

The Mirror of the Sinful Soul by Marguerite de Navarre

[This is an English prose translation of the original French poem. Translated by Princess Elizabeth of England (later Queen Elizabeth I) in 1544]

To the Reader

If thou dost read this whole work: behold rather the matter and excuse the speech, considering it is the work of a woman, which hath in her neither science nor knowledge, but a desire that each one might see what the gift of God doth when it pleaseth Him to justify the heart of a man. For what is a man (as for his own strength) before he hath received the gift of faith, whereby only he hath the knowledge of the goodness, wisdom and power of God. And as soon as he knoweth the truth, then is his heart full of love and charity, so by the ferventness thereof, he doth exclude all vain fear, and steadfastly doth hope upon God unfeignedly. Even so the gift which our Creator giveth at the beginning, doth never rest till He hath made him godly, which putteth his trust in God. O the happy gift which causeth a man to be like unto God and to possess his so desired dwelling. Alas no man could ever understand it unless by this gift God hath given him it, and he hath great cause to doubt of it unless God hath made him feel it in his heart. Therefore reader, with a godly mind, I beseech thee to patiently peruse this work, which is but little, and taste nothing but the fruit of it, praying to God full of all goodness, that in your heart He will plant the lively faith.

The Mirror of the Sinful Soul

Make me a clean heart O God. (Psalm 51)

Where is the hell full of travail, pain, mischief and torment? Where is the pit of cursedness, out of which doth spring all despair? Is there any hell so profound that is sufficient to punish the tenth part of my sins, which be of so great a number that the infinite *number of them* doth make the shadow so dark that I cannot count them, or else scantily see them? For I am too far entered amongst them, and what is worse, I have no power to obtain the true knowledge of one. I feel well that the root of it is in me, and outwardly I see no other effect but all is either branch, leaf or fruit that she bringeth forth all about me. If I think to look for better, a branch cometh and doth close mine eyes, and in my mouth doth fall, when I would speak the fruit which is so bitter to swallow down. If my spirit be stirred to harken, then a great multitude of leaves doth enter in mine ears and my nose is all stopped with flowers. Now behold how in pain, crying and weeping my poor soul, a slave and prisoner, doth lie, without clarity, or light, having both her feet bound by her concupiscence, and both her arms through evil use. Yet the power to remedy it doth not lie in me, and power have I none to cry for help. Now as far as I can see, I ought to have no hope of succour but through the grace of God, which I cannot deserve, and which can raise everyone from death. By His brightness He giveth light to my darkness, and His power, examining my fault, doth break all the vail of ignorance, and giveth me clear understanding, not only that this cometh of me, but also what thing abideth in me where I am, wherefore do I labour, and who He is whom I have offended to whom also I did obey so seldom. Therefore it is convenient that my pride be suppressed, and humbly I do confess that, as for me, I am much less than nothing: before my birth mean, and after a dunghill. *(Job 10 and 30)*. A body ready and prompt to do all evil, not

willing for any other study. Also subject to care, sorrow and pain. A short life, the end uncertain, which under sin by Adam is sold, and by the law judged to be hanged ([Romans 5](#), [Psalm 51](#)). For I never had the power to observe even one of the commandments of God. I do feel the strength of sin to be in me. Therefore is my sin no whit the less to be hidden, and the more it is dissembled outwardly, so much the more it increaseth within the heart. ([Romans 7](#)). This that God will, I cannot will. And what He will not, I oftentimes desire to have. Which things doth constrain me, by importable sorrow, to wish for the end of this miserable life through desired death, because of my weary and ragged life. Who shall be he then that shall deliver and recover such good for me? Alas, it cannot be a mortal man, for his power and strength is not such. But it shall be only the good grace of Almighty God, which is never slack to prevent us with His mercy ([Romans 5](#)). Alas, what a master without to have deserved any goodness of Him, but rather served Him slothfully, and without ceasing offended Him every day. Yet is He not slack in helping me. He doth see the evil that I have done, what, and how much it is, and how of myself I can do nothing good, but with heart and body so inclined to the contrary that I feel no strength in me, unless it be to do evil. He doth not tarry till I humbly do pray to Him, or that (seeing my hell and damnation) I do cry unto Him, for with His Spirit He doth make a wailing with my heart ([Romans 8](#)) greater than I or any man can declare, which asketh the gift, whereof the virtue is unknown to my little power. And this, the same unknown sigh, doth bring me a new desire, shewing the good that I have lost by my sin, which is given me again, through His grace and bounty, which hath overcome all sins. O my God, what grace and goodness is this, which doth put out so many sins? Now may we see that Thou art full of all good love, to do me such an honest turn. Alas my God I did not feel Thee, but I fled and ran away from Thee, and here beneath Thou camest to me, which am nothing but a worm of the earth all naked. What do I say? Worm. I do Him wrong, I being so naught and forsworn, full of pride, deceit, malice and treason. The promise which my friends made when I was baptised, that always through Thy passion to feel the mortifying of my flesh ([Psalm 118](#)), and to be always with Thee in the cross where Thou wast nailed (as I do believe) and yielded death, decay and also all sin, with which I have oftentimes fallen down again and untied. I have brazenly denied and falsified my promise and (through pride) I did so lift up my will that (with thought) my duty towards Thee was forgotten. And, much more, as well as the weight of the promise that I had of Thee on the day of my baptism ([Mark 10](#)), as also Thy love and promise I have forgotten all alike. What shall I say more? Albeit that oftentimes Thou withstoodest my unhappiness, giving so many warnings ([Revelation 2](#)), by faith and sacraments, admonishing me by preaching, and also comforting me by the receiving of Thy worthy body and holy blood, also promising to put me in the row of them that are in perfect innocency. But I have all these goodnesses put in forgetfulness. Oftentimes have I broken with the covenant, for my poor soul was too much fed with ill bread and damnable doctrine, I despising succour and physick such as would have helped me. And if I had been willing to look for it, I knew of no man whom I had required, for there is neither man, saint nor angel, for whom the heart of a sinner will change. Ah, good Jesus: Thou seeing my blindness, and that in my need I could have no succour of men ([Acts 4](#)), then didst Thou open up the way of my salvation. O what goodness and sweetness. Is there any father to the daughter, or else brother to the sister, which would ever do as He hath done? For He came in to hell for to succour my soul ([1 John 4](#)), where against His will she was willing to perish, because she did not love Thee as Thou hast loved her. O charity, fervent and inflamed, Thou art not slack to love, Thou which loves everybody, yea, and also thine enemies, not only forgiving them their offences, but also giving Thyself (for their salvation, liberty and deliverance) to the death, cross, travail, pain and suffering. When I do consider what is the occasion of Thy love towards me, I can see nothing else but love which inciteth Thee to give me this that I cannot deserve. Then (my God) as far as I can see, I ought to give no thanks for my

