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Syn. 8. 63. 265.

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T. Baker  
1898 May

qui laudatur ab hoibus  
vitupante no saluabitur ab hoibus  
quod homo mutus facit non b. n. o  
facit: etiam si bonum est quod facit

~~Hypocritae~~  
~~Mat. 23~~

the hypocrites of the pharisees Mat. 23

Aug: l. de praed. et grat. c. 4.  
non operatur deus in hoie ipsam  
duritiam cordis; sed indurari eum  
dicitur quoniam mollior noluerit;  
sic etia excitari quoniam illuminari  
noluerit; et repellere eum quoniam  
noluerit vocari.

Amicitia huius mundi fornicatio  
est abs te. deus meus.  
q' laudatur ab hoibus vitupante t' saluabitur  
ab hoibus diiudicante t'



Syn. P. 63. 265

THE  
MEDITATIONS,  
SOLILOQVIA, AND  
MANVALL OF THE  
Glorious Doctour  
S. Augustine.

*Newly translated into English.*



PRINTED AT PARIS,  
By NICOLAS DE LA COSTE, at the  
Mount of Saint Hilary, at the  
Crowne of Britany.

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M. DC. XXXI.



Anne Stanley  
Her Booke etc  
1656

Amen

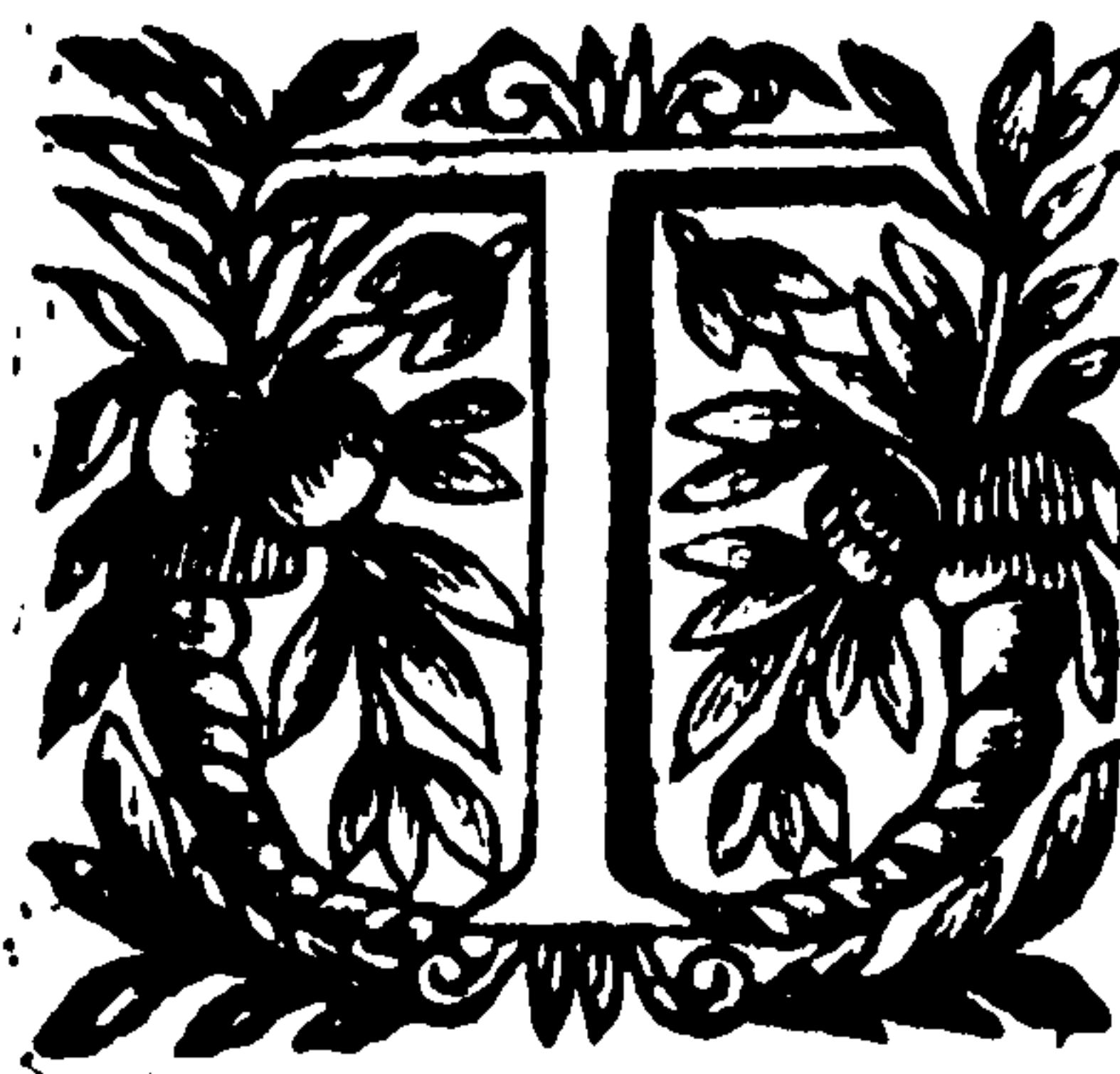
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J. Fanning



ANNE THE Stanley  
PREFACE  
TO THE READER

before the Meditations,  
Soliloquia, and Ma-  
nuall of Saint  
Augustine.



THESE three  
little treatises  
of the great  
St. Augustine,  
might all well  
haue bene called Ma-

† ij



nualls, in respect that they  
are of soe smalle bulke, as  
vwith ease to be portable by  
euery hand. But yet as they  
are little Manualls, soe vwith  
all they may be accounted  
great Cordials, for the re-  
lation vvhich they haue,  
and for the place vvhich  
they deserue to hold, in the  
hart of man. They princi-  
pally consist of most svveete  
affections, and aspirations,  
whcih the enamoured soule  
of our incomparable Saint  
vvas euer breathing out to  
Almighty God; beseeching  
him in most tender man-  
ner, to be dravving it still,

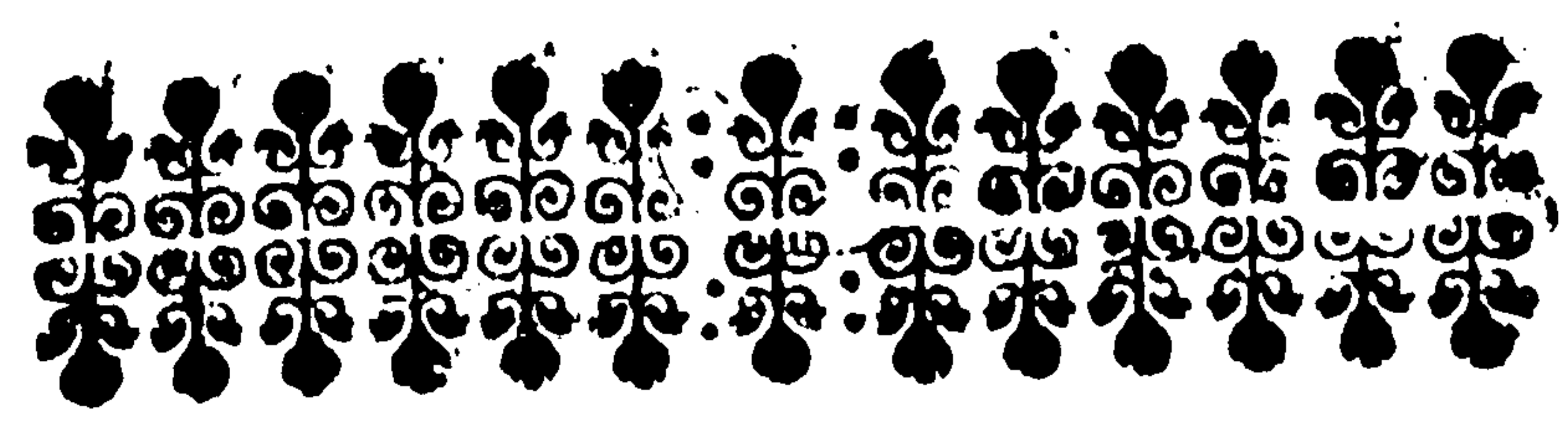
neerer to himselfe. VVee  
may see, hovv he aspired to  
perfect vnion, vwith that  
diuine maiestie; but vwithall  
vve must knowve, that first,  
he had taken paines to  
purge himselfe entirely, frō  
all errour, sinne, and vvaniti-  
tie; and to plant the habits  
of vertue in his hart, by a  
most attentiuē and faithfull  
imitation of the humilitie,  
and charitie of Christ our  
Lord. *Vade, & tu fac similiter.*  
For vnlesse thou trauaile in  
that high vway, thou vvilt  
neuer arriue to that iour-  
neys end. Nor art thou to  
looke for any experimētall

goe, and  
doe thou  
the like



knowledge of Gods sweetnes, till by prayer & practise of solid vertue, the bitter iuyce of sinne, and the offensive smoake of passion be discharged. But that being done, roome is made for God, and he vwill make thee knowe, and feele, how good he is.

100



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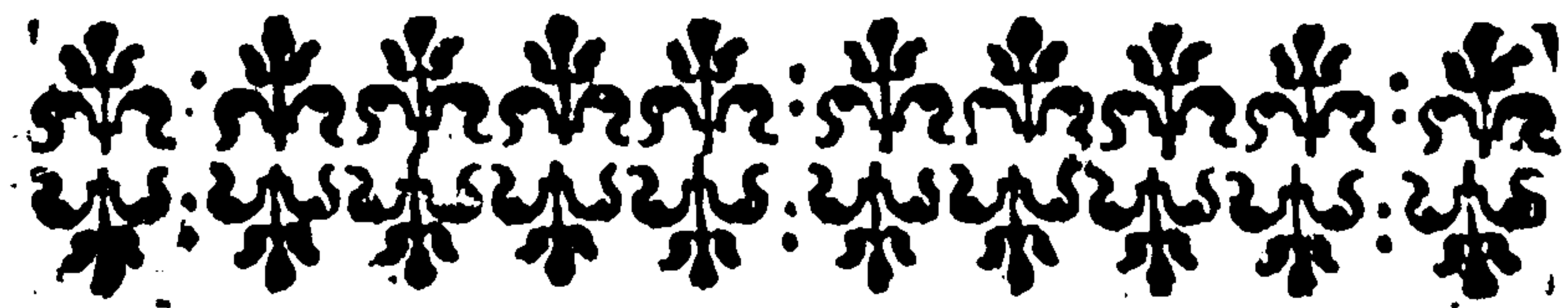
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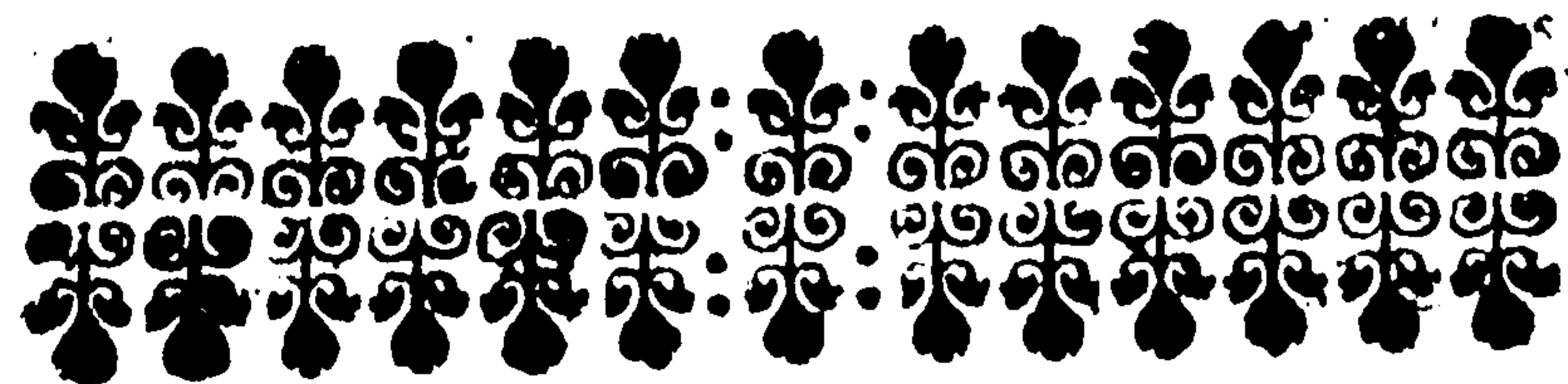
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THE  
MEDITATIONS  
OF THE GLORIOUS  
Doctour S. Augustine.

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

*The Inuocation of the Omnipotent God  
for the amendement of his life.*



LORD my God!  
bestowe vpon my  
hart, that I may de-  
sire thee; that by  
desiringe thee, I  
may seeke thee;  
that by seekinge  
thee, I may finde thee; that by fin-  
dinge thee, I may loue thee; that by  
loueing thee, I may be freed from all  
my sinns; and that once being freed,

A



I may retourne to them noe more. O Lord my God! grant repentance to my hart, contrition to my spirit, a fountaine of tears to mine eyes, and liberality in giueinge almes to my hands. O my King! extinguish all desires of sense, and kindle the fire of thy loue in me. O thou my Redeemer, driue away the spirit of pride; and grant me, through thy mercy, the treasure of thy humility. O thou, my Saviour! remoue from me the fury of anger, and vouchsafe me (of thy grace) the sheild of patience. O thou my Creator! take all rancor from me; and through thy meekenes, enrich me with a sweete, and gentle minde. Bestowe on me, ô most mercifull Father, a solide faith, a conuenient hope, and a continuall charity! O thou my Directour! remoue vanity from me, and inconstancy of minde, and vnsettlednes of body, and scurrility of speach, and pride of eyes, and gluttony of diet, and the offence of my neighbours, and the wickednes of detractions, and the itch of curiosity, and the desire of riches, and the

oppression, which is imposed by the mighty, and the appetite of vayne glory, and the mischeife of hipocricy, and the poyson of flattery, and the contempt of the poore, and the oppression of the weake, and the biteinge of couetoussnes, and the rust of enuy, and the death of blasphemy.

Cutt away from me, O thou who art my maker! all vngodly temerity, pertinacy, vnquietnesse, idlenes, sleepinesse, slothe, dullnes of minde, blindnesse of hart, stiffnes of opiniõ, harshnesse of conuersation, disobedience to vertu, and opposition to good aduise, vnbridlednesse of speach, oppression of the poore, violence of the riche, slander of the innocent, sharpnesse towards my seruants, ill example towards myne acquaintance, and hard hartednes towards my neighbours. O my God! and my mercy, I beseech thee, by thy beloued Sonne, grant that I may performe the workes of mercy, and pittie; sufferinge with the afflicted, aduising such as err, succurringe such as are miserable, supplying



4 *The Meditations*  
Such as are in want, confortinge such  
as are in sorrow, releiuinge the op-  
pressed, refreshinge the poore, che-  
rishinge the spirits which are woun-  
ded; releasinge to my debtors, per-  
doninge such as doe me wronge, lo-  
ueinge them, who hate me, redringe  
good for euell, dispising none, but  
honouringe all, imitating the good,  
takeing heed of the bad, imbra-  
ceing vertue, reiectinge vice, ha-  
ueinge patience in aduersity, and  
moderation in prosperity; and, that,  
*keepeing a guard vpon my mouth, and  
shuttinge the doore of my lipps,* I may  
despise, all earthly, and aspire to  
heauenly things.

---

CHAP. II.

*The accusation of man, and the com-  
mendation & praise, of the  
diuine mercy.*

**B**Ehold, O thou who haste fra-  
med me! how many things I ha-  
ue desired, whilest yet I deserue not,

*of S. Augustine.* §  
so much as a fewe. I confesse, woe is  
me, I cōfesse that not onely these gra-  
ces, which I haue begged, are not due  
to me, but rather many, & most ex-  
quisite tormēts. Yet doth the exam-  
ple of the *Publicanes*, and *Harlots*,  
& murdering theeues, giue my hart;  
who beinge suddenly drawne out of  
the very iawes of the enemy, haue  
beene imbraced, in the bosome of  
the *good shepheard*. And thou, ô God,  
the Creator of all things, though in  
all thy workes thou be admirable, yet  
we beleiue thee to be so much more,  
in the workes of mercy. Whereupon  
thou saidst, by a certaine seruant of  
thine, *His mercyes are ouer all his wor-  
kes*. And we doe confidently hope,  
that it was, as if thou hadest spoken  
it of euery one of vs in particuler,  
when thou didst thus expresse thy  
selfe saying, of the whole people:  
*But I will not remoue mercy from it.*  
For thou despisest noe man, thou  
reiectest noe man, thou abhorrest  
noe man, vnlesse perhaps it be some  
one, who is so made as to abhor  
thee. When therefore thou art angry,  
thou doste not onely not strike, but



*The Meditations*  
thou impartest blessings to them  
who are prouokeinge thee; if yet,  
they be content to giue ouer.

O thou, my God! *the very horne of  
my saluation and my vpholder*, I wret-  
ched creature, haue offended thee:  
I haue done wickedly in thy sight:  
I haue deserued thy wrathe: I haue  
prouoked thy fury: I haue sinned,  
and thou hast suffred me: I haue of-  
fended, and thou yet endurest me.  
If I repent, thou perdonest; if I  
returne, thou receiuest, nay more  
then this, whilest I am deferring,  
thou expectest me. Thou dost redu-  
ce me when I err: thou inuitest me  
when I resiste: thou staiest for me  
when I am dull: thou imbracest me  
when I returne: Thou teachest me  
when I am ignorant: thou cherri-  
shest me when I am afflicted: thou  
raiest me whilest I fall: thou resto-  
rest me when I am fallen: thou giuest  
me when I aske: thou art found  
when I seeke; and thou openest  
when I knock.

O Lord, the God of my saluatiō!  
behold, I know not what I may al-  
ledge: I know not what to answeare;

*of S. Augustine.* 7

I haue no refuge, nor noe hole to re-  
tire my selfe into from thee. Thou  
hast showed me the way of liuinge  
well, and thou hast giuen me kno-  
weledge how to conduct my selfe:  
thou haste threatned me with the  
feare of hell, thou haste allured me  
with the hope of the glory of hea-  
uen. And now, O Father of mercyes!  
*ô God of all consolation, strike through  
my very flesh with thy feare*; to the  
end, that by caution, I may auoide  
that which thou threatnest; and re-  
store to me the ioy of thy sauing  
grace, that by acts of loue, I may  
obteyne that which thou promi-  
sest.

O Lord! my strength, and my foun-  
dation, my God, my refuge, & my  
deliuerer, inspire me with what I  
ought to thinke of thee; teach me  
with what words I should inuoke  
thee; impart the power of perfor-  
meinge those workes, wherby I may  
please thee. I know there is one  
thing, wherby thou art appeased, &  
an other which thou art not wont  
to despise. *For an afflicted soule, is a  
sacrifice to thee*: and thou vouchsafest

A iij



8 *The Meditations*  
to accept a spirit, which thou findest  
to be humble and contrite.

O my God, and my helper! enrich  
me, I beseech thee with these gifts;  
defend me against mine enemy by  
these graces; impart this refreshinge  
to me, against the burninge heat of  
sensualityes, and lett this refuge be  
open to me, against the importunity  
of all inordinate desires. O Lord!  
the strength of my saluation, doe  
not permitt me to be of them, who  
*beleue in thee for a season; but in the ty-*  
*me of temptation departe from thee.* O-  
*uersbad. w this head of mine, in the day*  
*of battell.* O thou who art my hope  
in the tyme of affliction, and my sa-  
ueing health in the tyme of tribula-  
tion. Behold, ô Lord! ô thou my  
light, and my saluation! I haue beg-  
ged those things of thee which I  
neede: I haue intimated those things  
which I apprehend and feare, my  
conscience fills me with remorse,  
the secretts of my hart reprooue me,  
and that which loue gathereth toge-  
ther, feare scattereth; and that  
which zeale moues me too, distrust  
drawes me from. My sinns, giue me

*of S. Augustine.* 9  
terroure, but thy pittie putts me into  
hope; thy bounty exhorts me,  
though myne owne malignity hold  
me back. And that I may confesse a  
truth, the images, and representa-  
tions of my old sinns, be still obtru-  
ding themselves to my memory, &  
they hold me downe from presu-  
meing too farr.

---

CHAP. III.

*The complainte of a man who is not heard  
by our Lord, through his  
disobedience.*

FOR in fine, when a man is wor-  
thy of hate, with what face shall  
he desire fauour? To whome pu-  
nishment is due, what rash bold-  
nes is it for him, to expect glo-  
ry? He prouoketh his Iudge, who,  
instead of giueinge satisfaction for  
his offence, pretends to be honored  
with rewards. He insults vpon his  
Kinge, who beinge obnoxious to  
punishment, will aduenture to begg



a suite. And that ill mannerd sonne, would exasperate the tender hart of his fathewho hauinge reproache d the same father, should presume to vsurpe the inheritance, before he had disposed himself to pennance. What is that, o my deare Father which I remember my selfe to haue done! I haue deserued death, and yet I aske life. I haue offended my soueraigne Kinge, whose aide I doe yet thus impudently implore. I haue despised my Iudgewhome thus rashly, I desire to be my helper. Most insolentely haue I refused, so much as to harken to my Father, and yet now I am presumeinge, to desire that he will become my tutor. Woe be vn- to me, how late doe I come: woe be to me, how slack am I in makeing haste; woe be to me, who am run- ninge still, after fresh wounds, not vouchsafeinge, when I am well, to preuent the pearcinge of new arro- wes. I haue neglected to forsee the darts before they came; but now that I behold my death at hand, I am full of trouble. I then added woundsto wounds, when I feared

not, to add crimes to crimes. My ancient scarrs, I haue brokē through with new violence; and my late ini- quities, haue corresponded with my ancient sinns; and that which thy diuine phisick had cured, and clo- sed; the itch of my frensy, hath o- pened, and resolved. The skinn which being drawn ouer my wounds did conceale my infirmity, hath pu- trified by the breaking out of filthy blood; whilest that iniquity which I repeated, did euacuate the mercy which thou hadst grantest. For I well know, how it is written: *In what hower soener the iust man shall sinn, all his iustice shalbe forgotten.* And *Ezech. 3. & 18* now if the iustice of the iust man shalbe forgotten when he falls, how much more shall the pennance of a sinner be forgotten, if he returne a- gaine to comitt those sinns? *How of- ten, like a dogg, haue I returned to my vomitt, and like a sowe, haue I weltred againe, in the mire?* I may wel confes- se it, for it is impossible, but I should remember it. How many ignorant persons haue I taught the way how to sinn? how many haue I persua-



ded, who had no minde to it? I haue compelled such as resisted; and I haue consented to such as desired. For how many haue I laide a snare, who were already in the right way? and for others who sought that way, I haue digged a pitt, and so the end that I might not abhorre the doeing of these things, I feared not to cast them out of my minde. But thou ô iust Iudge, who sealest up the  
*Iob 13. accounts of my sinns, and who standest watchinge ouer all my wayes, and hastenumbered euery one of my stepps; thou I say, heldest thy peace, thou hast euer beene silent, and euer patient. But woe is me, thou wilt at length cry out, like a woeman who is in the torment of child bedd.*

*Esay*  
42.

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C H A P. IV.

