has no setting : in which I shall hear the voice of praise, the voice of triumph and of confession : in which I shall hear, "enter Thou into the joy of Thy Lord," enter into everlasting joy, into the house of the Lord thy God, where are great and unsearchable things, and wonderful things without number. Enter into joy without sadness ; whose gladness is eternal. Where there will be all good and no evil. Where there will be whatever you wish, and nothing you would wish away. Where there will be life, lively, pleasant, and always memorable : where no enemy will assail, nor any snare be dreaded, but entire and fixed security, secure peace and peaceful joy and joyful happiness, happy eternity, eternal blessedness, the blessed Trinity, and Trinal unity, and the Godhead of the one God, and the beatific vision of the Godhead ; which is the joy of the Lord thy God.

Ah me, how long shall they say, Where is Thy God? How long shall it be said, Wait, still wait? What is it I wait for? Do we

not look for our Lord Jesus Christ, who will change the vile bodies of our humiliation, and make them like to His glorious body? We look for the Lord, and expect till He return and lead us into the marriage. Come, Lord, and make no tarrying. Come, Lord Jesus Christ, and visit us in peace. Come, and lead Thy prisoners from their prison-house, that we may rejoice before Thee with perfect heart. Come, Saviour. Come, desire of the nations, shine on us with Thy face, and we shall be saved. Come, my light, my Redeemer; lead my soul out of prison to confess and bow before Thy holy name.

How long shall I be miserably tossed on the waves of my mortality, calling to Thee, O Lord, and Thou hearest not? Hear me, O Lord, when I call from this great sea, and bring me to the haven of eternal blessedness. Happy they, who have been delivered from the danger of this deep, and have come to Thee, O Lord, the safest haven. O truly happy, who have passed from the sea to the shore, from

exile to their country, from prison to the palace, and now stand blessed in their looked-for repose; who have obtained that prize of perpetual glory which here they sought through many tribulations, and now for ever rejoice in it with triumphant gladness. O truly blessed, thrice and four times blessed, they who have put off all ills and entered on their inheritance of unfading glory in Thy kingdom. O kingdom everlasting, kingdom enduring throughout all generations, where is never-failing light, and the peace of God which passeth understanding; in which the souls of the saints securely rest, crowned with eternal gladness; whither the ransomed of the Lord shall come, "and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

O how glorious is the kingdom in which, with Thee, O Lord, all the saints shall reign, clothed in white raiment, and with crowns of precious stones on their heads! Oh, kingdom of eternal blessedness, where Thou, Lord, the

hope of the saints and the diadem of their glory, art seen face to face, gladdening them every one, and embracing them on every side with the comforts of Thy peace. There is joy unbounded, gladness unbroken, health untouched by woe, progress without pain, light without darkness, life without death, every good sifted from its ill, and enjoyed without alloy or interruption. Where youth never grows old and life never dies, where beauty never pales and love never cools, where health never languishes, where joy never wanes, and where grief is never felt, where no moan nor sigh is heard nor any tear is seen, where gladness is ever enjoyed, and where there is no evil feared, because the highest good is possessed, which is to be always beholding the face of the Lord of Righteousness and Strength.

Happy, then, they who have won their way from this present shipwrecking life to so great joys. Unhappy, alas! we miserable ones who are driven through the waves and tem-

pests, the whirlpools and deeps of this great sea, scarcely knowing whether our strength will hold to the end, and whether we shall ever reach our haven. Unhappy we whose life is exile and danger, and the end of it is hazard, for all future things are reserved in darkness. Yet to Thee do we sigh, towards Thee are our eyes directed and fixed, tossed as we are on the billows of this deep. O land, O our country, from afar we view thee, from the sea we hail thee, from this vale of tears we sigh to thee, and strive that at last we may reach thee.

Oh! Christ, hope of our race, God of God, our refuge and our strength, whose light beams on our eyes from afar, as a star shining through the heavy clouds of storm that thickly roll over this sea, pilot, Lord, our ship by the helm of Thy cross, that we perish not in the waves; let no tempest overwhelm us with its billows, let not the deep engulf us, but draw us out from this sea to Thyself, our only solace, whom through our tear-dimmed eyes we descry

afar off as the Morning Star and Sun of Righteousness waiting to receive us on the shore of the heavenly country.

Lo, we Thy redeemed cry to Thee; we now Thy banished also, yet redeemed with Thy precious blood. Hear us, "O God of our salvation, who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea." On a boisterous sea are we tossed. Thou standing on the shore seest our dangers: save us for Thy name's sake. Grant, O Lord, that we may hold a middle course, and shun the danger on the right and on the left, and so with vessel and cargo safe, and not a hair of our heads hurt, we may reach the haven of our desire.



Printed by FRANK MURRAY, 11 Young Street, Edinburgh.

