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# Holy Trinity

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It is a want in my nature to have one who can weep with me, and rejoice with me, and in a way minister to me; would this be presumption in me, and worse, to hope to find in the Infinite and Eternal God?

## IN THE NAME OF GOD

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. . . In the name of God

The Omnipotent Father, who created me!

. . . in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord,

Son of the living God, who bled for me!

. . . in the name of the Holy Spirit, who

Hath been poured out on me! . . . in the name

Of Angels and Archangels; in the name

Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name

Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name

Of Cherubim and Seraphim, . . .

. . . in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets

And of Apostles and Evangelists,

Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name

Of Holy Monks and Hermits; in the name

Of Holy Virgins; and all saints of God,

Both men and women, . . .

And may my place today [tonight] be found in peace,

And may my dwelling be the Holy Mount

Of Zion:—in the name of Christ our Lord.

SUPREME BEING, the Being of beings, Thou art one;

Thou hast no rival; Thou hast no equal; Thou art unlike

anything else; Thou art sovereign; Thou canst do what

Thou wilt. Thou art unchangeable from first to last; Thou

art all-perfect; Thou art infinite in Thy power and in Thy

wisdom, or Thou couldst not have made this immense world which we see by day and night. Amen.

## *Magnae Deus Potentiae*

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O God, who hast given  
    the sea and the sky,  
To fish and to bird  
    for a dwelling to keep,  
Both sons of the waters,  
    one low and one high,  
Ambitious of heaven,  
    yet sunk in the deep;  
Save, Lord, Thy servants,  
    whom Thou hast new made  
In a laver of blood,  
    lest they trespass and die;  
Lest pride should elate,  
    or the flesh should degrade,  
And they stumble on earth,  
    or be dizzied on high.  
To the Father and Son  
And the Spirit be done,  
Now and always  
Glory and praise.

## *Aeterna Coeli Gloria*

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Glory of the eternal Heaven,  
Blessed Hope to mortals given,  
Of the Almighty Only Son,  
And the Virgin's Holy One;  
Raise us, Lord, and we shall rise  
    In a sober mood,  
And a zeal, which glorifies  
    Thee from gratitude.

Now the day-star, keenly glancing,  
Tells us of the Sun's advancing;  
While the unhealthy shades decline,  
Rise within us, Light Divine!  
Rise, and risen, go not hence,  
    Stay, and make us bright,  
Streaming through each cleansed sense,  
    On the outward night.

Then the root of faith shall spread  
In the heart new fashionèd;  
Gladsome hope shall spring above,  
And shall bear the fruit of love.  
To the Father, and the Son,

And the Holy Ghost  
Here be glory, as is done  
By the angelic host.

## “CALLS THEE BY THY NAME”

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GOD BEHOLDS me individually, whoever I am. He “calls thee by thy name.” He sees me, and understands me, as He made me. He knows what is in me, all my own peculiar feelings and thoughts, my dispositions and likings, my strength and my weakness. He views me in my day of rejoicing and my day of sorrow. He sympathizes in my hopes and my temptations. He interests himself in all my anxieties and remembrances, all the risings and fallings of my spirit. He has numbered the very hairs of my head and the cubits of my stature. He compasses me round and bears me in His arms; He takes me up and sets me down. He notes my very countenance, whether smiling or in tears, whether healthful or sickly. He looks tenderly upon my hands and my feet; He hears my voice, the beating of my heart, and my very breathing. I do not love my self better than He loves me. I can not shrink from pain more than He dislikes my bearing it; and if He puts it on me, it is as I wilt put it on myself, if I am wise, for a greater good afterwards. . . .

O my God, I will put myself without reserve into Thy hands. Wealth or woe, joy or sorrow, friends or bereavement, honor or humiliation, good report or ill report, comfort or discomfort, Thy presence or the hiding of Thy countenance, all is good if it comes from Thee. Thou art Wisdom and Thou art love—what can I desire more? Amen.

### *Primo Die, Quo Trinitas*

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Today the Blessed Three in One  
    Began the earth and skies;  
Today a Conqueror, God and Son,  
    Did from the grave arise;  
We too will wake, and, in despite  
Of sloth and languor, all unite,  
As Psalmists bid, through the dim night,  
    Waiting with wistful eyes.  
So may He hear, and heed each vow  
    And prayer to Him address;  
And grant an instant cleansing now,  
    A future glorious rest.  
So may He plentifully shower,  
On all who hymn His love and power,  
In this most still and sacred hour,

His sweetest gifts and best.  
Father of purity and light!  
Thy presence if we win,  
'Twill shield us from the deeds of night,  
The burning darts of sin;  
Lest aught defiled or dissolute  
Relax our bodies or imbrute,  
And fires eternal be the fruit  
Of fire now lit within.  
Fix in our hearts, Redeemer dear,  
The ever-gushing spring  
Of grace to cleanse, of life to cheer  
Souls sick and sorrowing.  
Thee, bounteous Father, we entreat,  
And Only Son, awful and sweet,  
And life-creating Paraclete,  
The everlasting King.

## FAITH IN THEE

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THE SON is in the Father and the Father in the Son. O adorable mystery which has been from eternity! I adore Thee, O my incomprehensible Creator, before whom I am an atom, a being of yesterday or an hour ago! Go back a few years, and I simply did not exist; I was not in being, and things went on without me: but Thou art from

eternity; and nothing whatever from one moment could go on without Thee.

O adorable mystery! Human reason has not conducted me to it, but I believe. I believe, because Thou hast spoken, O Lord. I joyfully accept Thy word about Thyself. Thou must know what Thou art—and who else? Not I surely, dust and ashes, except so far as Thou tellest me. I take then Thy own witness, O my Creator! and I believe firmly, I repeat after Thee, what I do not understand, because I wish to live a life of faith; and I prefer faith in Thee to trust in myself.

## MY LORD GOD

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HE CAME to His disciples . . . walking upon the sea . . . the emblem . . . among the ancients of the impossible. He who could walk the waters, could also ride triumphantly upon what is still more fickle, unstable, tumultuous, treacherous—the billows of human wills, human purposes, human hearts.

My Lord God . . . I adore Thee. Thou art so mysterious, so incomprehensible. How can the Infinite be other than incomprehensible to me. . . . Thou art without beginning . . . the only Eternal, who hast lived a whole eternity by Thyself . . . who art all wisdom, all truth, all justice, all love, all holiness, all beautifulnes, omniscient, omnipresent;



absolutely perfect; and such, that what we do not know and can not even imagine of Thee, is far more wonderful than what we do and can. . . . Thou created all things out of nothing, and preservest them every moment, and couldst destroy them as easily as Thou madest them . . . a Being infinite yet personal; though the highest Thou makest Thyself as it were the servant of all. . . . All we see, hear, touch, the remote sidereal firmament, as well as our own sea and land are Thine. . . . All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from Thee. . . .

It is my greatest stay to know that Thou readest my heart. O give me more of that open-hearted sincerity which I have desired. Keep me ever from being afraid of Thy eye, from the inward consciousness that I am not honestly trying to please Thee. Teach me to love Thee and then I shall be at peace, without any fear of Thee at all.

### *Jam Lucis Orto Sidere*

(FROM THE PARISIAN BRIEVIARY)

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Now that the day-star glimmers bright,  
    We suppliantly pray  
That He, the uncreated Light,  
    May guide us on our way.