*The feare of the Iudge.*

**O** God, the Lord of Gods, who art so hard for the malice, and sinn of man, I knowe that one day

thou wilt appeare. I know that thou wilt not be allwayes silent, when the fire shall burn in thy sight, and that strong tempest, shall compass thee in round about; when thou shalt call the heauen & earth, at such tyme, as thou wilt iudge thy people. And behold all my iniquities shalbe discouered then, before so many thousands of nations; and all my greiuous crimes, not onely deeds, but euen words, and very thouhts themselues, shalbe manifested, to so many legions of Angells. Before so many iudges shall I, desolate creature, stand; as there wilbe men, who haue farr out stripped me in good workes. By so many reproofes, shall I be confounded, as they haue giuen me examples of good life. And by so many witnesses shall I be conuincd, as they haue taught me by good speeches; and instructed me toward an imitatiõ of them, by their good examples. O my Lord, I can lighte vpon nothinge which I may say; nothing doth occur which I can answere. And now, whilest I am subiect to this sharp triall, my conscience racks me, the secrets, of



my hart torment me, couetousnesse  
 streightens me, pride accuses me, en-  
 uuy consumes me, concupiscence in-  
 flames me, lust importunes me, glut-  
 tony dishonors me, ebriety ouerco-  
 mes me, detraction tears me, ambi-  
 tion supplants me, greedinesse dis-  
 quiets me, discords scatters me, an-  
 ger disturbs me, mirth dissolues me,  
 heauinesse oppresseth me, hypocri-  
 sy deceiues me, flattery alters me,  
 fauour exalts me, & slaunder wounds  
 me. Behold o thou, *who art my deli-  
 uerer from these feirce nations!* behold  
 who they be, whome I haue liued  
 with all, from the very day of my  
 birth; whome I haue obserued, and  
 to whome I haue dedicated my selfe.  
 Those very imployments which I  
 loued, condemn me; they which I  
 praised, dishonored me. These are  
 those friends with whome I did so  
 carefully comply; those Maisters,  
 whose direction I followed; those  
 Lords whome I haue serued; those  
 Counseillers whome I haue belee-  
 ued, those citzens with whome I ha-  
 ue dwelt; & those domesticks who-  
 me I haue consented too. *Wo* is me,

o my King, an my God, *that my ha-  
 bitation here, is so much prolonged.* *Woe*  
 is me! O thou light of mine eyes,  
*that I haue dwelt amongst the inhabi-  
 tats of Cedar.* And if holy Dauid could  
 say *that he had dwelt much with them,*  
 how much more, may I wretched  
 creature say (O thou my God, and  
 my strong fondation) *that my soule  
 hath dwelt too much with them; for in  
 thy sight, noe man liueinge can be iusti-  
 fied.*

My hope is not reposed in the son-  
 nes of men, for if thou iudge them  
 (when thy mercy is laide a side) who-  
 me wilt thou be able to finde iust?  
 And if thou preuent not the wicked  
 man by showeing mercy? thou wilt  
 not finde any good man, vpon who-  
 me to bestowe thy glory. For I belee-  
 ue (O thou who art my saluation)  
 that which I haue beene told, that it  
 is thy mercy which bringeth me to  
 pennance. Those lipps of thy mouth  
 more sweete then *Nectar*, haue soun-  
 ded forth these words: *Noe man can Ioan.  
 come to me, vnles my Father who sent  
 me, drawe him.* Because therfor thou  
 haste instructed me: because by that



instruction, thou hast mercifully framed me; as now I am; I doe with the most inward marrow of my soule, and with all possible strife of my hart, inuoke thee, ô Omnipotent *Father*, with thy most beloued *Sonne*; and thee, ô most sweete *Sonne*, with the most excellent soueraigne *Holy Spirit*, that thou wilt drawe me towards thee, and that so I may runn after the fragrance of thy pretious odours: and that I may doe it most dearely.

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CHAP. V.

*The Father is inuoked by the Sonne.*

**I**nuoke thee, ô my God! I inuoke thee, because thou art present, to all such as call vpon thee, in the way of truth: for thou art *Truth*. Teach me, ô holy *Truth*, by thy mercy, how I may inuoke thee, in thee, because I know not how that must be done; and therefore I doe must humbly begg of thee, to be taught by thee. For to be wise without thee,

isto play the foole; but to knowe thee, is perfectly to be wise. Teach me, ô diuine *Wisdom*, and instruct me in thy lawe, for I belecue that he whome thou teacheest, and whome thou instructest in thy lawe, shalbe happy. I desire to inuoke thee, and I beseech thee, that it may be in all *Truth*. What is it to call vpon *Truth*, in *Truth*, but to call vpon the *Father* in his *Sonne*. Thy speach therefore, ô holy *Father*, is *Truth*, and *Truth* is the beginnige of thy words. For this, is the beginnige of thy words, that *In the beginning was the word*. In the very beginning doe I adore thee, who art the prime, and supream beginnige. In that very worde of *Truth*, doe I also inuoke thee, ô perfect *Truth*, in which word I beseech thee, who art that very *Truth*, that thou will direct, and teach me that *Truth*. For what is more delightfull, then to inuoke the *Father*, in the name of his onely begotten *Sonne*; to induce the *Father* to mercy, by the remembrance of his *Sonne*; & to mollify the *Kings* hart by the mention of his dearest *Sonne*.



For thus doe prisoners vse to be freed from their restrainte: So are slaues freed from their chaines; and men who are lyable to the sadd doome of death, are not onely absolued; but growe intituled sometymes, to extraordinary fauour, when they putt angry Princes in minde, of the loue they beare to theyr progeny: And when the intercession of the Sonne is employed, the poore slaue is wonte to auoide the punishment of his Lord.

Iust so, ô thou Omnipotent Father, I begg of thee, by thine Omnipotent Sonne, that thou wilt drawe my soule out of his prison, that I may confesse to thy name. I beseech thee, by that onely begotten Sonne of thine, who is coeternall with thee; that thou wilt discharge me, from these fetters of my sinns; and that by the interpellation of thy most precious issue, *who is sitting at thy right hand*; thou wilt, of thy goodnes, restore me to life, who for my great demerits am threatned with the sentence of death. For I knowe not what other intercessor I should be

able to vse towards thee, *but him who Ioan. 1. is the propitiatour for our sinns, and who Rom. 8 sitteth at thy right hand pleadinge for vs.* Behold, ô God the Father, him who is my aduocate with thee. Behold that supream Bishop, who hast noe need to be expiated by any others blood, but is resplendent in being bathed, and imbrued with his owne. Beholde here the holy Sacrifice which is wholly, perfect, and wel pleasing; & which is offered in the odour of sweetnes, & so accepted: Behold the lamb without spott, who is silent before the shearer; and who being beaten vpon the face with blowes, and defiled with spittle, and reproached with scorne, did not yet so much as open his mouth. Beholde, he who neuer committed sinn, hath borne our sinns; and by his owne greife & torment, hath cured our disorders, and diseases.



## C H A P. VI.

*Heer man representeth the Passion of the Sonne to the Father.*

**B**Eholde deare *Father*, thy most holy *Sonne*, who hath suffered such bitter things for me. Behold ô most Clement Kinge, who it is that suffers, and remember with mercy, for whome he suffers. Is not he, ô my Lord, that innocent person who beinge thine one Sonne, was deliuered by thee, to the end that he might redeeme thy slaue? Is not he the author of life, *who yet is carried like a sheepe to slaughter; and beinge made obedient to thee, did not feare to vndergoe a death*, which was most hydeously greiuous: Call to minde, ô thou who art the dispensor of all saluation, that this is, that very he, whome although thou didst begett, out of thyne owne substance, and strength; thou didst yet ordeyne him to be partaker of our infirmity. Yea this

indeed is that Deity of thyne, which apparayled it selfe with my *nature*, & that *nature* ascended vp to the tree of the *Crosse*, & endured bitter torment in the flesh, which it assumed. Send downe, ô Lord my God, the eyes of thy Maiesty, vpon this worke of thy vnspeakable piety. Behold thy sweete Sonne, beinge stretched out from head to foote. Beholde those innocent hands, all distillinge with his pretious blood, in great abundance: and thou beinge once appeased, forgiue the wickednes which my hands haue wrought. Consider that disarmed side of his, which is pearced by the pointe of a cruell Launce; and reue me in that sacred springe, which I belceue to haue flowed downe from thence. Cast an eye towards those immaculate feete of his, which neuer stood in the way of *sinners*, but did alwayes walke in thy Lawe. See how they are fastned, with cruell nailes, and doe thou perfect my paces in thy pathe wayes, and mercifully make me hate all wayes of wickednes. Remoue the way of iniquity from me, and of thy goodnes, make

*Psal. I.*



me choose the way of truthe. I beseeche thee, ô Kinge of Saynts, by this Redeemer of mine, that thou wilt make me *runn with speed through the way of thy Commandements*, that so I may be vnited to him in spiritt, who disdayned not to be vested with my flesh.

Dost thou not, ô holy Father, obserue how that most deere head of thy Sonne (he being yet but in the flower of his yowth) is hanging downe vpon that necke, which is as white as snowe, and doth resolute it selfe into a most pretious death? Beholde, ô thou most meeke Creator, the humanity of thy beloued Sonne; and take pittie vpon the weakenes of our fraile nature. That bare brest of his, is lilly-pale; that side is all read, and goared with blood; those bowells are withered, with being stretched out, those sweet bright eyes doe languish; that imperiall face is all discoloured; those long and gracefull armes, are growen stiffe; those marbell thighes are hanging downe; and those springs of that precious blood, doe bedew, &

bath, his transperced feete. Behold ô glorious Father the torne lynms of thy most beloued Sonne; and in thy mercy, remember that he carrieth my nature about him. Behold the punishment of that man, who is the Creator; and release the misery of that man who was created by him. Behold the punishment of the Redeemer, and remitt and pardon his offence who is redeemed. This is he, ô my Lord, whome thou didst strike for the sinnes of thy people, though he be still that beloued, in whome thou art so well pleased. This is that innocent person, in whome noe guile was found, and yet he was esteemed to be one of the wicked.

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C H A P. VII.

*Heer man acknowledgeth that himselfe by his sinnes, is the cause of the Passion of Christ our Lord.*

**V** Vhat hast thou committed, ô thou most sweete Creature, that thou shouldst so be



iudged? What hast thou committed, ô most amiable yonge man, that thou shouldest be treated so? What is thy wickednes? What is thy cryme? What is the cause of thy death? What is the occasion of thy condemnatiõ? It is I, it is I, who am that wound, which putteth thee to payne, and I am the cryme which kills thee: and I am the man who deserued that death which thou endurest. I am the wickednes, wherof reueng is taken vpon thee. I am that soresnes of thy Passion: I am the labour of thy torment. O admirable kinde of sentence! O disposition of an vnspeakable mistery. The wicked man sinns, and the iust man is punished; The guilty person offends, and the innocent man bears the blowes; the impious man errs, and the holy man is condemned. That which the wicked man deserues, the holy man endures; that which the slaue borrowes his Lord pays; that which man committs, God vndergoes. How lowe, ô Sonne of God, how lowe did thy humility descend? how highe did thy charity burne vp? how farr did thy

thy piety proceed? how wide did thy benignity extend? whether did thy loue aspire? and where did thy compassion arriue? For it is I, who haue done wickedly, and thou art punished. I, who haue comitted the cryme, and thou art layd vpon the *Racke*. I, grewe proude, and thou art humbled. I was puffed vp, and thou art extenuated. I haue showed my self disobedient, and thou being obedient, doste answere for the payne dew to that disobedience. I haue obeyed the temptation of gluttony, and thou art halfe consumed, for lacke of meate. Distempered affection drewe me on a pace, to vnlawfull concupiscence; and perfect charity was that, which led thee on to the *Crosse*. I presumed to doe that which was forbidden, thou didst vndergoe torments. I am delighted with meate, thou art in labour vpon the *Crosse*. I am fed with delight, thou art torne with nailes. I tasted the sweetnes of the *apple*; thou the bitternes of *gall*. *Eue* laughs, & congratulats my sinn with me; but *Mary* weeps to thee, through her



*Psal.*  
115.

compassion to me. Behold, O King of glory, behold how my impiety, and thy piety, are made apparent by one an other. Beholde how my iniustice & thy Iustice are made cleerly manifest. What! O my King, and my God, *shall I render for all those things, which thou haste bestowed on me?* For there is nothings to be found in the hart of man, which is able to hold way, with such mercyes as thyne. Can the sharpnes of mans conceite, thinke of any thinge, to which the mercy of God may be compared? Noe, it is not the parte of a Creature to thinke, that by any seruice, he can make full amends to his Creator.

*Galat.*  
5.  
But yet, O Sonne of God, there is somewhat in this admirable dispensation of thine, there is somewhat, wherein my frailty may answer, in some small proportion to what I owe, if by the visitation of thy holy Spirit, my contrite hart, *may crucify my flesh with the vices, and concupiscences therof,* and when this fauour is granted me by thee: I doe already, as it were be-

ginn to suffer sweetly with thee, because thou didest vouchsafe to dye for my sinns.

Thus by the victory of the inward man, he is prepared through thy help, toward an euident triumph; so that the spirituall persecution beinge ouercome, he fears not to submitt himselfe, for the loue of thee, to a materiall sword. And in this manner, if it be pleasinge to thy mercy, the weakenes of our condition wil bee able, accordinge to our little strength, to correspond with the greatnesse of our Creator.

This, O deare Iesus, is that celestiall medicine: this is the antidote of thy loue. I beseech thee, by those ancient mercyes of thyne, infuse some such thing into my wounds, as whereby, I (casting vp the contagion of vipers, which I haue suckt) may be reintigrated to my former health, and that vpon the taste of the Nectar of thy diuine sweetnes, I may be drawen to despise the intiseinge vanities of this world, with my whole hart;



and that, by thy goodnes, I may not be freighted with any aduersity which can happen here; but, being mindefull of that nobility which is to last for euer, I may still despise, and loath to be transported with the windes of this transitory world. Lett nothinge, I beseech thee, be delightfull to me, without thee. Lett nothinge be pleasinge, nothinge precious, nothinge beautifull besides thee. Lett all things, I beseeche thee, growe base, & odious in my accounte without thee. That which is contrary to thee, lett it be troublesome to me, and lett thy good pleasure, be my eternall desire. Lett it be a tedious thing to me, to reioyce without thee; and lett it delight me, to be greiued for thee. Lett thy very name, be a ioy to my hart; and lett the comfort of thy memory, *bring my tears, which may be the bread I feed on, day and night,* whilest I seeke thy lawe. And lett that lawe be esteemed by me, *beyonde thousands of gold and siluer.* Lett it be an amiable thinge for me, to obey thee, and execrable to resiste thee. I

*Psal.*

41.

*Psal.*

118.

beseech thee, & my hope, by all thy workes of pittie, that thou wilt haue mercy vpon my sinns. Make mine ears stand open to thy Commaundements. And I beseech thee, by thy holy Name, *lett not my hart decline towards the words of malice, to the makeinge of excuses vpon excuses, of my sinns:* and beseech thee also, by that admirable humility of thine, *that the foote of pride may not come towards me, and that the hand of a sinner may not stirr me.*

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C H A P. VIII.

*Heer man exposeth the Passion of the Sonne, to God the Father, for the reconciliation of man.*

**B**Eholde, O thou Omnipotent God, the Father of my Lord, dispose thou graciously, and haue mercy on me. I beseech thee I say, since whatsoeuer I haue conceiued to be best, I haue deuoutly offered; and whatsoeuer I haue found to be

B. iij.



most excellent, I haue humbly presented to thee. I haue left nothing in my selfe, which I haue not exposed to thy Maiesty; Nothinge now remaines for me to add, for I haue fastned all my hope on thee. I haue directed to thee, thyne owne deare Sonne, who is mine Aduocate. I haue placed that glorious offspringe of thine, as a mediator betweene thee, and me. I haue placed him, as I said, for an intercessor; by whose meanes I hope for pardon. I haue offered by these wordes of myne, that *Word* of thine, who as I said before was sent, for the perdon of my finnes, and I haue recounted to thee, the Passion of thy most Holy Sonne, which I beleue him to haue endured for me. I beleue that the Deity was sent by thee, and that it tooke vpon it, my humanity; wherein he disdained not to take blowes; and to endure fetters, and spittings; and scornes, yea and the *Crosse*, and *Nayles*, and *Launce*.

His *Humanity* was intertaind;

With the cryes of infancy; it was bound in, by the swathing clothes, of that tender age; it was vexed by the labour, and sweat of his youth; it was extenuated by fastinge, afflicted by watchinge, and wearied by iournyng. It was afterward loaden with stirpes, and torne in sunder with other torments. *It was ranked amongst the dead*, and when once it was indued with the glory of *Resurrection*, he introduced it into the ioyes of heauen. This is that, which must appease thee, and this must propitiate for me.

Obserue therefore heare, O God with mercy, what Sonne thou hast begotten, and what slaue thou hast redeemed. Obserue who is the Maker, and despise not the thinge which he hath made. Imbrace thou the shepheard with ioy, and with mercy looke vpon that sheepe, which he hath brought home vpon his owne shoulders. This is that most faithfull shepheard, who with many, & great labours, hath sought this poore sheepe, which so long was erring.

*L. III. c. 15.*



vp and downe, by those abrupt, and rocky hills, and by those precipices, which ouer looke those vales. And who when it was euen dyinge; through the faintnesse to which it was growen by that tedious errour, and exile; yet as soone as he could meete with it, he did with ioy putt himselfe vnderneath it; and with an admirable exercise, and strife of charity, he raised it out of that profound pitt of confusion; and haueinge imprisoned it in his owne bosome, by deare imbracements, he brought that *one* which he had last, to the *ninty nine* which he had left.

Behold, O Lord my Kinge, and my God Omnipotent! Behold how the good *Pastor* brings thee, that which thou haste committed to his charge. He vndertooke the saluatiō of man by thy direction, and he restores him to thee, free from all infection. Behold how thy most deare Sonne reconciles thy Creature to thee, which had wandred from thee so farr. Behold how that meeke *Pastor* of mine, brings bask to thy flocke, that which the violent theefe

had driuen away. He restoreth that slaue to thy sight, whome his owne conscience had made a fugitive; that he, who of himselfe deserued punishment, by meanes of him, may obteyne pardon; and that he to whome hell was due for his sinnes, by the meanes of so great a Captaine, may confide that he shalbe recalled to his country. I was well able, O holy Father, to offend thee of myselfe; but of my selfe, I was not able to appease thee. Thy beloued *Sonne*, O my God, is become my helper, participateinge of my humanity; that he might cure my infirmity; that so from whence, the cause of mine offence was growen, from thence he might offer the sacrifice of praise to thee; and might thereby make me acceptable to thy mercy; since he showeth himself, *sitting at thy right hand*, as a confort of my substance, and nature. Behold, this is my hope, this is all the confidence I haue. If thou despise me, as thou hast reason for my sinn, yet looke back vpon me at least with mercy; for the loue of thy beloued *Sonne*.



Consider that, in thy *Sonne*, wherby thou maiste take pittie vpon the *slane*.

Behold the mystery of his *Incar-nation*, and pardon the sensuality of my conuersation. As often as thou beholdest the wounds of thy blessed *Sonne*, I beseech thee, lett my wickednes shrinck out of thy sight. As often as the pretious blood, lookes read from that holy *side*; I beseech thee, that the spotts of my corruption may be washed away. And as *flesh* prouoked thee to wrath, so lett *flesh*, I beseeche thee, procure thy bendinge towards mercy. And in fine, as *flesh* seduced vs to sinn; so lett *flesh* bring vs back to pardon. It is much that my impiety deserueth; but yet it is much more which the piety of my Redeemer doth iustly exact. My iniustice is great, I confesse it: but farr greater is the Iustice of my Redeemer. For, as much as God is Superior to man, so much is my malice inferior to his goodnes, both in quantity and quality.

For in what hath man sinned,

wherein the *Sonne* of God, being made Man, hath not redeemed him. What pride was able to swell so highe as that, so great humility would not be able to beate it downe? What dominion of death could be so absolute, which the torment of the *Crosse*, indured by the *Sonne* of God, will not destroy. Infallibly, O my God, if the *salts* of a sinfull man, and the *grace* of him who redeemed them, be putt into an equall ballance, the *East* will not be found so farr distant from the *west*. Nay the lowest parte of *hell*, will not be found so farr distant from the highest pich of *heaven* as they two will be.

Now therefore, O thou most excellent Creator of light, pardon my *salts*; through the immense labours of thy beloved *Sonne*. Lett now I beseech thee, his piety propitiate for my impiety; is modesty for my peruersity; his meekenes for my rudenes; his humility for my pride; his patience for my impatiēce; his benignity for my harshnes; his obedience for my disobedience;



his tranquillity for my vnquietnesse;  
his sweetenes for my bitternesse; his  
suauity for my anger; and let his  
charity ouerworke my cruelty.

CHAP. IX.

*Of the innocation of the Holy  
Ghost.*

**O** *Lone* of that diuine power; the  
Holy communication of the  
Omnipotent *Father*; and of the most  
blessed *Sonne*; O thou Omnipotent  
*Holy Ghoste*, the most sweete com-  
forter of the afflicted; slip thou  
downe euen very now, by thy puif-  
sant vertue, into the most secrets  
corners of my hart, and by the splē-  
dor of thy cleere light, illuminate, (O  
thou deere dweller in our sowles)  
these darke retreys of our neglected  
habitations; and by thy visitation,  
and by the abundance of thy dewe  
from heauen, make my soule growe  
fruitfull, which by reason of so lōge  
adrought, is all deformed and de-

oayed. Wound thou the most rety-  
red parts of this inward man, with  
the darts of thy loue; and inflame,  
and pearce the very marrow of my  
dull hart, with those heathfull fires  
of thine. And by the flame of thy ho-  
ly feruour, illuminate thou and feed  
the very interior, both of my whole  
body and minde.

Giue me once to drinke of the tor-  
rent of thy delights: that now I may  
noe more haue a minde, so much as  
once to taste, of the pestiferous  
sweetnesse of worldly things. *Judge*  
*me, O Lord, and discern my cause from*  
*all wicked people, and teach me to doe*  
*thy will, for thou art my God.* I beleue  
therefore, that whomsoever thou  
dost inhabite, thou dost build vp a  
dwellinge place in him both for the  
*Father* and the *Sonne*. Blessed is he,  
who shall arriue to intertayne thee;  
because by thee, both the *Father* and  
the *Sonne* wil remaine with him.  
Come, come euen now, O thou  
moste benigne Comforter of all  
woefull sowles. Thou, who prote-  
ctest them, when they haue most  
need, and art their helper in tribu-

*Psalm*  
*141.*



latio. Come, o thou censer of sinns,  
and thou curer of wounds. Come, o  
thou strength of the weake, o thou  
who stayest such as are falling. Come  
o thou teacher of the humble, and  
destroyer of the proude. Come, o  
*deare Father of Orphants*, and fauo-  
rable Iudge of widowes. Come, thou  
hope of the poore, & thou cherisher  
of such as fainte. Come thou pro-  
pitious starr of such as sayle, & thou  
hauen, against the danger of ship-  
wrack. Come, o thou excellent or-  
nament, of such as liue; & the onely  
helpe of such as dye. Come, o most  
holy *Spirit*: Come, and haue mercy  
on me; make me fitt for thy self, &  
condiscend to me with pittie, that  
my meanenesse may growe pleasing  
to thy greatnesse, and my weakenes  
to thy strength. According to the  
multitude of thy meryes; through  
*Iesus Christe my Saviour*, who with  
the *Father* doth liue & reigne in thy  
vnity, for euer, and for euer. Amen.

## CHAP. X.

*The Prayer of the Seruant of God  
conceauing humbly, of  
himselfe.*

**I** Knowe, O Lord, I knowe, and  
I confesse that I am not worthy;  
that thou shouldest loue me; but  
yet at least, it is certaine, that thou  
art not vnworthy to be beloued by  
me. It is true that I am vnworthy to  
serue thee; but it is also true, that  
thou art not vnworthy to be serued  
by thy Creatures. Giue me therefore  
somewhat, O Lord, of that which  
maketh thee so worthy, and so I  
shall growe worthy, who am vn-  
worthy. Make me cease from  
sinn, by what meanes thou wilt;  
to the end that I may serue thee  
as I ought. Grant that I may so ad-  
dresse, and order, and end my  
life, that I may sleepe in peace,  
and repose in thee. Grant that in the  
end, the sleepe of death may



*The Meditations*  
receiue me with rest, rest with se-  
curity, and security with eternity.  
Amen.

