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THE
TRIUMPHS OF GRACE;

or, the
LAST WORDS
and
EDIFYING DEATH
of the

LADY

Margaret de la Musse,

A NOBLE FRENCH LADY,

who died in May 1681,

AGED BUT SIXTEEN YEARS.

Englished by D. L.



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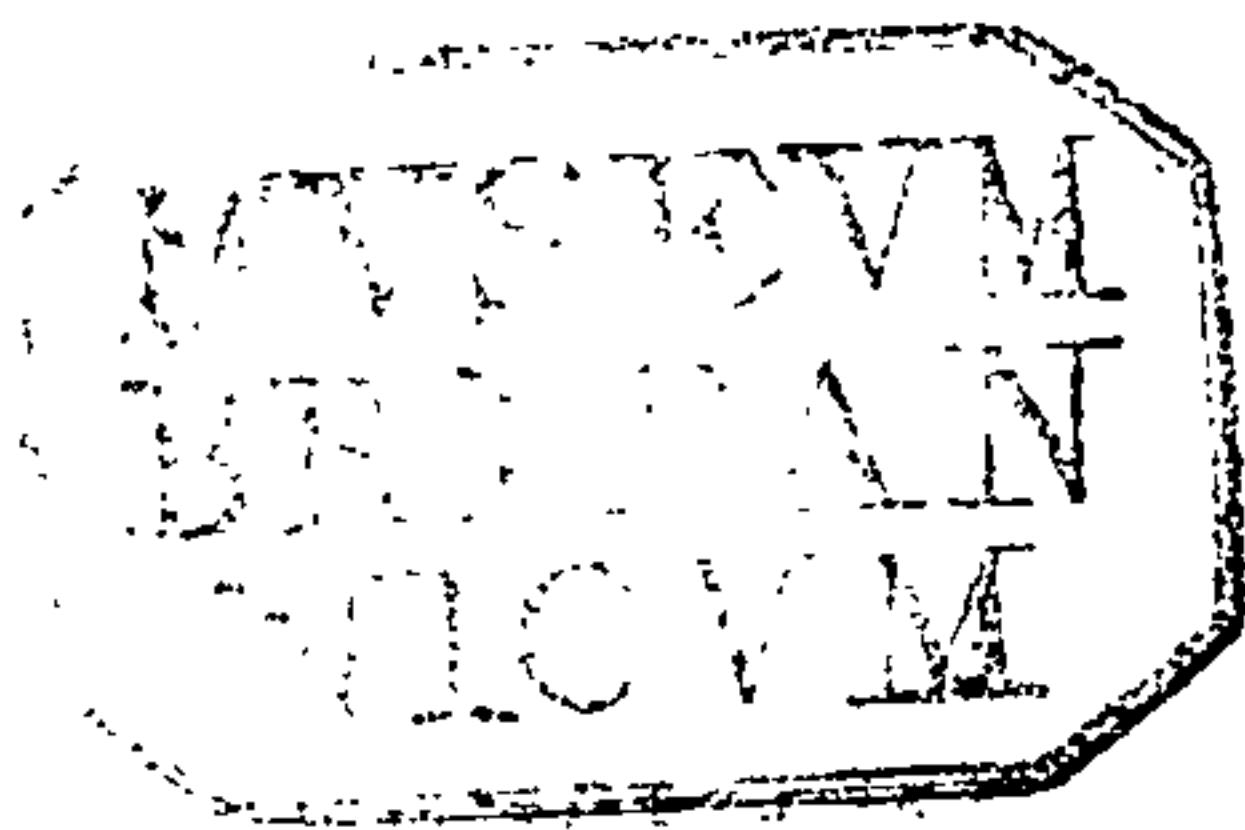
Dom. Christ. P.

Feb. 1, 1686.

D. Wilhelmo,

Archiep. Cant.

à Sacris.



[*Entered at Stationer's-hall.*]

Manchester, June 1, 1795.

The following little Tract, I strongly recommend to the perusal of all denominations of Christians; as the Religion it holds forth is truly divine, and “worthy of all acceptation,” making those who receive it happy in life, happy in death, and happy to all eternity.

EDWARD SMYTH.



To
THE MOST PIOUS
and
VIRTUOUS GENTLEWOMAN
MADAM
ANN HEWER.

MADAM,

As I was casting in my mind to
present you with something in token
of my high esteem for your virtue,
I happily met with these *LAST*
HOURS

HOURS of a young French lady ; in which I found so many things rare and admirable, useful and edifying, divinely transporting and inflaming, that I concluded it a gift most agreeable and comporting with your pious and devout inclinations ; and therefore was soon determined in my thoughts to dedicate this Translation to you, as judging it (setting aside my own faults) most worthy of your acceptance. For what can be imagined more strange and wonderful, than to see so tender an age, so weak a sex, so delicate an education, not only combating the most formidable of all things, that King of Terrors, but triumphing over, and trampling on him? What more edifying, than

than to behold the power of grace so gloriously enthroned amidst the infirmities of nature, raised to their highest pitch, and making them all serve as foils to its divine lustre? What more transporting, than to hear a soul wounded with divine love, send forth its flaming desires to the glorious and all-beautiful object of them? Or what can be thought more engaging and inciting to virtue, than to see not only the peaceful, but joyful latter end thereof; and what great triumphs and exultations attend it, even in the most difficult and affrighting circumstances of the last scene of life? In a word, Madam, you may see here the miraculous and powerful effects of the Religion you profess, and the Grace
you

you entertain and have chosen for your portion and ornament; how nothing can stand against it, how every thing must turn to its advantage, and how all that oppose it, serve only to adorn it with never-fading trophies of glory. I question not, Madam, but your reading of this book will start many more useful and delightful hints, than are here mentioned, which may afford you advice and comfort in this your pilgrimage through *the valley of the shadow of death*, to the land of bliss and glory. But I detain you too long from the banquet within, where (according to *Sampson's* riddle) you'll find *the eater giving meat, and the strong one sweetness*. So commending you to
that

that grace whose triumphs are here
so signally exemplified, I remain
with all due respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

P. L.



THE PREFACE.



It is so rare a thing to see persons of quality, in the flower of their age, wholly disengaged and set loose from the world and vanities thereof, and it is of so great import to publish such edifying examples as these, that we may suppose the best of all sorts will think themselves obliged by our communicating to them the Last Words of the Lady Margaret de la Musse, it being impossible to read them, without being powerfully affected therewith. For (indeed) we
find

find in this little piece so many objects of wonder, as we are at a stand where to fix it most. We have here a Lady presented to us, who at the age of sixteen years, when others only begin to enter upon the stage of the world, and to relish the vain pleasures of it, earnestly desires to leave it ; and not minding aught, save those felicities which never end, affronts death, and all its terrifying concomitants, with so much constancy, bravery, and joy, as if she were full of days, and had lived to that utmost term of life, which uses to make death welcome ; who, at those years, when others have scarce attained some slight tinctures and impressions of piety, and are only acquainted

acquainted with the first rudiments of Christianity, speaks so solidly and worthily of the mysteries of salvation, and the grounds of her hope, that one would think she had spent an age in the reading and meditation of those Sacred Records. To be brief, we see a young virgin, who being dearly beloved of all her relations and friends, might be thought to have strong ties to the earth, where she was about to leave them, and yet speaks of nothing but heaven, and the salvation her Saviour purchased for her ; who every moment darts her flaming desires to the all-glorious and lovely cause of them ; and who, amidst the extreme agonies and pains she suffers, permits

permits not the least murmur against Divine Providence to escape her lips; but meekly submitting to the will of her Creator, triumphs by faith, over all the weaknesses and oppositions of nature. Finally, we see a mother, who though she were most sensibly afflicted to find herself at the point of parting with her she most tenderly loved, yet has courage enough to comfort her daughter in her last conflicts, and is not at all ashamed to learn to die well of her, whom she had taught to live so. It's like there will not be found so exact a connexion in all that this illustrious expirer delivers, as some critical ears may require; but besides, that it is not strange to find the discourses

courses of dying persons, broken and interrupted, and that it was not well possible to retain all she spoke, I dare affirm, that the Reader will meet with so many surprising and affecting passages in these papers, that he will give little heed to their connexion, or exactness of style. In a word, the only aim in publishing this, is to expose to view the miraculous effects of grace, when it works on the heart, and seizes it for its own; making the very mouths of children the trumpets of its praise. God, of his infinite mercy, grant to us all, That we may *die the death of the righteous*, and that *our latter end may be like their's*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Translator desires the Reader to take notice, That where this Young Lady repeats the Psalms in verse, which also (as it is usual for French Protestants to do) she frequently sang; he has made use of such English translations, as best express the sense of the French metre.



