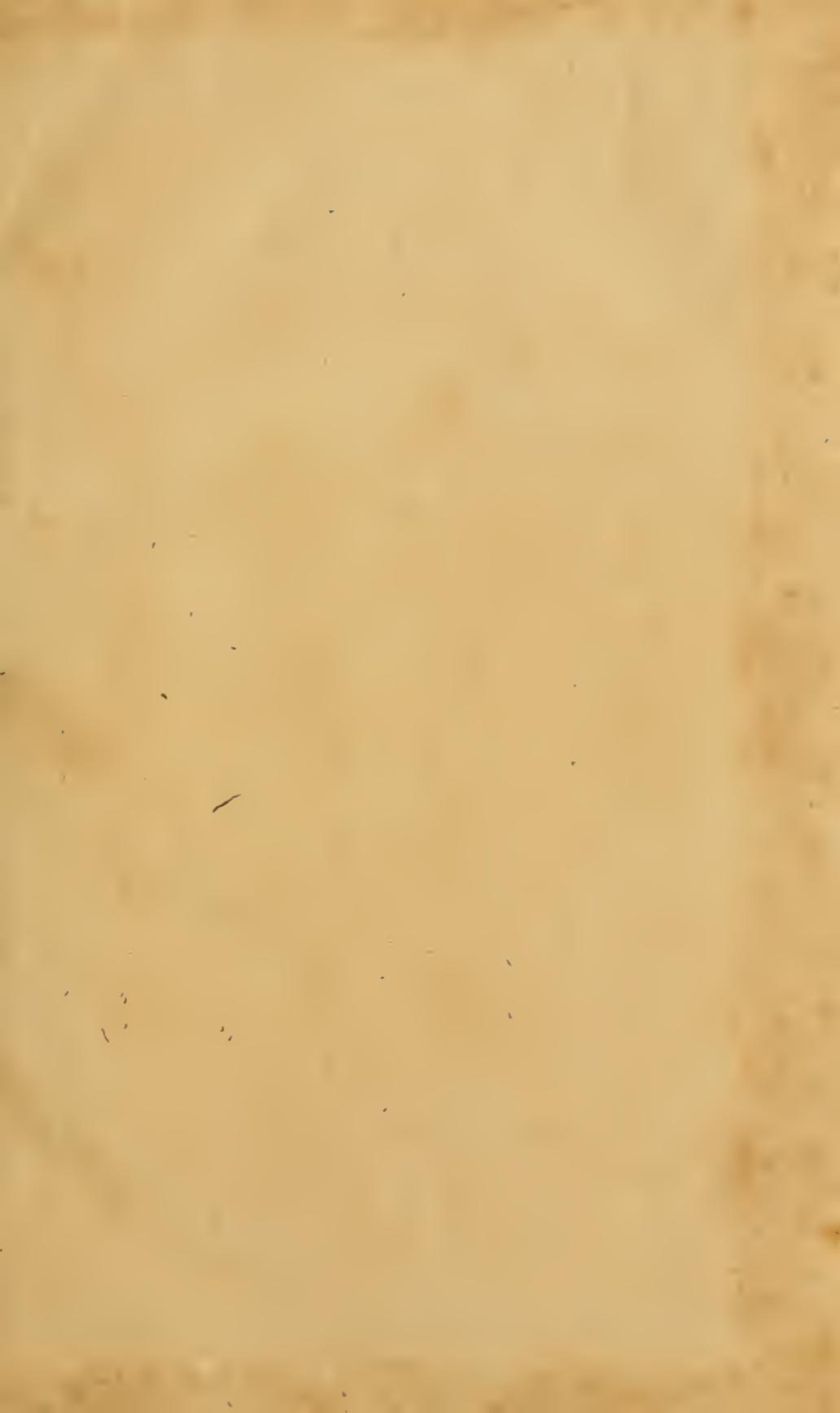




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CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

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HISTORICAL PASSAGES

OF THE

OLD AND NEW

TESTAMENT.

BY

THE REV. JOSEPH HALL,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF NORWICH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. III.

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THE
C O N T E N T S
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CONTEMPLATIONS.

B O O K I.

CONTEMPLATION I. *The ANGEL and ZACHARY.*

WHEN things are at the worst, then God begins a change: the state of the Jewish church was extremely corrupted immediately before the news of the gospel; yet, as bad as it was, not only the priesthood, but the courses of attendance, continued, even from David's time, till Christ's. It is a desperately depraved condition of a church, where no good orders are left. Judea passed many troubles, many alterations, yet this orderly combination endured about eleven hundred years. A settled good will not easily be defeated, but, in the change of persons, will remain unchanged, and, if it be forced to give way, leaves memorable footsteps behind it. If David fore-saw the perpetuation of this holy ordinance, how much did he rejoice in the knowledge of it! Who would not be glad to do good, on condition that it may so long out-live him!

The successive turns of the legal ministration held on in a line never interrupted: even in a forlorn and miserable church, there may be a personal succession. How little were the Jews better for this, when they had lost the Urim and Thummin, sincerity of doctrine and manners? This staid with them, even while they and their sons crucified Christ. What is more ordinary, than wicked sons of holy parents? It is the succession of truth and holiness that makes or institutes a church, whatever become of the persons. Never times were so barren, as not to yield some good. The greatest dearth affords some few good ears to the gleaners. Christ would not have come into the world, but
he

he would have some faithful to entertain him. He, that had the disposing of all times and men, would cast some holy ones into his own times. There had been no equality, that all should either over-run or follow him, and none attend him. Zachary and Elizabeth are just, both of Aaron's blood, and John Baptist of theirs: whence should an holy seed spring, if not of the loins of Levi? It is not in the power of parents to traduce holiness to their children: it is the blessing of God that feoffes them in the virtues of their parents, as they feoffee them in their sins. There is no certainty, but there is likelihood of an holy generation, when the parents are such. Elizabeth was just, as well as Zachary, that the fore-runner of a Saviour might be holy on both sides. If the stock and the graff be not both good, there is much danger of the fruit. It is an happy match, when the husband and the wife are one, not only in themselves but in God, not more in flesh than in the spirit. Grace makes no difference of sexes; rather the weaker carries away the more honour, because it hath had less helps. It is easy to observe, that the New Testament affordeth more store of good women than the Old: Elizabeth led the ring of this mercy, whose barrenness ended in a miraculous fruit, both of her body, and of her time.

This religious pair made no less progress in virtue than in age, and yet their virtue could not make their best age fruitful: "Elizabeth was barren." A just soul, and a barren womb may well agree together. Among the Jews barrenness was not a defect only, but a reproach, yet, while this good woman was fruitful of holy obedience, she was barren of children: as John, which was miraculously conceived by man, was a fit forerunner of him that was conceived by the Holy Ghost, so a barren matron was meet to make way for a virgin.