salvation but only unto Thee ([1 Timothy 1](#)), to whom I owe the praise for it, as to Him who is my Saviour and Creator. Ah, what thing is this, Thou hast done so much for me and yet art Thou not content to have forgiven me my sins, but also given unto me the right gracious gift of grace ([Ephesians 2](#)). For it should suffice me (I coming out of such a danger) to be ordered like a stranger, but Thou dost handle my soul (if so I durst say) as a mother, daughter, sister and wife. I, Lord, which am not worthy for to ask bread ([Luke 15](#)), to come near the door of the right high place, where Thy dwelling is. O what grace is this, that so suddenly Thou vouchsafest to draw my soul in such highness that she feeleth herself the ruler of my body? She, poor, ignorant and lame ([Philippians 4](#)), doth find herself with the rich, wise and strong, because Thou hast written in her heart ([2 Corinthians 3](#)) the roll of Thy Spirit and holy word, giving her true faith to receive it ([Ephesians 2](#)), which thing made her to conceive thy Son, believing Him to be God, man, Saviour, and also the true remitter of all sins. Therefore dost Thou vouchsafe to assure her that she is mother of Thy Son, of whom Thou art the only Father. And furthermore (O my Father) here is a great love, for Thou art not slack of well doing, seeing that Thy Son full of divinity, hath taken the body of a man ([Philippians 2](#)), and did join Himself with our ashes, which thing a man cannot understand, unless he hath a true faith. It hath pleased Thee to put Him so near us that He did join Himself unto our flesh, then we (seeing Him to be called man) do call Him sister and brother. Now the soul (which may say of herself that she is the sister of God) ought to be assured in her heart. After this, dost Thou declare with great love, how her creation is only the good will which it pleaseth Thee to have always towards her, giving assurance that before her first day (providing for her) Thou hast had Thy love in her ([Ephesians 1](#)), and how (through love) Thou hast begotten her, as (alone) Thou canst do very well. And also how Thou hast put her within this body, not without flesh, but that both of them should have no other exercise, but only to think how to do some service unto Thee. Then the truth maketh her to feel that there is true paternity in Thee. O what honour, what good and glory hath the soul, which doth always remember that she is thy daughter, and, in calling the Father, she doth Thy commandments. What is there more? Is that all? No, it pleaseth Thee to give her another name. To call her Thy wife, and she to call Thee husband, declaring how Thou hast freely declared the marriage of her. By baptism, Thou hast made a promise to give her Thy goods and riches. Thou dost take her sins, for she hath nothing else, the which Adam her father did give her. All her treasures are nothing else but sins, which Thou hast taken upon Thee, and paid all her whole debt ([1 Peter 2](#)). With Thy goods and great estate, Thou hast made her so rich, and with so great a joint-holding, that she (knowing herself to be Thy avowed wife) doth believe to be quit of all that she oweth, esteeming very little, this that she doth see here beneath. She forsaketh her old father, and all the goods that he giveth, for her husband's sake. Surely (O my God) my soul is well lovesick, to be fed of such good, as for to leave the pleasure of this world, for the same which is everlasting, where peace is without war. I marvel how she (for joy) doth not lose her wit, countenance and speech. Father, Ah, what ought I to think? Shall my spirit be so bold to take upon her to call Thee Father? Yea, and also our Father? For so hast Thou said in the Paternoster ([Matthew 6](#)). But to call me, a daughter, hast Thou so said? I beseech Thee, tell it me. Ah, yea, for (with great sweetness) Thou saidst: Daughter, lend me thy heart ([Proverbs 23](#)). O my God, instead of lending, He is ready to give Himself wholly unto thee. Receive Him, then, and do nor permit that anybody put Him far from thee, so that for ever (with faithful steadfastness) He may love thee with a daughterly love. Now, my Lord, if Thou be my Father, may I think that I am thy mother? For I cannot perceive how I should conceive Thee, which hast created me. But Thou didst satisfy my doubt, when in preaching (stretching forth Thy hands) Thou didst say: Those that shall do the will of my Father, they are my brethren and mother ([Matthew 12](#)). I believe then (hearing or reading the words) that Thou didst say and hast said by Thy holy prophets the same also, which (through Thy