THE
LAST WORDS
and
EDIFYING DEATH

of the

LADY

Margaret de la Musse.



The lady Margaret de la Musse, whose last words are here recorded, was of one of the noblest families in the province of Brittany, she being the daughter of Cæsar, Lord Marquis de la Musse, and the lady Ursulina de Champagne de la Suse, his consort; who, together with their illustrious ancestors, have held so considerable

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a rank

a rank in the kingdom, that the only naming of them may suffice to convince the world of it. But it is not for that alone, they deserve the esteem of all men, as being far more eminent for their great piety and exemplary virtue, than nobleness of blood. Their great and unparalleled zeal for God's glory, and unmovable constancy in the true religion, cannot sufficiently be commended and admired; afflictions and sufferings, which are the lot of the church militant here on earth, having never been able to make them renounce the doctrine our Saviour taught, and his martyrs have sealed with their blood: for they all along made it their chiefest business, more and more, to establish the covenant of God, and knowledge of his truth in their family. And to the end all the children God had given them, might be heirs of their piety and virtue, as well as estate, their greatest concern and care ever was to afford them, together with a good education, the powerful example of an holy life.

And

And though God has some time since deprived this illustrious family of him who was the head of it, yet by the care of his most pious lady, godliness has no less flourished in it, than before insomuch that God being honoured and feared, his holy name called upon, and his sacred word made the subject of constant meditation among them, this wise mother always had the comfort and happiness to see her cares and desires herein, answered by every one of her children ; and particularly by this daughter of hers, whose dying words are here rehearsed, who, in the last moments of her life, did, in a special manner, shew how deep an impression those good instructions had made on her, which she had received in her most tender age.

This pious young lady, after some days indisposition, which daily grew upon her, did, on the 4th of May 1681, being Sunday, fall into such violent fits, that as soon as she was come to herself again, perceiving her latter end was near, desired the
lady

lady her mother should be called, that she might receive her blessing, and be comforted by her; who no sooner appeared, but this dutiful daughter, stretching forth her hands to her, with all the submission imaginable, spake thus: “My dear mother, now is the time God will call me to himself. Let us put ourselves in a condition of coming into his presence. But alas! how unworthy am I to present myself before him! How weak is my faith, and how disproportionate my repentance! Pray entreat God for me, that he would grant me the pardon of my sins, and speak peace to my soul. Oh, how unhappy am I, he does not speak at all to my soul! Oh beg of him to have mercy on me.”

How much soever the lady her mother found herself moved at this discourse, yet she had so much power over herself, as to return her this answer: “Dear child, it’s true, that in God’s sight no man living (but through his mercy) can be justified. But has not the Saviour of the world made
an

an atonement for the greatest sinners? Have not the sins of David, Manasses, St. Peter, the penitent thief, and abundance of others been forgiven them? Jesus Christ (as you very well know, my child) *did not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*”

“ ’Tis true (replied the young lady); but such a repentance I do not find wrought in me, as God requires of those he calls to him : for alas, he speaks not to my soul.”

“ My dear child (answered the lady her mother), since your heart is so sensible of grief for your sins, it’s a sign that your conscience is not seared or stupified; there is something that fights within you; and what can that be but the Holy Ghost? Always put your trust in God’s mercy, and the merits of your Redeemer, who has said, *him that comes to me I will in no wise cast out.*” At the hearing of which comfortable words, the patient, with her eyes lifted up to heaven, broke out into these words :

words : *O Lord, draw me, then, that I may run after thee.*”

Then she desired to see their chaplain Monsieur de Malnoc ; who no sooner was acquainted with it, but he repaired to her chamber, in company of some gentlewomen of the neighbourhood he met at the door, to whom, as they drew near to her bedside to see her, she thus spoke : “ My dear friends, I beg of you, pray to God that he would be pleased to have mercy on me.” And then turning to the minister, she earnestly desired him to assist her with his prayers and comfortable exhortations.

And some few hours after this, she finding herself uneasy in her chamber, desired to be (and was accordingly) removed to another ; and she still growing worse and worse, requested to be recommended to God in the prayers of the church. In the mean time she would hear nothing but godly discourses, and always was talking of the heinousness of her sins. Whereupon being told, that it was very pleasing
to

to God to see us accuse ourselves before him; “’tis true (cried she) whosoever does *confess and forsake his sins, shall have mercy.*”

” All the rest of the day she spent in lamenting and bewailing the weakness and imperfection of her piety; and no sooner was fallen into a slumber, but she awaked and called for the chaplain; still continuing in meditation and prayer, and frequently calling upon God, as particularly thus :

“ With speed send help, and set me free,
My God, I thee require:
Make haste with aid to succour me,
O Lord, at my desire.

Like a lost sheep I ’ve gone astray,
But now to thee I come;
Thy precepts I resolve t’ obey;
Lord, bring thy servant home.

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation,

tion, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is mercy with thee, that thou mayest be feared. Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sins. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me. Turn thy face from mine iniquities, and put out all my misdeeds. Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

Lord, to my prayer incline thine ear;

Th' afflicted hear:

Nor be thou deaf to my complaint;

For O, I faint!

Regard the sighs, the groans, the cries,
Which from my pensive soul arise.

O wretched creature that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

Which having said, she remained silent for a little while; and then began to speak again, saying, "Draw near to me, O Lord,
and

and I will draw near to thee ; and purify my heart, that I may appear before thee.

To thee, O Lord, my God, lo I
Do stretch my craving hands :
My soul desireth after thee,
As do the thirsty lands.

Hear me with speed, my spirit does fail,
Hide not thy face me fro :
Else shall I be like them that down
Into the pit do go.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness ; according to the multitude of thy mercies, blot out mine offences. O restore unto me the comfort of thy salvation, and stablish me with thy free Spirit."

It cannot be described how great her grief and disquiet was, when she reflected upon her weaknesses, and the little care she conceived she had taken in the performance of her duty to God ; and in this doleful condition she cried out,

“ Lord God of health, the hope and stay,
 Thou art alone to me:
 I call and cry throughout the day,
 And all the night to thee.

O let my prayer soon ascend
 Unto thy sight on high:
 Incline thine ear, O Lord, attend,
 And hearken to my cry.

For why? with woe my heart is fill'd,
 And does in trouble dwell:
 My life and breath almost does yield,
 And draweth nigh to hell.

O Lord, though *my sins witness against me*, yet do thou pardon and put away mine iniquities, for thy great name's sake (which I invoke). For *thy wrath endures but a moment*; and in *thy favour is life*.

Behold my troubles, Lord,
 How they with haste advance:

O do

O do not stay, but come as fast
To my deliverance.

*Like as the hart pants after the water
brooks, so longs my soul after thee, O God!
My soul is athirst for God, yea even for the
living God: when shall I come and appear
before God?*

Look down to me, and be the same
As thou art us'd to be to them who love
thy name.

'T is for thy favour that I sue,
And hast'ning of that promise which thy
word makes due."

All the night long she was rehearsing
the most pathetical verses of the Psalms;
and in the morning (being Monday) a Ro-
man Catholic being come to see her, about
nine of the clock, and expressing his grief
upon the score of her sickness, she answer-
ed his civility, and withal gave him an ac-
count of her faith, and the hope that was
in

in her; assuring him, she was resolved to die in that religion, which she was brought up in, and always had professed. Some few days after this, a divine, by name Monsieur Boursault, being come to visit her, discoursed her a little while, and then prayed with her; she instancing to him, after his prayer was ended, what part of it had most affected her. This whole day (as the foregoing) she passed in continual sighs and tears; often crying out, “Oh! how much weakness and infirmity, O my God, am I sensible of! Oh! how unworthy am I to appear before thee! If thou, O Lord, mark my transgressions, I shall not be able to abide it. But, O my God, I beseech thee, *speake peace unto me, and say to my soul, I am thy salvation.*

Incline thine ear to hear my voice,
 And pity on me take:
 As thou wast wont, so help me, Lord,
 Lest life should me forsake.