None,

None, but a son of Aaron, might offer incense to God in the temple; and not every son of Aaron, and not any one at all seasons. God is a God of order, and hates confusion no less than irreligion. Albeit he hath not so straitened himself under the gospel, as to tie his service to persons or places; yet his choice is now no less curious, because it is more large: he allows none but the authorised, he authoriseth none but the worthy. The incense doth ever smell of the hand that offers it; I doubt not but that perfume was sweeter, which ascended up from the hand of a just Zachary. "The sacrifice of the wicked is abomination to God." There were courses of ministration in the legal services. God never purposed to burden any of his creatures with devotion. How vain is the ambition of any soul, that would load itself with the universal charge of all men! How thankless is their labour, that do wilfully overspend themselves in their ordinary vocations! As Zachary had a course in God's house, so he carefully observed it: the favour of these respites doubled his diligence. The more high and sacred our calling is, the more dangerous is neglect. It is our honour, that we may be allowed to wait upon the God of heaven in these immediate services. Wo be to us, if we slacken those duties, wherein God honours us more than we can honour him!

Many sons of Aaron, yea of the same family, served at once in the temple, according to the variety of employments. To avoid all difference, they agreed by lot to assign themselves to the several offices of each day. The lot of this day called Zachary to offer incense in the outer temple. I do not find any prescription they had from God of this particular manner of designment. Matters of good order, in holy affairs, may be ruled by the wise institution of men, according to reason and expediency.

It fell out well, that Zachary was chosen by lot to this ministrations, that God's immediate hand might be seen in all the passages that concerned his great Prophet; that as the person, so the occasion might be of God's own choosing. In lots, and their seeming casual disposition, God can give a reason, though we can give none. Morning and evening, twice a day, their law called them to offer incense to God, that both parts of the day might be consecrated to the Maker of time. The outer temple was the figure of the whole church upon earth, like as the holy of holies represented heaven. Nothing can better resemble our faithful prayers than sweet perfume: these God looks that we should (all his church over) send up unto him morning and evening. The elevations of our hearts should be perpetual; but if, twice in the day, we do not present God with our solemn invocations, we make the gospel less officious than the law.

That the resemblance of prayers and incense might be apparent, while the priest sends up his incense within the temple, the people must send up their prayers without: their breath and that incense, though remote in the first rising, met ere they went up to heaven. The people might no more go into the holy place to offer up the incense of prayers unto God, than Zachary might go into the holy of holies. While the partition-wall stood betwixt Jews and Gentiles, there were also partitions betwixt the Jews and themselves. Now every man is a priest unto God; every man, since the vail was rent, prays within the temple. What are we the better for our greater freedom of access to God, under the gospel, if we do not make use of our privilege?

While they were praying to God, he sees an angel of God; as Gideon's angel went up in the smoke of the sacrifice, so did Zachary's angel, as it were, come down in the fragrant smoke of his incense. It was
ever

ever great news to see an angel of God, but now more, because God had long withdrawn from them all the means of his supernatural revelations. As this wicked people were strangers to their God in their conversation, so was God grown a stranger to them in his apparitions; yet now, that the season of the gospel approached; he visited them with his angels, before he visited them by his Son. He sends his angel to men in the form of man, before he sends his Son to take human form. The presence of angels is no novelty, but their apparition; they are always with us, but rarely seen, that we may awfully respect their messages when they are seen; in the mean time our faith may see them, though our senses do not; their assumed shapes do not make them more present, but visible.

There is an order in that heavenly Hierarchy, though we know it not. This angel, that appeared to Zachary, was not with him in the ordinary course of his attendances, but was purposely sent from God with this message. Why was an angel sent? and why this angel? It had been easy for him to have raised up the prophetic spirit of some Simeon to this prediction; the same Holy Ghost, which revealed to that just man, that he should not see death ere he had seen the Messias, might have as easily revealed unto him the birth of the forerunner of Christ, and by him to Zachary: but God would have this voice, which should go before his Son, come with a noise; he would have it appear to the world, that the harbinger of the Messias should be conceived by the marvellous power of that God whose coming he proclaimed. It was fit the first herald of the gospel begin in wonder. The same angel, that came to the blessed virgin with the news of Christ's conception; came to Zachary with the news of John's, for the honour of him that was the greatest of them which were born of women, and

for his better resemblance to him which was the seed of the woman: both had the gospel for their errand, one as the messenger of it, the other as the author; both are foretold by the same mouth.

When could it be more fit for the angel to appear unto Zachary, than when prayers and incense were offered by him? where could he more fitly appear than in the temple? In what part of the temple more fitly than at the altar of incense? and whereabouts rather than on the right-side of the altar? Those glorious spirits as they are always with us, so most in our devotions, and as in all places, so most of all in God's house: they rejoice to be with us, while we are with God, as, contrarily, they turn their faces from us when we go about our sins.

He, that had wont to live and serve in the presence of the master, was now astonished at the presence of the servant; so much difference there is betwixt our faith and our senses, that the apprehension of the presence of the God of spirits by faith goes down sweetly with us, whereas the sensible apprehension of an angel dismays us: holy Zachary, that had wont to live by faith, thought he should die, when his sense began to be set on work; it was the weakness of him, that served at the altar without horror, to be daunted with the face of his fellow-servant. In vain do we look for such ministers of God as are without infirmities, when just Zachary was troubled in his devotions with that wherewith he should have been comforted: it was partly the suddenness, and partly the glory of the apparition that affrighted him. The good angel was both apprehensive and compassionate of Zachary's weakness, and presently encourages him with a cheerful excitation, "Fear not Zacharias." The blessed spirits, though they do not often vocally express it, do pity our human frailties, and secretly suggest comfort unto us, when we perceive it not: good and evil angels,

angels, as they are contrary in estate, so also in disposition: the good desire to take away fear, the evil to bring it. It is a fruit of that deadly enmity which is betwixt Satan and us, that he would, if he might, kill us with terror; whereas the good spirits, affecting our relief and happiness, take no pleasure in terrifying us, but labour altogether for our tranquillity and cheerfulness.

There was not more fear in the face, than comfort in the speech: "Thy prayer is heard." No angel could have told him better news: our desires are uttered in our prayers. What can we wish, but to have what we would? Many good suits had Zachary made, and, amongst the rest, for a son. Doubtless, it was now some space of years since he made that request: for he was now stricken in age, and had ceased to hope; yet had God laid it up all the while, and, when he thinks not of it, brings it forth to effect: thus doth the mercy of our God deal with his patient and faithful suppliants. In the fervour of their expectation he many times holds them off, and when they least think of it, and have forgotten their own suits, he graciously condescends. Delay of effect may not discourage our faith; it may be God hath long granted, ere we shall know of his grant. Many a father repents him of his fruitfulness, and hath such sons as he wishes unborn: but to have so gracious and happy a son, as the angel foretold, could not be less comfort than honour to the age of Zachary. The proof of children makes them either the blessings or crosses of their parents: to hear what his son should be before he was, to hear that he should have such a son, a son whose birth should concern the joy of many, a son that should be great in the sight of the Lord, a son that should be sacred to God, filled with God, beneficial to man, an harbinger to him that was God and man, was news enough to pre-

vent the angel, and to take away that tongue with amazement, which was after lost with incredulity!