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C H A P. XI.

*A Prayer to the blessed Trinity.*

**V**VE confesse, with our  
whole hart, and mouth,  
we praise and blesse thee, O God  
the *Father*, who art vnbegotten;  
and thee, O God the *Sonne*, who  
art the *onely begotten*; and thee, O  
God the *holy Ghoste* who art the *Pa-*  
*raslete*. To thee, O holy, and in-  
deuiduall *Trinity*, be glory for all  
eternities. Amen.

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C H A P. XII.

*A Confession of the Omnipotency, and  
Majesty of God.*

O Supream *Trinity*, O thou  
sole power, & vndeuided Ma-

Majesty, O God of ours, O Omni-  
potent God, I confesse to thee, I  
who am the vnworthiest of thy ser-  
uants, and the weakest of thy mem-  
bers. I confesse to thee in thy  
*Church*, and I giue thee honor, by  
offring thee a due sacrifice of prai-  
se, according to that little power,  
and skill, which thou haste vouch-  
safed to affoord me, thy miserable  
creature. And because I haue no ex-  
ternal presents, which I can make  
to thee, therefore these desires, and  
vowes of seruice and praise, which  
by the gift of thy mercy are in me:  
Behold, *how with a faith not fained,*  
*and with a conscience pure,* I offer them  
to thee, not onely with a good will,  
but with a hart, which is full of  
triumph, and ioy. I beleue therefore  
with my whole hart, and I confesse  
with my mouth, O thou Kinge of  
heauen, and Lord of earth, that  
thou the *Father*, the *Sonne*, and the  
*Holy Ghoste*, art in *Persons three*, and  
in *Substance one*, & that thou art God  
Omnipotent, of one simple, incor-  
poreall, inuisible, and vncircumscri-  
bed nature. That there is nothing



either above thee, or below thee, or greater then thou; but that thou art sublymely, and absolutely perfect, without the least deformity. Great without quantity, good without quality, eternall, yet wholly without *Tyme*. That thou hast life without death; that thou art strong without any weakenesse; true without falshood; euery where present, without being scituated any where; filling all things, yet without any extension; occurring euery where, yet without any crossing, or contradiction. Transcending all things without Motion; remanieinge in all things, without *Station*; creatinge all things, without loseinge, or wantinge any thing, and ruleinge all things without labour.

Giueinge a begynninge to all things, thy selfe haueinge noe begynninge; makeinge all things changeable, & beinge yet vchangeable in thy selfe; being infinite in thy greatenesse, Omnipotent in thy power, souereigne in thy goodnesse, inestimable in thy wisdom,

terrible in thy decrees, iust in thy iudgements, secret in thy thoughts, true in thy wordes, holy in thy works, & splentifull in thy mercyes. Towards sinners, thou art most patient; towards penitents thou art most pittifull. Thou art euer the same, eternall, sempiternall, immortall, & vchangeable God, whome neither space can dilate, nor littlenesse of place can streighten, nor any receptacle can keepe in, or constraîne, nor the will vary, nor partiality corrupt; nether doe sad things afflict thee, nor ioyfull things transport thee. From whome neither forgetfullnes takes any thing, neither doth memory restore any thing; neither doe things past passe away; nor future things succeed. To whome neither the first gaue beginninge: nor the continuance of tyme increase: nor shall any accident giue it any end. But thou liuest for all eternity, both before, and in, and through all aages. And lett immortal praise, and eternall glory, and souereigne power, and supream honor, and a Kingdome, & Empire



44 *The Meditations*  
for all eternity, remaine with thee,  
through those infinite, vnwearied,  
and imortall ages, of ages. Amen.

C H A P. XIII.

*How God the Father vouchsafed to  
helpe mankinde, and of the  
Incarnation of the  
Worde.*

**H**itherto, O Omnipotent God,  
the beholder & searcher of my  
hart, I haue confessed the Omnipoten-  
cy of thy Maiesty, and the ma-  
iesty of thy Omnipotency. But now,  
*as I beleene with the hart to Iustice, so  
will I confesse before thee, with the  
mouth to saluation, in what sort thou  
hast beene pleased, at the end of  
many ages, to releiue the misery of  
mankinde. Thou, O God, and our  
onely Father, wert neuer to be sent  
any whither. But of the Sonne, the  
Apostle writeth thus, When the full-  
nes of tyme was come, God sent his Son-  
ne. When he saith sent, he doth suffi-*

*Gal. 4.*

*of S. Augustine.* 45  
ciently shoue, that then he came  
*sent* into this world, when being  
borne of the *euer B. Virgin Mary,*  
he became, and appeared, true and  
perfect man, in flesh. But what is  
that, which that cheife of all the  
*Euangelists saith: He was in the world, Ioan. i*  
*and the world was made by him. He*  
*was sent thither in his Humanity,*  
*who was euer, and is there, by his*  
*Diuinity. Now, that this Mission is*  
*the worke of the whole blessed Tri-*  
*nity, I confesse with my whole hart,*  
*and mouth.*

But how then didst thou loue vs,  
O thou holy and good *Father?* how  
much didst thou delight in vs, O  
most deare Creator; who didst not  
so much as spare, thyne owne *Sonne,*  
but didst deliuer him vp for vs wret-  
ched Creatures: *He was subiect to*  
*thee, euen vnto the death, and that, the*  
*death of the Crosse, takeinge the hand*  
*writinge of our sinns, and nailinge it to*  
*the same Crosse. He crucified also sinn*  
*it selfe, and killed death: He, who*  
*onely is free amongst the dead; haueing*  
*power both to lay downe his life for vs,*  
*and after ward, to take it vp againe.*

*Rom. 8*  
*Phil. 2.*  
*Col. 2.*  
*Psal.*  
*87.*  
*Ioan.*  
*10.*



Therefore he did both conquer by offering *Sacrifice*, and yet he was the *Sacrifice* which was offered; to the end that the victory might be so obteyned. He was the *Prest*, and he was the *Sacrifice*; and therefore the *Prest*, because the *Sacrifice*. Most iustly haue I a strong hope in him, that thou for his sake, who sitteth at thy right hand, and is continually intercedinge for vs, wilt cure all our languishing diseases. For my infirmities, O Lord, are great and many; great they are and many.

Rom. 8.

Ioan. 14.

The Prince of this world hath much to say against me, I confesse it, and I knowe it. But yet deliuer me I beseeche thee, by that Redeemer of mine, who sitteth at thy right hand, in whome he was able to finde noe ill. By him I beseeche thee, to iustify me; by him, who comitted

1. Pet. 2.

noe sinne, nor was there any guile found in his mouth. I beseeche thee by that head of ours, in whome there is noe one little spott, deliuer this member, which yet is his, how weake and poore soeuer it be. Deliu-  
uer me, I beseeche thee from my sinns,

my vices, my faults, and my negligence. Fill me with thy holy vertues, & make me of most innocēt conuersation. And grant, for thy holy namesake, that I may continue euen to the very end, in those good workes, which thou commaundest, according to thy holy will.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the confidence which a soule ought to haue in our Lord Iesus, & in his Passion.

I Could easily haue dispaired, through the excesse of my greiuous sinns, and of my infinite negligences, if thy word, O God, had not become flesh, and had not dwelt amongst vs. But now I dare not despaire, because when we were enemyes, we were reconciled, by the death of thy Sonne, & how much more now, we beinge already reconciled, shall we be saued by him? For all the hope, and stay of all my confidence, doth consist, in that precious blood



of his, which was shed for vs, and for our saluation. In him, doe I respire; and hopeinge firmly in him, I desire that I may arriue to thee; not haueinge any iustice of mine owne, but that which is in thy Sonne, our Lord *Iesus-Christe*.

We doe therefore thank thee, O most Clement, and benigne louer of mankind, who when we weare not, didst powerfully create vs, by *Iesus-Christe* thy Sonne our Lord. And when we weare lost, by our owne falt, thou didst admirably deliuer, and recouer vs. I giue thanks to thy mercy; many thanks doe I giue thee, with the whole affection of my hart; who through that vn-speakable charity, wherewith thou didst vouchsafe, with strang goodnes, to loue vs miserable, and vn-worthy Creatures, didst send thine onely begotten Sonne, from thine owne bosome, for our common good; so to saue vs sinners, who were then the sonns of wrath. I giue thee thanks for his holy *Incur-nation*, and *Nativity*, and for his *glorious Mother*, of whome he vouch-safed

saied to assume flesh for vs, and our saluation; that as he was true God of God, so he might also, be true man of man. I thanke thee for his *Crosse* and *Passion*, for his *death* and *Resurrection*; for his *Ascension* into heauen, and for his seat of Maiesty at thy right hand. For vpon the fortieth day after his *Resurrection*, ascen-  
 ding aboue all the heauens (whilest his Disciples were lookeing on) and being seated at thy right hand, he did according to his promise, powre forth the *Holy Ghoste* vpon the *Children of adoption*.

Act. 1.

I thank thee, for that most sacred effusion of his most precious *Blood*, wherby we are redeemed; and withall, for that *Sacred*, and *Holy*, and *quickninge Mystery* of his *Body* and *Blood*, which dayly in the *Church*, we eate and drinke, and wherby we are washed and sanctified, and made partakers of that one supreme diuinity. I thank thee for this admirable, and vn-speakable charity of thine, wherby thou hast so loued, and saued vs, vn-worthy creatures, by that onely, and belo-



30 *The Meditations*  
ued Sonne of thine. For thou didst  
so loue the World, as to giue thy onely  
begotten Sonne, that euery one who be-  
leeued in him, might not perish, but haue  
eternall life. And this is eternall life,  
that we may knowe thee our true God,  
and whome thou hast sent Iesus-Christe,  
by vncorrupted faith, and by works  
which are worthy, and sutable to  
that faith.

CHAP. XV.

*Of the immense charity of the eternall  
Father towards mankinde.*

O Immense Piety, O inestima-  
ble Charity; that thou might  
free thy slaue, thou haste deliuered  
vpp thy Sonne; God is made man, to  
the end that wretched man, may  
be drawen out of the prower of the  
Diuill. How vnspeakably a benigne  
louer of man, is thy Sonne our  
God, to whose bowels of mercy,  
it seemed not sufficient, that he  
should diminish himselfe, so much

of S. Augustine. 51  
as to be made man of the true  
Virgin Mary; vnlesse withall, he  
had vndergone the torment of the  
Crosse, shedding for his Blood for  
vs, and for our saluation. Our mer-  
cyfull God came downe; he came,  
through his owne pittie, and good-  
nesse; he came to seeke, and saue,  
that which was losse. He sought his  
lost sheepe, he sought and found it, *LUC.*  
and he brought it home vpon his  
owne shoulders into his folde. *15.*

A deere Lord was this, and a  
Pastor who was truely, and extrea-  
mely deere. O Charity! O Piety!  
who euer heard of such things as  
these? Who is he, that vpon the dis-  
closinge of these bowels of mercy,  
will not be amazed? Who will not  
wonder? who will not reioyce, for  
that excessiue Charity of thine,  
wherewith thou louedst vs? Thou  
didst send thy Sonne in the likenesse of  
the flesh of sinn, that by sinn he might  
condemne sinn, and that we might be  
made thy iustice in him. For he is the  
true unspotted lambe, who hath ta-  
ken away the sinns of the world; who  
hath destroyed our death, by dyinge,  
C ij



and restored our life, by his Resurrection. But what can we returne to thee, O our God, for the benefitts of thy mercy, which are so greate? What praises, and what thanks can we giue? For although we did possesse that knoweledge and power, which the Angells haue, yet should we be vnable, to make returne of any thing which might be worthy of thy mercy and goodnes. If all the parts of our body, were conuerted into tongues, this meanesse of ours would neuer yet be able, to answeare thee with dew praise. For that inestimable Charity, which thou haste beene pleased to shew to vs unworthy Creatures, through thine onely pittie, and goodnes, doth farr transcend all our knoweledge. For thy Sonne our God, did not apprehend the Angelicall nature, but the seed of Abraham, being made like to vs, in all things except sinne. And so our Lord, takeinge the Nature, not of Angells, but of men vpon him, and glorifying it with the Stole of Holy Resurrection, and immortality; he exalted vs aboue all the Heauens,

aboue all the Quires of Angells, and aboue Cherubine, and Seraphine, when he was placed at thy right hand. And this Nature, doe the Angells praise, and the Dominations adore, and all the Vertues of Heauen tremble, vpon the sight of themselves, and this God and Man.

This is all my hope, and all my confidence. For there is in *Jesus-Christe*, our Lord himselfe, a portion of the flesh, and blood of euery one of vs. Where any parte of me reignes, there I vnderstand my selfe to reigne. Where my flesh is glorified, there doe I conceiue my selfe to be glorious. Where my blood doth beare Dominion, there do I finde my selfe to rule. Though I be a sinner, yet I cannot diffide through the communication of this grace. Though my sinns keepe me back, yet my substance calls me on. Though my offences shutt me out, yet my communion of nature with him, reiects me not. For God is not so cruell, that he can forgett man, and not remember the thinge which he bears about himselfe; and



Which, for my sake, he tooke vpon  
him, & which for my sake he sought.  
No, our Lord God, is full of meeke-  
nesse, and benignity; and he loues  
his flesh, and his body, and his  
bowells, in the same our God, and  
Lord Iesus-Christe, most sweete,  
most benigne and most clement, in  
whose person we are already risen,  
and are ascended into heauen, and  
are already seated in those altitudes.  
Our owne flesh loueth vs, and we  
haue the prerogatiue of our blood  
in him. We are his members and his  
flesh; and he in fine, is our head;  
and of these parts, the whole body  
is made; as it is written: *Bone of my  
bones, and flesh of my flesh, and they  
shalbe two in one flesh.* And againe, *No  
man did euer hate his owne flesh; but he  
cherisheth, and loveth it.* This is a great  
mystery, I say in Christ, & in his Church;  
saith the *Apostle.*

*Gen. 2.  
Eph. 5.*

## C H A P. XVI.

*Of the two folde nature of Christe our  
Lord, who pittyeth, and  
prayeth for vs.*

**I** Giue thee thankes O Lord our  
God, with my lipps, and with  
my hart, and with the whole power  
I haue, for thy infinite goodnesse;  
and for all those mercyes, through  
which thou didst youchsafe, to  
succour vs poore creatures, after  
an admirable manner, by thy *Sonne*  
our Sauiour, and Redeemer, who  
*dyled for our sinns, and rose for our  
iustification,* and now liueinge in e-  
ternity, doth sitt at thy right hand,  
and intercedeth for vs. And to-  
gether with thee, he taketh pittie  
of vs, because he is God, of thee,  
his Father, coeternall, and consub-  
stantiall with thee in all things,  
wherby he may for euer saue vs. But  
for as much as he is man, in those  
respects wherein he is lesse thē thou,



Rom. 4. all power is given him, both in Heauen  
 Rom. 8. and in earth, that at the name of Iesus,  
 Matt. 28. every knee may bowe, celestial, ter-  
 Philip. 2. restiall and infernall; and every tongue  
 Ioan. 5. my confesse, that our Lord Iesus Christe  
 Col. 2. is in thy glory, Omnipotent God the  
 Hier. 29. Father. He indeed is appointed by  
 Hebr. 4. thee, to be the Iudge of quick and  
 dead, but thou iudgest noe man, but  
 Psal. 95. thou haste given all iudgement to thy  
 Sonne, in whose brest all the treasures of  
 wisdom and knowledg are layd vp,  
 and hidd. But he is both the witnes,  
 and the Iudge. A Iudge and witnes  
 he is, from whome noe sinfull con-  
 science can fly; for all things lye open  
 and naked to his eyes. That very he,  
 who was iudged vniustly, shall iudge  
 the whole worlde in equity, and the peo-  
 ple in Iustice.

I doe therefore blesse thy holy na-  
 me for all eternity, and I glorify  
 thee, with my whole hart, O mer-  
 cifull, and Omnipotent Lord, for  
 that admirable, and vnspeakable  
 coniunction of thy diuinity and hu-  
 manity, in the vnity of one person,  
 not that God might be one, and  
 Man another, but that God and

Man might be the selfe same, both  
 God and Man. But although, The  
 word was made flesh, by strange *Ioan. 1,*  
 vouchsafeinge; yet nether of those  
 two Natures, is changed into ano-  
 ther substance. There is no fowrth  
 person, added to the mystery of the  
 Trinity, for the substance of the  
 Worde, of God and Man, was vni-  
 ted, and not confounded, that so,  
 that might be assumed to God,  
 which he had taken from vs, and  
 yet that, which had beene before,  
 might still continue the same it  
 was.

O wonderfull mystery, O vn-  
 speakable kinde of commerce. O  
 admirable, and for euer to be loued  
 benignity, of the diuine mercy. We  
 were not worthy to be seruants, and  
 yet behold, we are made the Sonnes  
 of God. *Nay, we are the heires of*  
 God. Whence came this to vs, and *Rom. 6*  
 who brought vs to this? But I be-  
 seeche thee, O thou most mercifull  
 God the Father, by this inestimable  
 goodnes and piety, and charity of  
 thine, make vs worthy of the many  
 and great promises of thy Sonne



*Psal.*  
67.  
*Tim. 3*  
our Lord *Jesus Christe*. Impart of thy strength to vs, and confirme that in vs which thou hast wrought. Perfect that which thou haste begun, that we may deserue to arriue to thy full grace and mercy. Inable vs by thy Holy Spirit, to vnderstand, and deserue, and to reuerence with due honor, this great mystery of piety, which is manifested in the flesh, iustified in the spirit, hath appeared to Angells, is preached to Gentiles, is beleued in the world, and is assumed to glory.

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C H A P. XVII.

*Of the thancks which a man owes to God, for the benefitt of Redemption.*

**O** How deeply are we thy debtors, O Lord our God, being redeemed by so highe a price: being saued by so rich a gift: being assisted by so glorious a benefitt? How much art thou to be feared, loued, blessed, praised, hono-

red and glorified by vs miserable creatures, whome thou haste so loued, saued, sanctified, and sublymed? For to thee doe we owe all that we can, all that we liue, and all that we knowe. *And who hath any thinge which is not thyne?* Thou art our Lord, and our God, from whome all things proceed. For thy selfe and for thy holy Name, giue vs of thy good things, that by meanes of those goods, and gifts of thyne, we may serue & please thee in deed & truth, and that by way of returne we may dayly render thee all due praise, for so many benefitts of thy mercy. For we cannot serue thee, or praise thee by any other meanes, then of thy gift. *For euery good grace, and euery perfect gift, is from aboue I descending from thee, the Father of lights, in whome there, is no change, nor so much as any shadow of mutability.* *Ioan. 1*

O Lord our God! deere God, good God, Omnipotent God, vspeakable God, whose nature canot be circūscribed, God the ordeyner of all things, & the Father of our Lord *Jesus Christe*, who diddest send the same beloued



Sonne of thyne, our most sweete Lord, out of thy bosome, for our vniuersall profit to take our life vpon him, that he might bestowe his life vpon vs, and that he might be perfect God, of thee the Father, and perfect Man of his Mother, all God and all Man, and one, and the same Christe, eternall, and temporall, immortall and mortall: Creator, and creature; stronge & weake; triumphant, and yet overcome; the nurse, and the creature which is nourished; the Pastor & the sheepe: he that dyed for a tyme, and dyed in tyme, and yet is liueinge for all eternity. He promiseinge to such as loued him, that they should be provided for, said thus to his Disciples: *Whatsoeuer yow shall aske the Father in my name, he will giue it to yow.* By this Supream Sacrifice, and true Preist, and good Pastor, who offered himselfe in Sacrifice to thee, laying downe his life for his flocke, by him I beseech thee, *who sitteth at thy right hand, and intercedeth for vs,* being our Redeemer and Aduocate before thy pittie and goodnesse, I

*Ioan.*  
14.

beseech thee, I say, O God, the most deere and benigne louer of mankinde, that thou wilt giue me grace, with the same Sonne of thyne, and the *Holy Ghoste*, to praise, and glorify thee in all things, with great contrition of hart, and a fountaine of tears, with much reuerence and trembling, because theirs whose the substance is, theirs also are all the accessaries therof. *But because Sap. 9. the body which is corrupted, doth depresse the soule,* I beseeche thee, to rowse vp my dullnes by thy impulse, and make me perseuere with strenght in thy Commaundements, and praises day and night. Grant that *my Ps. 38. hart may wax warme within me, and that, whilest I am in meditation, the fire may burne.* And because thy onely Sonne himselfe did say: *No man cometh to me, vnlesse the Father who sent me, draw him, and no man cometh to the Father but by me.* I beseech, and *Ioan. 6. Ioan. 14.* humbly pray thee, be thou euer draweing me to him, that at last he may bring me thither to thee, where he is sittinge at thy right hand. Where there is an eternall life eter-



nally happy, where there is perfect loue, and noe feare, where there is an euerlastinge day, and one spirit of them all; where there is certaine and supream security, and secure tranquillity, and serene alacrity, and sweet felicity, and happy eternity, and eternall beatitude, and a blessed praise, and vision of thee, which neuer ends. Where thou with him, and he with thee, and both, in the communion of the same Holy Ghoste, doe sempiternally liue, and being God, dost reigne, for euer, and for euer. Amen.

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 C H A P. XVIII.

*A Prayer to Christe our Lord.*

O Christ my God my hope  
 Sweete louer of mankinde,  
 Light, life, way, health  
 And beauty most refin'd;  
 Behould those things which thou  
 Didst suffer, vs to saue;  
 The chaynes, the wounds, the Crosse,  
 The bitter death, the graue.  
 Riseing within three dayes  
 From conquering death and hell,  
 By thy Disciples seene,  
 Reforminge mindes so well,  
 Vpon the fortieth day  
 Climeing the Heauens soe high,  
 Thou liuest now, and thou  
 Shalt raigne eternally.

**T**Hou art my liueing and true  
 God, my holy Father, my deare  
 Lord, my greate Kinge, my good  
 shepheard, my onely instructor, my



best helper, my most beautifull  
louer, my liueinge breade, my Eter-  
nall Preist, my guide into my coun-  
try, my true light, my holy sweet-  
nes, my right way, my excellent  
wisdome, my pure simplicity, my  
peaceable concord, my safe custody,  
my good porcion, my euerlasting  
saluation, my great Mercy, my in-  
uincible patience, my immaculate Sa-  
crifice, my holy Redemption, my  
firme hope, my perfect charity, my  
true Resurrection, my eternall life,  
my excessiue ioy, and most blessed  
*Vision*, which is for euer to remaine.  
I pray thee, I begg of thee, I beseech  
thee, that I may walke by thee, passe  
on by thee, and repose in thee, *who*  
*art the way, the truth, and the life,*  
*without whome, no man cometh to the*  
*Father.* For thou art he, whome I  
desire, O thou most sweete, & most  
beautifull Lord, O *thou splendor of*  
*thy Fathers Glory*, who sittest aboue  
the *Cherubins*, and beholdest from  
*thence, the most profound Abysses,*  
which are belowe, thou *light*, which  
declareth truth; illuminateing *light:*  
*light*, which neuer leaues to shine,

*Ioan.*  
14.

*upon whome the Angells desire to looke. 1. Pet. x*  
Behold, my hart is before thee, dis-  
perse the darknes therof, that by  
the clearnes of thy loue, it may be  
yet more fully strucken, and beaten  
through with light.