Since

Since my *sins* do *abound*, O Lord, so make thy *grace* much more *abound* towards me. *Hear me, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness is good: turn unto me, according to the multitude of thy mercies. And hide not thy face from thy servant, for I am in trouble. O haste thee, and hear me. Draw nigh unto my soul, and save it, for thy mercies sake."*

With these she rehearsed also several admirable sentences she had learned out of a book, intituled, "*Comforts against the Terrors of Death;*" which being slipt out of our mind, are not mentioned here.

She having been, from the Sunday morning, in continual frights and disquiets, occasioned by the sense of her sins, and her apprehension of God's judgments, found her spirit calmed, and her mind much composed, about seven of the clock in the evening, when she felt the comforts of the Holy Ghost, and was filled with that *unspeakable joy and glory* which God diffuses in their hearts, who are struck with a lively sorrow for having offended him.

Now

Now at the time of these happy inspirations it was, that she hearing them, who were about her, talk of giving her something to refresh her body, said to them, "All that is done to me, is to no purpose; for from my God I have received the only remedy my soul so much longed for. *I called upon the Lord in my trouble, and the Lord heard me at large. I feel my God is on my side: therefore I will fear no evil. For the right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass. The Lord has inclined his ear unto me: therefore will I call upon him as long as I breathe. The snares of death compassed me about, and the pains of hell gat hold of me. I found trouble and heaviness; but I will call upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was in misery, and he helped me. Turn again then unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*"

Here

Here she making a stop, they gave her that which was prepared for her; and some of the company telling her she should endeavour to take some rest, she answered, "that the rest and peace she felt in her soul, was her sole joy and happiness." And when it was farther said to her, that she ought to take courage, there being yet hopes of recovery; "Ah! (replied she) tell me no more of living here on earth again, now all my thoughts are fixed upon heaven. Neither does death affright me at all: for though I know *it is the wages of sin*, I know also that *the gift of God is eternal life*. Only pray to God for me, that he would be pleased to strengthen me more and more against the fears, which the sense of my sins may raise in me, to the end I may be enabled to *fight the good fight*, and so obtain *the crown of life*."

Upon which one saying to her, that the fears occasioned from sin, ought to be much less in her, than any body else, she having always lived a most pious re-
tired

tired life ; she made this answer : “ How do you know that I would not have loved the world, if I had been brought up as other people of my quality are ? Am not I more happy now, that my Saviour will take me from it ? Let us therefore pray him, that he would so dispose my heart, that I may go to him with a full assurance of his mercy. O Lord, this is the needful time ; help me, my God, haste thee to my relief.”

Then another saying to her, “ But, madam, suppose God would spare you to us”——Here she replied, without giving the party leave to go on, “ *Not my will, O Lord, but thy will be done.* Nevertheless it is far better for me to depart, and be with my Saviour. But, O my God, *Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.*” And so proceeded to the end of the Lord’s Prayer ; and afterwards rehearsed also the Apostle’s Creed. Which having done, she sate up in her bed, and looking on her hands, said, “ This poor body must re-
turn

turn to its dust. But *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality. And then shall death be swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy victory? Where is that sting wherewith thou wouldst pierce me? My Saviour has broken it.*" After which, she making a little pause, did seem to fall asleep; but presently turning herself towards the Lady her mother, with a cheerful countenance, said to her, "Dear mother, give me up to God again, who thus long has lent me to you." Whereupon the Lady her mother, lifting up her eyes to heaven, with sighs and tears cried out, "O heavenly Father, into thy hands I commend both myself, and this poor child thou hast given me: make us (I beseech thee) partakers of thy holiness, that we may be so of thy happiness also."

Then

Then the patient answered, "*I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.*" And looking on the Lady her mother with a tender look, she said to her (upon occasion of a dream she had), "Dear mother, give me to drink again of your consolations." Whereto the Lady her mother answered, "it is the Lord shall do that for you, my child." "Aye, (replied she) yet have I received some by your means also." Then the Lady her mother went on, and said, "*With joy shall you draw water out of the wells of salvation.*" To which the patient answered, "Yea, verily, I am drinking already of those waters springing up into eternal life; and my cup does overflow. Lord, break this vessel of earth, that the treasure may appear which thou hast laid up in it. Take unto thee again the breath wherewith thou hast animated this my poor body."

The next night after, she dreamed that
she

she saw two lamps fastened to heaven, which gave a most glorious light, and that at last one of them was caught up and hid in heaven. Which dream she having told the Lady her mother the next morning, she said to her, “My dear child, thou *virgin of Israel*, mystical *bride*, go to meet thy *bridegroom*, with thy *lamp* full of that oil thy Saviour has given thee.” Then the patient cried out, “*Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit*: yea, I am now going to the wedding of the Lamb, who has married me to himself, in his tender mercies, and I shall sit down at his table with *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, in the kingdom of heaven.” At which conversation the chaplain being present, was going to conclude it, with these words [*Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*] But the patient interrupting him, cried out, “Oh! this joy of the Lord is my joy:” adding, that “*mercy rejoiced against judgment*, in her behalf.” After this, the Lady her mother, and one of
of

of her own sisters, who remained alone with her, heard her most fervently pray to God, and rehearse several sentences of the vi. li. and cxliii. Psalms; which she delivered either in prose or verse, sometimes according to the old, and at other times according to the new translation. And thus applying herself to God, with a zeal beyond expression, all her thoughts were now so raised, that she felt such ravishing joys, as no tongue can utter. “How happy am I! (repeated she often). How surpassing is my joy! How can I express it? It’s so great, that it exceeds all comparison. What thanks have I to return to my good God! You, my dear friends, (speaking to her mother and sister) help me to ascribe the glory due to his name, and to set forth his worthy praise.”

The Lady her mother seeing her in this happy condition, called those in again, who were gone out of the room, that they might be witnesses of this her joy and consolation, as they had been of her sorrows.

She

She was at this time sitting up in her bed, with her hands joined together, and her eyes lifted towards heaven; her looks being very lively and cheerful, and her countenance brisk, though modest. For the space of six hours she spoke with a loud voice, and did express much in few words; using terms very emphatical to represent, sometimes her happiness, and sometimes the joy she was filled with; interlacing her discourse with several sentences both of the Old and New Testament, which she uttered so fast and fluently, that it was impossible to remember them all; and mixing her inspired thoughts with those written dictates of the Holy Ghost, sometimes made her address to our Lord for the redemption he had vouchsafed to her; and then again humbled herself before him. At another time she congratulated her own happy state; and lastly, she returned a thousand times her hearty thanks to God for the accumulated favours she had received at his hand.

Besides,

Besides, she paraphrased several chapters of the Holy Scripture, as the 5th, 8th, and 12th of the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, and the 17th of St. John's gospel; applying them to herself, much after this manner: "My God, *there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus*: I have, therefore, nothing to fear, for I do with all my heart lay hold of his merits, who is the Redeemer of the world. I am *made free from the law of sin and death*, which does no more at all affright me; and I feel the Spirit of eternal life communicated to me by my Saviour. Yea, O my God, I know I am one of thy children, since this thy Spirit so powerfully comforts me.

Arise, my soul, and to th' Almighty King,
Sprightly and cheerful hallelujahs sing.

Oh! how great is my happiness, *who have not received the spirit of bondage, but the spirit of adoption, whereby I can call him*

him

him *Father*, who is the great God and Master of the world. Thou Holy Ghost, shalt always *bear witness to my spirit, that I am the child of God, and co-heir with Christ. O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen.* Lord Jesu (added she), thou saidst in that prayer thou didst put up for thine Apostles, *Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their words, I have believed on thee, through their words: thou didst, therefore, O Lord, even then, pray for thy poor handmaid. Lord, thou didst say, [Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.] O grant (I beseech thee) that where thou art, I may be also, to the end I may behold thy glory to all eternity.* Then hearing some of the company say, that she spake well; “*It is not I (answered she) that speak,*

“speak, but the Holy Ghost that speaks in me, to whom he has given the tongue of the learned. O hearken to me, therefore, and I will tell what he has done for my soul. O join with me in returning him thanks for his unspeakable gift.”