The speech was so good, that it found not a sudden belief. This good news surpris'd Zachary: if the intelligence had taken leisure, that his thoughts might have had time to debate the matter; he had easily apprehended the infinite power of him that had promised, the pattern of Abraham and Sarah, and would soon have concluded the appearance of the angel more miraculous than his prediction: whereas now, like a man mask'd with the strangeness of that he saw and heard, he misdoubts the message, and asks, "How shall I know?" Nature was on his side, and alledged the impossibility of the event, both from age and barrenness. Supernatural tidings, at the first hearing, astonish the heart, and are entertained with doubts by those, which, upon further acquaintance, give them best welcome.

The weak apprehensions of our imperfect faith are not so much to be censured, as pitied. It is a sure way for the heart, to be prevented with the assurance of the omnipotent power of God, to whom nothing is impossible; so shall the hardest points of faith go down easily with us: if the eye of our mind look upward, it shall meet with nothing to avert or interrupt it; but if right forward, or downward, or round about, every thing is a block in our way.

There is a difference betwixt desire of assurance and unbelief, we cannot be too careful to raise up to ourselves arguments to settle our faith; although it should be no faith, if it had no feet to stand upon but discursive. In matters of faith, if reasons may be brought, for the conviction of the gain-sayers, it is well; if they be helps, they cannot be grounds of our belief. In the most faithful heart there are some sparks of infidelity; so to believe, that we should have no doubt at all, is scarce incident unto flesh and blood:

it is a great perfection, if we have attained to overcome our doubts. What did mislead Zachary, but that which uses to guide others, reason? "I am old, and my wife is of great age;" as if years and dry loins could be any let to him, which is able, of very stones, to raise up children unto Abraham. Faith and reason have their limits; where reason ends, faith begins; and if reason will be encroaching upon the bounds of faith, she is straight taken captive by infidelity. We are not fit to follow Christ, if we have not denied ourselves; and the chief piece of ourselves is our reason: we must yield God able to do that, which we cannot comprehend; and we must comprehend that by our faith, which is disclaimed by reason: Hagar must be driven out of doors, that Sarah may rule alone.

The authority of the reporter makes way for belief, in things which are otherwise hard to pass; although, in the matters of God, we should not so much care who speaks, as what is spoken, and from whom. The angel tells his name, place, office, unasked, that Zachary might not think any news impossible, that was brought him by an heavenly messenger. Even, where there is no use of language, the spirits are distinguished by names, and each knows his own appellation, and others. He that gave leave unto man, his image, to give names to all his visible and inferior creatures, did himself put names unto the spiritual; and as their name is, so are they mighty and glorious. But lest Zachary should no less doubt of the style of the messenger, than of the errand itself, he is at once both confirmed, and punished with dumbness. That tongue, which moved the doubt, must be tied up. He shall ask no more questions for forty weeks, because he asked this one distrustfully.

Neither did Zachary lose his tongue for the time, but his ears also; he was not only mute but deaf: for other-

ways, when they came to ask his allowance for the name of his son, they needed not to have demanded it by signs or by words. God will not pass over slight offences, which may plead the most colourable pretence in his best children, without a sensible check. It is not our holy entireness with God, that can bear us out in the least sin; yea rather, the more acquaintance we have with his Majesty, the more sure we are of correction when we offend. This may procure us more favour in our well-doing, not less justice in evil.

Zachary staid, and the people waited; whether some longer discourse betwixt the angel and him, than needed to be recorded, or whether astonishment at the apparition and news, withheld him, I inquire not. The multitude thought him long; yet, though they could but see afar off, they would not depart till he returned to bless them. Their patient attendance without shames us, that are hardly persuaded to attend within, while both our senses are employed in our divine services, and we are admitted to be co-agents with our ministers.

At last Zachary comes out speechless, and more amazes them with his presence than with his delay. The eyes of the multitude, that were not worthy to see his vision, yet see the signs of his vision, that the world might be put into the expectation of some extraordinary sequel. God makes way for his voice by silence: his speech could not have said so much as his dumbness. Zachary would fain have spoken, and could not: with us too many are dumb, and need not. Negligence, fear, partiality, stop the mouths of many, which shall once say, Wo to me, because I held my peace. His hand speaks that, which he cannot with his tongue, and he makes them by signs to understand that, which they might read in his face. Those powers we have we must use. But though he has ceased to speak, yet he ceased not to minister: he takes

takes not this dumbness for a dismissal, but stays out the eight days of his course, as one that knew the eyes, and hands, and heart would be accepted of that God which had bereaved him of his tongue. We may not straight take occasions of withdrawing ourselves from the public services of our God, much less under the gospel. The law, which stood much upon bodily perfection, dispensed with age for attendance. The gospel, which is all for the soul, regards those inward powers, which, while they are vigorous, exclude all excuses of our ministration.

CONTEMP. II. *The Annunciation of CHRIST.*

THE Spirit of God was never so accurate in any description, as that which concerns the incarnation of God. It was fit no circumstance should be omitted in that story, whereon the faith and salvation of all the world dependeth. We cannot so much as doubt of this truth, and be saved; no not the number of the month, not the name of the angel is concealed. Every particle imports not more certainty than excellency. The time is the sixth month after John's conception, the prime of the spring. Christ was conceived in the spring, born in the solstice. He, in whom the world received a new life, receives life in the same season wherein the world received his first life from him; and he, which stretches out the days of his church, and lengthens them to eternity, appears after all the short and dim light of the law, and enlightens the world with his glory. The messenger is an angel. A man was too mean to carry the news of the conception of God. Never any business was conceived in heaven, that did so much concern the earth, as the conception of the God of heaven in the womb of earth. No less than an archangel

was worthy to bear these tidings, and never any angel received a greater honour than of this embassage.

It was fit our reparation should answer our fall: an evil angel was the first motioner of the one to Eve a virgin, then espoused to Adam in the garden of Eden. A good angel is the first reporter of the other to Mary a virgin espoused to Joseph, in that place, which (as the garden of Galilee) had a name from flourishing. No good angel could be the author of our restauration, as that evil angel was of our ruin; but that which those glorious spirits could not do themselves, they are glad to report as done by the God of spirits. Good news rejoices the bearer. With what joy did this holy angel bring the news of that Saviour, in whom we are redeemed to life, himself established in life and glory! The first preacher of the gospel was an angel: that office must needs be glorious, that derives itself from such a predecessor. God appointed his angel to be the first preacher, and hath since called his preachers angels. The message is well suited; an angel comes to a virgin, Gabriel to Mary: he that was by signification the Strength of God, to her that was by signification Exalted by God, to the conceiving of him that was the God of strength. To a maid but espoused; a maid, for the honour of virginity; espoused, for the honour of marriage. The marriage was in a sort made, not consummate, through the instinct of him that meant to make her not an example, but a miracle of women. In this whole work God would have nothing ordinary: it was fit that she should be a married virgin, which should be a virgin-mother. He that meant to take man's nature, without man's corruption, would be the son of man without man's seed, would be the seed of the woman without man; and, amongst all women, of a pure virgin; but, amongst virgins, of one espoused, that there might be at once a witness and a guardian of her fruitful virginity. If
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the same God hath not been the author of virginity and marriage, he had never countenanced virginity by marriage.