good preachers) Thou do daily declare unto men, believing (and desiring steadfastly to fulfil it) that through love I have begotten Thee. Therefore without any fear, will I take upon me the name of mother. Mother of God, O sweet Virgin Mary, I beseech thee be not sorry that I take up such a title. I do neither steal nor pretend anything upon thy privilege, for thou (only) hast above all women received so great honour ([Luke 1](#)), that no man cannot in himself comprehend how He hath been willing to take in thee our flesh, for thou art mother and perfect virgin, before, after and in His birth. Thou didst bear and nourished Him in thy holy womb. Thou didst follow Him at His preaching, and also when He was troubled. Now to speak short, thou hast with God found the grace that our enemy (through malice and deceit) had caused Adam and his posterity to lose. Through Eve and him, we had lost it, and by thy Son hath been redeemed unto us again ([Romans 5](#), [John 1](#)). Therefore hast thou been rightly named, full of grace ([Luke 1](#)), for thou lackest neither grace nor virtue, seeing that He (which is the best among them that be good, also the spring of all goodness, grace and power, which hath created in thee so pure innocency that thou art the example of all virtues) hath builded in thee, His dwelling and temple. He (through love) did conform Himself with thee, and thou art transformed with Him. Therefore if any man should think to give the greater praise than God Himself hath done, it would be a blasphemy, for there is no such praise, as that which cometh from God. Also hast thou had so steadfast and constant a faith, that by grace, that faith had the power to make thee godly. Therefore I will not take upon me to give the greater praise than the honour which the sovereign Lord hath given unto thee, for thou art His corporeal mother, and also (through faith) His spiritual mother. Then I (following thy faith with humility) am His spiritual mother. Ah, my God! Of the fraternity that Thou hast towards me, through Thy humbleness in calling me sister! Didst Thou ever say anything of it? Ah, yea, for Thou hast broken the kindred of mine old father, calling me daughter of adoption. Well, then, seeing we have but one Father, I will not fear to call Thee my brother, for so hast Thou said by Solomon in his Song ([Song of Solomon 4](#)), saying: My sister, thou hast wounded my heart with the sweet look of one of thy eyes and one of thy ears. Alas, good Brother, I wish for nothing else but that in wounding Thee, I might find myself wounded with Thy love. And likewise Thou dost call me wife, shewing that Thou lovest me and callest me (by true love) my dove, rise up my spouse ([Song of Solomon 2](#)). Therefore shall I say, with loving faith, Thou art mine and I am thine. Thou dost call me love and fair spouse. If so it be, such hast Thou made me. Ah, doth it please Thee to give me such names? They are able to break a man's heart and to kindle him by such love, when he thinketh upon the honour, which is greater than he hath deserved. Mother, mother, but what child is it? It is of such a Son that my heart doth break for love. My God, my Son. O Jesus, what speaking is this? Mother and daughter. O happy kindred. O what sweetness doth proceed of the same paternity. But what daughterly love and reverent fear ought I to have towards Him. My Father, yea and my Creator. My Protector and my Keeper. To be Thy sister. Ah, here is a great love. Now dost Thou break my heart in the midst. Make room for the same so sweet a Brother, so that no other name be written in me but only my Brother Jesus, the Son of God. For unto no other man will I give place for all the grudging and biting that they can do unto me. Keep my heart, then, my Brother, and let not Thy enemy enter in it. O my Father, Brother, Child and Spouse, with hands joined, humbly upon my knees, I yield Thee thanks and praise, that it pleaseth Thee to turn Thy face towards me, converting my heart, and covering me with such grace, that Thou dost see no more my evils and sins. So well hast Thou hidden them, that it seemeth Thou hast put them in forgetfulness. Yea, and also they seem to be forgotten of me, who has committed them, for faith and love causeth me to forget them, putting wholly my trust in Thee only. Then, my Father, in whom lieth unfeigned love, whereof can I have fear in my heart? I confess that I have done all the evil that one man can do ([James 3](#)), and that of myself I am nought. Also that I have offended Thee as the prodigal child did, following the foolish trade of the flesh,

where I have spent all my substance and also all the abundance of goods which I had received of Thee. For poverty had weathered me, even as hay, and yielded my spirit dead for hunger, seeking to eat the leftovers of swine. But I found very little savour in such meats. Then I (seeing my living to be so miserable) did return unto Thee, O Father. Alas, I have sinned in heaven, and before Thee I am not worthy (I tell it before every man) to be called Thy child, but (O bountiful Father), do no worse unto me but as to one of Thy household servants ([Luke 15](#)). Ah, what love and zeal is this? For Thou wouldst not tarry for my coming and prayer, but (stretching forth Thy hand) receivedst me, when I did think that Thou wouldst not see me. And instead of having punishment, Thou dost assure me of my salvation. Where is he, then, that shall punish me when my Father shall deny him my sin? There is no judge that can condemn any man unless God Himself would damn him. I fear not to have lack of goods, seeing I have God for my Father. My enemy shall do me no harm, for my Father shall undo his power. If I owe anything, He shall pay it for me. If I have deserved death, He (as a king) shall give me grace and pardon, and deliver me from prison and hanging. But here is the worse: what mother have I been? For after I had received the name of a true mother, then have I been so rude unto Thee. For after I had conceived and brought Thee forth, I left reason, and being subject unto my own will, not taking heed unto Thee, I fell asleep, and gave place to my great enemy, who, in the night of ignorance (I being asleep), did steal Thee from me, craftily, and in Thy place she did put her child which was dead ([1 Kings 3](#)). So did I lose Thee by my own fault, which thing is a hard remorse for me. Now have I lost Thee by mine own fault, because I took no heed to keep Thee. My enemy, my sensuality (I being in my beastly sleep) did steal Thee from me, and gave me another child having no life in him, which is called sin, whom I will not have, for I do utterly forsake him. She affirmed that he was mine own, but I knew him to be hers, for as soon as I came to the light of the grace which Thou hadst given me, then I knew my glory to be changed when I saw the dead child not to be mine. For the same which was alive (whom she had taken away) was mine own. Between Jesus and sin is the change so apparent. But here is a strange thing: This old woman causeth me to keep him which is dead, whom she sayeth to be mine, and so she will maintain. O Solomon, true judge, thou hast heard this lamentable process and ordained (contenting the parties) that my child should be divided into two parts. The false woman agreeth it should be so. But I (remembering Him to be my own Son) was rather content to leave Him, than to see His body parted in two pieces (for true and perfect love is never content with one half of this that she loveth), but I would rather weep for my whole loss than to recover but one half. My mind should not be satisfied if I had recovered one half without life. Alas, give her rather the child which is alive. Better it is for me to die than to see Jesus Christ divided. But (O my Lord) Thou didst look better to it than I, for Thou (seeing the pain that I did suffer, and how I did rather forsake my right than to see such cruelty) saidst: This is the true mother, and caused them to give me my child again. O sweet Jesus, have I found Thee after to have proved me whether I did love Thee, I who had lost Thee, yet didst Thou return unto me. Ah, dost Thou vouchsafe to come again to her who, being let with sin, could not keep Thee. O my sweet child, my Son, my nourishment, of whom I am a right humble creature, do not permit that ever I do leave Thee, for I repent myself of the time past. Now come, my sensuality, with sins of all qualities, for thou hast not the power to make me receive that child which is dead. The same that I have is strong enough for to defend me, and He shall not permit that thou do take him away from me ([Psalm 94](#)). He is already as strong as any man is, therefore may I sleep and take rest near to Him, for He shall keep me better than I could keep Him. Then (as I think) I may take rest. O what a sweet rest it is, of the mother and the Son together. My sweet Child. O my God, honour and praise be unto Thee only, so that everybody may perceive how it hath pleased Thee, me less than nothing, to be called a mother. The more that the thing is strange and hard to be done, the more ought Thy goodness have praise for it. And also I find myself more