In the mean time she frequently clapt her hands, and shouted for joy; often repeating these words: “O the greatness of my happiness! How can I express the content of my soul? That blessed Comforter has overcome for me, and is sent to cohabit with me. He (I say) is come to me, who is *the fountain of life*, and in whose light alone we can see light. How many wonderful favours have I received from my good God! What shall I render unto him for all the benefits that he has done to me, who am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, and of all the truth which he has shewn to his servant, and wherewith he has filled my soul. Wherefore with joy and gladness my mouth shall praise his holy name. O Lord, how much enriched am I
with

thee, I adore thee, I glorify thee, I give thanks to thee for thy great mercy, O Lord, my God, and heavenly Father! And you, my dear friends, (speaking to them that stood by) help me to return thanks and praise due unto his name." Which having said, she cried aloud, "*My soul does magnify the Lord, and my spirit has rejoiced in God my Saviour; for he has regarded the lowliness of his handmaid.* How great is the goodness of God towards me, who has taken pity of me! O how exceeding charitable and loving is my Saviour, who has extended this his great love towards me, even when I was an enemy to him! Yea, he did *knock at the door* of my heart, and *enter in* (even at that time when I would have shut it against him) and *spake peace* to my soul. O the abyss of mercy and love, that He, very God and Man, should suffer a shameful death upon the cross, to redeem both my body and soul from eternal damnation! O my God, my heavenly Saviour, I see, as it were, rivers of blood running

running out of those wounds in thy blessed hands, feet, and side, which are as so many rivers of grace, that have made me *whiter than snow*. I, therefore, from a true heart, love, adore, and embrace thee, beseeching thee, O thou *Sun of Righteousness*, to shine in my soul, enlighten it with the knowledge, purify it with the fear, and inflame it with the love of Thee ; make it partaker of thy holiness and happiness ; and when it has put off this weak and frail body, grant, that at the last day, it may re-assume it in a glorified state, and both of them reign with thee for ever and ever. Amen."

As she was in those transports of mind, looking up steadfastly to heaven, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, then present, said to the Lady her mother, That he thought her daughter might very well say with holy Stephen, *Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right-hand of God*. Which the patient hearing, cried out, "Yea, indeed, I behold

hold him, and, like St. Paul, am placed in the view of things that are unspeakable. And you, my dear friends, how is it you don't see the same with me? This mercy, which is not vouchsafed to every one, God will shew you one day." Then stirring up herself, she said, "*Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Yea, I will alway give thanks unto the Lord, his praise shall ever be in my mouth. O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together.*"

Let the whole world, O God, sing 'praise
to thee,
And may their songs like mine, eternal be.

Oh, how much in love am I with my Saviour, for that he has *heard my prayer, and inclined his ear to me!* Therefore, I will call upon him as long as I live. Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace,
good

good will towards men. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

After she had rehearsed these and several other places of Scriptures, with which she often mixt these words, [Oh! how great is my happiness! how surpassing my joy!] she did sit up in her bed, and with an admirable gracefulness, spake to the standers-by, in this manner.

“ O taste and see, as I have done,
And then confess you must,
That God is good, and they are blest,
That in his goodness trust.

Come to me, with attention hear,
I will instruct you in his fear.

O come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he has done for my soul. I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue. If I had inclined
my

my heart to wickedness, the Lord would not have heard me. But now he has heard me, and considered the voice of my prayer. Let us, therefore, praise the Lord, who has not cast away my prayer, nor turned his mercy from me."

Which having said, she then prayed for the king, in these words: "*Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son; and grant that he may judge thy people according to justice, and defend them that are opprest with wrong. Bless him, and all the royal family, with thy most exquisite benedictions from heaven above, and on the earth beneath: and thou, O Lord, who hast the hearts of kings in thy hands, inspire the heart of thine anointed with tender mercy, pity, and compassion, and incline him to be the defender of thy poor distressed people, that are his Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects. Save them, O Lord, and let the king hear them when they call."*

With which she also recited that out of
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the 44th, 74th, and 102d Psalms, which was proper in this place ; and at the same time earnestly prayed for the church in general ; saying, among other things, “ O merciful God, vouchsafe in thy tender compassions, to look upon thy poor desolate *Sion*, whom thou hast chosen for thy spouse ; she is afflicted, and grievously oppressed : *it is time that thou have mercy upon her, and renew her youth like that of an eagle. O Lord, send thy children prosperity ; and comfort them again, now after the time thou hast plagued them, and for the years wherein they have suffered adversity.* Alas, poor church ! there is no constant rest for thee on earth : here thou must, like thy Saviour, wear a crown of thorns ; but *be of good cheer*, this will not last always ; thy miseries shall have an end, and thy Saviour will replenish thee with eternal joy and consolations, which he has given me a taste of already, and will further make us all partakers of, one day, in a more abundant manner, according to the riches of his infinite

finite goodness and mercy.” And particularly she prayed for the church of Nantes; making it her humble suit to God, that He, who is the God of peace, would be pleased always to be with her, and keep unity and concord, love and charity in the midst of her.

Then she rehearsed the 133d Psalm; *Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity:* and so on. And after that, this exhortation of St. Paul: *be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another.* Which having said, she turned towards the Lady her mother, and spake to her thus: “Dear mother, give thanks and praise to God all your life long, for his great goodness and bounty in giving you a daughter, whom (though she be but a wretched worm) he has made the *temple* of his *Holy Spirit*. May He, that good God, bless you with his choicest blessings; may He also bless your posterity, and *establish his covenant with them for all generations, as long as the sun*
and

and moon shall endure." Then she proceeded to give her blessing to the young ladies her sisters, (whom she called to her) and likewise to her brothers, brothers-in-law, sister-in-law, and niece, though they were absent. And after this, desiring they would all come near her, who were in her chamber, and had (in company with the chaplain) watched with her the night before, she in a most tender manner embraced and blessed them all; speaking to every one of them according to their respective conditions, and that so pertinently and properly, that she was the admiration of all.

And in a particular manner she shewed a great deal of respect to Monsieur de la Colombric, (who was steward of the house) expressing her acknowledgments to him for his great concern and affection for their family, desiring him to continue the same. Then speaking to his wife Mrs. de la Colombric, said to her, "Come and rejoice with me, and take your share of these de-

lights I am filled with, as feeling myself the most satisfied and happy person in the world.” And afterwards, directing her speech and exhortation to the whole company, said, “My dear friends, leave off sinning, I pray you: you see what cruel disquiets mine have caused me: let us, according to our calling, edify the church of God, and shew good examples in our lives and conversations. Let us (as the Apostle advises) *live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world: and whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, let us think on these things.* O how great is my love for you, my dear friends; I love every one of you alike in Jesus Christ; for I have no more affection to my own mother, brothers, and sisters, than all other persons I know. I am in charity with all the world, and would even love my enemies, if I had any.”

Now

Now she hearing some body weep about her bed, said, “Don’t you mourn for me, but mourn for your sins.” Then presently recalling her words, she thus expressed herself: “Oh, let us lament and bewail our sins!” And for a proof she was not moved at all with the tears they shed on her account, added, that now she *knew no body after the flesh*. Which saying of the Apostle she had learned of Monsieur Royer, to whom a pious lady spoke it on her death-bed. Whereupon she calling him to mind, wished him all happiness, and gave him the character of a real good man; saying, “He is a person whom I have always observed to be most piously and charitably inclined. I pray God bless him, and more and more increase his gifts in him. Would I could see him, I know he would speak comfortable words to me, and we would edify one another.” Here she repeated her earnest wishes for a blessing upon Monsieur de Malnoe, whom she always called her good pastor, and her dear pas-
tor,

tor, and embracing him, heartily prayed, that he might ever live quietly and in peace with his brothers, and prosperity never depart from his family; saying to him, "I heartily beg of God to bless you and your ministry." And she at the same time expressed also a great desire to see Monsieur de Brissac, praying God likewise to bless both him and his. Thus having spoken for a while to the standers-by, she began again to return her thanks to God, with the same zeal and fervency as before; saying, with David,

O God, the spring of all my joys,
 For thee I long, to thee I look,
 No chased hart does pant so much
 After the cooling water-brook.

Blest be the Majesty above,
 Whom all true worshippers adore;
 Let every age consent, and say,
 Amen, till time shall be no more."