Whither doth this glorious angel come to find the mother of him that was God, but to obscure Galilee? A part, which even the Jews themselves despised, as forsaken of their privileges; "Out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." Behold, an angel comes to that Galilee out of which no prophet comes, and the God of prophets and angels descends to be conceived in that Galilee out of which no prophet ariseth! He, that filleth all places, makes no difference of places: it is the person which gives honour and privilege to the place, not the place to the person; as the presence of God makes the heaven, the heaven doth not make the honour glorious. No blind corner of Nazareth can hide the blessed virgin from the angel. The favours of God will find out his children, where-soever they are withdrawn.

It is the fashion of God to seek out the most despised, on whom to bestow his honours: we cannot run away as from the judgments, so not from the mercies of our God. The cottages of Galilee are preferred by God to the famous palaces of Jerusalem; he cares not how homely he converse with his own. Why should we be transported with the outward glory of places, while our God regards it not! We are not of the angel's diet, if we had not rather be with the blessed virgin at Nazareth, than with the proud dames in the court of Jerusalem. It is a great vanity to respect any thing above goodness, and to disesteem goodness for any want. The angel salutes the virgin, he prays not to her: he salutes her as a saint, he prays not to her as a goddess. For us to salute her, as he did, were gross presumption: for neither are we as he was, neither is she as she was. If he, that was a spirit, saluted her that was flesh and blood here on earth, it is not

for us that are flesh and blood to salute her who is a glorious spirit in heaven. For us to pray to her, in the angel's salutation, were to abuse the virgin, the angel, the salutation.

But how gladly do we second the angel, in the praise of her, which was more ours than his! How justly do we bless her, whom the angel pronounceth blessed! How worthily is she honoured of men, whom the angel proclaimeth beloved of God! O blessed Mary, he cannot bless thee, he cannot honour thee too much, that desires thee not! That which the angel said of thee, thou hast prophesied of thyself, we believe the angel and thee: All generations shall call thee blessed; by the fruit of whose womb all generations are blessed. If Zachary was amazed with the sight of this angel, much more the virgin. That very sex hath more disadvantage of fear: if it had been but a man that had come to her in that secrecy and suddenness, she could not but have been troubled; how much more, when the shining glory of the person doubled the astonishment!

The troubles of holy minds end ever in comfort. Joy was the errand of the angel, and not terror. Fear, as all passions, disquiets the heart, and makes it, for the time, unfit to receive the messages of God. Soon hath the angel cleared these troublesome mists of passions, and sent out the beams of heavenly consolation in the remotest corner of her soul, by the glad news of her Saviour. How can joy but enter into her heart, out of whose womb shall come salvation! What room can fear find in that breast, that is assured of favour! "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God." Let those fear, who know they are in displeasure, or know not they are gracious. Thine happy estate calls for confidence, and that confidence for joy. What should, what can they fear, who are favoured of him, at whom the devils tremble! Not
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the presence of the good angels, but the temptations of the evil, strike many terrors into our weakness; we could not be dismayed with them, if we did not forget our condition. "We have not received the spirit of bondage to fear again, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." If that Spirit, O God, witness with our spirits, that we are thine, how can we fear any of those spiritual wickednesses! Give us assurance of thy favour, and let the powers of hell do their worst.

It was no ordinary favour that the virgin found in heaven: no mortal creature was ever thus graced, that he should take part of her nature, that was the God of nature; that he, which made all things, should make his human body of her's; that her womb should yield that flesh which was personally united to the Godhead; that she should bear him that upholds the world. "Lo, thou shalt conceive and bear a son, and shalt call his name Jesus." It is a question, whether there be more wonder in the conception, or in the fruit, the conception of the virgin, or Jesus conceived. Both are marvellous; but the former doth not more exceed all other wonders, than the latter exceedeth it. For the child of a virgin is the re-
improvement of that power which created the world: but that God should be incarnate of a virgin was an abasement of his Majesty, and an exaltation of the creature beyond all example. Well was that child worthy to make the mother blessed. Here was a double conception; one in the womb of her body, the other of the soul; if that were more miraculous, this was more beneficial; that was her privilege, this was her happiness; if that were singular to her, this is common to all his chosen. There is no renewed heart, wherein thou, O Saviour, art not formed again. Blessed be thou, that hast herein made us blessed. For what womb can conceive thee, and not
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partake of thee? Who can partake of thee, and not be happy!

Doubtless the virgin understood the angel, as he meant, of a present conception, which made her so much more inquisitive into the manner and means of this event: "How shall this be, since I know not a man?" That she should conceive a son by the knowledge of man, after her marriage consummate, could have been no wonder; but how then should that son of hers be the son of God? This demand was higher; how her present virginity should be instantly fruitful, might be well worthy of admiration, of inquiry. Here was desire of information, not doubts of infidelity; yea, rather, this question argues faith: it takes for granted that which an unbelieving heart would have stuck at. She says not, Who and whence art thou? what kingdom is this? where and when shall it be erected? But smoothly, supposing all those strange things would be done, she insists only on that which did necessarily require a further intimation, and doth not distrust, but demand. Neither doth she say, This cannot be, nor, How can this be? but, How shall this be? So doth the angel answer, as one that knew he needed not to satisfy curiosity, but to inform judgment, and uphold faith. He doth not therefore tell her of the manner, but of the author of this act: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee." It is enough to know who is the undertaker, and what he will do. O God, what do we seek a clear light, where thou wilt have a shadow! No mother knows the manner of her natural conception: what presumption shall it be, for flesh and blood, to search how the Son of God took flesh and blood of his creature? It is for none, but the Almighty, to know those works, which he doth immediately, concerning himself; those
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that concern us, he hath revealed : “ Secrets to God, “ things revealed to us.”

The answer was not so full, but that a thousand difficulties might arise out of the particularities of so strange a message ; yet, after the angel’s solution, we hear of no more objections, no more interrogations. The faithful heart, when it once understands the good pleasure of God, argues no more, but sweetly rests itself in a quiet expectation : “ Behold the servant of “ the Lord, be it to me according to thy word.” There is not a more noble proof of our faith, than to captivate all the powers of our understanding and will to our Creator, and without all sollicitation, to go blindfold whither he will lead us. All disputations with God, after his will known, arise from infidelity, “ Great is the mystery of godliness ;” and if we will give nature leave to cavil, we cannot be Christians. O God, thou art faithful, thou art powerful : it is enough that thou hast said it : in the humility of our obedience we resign ourselves over to thee. “ Behold “ the servants of the Lord, be it unto us according “ to thy word.”