Grant thy selfe to me, O my  
God, restore thy selfe to me. Behold  
I loue thee, and if it be to little, make  
me loue thee more. I cannot mea-  
sure out, to know, how much of my  
loue is wanting to thee, of that  
which ought to make, it vp *enough.*  
Let my life runn on towards thyne  
imbracements, and lett it neuer  
booke aside, till it be all hidden vp;  
in the hidden ioy of seing thy face.  
In the meane tyme this I know; that  
it goes ill with me, when I want thee  
O Lord. And not onely is it ill with  
me, in respect of the things which  
are without me, but in respect of  
them also which are within me. For  
whatsoever plenty there may be in  
the world, which is not my God, is  
noe better to me, then meere begge-  
ry. For it is thou alone, who canst  
not be changed, either into better  
or worse; thou, who indeed, and



simply, art alone; thou to whome it is not one thing to *live*, and another thing to *live happily*; because thy selfe is thine owne *Beatitude*. But thy creature, to whome it is one thing to *live*, and another thing to *live happily*, must not attribute eyther *happy life*, yea or so much as *life*, to any other thing, then thy grace. Therefore is it, that we stand in need of thee, and not thou of vs. For although we had noe being at all, yet there would be nothing wanting to thee, of that complect good, which thou art.

It concernes vs to adhear still to thee, O Lord, that by thy continuall assistance, we may be able to liue holyly, and vprightly. For we are drawn downe fast enough, by the waight of our frailty; but by thy guifte we are kindled, and carried vpward, and we are inflamed, and we fly on, whether we are goeing, which is towards the peace of *Ierusalem*. For I haue reioyced in those things, which haue beene said to me, let vs goe into the

*Psal.*  
121.

*howse of our Lord*. There hath a rectified and good will, placed vs; and so, as that we can desire noe more, but that we may remaine there for euer.

But because whilest we be in this body, we are in pilgrimage from thee, therefore we haue not heer any permanent City, but we expect another which is to come, for our habitation is in *Heauen*. And therefore, by the conduct of thy grace, doe I goe into the most retyred corner of my hart, and I sing loue songs to thee, O my Kinge, and my God; groaning out certaine groanes, which indeed cannot be described, in this place of my pilgrimage; where thy lawe is the song in which I delight my selfe. And calling *Ierusalem* to minde, I extend, and stretch the whole power of my hart towards it: *Ierusalem* which is my Country, *Ierusalem* which is my Mother; And towards thee also who art the ruler, the illuminator, the father, the tutor, the defender, the pastor, the chaste and strong delight therof, the solide ioy,

1. Cor.  
15.  
Heb.  
13.



& all vnſpeakable good things; yea all of them together, becauſe thou art the onely ſupream and true good. Nor will I be drawn a ſide from this exerciſe, till thou O my God, and my mercy, ſhalt draw together all that which I am, from this deſperſion, and deformity wherein I finde my ſelf, and till thou ſhalt conforme me to thy ſelfe, and confirme me therein, for all eternity, in the communion of that moſt deere Mother of mine, whither the flower and firſt fruites of my ſpiritt, are already gone before.

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C H A P. XIX.

*He diſtinguiſheth betweene that Wiſdome, which is called the howſe of God, and that other Wiſdome which is ſupremely diuine.*

**T**His is that *howſe* of thine, O God, noe earthly *howſe*, nor yet built of any corporeal thinge in

heauen, but I meane that *ſpirituall howſe*, which is partaker of thine eternity, becauſe it is for euer to remaine without ſpott; For thou haſt *Pſal.* appointed that it ſhould remaine for euer, 148. and for euer thou haſt impoſed a precept, *Eccl. x.* and it ſhall not paſſe away. Yet that *Ioan. i.* creature, O God, is not eternall, as *Gen. i.* thou art eternall; becauſe it was not without beginning; for it was made. Of all the Creatures, this *VViſdome* is that which was created firſt. I meane not that *VViſdome*, which was abſolutely coeternall, and coequall with God the Father, wherby all things were created, and in which *Beginnings*, heauen and earth was made: but I meane the *VViſdome* which is created; namely that *ſpirituall nature*, which by the contemplation of thy *light*, is *light*; for euen this, although it be created, is called *VViſdome*. But as much difference as there is, betweane the *light* which doth *illuminate*, and that which groweth to be *light* by being *illuminated*; ſo much difference alſo there is, betweane thee, who art the ſupream *Wiſdome*, creatinge all things,



and this other which is created; as also there is betweane that *Iustice* which *justifieth*, which is thy selfe, O our God, and that *Iustice* which is produced in vs by our beinge *in-*  
 2. Cor. 5. *stified. For we also are called the Iustice of God the Father, in thee, who art his Sonne our Lord, by the testimony of the Apostle. Though therefore, the first of all the creatures was a kinde of Wis-*  
 dom (Which was made to be a rational, & intellectuall mind; inhabiting thy holy Citty, our mother *which is above, and which is free, and eter-*  
 Gal. 4. *nall in the Heavens) & What Heavens but those Heavens of the Heavens, which praise thee, because this is that, wherof it is said, The Heavens of the Heavens to our Lord, & although we finde no Tyme before that Crea-*  
 Psal. 113. *ture, because it was before the creation of Tyme, as being the first of all the creatures; yet neuerthelesse thou art before it. O Eternall God, the Creator of all things, from Whome, as soone as it was made, it tooke a beginninge, though not indeed, of Tyme, because Tyme was not then created; but yet a beginninge of that nature, which it was come to*

have. It came therefore so from thee, O Lord our God, as that it is cleerly another thing then thou art. For although I finde noe *Tyme* neither before it, nor in it, it is yet neuerthelesse fitt to behold thy face; neither is it ouer diuerted from thence, and herevpon it growes, that it is not subiect to any change. Yet a kinde of mutability is still in it, wherby it would growe all darke and cold, vnlesse, by adhearinge to thee, with an excessiue loue, it did like a sunn, which vvere euer bright as at noone day) both shine, and boile vp with heat towards thee.

In fine, that creature doth so adhear to thee, our true God, who art truly eternall, that although it be not coeternall to thee, yet neuerthelesse it is not discharged, nor distracted from thee, into any variety, or vicissitude of tyme. But it reposeth in the most true contemplation of thee alone. For to such, O Lord as loue thee, as much as thou commandest, thou dost cleerly discouer thy selfe, and it sufficeth, and fully serueth their turne. And from hence it growes, that the Angells doe



neuer decline, either from thee; or from themselves; but perpetually they remaine in the same state, incessantly beholding thee, and incessantly loucing thee, who art the true light, and the chaste loue. O how blessed and sublyme is this Creature of Creatures; most happy in eternally adhearing to thy beatitude; happy and excessiuely happy, in haueinge thee to inhabite, and to illuminate it, and that for euer. Nor can I finde what I may more fittly call *this heauen of the heauens to our Lord*, then that howse of thine, which is contemplateinge thy delighte, without any defect at all, and without the least inclination to departe from that affect to any other; that pure minde, most intirely one, that establishment of those blessed spirits in the foundation of peace, in those heauens aboue, which are yet aboue these heauens which we see.

Hereby my soule (whose pilgrimage is so far of from thee) may vnderstande, if now it haue not reason to sigh towards thee; and if now my

tears.

tears, are not to be made the bread *Psal.* wheron I feede; and if now I haue not *41.* cause, to desire that one thinge, and to *Psal.* begg it agayne and agayne, that I may *25.* inhabite thy howse all the days of my life. And what is the life of that howse, but thou; and what are the days therof, but thy eternity, as thy years are, which neuer faile. Let therefore my soule vnderstand here, as well as it can, how sublymely thou art *Eternall* before all tymes, since that howse of thine, which neuer wandred from thee, although it be not coeternall with thee, yet by reason that it adheareth to thee, without any failing, or euer faintinge, it vndergoeth noe variety of tyme. But sucking vp thy immutability, with a perpetuall & perseueringe purity of minde, it doth at no tyme, and in noe place depart from thee, to whome it cleaues with vnseparable loue, & to whome thou art euer present. And so, haueinge no future which it may expecte, nor any transitory thing past, which it may remember; it is not varied by any turnes, nor extended by any tymes.

D



## C H A P. XX.

*He prayeth that the spirituall howse  
of God, may pray for him.*

**O** Thou bright and beautifull  
howse of God, I haue loued thy  
comelynesse, and the place of the habi-  
tation of the glory of my Lord God,  
who did both build thee, and doth  
possesse thee. Lett this pilgrimage  
of myne, send sighes to thee, day  
and night, lett my hart pant to-  
wards thee; lett my minde intead  
thee; and lett my soule desire to ar-  
riue to the Society of thy beati-  
tude. I beseeche him who made  
thee; that he will possesse me in  
thee, for it is he who made both  
thee & me. Or rather doe thou de-  
sire and beseeche of him, that he will  
make me worthy of the participa-  
tion of thy glory. For I doe not  
challenge thy holy Society, nor thy  
admirable beauty, by any meritt  
of mine; but I despaire not to ob-

teine it; by the Blood of him who  
redeemed me. Onely let thy meritts  
help me, let thy most holy and most  
pure Prayers, which by noe meanes  
can want efficacy with Almighty  
God, come in succour of me against  
my sinns.

*I confesse that I haue wandred like Psal.  
a lost sheepe; and my habitation here 118.  
is prolonged, and I am cast farr of from Psal.  
the face of my God, into this blinde- 119.  
nesse of banishment. Where, being  
driuen from the ioyes of Paradise,  
I am dayly lamentinge with my  
selfe; the miseryes of my captiui-  
ty; and I singe a mornefull songe,  
and I make huge lamentations,  
when I remember thee, O Ierusa-  
lem who art my mother, & whilest  
I finde my feete standinge in thy  
outward Courts, O thou faire and  
holy Sion; but am not able so much  
as to looke into those interior parts  
of that Temple. But yet I hope  
that I shall once be brought into  
thee, vpon his shoulders, who is  
my Pastor, and who wasthy build-  
der, that I may triumphe with thee,  
in that inspeakable ioy, wherewith*



they reioyce, who stand with thee before God our Sauour himselfe, who discharged our enmityes in his flesh, and who pacified all things which are both in Heauen and in earth, by his blood. For he is our peace, who made both to become one; and who ioyned in him selfe, those two walls, which went by contrary ways. Ordeyning thy permanent felicity, and promising that he would giue himselfe to vs, accordinge to the same measure, sayinge: *And they shalbe equall to the Angells of God in Heauen.* O Ierusalem, thou eternall howse of God, bethou (after the charity of Christe our Lord) my ioy, and my comfort, and let the sweet memory of thy blessed Name, be the discharge of all my weerinesse, & troubles.

Eph. 2.

Matt. 22.

## CHAP. XXI.

*How full this life of ours, is, of bitternesse.*

**O** Lord I am extreamely weary of this life, and of this woefull pilgrimage. This life, this miserable life, fraile life, vncertaine life, laborious life, vncleane life. Life which is the lady of wicked men, the queene of proude men, full of miseryes and errors, which deserues not to be call'd a life, but a death, since we are dying in euery moment, by diuers kinds of death, through the seuerall miseryes and changes, which we are subiect too. Doth therefore this, which we liue in this world, deserue to be called a life; when humors make vs swell, and greife extenuates, and vnnaturall heat dryes vp, and impressions of the ayre infect. Meat maketh farr, fasting maketh leane, mirth rotteth, sorrow consumeth, care straitneth,



security stupifyeth. Riches make vs boſte; pouerty caſts vs downe; youth makes vs growe; age makes vs ſtoope; ſicknes breakes vs; & ſorrow oppreſſes vs. And to all theſe miſer-yes, furious death ſucceeds, and at a clapp doth ſo impoſe an end vpon this miſerable life, that as ſoone as it hath left to be, it is ſcarſe beleeued, that euer it was.

This *vitall death*, and this *mortall life*, although it be all ſprinckled with theſe, and many other bitter miſer-yes: alas, alas, it doth yet take very many, by the inticeinge pleaſures therof, and it deceiues them, by the falſe promiſſes which it makes. And although, of it ſelſe, it be ſo very biting, & ſo bitter, as that it cannot be concealed from her blinde louers; yet are there an infinite number of fooles in the world, whome ſhe intertaynes & inebriates, with the golden challice which ſhe hath in her hand. Happy are they (but they are to fewe) who reſuſe her familiarity, who diſpiſe her ſleight entertaniements, and ioys; & who forſake all ſociety with her, leſt they be

forced to periſh with that deceiuer, when ſhe periſheth.

## C H A P. XXII.

*Of the felicity of that life, which our Lord hath prepared, for them that loue him.*

**O** Thou *life*, which our Lord hath prepared for them who loue him. *O* thou vitall life, happy life, quiet life, ſecure life, beautifull life, pure life, chaſte life, holi life; *life* which knowes not what belongs to death; which knowes not what belongs to ſorrow; *life* without ſpott, without greiſe, without anxiety, without corruptiō, without perturbatiō, without variety, and mutation: *life*, toppfull of all excellency, and dignity; where there is noe aduerſary to impugne vs; noe inticeinge baite of ſinn to allure vs; where there is perfect loue & noe feare; & an euerlaſtinge day, and *one ſpitt of vs all*; where *God is ſeene face to face*; & where the ſoule is full fedd with this foud of *life*, without all defect.

1. Cor. 3

1. Ioan. 3.

3.



I am resolved to looke stiffly towards thy light; Thy felicity, delights and drawes me to thee with a greedy hart. The more I consider thee, the more doe I languish with thy loue, and with a vehement desire of thee; and I am extremely delighted with the sweete remembrance of thee. I am therefore resolved, I am resolved to cast vp myne eyes to thee, to erect the state of my minde, and to conforme the affections of my will to thee. I am resolved to talke of thee, to heer speake of thee, to write of thee, to conferr with others of thee; daily to read somewhat of thy felicity & glory; & when I shall haue redd it, to reuolue it very often in my hart; that at least by this meanes, I may passe on from the burninge heats, and dangers, & toying labours of this mortall, & *dying life*, to the sweete refreshing of that vitall aire of thyne; and that I may proceed at last, (when I shall lay my selfe downe to sleepe) to repose my head a little, in that bosome of thyne.

To this end, I enter now and

then, into those sweete feilds of thy holy Scriptures; and whilest I am turninge ouer those leaues, I gather the fresh flowers of sentences from thence. By reading them I eat; by frequenting them I ruminare; and by gatheringe them vp at last, I lodge them in the deepe receptacle of my memory; that, by this meanes, haueing taken a taste of thy sweetnes, I may feele the bitternes of this most miserable life, so much the lesse. O thou most happy life, O Kingdome which art truely blessed, free from death, and farr, from haueing an end, to which noe tymes shall euer succede, where that day which is still continued without night, admitts of noe *Tyme*; where the conquering souldiers being associated to those chantinge quire of Angells, sing that *Canticle of the Canticles of Syon*, to Almighty God, without ceasinge; the garland of triumph imbraceinge their glorious heads, & that for euer.

I would to Christe, that my sinns beinge once forgiuen me, and then this burden, beinge layd downe, I



might be assigned to eternall rest; & might inter into thy ioyes, within those excellent and beautifull walls of thy Citty; receiuinge the crowne of glory from the hand of my Lord. That I might be present, with those most holy Quires of *Angells*; That together with those blessed Spiritts, I might concurr to glorify our Creator; that I might vewe the present face of Christe our Lord; that I might for euer behold that supream, vnspeakable, & vncircumscribed *light*: and that so not being subiect to any feare of death, I might for euer reioyce, in the euerlastinge endowment of incorruption.

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CHAP. XXIII.

*Of the felicity of that holy soule which departeth hence.*

**H**appy is that soule, which beinge discharged from this body of earth, goes freely vp to

heauen, and which in peace, & safe; and not fearing either any enemy, or death it selfe. For it will then haue present, and it shall for euer behold, that most beautifull Lord, whome it hath serued, and whome it hath loued, and to whome it arriueth then, all full of glory, and ioy. This glory of so great beatitude, noe tyme shall diminish, nor noe wicked man raiuish from vs. *The Daughters of Syon* Cant. 6. saw this soule, and did publish it to be most happy; *The queenes and the concubines* sawe it sayinge, *Who is this, which goeth forward like a riseinge morninge, faire like the Moone, bright like the Sunn, and terrible like a pitched feild of armed men?* How ioyfully doth she goe forth, make haste, and runn, when with astonished ears, she hears her Spouse say thus: *Rise up, and* Cant. 2. *make haste, O thou my freind, and my beautifull creature, and come with me; for now the Winter is ouer-past, the Storme is gone, and hath hidd it selfe; the flowvers haue appeared in our Soyle, the tyme of pruninge is now come, the voice of the turtle hath beene heard in our land; The figg*



tree, hath brought forth her younge  
 fruite, the vines are in flower, and  
 send forth their odour. Rise up, make  
 haste, O thou my freind, my faire  
 Creature, my dove, in the holes of  
 the Rocke, in the hollowes of the  
 house; Show me that face of thine,  
 lett thy voice sound forth in my ears;  
 for thy voice is sweete, and thy face  
 is full of comlinessse, and grace. Come  
 my elected, and my beautifull Crea-  
 ture, my dove, my immaculate, my  
 Spouse. Come, and I will place my  
 throne in thee, because I have had a  
 greedy desire of thy beauty. Come,  
 that thou maist reioyce in my seate,  
 with my Angells, whose society I  
 have promised thee. Come, after  
 many dangers, and labours, and  
 enter into the ioy of thy Lord, which  
 none shalbe able to take from  
 thee.

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 CHAP. XXIV.

*He innoketh the Saynts.*

**H**Appy are all yow, O Saynts of  
 God, who now haue passed  
 through the sea of mortality, and  
 haue obteyned to arriue at the gate  
 of eternall quietnesse, security, &  
 peace, your selues beinge peacefull  
 and secure, and perpetually full of  
 triumph and ioy. I beseeche yow,  
 by your owne Charity: yow, who  
 are secure concerninge your selues,  
 be yet solicitous concerninge vs.  
 Yow are secure, concerninge your  
 owne incorruptible glory; be yow  
 solicitous of our manifold misery.  
 By him I beseech yow, whoe chose  
 yow, who made yow what yow are;  
 in the fruition of whose beauty yow  
 are satiated; by whose imortality,  
 yow are now immortalized; by whose  
 most blessed vision, yow are conti-  
 nually in ioy; be yow also conti-  
 nually mindfull of vs. Helpe vs mi-  
 serable creatures, who in the salt



waters of this life, are tossed, with stormes ronne about vs. Yow are those most beautifull gates, who haue bene erected, to a huge altitude; O giue some helpe to vs, who are noe better then a base pauement, lying so farr vnderneath yow. Stretch forth your hand, & raise vs vp vpon our feete, that we re couering out of our infirmity, may become strong, and fitt for warr. Intercead, & pray with constansy, and perseuerance, for vs miserable, and most negligent sinners; that by your Prayers, we may be ioyned to your holy society, for otherwise we shall not be saued. For we are extreameley frayle, and of no strength or vertue, miserable, base wretches; beasts, who care but for the belly, the slaues of flesh & blood, in whome the very shadow of goodnes, doth scarce appeare. And yet not withstandinge, beinge placed vnder the confession of Christe our Lord, we are borne vp, by the wood of his *Crosse*, whilest we saile through this great and spacious sea; where there are creepinge creatures without number: where there are

wilde beasts, great and small, where there is a most cruell dragon, euer ready to deuour vs, where there are places full of dangers, as *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and innumerable others; where carelesse persons, and they who are of a waueringe faith, suffer shipwrache. Pray yow to our Lord, pray O yow who are full of pittie, pray all yow troopes of Saintes, and all yow companies of blessed Spiritts, that beinge assisted by your Prayers, and meritts, we may, with our shipp and merchandize obteyne to arriue sound & safe, at the hauen of eternall saluation, & quietnes, and continuall peace, and of that security which must neuer haue an end.

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CHAP. XXV.

*The desire of the soule toward the supernall Citty of Ierusalem.*

O *Ierusalem*, that art my mother,  
O thou Holy Citty of God,  
thou most deere *Sponse* of Christ our



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Lord, my hart loues thee, and my soule is extremely desirous to enioy thy beauty. O how gracefull, how glorious, and how noble art thou?

*Cant.* 4. *Thou art all faire, and there is noe one spott in thee. Exult, and reioyce, O thou faire Daughter of the Prince,*

*Psalin.* 44. *for the King hath beene in concupiscence of thy beauty: and he who excelleth all the Sonnes of men in beauty; hath beene taken by that sweetnes, and grace of thyne. But what kinde of man, is that beloued of thyne, who is so much beloued, O thou fairest of*

*Cant.* 5 *woemen? My beloued is white and*  
*Cant.* 7 *read, the choise of a thousand. As a*  
*Cant.* 5 *fruite tree in the midst of a wilde*  
*Cant.* 3 *wood, so is my beloued, amongst the*  
*Sonnes of men: Vnder his shadowe,*  
*whome I haue desired, behold I sitt*  
*downe with ioy, and his fruite is sweet*  
*to my throate. My beloued putt forth*  
*his hand through a diuision in the wall,*  
*and my belly trembled upon that touch*  
*of his. I haue sought him whome my*  
*soule loues; in my little bedd by night,*  
*I haue sought him, and I haue found*  
*him: I hold him fast, and I will not*  
*lett him goe, till he introduce me into*

*of S. Augustine.*

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*his howse, and into his chamber, which is this glorious mother of mine. For there, shalt thou giue me those most sweete brests, more abundantly and more perfectly; and thou shalt satisfy me with so admirable a society, and so, as that I shall hunger, and thirst noe more, for euer.*

O happy soule of mine, happy for euer, and for euer, if I may obteyne to behold thy glory, thy beatitude, thy beauty; those gates and walls of thyne, those streets of thyne, those many mansions of thyne, those most noble citizens of thyne, and that most renowned Kinge of thyne our Lord, who is there, in his Maiesty and beautye. For thy walls are of pretious stones, thy gates are of most Orient pearle, thy streetes are paved with purest gold, wherein that ioyfull *Alleluia* is perpetually sung. Thy many mansions haue theyr foundation of squared stone, built vp with saphirs, & couered with plates of gold, where no man shall enter, who is not cleane, no man inhabite who is defiled. *Thou art made faire, and sweete in thy delights, O Ie-*



*rusalem* our mother. There is no such thinge in thee, as we suffer here, yea or such as we see, in this miserable life of ours. There is no darkenesse, or night in thee, or any diuersity of *tymes*. In thee there shines no light of the lampe, noe splendor of the Moone, noe beame of the Starrs, but *God of God, light of light*, the Sonne of Justice, is euer illuminateinge thee. The white and immaculate lamb, is that cleere, and most beautifull light of thine. Thy Sonne, and thy clarity and all thy *good*, is that indeficient contemplation, of this most beautifull Kinge.

The King of Kings himf lfe, is in the midst of thee; and his Children, are circlinge him in, round about: There are those musicall Quires of Angells, there is that congregation of heavenly Citizens. There is the sweete solemnity, of all them, who are going into thy ioyes, out of this sad pilgrimage of theirs. There is that Quire of the *Prophets*; There is the intire number of the *Apostles*; There is the triumphant army of innumerable *Mav-*

*tyrs*; There, is the holy Congregation of blessed *Confessors*; There, are those true, and perfect *Moncks*; There, are those *holy woemen*, who haue ouercome the pleasures of this World, and the infirmity of their sex: There, are yong men, and maides, who haue out runn their years, by the Sanctity of their actions: There, are those sheepe, and lambes, who haue escaped from the snares of terrene pleasure, and they all triumph in their proper mansion. The glory is different of euery one, but the ioy common to them all. True & perfect charity raigneth there, because God is there, who is all in all, whome they see without end, and by euer seeing him, they are all burninge in his loue. They loue and praise him, & they praise & loue him. All the worke they doe, is the praise of God without end, without euer laueinge, and yet without euer labouringe. Happy shall I be, and for euer truely happy, if after the resolution of this poore body of mine, I may obteyne to heare those *Canticles* of celestiall melody, which

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15.



are sung to the praise of that eternall Kinge, by the inhabitants of that supernall Citty, and by those troopes of blessed spiritts.