bound unto Thee than ever I did, for this: that it pleaseth Thee to have retained me for Thy sister. I am sister unto Thee, but so naughty a sister, that better it is for me to hide such a name, for I (forgetting the honour and adoption of so noble kindred, and also Thy so sweet a brotherly behaviour towards me), didst rise against Thee, and (not remembering my faults, but going far from Thee) did agree with my brother Aaron, willing to give judgement against Thy works, and also grudging against Thee privily, which thing causeth me to have a great remorse in my conscience. O bountiful God, Brother, and true Moses, who doest all things with goodness and justice, I have esteemed Thy deeds to be wicked, being so bold and saying rashly: Why hast Thou married a strange woman? Thou givest us a law, and punishment if we do not fulfil it, and thyself would not be bound to it, forbidding us the things which thyself didst, for thou dost forbid us to kill no man, and thou dost kill, and spared none of three thousand that thou caused to be slain ([Exodus 32](#)). Also God gave us commandment by thee that we should not marry the daughter of a stranger, but thou tookest thy wife among them. Alas my brother, I told thee a great many of such words, which I know well to be foolish, whereof I do repent. For that lively voice of God took me up before I went out of the place. What didst thou of my sin? Alas my brother, thou wouldst not have me to be punished, but wouldest for my health and salvation, in asking for this great benefit, that it should please God to mitigate His judgement ([Numbers 12](#)). The which thing thou couldest not obtain, for I became a leper, so that when anybody should look upon me, they might say that I had not been wise. And so was I put (like a leper) from the tents and habitation of the people. For a soul cannot have greater punishment than to be banished from the company of them that are good and holy, because that a sick body may mar them which be in health. But what didst Thou, seeing my repentance? For Thou didst help that my penance was soon ended. By true love Thou didst pray for me, and then did I return. O what Brother, who instead to punish his foolish sister, would cleave unto her. For injury, grudge and great offence, Thou gravest her grace and love in recompense. Alas my Brother this is too much. Thou shouldest not do such a good turn unto such a poor woman as I am. I have done ill, and Thou gavest me good for it. I am Thine, and Thou didst say that Thou art mine. Thine I am, and so will I be for ever. I fear no more the great foolishness of Aaron, for no man shall loose me from Thee. Now, then, that we are brother and sister together, I care but little for all other men. Thine estate is mine own inheritance. Let us then keep (if it pleaseth Thee) but one household. Seeing it pleaseth Thee to humble Thyself so much as to entwine Thy heart with mine, in making Thyself a lively man, I do right humbly thank Thee, and as for to do it as I ought, it lieth not in my power. Take my meaning then, and excuse mine ignorance, seeing that I am of so great a kindred as to be Thy sister. O my God, I have good cause to praise, to love, and to serve Thee unfeignedly, and not to desire or fear anything but Thee only. Keep me well, then, for I ask no other brother or friend. If any mother hath taken any care for her son, if any brother hath hid the fault of his sister, I never saw it (or else it was kept wonderously secret), that any husband would forgive his wife after that she had offended him and did return unto him. There be enough of them, which for to avenge their wrong, did cause the judges to condemn them to die. Others, seeing their wives sin, did not suddenly spare their own hands to kill them. Others, also (seeing their faults to appear), did send them home again to their friends. Others also (seeing their ill deeds), did shut them in a prison. Now, to speak short, look upon all their complexions, for the end of their pretence is nothing else but punishment. And the less harm that ever I could perceive, in punishing them, this it is: that they would never see them again. Thou shouldest rather make the sky to turn than to make the agreement between the husband and his wife, when he knoweth truly the fault that she hath done, or else hath seen and found her in doing amiss. Wherefore (O my God) I can find no man to be compared unto Thee. For Thou art the perfect example of love, and now (more than I ever did) I do confess that I have broken mine oath and promise. Alas Thou haddest

chosen me for Thy wife, and didst set me up in great dignity and honour ([Hosea 2](#)) (for what greater honour may one have than to be in the place of Thy wife which sweetly taketh rest near to Thee) of all Thy goods, queen, mistress and lady, and also in surety, both of body and soul, I, so vile a creature, being ennobled by Thee. Now (to tell the truth) I had more, and better than any man can desire. Therefore my heart hath cause to sigh always, and with abundance of tears, mine eyes to come out of my head ([Psalm 94](#)). My mouth cannot make too many exclamations, for there is neither old or new writings that can shew so pitiful a thing, as the same which I will tell now. Shall, or dare I tell it, may I pronounce it without shame? ([Ezekiel 36](#)) Alas yea, for my confusion is to shew the great love of my Husband, therefore I care not if for His worship I do declare my shame. O my Saviour which died and was crucified on the cross for my sins. This deed is not such as to leave His Son, and as a child to offend His mother, or else (as a sister) to grudge and chide against her brother. Alas, this is worse, for the offence is the greater where more love and knowledge is. And the more we receive of God familiarity and benefits, the offence is the greater to deceive Him. I, which was called spouse, and loved of Thee as Thine own soul, shall I tell the truth? Yea, I have left, forgotten and run away from Thee. I did leave Thee to go at my pleasure. I have forsaken Thee to choose worse. I didst leave Thee (offspring of all goodness and faithful promise). I did leave Thee, but whither went I? To a place where nothing is but cursedness. I have left my trusty friend and lover, worthy to be loved above all other. I have left Thee, through mine own ill will. I have left Thee, full of beauty, goodness, wisdom and power. And (for the better to outdraw myself from Thy love) ([Deuteronomy 32](#)), I have taken Thine enemy, which is the devil, the world and the flesh, for whom to overcome, Thou hast fought so sore on the cross to put me in liberty ([Galatians 4](#)), whom they had a long time kept prisoner, slave, and so bound that no man could cause me to humble myself. And, as for the love and charity that I should have towards Thee, they did quench it, so that the name of Jesus my husband (which before I had found so sweet) was to me tedious, and I did hate it, so that oftentimes I did jest at it ([Proverbs 1](#)). And if any man (we hearing a sermon) should say unto me, the preacher sayeth well, I will answer, it is true, but my words did flee away as a feather doth, and I went never to the church but for manner's sake. All my deeds were but hypocrisy, for my mind was in other places. I was annoyed when I heard speak of Thee, for I was more willing to go at my pleasure. Now, to speak short, all this that Thou didst forbid me, I did it, and all that Thou commandest me to do, I did eschew it. And all this (O my God) because I did not love Thee. Yet for all this, that I did hate, forsake, run away, and betrayed Thee, because I should give Thy place to another, hast Thou suffered that I should be mocked, or else beaten, or killed ([Joel 2](#))? Hast Thou put me in dark prison, or banished, setting nought by me? Hast Thou taken away again Thy gifts and jewels, to punish me for my unfaithful sins? Have I lost my joint-holding which Thou hast promised me, because I did offend against Thee? Am I accused by Thee before the judge, as a naughty woman should be, yet, hast Thou forbidden me that I should never present myself before Thee (even as reason was) and also that I should never come to Thy house? O true perfect husband and friend, the most loving amongst all good lovers. Ah, Thou hast done otherwise. For Thou soughtest for me diligently, when I was going in the most deep place of hell where all the evils are done. I that was so far from Thee, both heart and mind out of the true way. Then didst Thou call upon me, saying: My daughter, hark and see and bow thy hearing towards Me ([Psalm 45](#)). Forget also, the same manner of people with whom thou didst run away from Me, and also the house of thine old father, where thou hast dwelt so long. Then the king full of goodliness shall desire thy company. But when Thou sawest that this sweet and gracious speaking did me no good, then Thou beganst to cry ([Matthew 11](#)): Come unto me all ye which are weary with labour. I am I that shall receive and feed you with my bread. Alas, I would not hearken unto all these words, for I doubted whether it were Thou, or else a simple writing that so said, for I was so