Which

Which latter part of the 41st Psalm, she often repeated in verse. And here remembering her aunt the Lady de la Suse, who had taught her the same, she mightily longed to see her, saying over and over, "O my dear aunt, how much do I love you! How great would my joy be now, had I you here with me; for you would assist me in giving thanks to God for his goodness to me. O the great love I have for you, who have so well taught me to praise him! *Praise the Lord (therefore) O my soul: while I live I will praise the Lord: yea, as long as I have any being, I will sing praises unto my God. Thy name, O Lord, will I laud continually for thy great love, who hast said to me, Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me. I will satisfy thee, and shew thee my salvation. Yea, Lord, thou hast heard me and comforted my soul, that did so much long for thee. Thou hast (I say) in a most wonderful manner, comforted me with thy holy Word*

and

and Spirit, and rid me of all my fears. And now, Lord, perfect thou the good work thou hast begun in me, and crown me with eternal bliss and glory in heaven. Yea, O my good God ! I have already obtained this great felicity ; *I have seen thy salvation.*”

Thus she took great delight in the paraphrasing of the Scripture ; seeming, as it were, to have received a new vocation from God, and above all, that of teaching every one their duty : neither was she wanting in the stirring up of herself to the performance of her own, often rehearsing these words of the Psalmist : “ *I will always give thanks unto the Lord ; his praise shall ever be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord ; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad : and so on.* Which Psalm she repeated every day both in prose and verse, according to the new or old translation, and had this place very frequently in her mouth, *keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.* After

After which she added, "I will give continual thanks to my good God for his infinite mercies to me. I would the whole church were here, and all let in, who have a mind to see me; but above all, I wish those of a contrary religion were present, that they might take notice how good my religion is, since it makes me die so well. *If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema.* Oh, how vast is my happiness! how great my joy! How numberless are the blessings I have received. Praised, praised for ever be the name of my Lord and Saviour for all his wonderful mercies bestowed upon me."

In the mean time they that stood by, looking on a watch that was upon the table, and perceiving thereby (it being now past midnight) that she had been speaking above six hours, were much astonished, considering the vehement palpitation of her heart, and the difficulty she had to fetch her breath: which made the company desire her to leave off discoursing,
for

for fear of spending herself too much. But this advice was so unwelcome to her, that she presently, with some indignation, answered, “I cannot hold my tongue, I must speak; for, *My heart is inditing of a good matter. O God, my heart is ready, my heart is ready; I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have.*” After which, she remaining silent for a little while, broke out immediately into these words: “O what pain do I suffer in holding my peace!” And indeed she had no sooner left off speaking, but they heard a rattling in her throat that was very troublesome to her; but she nevertheless continued still to entertain herself with God; when the company withdrawing, the Lady her mother laid down herself by her, and both of them had a pretty good rest that night.

The next morning, (being Thursday) after she had had some discourse with the Lady her mother, she gave her hand to a gentleman of the neighbourhood, that was
come

come to visit her; and observing him to weep, said to him, "What, sir, do you weep? Is it because God has a love for me, and will take me to himself?" Here she alledged the example of Josiah, king of Judah, whom God took out of the world, because he loved him, that he might not see those calamities that were to befall the city of Jerusalem, and the whole Jewish nation. Then, she speaking to the Lady her mother, said, "O dear mother, how well composed am I at this time! I feel no pains at all; but am very easy, and do perceive my Saviour has delivered me from all my fears and troubles: therefore I will give him eternal thanks and praise." Whereupon she presently began to recite several Psalms, (both in prose and verse) as the VI. XXV. XXVII. XXXII. XXXIV. LXVI. CIII. CXVIII. CXLVI.; insisting particularly upon those places that were most proper for her condition, and afforded her most comfort: which she uttered with so much zeal and devotion, that it made the

Lady

Lady her mother say to her, "Well, dear child, thou art going to make one in the quire of angels and seraphims, and shalt very suddenly *sing the song of the Lamb.*" "Yes, (answered she) I shall make sweet melody, and sing everlasting hallelujahs to his glory." And perceiving the Lady her mother was very attentive to what she said, added, "Good mother, we must always endeavour to edify our neighbours by praising God; and administer such comfort to them, as we would be glad to receive ourselves at God's hand."

After this, a gentlewoman asking her, whether she would not take something, she answered, "I have no will of my own; bring me what you will, and do what you please with me, it will be all one to me." Then she turned to another gentlewoman, that was just come into the room, who expressing herself to have been much edified by the good things she had heard her speak the night before, this devout patient replied, "My dear friend,
don't

don't you wonder at my speaking so long with so much boldness and freedom, who was ever bashful, and of few words? These are gifts of God not to be forgotten." Which having said, she looked about, and perceiving the Lady her mother weep, said to her, "'Tis not you, dear mother, have cause to shed tears; 'tis Madam ——— (she meant a gentlewoman, who was mother to one that was turned a Papist) who has reason to bewail her daughter. But as for yours, she is going to Him, who is the dispenser of true glory, and not of vanities."

Some hours after this, the young ladies her sisters coming to sit upon her bed, the Lady their mother came and sat with them; and as she was saying to God, *Behold, Lord, here am I, and the children thou hast given me*; the patient answered, "Dear mother, let us yield thanks to God. *But what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits towards me?* Pray, my dear mother and sisters, afford me your assistance

ance to bless my God, and never mourn for me; for I am too happy, in that my good God calls me to himself. How miserable (alas!) should I have been in the world, where we do nothing else but offend Him, go through a great deal of trouble, (being our own tormentors) and, in a word, run after vanities, and mind nothing but pride." To which the Lady her mother answered, "My dear child, thou wast very far from being worldly-minded, and have any vain or proud thoughts." "O mother, (replied she) you did not know the bottom of my heart: certainly I had pride in me, and would fain have made a shew in the world; and (perhaps) if I had remained longer in it, it would have proved my undoing. Pray God keep our brethren, who are exposed to great trials." Some of them she did name, and added, *Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever.*" Then applying herself

self to the young ladies her sisters, she said to them, “ Dear sisters, keep always constantly to God’s word, and store yourselves well with it. *Lord, thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.*” And withal she charged them to learn the Psalms of the late Monsieur Conrart’s translation, and Monsieur Gilbert’s; picking out (first) such as afforded most comfort. As for her, she had got twenty-five of the former, and twelve of the latter, by heart, at thirteen years of age; and the whole book of Psalms, according to the old translation, which she had learned at the late Lady Marchioness de Verac’s, that was both her aunt and god-mother, with whom she lived for a time. She had also several of them in prose by heart, which she extremely delighted in; and though she was very perfect in sundry chapters, and most of the edifying places of the Scripture, (which she could say without book) yet she did oft complain of her want of memory.

After a little pause, she began afresh to
speak,

speak, and applying herself to one of the young ladies her sisters, she exhorted her above all, to learn a certain prayer out of the fore-mentioned book, called [*Comforts against the Terrors of Death*] for God's assistance and grace to die well, and advised her to use the same daily; intimating, that God had granted to herself all the petitions therein. She was also wont to repeat, every morning, the goth Psalm.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another; and so on, to the end.

A gentlewoman of the neighbourhood having brought her two daughters to her, whom she had the night before desired to see, she said to them, "My dear friends, have always the fear of God before your eyes, and never depart from that eternal truth which is in his Holy Scriptures. Obey your parents and superiors; and *love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*"

At

At the same time she remembered four or five other she-friends of hers, wishing them with her, and one above the rest, whom she ever had a great kindness for, and recommended her to the Lady her mother, desiring her to take care of, and provide for her. And the Lady her mother naming her some others, she earnestly prayed God to bless them all, and in a particular manner implored his divine help and assistance for one, who lay under an extraordinary great affliction.

When she was in health, she was not more backward, than she was forward and desirous to speak now she was sick ; delivering herself with a great deal of freedom, and omitting nothing of what she knew to be edifying. After which, she fell into a little slumber, and rested about an hour ; and then awaking, one of her physicians was surprised to find her so well composed, she neither speaking, nor looking like one that was sick, but on the contrary, having a serene countenance, and a
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a free and undisturbed mind. He did also wonder to hear her talk so well, as she did, of her condition ; but yet for all that, he now began to despair of her recovery, considering her great shortness of breath, and weakness of her stomach, that was not able to bear any thing : nevertheless, she took whatever he gave her, saying to him, “ Sir, I will do any thing you shall please to direct and prescribe ; for since you are called to look after me, and give me relief, it behoves me to follow your directions.”

The Lady her mother, whose sorrow was greater than can be imagined, and who had no other comfort than what she received from her, observing the holy and blessed frame she was in, said to her, “ O dear child, how edifying were thy words to me last night, and are still !” “ Aye, surely (replied she) my mind was then much at liberty, and I had a great deal more freedom in my utterance than ever before. I was speaking very eloquently
and

and freely of the wonderful works of God; and my mouth did utter things I never knew before. I then was made acquainted with the mysteries of our salvation, which are not to be known here below. I cannot express them to you, for they are *things unspeakable*; and, through mercy, I continue still in this heavenly condition."