How fit was her womb to conceive the flesh of the Son of God by the power of the Spirit of God, whose breast had so soon, by the power of the same Spirit, conceived an assent to the will of God ! and now, of an hand-maid of God, she is advanced to the mother of God. No sooner hath she said, “ Be it done,” than it is done, the Holy Ghost overshadows her, and forms her Saviour in her own body. This very angel, that talks with the blessed virgin, could scarce have been able to express the joy of her heart in the sense of this divine burden. Never any mortal creature had so much cause of exultation. How could she, that was full of God, be other than full of joy in that God ? Grief grows greater by concealing ; joy by expression. The holy virgin had understood by
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the angel, how her cousin Elifabeth was no less of kin to her in condition; the fruitfulness of whose age did somewhat suit the fruitfulness of her virginity. Happiness communicated doubles itself. Here is no straining of courtesy. The blessed maid, whom vigour of age had more fitted for the way, hastens her journey into the hill-country to visit that gracious matron whom God had made a sign of her miraculous conception. Only the meeting of saints in heaven can parallel the meeting of these two cousins: the two wonders of the world are met under one roof, and congratulate their mutual happiness. When we have Christ spiritually conceived in us, we cannot be quiet till we have imparted our joy. Elifabeth, that holy matron, did no sooner welcome her blessed cousin, than her babe welcomes his Saviour. Both, in the retired closets of their mother's womb, are sensible of each other's presence; the one by his omniscience, the other by instinct. He did not more forerun Christ than over-run nature. How should our hearts leap within us, when the Son of God vouchsafes to come into the secret of our souls, not to visit us, but to dwell with us, to dwell in us!

CONTEMP. III. *The Birth of CHRIST.*

AS all the actions of men, so especially the public actions of public men are ordered by God to other ends than their own. This edict went not so much out from Augustus, as from the court of heaven. What, did Cesar know Joseph and Mary? His charge was universal to a world of subjects through all the Roman empire. God intended this cension only for the blessed virgin and her Son, that Christ might be born where he should. Cesar meant to fill his coffers; God meant to fulfil his prophecies; and so to fulfil them, that those whom it concerned might not feel the

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the accomplishment. If God had directly commanded the virgin to go up to Bethlehem, she had seen the intention, and expected the issue: but that wise Moderator of all things, that works his will in us, loves so to do it, as may be least with our foresight and acquaintance, and would have us fall under his decrees unawares, that we may so much the more adore the depths of his providence. Every creature walks blindfold, only he that dwells in light sees whither they go.

Doubtless, blessed Mary meant to have been delivered of her divine burden at home, and little thought of changing the place of conception for another of her birth. That house was honoured by the angel, yea by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, none could equally satisfy her hopes or desires: it was fit that he, which made choice of the womb wherein his Son should be conceived, should make choice of the place where his Son should be born. As the work is all his, so will he alone contrive all the circumstances to his own ends. O the infinite wisdom of God in casting all his designs! There needs no other proof of Christ than Cesar and Bethlehem; and of Cesar's, than Augustus. His government, his edict pleads the truth of the Messias. His government; now was the deep peace of all the world, under that quiet sceptre which made way for him who was the Prince of peace. If wars be a sign of the time of his second coming, peace was a sign of his first. His edict; now was the sceptre departed from Judah. It was the time for Shiloh to come. No power was left in the Jews, but to obey. Augustus is the emperor of the world, under him Herod is the king of Judea, Cyrenius is president of Syria; Jury hath nothing of her own. For Herod, if he were a king, yet he was no Jew; and if he had been a Jew, yet he was no otherwise a king, than tributary and titular. The edict came out from Augustus, was executed by Cyrenius; Herod is no actor in this service.

vice. Gain and glory are the ends of this taxation: each man profess himself a subject, and paid for the privilege of his servitude. Now their very heads were not their own, but must be paid for to the head of a foreign state. They, which before stood upon the terms of their immunity, stoop at the last. The proud suggestions of Judas the Galilean might shed their blood and swell their stomachs, but could not ease their yoke; neither was it the meaning of God, that holiness (if they had been as they pretended) should shelter them from subjection. A tribute is imposed upon God's free people. This act of bondage brings them liberty. Now, when they seemed most neglected of God, they are blessed with a Redeemer; when they are most pressed with foreign sovereignty, God sends them a king of their own, to whom Cesar himself must be a subject. The goodness of our God picks out the most needful times of our relief and comfort: our extremities give him the most glory. Whither must Joseph and Mary come to be taxed, but unto Bethlehem, David's city? The very place proves their descent: he, that succeeded David in his throne, must succeed him in the place of his birth. So clearly was Bethlehem designed to this honour by the prophets, that even the priests and the scribes could point Herod unto it, and assured him the King of the Jews could be nowhere else born. Bethlehem, justly, The house of bread; the bread that came down from heaven is there given to the world: whence should we have the bread of life, but from the house of bread? O holy David, was this the well of Bethlehem, whereof thou didst so thirst to drink of old, when thou saidst, "O that one would give me "drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" Surely that other water, when it was brought thee by thy worthies, thou pouredst it on the ground, and wouldst not drink of it. This was that living water
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for which thy soul longed, whereof thou saidst elsewhere, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God: my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

It was no less than four days journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem: how just an excuse might the blessed virgin have pleaded for her absence? What woman did ever undertake such a journey so near her delivery? And, doubtless, Joseph, which was now taught of God to love and honour her, was loth to draw forth a dear wife, in so unwieldy a case, into so manifest hazard. But the charge was peremptory, the obedience exemplary. The desire of an inoffensive observance even of heathenish authority, digests all difficulties. We may not take easy occasions to withdraw our obedience to supreme commands. Yea, how didst thou, O Saviour! by whom Augustus reigned, in the womb of thy mother, yield this homage to Augustus? The first lesson that ever thy example taught us was obedience.

After many steps are Joseph and Mary come to Bethlehem. The plight wherein she was would not allow any speed, and the forced leisure of the journey causeth disappointment: the end was worse than the way; there was no rest in the way, there was no room in the inn. It could not be but that there were many of the kindred of Joseph and Mary at that time in Bethlehem; for both there were their ancestors born, if not themselves; and thither came up all the cousins of their blood; yet there and then doth the holy virgin want room to lay either her head or her burden! If the house of David had not lost all mercy and good nature, a daughter of David could not, so near the time of her travail, have been destitute of lodging in the city of David. Little did the Bethlehemites think what a guest they refused, else they would gladly have opened their doors to him, which was able to