foolish that without love I did read Thy word. I saw and understood well that the comparisons of the vineyard (*Deuteronomy 32, Isaiah 5*) which brought forth thorns and poisons instead of good fruit, Thou saidst all this of me which had so done. Considering also that when Thou didst call Thy wife (*Song of Solomon 3*), saying, Come again, my spouse, all this Thou didst speak because I should leave my sin, and of all these words I did as though I had understood never a word. But when I did read Jeremiah the prophet, I confess that I had in the reading of it, fear in my heart and shame in my face. I will tell it, yea, and with tears in my eyes, and all for Thy honour, and to suppress my pride. Thou hadst said this by Thy holy prophet (*Jeremiah 3*): If a woman hath offended her husband and left him to go with another man, they never saw that the husband would take her again. Is she not esteemed to be polluted, and of no value? The law doth consent to put her in the hands of the justice, or else drive her away, and never see her or take her again. But thou, which hast made separation of my bed, and did put thy false lovers in My place, and committed fornication with them, yet for all this, thou mayest come unto Me again, for I will not be angry against thee. Lift up thine eyes and look up, then shalt thou see in what place thy sin had led thee, and how thou lyeest down in the earth. O poor soul, look where thy sin hath put thee, even upon the highways, where thou didst wait, and tarried to beguile them that came by. Even as a thief doth, which is hidden in wilderness. Therefore (having fulfilled thy pleasure) thou hast infected (with fornication) all the earth which was about thee. Thine eye, thy forehead and thy face, had lost all their good manner, for they were such as those of an harlot, and yet thou hadst no shame of thy sin. And the surplus that Jeremiah saith, which things constraineth me to know my wretched life and to wish (with sorrowful sighs) the day, the hour, the month, the year and the time that I did leave Thee, yielding myself condemned, and worthy to be for ever in the everlasting fire. The same fear (which doth not proceed of me, but cometh of Thee, and exceedeth all pleasure) (*Proverbs 15*) had almost put me in despair as often I did remember my sin, if it had not been that Thou never leftest me. For as soon as Thou knewest my will bowed for to obey Thee, then (putting in me a lively faith) Thou didst use of Thy clemency and goodness, so that after I knew Thee to be Lord, Master and King (of whom I ought to have fear), then found I my fear to be quenched, believing that Thou were such a gracious, good, sweet and pitiful husband, that I (which should rather hide than to shew myself) was not afraid to go and seek for Thee, and in seeking I found Thee. But, what didst Thou then? Hast Thou refused me? Ah (my God), no, but rather excused me. Hast Thou turned Thy face from me? No, for Thy sweet look hath penetrated my heart, wounding him to the death, giving me remorse for my sins. Thou hast not put me back with Thy hand, but with both Thy arms, and with a sweet and manly heart, Thou didst meet with me by the way (*Luke 15*), and not reproaching my faults, embracest me. I could not see, beholding Thy countenance, that ever Thou didst perceive mine offence, for Thou hast done as much for me as though I had been good and honest, and didst hide my fault from everybody, in giving me again part of Thy bed, and also shewing that the multitude of my sins are so hidden and overcome by Thy great victory, that Thou wilt never remember them. So Thou seest nothing in me but the grace, gifts and virtues which it pleaseth Thy goodness to give me. O charity, I see well that Thy goodness doth consume my lewdness, and maketh me a godly and beautiful creature. This that was mine, Thou hast destroyed it, and made me so perfect a creature that Thou hast done me as much good as any husband can do unto his wife, giving me a faithful hope in Thy promises. Now I have (through Thy good grace) recovered the place of Thy wife. O happy and desired place, gracious bed, true right honourable, seat of peace, rest of all war, high step of honour, separate from the earth. Dost Thou receive this unworthy creature, giving her the sceptre and crown of Thine empire and glorious realm. Who did ever hear speak of such a thing as to raise up one so high which, of herself, was nothing, and maketh of a great value this that of itself was naught? Ah, what thing is this? For I, casting mine eyes