The rest of the day she was very still, and felt almost no pains, except when they gave her something; for that did set her a coughing. Her slumbers were frequent; and as she waked, always addressed herself to the Chaplain, and congratulating her happy condition, rejoiced and triumphed in the grace she had received the day before. The only subject of her entertainment, was the Holy Scripture, from whence she drew all her comfort; and particularly she found much of it in the first of the Romans, and often blessed God in several passages of the Psalms, such as these :

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Lord,

“ Lord, I will bless thee, and thy praise
Shall up to heav’n my voice and numbers
raise :

Of thee my soul shall always boast,
Who sav’dst me when I gave myself for
lost :

And with us shall the humble join,
Hoping thou wilt their refuge be, as thou
wert mine.

To thee, my God, I mourn’d in my distress,
My doleful groans thy heart did move,
Thou didst refresh me from above,
And answer gav’st of thine own faithful-
ness.

*Lord, thou didst send from above, thou
tookest and drewest me out of many waters.
Thou hast been favourable to me. For where
my sins abounded, thy grace did superabound.
Therefore, when thou sayest to me, Seek thou
my face : my heart shall answer thee, Thy
face, Lord, will I seek. Yea, O my God,
thou*

thou wilt very suddenly unveil it to me in thy holy paradise.”

Then she entered upon a most excellent edifying dialogue (which is intended to be published by itself) with the Chaplain, who protests she therein opened his understanding in a most wonderful manner; and after that, spoke to the Lady her mother, thus: “Dear mother, my soul is possessed with that *peace of God which passeth all understanding*. The Lord has sought, and found me. O how good is my Lord and Saviour, that he, *the Just*, should have given himself *for the unjust*.” After which, she rehearsed several sentences out of the 119th Psalm, namely these:

My soul fainteth for thy salvation: but I hope in thy word.

I am thine, save me: for I have sought thy precepts.

How sweet are thy words to my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.

Thy

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

Uphold me according to thy word, that I may live; and let me not be ashamed of my hope."

And now reflecting upon her past sorrows and disquiets, she cried with David, " *I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes; nevertheless, thou heardest the voice of my supplications, when I cried unto thee.*

Preserve me, my undoubted aid,
To whom, thou, O my soul, hast said,
Thou art my God, no good in me,
Nor merit can extend to thee;
But to thy blessed saints that dwell
On earth, whose graces most excel.

To the safe path of life direct my way,
Thy presence, where perpetual joys flow
o'er,
Whose pleasures spring for evermore;

By

By those clear streams let me delighted
 stay,
 And melt away in love as well as they."

She often repeated,
 "Come, ye blest saints, and let us rise
 Together with our songs, and reach the
 skies!
 Praise him who my first groan did hear,
 Yet with his hand seem'd to prevent his
 ear:
 And when, like mine, your troubles be,
 But look to him, that hand shall save you
 which helped me."

And here she proceeded thus:
 "Who shall in thy tent abide,
 On thy holy hill reside?
 He that's just and innocent,
 Tells the truth of his intent.
 Slanders none with venom'd tongue;
 Fears to do his neighbour wrong;
 Fosters not base infamies;
 Vice beholds with scornful eyes;
 Honours

Honours those who fear the Lord;
 Keeps, though to his loss, his word;
 Takes no bribes for wicked ends,
 Nor to use his money lends.
 Who by these directions guide
 Their pure steps, shall never slide.

Thou hast dealt graciously with thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word. It is that word that gives wisdom to the simple; therefore I will never forget it."

To this she added also divers other places of the Scripture; and then meditating a little, she said, "Now my fear is over, and (with St. Paul) *There is now no condemnation to me, who am in Christ Jesus. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is ever at the right-hand of God, making intercession for us.*" Upon which the Chaplain taking occasion to tell her she had done like that prudent merchant in the gospel,

gospel, who sought for and bought that *pearl of great price*; she answered, “Aye, ’tis my Saviour has made me a present of this invaluable jewel! For, Sir, is it not true, that *none can affirm Jesus to be the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost?* and that none can love him, but by the same Spirit. It is even He that has put this word into the mouth of his hand-maid. O the unutterable comfort and relief this word administers to me! It is you, my dear mother, (speaking to my Lady) who taught it me. You have so well instructed us, and shewn us a good example, which I wish I had better improved. By this you have procured our family the favour of God, whom I heartily pray to continue it, and more and more encrease his blessings upon you, and prosper all your ways.” To which discourse the Lady her mother made this reply: “Dear child, these instructions and edifying words you now utter, I apply as so many checks and reproaches to myself, for my not having performed my duty in
all

all respects as I ought to have done. I pray God give me grace to do better for the future, according to my calling ; and as it is in vain that *Paul plants, and Apollos waters, except God give the encrease* ; so I beseech him to prevent and bless my endeavours with his divine grace, and heavenly benediction.”

The rest of that day, and part of the following night also, were spent in like conversations. But towards the morning, the patient took some little rest ; and as she awaked, asked what a clock it was. To which they answering, that it was upon the stroke of three, she cried out, “ O my God ! shall the sun shine once more upon my sufferings ? Lord, thou couldst, if it were thy pleasure, make this the dawning of the day of my deliverance and eternal sabbath ; and then would I say, with a holy transport of mind, *Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.*”

Upon which the Lady her mother said,
“ I hope

This is the day which he has made,
Hosannas now befit our voice;
Come, let us in our God rejoice,
And in the day which he has made be glad!
That he prosperity may send,
And to our troubles put an end.

Set open unto me the gates
Of truth and righteousness,
That I may enter into them,
The Lord's praise to express.

O Death! thou that bringest good tidings,
how welcome wouldst thou be to me,
by casting me into the arms of my
dearest

D 5

dearest friend, who has *loved me before the foundation of the world!*"

This day she was visited again by one of her she-friends, who being come to her bed-side, expressed an extreme sorrow to see her in this condition, and with that gave her her hand, which the patient squeezing in hers, replied to her, "O my dear, did you but know the divine consolations my God has bestowed upon me, and how happy I am, you would confess, with me, that I should have been miserable without this his gracious visitation."

After this, she had about an hour's sleep, out of which being awaked, she said, "*What is our life? Truly, it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Therefore, O Lord, teach us so to number our days, as that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. What is man, that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that thou visitest him? When his breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth. But we know, that if our earthly*
house

house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And the glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former. For the things which are seen, are temporal; but the things which are not seen, are eternal."

Then she said, "Pray let my Chaplain be called in, that he may comfort me. O the comforts of the Holy Ghost are the refreshment of my soul. Lord, how sweet are thy words to my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"

When the Chaplain was come in, she said to him, "Come, Sir, Let us go boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Whereupon he answering, "Why don't you say [Let us go and implore for mercy] rather than say (as with confidence you do) *Let us go, that we may obtain mercy.*"

She replied, "Sir, it is because I find a Redeemer there, who has bought me with a price, and said, *Him that cometh unto me,*

I will

I will in no wise cast out ; and I am persuaded, He is faithful and just, to keep his promise." "Aye, madam, (answered the Chaplain) this promise he has made to your contrition, repentance, and faith."

During this whole day (which was Wednesday) she spake many other admirable things, that could not, all of them, be remembered. One would have thought, by seeing her, that her soul was set loose from the body. She had quite forgot the earth, and all ties and relations here ; her only thoughts being now to unite herself with her God by meditation, till she might be more perfectly united to him in heaven.

About evening she felt a great drought in her throat, and was very thirsty ; yet they durst not give her any thing, by reason her stomach could not bear so much as one drop of fair water, without bringing of it up, and that with a vehement cough, accompanied with a stoppage and shortness of breath ; they therefore only
called

called for an epithem, to allay her great palpitation of heart. But she, little regarding the relief they were willing to give her body, cried out on a sudden, "Lord Jesus! thou my heavenly Physician, apply the merits of thy precious blood to me; for that alone can infallibly heal my soul."

Immediately after this, she fell into most cruel agonies, which made her take very little rest all that night: but yet she continued to comfort herself in God; seeking no-where else, but in his word, for a remedy to all her griefs. And in these circumstances she often cried, "*Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.* Speak thou, O my God, to the soul of thy poor hand-maid."