open the gates of heaven to them. Now their inhospitality is punishment enough to itself: they have lost the honour and happiness of being host to their God. Even still, O blessed Saviour! thou standest at our doors and knockest; every motion of thy good Spirit tells us thou art there: now thou comest in thine own name, and there thou standest, while thy head is full of dew, and thy locks wet with the drops of the night. If we suffer carnal desires and worldly thoughts to take up the lodging of our heart, and revel within us, whiles thou waitest upon our admission, surely our judgment shall be so much the greater, by how much better we know whom we have excluded. What, do we cry shame on the Bethlehemites, whilst we are wilfully more churlish, more unthankful? There is no room in my heart for the wonder at this humility. He, for whom heaven is too strait, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, lies in the strait cabin of the womb; and, when he would enlarge himself for the world, is not allowed the room of an inn. The many mansions of heaven were at his disposing; the earth was his, and the fulness of it; yet he suffers himself to be refused of a base cottage, and complaineth not. What measure should discontent us wretched men, when thou, O God, farest thus from thy creatures! How should we learn both to want and abound, from thee, which, abounding with the glory and riches of heaven, wouldst want a lodging in thy first welcome to the earth! "Thou camest to thine own, and thine own received thee not." How can it trouble us to be rejected of the world, which is not ours? What wonder is it if thy servants wandered abroad in sheep-skins and goat-skins, destitute and afflicted, when their Lord is denied harbour? How should all the world blush at this indignity of Bethlehem? He that came to save men is sent, for his first lodging, to the beasts: the stable is become his inn,
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the crib his bed. O strange cradle of that great King, which heaven itself may envy! O Saviour, thou that wert both the Maker and Owner of heaven, of earth, couldst have made thee a palace without hands, couldst have commanded thee an empty room in those houses which thy creatures had made. When thou didst but bid the angels avoid their first place, they fell down from heaven like lightning; and when, in thy humbled estate, thou didst but say, "I am he," who was able to stand before thee! How easy had it been for thee to have made place for thyself in the throngs of the stateliest courts! Why wouldst thou be thus homely, but that, by contemning worldly glories, thou mightest teach us to condemn them, that thou mightest sanctify poverty to them whom thou calledst unto want? that since thou, which hadst the choice of all earthly conditions, wouldst be born poor and despised, those which must want out of necessity might not think their poverty grievous? Here was neither friend to entertain, nor servant to attend, nor place wherein to be attended, only the poor beasts gave way to the God of all the world. It is the great mystery of godliness, that God was manifested in the flesh, and seen of angels; but here, which was the top of all wonders, the very beasts might see their Maker. For those spirits to see God in the flesh, it was not so strange, as for the brute creatures to see him which was the God of spirits. He that would be led into the wilderness amongst wild beasts to be tempted, would come into the house of beasts to be born, that from the height of his divine glory his humiliation might be the greater. How can we be abased low enough for thee, O Saviour, that hast thus neglected thyself for us! That the visitation might be answerable to the homeliness of the place, attendants, provision, who shall come to congratulate his birth but poor shepherds? The kings of the earth rest at home,

and have no summons to attend him by whom they reign. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." In an obscure time, the night, unto obscure men, shepherds, doth God manifest the light of his Son, by glorious angels. It is not our meanness, O God, that can exclude us from the best of thy mercies; yea, thus far dost thou respect persons, that thou hast put down the mighty, and exalted them of low degree. If these shepherds had been snoring in their beds, they had no more seen angels, nor heard the news of their Saviour, than their neighbours; their vigilancy is honoured with this heavenly vision. Those which are industrious in any calling are capable of further blessings, whereas the idle are fit for nothing but temptation. No less than a whole choir of angels are worthy to sing the hymn of "Glory to God," for the incarnation of his Son! What joy is enough for us, whose nature he took, and whom he came to restore by his incarnation! If we had the tongues of angels, we could not raise this note high enough to the praise of our glorious Redeemer. No sooner do the shepherds hear the news of a Saviour, than they run to Bethlehem to seek him. Those that left their beds to tend their flocks, leave their flocks to inquire after their Saviour. No earthly thing is too dear to be forsaken for Christ. If we suffer any worldly occasion to stay us from Bethlehem, we care more for our sheep than our souls. It is not possible, that a faithful heart should hear where Christ is, and not labour to the fight, to the fruition of him. Where art thou, O Saviour, but at home in thine own house, in the assembly of thy saints? Where art thou to be found, but in thy word and sacraments? Yea, there thou seekest for us: if there we haste not to seek for thee, we are worthy to want thee, worthy that our want of thee here should make us want the presence of thy face for ever.

CONTEMP. IV. *The SAGES and the STAR.*

THE shepherds and the crib accorded well; yet even they saw nothing which they might not contemn; neither was there any of those shepherds that seemed not more like a king, than that king whom they came to see. But, O the divine majesty that shined in this baseness! There lies the Babe in the stable, crying in the manger, whom the angels came down from heaven to proclaim, whom the sages come from the east to adore, whom an heavenly star notifies to the world; that now men might see, that heaven and earth serves him, that neglected himself. Those lights that hang low are not far seen, but those which are high placed are equally seen in the remotest distances. Thy light, O Saviour, was no less than heavenly. The east saw that which Bethlehem might have seen: oft-times those which are nearest in place are farthest off in affection. Large objects, when they are too close to the eye, do so oversfil the sense, that they are not discerned. What a shame is this to Bethlehem! The sages came out of the east, to worship him whom the village refused. The Bethlehemites were Jews; the wise-men Gentiles. This first entertainment of Christ was a presage of the sequel: the Gentiles shall come from far to adore Christ, while the Jews reject him. Those East-erlings were great searchers of the depths of nature, professed philosophers; them hath God singled out to the honour of the manifestation of Christ. Human learning well improved makes us capable of divine. There is no knowledge whereof God is not the Author: he would never have bestowed any gift, that should lead us away from himself. It is an ignorant conceit, that inquiry into nature should make men atheistical. No man is so apt to see the star of Christ, as a diligent disciple of philosophy. Doubtless this light

was visible unto more; only they followed it, who knew it had more than nature. He is truly wise that is wise for his own soul. If these wise-men had been acquainted with all the other stars of heaven, and had not seen the star of Christ, they had had but light enough to lead them into utter darkness. Philosophy, without this star, is but the wisp of error. These sages were in a mean between the angels and the shepherds. God would, in all the ranks of intelligent creatures, have some to be witnesses of his Son. The angels direct the shepherds; the star guides the sages. The duller capacity hath the more clear and powerful helps. The wisdom of our God proportions the means unto the disposition of the persons. Their astronomy had taught them this star was not ordinary, whether in sight, or in brightness, or in motion. The eyes of nature might well see that some strange news was portended to the world by it; but that this star designed the birth of the Messias, there needed yet another light. If the star had not besides had the commentary of a revelation from God, it could have led the wise-men only into a fruitless wonder. Grant them to be the offspring of Balaam, yet the true prediction of that false prophet was not warrant enough. If he told them the Messias should arise as a star out of Jacob, he did not tell them that a star should arise far from the posterity of Jacob, at the birth of the Messias. He, that did put that prophesy into the mouth of Balaam, did also put this illumination into the heart of the sages. The Spirit of God is free to breathe where he listeth. "Many
" shall come from the east and the west to seek Christ,
" when the children of the kingdom shall be shut
" out." Even then God did not so confine his election to the pale of the church, as that he did not sometimes look out for special instruments of his glory. Whither do these sages come, but to Jerusalem?

Where

Where should they hope to hear of the new king, but in the mother city of the kingdom? The conduct of the star was first only general to Judea; the rest is for a time left to inquiry. They were not brought thither for their own sakes, but for Jewry's, for the world's; that they might help to make the Jews inexcusable, and the world faithful. That their tongues therefore might blazon the birth of Christ, they are brought to the head city of Judea, to report and enquire. Their wisdom could not teach them to imagine, that a king could be born to Judea of that note and magnificence, that a star from heaven should publish him to the earth, and that his subjects should not know it: and therefore, as presupposing a common notice, they say, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" There is much deceit in probabilities, especially when we meddle with spiritual matters: for God uses still to go a way by himself.