on high, I see in the goodness so unknown grace, and love so incomprehensible, that my sight is left invisible. Then I am constrained to look down, and looking down, I do see what I am, and what I was willing to be. Alas I do see in it the lewdness, darkness and extreme deepness of my evils. Also my death which by humbleness closeth mine eye. The admirable goodness of Thee and the unspeakable evil which is in me. Thy highness and right pure majesty, my right fragile and mortal nature. Thy gifts, goodness and beatitude, my malice and great unkindness. How good Thou art unto me, and how unkind I am unto Thee. This that Thou wilt, and this that I pursue. Which things considered, causeth me to marvel how it pleaseth Thee to join Thyself unto me, seeing that there is no comparison between us both, for Thou art my God and I am of Thy work ([Hebrews 3](#)). Thou art my Creator and I am Thy creature. Now, to speak short, I cannot define what it is of Thee, for I know myself to be the least thing that can be compared unto Thee. O love, Thou madest this agreement, when Thou didst join life and death together, but the Union hath vivified death. Life dying and life without end hath made our death a life. Death hath given unto life, quick death. Through such death I (being dead) received life, and by death, I am ravished with Him who is alive. I live in Thee, and as for me, I am dead, for death is nothing else to me than the coming out of a prison. Death is life unto me, for through death I am alive. This mortal life yieldeth me full of care and sorrow, and death yieldeth me content. O what a goodly thing it is to die, which causeth my soul to live. In delivering her through this mortal death, exempt from miserable death and equal unto God, with so mighty a love, that (unless she doth die) she languisheth always. Is not then the soul blameless which would gladly die, to have such life ([Philippians 1](#))? Yea, surely, for she ought to call death her well-beloved friend. O sweet death, pleasant sorrow, mighty key, delivering from sorrow all those which, trusting in Thee and in Thy passion, were mortified because they did trust in Thee and in Thy death, for with a sweet sleep, Thou didst put them from the death which caused them to lament. O how happy is the same deadly sleep unto him, which, when he waketh, doth find (through Thy death) everlasting life. For death is no other thing to the Christian man but a liberty from his mortal bands. And death, which is fearful to the wicked, is pleasant and agreeable to them that be good. Then is death (through Thy death) destroyed ([Hebrews 2](#)). Therefore my God, if I were rightly thought, I should call death, life, end of labour and beginning of everlasting joy. For I know that long life doth let me from Thy sight. O death, come and break the same obstacle of life, or else love, do now a miracle. Seeing that I cannot yet see my Spouse, transform me with Him, both body and soul, and then shall I the better tarry for the coming of death. Let me die, that I may live with Him, for there is none that can help me unless it be Thou only. O my Saviour, through faith I am planted and joined with Thee ([Romans 11](#)). O what union is this, seeing (through faith) I am sure of Thee, and now I may call Thee, Son, Father, Spouse and Brother. Father, Brother, Son, Husband. O what gifts Thou dost give by the goodness of those names. O my Father, what paternity. O my Brother, what fraternity. O my Child, what love. O my Husband, O what conjunction. Father full of humility. Brother having taken our similitude. Son engendered through faith and charity. Husband loving in all extremity. But whom dost Thou love? Ah, it is she, whom Thou hast withdrawn from the snare wherein, through malice, she was bound, and gave her the place, name and office of a daughter, sister, mother and wife. O my Saviour, the same sweetness is of great savour, right pleasant, and of a sweet taste, if any may speak unto Thee or else hear Thee. And calling Thee (without any fear), Father, Child and Spouse ([Jeremiah 3](#)), hearing Thee, I do hear myself to be called, mother, sister, daughter and spouse ([Song of Solomon 4](#)). Ah, now may the soul (which doth find such sweetness) be consumed by love. Is there any love that may be compared unto this, but it hath some evil condition? Is there any pleasure to be esteemed? Is there any honour, but it is accounted for shame? Is there any profit to be compared unto this? Now, to speak short, is there anything that I could love more? Ah, no, for he that loveth God doth repute all

these things worse than a dunghill. Pleasure, profit and honour of this world are but trifles unto him which hath found the love of God, for such love is so profitable, honourable and abundant, that she only contenteth the heart, and yieldeth him so content (as I dare say) that he never desireth or would have other things, for whosoever hath God (as we ought to have Him), he that asketh any other thing, is a superfluous man. Now, thanked be God, through faith have I recovered, and gotten the same love. Therefore I ought to be satisfied and content. Now I have Thee, my Father, for the defence of the foolishness of my long youth. Now have I Thee, my Brother, for to succour my sorrows, wherein I find no end. Now I have Thee, my Son, for the only stay of my feeble age. Now have I the true and faithful Husband, for the satisfying of my whole heart and mind. Now, seeing that I have Thee, I do forsake all them that be in the world. Seeing that I hold Thee ([Song of Solomon 3](#)), Thou shalt escape me no more. Seeing that I see Thee, I will look upon nothing that should keep me from the beholding of Thy divinity. Seeing that I do hear Thee, I will hear nothing that letteth me from the enjoying of Thy voice ([Psalm 84](#), [Song of Solomon 3,8](#)). Seeing that it pleaseth Thee to put me so near Thee, I will rather die than to touch another man. Seeing that I serve Thee, I will serve no other master. Seeing that Thou hast joined Thy heart with mine, if he doth depart from it, let him be punished for ever, for the departing from Thy love is worse than any damnation. I do not fear the pain of ten thousand hells as much as I do to lose Thee one day of the week. Ah, my God, my Father and Creator, do not suffer that the devil (inventor of all sin) hath such power that he maketh me to lose Thy presence ([Psalm 7](#)). For whosoever hath once felt the loss of Thy love, he shall say that he would rather be bound for ever in hell than to feel that he shall do, by loss of Thy love, one moment of time. O my Saviour, do not permit that I do ever depart from Thee. But (if it pleaseth Thee) put me in such a place that my soul, through wantonness or sin, be never loosed from Thy love. For in this world I cannot have my desire perfectly, which things considered, maketh me fervently, and with all my heart, to desire the departing from this miserable body, not fearing death, nor any of her instruments. For what fear ought I to have of my God, who (through love) hath endeavoured Himself and suffered death, wherein He was not bound, but because He should undo the power that this mortal death had ([2 Timothy 1](#)). Now has Jesus died, in whom we are all dead. And through His death, He causeth every man to live again. I mean those, who, through faith, are partakes of His passion. For, even as death, before the great mystery of the cross, was hard to everybody ([Ecclesiastes 4](#)), and there was no man who did not fear it, considering the copulation of the body and soul, their order, love and agreement, where was extreme sorrow in the parting one from another. But seeing it hath pleased the sweet Lamb ([Isaiah 53](#)), to offer Himself upon the cross, His great love hath kindled a fire within our heart, so vehement, that every Christian man ought to esteem the passage of death but a play or pastime, and so to provoke one another to die. For even as fear of death did retard us, even so, love ought to give us a desire to die ([1 John 4](#)). For if true love be unfeignedly within the heart of a man, he cannot feel any other thing, because the love is so great in itself, that it keepeth all the room, and putteth out all other desires, not suffering anything in him but God only. For, wheresoever true and perfect love is, we do neither remember fear nor sorrow. If our pride (to get honour) maketh us to seek for death, with so many means. If (for to have a foolish pleasure) a man putteth himself in jeopardy of his life. If a man (for to get riches) doth put his life in danger, for the value of a shilling. If the will to rob, or to kill, to beat, or to beguile, causeth oftentimes the mind of a man to turn, so that he doth not see the danger of death when he will do any ill, or else avenge himself of any man. If the strength of sickness, or the disease, of a melancholy causeth a man to wish for death, and oftentimes (as doth) drown, hang, or kill himself, for such evil and desire is so great, that he causeth a man to choose death for liberty. If so it be that these great pains, full of evil and imperfection, causeth them not to fear the hazard of death, and it seemeth unto them that it cometh too late, what ought true and