Which having said, she asked a gentleman that was opening the windows of her chamber, what time of the day it was; he answered, it was almost day-light; adding, "Madam, why do you ask me this question? Have you a mind to do as David did, and rise by break of day to praise God?"

Early, my God, before 't is light,
And all the stars are up, but that which
 makes the day,
Whilst heav'n alone with flames is
 bright,
And all below is hurl'd in sable veil of
 night,
Which they can neither draw nor take
 away;
Early I'll worship, and one glance from
 thee,
Ere 't is with others day, shall make it
 noon with me.

And as this dry and thirsty land,
Where the ground, ready to expire for
want of rain,
Gaping, and out of breath does stand,
And shews its very bowels shriv'led like
its sand; And

And having drunk, gapes for more
drink again:

The wilderness and I in this agree;
For as that thirsts for rain, so, Lord, I
thirst for thee.

I thirst thy glorious power to see,
As I have seen it in thy temple heretofore;
When ravish'd with thy love to me,
To die I was content, could I but so love
thee;

And so to die, this life would chuse no
more:

Those thoughts so high my fainting
spirit do raise,
That through my lips they force their
voice in songs of praise.

For this I 'll bless thee, and on high,
To thy great name send up my praises
whilst I live;

For since at present I enjoy
A mind content, it shall prepare for more
supply,

Though

Though thou at present only that dost
 give;
 E'en that shall bring my famish'd soul
 more good,
 Than what my body had from most de-
 licious food.

Marrow and fatness it shall be,
 And all the solid meats which please and
 feed the strong;
 For I shall come at last to thee,
 Who art the blessed end of all felicity,
 And the best subject of my humble song:
 And on my bed when I revolve thy
 might,
 My praises shall, instead of watches, part
 the night."

About four of the clock her illness so
 increased upon her, that she felt most in-
 tolerable pains; which was perceived both
 by the sharp shrieks and lamentable cries
 she from time to time put forth, and by
 the violent convulsion-fits she suffered,
 that

that distorted her arms, and bent her body double. But for all this, her mind was still the same, and lost nothing of its strength and freedom.

In one of these fits she did cry to God, "*Lord, have mercy on me. Let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.*" In another fit (which one would have thought would have thrown her out of her bed, so vehemently it toss'd her body) she cried out, "thunder, lightning, bruise, break to pieces, and do what thou wilt with this poor body; yet will I still love thee, O my God! yea, I will always bless thee, for thy wondrous love and mercy to me."

At another time, as she felt a fit coming again upon her, she said, "*Verily, thine arrows have wounded me already; yet, O my God, though thou shouldst multiply thy plagues upon me, to infinity, yet would that but the more encrease my love towards thee.*"

Hear me, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness is good; turn unto me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies. And hide not thy

thy face from thy servant, for I am in trouble ; hear me speedily. Draw nigh unto my soul. And thou, Lord Jesu, come : yea, come quickly.

My soul out of this prison bring,
That I may praise thee, O my King.

I most humbly beseech thee, O Lord, mitigate and allay my pains, and speedily place me with thee. *Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.*" Then she, looking on the Lady her mother, said to her, " Dear mother, I now suffer the cruel wounds and pangs of death."

Again, at another time, when her violent pains seized her, she cried out, " Pray to God for me, my dear friends ; pray assist me : I am quite spent. I am now drinking the very dregs of affliction." Upon which the Chaplain said to her, " Madam, God deals now with you, as he did once with his only begotten Son, with whom he never was more pleased, than when he lay
under

under his deepest sufferings.” “O (answered she) I do wholly submit myself to God’s will. *For when I am weak then am I strong. I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.*”

Now the fits returning very thick upon her, she cried to God, “O my good Lord! how much do I suffer! but it is thy will, and it is mine too. Grant I may suffer *patiently; for that is acceptable with thee.* And I beseech thee, O Lord, *set a watch before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips,* that I may not *speak unadvisedly with my tongue,* or murmur against thee. For it is my earnest desire, always to bless and love thee, O my God.”

After a little pause, she, turning to the company, said to them, “I pray God shorten your agonies, when any of you shall arrive at your latter end.” And then again she called upon God, in these words of David:

“O thou,

“O thou, on whom my soul for help relies,
Let my distress find pity in thine eyes.

Mercy, my God, on me thy mercy shew,
And if thy pleasure does, my need says
now.

The sorrows of death compass me round about, and the pains of hell have got hold upon me. I find trouble and heaviness: hide not thyself from me in the needful time of my distress. Hearken unto me, answer me, and haste thee to help me. O my God! I spread my complaint, and make my trouble known unto thee. Have mercy, Lord, on thy poor hand-maid. My heart faileth, and my soul fainteth within me.” All these passages she rehearsed at several times, in the midst of her terrible pains: for she had not now breath to speak for a long time together.

After this, she sate up in her bed, and with a tone that would have made one think

think she was not the same person, cried out,

“ Why art thou troubled, soul, and restless grown,

As if forgotten through despair,

As if thy God had left his care,

And lower, than indeed thou art, cast down?

Trust in him still, for thou his name shalt praise;

And whom his absence has depress'd, his sight shall raise.”

Then the Lady her mother said to her,
“ Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.”

“ Aye, dear mother, (answered she) your love is nothing in comparison of that my Saviour has for me. I know my God loves me: he speaks to his hand-maid according to her heart, and heaps his mercies upon me. Only, *lest I should be exalted above measure, he has put this thorn in my flesh.*”

Whenever

Whenever she had any intervals from pain, she sate up in her bed, praising God for the relief and ease he gave her, saying, "I will ever bless and love thee, O my good God." And when her grief returned, she held her sides with her hands, and excited herself to patience, with these words: "[Courage, my soul, still bless thy God; courage my soul, still love thy God.] *For the sufferings of this present world, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us: though indeed my pain is very grievous:*

And grief to th' earth my soul so low does
bend,
That scarce in sighs I can to heav'n ascend;
Consum'd with care my soul and life decay,
And in my wasted flesh unwillingly do
stay."

Now her violent pains returning upon her she cried out again, "I am quite spent.
O let

O let me gather strength, before
I pass away, and be no more.

O my God, thy correction is very severe; yet will *I kiss the rod* wherewith thou chastisest me."

Whereupon the Chaplain said to her, "*If you were without chastisement, then were you a bastard and not a true born child: for you know, whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every child he receiveth.*" To which she answer'd, "'Tis true, Sir, I am well persuaded of what you say: Why? My Saviour has suffered for me; and *if I suffer with him, I shall reign with him also.* He had *vinegar and gall* given him to drink, and was wounded to the very heart for me. Lord! cover me with thy merits; impute thy righteousness to me, and let those cruel pains thou enduredst upon the cross for me, make me forget my own." As they gave her a little wine to refresh her, she took the glass, and said, "The hour is coming
ing

when *I shall drink it new in my Father's kingdom.*"

Immediately after this, her pains seizing her again, she cried, "*All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.*" Which the Chaplain hearing, said to her, "But, Madam, you don't add, that the waves of his mercy, and the billows of his grace have over-whelmed you also." "Aye, (replied she) 'tis very true, the grace and mercies of my God are greater than all the miseries I undergo." "Do you think (continued the Chaplain, who heard her still groan and complain of her being overborne with anguish) your heavenly Father is angry with you, and will let you sink under this temptation?" "No, (answered she, sitting up in her bed) no, Sir; I know that *in all these things I am more than conqueror through him that loved me:* and that as my miseries and troubles abound, so his grace and comforts abound much more. If the daughter of Sion cries to them that pass by, Behold and see whether there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!

sorrow! Yet I will add Come and see whether ever any joy were like unto my joy. But O how much sorrow and solace meet together! Thou, O my sweet Saviour, hast said, *Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.*"

Here the Chaplain saying to her, "Now, Madam, you experience what St. Paul affirms, *That though our outward man decay, yet the inward man is renewed day by day;*" she answered in the words of the Psalmist,

"On God's almighty word will I depend,
On God I'll trust who certain help will send.

Come, let us sing unto the Lord,
And all his deeds with thankfulness record.

Unto our God, come let us sing,
And to his courts with shouts our presents
bring!

He is our God, to him our verse we'll
raise,
And he who heard our prayers, shall now
attend our praise."