If we judge according to reason and appearance, who is so likely to understand heavenly truths as the profound doctors of the world? These God passes over, and reveals his will to babes. Had these sages met with the shepherds of the villages near Bethlehem, they had received that intelligence of Christ, which they did vainly seek from the learned scribes of Jerusalem. The greatest clerks are not always the wisest in the affairs of God: these things go not by discourse, but by revelation.

No sooner hath the star brought them within the noise of Jerusalem, than it is vanished out of sight. God would have their eyes lead them so far, as till their tongues might be set on work, to win the vocal attestation of the chief priests and scribes; to the fore-appointed place of our Saviour's nativity. If the star had carried them directly to Bethlehem, the learned Jews had never searched the truth of those prophecies, wherewith they are since justly convinced. God

never withdraws our helps, but for a further advantage. However our hopes seem crossed, where his name may gain, we cannot complain of loss.

Little did the sages think this question would have troubled Herod. They had, I fear, concealed their message, if they had suspected this event. Sure they thought it might be some son or grandchild of him which then held the throne, so as this might win favour from Herod, rather than an unwelcome fear of rivalry. Doubtless they went first to the court; where else should they ask for a king? The more pleasing this news had been, if it had fallen upon Herod's own loins; the more grievous it was, to light upon a stranger. If Herod had not over-much affected greatness, he had not, upon those indirect terms, aspired to the crown of Jewry: so much the more therefore did it trouble him to hear the rumour of a successor, and that not of his own. Settled greatness cannot abide either change or partnership. If any of his subjects had moved this question, I fear his head had answered it. It is well that the name of foreigners could excuse these sages. Herod could not be brought up among the Jews, and not have heard many and confident reports of a Messias, that should ere long arise out of Israel; and now, when he hears the fame of a king born, whom a star from heaven signifies and attends, he is nettled with the news. Every thing affrights the guilty. Usurpation is full of jealousies and fears, no less full of projects and imaginations; it makes us think every bush a man, and every man a thief.

Why art thou troubled, O Herod! A king is born; but such a king, as by whose sceptre may ever concur with lawful sovereignty; yea, such a king, as by whom kings do hold their sceptres, not lose them. If the wise-men tell thee of a king, the star tells thee he is heavenly. Here is good cause of security, none
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of fear. The most general enmities, and oppositions to good, arise from mistakings. If men could but know how much safety and sweetness there is in all divine truth, it could receive nothing from them but welcomes and gratulations. Misconceits have been still guilty of all wrongs and persecutions. But if Herod were troubled, as tyranny is still suspicious, why was all Jerusalem troubled with him! Jerusalem, which now might hope for a relaxation of her bonds, for a recovery of her liberty and right! Jerusalem, which now only had cause to lift up her drooping head, in the joy and happiness of a Redeemer! Yet not Herod's court, but even Jerusalem was troubled. So had this miserable city been over-toiled with change, that now they were settled in a condition quietly evil; they are troubled with the news of better. They had now got a habit of servility, and now they are so acquainted with the yoke, that the very noise of liberty, which they supposed would not come with ease, began to be unwelcome.

To turn the causes of joy into sorrow argues extreme dejectedness, and a distemper of judgment no less than desperate. Fear puts on a vizard of devotion. Herod calls his learned counsel, and, as not doubting whether the Messiah should be born, he asks where he shall be born. In the disparition of that other light, there is a perpetually fixed star, shining in the writings of the prophets, that guides the chief priests and scribes directly unto Bethlehem. As yet envy and prejudice had not blinded the eyes, and perverted the hearts of the Jewish teachers, so as now they clearly justify that Christ whom they afterwards condemn, and, by thus justifying him, condemn themselves in rejecting him. The water that is untroubled yields the visage perfectly. If God had no more witnesses but from his enemies, we have ground enough of our faith.

Herod

Herod feared, but dissembled his fear, as thinking it a shame that strangers should see there could any power arise, under him, worthy of his respect or awe. Out of an unwillingness therefore to discover the impotency of his passion, he makes little ado of the matter, but only, after a privy inquisition into the time, employs the informers in the search of the person; “Go and search diligently for the babe,” &c. It was no great journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem: how easily might Herod’s cruelty have secretly suborned some of his bloody courtiers to this inquiry and execution? If God had not meant to mock him, before he found himself mocked of the wise-men, he had rather sent before their journey than after their disappointment. But that God, in whose hands all hearts are, did purposely besot him, that he might not find the way to so horrible a mischief.

There is no villainy so great, but it will mask itself under a shew of piety. Herod will also worship the babe. The courtesy of a false tyrant is death. A crafty hypocrite never means so ill, as when he speaketh fairest. The wise-men are upon their way full of expectation, full of desire: I see no man either of the city or court to accompany them. Whether distrust or fear hindered them, I enquire not: but, of so many thousand Jews, no one stirs his foot to see that King of theirs, which strangers came so far to visit. Yet were not these resolute sages discouraged with this solitariness and small respect, nor drawn to repent of their journey, as thinking, What do we come so far to honour a King whom no man will acknowledge? what mean we to travel so many hundred miles to see that which the inhabitants will not look out to behold? but cheerfully renew their journey to that place, which the ancient light of prophecy had designed. And now, behold, God encourages their holy forwardness from heaven, by sending them

them their first guide; as if he had said, What need ye care for the neglect of men, when ye see heaven honours the King whom ye seek? What joy these sages conceived, when their eyes first beheld the re-appearance of that happy star, they only can tell, that, after a long and sad night of temptation, have seen the loving countenance of God shining forth upon their souls. If with obedience and courage we can follow the calling of God, in difficult enterprises, we shall not want supplies of comfort. Let not us be wanting to God, we shall be sure he cannot be wanting to us.

He, that led Israel by a pillar of fire into the land of promise, leads the wise-men by a star to the promised seed. All his directions partake of that light which is in him: for God is light. This star moves both slowly and low, as might be fittest for the pace, for the purpose of these pilgrims. It is the goodness of God, that, in those means wherein we cannot reach him, he descends unto us. Surely when the wise-men saw the star stand still, they looked about to see what palace there might be near unto that station, fit for the birth of a king; neither could they think that sorry shed was it which the star meant to point out; but finding their guide settled over that base roof, they go in to see what guest it held. They enter, and, O God, what a King do they find! how poor! how contemptible! wrapt in clouts, laid in straw, cradled in the manger, attended with beasts! What a sight was this, after all the glorious promises of that star, after the predictions of prophets, after the magnificence of the expectation!