laudable love do? What ought the love of the Creator do? Should it not stir so the heart of a man that he (being transported with such affection) should feel no other thing in him? Ah, yea, for death is a pleasant thing to the soul which is in love with God (*Psalm 115*) and esteemeth the passage easy, through which she cometh out of a prison (*Philippians 1*), for the hard way (through which she cometh to embrace her Husband) cannot weary her. O my Saviour, how good the same death is, through which we shall have the end of all sorrow, by whom also we shall enjoy the sight of Thee and be transformed unto the likeness of Thy majesty. O death (through thy deed), I trust to have so much honour, that upon my knees (in crying and weeping) I do desire thee. Come quickly, and make an end of my pain and sorrow (*Psalm 119*). O happy daughters (*Song of Solomon 5*), right holy souls, joined in to the city of Jerusalem, open your eyes and (with pity) look upon my desolation. I beseech thee that, in my name, ye will tell unto my God, my Friend and King, how, at every hour of the day, I do languish for His love. O sweet death, through such love, come to me, and with love, bring me unto my God. O death, where is thy sting and dart (*1 Corinthians 15*)? Ah, they are vanished from mine eyes. For rigour is changed into sweetness. Seeing that my Friend did suffer death upon the cross for my sake, His death doth so encourage my heart, that Thou art understanding and gentle to me, if I might follow Him. O death, I beseech thee, come to join the Friend with His love. Now, seeing that death is so pleasant a life, that it pleaseth me more than feareth me, then I ought to fear nothing but the true judgment of God. All my sins, with His just balance, shall be weighed, and shewn openly. This that I have done, also my thought and word, shall be better known than if it were written in a roll (*Luke 12 and Matthew 10*). And we may not think that charity would offend justice and truth, for whosoever doth live unfaithfully shall be punished in everlasting pain. God is just, and His judgement is righteous (*Psalm 7*). All that He doth is just in all things. Alas, what am I, considering my righteousness? I, wretched and poor creature (*Job 15*). For I know that all the works of just men are so full of vices (*Micah 7*), that, before God, they are more filthy than dirt, or any other filthiness (*Isaiah 64*). What shall it be, then, of the sins which I do commit, wherefore I do feel the burden unbearable (*Psalm 129 and 37*)? I can say nothing else but that I have won damnation. Is this the end? Shall despair be the comfort of my great ignorance? Ah, my God, no, for the invisible faith causeth me to believe that all things which are impossible to men, are possible unto Thee (*Matthew 19*), so that Thou do convert my work (which is nothing) into some good work (*Romans 5 and 8*). Then, O Lord, who shall condemn me, seeing that He (who is given me for a judge) is my Husband, my Father and my refuge (*Psalm 89*)? Ah, what Father, who doth never condemn his child, but doth always excuse and defend him? Then I see to have no other accuser, but Jesus Christ, who is my Redeemer, whose death hath restored us our inheritance, for He made Himself for us a law (*1 John 2 and 1 Timothy 2*), shewing His so worthy merits before God, where with my great debt is so surmounted, that in judgement it is accounted for nothing. O Redeemer, here is a great love, for we find but few such men of laws. O sweet Jesus, it is unto Thee that I am a debtor, for Thou dost pray and speak for me (*Isaiah 53, Hebrews 7, Romans 8*). And moreover, when Thou dost see that I am poor, Thou dost pay my debt, with the abundance of Thy goods. O incomprehensible sea of all goodness. O my Father, dost Thou vouchsafe to be my judge, not willing the death of the sinner (*Ezekiel 18*). O Jesus Christ true Fisher (*Matthew 4*) and Saviour of the soul. Friend above all friends. For Thou being unto me a law, excused and did speak for me, where Thou couldest justly have accused me. I fear no more to be undone by any man, for the law is satisfied for all. My sweet Spouse hath made the payment so abundant, that the law can ask nothing of me, but it may have it of Him. For (as I believe) He hath taken all my sins upon Him, and gave me His goods and riches (*1 Peter 2*). O my Saviour (presenting Thy virtues), Thou dost content the law, when it will reproach me my sins. Thou dost shew it how willingly in Thine own flesh Thou hast taken the charge of them through the conjunction of our marriage.

Also, how upon he cross, through Thy passion, Thou hast satisfied for it. Moreover, Thy charity hath given me this that Thou hast deserved. Therefore (seeing that Thy merit is mine own), the law asketh nothing of me ([Psalm 84](#)). Then will I fear no more the judgement, but, with desire, rather than by force, I do tarry for the time that I shall see my Judge, and hear of Him a just judgement. Yet I know that Thy judgement is so just that there is no fault in it, and that mine unfaithfulness is worthy to suffer the evils of hell, for if I do only consider my deserving, I can see nothing in it that can keep me from the fire of hell. True it is, that the torment of hell was never prepared but for the devil, and not for a reasonable man. Nevertheless, if any man hath put his mind to be like unto the devil, then he ought to (as the devil shall) be paid with such a reward. But if a man, through contemplation, doth hold like the angel virtue, goodness and perfection, so that he doth obtain heaven, which is a place of like deserving, then shall the vicious be punished, with him to whom he did join himself. And seeing he followed Satan, He must keep such place as is prepared for him ([Matthew 25](#)). Now I considering the diversity of both sorts, it comforteth my spirit but little, for I cannot deny but I am more like unto the devil than to the angel. Wherefore I fear and tremble, for the living of the angel is so godly, that I am nothing like him (this I do confess). But as for the other, I am so like unto him, in malice, in custom, that of his pain and torment, I ought to be partaker of it. For the cruel sin which hath bound me in hell, is so great, and sin so strong which hindereth nothing coming from him, and feareth not that any man cometh to assail him. He which is strong knoweth not how his strength goeth away when a stronger man than he cometh. Sin is strong, which bringeth us into hell, and I could never see that any man by merit, and pain, could vanquish hell, save only He which hath made such assault through charity (He being humbled to the cross ([Philippians 2](#))), that He hath bound and overcome His enemy, broken hell and his power ([Ephesians 4](#)), so that he hath no further strength to keep any soul prisoner, who hath put its trust in God. Then, believing and trusting in the power that God hath, I do set by hell and sin, not a straw. For whereof can sin annoy me, only it be for to shew how my God is merciful, strong, mighty and vanquisher of all the evil which is within my heart? If my sin forgiven is the glory of my Saviour, I ought likewise believe that also my glory is increased therewith, knowing that I am planted and joined with Him. His honour, only, doth honour all His. And His riches doth replenish every one of goods. Then is hell, and sin, overcome by Him. O glutton hell, where is thy defence? Thou villain sin, where is thy power? O death, where is thy sting and victory ([1 Corinthians 15](#)), which are so much spoken of? Instead of death, Thou givest us life. And so dost Thou contrary unto Thy will. And also, thou sin, which would draw everybody unto damnation, thou dost serve us as a ladder to reach unto the goodly city of Jerusalem, for thou wouldest want, by thy cursed nature, that our maker should lose His creature. But through love and grace, Thou dost cause her to come again, and submit herself unto God, more than ever she did ([Romans 5](#)). His great goodness doth make thee to lessen the pain which thou dost take all the whole week. Therefore hell had not had all the number which he did pretend to have, because the shadow and strength of His passion is such a protection to the soul that she ought to doubt neither death, sin nor hell. Is there anything that can hurt me if God be willing through faith to draw me unto Him? I mean, faith such as we must have to obtain the right high gift from above ([Ephesians 2](#)), and also such faith, which, through charity, doth join the humble servant unto his Maker. I, being joined unto Him, ought to have no fear of travail, pain or sorrow, for whosoever willingly doth suffer any manner of death or sorrow (as Christ did), he doth feel in such torment, great consolation for his soul. Knowing that, as for myself I am weak, but with God I am right strong. By His comfort I may do all things ([Philippians 4](#)), for His love is so steadfast and everlasting, that she changeth for nothing of this world. Who then can outdraw me from His grace ([Romans 8](#))? Surely the great height of heaven, nor the deepness of hell, nor the breadth of all the earth, neither death, nor sin (which doth war every day against me), cannot