Happy shall I be, yea too happy, if I also may obteyne to sing my parte there, and to stand in the presence of my Kinge, my God, and my guide, and to see him in his glory, as he hath vouchsafed to promise, saying: *Father, I Will that they whome thou haste given me, may be with me; that they may see my glory, which I had with thee, before the creation of the world.* And els where he saith. *Let him who ministreth to me, follow me; and where I am, there shall my servant also be.* And yet againe he saith: *He who loveth me, shalbe beloved of my Father; and I will love him, and I will manifest my selfe to him.*

Ioan.  
17. 12.  
14.

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CHAP. XXVI.

*A Hymne of Paradise.*

**T**O the springe of purest life,  
Aspires my withered hart;  
And my soule confinde in flesh,  
Employes both strength, and art,  
Working, suing, struggling still,  
From exile, home to part.

Whilst she sighes, to see her self  
In furious tempests tost;  
She beholdes the glorious state  
Which she by sinning lost.  
Present ills, our past contents,  
Doe make vs thinke of most.

Who can vtter the full ioy  
Which that high peace doth hold;  
Where the buildinges founded are,  
On Orient perles vntold.  
And all the workes of those high  
roomes,  
Doe shine with beames of gold.



The structure is combin'd with stones,  
 Which highest price doe passe;

Nay euen the streetes, are paid  
 with gold

As if it were but glasse.  
 No trash, no base materiall,  
 Is there, or euer was.

The horride cold, or scorching heat  
 Hath no admittance there;  
 The roses doe not loose their leaues,  
 For Spring lasts all the yeer;  
 The Lilly's whyte, the Saffron redd,  
 The Balsam dropps appeer.

The fields are greene, the plants do  
 thriue,

The streames, with hony flowe,  
 From spices odours, & fild gummies,  
 Most pretious liquors growe.  
 Frutes hang vpon whole woods of  
 trees,

And they shall still doe so.

The season is not changed, for still  
 Both Sunne, & Moone are bright:  
 The Lambe of this faire Citty, is  
 That cleare immortall light,

Whose presence, makes eternall  
 day,  
 Which neuer ends in night.

Nay, all the Saints themselues, shall  
 shine

As bright as brightest S'unne;  
 After triumph, crowned they  
 To mutuall ioyes shall runne.  
 And safely count their fightes, and  
 foes,  
 When once the warre is done.

For being freed from all defects,  
 They feele no fleshly warre.  
 Or rather, both the flesh & minde,  
 At length vnited are.  
 And ioying in so rich a peace,  
 They can admitt no iarre.

Hauing quitt these fading leaues,  
 They seeke their roote againe;  
 And behold the present face  
 Of *Truthe*, which hath no stayne;  
 Drinking, at that liuely spring,  
 Huge draughtes of ioyes in graine.

Thence they fetch that happy state,  
 Wherein no change they see;



But cleere, and chearfull and content,  
 From all mishaps are free.  
 No sicknes there, can threaten health,  
 Nor young men, old can be.

There, haue they their Eternity;  
 Their passage, then is past.  
 They grow, they flourish, and they sprout,  
 Corruption, of is cast.  
 Immortall strength, hath swallowed vp  
 The power of death at last.

Who knowe the knower of all things  
 What can they choose but knowe?  
 They all behold their fellowes harts,  
 And all their secretts showe.  
 One act of will, and of not will,  
 From all their mindes doth flowe.

Though all their merits diuers be  
 According to their paynes,  
 Yet charity makes that ones owne,  
 Which any fellow gaynes,  
 And all which doth belong to one,  
 To all of them pertaynes.

To that

To that body iustly goe  
 The Eagles all, for meate.  
 Where with Angells, and with Saints,  
 They may haue roome to eate.  
 One loafe, can feede them all, who liue  
 In both these Countries great.

Hungry there, yet euer full,  
 They haue what they desire.  
 No satiety offends,  
 Nor hungar burnes like fire.  
 Aspiringly they euer eate,  
 And eating they aspire.

There are euer newe concerts  
 With songs which haue no end.  
 The organs of eternall ioy,  
 Doe on their eares attend.  
 In prayse of their triumphant King,  
 They all, their voyces spend.

Happy Soule, which canst behold  
 This King still present there.  
 And from thence, maist see the world  
 Runn round, secure from feare;

E



Still mouing in their Sphere.

Christ, thou Crowne of Soldiers,  
 Grant me this possession,  
 When I shall haue leaue to quitt,  
 This dangerous profession;  
 And vouchsaue to lett me haue,  
 Amongst thy Saints, my session.

Giue me strenght, who labour in  
 This battayle, yet depending,  
 That when I haue fought my best,  
 Some peace may by attending.  
 And I may obteyne thy self,  
 As my reward not ending,

Amen.

CHAP. XXVII.

*Of the continuall praise, which a soule  
 conceiveth by the contemplation  
 of the Diuinity.*

**O** My soule, blesse our Lord, and  
 all the powers within me, sing  
 praise to his holy Name. O my soule,  
 blesse our Lord, and forgett not all  
 his benefitts. O all yea workes of our  
 Lord, blesse him: and thou, O my  
 soule, blesse our Lord, in all the pla-  
 ces of his dominion. Let vs praise God,  
 whome the Angells praise, whome  
 the Dominations adore, whome the  
 Powers tremble at, to whome Che-  
 rubin and Seraphin doe thus, with  
 a neuer ceasinge voice, proclame,  
 Holy, Holy, Holy. Let vs ioyne  
 our voices, to the voice of the holy  
 Angells, and lett vs praise this  
 Lord, who is common to vs both,  
 to the vtermost of our power.  
 For they praise our Lord, most  
 purely, and incessantly, who are

E ij



1. Cor.  
13.

alwayes plunged in that diuine contemplation, *not by a glasse, or in a figure, but face to face.*

But who shalbe able to say, or so much as to thinke, what kinde of innumerable multitude of blessed Spiritts, and celestiall powers, that is, which standeth in the sight of our Omnipotent Lord God? What glory, what endles festiuity they enjoy, by the vision of God? What delight, without any defect? What ardor of loue, not tormentinge, but delighting? Who can say, what desire there is, of the *vision* of God, when they haue satiety, and how they can haue satiety with desire? Wherein nether desire, procures any payne, nor satiety breeds any loathing? How they growe to be happy, by adhearing, to that supream beatitude? How they growe to be made *light*, by their conionction with that true *light*? How by euer beholdinge the immutable *Trinity*, themselves are changed into immutability?

But how shall we be able to comprehend that height of Angelicall

dignity, when we are not able, so much as to finde out, the nature of our owne *soule*? What kinde of thing is that, which is able to giue life to flesh, and yet is not able, so much as to conteyne it selfe in good thoughts? What kinde of thing is this, so strong, and so weake, so little, and so great; which searcheth into the secrets of God, and riseth into contemplation of celestiall things; and is prooued to haue found out, with such subtile power of witt, the skill of so many arts, for the vse of man? What kind of thing is this, which knoweth so many other things, and yet is so wholly ignorant of how it selfe comes to be made? For although many doubtfull things be said by many, about the beginninge of the soule, yet we finde it to be a certaine intellectual spirit, a spirit made by the power of the Creator; liueinge after a sort immortally, and quickninge the body which carryes it, which body is subiect to mutability, and to great want of memory, whilest this very spirit is often depressed by feare, and



extolled by ioy. O admirable thinge,  
and to which all astonishment is  
due. Of *God*, the Creator of vs  
all, who is vnspeakable and incom-  
prehensible, we read, we speake,  
and we write excessiuely, sublime,  
& wouderfull things, without any  
ambiguity at all. But whatsoeuer  
we say of *Angells*, and *soules*, we are  
not so well able to prooue.

But yet lett the minde passe on  
euen from these thinges, and  
transcend all that which is crea-  
ted. Lett it runn and rise, and  
flutter, and fly through; and lett  
it fix the eyes of Faith, as egerly  
as it can, vpon him who created  
all things. I will therefore, make  
*certaine stepps of riseinge in my hart*;  
and by them I will assend into my  
soule, and by the purest power of  
my minde, I will assend to my  
Lord, who remaines pointe blanck  
ouer my head.

Whatsoeuer is visibly scene,  
whatsoeuer is imagined, though  
in a most spirituall manner, I will  
remoue farr of, from the sight of  
my hart and minde, with a strong

hand. Let the pure and *simple* power  
of my *understanding* passing on, with  
a speedy flighte towards him, arriue  
to him who is that Creator himselfe  
both of *Angells* and *soules*, and all  
things else.

Blessed is that soule, which for-  
saketh inferior things, and aspieth  
to them, which are sublyme; and  
placing the seat of her habitation,  
in those highe vnhanted wayes, doth  
contemplate the Sonn of Iustice,  
from those mighty rocks, with eagles  
eyes. For there is nothings so beau-  
tifull, and so delightfull, as with  
the sharpe sight of the minde, and  
the eger desire of the hart, to con-  
temple this God himselfe alone;  
and after a wouderfull manner in-  
uisibly to beholde him who is inui-  
sible, & so, to taste, not the sweetnes  
of this world, but of another, and to  
behold not this inferior kind of *light*,  
but another. For this *light*, which is  
shutt vp in *place*, it is ended in *tyme*.  
it is varied by the interruption of  
nights; and this *light*, which is com-  
mon to vs with wormes, and other  
vreasonable beasts, in cōparison of



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that other souueraigne *light*, is rather to be called *night* then *light*.

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C H A P. XXVIII.

What it is to see God, and to inioy him,  
after a sort, and how we are  
to thinke of God.

**B**Vt although that supream and vnchangeable essence, that indeficient *light*, that *light* which is enioyed by the Angells, can be scene by noe creature in this life; (this being the reward, which is reserued onely for the Saints, who enioy celestiall glory) yet to beleue, to conceaue, to haue a feelinge, and ardently to aspire towards this *Glory*, is to see it, after a sort, and to possesse it. Let our voice therefore extend it selfe beyond the Angells, and lett man contemplate God, with an earnest minde; and lett him, with what words he can, expresse Gods praises, to God himselfe. For it is all reason, that the Creature should

of *S. Augustine.* 105  
praise his Creator, since he vouchsafed to create vs, that we might praise him, when yet he had noe need of our praises. For his vertue is incomprehensible, he needeth none, but is all sufficient for himselfe. *Our Lord God is great, and his vertue is great, and of his wisdom there is noe end. Our Lord God is Psal. great, and highly worthy to be prayesd. 146. &*  
Let our soule therfore loue him, let our tongues sing of him, and our hand write of him; and let the faithfull hart imploy it selfe, onely, in these holy thoughts. Let the man of spirituall desires, and a contemplator of celestiall mysteries, be daily recreated, with the most delicious food of this heauenly contemplation; that so being fully fed, with this heauenly repaste, he may cry out with great exclamation, he may cry out with the very bowells of his hart; cry out with excesse of ioy, & say as followeth with a most ardent affection of his minde.



## C H A P. XXIX.

*He declareth many propertyes of Almighty God.*

**O** Thou Supream, most excellent, Omnipotent, most mercifull, most iust, most secret, most present, and most strong; stable and incomprehensible, inuisible, yet seeinge all things; Vnchangeable, yet changeing all things; Immortall, without place, without rearme, or circumscription; Vnlymited, inestimable, ineffable, inscrutable; Immouable, yet moueing all things; Vnsearchable, vnexpressable, terrible, & to be greatly feared, to be honored, and trembled at, to be worshipped and reuered. Neuer new, and neuer old, and yet innouating all things, and draweing proude people into decay though they marke it not. Euer in action, yet euer quiet; gathering together, yet needing nothinge;

carryinge all thinghs, without feeling any waight; fillinge all things, without beinge included; creating, protectinge, nourishinge, and perfectinge all things. Thou seekest, and yet thou wantest nothinge: Thou art in loue, yet without passion; Thou art iealous, yet thou art secure; Thou repentest, yet thou art not sorry; Thou art angry, yet thou art not moued; Thou changest thy workes, but thou neuer changest thy decrees. Thou takest that which thou findest, yet didest thou loose nothing; Thou art neuer poore, and yet thou art glade of gayne; Thou art neuer couetous, yet thou exactest vsury at our hands; We supererrogate to thee so, as to bringe thee into our debte; and yet who hath any thinge which is not thyne? Thou payest debts, yet thou owest nothinge; Thou receauest debts, yet thou loofest nothinge. Thou as one doste quicken all things, thou haste created all things, thou art euery where; and thou art euery where altogether; Thou canst be felt,



yet thou canst not be scene: Thou art not wanting any where, yet art thou farr, from the thoughts of wicked euen. But thou art not wanting men there, although thou be farr of from them, because where thou art not present by *Grace*, there thou art present by *revenge*. Thou touchest all things, yet thou touchest them not, all alike. For some, thou touchest onely, that they may *be*, but not that they may *liue*, and *feele*, and *discourse*. But some thou touchest, that they may *be*, and *liue*, and *feele*; but yet not so, as that withall, they may *discourse*. And some agayne, thou dost so touch, as that they may *be*, and *liue*, and *feele*, and *discourse* also. And although thou be neuer vnlike thy selfe, yet dost thou touch vnlike things, after an vnlike manner. Thou art euer present, yet sometymes thou art hard to be found. We follow thee, when thou standest still, and yet we are not able to lay hold on thee, whilest yet thou holdest all things, fillest all things, comprehendest all things, exceedest all things, vn-

dergoest and vphoaldest all things. Neyther dost thou on the one side vndergoe them, and art ouercome by them on the other. Neyther dost thou fill things, on the one side, and yet art comprehended by them, on the other; but by comprehending them, thou fillest them; and by filling them, thou comprehendest them; as by vndergoeing them, thou exceedest them; and by exceeding them, thou vndergoest them. Thou teachest the harts of the faithfull, yet without the noise of words. *Thou reachest from one end to the other Sap. 8. strongly; and thou disposest of all things, sweetely.* Thou art not extended, according to the proportion of places; nor art thou varied by the vicissitude of tymes. Thou haste neither accesse, nor recess: *but thou inhabitest that inaccessible light, which no man euer sawe, or can see.*

Remaieinge quiet in thy selfe, thou doste make thy circuite about all things, and thou art euery where expressely and intirely all. For thou canst not be deuided or cutt, who art truely *all*; nor canst thou be made



into partes, because all thou, holdest all, fillest all, and dost possesse, and illustrate all.

The minde of man cannot conceaue the immense profundity of this mystery, nor the tongue of eloquence declare it; nor can learned speach, nor all the volumes of all Libraryes, vnfolde it. If there were bookes to fill the whole world, yet they could not vnfolde the inexplicable science of thee, because thou art truely vspeakable; and canst not by any meanes be concluded, nor written of, as thou art, who art the fountayne of diuine light, and the *Sonne* of euerlastinge charity.

Thou art *great*, without *quantity*, & therefore thou art *immense*; thou art *good*, without *quality*, and therefore thou art truely, and *supreamely good*, and there is none good but thou alone, whose *will* is thy *workes*, and whose *inclination* is thy *power*, who didst create all things of *nothinge*, and thou didst it, by the onely act of thy *will*. Thou doste possesse all thy creatures, without

needing any of them; Thou gouernest them, without labour, and thou rulest them without trouble; and there is nothinge, either in the altitudes or profundities, which can disturbe the order of thy dominion. Thou art in all places, without being conteyned in any place; Thou conteynest all things without circuite; and thou art present euery where, without cyther *situation*, or *motion*. Thou art not the Author of ill, nor canst thou doe it; yet is there nothing which thou canst not doe; nor didst thou euer repent thy self of any thinge which thou hadest done, nor art thou troubled with any commotion, or tempest of thy minde; nor doe the dangers of the whole world, drawe any danger vpon thee.

Thou commandest not, nor yett allowest of any wickednes or sinn. Thou neuer lyeest, for thou art eternall *Truth*. By thy onely *Goodnesse* we are made, by thy *Iustice* we are punished, and by thy *mercy* we are deliuered.



Nothing, neither in Heauen, or which is Elementary, eyther of fire, or earth, or any other thing subiect to our sense, is to be worshipped instead of thee, who truly art what thou art, and art not changed; and to whome it doth most principally agree, that thou be called that which the Grecians call *On*, and the Latins *Ens*, which signifieth. *The thing which is, for thou art euer the same, and thy years will neuer fayle.*

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These, and many other things haue beene thought me, by my holy Mother the *Churche*, wherof I am made a member, by thy grace. It hath taught me, that thou, the only one, and true God, art not corporeall, nor passible; and that nothing of thy substance or nature, is any way violable, or mutable, or composed, and framed; and therefore it is certayne, that thou canst not be perceiued, by corporeall eyes; and that thou couldest neuer be seene, in thy proper essence, by any mortall creature. Hereby it is clearly to be vnderstood, that as

the Angells see thee now, so are we to see thee, after this life. But yet, neither are the Angells themselves, able to see thee iust as thou art; and in fine the Omnipotent *Trinity*, is not wholly seene by any, but by thy only selfe.

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CHAP. XXX.

*Of the vnyty of God, and the plurality of Persons in him.*

**B**Vt thou art truly *Vnity* in thy diuinity, though manifold in the plurality of thy Persons, so that thou art numerably innumerable; and mesurably immeasurable; & ponderously imponderable. For we doe not pretend, to finde out any beginninge, of that supream goodnesse, which thou thy selfe art, *from whence all things, by which all things, and in which all things*: but we say, that all other things, are good, by the participation of that goodnes. For thy diuine Essence, did cuer, and doth



still want *Matter*, although it doe not want *Forme*; namely that *Forme* which was neuer *formed*, the *Forme* of all *Formes*, that most beautifull *Forme*, which when thou dost imprint vpon particuler things (as it might be some scale) there can be noe question, but that (without any mutability in thee, eyther by way of augmentation, or diminution) thou makest to be transferred from thy selfe. Now whatsoever is within the compass of created thinges; that also is a creature of thine, O thou, one *Trinity*, and three in *Vnity*, thou God, whose Omnipotency possesseth; and ruleth, and filleth all things, which thou didst create. And yet we doe not therefore say, that thou fillest all things, as if they did conteyne thee; but rather so, as that they be conteyned by thee. Nor yet dost thou fill them all by partes, nor is it to be thought, by any meanes that euery creature receiueth thee after the rate of the bignesse which it selfe hath; that is to say, the greater, the greater parte; & the lesse, the lesse:

since thou thy selfe, art in them all, & all of them in thee; whose Omnipotency concludeth all things; nor can any man finde a way, whereby to make escape from thy powre. For he, who hath thee not, well pleased, wilbe sure not to escape thee, being offended; as it is written, *neither from the East, nor from the West, nor from the desert mountaynes, because God is the Iudge.* And els where it is sayd: *Wheter shall I goe from thy spirit, and wheter shall I fly from thy face.* The immensity of thy diuine greatnes is such, that we must knowe thee to be within all things, and yet not included; and without all things, and yet not excluded. And therefore thou art interior, that thou maiste conteyne all things; and therefore thou art exterior, that by the immensity of thy greatnes, thou maiste conclude all things. By this therefore, that thou art interior, thou art showed to be the *Creator*; but by this, that thou art exterior, thou art proved to be the *Governour* of them all.

Psalms.

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And least all things which are created, should be without thee, thou art interior; but thou art exterior, to the end that all things may be included in thee. Not by any local magnitude of thyne, but by the potentiall presence of thee, who art present euery where, and all thinges to thee are present, though some vnderstand these things, and others indeed, vnderstand them not. The inseparable vnity therefore of thy nature, cannot haue the persons seperable, because as thou art Trinity in Vnity, and Vnity in Trinity, so thou canst not haue separation of persons.

It is true, that those persons are named seuerally; but yet thou art so pleased to show thy selfe, O God, thou Trinity, to be inseparable in thy persons, as that there is noe name belonging to thee in any one of them, which may not be referred to another, according to the rules of relation. For as the *Father* to the *Sonne*, and the *Sonne* to the *Father*; so the *Holy Ghoste* is most truly referred, both to the *Father* & *Sonne*. But those names, which signify thy

*Substance*, or *person*, or *power*, or *Essence*, or any thing which properly is called *God*, doe equally agree to all the persons; As *great God*, *Omni-potent and eternall God*; and all those things which naturally are saide of thee, O God. Therefore there is noe name, which concernes the nature of God, which can so agree to God the *Father*, as that it may not also agree to God the *Sonne*, as also to God the *Holy Ghoste*. As for example, we say that the *Father* is naturally God, but so is the *Sonne* naturally God; and so also is the *Holy Ghoste* naturally God; and yet not three Gods, but naturally one God, the *Father*, the *Sonne*, and the *Holy Ghoste*: Therefore art thou O *Holy Trinity*, inseparable in thy persons, as thou art to be vnderstoode by our mind, although thou haue seperable names in worde; because thou dost, by no meanes, indure a plural number, in the names belonging to thy nature. For herby it is showed, that the persons cannot be deuided in the blessed Trinity, which is one true God, because the name of any



one of the *Persons*, doth euer respect an other of them. For if I name the *Father*, I shew the *Sonne*; if I speake of the *Sonne*, I proclame the *Father*: if I speake of the *Holy Ghoste*, it is necessarily to be vnderstoode, that he is the *Spiritt* of some other, namely of the *Father*, and of the *Sonne*. Now this is that true Faith, which flowes from sound doctrine. This indeed, is the *Catholique*, and *Orthodoxall* Faith, which God hath taught me, by his *Grace*, in the bosome of his *Church*, which is my *Mother*.

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C H A P. XXXI.

*A Prayer to the blessed Trinity.*

**M**Y Faith doth therefore call vpon thee, which thou, O Lord haste giuen me, through thy goodnes, for my saluation. Now the *faithfull soule*, liues by Faith. He

now holds that in *hope*, which hereafter he shall haue *indeed*. I call vpon thee, O my God, with a pure conscience, and with that *sweete loue*, which groweth out of *Faith*, whereby thou haste brought me, to the vnderstanding of *truche*; casting away the darknes of ignorance, and whereby thou haste drawn me out of the foolish bitternes of this world; and so accompanying it, with the *sweetnes* of thy charity, thou haste made it *delightfull*, and deer to me. I doe with a lowde voice inuoke thee, O blessed *Trinity*, & with that *sincere loue* which groweth out of *Faith*, which *Faith*, thou haueing nourished euen from my cradle, didst inspire by the illustration of thy grace; and which thou hast encreased and confirmed in me, by the documents of my *Mother the Church*. I inuoke thee, O holy and blessed, and glorious *Trinity*, in *Vnity*; the *Father*, the *Sonne*, and the *Holy Ghoste*, our God, our Lord, and our *Paraclete*, *Charity*, *Grace*, and *Communication*, the *Father*, the *Sonne*,



and the *Illuminator*; the *Fountayne*, the *River*, and the *Irrigation*, or watering. All things by one, and all things in one, *from whome, by whome, in whome, all things*. One, who liues by his owne life, one, who liueth by another that liues; and one who is the viuifier of all them who liue; One from himselfe, One from one, and One from two. One, being from himselfe, One, being from another, and One, being from two other. The *Father is true*, the *Sonne is Truth*, and the *Holy Ghoste is Truth*. Therefore the *Father*, the *Sonne*, and the *Holy Ghoste* are one essence, one power, one goodnes, one beatitude, from whome, by whome, and in whome, all those things are blessed, which are to be blessed at all.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XXXII.