At the same time she also rehearsed the greatest part of the lxxii Psalm, and often repeated these words: *“Truly, my soul waiteth upon God; from him cometh my salvation:”* adding, *“Where, indeed, rests this salvation of mine, but in him, whose presence is the fulness of joy? They looked unto him, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed.”*

After which, she fell into a little slumber, and then, putting her hand out of her bed, said,

“O blessed be the living Lord,
Most worthy of all praise,
That is my rock and saving health,
Praised be he always.”

And to that added several other verses of the same Psalm, and also of the xxxv. and other Psalms; picking out such places as were most pathological and pertinent to her condition, and more particularly insisted upon those that expressed a true
and

more than an opportunity to give this dear daughter of her's some token of her tenderness, and let her see, that she was very far from affrighting her, as she supposed, did offer to kiss her. But the patient withdrawing herself, and seeming to be as much scandalized at it, as if her mother had been going to commit idolatry, said to her, "Ah, mother, what d' ye do? Sure you forget yourself." And, turning to the other side of the bed, where the Chaplain stood, said to him, "Is not this a cruel thing? I am got loose from the world, and my mother would tie me to it again!"

A little while after this, she also perceived that her sister the lady De Ponthue, with whom she had ever lived in perfect love and union, looked upon her with a very compassionate look; but without being in the least moved or concerned at it. And now finding none of those kind and tender emotions, which her great love to her sister had formerly inspired
her

her with, she said to her, “Pray, dear sister, forbear; you are no more to me now than another.”

About seven o'clock in the evening, the doors of her chamber being set open, she said to Monsieur de la Colombrie, “Sir, that is the place (pointing with her hand to the chapel, in which were the tombs of her ancestors) where this my body is very suddenly to be laid up, till the day of *the resurrection of the just.*” Upon which, he taking occasion of asking her, whether she had any commands to lay upon him; “No, “Sir, (replied she) my thoughts are no more employed about things here below, now my soul is raised up to heaven already; and if she still animates this body, it is but to give continual praise to my God.” And thus persisting to turn all her discourse to the concerns of salvation, she went on and said, “I have overcome all the fears of sin; I shall also conquer all my pains, though they be never so great: yea, *I shall be more than conqueror through*
Jesus

Jesus Christ, who has strengthened me. O how worthy is this combat of my courage !”

With these and the like expressions, which she either took out of the Scripture, or received more immediately from the Holy Ghost, she was entertaining herself and the company ; and would frequently say, “ I shall be sheltered from the wrath of God ;” and often repeated these ejaculations, “ O my God, I will ever love thee ; I will ever bless thee ! And thou, O my soul, be of good cheer. *Not my will, Lord, but thine be done. Come, Lord Jesu ; yea, come quickly.*”

These were the words she used in her complaints, and with which she appeased her grief. But as for hasty and murmuring words, there fell not one from her mouth. And as somebody was once speaking to her of the temptations of the Devil, and his great warrings against the faithful, at all times, especially when they were at the point of death, she cried out, “ Tush, I
car

him not. *They that be with me, are more than they that be against me. The prince of this world has nothing in me. The prince of darkness cannot prevail against me. For being justified by faith, I have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ: and there is no condemnation to them which are in him.*"

As it drew towards midnight, she fell into a little slumber; and her friends, that were continually with her, were glad of this opportunity they had to take a little repose also: for as they had watch'd, suffered, and pray'd, so they were willing likewise to take some rest, with her. The Lady her mother, who had laid herself down upon the side of her bed, heard her about an hour before day-light, often repeat these words: [*"Mercy, Lord, Mercy. Come Lord Jesu, come quickly:"*] and she observed, that her daughter's cries did not express any grief now, but a great deal of joy, which she took notice of to others. It was now Friday morning, when the Lady her mother seeing her enjoy a greater

er

er tranquillity, than she had since the preceding Wednesday at night, and that she looked very cheerfully, said to her, “Dear child, the Lord will suddenly put an end to our troubles. Wait for thy God with patience.” Whereupon this young virgin raising herself in her bed, and with a serene pleasant countenance, looking upon my Lady, said to her, “Dear mother, I shall not die: death is but a passage to a more constant happy life. *This my sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God. Come and rejoice with me. Jesus Christ has found me, who was a lost sheep: me, who was the lost piece.*” Then a little while after this, she with a loud voice cried out, as one coming out of a deep meditation: “*For if these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?*”

Which having said, she now spoke no more to any body; only she once cried out, “O how much sorrow and joy, how much grief and comfort do meet together in me!” and then lay down, and fell into
a slumber.

a slumber: In which she had not long continued, but the pangs of death came upon her; she had vehement risings at her stomach; her countenance was fallen; sweat proceeded from her body in abundance; the rattling in her throat encreased; and her eyes grew dim and were distorted. And being in this condition, one of her acquaintance, by name Madame Herault, touched her arm, thinking she was departing: but she recovered of this fit; and these agonies being somewhat over, her eyes reassumed the same briskness and liveliness as before; she rubbing them with both her hands, to disperse the clouds that had begun already to cover them. Her countenance also was restored to its former gaiety and cheerfulness; and she was heard to make a melody in singing the 84th Psalm.

“How beauteous is the place where thou,
Thy presence, Lord, dost grant!

O how

“How I long t’ approach thy courts,
Impatient of restraint!”

And so on.

This was a great surprise to many of them that were there; and yet that was not all: for after she had took a little breath, and slumbered (as before) a very little while, she stirred up herself anew, and began to sing the xcii Psalm.

“O what a pleasant task it is,
To praise the Lord above;
Morning and evening to proclaim
His faithfulness and love.”

Thus far only she went, tuning it to the treble of Claudin, with all the ornaments and graces that could be: and then falling again into the like slumber, she remained in it as long as the first time; after which she tuned the lxxx Psalm, whereof she sang these following verses only.

“Thou

"Thou Shepherd of thy Israel,
 That, flock-like, ledest Joseph's race;
 Who 'twixt the cherubims dost dwell,
 O hear! shew thy enlightening face:
 Exalt thy saving power before
 Manasseh, Ephraim, Benjamin:
 O from captivity restore!
 And let thy beams upon us shine.

Great God of battle, wilt thou still
 Be angry, and our prayers despise?
 Bread, steep'd in tears, our stomachs fill;
 We drink the rivers of our eyes.
 Our scoffing neighbours fall at strife
 Among themselves to share our right:
 Great God, restore the dead to life;
 And comfort by thy quickning light."

Afterwards being seized the fourth time
 with the pangs of death, she so remained
 for the space of four hours; and then be-
 ing come to herself again, she sang this
 stanza.

"Into thy hands, Lord, I commit
 My spirit, which is thy due;

For

For why, thou hast redeemed it,
O Lord, my God most true !”

The Lady her mother hearing her sing with so much strength, said to her, “My dear child, since I have by God’s grace, put the first word into thy mouth, where-with thou hast praised him, let me put in the last also I shall ever hear thee speak in this world : and so she rehearsed these verses.

“ God, who my kind preserver is,
I will for ever bless ;
My tongue and lips shall be employ’d
His goodness to confess.”

Which the patient sang with a strong voice ; her eyes being open, and her looks smiling all the while. Then her agonizing fit coming again upon her, and the Lady her mother not being able to see her expire, bade her farewell, with a most wonderful strength of mind : “ Adieu
(said

(said she) dear daughter, adieu ; *I shall go to thee, but thou shalt not return to me. We shall see one another again in that blessed day of the resurrection of the just.*” And thereupon she withdrew, and went and lay down upon her own bed, till her dying daughter had given up her soul into the hands of her heavenly Father. But above three hours after this, the Chaplain, Monsieur de Malnoe, being desirous to see whether she had any sense left in her, took her by the hand, shook her arm, and called to her to clinch his hand, if she heard still, and with that, prickt her with a straw ; but she gave no sign of life. But as he was going out of the room, her body was reanimated on a sudden ; and sitting up again in her bed, she sang the second time.

“ Into thy hands, Lord, I commit
My spirit, which is thy due ;
For why, thou hast redeemed it,
O Lord, my God most true !”

Then

Then he drew near again, and laying his ear to her mouth, heard her say to God, "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*" Which having uttered, she, without stirring in the least, breathed forth three sighs, and so gave up the ghost; there being seen at the same time, both in her countenance and eyes (which remained half open) a signal impression of joy, that shewed her soul had a taste of celestial bliss, even before the bonds, wherewith it was tied to the body, were wholly dissolved.

