



P R I E R E
D U
PAPE CLEMENT XI.

Contenant tout ce qui
regarde le Salut.

MOn Dieu, je croi en vous, mais fortifiez ma foi, j'espere en vous, mais assurez mon esperance, je vous aime, mais redoublez mon amour, je me repens d'avoir peché, augmentez mon repentir.

Je vous adore comme mon premier principe, je vous desire comme ma derniere fin, je vous remercie comme mon bienfaiteur perpetuel, je vous invoque comme mon souverain Défenseur.

Mon Dieu! daignez me regler par vôtre sagesse, me contenir par vôtre justice, me consoler par vôtre misericorde, me conduire par vôtre providence, & me proteger par vôtre puissance.

Je vous consacre toutes mes affections, mes pensées, mes paroles, mes actions, & mes souffrances, afinque désormais je n'aime que vous; je ne pense qu'à vous, je ne parle

† †

que

que de vous, je n'agisse que selon vous, & que je souffre tout pour vous.

Seigneur je veux ce que vous voulez, parceque vous le voulez, comme vous le voulez, & autant que vous le voulez.

Je vous prie d'éclairer mon entendement, d'embrasser ma volonté, de purifier mes sens, & de sanctifier mon ame, & mon corps.

Mon Dieu animez moi à expier mes offenses passées, à surmonter les dangers présents, à m'armer contre les tentations futures, à corriger les passions, qui dominent sur moi, & à pratiquer les vertus, qui me conviennent.

Remplissez mon cœur de reconnoissance pour vos bontés, d'aversion pour mes défauts, d'un zele charitable pour le salut de mon prochain, & de mépris pour le Monde.

Qu'il me souvienne, Seigneur, d'être soumise à mes Superieurs, charitable à mes inférieurs, fidele & sincere à mes amis, indulgent, & bienfaisant à mes ennemis.

Venez à mon secours pour vaincre, l'orgueil par l'humilité, la volupté par la mortification, l'avarice par l'aumône, la colère par la douceur, & la tiédeur par la devotion.

Mon Dieu! rendez moi prudent dans les entreprises, courageux dans les dangers, patient dans les traverses, & humble dans les bons succès.



Ne

Ne me laissez jamais oublier de joindre l'attention à mes prieres, la temperance à mes repas, l'exacritude à mes emplois, & la constance à mes bonnes resolutions.

Seigneur, inspirez moy le soin d'avoir toujours une conscience droite, un exterieur modeste, une conversation edificante, & une conduite reguliere.

Que je m'applique sans cesse à domter la nature, à suivre la grace, à garder la loi, & à meriter le salut.

Mon Dieu! decouvrez moi, quel est le néant de la terre, la grandeur du Ciel, la briéveté du tems, & la longueur de l'Eternité.

Faites, que je me prépare à la mort, que je craigne vôtre jugement, que j'évite l'enfer, & que j'obtienne enfin le paradis par les mérites de nôtre Seigneur JESUS Christ, ainsi soit-il.



A VIENNE en Autriche, chez Jean Pierre
Van Ghelen, Imprimeur de Cour de Sa
Majesté Imp. & Cathol. 1734.

[illegible]

constant results.

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the plane was the cold air. It was a sharp contrast to the warm, humid air of the tropics. I had heard that the weather in the north was harsh, but I didn't realize how cold it would be. The wind was biting, and the sun was a pale, distant orb in the sky. I wrapped my coat around myself and shivered. The ground beneath my feet was a mix of dirt and gravel, and the air smelled of dust and exhaust. I took a deep breath, trying to get used to the new environment. The silence was deafening, broken only by the occasional sound of a distant engine or the rustle of leaves. I felt a sense of isolation, a feeling that I was alone in a vast, open world. The landscape was flat and desolate, with no trees or buildings in sight. I walked for miles, my feet aching from the rough terrain. The sun set, and the temperature dropped even further. I found a small, rocky shelter and huddled inside, trying to keep warm. The night was long and cold, and I felt a sense of despair. I had come here for a reason, but now I wasn't sure if it was worth it. The silence was oppressive, and the cold was unbearable. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, but the thoughts in my head wouldn't stop. I thought of home, of the people I loved, and of the life I had left behind. I thought of the future, of the challenges I would face, and of the hope that I had once had. I opened my eyes and looked out at the dark, cold landscape. I felt a sense of determination, a feeling that I would not give up. I would survive, no matter what. I would find a way to make this place my home. I would build a life here, and I would never look back. I took a deep breath and stepped out of the shelter. The cold air was still there, but now it felt like a challenge, a test of my strength and resilience. I walked forward, my feet finding their way through the darkness. The sun rose again, and the world was bathed in a pale, golden light. I felt a sense of hope, a feeling that I was finally beginning to understand this place. I was no longer a stranger, I was a survivor. I was a part of this world, and I was ready to face whatever came my way. I walked on, my heart full of courage and my mind full of dreams. I knew that this was my chance, my chance to start over, my chance to make a new life for myself. I would not let this opportunity slip away from me. I would make the most of it, and I would never regret the choices I had made. I walked on, my feet finding their way through the darkness. The sun rose again, and the world was bathed in a pale, golden light. I felt a sense of hope, a feeling that I was finally beginning to understand this place. I was no longer a stranger, I was a survivor. I was a part of this world, and I was ready to face whatever came my way. I walked on, my heart full of courage and my mind full of dreams. I knew that this was my chance, my chance to start over, my chance to make a new life for myself. I would not let this opportunity slip away from me. I would make the most of it, and I would never regret the choices I had made.

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

of the following cases is detailed below:

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, possibly an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a textured appearance with numerous small, brown, circular spots (foxing) and larger, faint, irregular stains scattered across its surface. The lighting is even, highlighting the natural imperfections of the old paper.

Van Gogh, J. M. W. (1853-1890)