*That God is the true, and soueraigne life.*

O Supreme God, O Soueraigne life, from whome, by whome, and in whome, all those things doe liue, which haue any true, and happy life. O God who art that goodnesse, and that beauty, *from whome, by whome, and in whome*, all those things are faire, and good, which haue any beauty, or goodnesse in them. O God, whose faith doth excite vs, whose hope doth crect vs, and whose charity doth vnite vs. O God, who requirest that we seeke thee, and who makest vs finde thee, and who openest to vs, when we knocke. O God, from whome to be auerted, is to fall; and to whome to be conuerted, is to rise; and in whome to remaine, is to consist. O God, whome noe man looseth, but he

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who is deceaued; no man seeketh, but he who is admonished; and noe man findeth, but he who is purged. O God, whome to know, is to liue; whome to serue, is to reigne; whome to praise, is the ioy and saluation of the soule. I praise thee, I blesse thee, and I adore thee, with my lipps, with my hart, and with all the whole power I haue. And I present my humblest thanks to thy mercy, and goodnes, for all thy benefitts; and I sing this Hymn of glory to thee, *Holy, Holy, Holy*. I inuoke thee, O blessed *Trinity*, beseeching, that thou wilt come into me, and make me worthy to be the Temple of thy glory. I begg of the *Father*, by the *Sonne*: I begg of the *Sonne*, by the *Father*; I begg of the *Holy Ghoste*, by the *Father*, and the *Sonne*, that all vice may be farr remoued from me, and that all holy vertue may be planted in me.

O Immense God, *from whome all things, by whome all things, in whome all things, both visible and in-*

visible are made. Thou who doste compasse in, thy workes, without, and fillest them, within; who dost couer them from aboue, and dost susteyne them from belowe; keepe me who am the worke of thy hands, and who hope in thee, and whoe onely confide in thy mercy. Keepe me, I beseech thee, here, and euery where, now and euer, within, and without; before me, & behinde me; aboue and belowe, and round about; that no place at all, may be left, for the treacherous attempts of my enimies against me. Thou art the Omnipotent God, the keeper, and the Protector of all such as hope in thee, without whome noe man is safe, none who can be free from danger. Thou art God, and there is noe other God but thou, neyther in heauen aboue, nor on earth belowe. Thou whoe performest workes of prowess, and so many wonderfull and vnscrutable things, as that they exceed all number.

Praise is due to thee, honor is due to thee, and to thee Hymns



of glory are due. To thee doe all the Angells, to thee the heauens & all the powers therof, sing Hymns, and praises, without ceaseinge; and all creatures, and euery spiritt doth praise thee, the holy and indiuiduall *Trinity*, as it becomes the creatures to their Creator, the slaues to their Lord, and the souldiers, to their King.

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CHAP. XXXIII.

*Of the praise which men and Angells  
giue to God.*

**T**O thee doe all the Saintes, and they who are humble of hart, to thee doe the spiritts and soules of iust persons, to thee doe all the Cittizens of heauen, and all those orders of blessed spiritts sing the hymn of honor and glory, adoringe thee humbly without end. All the Cittizens of heauen doe praise thee, O Lord, after a most honorable and magnificent manner; and man who

is an eminent parte of thy Creatures doeth also praise thee. Yea and I wretched sinner, and miserable Creature that I am, doe yet labour with an extreame desire to praise thee, and I wish that I could loue thee, with excessive loue. O my God, my life, my strength, and my praise, vouchsafe to lett me praise thee. Grant me light in my hart, putt thou the word into my mouth, that my hart may thinke vpon thy glory, and my tongue may singe thy praises, all the day longe. But because *it is noe handsome praise, which proceeds out of the mouth of a sinner; Eccl. 25* And because *I am a man of polluted lipps, Isa. 6.* Clense thou my hart I beseeche thee, from all spotts; sanctify me, O thou Omnipotent sanctifier, both within and without, and make me worthy to sett forth thy praise. Receaue with benignity, and acceptation, from the hand of my hart, which is the affection of my soule, receiue I say, the sacrifice of my lipps, and make it acceptable in thy sight, and make it ascend vp to thee in the odour of sweetnes.



Let thy holy memory, and thy most diuine sweetnes, possesse my whole soule; and draw it vp at full speed, to the loue of inuisible things. Let it passe from the visible to the inuisible; from the earthly to the heauenly; from the temporall to the eternall; and lett it passe on so farr, as to see that admirable vision.

O eternall *Verity*, O true *Charity*, O deer *Eternity*, thou art my God; to thee doe I sigh day and night; to thee doe I pant; at thee doe I ayme; to thee doe I desire to arriue. He who knowes thee, knowes *Truth*, and he knowes *Eternity*. Thou, O *Truth*, dost preside ouer all things. We shall see thee as thou art, when this blind and mortall life is spent, wherein it is said to vs, where is now thy God? And I also said to thee: Where art thou, O my God? To thee doe I respire a little, when I power out my soule towards thee, by the voice of my exultation and confession, which is as the founde of a

1. Ioan.  
3.  
Psal.  
41.

man, who is bankquetting, and celebratinge some great festiuity. And yet agayne it is afflicted, because it falls back, and returns to be an *Abyss*; or rather it findes that still it was so. My faith which thou hast kindled, in this night of myne, before my fecte, doth say, *Why art thou sad, O my soule, and why doste thou afflict me? Hope thou in God; his word is a lanterne to my fecte.* Hope, and continue to doe so, till the night (which is the mother of wickednes) doe passe away; till the wrath of our Lord passe away; wherof sometymes we were the Children. For sometymes we were darknes. Till this fury of water pass cleane away, we still dragg on, in our body (which is dead through sinn) the reliques of that darknes: Till such tyme as the day shall approach, and all shadowes may be remoued. I will hope in our Lord.

In the morrow of the next life, I shall assist, and contemplate, and



*Psal. 5.* I will euer confesse to him. In that  
*Rom. 8* *morrow*, I shall assist, and behold the  
*health of my countenance, which is my*  
*God, who will reuine euen our mor-*  
*tall bodyes, for that spiritts sakes, which*  
*dwelleth in vs; that now we may be light,*  
*euē whilest we are saued here, by hope.*

*1.*  
*Theff.* That we may be the Sonns of light,  
*5.* and the Sonns of God, and not of  
 night, and darknes; For sometymes  
 we were darknes, but now we are light  
*Eph. 5.* in thee, O our God, and yet we are so  
 heere, but by Faith, and not face to  
 face.

All that immortall people of thy  
 Angells praiseth thee O Lord; and  
 those celestiall Powers glorify thy  
 Name. They haue no need to read  
 any such writing as this, towards the  
 makeinge them knowe, the holy &  
 indiuiduall Trinity: For they see thy  
 Face for euer, and there they read,  
 without any syllabes of tyme, what  
 that eternall will, requires. They  
 read, they choose, and they loue.  
 They euer read, and that neuer  
 passeth, which they are readinge. By  
 choosing, and by loueing they read,  
 the very immutability of thy

counsell; and their booke is neuer  
 shutt, and their scrowle is neuer fol-  
 ded vp; for thy self is all that to  
 them, and so thou art to be for euer.  
 O how excessiue happy are those  
 powers of heauen, which are able to  
 praise thee, most purely and holyly,  
 with excessiue sweetnes, and vnspea-  
 kable exultation? They praise thee  
 for that, in which they ioy; because  
 they euer see reason, why they  
 should reioice, and praise thee. But  
 we, being oppressed by this burthen  
 of our flesh, and being cast farr of  
 from thy face, in this pilgrimage of  
 ours, and being so racked by the  
 variety of worldly things, are not  
 able worthily to praise thee. Yet we  
 praise thee as we can, by Faith, though  
 not face to face; but those Angelicall  
 spiritts praise thee face to face, & not  
 by Faith. For our flesh putteth this v-  
 pon vs & obligeth vs to praise thee,  
 farr otherwise, thē they doe. But how  
 foener euen we sing praise to thee in  
 a different manner; and yet thou art  
 but one, O God, thou Creator of  
 all things to whome the sacrifice of  
 praise is offered, both in heauen and



earth. And by thy mercy, we shall one day arriue to their society, with whome we shall for euer see, and praise thee. Grant, O Lord, that whilest I am placed in this fraile body of mine, my hart may praise thee, my tongue may praise thee, and all the powers of my soule may say, O Lord, who is like to thee.

Thou art that Omnipotent God, whome we worshipp as *Trine* in *Persons*, and *One* in the *Substance* of thy *Diety*. We adore the *Father* vn-  
begotten, the *Sonne*, the *onely begotten of his Father*, and the *Holy Ghoste*, *proceedinge from them both*; and remaininge in them both. We adore thee O Holy and indiuiduall *Trinity*, one Omnipotent God, who when we weare not, did'st most puissantly make vs; and when, by our owne fault we weare lost, by thy pittye and goodnes, thou did'st recouer vs, after an admirable manner. Doe not I beseech thee, permitt that we should be vngratefull for so great benefitts, and vnworthy of so many mercyes. I pray thee, I beseech thee, I begg of thee, that thou wilt increase my

*hope*, and increase my *charity*. I beseech thee, make vs, by that grace of thyne, to be euer firme in beleueing, & full of efficacy in working; that so, by meanes of incorrupted *Faith* and *workes* which may be worthy therof; we may through thy mercy, arriue to euerlastinge life. And there beholding thy glory, as indeed it is, we, whome thou haste made worthy to see that glory of thyne, may adore thy Maiesty, and may say together, Glory be to the *Father*, who created vs: Glory be to the *Sonne*, who redeemed vs: Glory be to the *Holy Ghoste*, who sanctified vs: Glory be to the supream, & indiuiduall *Trinity*, whose workes are inseparable, and whose empire is eternall. To thee our God, praise is due, to thee a Hymne of glory, to thee *all honor, benedictio, clarity, thanksgiveing, vertue, and fortitude, for euer, and for euer. Amen.*



## C H A P. XXXIV.

*He complayneth against himselfe for not being moued, with the contemplation of God whereat the Angells tremble.*

**P**ARDON me O Lord, pardon me; through thy mercy, pardon, and pittie me; pardon my great ignorance and imperfections. Doe not reiect me, as a presumptuous creature, in that I aduventure, being thy slaue (I would, I could say a good one, and not rather that I am vnprofitable and wicked, and therefore very wicked, because I take this boldnes) to praise, and blesse, and adore thee, who art our Omnipotent God, and who art terrible, and excesssiuely to be feared, without contrition of hart, without a fountaine of tears, and without due reuerency and trembling. For if the Angells, who adore and praise thee, doe tremble, whilest they are filled with that admirable exultation; how

comes it to passe, that I, sinfull creature, whilest I am present with thee, and sing prayles, and offer sacrifices to thee, am not frightened at the hart, that I am not pale in my face; that my lipps tremble not, and my whole body is not in a shiueringe; and that so, with a flood of tears, I doe not incessantly mourne before thee. I would fayne doe it, but I am not able, because I cannot doe what I desire. Herupon I am vehemently wondringe at my selfe, when by the eyes of Faith, I see how terrible thou art; but yet, who can doe euen this, without thy grace? For all our saluation, is nothing but thy great mercy. Woe be vnto me, how comes my soule to be made so semeles, as that it is not frightened, with excesssiue terrour, whilest I am standing before God, and singinge forth his praise? Woe be vnto me, how comes my hart to be so hardned, that myne eyes cannot incessantly bring forth whole floods of tears, whilest the slaue is speaking before his Lord, Man with God, the Creature with the Creator; he who is made of durt,



Gen. 2. with him who made all things of nothing?

Beholde O Lord, how I place my selfe before thee; & that which I conceiue of my selfe in the most secret corner of my hart, that doe I not conceale from thy paternall ears. Thou art rich in thy mercy, and liberall in thy rewards; grant to me of thy good gifts, that therby I may doe seruice to thee. For we cannot serue, nor please thee, by any other meanes, then of thy gift.

Strick through, I beseech thee, this flesh of mine, with thy feare. Let my hart reioyce, that it may feare thy name. O that my sinfull soule might so feare thee, as that holy Man did, who said: *I haue alwayes feared God, like the wanes of a Sea, which vveare flowing ouer me.*  
 O God, thou giuer of all good things, grant me, whilest I am celebrating thy praises, a fountayne of tears, together with purity of hart, and ioy of minde; that loueing thee perfectly, and praising thee worthily, I may feele, and

taste, and saouour with the very palate of my soule, how sweete, & delicious thou art: O Lord, accordinge to that which is written: *Taste, and see, how sweete our Lord is: Blessed is the man vwho hopes in him. Blessed is the people vvhich understandeth this ioy. Blessed is the man vvhose helpe is from thee: He hath disposed of certayne degrees, vwhereby to rise vp in his hart, in this walley of tears, in the place vvhich he hath appointed. Blessed are the cleane of hart; for they be the men, vwho shall see God. Blessed are they vwho dwell in thy house, O Lord, for they shall praise thee, for euer, & for euer.*

Psal. 31

Psa. 88

Psa. 83

Matt.

5.

Psa. 83



## CHAP. XXXV.

*A prayer which greatly moueth the hart to Deuotion, and to Divine loue.*

**O** Iesus our Redemption, our Desire, and our Loue; thou God of God, giue helpe to me, who am thy seruant. I inuoke thee, I call vpon thee, with a migty cry, and with my whole hart. I inuoke thee into my soule, enter into it, & make it bitt for thy selfe, *that thou maist possesse it without spott, and wrinckle.* For to a most pure Lord, a most pure habitation is due. Sanctify my therefore, who am the vessell which thou hast made. Euacuate me of malice, and fill me with grace, and still keepe me full, that I may be made a Tēple, worthy to be inhabited by thee, both heer, and in the other euerlasting world. O thou most sweete, most benigne, most loueing, most deer, most powerfull, most desireable,

most pretious, most amiable, most beautifull God: thou who art more sweete then hony, more white then any milk or snow, more delicious then Nectar, more pretious then gold or Jewells, and more deere to me, then all the riches and honors of the earth. But what doe I say, O my God, O thou my onely hope, and my so abundant mercy? What doe I say, O thou my happy, and secure swettene? What doe I say, when I vtter such things as these? I say what I can, but I doe not say what I should.

O that I could say such things, as those Quires of Angells doe vtter, in those celestiall Hymns. O how willingly would I euen spend, & powre out my whole selfe, vpon thy praises? O how fayne would I, most deuoutly, and most indefatigable proclaim those Hymns of celestiall melody, in the midst of thy Church, to the praise and glory of thy Name? But because I am not able to doe these things compleatly, shall I therefore hold my peace: woe be to them, who hold their peace of thee,



who loofest the tongues of dumbe persons, and makest the tongues of children eloquent. VVoe be to them vvhich hold their peace of thee, for euen they vvhich speak most, may be accompted to be but dumbe, vvhich they doe not speake thy ptaise.

But now who shalbe able vvor-  
thily, to prayse thee, O thou vnspea-  
kable Wisdome of the *Father*? But  
yet although I finde noe vvordes,  
vvhich I may sufficiently vnfold  
thee, vvhich art the Omnipotent,  
and Omniscient *VVord*; I vwill  
yet, in the meane tyme say vvhich I  
can, till thou biddest me come to  
thee, vvhich I may say that of  
thee, vvhich is fitt, and vvhich I  
am bound to say. And therefore I  
humbly pray, that thou vvilst not  
haue an eye, so much to that  
vvhich I say now *in deed*, as to  
that vvhich I say in *my desire*. For  
I desire (and that vwith a great de-  
sire) to say that of thee, vvhich  
is fitt and iust, because it is fitt  
that thou be praised, and celebra-  
ted, and all honor is due to thee.

Thou seest therefore, O God,  
thou vvhich knowest of all secrett  
things, that thou art more deer to  
me, not onely then the earth, and  
all that is therein, but that thou art  
more acceptable, and amiable to  
me, then heauen it selfe, and all  
that it conteynes. For I loue thee,  
more then heauen, and earth, and  
all those other things vvhich are  
in them; Nay, these transitory  
things are vwithout doubt not to  
be loued at all, if it vveare not,  
for the loue of thy Name. I loue  
thee, O my God, vwith a great  
loue, and I desire to loue thee yet  
more.

Giue me grace, that I may e-  
uer loue thee as much as I desire,  
and as much as I ought, that  
thou alone maist be all my inten-  
tion, and all my meditation. Let  
me consider thee, through the  
whole dayes, without ceasinge;  
let me feele thee, euen when I  
am sleeping, by night; let my spi-  
ritt speake to thee; lett my minde  
conuerse with thee; lett my hart  
be illustrated vwith the light



of thy holy vision; that thou being my Director, and my Captayne, I may walke on, from vertue to vertue; and that at last, I may see thee, *the God of Gods in Syon. Now I doe it as by a glasse, or in a cloude; but then I shall doe it, face to face, where I shall knowe thee, as I am knowne.*

Matt.

S.  
Psal.  
83.

*Blessed are the cleane of hart, for they are the men who shall see God. Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, O Lord, for euer, and for euer, shall they praise thee.* I beseech thee therefore, O Lord, by all thy mercyes, wherby we are freed from eternall death, mollyfy my hart, which is hard, & stony, and rocky, and steelly, with the powerfull, and most sacred vnction; and grant, that by the fire of contrition, I may become a liueing sacrifice before thee, in euery moment of my life. Make me euer to haue a contrite and humbled hart, in thy presence, with abundance of tears. Grant that through my great desire of thee, I may be vtterly extinguished towards this world; and that I may forgett these transitory things, through the greatnes

of my loue, and feare of thee; and this so farr forth, as that I may neuer reioice, nor mourne, nor feare any thinge, which is temporall; and that I may not loue them; least so I be eyther corrupted by prosperity, or delected by aduersity. And because the loue of thee, is strong as death, I beseech thee that the fiery and mellifluous force of thy loue, may suck vp, and deuoure my whole minde, from all those things which are vnder heauen; that I may inheare to thee alone, and be fedd with the memory of thy onely sweetnes.

O Lord, I beseech thee, I beseech thee, and still I beseech thee, that the most sweete odour of thee, and thy mellifluous loue may descend, and enter into my hart. Lett that admirable, and vspeakable fragrance of thy saouour, come into me, which may kindle an euerlasting concupiscence of thee in my hart; and which may draw out from thence, *those vaynes of water, which spring up to eternall life.* Thou art immense, O Lord, and therefore it is but reason



*IOAN. 5* that thou be loued and praised, beyond all measure, by them whome thou hast redeemed with thy pretious Blood. O thou most benigne louer of man. O thou most mercifull Lord, and most vnpariall Iudge, to whome the *Father* gaue all power of Iudgment; Thou seest how vniust a thinge it is, that the children of this world, the children of night, and darknes, should with a more ardent desire, indeauour, and study, and seeke perishing riches, and transitory honors, then we thy seruants doe loue thee our God, by whome we are created and redeemed. But if on the other side, a man will affect some man, with so great loue, as that one of them will scarce indure the absence of the other; if the Spowse be transported, with so great ardour of affection to her fellow Spowse, that through the greatnes of her loue, shee can take noe rest, nor beare the absence of that dearest freind, without deep sorrowe; with what loue, with what labour, with what seruour ought that soule,

which thou haste espoused to thy self by Faith, and other mercyes, loue thee her true God, and her most beautifull Spowse, who hast so loued, and saued her, and haste done so many, and so great thinges for her good. For although this world haue certayne delights and loues belonging to it, yet doe they not so delight, as thou O God. In thee the iust man is indeed delighted, because thy loue is sweete, and quiet; for the harts which thou dost possesse, thou fillest with tranquillity, sweetnes, and delight. On the other side, the loue of this world, and of the flesh, breeds anxiety, and perturbation, and deprives those soules of quietnes into which it enters; for it doth euer sollicite them, with suspicions, perturbations, and many fears. Thou art therefore the delight of iust persons, & that iustly. For the strength of rest and peace, is with thee, and a life vncapable of perturbation. *He who enters into thee, O deer Lord, enters into the ioy of his Lord; and shall haue nothing more so feare;*



Psal.  
132.  
Psal.  
22.

but shall finde himsele to be perfectly well, in the most excellent place which can be thought; and he will say, *This is my rest for all eternities, this shalbe my habitation, for I haue chosen it; And agayne, Our Lord governes me, and nothing shalbe wantinge, in that place of full feedinge; yea there it is, that he hath lodged me.*

Sweete Christe, deer Iesus, fill my hart for euer, I beseech thee, with the vnquenchable loue, and the continuall memory of thee; in such sort, as that I may all burn vp, like any eager flame, in the sweetnes of thy loue, which many waters, may neuer be able to extinguish in me. Grant to me, O most sweete Lord, that I may loue thee, and that through the desire of thee, I may discharge my selfe, of the waight of all carnall desires; and of the most greiuous burthen of all earthly concupiscences, which impugne, and oppresse my miserable soule; that running lightly after thee, in the odour of thy pretious unguents, till I be effectually satisfied with the vision of thy beauty, I may, with all speed, arriue thither, by thy conduct.

conduct. For there are two kindes of loues; one good, and another badd; one sweete, and another bitter, and they cannot both remaine in one hart. And therefore if any man loue any thinge, in dishonour of thee, thy loue, O Lord, is not in him. That loue of sweetnes, and that sweetnes of loue; not tormenting but delightinge; a loue, which remaineth sincerely, and chastely for all eternity, a loue which euer burnes, and is neuer quenched.

O sweete Christe, O deer Iesus, O Charity! my God, kindle me all with thy fire, with thy loue, with thy sweetnes and delight, with thy ioy & exultation, with thy pleasure and concupiscence, which is holy, and good; chaste, and pure; secure, and serene; that being all full of the sweetnes of thy loue, and all burnt vp, in the flame of thy charity, I may loue thee, O God, with my whole hart, and with all the marrow of my affections; haueing thee still, and euery where, in my hart, in my mouth, and before my



eyes ; so that there may neuer be any place open in me, for any adulterine or impure loue. Hearken to me, O my God, hearken to me, O thou light of mine eyes. Hearken to what I aske, and teach me what to aske, that thou maist hearken to me. O thou pittious and most mercifull Lord, doe not become inexorable to me for my sinns ; but for thyne owne goodnes sake, receiue these prayers of thy Sonne, and grant me the effect of my petition, and desire, by the intercession, prayer, and impetration of the glorious *Virgin Mary my Lady, and Mother*, and of all thy other *Saints*

*Amen.*

CHAP. XXXVI.

*A most deuoute Prayer by way of thanks-giueing.*

**O** Christe our Lord, the *Word* of thy *Father*, who camest into the world to saue sinners, I beseech thee, by the most indulgent bowells of thy mercy, amend my life, better my actions, compose my manners, take all that from me, which hurtech me, and displeaseth thee; and giue me that which thou knowest, to please thy selfe, and profit me. Who is he but onely thou, O Lord, who can make a man cleane, he beinge conceyued of uncleane seed. Thou art an Omnipotent God of infinite piety, who iustificst the wicked, and reuiuest such as are dead, through sinn; & thou changest sinners, and they are so, no more. Take from me therefore, whatsoever is displeasing to thee in me; For thyne eyes haue seene

G ij



*my many imperfections.* Send forth, I beseeche thee, thy hand of piety towards me, and take from me, whatsoever is offensive in me to thyne eyes. Before thee, O Lord, is my health, and sickness, conserue that, I beseech thee, and cure this. *Heale me, O Lord, and I shalbe healed, doe thou saue me, and I shalbe saved;* thou, who curest the sick, and conseruest the sound; thou who with the onely beck of thy will, restorest that which is in decay, and ruine. For if thou vouchsafe to sowe good seede in thy feild, which is my hart, it will first be necessary, that, with the hand of thy pittie, thou shouldest pluck vp the thornes of my vices.