separate me one day from the great love and charity that my Father, through Jesus Christ, hath unto me. For His love is such that He loveth me, who doth not love Him. And, if I love Him, then shall I feel His love to increase, because that my love is not worthy to love Him. But I desire His love to be mine, which I feel such as though it were mine own. His desire is to love me, and through His love, He causeth my heart to be inflamed with love. And through such love, he findeth himself so well beloved, that his own action yieldeth him content, and not mine own love or strength. Contenting himself, His love doth increase more in me than I can desire of Him. O true lover, spring of all charity, and the only purse of the heavenly treasure, ought I to think, dare I to say, what Thou art? May I writeth? Can any mortal man comprehend Thy goodness and love? And if Thou dost print it within any man's heart, can he express it? No, surely, for the capacity of no man can comprehend the immeasurable goodness which is in Thee. For natural reason doth shew us how there is no comparison between an eternal and a mortal thing ([Psalm 144](#)). But when, through love, the mortal is joined with the eternal, the mortal thing is so full of the eternal that she cannot find the end of it, for she hath more good within her than she can hold. Therefore doth a man (which hath this love) think that all the world is within him. Even as we see that the sun with only one sparkle of its light doth blind the eye of a man, and yet doth she hide her great light. But ask the eye what it hath seen, the eye will say that it hath seen the whole clarity of the sun. But that is a lie, for he (being blinded with a little sparkle) could not see the whole clarity of the sun, and nevertheless he is so content, that it seemeth unto him, that if he had so much light in him as the same sparkle was, he should not be able to suffer it. Even so, the soul which (through faith) doth feel one sparkle of the love of God, then doth she find this fire so great and miraculous, so sweet and good, that it is impossible unto her to declare what the same love is. For the little that she hath felt, doth yield her mind, satisfied, and desiring more of this, whereof she hath enough. So doth she live desiring, languishing and sighing. The heart doth feel well that he hath received too much of it. But he hath conceived such desire, in this too much, that he always desireth to receive that thing which he cannot have, neither is he worthy to receive. He knoweth the good that he hath already to be unspeakable, and yet would he have more of this whereof he cannot reason. He can neither feel, nor think the good which is in him. Then, it lieth not in my power to tell what the love of God is, seeing that I have no knowledge of the ferventness thereof. He that thinketh to have all this love within his heart, cannot truly declare what it is. Happy is he which hath such abundance, that he may say, My God, I have enough of it. He which hath this love within him, dare not speak of it for fear that in speaking he should let it go (unless it be for the salvation of his neighbour, to edify him). The impossibility of the declaration of this love, then, shall make me to hold my peace. For there is no saint so perfect, if he will speak of the love of the high God, of his goodness, sweetness, grace, and of all the things which pertaineth unto him, he shall, looking below, stop his mouth. I, then, worm of the earth, less than nothing, ought to cease, and not to speak of the highness of this love. But much unkindness should be in me, if I had written nothing, having this done for to satisfy to a better wit than mine is. For he that would hide the goodness of so good a master, should commit a sin worthy to be punished with everlasting pain. Therefore come, O happy Paul, which hast tasted so much of the same sweet honey, being blinded for the space of three days, and ravished unto the third heaven ([Acts 9 and 2 Corinthians 12](#)). Now I beseech thee, satisfy mine ignorance and fault, and tell me what thou hast seen with such a vision. Hark what he saith ([Romans 11](#)), O unspeakable highness of the great treasure, and riches of the spring of all wisdom, science and patience. Thy judgements are incomprehensible, and Thy ways are unsearchable unto all our wits. O good Saint Paul. Thy words causeth us to marvel that, thou having knowledge of such secrets, would speak no further of it. But yet, tell us what we trust to have one day through such love. Hark, and ponder the words which he saith: There was never no man that did see, not ears could never hear, neither

no man could comprehend this that God hath prepared for His good friends ([1 Corinthians 2](#)). Would he speak any further? No, yet all this that he saith is for nothing else but to provoke us to love, and to esteem this that he can neither declare or name, and to draw our hearts, love and hope to desire this which no man also can neither see, feel nor think what it is, and yet causeth many men to die for His love. O the right, great gift of faith, from whence so much good cometh, that he causeth one to possess the thing which he cannot comprehend. Faith joined with truth bringeth forth hope, whereby perfect charity is engendered, and charity is God as thou knowest ([1 John 4](#)). Therefore if we have charity, we have God also. Then is God in us, and all we are in Him, and He in all men. If we have Him through faith, then have we a greater treasure than any man can tell. Now to conclude. Seeing that so great an apostle as Saint Paul willeth to speak no further of God and His love, according to the example of his right wise teachings, I will hold my peace. But following his word, howbeit that I know myself to be but dust and ashes, yet may I not fail to give praise and thanks unto God, for all the goods and benefits undeserved, which it pleaseth Him to give me. Unto the king of heaven, immortal, invisible, our mighty God only, and incomprehensible, be all honour, praise glory and love, for ever ([1 Timothy 1](#)).