O most sweete, most benigne, most loueing, most deer, most desirable, most amiable, and most beautifull God, infuse, I beseech thee, the multitude of thy sweetnes, and of thy loue into my hart; that I may not so much as desire, yea, or euen thinke, of any carnall thinge; but that I may loue onely thee, and haue onely thee in my hart, and

mouth. Write, with thy finger in my hart, the sweete memory of thy mellifluous Name, which may neuer be blotted out againe. Write thy will, and thy lawe, in the tables of my hart, that I may haue both thy lawe, and thy selfe, O Lord of immense sweetnes, at all tymes and places, before myne eyes. Burn vp my mynde with that fire of thyne, which thou did'st send into the world, and did'st desire that it might be much kindled; that I may daily offer to thee, with abundance of tears, *the sacrifice of a troubled spirit, and contrite hart.* *Psal. 5.*

O sweete Christe, O deer Iesus, as I desire, and as, with my whole hart, I craue, so giue me thy holy and chaste loue, which may replenish, and take, & possesse me wholly. And giue me that euident signe of thy lotie, a springing fountayne of tears; which continually may flowe; that my tears themselues may witnes thy loue to me, and that they may discouer and declare, how deerly my soule loneth thee; whilest through the excessiue sweetnes of



x. Reg.  
1. that loue, it cannot conteyne it selfe from tears. I remember, deare Lord, that good woeman *Anna*, who came to the *Tabernacle*, to begg a sonne of thee, of whome the Scripture hath, that after her tears, and prayers, *her countenance was cast no longer towards severall things.* But whilest I call to mind her so great vertue, and constancy, I am racked with greife, and confounded with shame, because I finde my selfe too miserablie cast downe, towards vanity. But if she wept so bitterly, and did so perserver in weeping, who but desired to haue a sonne; how ought my soule lament, and continue in lamentation, which is seeking and loueing God, and desiring to arriue there with him? How ought such a soule lament, and weepe, who seeketh God, day and night, and is resolu'd to loue nothinge but Christ our Lord? It is no lesse then a wonder, if such a person haue not teares, which may become *his bread, day and night.*

Looke back therefore, and

take pittie on me, for the sorrowes of my hart are multiplyed. Giue me of thy celestiall contemplation; and despise not this sinfull soule, for which thou dyedst. Giue me I beseeche thee, internall tears, which may spring from the most secret corner of my hart, whereby the chaines of my sinns may be discharged; and lett them euer fill my soule, with celestiall ioy, that I may obteyne some little portion in thy Kingdome, if not in the Society of those true and perfect *Monks*, whose stepps I am not able to followe, yet at least with deuout woeman.

I doe also call to minde, the admirable deuotion of another woeman, who sought thee with tender loue, when thou wast layd in the Sepulcher. Who retired not from the sepulcher, when the Disciples retired; who satt downe there, all afflicted and wounded; & she wept there long, and much, and riseing vp with many tears, she did agayne and agayne, play as it were



the spy, with her watchfull eyes, vpon that solitary place; to see if perhaps she might by able to finde thee any where, whome she sought with such ardour of desire. She had already entered into the sepulchre once, and agayne; but that which in it selfe, seemes too much, seemes not enough, to one that loues. The vertue of a good worke is perseuerance; and because she loued thee beyond the rest, and loueing wept, and weeping sought, and seeking perseuered, therefore did she deserue, to be the first of all others to finde thee out, and to speake with thee. And not onely that, but she was the first proclamer of thy glorious *Resurrection*, to thy Disciples; thy selfe thus directing, and sweetly commaunding thus, that it should be so, *Goe, and will my brethren that*

*Matt.*  
28.

*they pass on into Gallile; they shall see me there.* But now, if that woeman wept, and continued in weeping, who sought the liueing, amongst the dead, and who touched thee but with the hand of Faith; how ought my soule to lament, and persist in

lamentation, which beleeueth with the hart, and confesseth with the mouth, that thou art her redeemer, presideinge now in heauen, and reigneinge euery where? How ought such a soule to lament and weepe, which loues thee with her whole hart, and couetts to see thee with her whole desire? Thee who art the sole refuge, and the onely hope of miserable creatures, to whome one can neuer pray without hope of mercy? Afford me this fauour, I beseech thee, for thyne owne sake, & for thy holy Name, that as often as I thinke of thee, speake of thee, write of thee, read of thee, conferr of thee; as often as I remember thee, and am present with thee, and offer praise and prayers, and sacrifice to thee, so often may I weepe abundantly, and sweetely in thy presence, that so my tears may be made my bread,

*P salm.*  
41.

Thou, O King of glory, and thou instructor of soules in all vertue, haste taught vs, both by doctrine and example, that we are to lament, and weepe, sayinge: *Bles-*



134 *The Meditations*

*Matt.* *s.* *sed* are they who mourne, for they  
shalbe comforted. Thou didest  
weepe ouer thy deceased freind,  
and thou didest shedd abundant  
tears ouer that miserable Citty,  
*Ioan.* which was to perish. And now, O  
*ru.* deare Iesus, I beseech thee, by  
those most pretious tears of thine,  
and by all those mercyes, whereby  
thou didest vouchsafe so admira-  
bly, to releyue vs wretched Crea-  
tures, giue me the grace of tears;  
which my soule doth greatly af-  
fect, and couet. For without thy  
giift, I cannot haue it, but be  
thou pleased to impart it to me,  
by that holy Spirit of thine, which  
mollifies the hard harts of sinners,  
and giues them compunction to  
weepe, as thou didest giue it to  
our Fathers, whose foote-steps I am  
to imitate, that so I may lament my  
selfe, duringe my whole life, as  
they lamented themselves, day and  
night.

And by theyr merits and prayers  
who pleased thee, and did most  
deuoutly serue thee, I beseeche

*of S. Augustine.* 135

thee, take pittie vpon me, thy most  
miserable, and vnworthy seruant;  
and grant me the grace of tears.  
Grant me that superior kinde of irri-  
gation or watering, and that inferior  
also, that my tears may be my bread  
day and night; and that, by the fire  
of sorrowe, I may be made a  
fatt, and marrowy *Holocauste*, in  
thy sight.

O my God, let me be all offer-  
red vp, vpon the alter of my hart;  
and let me be receyued by thee as a  
most acceptable sacrifice to thee in the  
odour of sweetnes.

Grant to me, O most sweete  
Lord, both a continuall, and a  
cleere fountayne, wherein this vn-  
cleane *Holocauste*, may be cleansed.  
For although I haue already offer-  
red my selfe to thee, by thy fa-  
uour, and grace; yet in many  
things, doe I offend dayly,  
through my excessiue frailty.  
Giue me therefore the grace of  
tears, O blessed, and amiable God,  
through the greate sweetnes of thy  
loue, and by the commemoration



of thine owne mercyes. Prepare this  
 eable for thy seruant, in thy sight, &  
 putt it into my power, that as often  
 as I list, I may be filled therewith.  
 Grant through thy pittie, & goodnes,  
 that this excellent and inebriating  
 chalice, may discharge my thirste;  
 & lett my spiritt pante towards thee,  
 & my hart burne bright in thy loue;  
 forgetting all vanity, and misery.  
 Harken to me, ô God, hearken, ô  
 thou light of myne eyes, hearken to  
 that which I desire, and make me  
 desire such things, as thou wilt grāt.  
 O Lord, thou who art holy, & exo-  
 rable in thy selfe, doe not become  
 inexorable to me, for my sinns; but  
 for thine owne goodnes sake, re-  
 ceauē the Prayers of thy seruant, &  
 grant me the effect of my desire, and  
 suite, by the Prayers and merits of  
 my *Lady*, the glorious *Virgin Mary*,  
 and of all thy *Saintes*. Amen.

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 C H A P. XXXVII.

*A most holy, and most excellent Prayer  
 to Almighty God, whereby the  
 soule is greatly moued  
 to deuotion.*

**O** Lord *Iesus*, O Holy *Iesus*, O  
 good *Iesus*, who didest vouch-  
 safe to dy for our sinns, and to rise  
 agayne, for our Iustification; I be-  
 seech thee, by that glorious Resur-  
 rection of thine, raise me vp from  
 the sepulchre of all my vices, and  
 sinns; & be dayly giueing me a part,  
 in this *Resurrection by grace*, that I  
 may obteyne to be made a true per-  
 taker of thy *Resurrection to glory*. O  
 thou most sweete, most benigne,  
 most loueing, most precious, most  
 amiable, and most beautifull Lord,  
 who didest ascend vp to heauen, in  
 a triumph of glory; and beinge a  
 most puissant Kinge dost sitt at the  
 right hand of thy Father: Drawe  
 me vpward, that I may runn after



thee, in the pursuit and sent of thy odoriferous oynments. I will runn, and not faynt. VVhilest thou art lea-  
dinge, and drawinge me, I will be  
runninge. Drawe vp this mouth of  
my thirsty soule, into those cele-  
stiall springs, of eternall satiety.  
Nay, rather drawe me to thy ve-  
ry selfe, who art the true livinge  
fountayne; that so accordinge to  
the vttermoste of my capacity, I  
may drinke that, where-vpon I  
may for euer liue, O thou my  
God, and my life. For thou haste  
said, with thy holy and blessed  
mouth: *If any man thirst, let him*  
*Ioan. 7* *come to me, and drinke.* O thou  
fountayne of life, grant to my  
thirsty soule, that it may alwayes  
drinke of thee; that, accordinge  
to thy holy and faithfull promise,  
*the living waters may flowe from me.*  
O thou fountayne of life, fill my  
minde, with the torrent of thy de-  
lights, and inebriate my hart, with  
the sober ebriety of thy loue; that  
I may forget all vaine, and earthly  
things, and may perpetually haue  
thee, and thee alone, in my me-

mory; as it is written: *I have  
beene mindfull of God, and I was  
delighted.* Imparte to me the holy  
Spiritt, which was signified by  
those *VVaters*, which thou didest  
promisse, that thou wouldest giue,  
to such as thirsted after them.

Grant, I beseeche thee, that  
with my whole desire, and endea-  
uour, I may tend thither, whe-  
ther I beleue thee to haue ascen-  
ded, vpon the fortieth day, after  
thy Resurrection. That so I may  
be held in this present misery,  
with my body onely; and that I  
may euer be with thee in desire  
and thought. That my hart may  
be there, where thou art; thou,  
who art my Treasure incompara-  
ble, desireable, and extremely a-  
miable. For in the great deluge  
of this life, wherein we are tossed,  
with stormes round about vs; and  
where there is noe secure castinge  
of anchor; nor noe place more  
eminent, one then the other, wher-  
vpon the *Dove* may place her foote, &  
repose her selfe neuer so little; there  
is noe where, any saife peace; noe



where any secure quietnes, but euery where warrs and strife; all places are full of enimyces; fighting without, and fears within. And because one parte of vs is celestiall, and the other terrestriall, *the body which is subiect to corruption, doth dull and stupify the soule.* Therefore doth this soule of myne, which is my companion, and my freind, and which comes all weary, from trauellinge, vpon a long, and laborious way, lye languishing, and torne in sunder, by those vanities, which it passed by; and it doth hunger, and thirst extremely; and I haue nothinge to sett before it, because I am a poore creature, and a meere begger. Thou *ô Lord my God,* who art rich in all things, and art a most plentifull imparter of celestiall satiety, giue foode to him who is so weary; recolect him who is scattered; and stitch him together, who is torne.

Behold I am at the doore, and there I knocke. I beseech thee, by those bowells of thy mercy, whereby thou didest visite vs, (riseinge vp out of that deepe, like an *Orient*

*m*) open to him who knocks; ch forth thy hand of pittie, to this serable creature; and commaund it of thy benignity & grace) that may enter into thee; that he may repose in thee; and that he may be created, and fedd vpon thee, who *that true, celestiall bread, and wine.* That when he is satisfyed therewith, he may recouer strength, and so ascend vp into the altitudes; & beingatched vp out of this valley of miry, by the wing of holy desires, he may fly into those celestiall Kingdomes. Let my spirit, *ô Lord,* let my spirit, I beseech thee, take the wings of an Eagle, let it spring vp, and neuer fainte; let it fly, till it arriue euen as farr, *as the beauty of thy house; that place of the habitation of thy glory;* that it may there be full fedd vpon that table, where thy celestiall Cittizens are refreshed, with those secret delights of thyne, in that place of rich feedinge, close; by those full fountaynes; and there, *ô my Lord,* let my hart repose, and rest in thee.

My hart is a highe sea, swelling vp



where any secure quietnes, but euery where warrs and strife; all places are full of enmyes; fighting without, and fears within. And because one parte of vs is celestiall, and the other terrestriall, *the body which is subiect to corruption, doth dull and stupify the soule.* Therefore doth this soule of myne, which is my companion, and my freind, and which comes all weary, from trauellinge, vpon a long, and laborious way, lye languishing, and torne in sunder, by those vanities, which it passed by; and it doth hunger, and thirst extremely; and I haue nothinge to sett before it, because I am a poore creature, and a meere begger. Thou o Lord my God, who art rich in all things, and art a most plentifull imparter of celestiall satiety, giue foode to him who is so weary; recolect him who is scattered; and stich him together, who is torne.

Behold I am at the doore, and there I knocke. I beseech thee, by those bowells of thy mercy, whereby thou didest visite vs, (riseinge vp out of that deepe, like an Orient

*Sunn*) open to him who knocks; reach forth thy hand of pittie, to this miserable creature; and commaund (out of thy benignity & grace) that he may enter into thee; that he may repose in thee; and that he may be recreated, and fedd vpon thee, who art *that true, celestiall bread, and wine.* That when he is satisfied therewith, he may recouer strength, and so ascend vp into the altitudes; & being snatched vp out of this valley of misery, by the wing of holy desires, he may fly into those celestiall Kingdomes. Let my spirit, o Lord, let my spirit, I beseech thee, take the wings of an Eagle, let it spring vp, and neuer fainte; let it fly, till it arriue euen as farr, *as the beauty of thy house; that place of the habitation of thy glory;* that it may there be full fedd vpon that table, where thy celestiall Cittizens are refreshed, with those secret delights of thyne, in that place of rich feedinge, close; by those full fountaynes; and there, o my Lord, let my hart repose, and rest in thee.

My hart is a highe sea, swelling vp



with waues. Thou, who didest commaund both vwindes and seas, vwhere-  
 upon great tranquillity did follooue,  
 come downe; and vualke vpon these  
 Waues of my hart; that all my  
 thoughts, may become serene and  
 quiet; to the end that I may imbrace  
 thee, my deare, and onely Lord,  
 and that I may contemplate thee  
 (who art the sweete light of myne  
 eyes) being freed from the blinde  
 mist, or fogg of all vnquiet cogi-  
 tations. Let my hart fly vnder the  
 shadow of thy wings, from the  
 scorching heate of the cares, and  
 cogitations of this world; that so  
 being hidden vp in that sweete re-  
 fresching of thine, it may exult, &  
 sing: *In thy peace, in thy very selfe, will*

*Psal. 4 I sleepe and rest.*

Let my memory sleepe, let it  
 sleepe, I beseeche thee, O my Lord  
 God, from all sin and vice. Let it  
 hate iniquity, and loue sanctity. For  
 what is more beautifull, what is  
 more delighfull, then in the midst  
 of the deepe darkenes, and the many  
 bitter sorrowes of this life, to panto  
 towards that diuine sweetenes of

thine, and to aspire to that eternall  
 beatitude; and there to haue our  
 harts fixed, where it is most certaine  
 that true ioy is to be found. O thou  
 most sweete Lord, most loueinge,  
 most benigne, most deare, most  
 precious, most desirable, most amia-  
 ble, and most beautifull. When shall  
 I be able to see thee: When shall I  
 appeare before thy face? When shall  
 I be satisfied with that beauty of  
 thine? When wilt thou lead me out  
 of this darke prison, that I may  
 confesse to thy Name; that so, from  
 thence forth, I may haue noe more  
 cause of greife? When shall I passe  
 on, into that admirable, and most  
 goodly howse of thine? where the  
 voice of ioy and exultation, is euer  
 ringing out, in those *Tabernacles of*  
*the Iust? Blessed are they vwho dwell in*  
*thy howse; O Lord, for euer, and for*  
*euer, shall they praise thee. Blessed are*  
*they, & truly blessed, whome thou*  
*hast choosen, and assumed into that*  
*celestiall inheritance. Beholdo how thy*  
*Saints, O Lord, doe flourish like the Lillys*  
*they are filled with the ouer springinge*  
*plenty of thy howse; & thou giuest them*

*Psal.*  
*83.*



*Psal. 35* to drink, of the torrent of thy delights. For thou art the fountaine of life, and in thy light they shall see light; in so high degree, as that they who are but a light illuminated by thee, O God, who art the illuminateing light doe yet shine in thy sight, like the Sunn it selfe.

O how admirable, how pretious, and how beautifull, be the habitations of thy howse. O thou God of all strength? This sinfull soule of mine is carried with extreame concupiscence to enter thyther. O Lord, I have loued the beauty and order of thy howse; and the place of the habitation of thy glory. One thinge I have begged of our Lord, and I will neuer leave to begg the same; that I may dwell in the howse of our Lord, all the days of my life. As the Stagge runns panting towards the fountaines of water; so doth my soule runn thirstinge after thee, O God.

*Psal. 25* *Psal. 29.* *Psal. 41* When shall I come, and once appeare before thy face? When shall I see my God, after whome my soule is in a deadly thirst? When shall I see him, in the land of the Liueinge; for in this land of the Dyinge, he cannot be

scene, with mortall eyes. What shall I doe, miserable creature that I am, beinge bound vp, hand and foote, by these chaynes of my mortality? What shall I doe? Whilest we remaine in this body, we goe in pilgrimage from our Lord. We haue not here any permanent Citty, but we are looking after another, which is to come, for our habitation is in heauen. Voe be vnto me, for that my abode here is prolonged. I haue dwelt with the inhabitants of Cedar; and my soule hath beene too true a dweller there. Who will helpe me to the wings of a doue, that I may fly and rest? Nothing can be so delightfully deare to me as to be with my Lord. It is good for me to adheare to my God. Grant to me, O Lord, whilest I am confined to this mortall flesh, that I may adheare to thee, as it is written: He who adhears to our Lord, becometh one spirit with him.

*2. Cor. 5.* *Hebr. 13.* *Psal. 119.* *Psal. 54.* *1. Cor. 6.*

Grant to me, I beseech thee, the wings of Contemplation; that beinge indued therewith, I may fly vp apace towards thee. And because all that which is sinfull, and weake, is workeinge downward, O Lord hold



hold thou fast my hart, that it may not rush into the bottomes of this darke valley; that by interposition of the shadow of the earth, it may not be seuered from thee, who art the true Sunn of Iustice; and so may be hindred from beholdinge celestiaall things, by the drawinge of black cloudes ouer it. Therefore am I aspiiringe to those ioyes of peace; that serene, and sweet kinde of light. Hold thou fast my hart in thy hand; for vnlesse it be by thee, it will neuer be snatched vp into those Altitudes. Thither doe I make all haste, where supreme peace doth reigne; and where eternall tranquillity is resplendent. Hold fast, and guide my spirit, and raise it, accordinge to thy good will; that so thy selfe beinge the guide therof, it may ascend into that region, *vvhere there is an eternal spring; and vvhere thou feedest Israel for euer, vvith the food of truthe;* that there (at the least with some swift, and catchinge thought.) I may now lay hold of thee, who art that *Soueraigne*

*Wisdom*, remaineing ouer all things, and gouerninge, and conducteing all things.

But to the soule which is struuing, and struglinge towards thee, there are many things which call vpon it, by way of giueinge it impediment. O Lord, I beseeche thee, that they may all, be putt to silence, by thy commandement. Lett my very soule be silent to it selfe. Lett it passe by all things: Lett it transcend all things created, and dispatch them all away from it selfe. Lett it arriue to thee, and vpon thee, who art the onely Creator of all things, let it fasten the eyes of Faith: let it aspire towards thee: let it wholly intend thee: let it meditate vpon thee: let it contemplate thee: let it place thee euer before her eyes, and lock thee vp in her hart: thee who art the true and soueraigne good, & that ioy, which must neuer haue an end.

Many Contemplations there are, whereby a soule which is deuoute to thee, may be admirably intertayned & fedd; but in none of the is my



soule so delighted, and laid to rest, as in the thought of thee; and when it thinks and contemplates, thee alone. How great is the multitude of that sweetnes of thine, wherewith thou dost admirably inspire the harts of thy louers? How admirable is that deernes of thy loue, which they enioy who loue nothings but thee; who seeke nothings, nor desire, so much as to thinke of any thing but thee. Happy soules are they, whose onely hope thou art; and euery one of whose actions, is Prayer. Happy is that man, who sits in solitude and silence; and stands still vpon his guard, day and night; and who, whilest he is imprisoned in this poore little body of his, may yet be able in some proportion, to haue a taste of thy diuine sweetnes.

I beseech thee, O Lord, by those pretious wounds of thyne, which thou wert pleased to beare vpon thy Crosse, for our saluation; and from whence that precious Blood did flow, whereby we are redeemed; be pleased to wounde this sinfull soule of myne, for which thou didst also

vouchsafe

vouchsafe to dye. VVound it with the fiery and most puissant dart of thy excessiue charity. *For the Word of God is full of life, and efficacy; and it is more penetratiue then any sharp, two edged sword.* Thou art that choise arrow, and that most sharp sword, which is able, by thy power, to pearce through the hard buckler of mans hart. Strike through my hart, with the dart of thy loue, that my soule may say to thee: *I am wounded with thy loue.* And doe it in such sort, as that out of this very wound of thy loue, abundāce of tears may streame downe from mine eyes, day and night. Stricke through, O Lord, strike through, I beseeche thee, this most hard hart of mine, with the deare, & strong pointed launce of thy loue; and pearce downe yet more deeply into the most interior part of my soule, by the mighty power of thy hand. And so drawe forth out of this head of mine abundance of water; and from these mine eyes, a true fountaine of tears, which may continually flowe, through my excessiue loue, and de-

*Psal.*  
30.



fire of the vision of thy beauty. To the end that I may mourne, day and night, admittinge of no confort, till I shall obteyne to see thee, in thy celestiall bedd of state: Thee, who art my beloued, and most beautifull Spouse, my Lord and my God. That beholding there (in the society of such as thou hast chosen) that glorious, and admirable, & most beautifull countenance of thine, (which is topp full of all true sweetenes,) I may with profound humility adore thy Maiesty. An then at last, being replenished, with the celestiall, and vspeakable iubilation of eternall ioy, I may cry out with such as loue thee, and say: *Beholde, that which I aspired too; I see. That which I hoped for, I haue. That, which I desired, I inioy. For to him am I conioyned in heauen, whome being yet on earthe, I loued with my whole power: I embraced with entire affection; and I inheared to, with inuincible loue. Him doe I praise, adore, and blesse, who liueth & raigneth, God, for euer, and for euer. Amen.*

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CHAP. XXXVIII.

*A Prayer to be made in affliction.*

**H**Aue mercy on me, O Lord, haue mercy on me, deer Lord, haue mercy on me, most miserable sinner, who committ vnworthy things, and doe endure such as I am worthy of; for I am daily sinning, and daily feeling the scourge of sinn. If I consider the euill which I committ daily, it is noe great matter which I suffer. It is much wherein I offend, and it is little which I endure. *Thou art Iust, O Lord, and thy iudgment is right; all thy iudgments are iust and true. Thou art iust and true, O Lord our God, and there is noe iniquity in thee. Thou, O mercifull and Omnipotent Lord, dost not afflict vs sinners, cruelly, and vniustly. But when we weare not, thou didst make vs with thy*



hand of power; and when we were lost, through our owne fault, thou didst admirable restore vs by thy pittie and goodnes. I know, and am well assured, that our life is not driuen on, by rash, and irregular motions; but it is disposed, and gouerned by thee, O Lord our God. So that thou hast a care of all, but especially of thy seruants, who haue placed their whole hope in thy mercy. I doe therefore beseeche, and humbly pray thee, that thou wilt not proceed with me, according to my sinns, whereby I haue deserued thy wrathe; but accordinge to thyne owne great mercy, which surpasseth the sinns of the whole world. Thou O Lord, who doest inflict exterior punishments vpon vs, giue vs interior patience, which may neuer faile; that so thy praise may not departe from my mouth. Haue mercy on me O Lord, haue mercy on me, and helpe me, accordinge to what thou knowest to be necessary for me, both in body and soule. For thou knowest all things; thou canst doe all things, thou who liuest for euer.

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 CHAP. XXXIX.

*Another Prayer to our Lord Iesus Christe.*

O Lord Iesus Christe, the Sonne of the liueing God, who didest drinke vp that Challice of thy Passion, thou being extended vpon thy Crosse, for the Redemption of all mortall men; vouchsafe this day to giue me helpe. Beholde I come poore to thee who art riche; miserable; to thee who art mercifull. Let me not goe empty, or despised from thee. I am hungry now when I beginn, let me not giue ouer, empty of thee. I come to thee almost starued, let me not departe from thee vnfed; and if now, before I can eat, I sigh; grant me a feast, after I haue sighed, that I may eate. First of all, O most sweete Iesus, I confesse myne owne iniustice against my selfe, before the magnificence of thy mercy. Behold O Lord, how I was conueined and



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borne in sinne; and thou didst wash me, and sanctify me, and after that I did yet pollute my selfe with greater sinnes. For I was borne in *Original sin*, which was *necessary* to me, but afterwards I weltred in *actisall sin*, which was *voluntary*. Yet thou O Lord, beinge not vnmindfull of thy mercy, didst take me from the howse of my father, of flesh and blood; and out of the Tabernacles of sinners, and dist inspire me to follow thee, with the generation of them who seeke thy face, and who walke in the right way, and who dwell amongst the Lillyes of *Chastity*; and who feed with thee, at the table of profound *poverty*. And I, vngratefull for so many benefitts, did, after I had receaued *Baptisme*, worke many wicked deeds, and committed many execrable crymes. And whereas I ought to haue remoued those former sinns, I did after, add new sinns to those.

These are my wickednesses; O Lord, whereby I haue deshono- red thee, & defiled my selfe, whome

*of S. Augustine.*

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Thou haste created after thyne owne Image and likenesse, by pride, vaine glory, and a number of other sinns, whereby my vnhappy soule is afflicted, torne, and destroyed. Behold, O Lord, how my iniquities haue ouergrowne my head, and how they oppresse me, as any heavy burden 37. might doe. And vnlesse thou, whose property it is to haue mercy, and to forgiue, be pleased to put the hand of thy Maiesty vnder me, I shall not faile to be miserably drowned in that bothomlesse pitt.

Consider, O Lord God, and see because thou art holy; and behold how my enemy insulteth ouer me, saying, God hath forsaken him, I will persecute him, and take him, for there is none to deliuer him. But thou, O Lord, how long? Conuert thy selfe to me, and deliuer my soule, and saue me for thy mercyes sake. Haue mercy vpon thy Sonn, whome thou didst begett with noe small sorrow of thine, and doe not so consider my wickednes, as thereby to forget thyne owne goodnes.

Who is that Father, vvhich



will not deliuer his Sonne? Or who is that Sonne, whome the Father will not correct with the staffe of pittie? Therefore, O my Father, and my Lord, though it be true that I am a sinner, yet I leaue not, for all that, to be thy Sonne, because thou haste both made me, and made me agayne. As I haue sinned, so doe thou reforme me; and when thou shalt haue mended me by thy correction, deliuer me then to thy Sonne. *Can the Mother forgett the Child of her wombe? Yet supposeing that she could, thou hast promised, O Father, that thou wilt not forgett him.*

Isay.  
49.

Psa. 30

Behold I cry out, and thou hearest me not; I am tormented with sorrowe, and thou comfortest me not. What can I say, or what shall I doe, most wretched creature that I am? I am vtterly without all comfort, and *I am cast of from the sight of thyne eyes.* Woe is me, from how great happinesse, into how great misery am I fallen? Whether was I goeing, and yet where am I arriued? Where am I, or rather where am I not? To

whome did I aspire, and yet now, what kinde of things be they, for which I suspire, and sigh? I haue sought for happinesse, and behold I haue met with infelicity. Behold I am euen dyinge, and *Jesus* is not with me, & without fayle it is better for me not to be at all, then not to be with *Jesus*; it is better for me not to liue at all, then to liue without that true life.

But thou, O Lord *Jesus*, and *what is become of thyne ancient mercies? Wilt thou be angry with me for ever.* Be thou appealed, I beseeche thee, and haue mercy on me, and doe not turne thy face from me; thou, who for the redeeminge of me, didst not turne thy face from such as did reproach, and spitt at thee. I confesse that I haue sinned, and that my conscience calls for nothing but damnation; and my penance will not serue for satisfaction; but yet it is certayne, that thy mercy doth surpasse all sinn. Do not, I beseeche thee, most deer Lord, write vp my wickednes against me, *to the end that thou maist enter into*

Psa. 88

Psa. 94

Psa. 26



*Iob* 13. exact account vwith thy seruant: blit  
*Psal.* blot out my iniquity, according to the  
 14. multitude of thy mercyes. VVoe be  
*Psal.* vnto me miserable creature, when  
 50. the day of Iudgment shall come,  
 and the bookes of consciences  
 shal be opened, and it shal be said  
 to me, *Behold the man, and his wor-*  
*kes:* What shall I doe then, O Lord  
 my God, vwhen the heanens vwill  
 reueale my iniquities, and when  
 the earth will raise vp against me?  
 Beholde, I shalbe able to make  
 noe answere; but my head, han-  
 ging downe through confusion of  
 face, I shall stand trembling, and  
 all confounded before thee. Woe  
 is me, vvretched creature, vwhat  
 shall I say? I vvill cry out to thee,  
 O Lord my God! For vvhy should  
 I consume my selfe with holding  
 my peace? and yet if I speake, my  
 greife vvill not be appeased. But  
 yet, howsoeuer, if I hold my  
 peace, I am inwardly tormented  
 vvith extreame bitternes. Lament  
 O my soule, as the Widowe vseth  
 to doe, ouer the husband of her  
 youth. Howle thou miserable crea-

ture, and cry out, for as much as  
 thy spouse, who is Christ our Lord,  
 hath dismissed thee. O thou wra-  
 the of the Omnipotent, doe not rush  
 downe vpon me, for I am not able  
 to receaue thee. It is not in all  
 the power I haue, to be able to  
 endure thee. Haue mercy on me,  
 least I despaire, and grant that I  
 may respire in hope; and if I haue  
 committed that for vvich thou  
 maiste condemne me; yet thou  
 haste not lost, that for vvich  
 thou art vvont to saue sinfull  
 men.

*Thou, O Lord, desirest not the*  
*death of a sinner, nor dost thou re-*  
*ioyce in the perdition of dying*  
*soules; nay thou dyedst thy selfe*  
*to the end that dead men might*  
*liue; and thy death hath killed*  
*the death of sinners. And if*  
*they liued by thy death, I beseech*  
*thee, O Lord, that I, by*  
*the meanes of thy life, may not*  
*dy.*

Send forth thy hand from on  
 highe, and take me out of the hand  
 of mine enemyes, that they may not



reioice ouer me, and say: *W*e haue  
*deuoured* him. Who can distrust of  
thy mercy, O deere *Iesus*, since thou  
didest redeeme vs, and reconcile vs  
to God, by thy Blood, when we  
were thyne enemies? Behold how,  
being protected vnder the shadowe  
of thy mercy, I come runninge to  
thy Throne of glory, askinge per-  
don of thee, and crying out, and  
knockinge, till thou take pittie of  
me. For if thou haste called vs to  
take the benefit of thy pardon when  
we sought it not, how much more  
shall we obteyne it, when we seeke  
it? Doe not, O most swete *Iesus*,  
remember thy Iustice against this  
sinner, but be mindfull of thy benign-  
ity towards thy creature. Be not  
mindfull of thy wrathe, against him  
who is guilty; but be mindfull of  
thy mercy, towards him who is in  
miserie. Forget the proude wretch,  
who prouoketh thee, and take pittie  
of that miserable man, who inuo-  
keth thee. For what is *Iesus*, but a  
*Saviour*; and therefore, O *Iesus*, I  
beseeche thee by thy selfe, rise vp  
to help me, and say vnto my soule,

*I am thy saluation.* I presume much  
O Lord, vpon thy goodnes, because *Psal. 34*  
thy selfe teacheth me to *aske*, to *seeke*,  
and to *knocke*; and therefore being  
admonished by that voyce of thyne  
I doe *aske*, *seeke* & *knocke*. And thou,  
O Lord, who biddest me *aske*, make  
me *receaue*; thou whoe aduiseest me *Ma-*  
to *seeke*, grant that I may *finde*; thou *chab. 7*  
who teachest me to *knocke*, open to  
me, who am *knockinge*. And confirme  
me who am weake; reduce me who  
am lost, raise me to life, who am dead;  
& vouchsafe, in thy good pleasure,  
so to gouerne my senses, my thoughts,  
words, and deeds, that from hence  
forth I may serue thee, and liue to  
thee, and deliuer my selfe wholly vp  
into thy hand. I know, O my Lord,  
that for thy onely haueinge made  
me, I owe thee all my selfe; and in  
that thou wert made *Man* for me,  
and didest redeeme me; I should  
owe so much more to thee, then  
my selfe (if I had more) as thou  
art greater then he, for whome thou  
gauest thy selfe. But behold I haue  
no more, nor yet can I giue thee  
what I haue, without thee; but doe



thou take me, and drawe me to thy selfe, to thy *imitation* and *loue*, as already I am thine by *creation*, and *condition*: thou who euer liuest and reignest.

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CHAP. XL.

*Another Prayer to God.*

**O** Lord God Omnipotent, vvh<sup>o</sup> art *Trine* and *One*, vvh<sup>o</sup> art alwayes in all things, vvh<sup>o</sup> vvert before all things, and who art euer to be in all things, God, to whome be praise for euer; to thee doe I commend (for this day, & for all my life herafter) my soule, my body, my sight, my heeringe, my taste, my smell, and my touch; All my thoughts, affections, speaches, and actions: all my exteriors, and interiors; my sense, my vnderstanding, and my memory, my faith, my hope, and my perseuerance, into the hands of thy power, by day

and night, and in all howers and moments.

Hearken to me, O Holy *Trinity*, and conserue me, & keepe me free from all euill, from all scandall, and from all mortall sinne; from all ambushes, and vexation of *Deuills*, and from all our enimyes, visible, and inuisible; by the *Prayers* of the *Patriarches*, by the *Meritts* of the *Prophets*, by the *suffrages* of the *Apostles*, by the *constancy* of the *Martyrs*, by the *Chastity* of the *Virgins*, and by the *intercession* of all the *Saints*, who haue beene pleasing to thee, since the beginning of the *V*World. Expell from me all boasting of minde: increase compunction of hart, diminish my pride, and perfect thou true humility in me. Stirr me vp to shedd tears, mollify my hard, and stony hart, deliuer my soule, O Lord, from all the trecheryes of myne enimyes, and conserue me in thy will. *Teach me, O Psal. Lord, to doe thy will, for thou art my 142. God.*



Give me, O Lord, perfect feeling, and understanding, that I may be able to comprehend thy profound benignity. Give me grace to aske that, which it may delight thee to heare, and may be expedient for me to obteyne. Give me tears which may rise from my whole hart, whereby the chaynes of my sinns may be dissolved. Hearken, O my Lord, & my God, hearken to what I aske, & vouchsafe to grant it. If thou despise me, I perish: if thou regard me, I live: if thou looke for innocency at my hands, I am dead already, and I stinke: if thou looke vpon me with mercy, though I stinke, yet thou raisest me out of the graue. Put that farr from me, which thou hatest in me; and ingrafte in me the spiritt of chastity, & continency, that whatsoever I may chance to aske of thee, yet in the very askeing of it, I may not offend thee. Take from me that which hurts, & give me that which helps. Give me, O Lord, some Phisique whereby my woundes may be cured. O Lord, giue me thy feare, compunction of hart, humility of

mitide, and a pure conscience. Grant to me, O Lord, that I may euer maintayne fraternal charity, and that I may not forget mine owne sinns; nor busy my selfe with those of other men. Pardon my foule, pardon my faults, pardon my sinns, pardon my crymes: visite me who am weake, cure me who am sicke, strengthen me who am languishing, and reuiue me who am dead. Give me a hart, O Lord, which may feare thee, a will which may loue thee, a minde which may vnderstand thee, ears which may heare thee, and eyes which may see thee. Haue mercy on me, O God, haue mercy on me, & looke downe on me, from that holy seat of thy Maiesty; and illuminate the darknes of my hart, with the beame of thy splendor. Give me, O Lord discretion, in discerning betweene good and badd; and grant that I may haue a vigilant minde. O Lord, I begg of thee the remission of all my sinns, from whome and by whome, propitiation may be grated me, in the tyme of my necessity and of my greatest streights. O holy and



immaculate *Virgin Mary*, the *Mother* of God, the *Mother* of our Lord *Jesus Christe*, vouchsafe to intercede for me with him, whose *Temple* thou deseruedst to be made. *Holy Michaell*, *holy Gabriell*, *holy Rapbaell*: O you holy *Quires of Angells*, and *Archangells*, of *Patriarches*, and *Prophets*, of *Apostles*, and *Euangelists*, *Martyrs*, and *Confessors*, *Preists*, and *Leuites*, *Moncks*, and *Virgins*, and of all the *Saints*, I presume to begg of you, by him, who chose you, and by the contemplation of whom you are in such ioy, that you will vouchsafe to make supplication to God himselfe for me; that I may obteyne to be deliuered from the iawes of the Deuill, and from eternall death. Vouchsafe, O Lord, to grant me eternall life, according to thy clemency, and most benigne mercy.

O Lord *Jesus Christe*, grane concord to *Preists*, and to *Kings*, *Bishopps*, and *Princes*, who iudge iustly, giue tranquillity, and peace. O Lord, I beseech thee, for the

whole holy *Catholike Church*, for men, and women, for *Religious* and *secular* people, for all the gouernors of *Christians*, and all such, as, beleeuing in thee, doe labour for the holy loue of thee; that they may obteyne perseuerance in theyr good workes.

Grant, O Lord, O *Eternall Kinge*, chastity to *Virgins*, continency to such as are dedicated to thee, O *Almighty God*, sanctimony to married folkes, pardon to sinners, releife to orphans, and widowes, protection to the poore, safe arriual to such as are in iourney; confort to such as mourne, euerlasting rest to the faithfull soules departed, a safe haven to such as are at Sea, to thy bests seruants, that they may continue in their vertue, to them who are but indifferently good, that they may growe better, to them who are wicked and sinfull, that they may quickly reforme themselves.

O most sweete, and most mercifull Lord *Jesus Christe*, the *Sonne* of the liueinge God, the



Redeemer of the world, I confesse my selfe to be a miserable sinner in all things, and aboue all men; but thou also, O most mercifull and supreme Father, who takest pittie vpon all, doe not suffer me to become an alien from thy mercy. O God, thou King of Kinges, who haste giuen me this truce of liueing till now; grant me deuotion to reforme my selfe; sturr vp in me a minde which may earnestly desire, and seeke thee, and loue thee aboue all things, & feare thee, and doe thy will, thou who art all euey where, in *Trinity*, and *Unity*, and that for euer. Especially therefore I beseech thee, O Lord, O Holy Father, who art glorious and blessed for euer, that all they who remember me in their Prayers, and who haue commended themselues to my vnworthy ones, and who haue performed any office of charity, or worke of mercy towards me, and they also who are ioyned to me by kindred, and by the naturall affection of flesh and blood, and as well all they, who are now aliue, as those

others who are departed, may be mercifully and graeiously gouerned by thee, that they perish not. Vouchsafe to giue succour to all the Christians who liue, grant absolution with eternall rest, to the faithfull who are dead. And moreouer I doe in most particuler manner begg of thee, O Lord, thou who art *Alpha* and *Omega*, that when the last day, and pointe of my life shall arriue, thy selfe will vouchsafe to be my mercifull Iudge against that maligne accuser, the Deuill; and be thou my continuall defendor against the sleights of that ancient enemy of mine, and make me continue in that holy heauen of thine, in the society of all the Angells and Saints, thou who art blessed for euer and euer.

*Amen.*



## CHAP. XLII.

*A Prayer upon the Passion of Christe  
our Lord.*

**O** Lord Iesus-Christe, my Redemption, my mercy, and my saluation; I praise thee, I giue thee thanks, though they carry noe proportion to thy benefitts. Though they be very wide of deuotion, though they be scant, in respect of the fatnes of that most sweete loue of thee which I desire; yet such as they are, not such, I confesse, as I owe, but such as I am able to conceaue, my soule is now paying to thee. O thou hope of my hart, and thou vertue of my soule, and the life and end of all my intentions, lett thy most powerfull dignity supply that, which my most fainte weaknes doth endeavour. And if I haue not yet deserved so much of thee, as that I may loue thee as much as I ought,

yet at least I desire to loue thee as much. O thou my light, thou seest my conscience, because, O Lord, all my desires are before thee. And if I endeavour to doe any thing which is good, it is thou who bestowest it vpon me. If that be good, O Lord, which thou inspirest, or rather because the inclination which I haue to loue thee is good: grant me that, which it is thy will that I should desire, and grant that I may obteyne to loue thee, as much as thou requirdest. I giue thee praise, & thanks, for what I haue, least otherwise thy giift might proue vnfruitfull to me, which thou haste bestowed, of thyne owne free will. Perfect that which thou hast begun, and giue me that, through thy mercy, which thou madest me desire, without any merit of mine. Convert, O most benigne Lord, my dull heauinesse, into a most fervent loue of thee. To this, O most mercifull Lord, my prayer, my memory, my meditation of thy benefitts, doe all tend, that thou maiste kindle thy loue in me. Thy



goodnes, O Lord, created me, thy mercy, when I was created, did cleanse me from original sinn; thy patience, after that I was washed in *Baptisme*, hath tolerated, nourished and expected me, when I was all wrapped vp, in the filth of other sinns. Thou, O my good Lord, dost expect my amendement, and my soule expecteth the inspiration of thy holy grace, that I may come to penance, and goode life. O my God, my Creator, my expecter, & my feeder, I thirste after thee; I hunger after thee, I desire thee, I sigh towards thee, and I am euen in concupiscence after thee. And as the poore childe, beinge deprived of the presence of his most benigne father, doth incessantly weepe, and cry out & embrace, by his memory, that fathers face, with his whole hart; so I (not so much as I should) but so much as I can, am mindefull of thy *Passion*, mindefull of thy stroakes, mindefull of thy stirpes, mindefull of thy wounds; mindefull how thou wert murthred for me, how thou wert embalmed, how thou wert  
buried;

Buried; and mindefull also of thy glorious Resurrection, and admirable Assension. These things doe I hold fast, with vndoubting faith; I lament the miseries of my banishment, I hope for the onely consolation of thy coming, & I desire the glorious contemplation of thy face.

Woe be vnto me, in that I was not able to behold that Lord of Angells, being humbled to the conuersation of men; to the end that he might exalt men, to the conuersation of Angells; when God, being offended, dyed, that man who offended him, might liue. Woe be vnto me, that I obteyned not to be amazed, in being present, at that spectacle of admirable and inestimable piety. Why at least, O my soule, doth not the sword of most sharp sorrow pearce thy hart, since thou wert not able to haue endured, that launce which wounded the side of thy Saviour; since thou couldest not behold those hands and feete of thy Creator, to be so violated with mayles, and the bloode of thy Redeemer, so hydeously to be shedd?



Why, at least, art not thou inebriated with the bitternes of tears, since he drunck the bitternes of gall? Why art thou not in compassion of that most holy *Virgin*, his most worthy *Mother*, my most worthy *Lady*? O my most mercifull *Lady*, what fountaynes shall I say they were, which brake out of thy most chaste eyes, when thou didest obserue, how thy onely innocent Sonne, was bound, and scourged, and slaine in thy presence?

What tears shall I beleue to haue bedewed, and bathed thy most sweet holy Face, when thou didest behold that Sonne of thine, who was also thy God, & thy Lord, extended vpon the Crosse, without any fault of his? and that flesh, which was of thine owne flesh, to be so wickedly torne, by wretched people? With what kinde of sobbing sighes, shall I conceaue thy most pure hart to haue beene torne, when thou heardest those words, *Woeman*, beholde thy Sonne, and the Disciple, *Woeman*, beholde thy Mother; when thou tookest

the Disciple for the Maister, and the seruant for the Lord.

O that I had beene the man, who tooke downe my Lord from the Crosse, with that happy *Joseph*? That I had embalmed him with odours? That I had lodged him in the sepulchre? or at least, that I had followed him, and had obteyned soe much, that, to soe great a funerall as that, some little parte of my obsequiousnesse, had not beene wantinge. O that, with those happy woemen, I had beene frightened, by that bright vision of those Angells; and had heard that message of the *Resurrection* of our Lord: That message of my comfort: That message soe much expected, and desired. O that I had heare these words from the mouth of the Angell. *Doe not feare, you seeke Iesus crucified, but he is risen, he is not heer.* *Marc. 16.*

O thou most meeke, most benigne, most sweete, and most excellent Lord! when wilt thou glue me a sight of thee? for yet I never sawe that incorruption of thy



blessed body; I neuer kissed those places of thy wounds, & that piercing of the nayles; I neuer bathed those ouertures of thy true, thy admirable, thy inestimable, and incomparable Flesh and Blood, with the tears of ioy. When wilt thou comfort me, and when wilt thou giue me cause to conteyne this sorrow of mine? For indeed this sorrow will not end in me, as long as I shall be in pilgrimage, from my Lord.

Woe be to me, O Lord, woe be to my soule; for thou who art the comforter therof, didest goe thy wayes out of this world, without so much as biddeing me farewell. Whē thou didest putt thy self vpon those *new wayes of thine*, thou gauest thy blessing to thy seruants; but I was not there. *Thou wert carried up to heauen in a cloude*, but I saw it not. *The Angells promised, that thou wouldest returne*; but I heard them not. What shall I say, what shall I doe, whether shall I goe, where shall I seeke him, & when shall I finde him? Whome shall I aske. *Who will declare to my beloved, that I languish for love.*

The ioy of my hart is gone. My mirth is changed into sorrow. *My very flesh and my hart haue fainted, O thou God of my hart, and my part: God, who art my porcion for ever. My soule hath refused to be comforted, vnlesse it be by thee, my true sweetenes. For what haue I to care for in heauen but thee; and what haue I desired on earth but thee? It is thou, whome I desire, for whome I hope, and whome I seeke: To thee my hart doth say, I will seeke thy countenance, and I will seeke it yet agayne. O turne thou not thy face from me.*

O thou most benigne louer of mankinde, to thee the poore creature is leste, thou art the helper of the Orphan. O thou my safe Aduocate; haue mercy on me, who am a forsaken Orphan. I am left as a pupill without a father; my soule is as solitary as a Widowe. Behold the rears of my desolation, and widowhood, which I offer thee, till such tyme as thou shalt returne. Come therefore, Lord, come now, appeare to me; and I shalbe comforted. Afford me thy presence, and I shall haue ob-



reyned my desire. Reueale thy glory, and I shall be in perfect ioy.

*Psal. 62.* My soule hath thirsted towards thee, O how abundantly doth my very flesh thirst after thee. *Psal. 41.* My soule hath thirsted towards God, vwho is the liuinge fountayne. *When shall I come and appeare before the Face of our Lord? When wilt thou come, O my comforter, whome I am expecting? O that I might be sure to see that ioy, which I desire. O that I might be satiated, vwhen thy glory shall appeare, of which I haue so great hunger. O that I might be inebriated, by that springinge plenty of thy house, towards which I sigh: O that thou wouldest giue me to drinke deepely of the torrent of thy pleasure, which I thirst after. O Lord, let my tears in the meane whyle, be my bread, day and night, till such tyme as it may be said to me, Behold thy God; till my soule may hear this word, Beholde thy Spouse. Feed me in the meane tyme with my sighes, refresh me with my sorrowes.*

Perhaps my Redeemer will

come, because he is good; and he will not stay long behinde, vwho was here from the beginninge. To him be glory, for euer, and for euer. Amen.

## DEO GRATIAS.

*The end of the Meditations of Saint Augustine.*