All their way afforded nothing so despicable as that babe whom they came to worship. But as those which could not have been wise-men, unless they had known that the greatest glories have arisen from mean beginnings, they fall down and worship that hidden Majesty. This baseness hath bred wonder in them, not contempt:

tempt: they well knew the star could not lie. They, which saw his star afar off in the east, when he lay swaddled in Bethlehem, do also see his royalty further off, in the despised state of his infancy; a royalty more than human. They well knew, that stars did not use to attend earthly kings; and if their aim had not been higher, what was a Jewish king to Persian strangers? Answerable therefore hereunto was their adoration. Neither did they lift up empty hands to him whom they worshipped, but presented him with the most precious commodities of their country, gold, incense, myrrh; not as thinking to enrich him with these, but, by way of homage, acknowledging him the Lord of these. If these sages had been kings, and had offered a princely weight of gold, the blessed virgin had not needed, in her purification, to have offered two young pigeons, as the sign of her penury. As God loves not empty hands, so he measures fulness by the affection. Let it be gold, or incense, or myrrh, that we offer him, it cannot but please him, who doth not use to ask how much, but how good.

CONTEMP. V. *The PURIFICATION.*

THERE could be no impurity in the Son of God; and if the best substance of a pure virgin carried in it any taint of Adam, that was scoured away by sanctification in the womb; and yet the Son would be circumcised, and the mother purified. He, that came to be sin for us, would, in our persons, be legally unclean, that, by satisfying the law, he might take away our uncleanness. Though he were exempted from the common condition of our birth, yet he would not deliver himself from those ordinary rites that implied the weakness and blemishes of humanity. He would fulfil one law to abrogate it, another to satisfy it. He, that was above the law, would come under

under the law, to free us from the law. Not a day would be changed, either in the circumcision of Christ, or the purification of Mary. Here was neither convenience of place, nor of necessaries, for so painful a work, in the stable of Bethlehem; yet he, that made and gave the law, will rather keep it with difficulty, than transgress it with ease.

Why wouldst thou, O blessed Saviour, suffer that sacred foreskin to be cut off, but that, by the power of thy circumcision, the same might be done to our souls that was done to thy body? We cannot be therefore thine, if our hearts be uncircumcised. Do thou that in us which was done to thee for us, cut off the superfluity of our malicioufness, that we may be holy in and by thee, which for us wert content to be legally impure.

There was shame in thy birth, there was pain in thy circumcision. After a contemptible welcome into the world, that a sharp rasor should pass through thy skin for our sakes, which can hardly endure to bleed for our own, it was the praise of thy wonderful mercy in so early humiliation. What pain or contempt should we refuse for thee, that hast made no spare of thyself for us! Now is Bethlehem left with too much honour; there is Christ born, adored, circumcised. No sooner is the blessed virgin either able or allowed to walk, than she travels to Jerusalem, to perform her holy rites for herself, for her son; to purify herself, to present her son. She goes not to her own house at Nazareth, she goes to God's house at Jerusalem. If purifying were a shadow, yet thanksgiving is substance. Those whom a God hath blessed with fruit of body and safety of deliverance, if they make not their first journey to the temple of God, they partake more of the unthankfulness of Eve, than Mary's devotion.

Her

Her forty days therefore were no sooner out than Mary comes up to the holy city. The rumour of a new king, born at Bethlehem, was yet fresh at Jerusalem, since the report of the wise-men: and what good news had this been for any pickthank to carry to the court? Here is the babe whom the star signified, whom the sages enquired for, whom the angels proclaimed, whom the shepherds talked of, whom the scribes and high-priests notified, whom Herod seeks after. Yet, unto that Jerusalem, which was troubled at the report of his birth, is Christ come; and all tongues are so locked up, that he, which sent from Jerusalem to Bethlehem to seek him, finds him not, who, as to countermine Herod, is come from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Dangers that are aloof off, and but possible, may not hinder us from the duty of our devotion. God saw it not yet time to let loose the fury of his adversaries, whom he holds up like some eager mastives, and then only lets go, when they shall most shame themselves, and glorify him.

Well might the blessed virgin have wrangled with the law, and challenged an immunity from all ceremonies of purification; What should I need purging, which did not conceive in sin? This is for those mothers whose births are unclean; mine is from God, which is purity itself. The law of Moses reaches only to those women which have conceived seed: I conceived not this seed, but the Holy Ghost in me. The law extends to the mothers of those sons which are under the law; mine is above it. But as one that cared more for her peace than her privilege, and more desired to be free from offence than from labour and charge, she dutifully fulfils the law of that God whom she carried in her womb, and in her arms: like the mother of him, who, though he knew the children of the kingdom free, yet would pay tribute unto Cesar; like the mother of him whom it behoved to ful-

fil all righteousness. And if she were so officious in ceremonies, as not to admit of any excuse in the very circumstance of her obedience, how much more strict was she in the main duties of morality! That soul is fit for the spiritual conception of Christ, that is conscientiously scrupulous in observing all God's commandments; whereas he hates all alliance to a negligent or froward heart.

The law of purification proclaims our uncleanness. The mother is not allowed, after her child-birth, to come unto the sanctuary; or touch any hallowed thing, till her set time be expired. What are we, whose very birth infects the mother that bears us! At last she comes to the temple; but with sacrifices, either a lamb and pigeon, or turtle, or (in the meaner estate) two turtle-doves, or young pigeons, whereof one is for a burnt-offering, the other for a sin-offering; the one for thanksgiving, the other for expiation; for expiation of a double sin, of the mother that conceived, of the child that was conceived. We are all born sinners, and it is a just question, whether we do more infect the world, or the world us. They are gross flatterers of nature that tell her she is clean. If our lives had no sin, we bring enough with us: the very infant that lives not to sin as Adam, yet he sinned in Adam, and is sinful in himself. But, O the unspeakable mercy of our God! we provide the sin, he provides the remedy. Behold an expiation well-near as early as our sin; the blood of a young lamb, or dove, yea rather the blood of him whose innocence was represented by both, cleanseth us presently from our filthiness. First went circumcision, then came the sacrifice; that, by two holy acts, that which was naturally unholy might be hallowed unto God. Under the gospel our baptism hath the force of both: it does away our corruption by the water of the Spirit; it applies to us the sacrifice of Christ's blood, where-

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by we are cleansed. O that we could magnify this goodness of our God, which hath not left our very infancy without redress, but hath provided helps, whereby we may be delivered from the danger of our hereditary evils!

Such is the favourable respect of our wise God, that he would not have us undo ourselves with devotion: the service he requires of us is ruled by our abilities. Every poor mother was not able to bring a lamb for her offering: there was none so poor, but might procure a pair of turtles or pigeons. These doth God both prescribe and accept from poorer hands, no less than the beasts of a thousand mountains. He looks for somewhat of every one, not of every one alike. Since it is he that makes differences of abilities, (to whom it were as easy to make all rich) his mercy will make no difference in the acceptation. The truth and heartiness of obedience is that which he will crown in his meanest servants. A mite, from the poor widow, is more worth to him than the talents of the wealthy.

After all the presents of those eastern worshippers, who intended rather homage than donation, the blessed virgin comes, in the form of poverty, with her two doves unto God: she could not without some charge lie all this while at Bethlehem, she could not without charge travel from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Her offering confesseth her penury. The best are not ever the wealthiest. Who can despise any one for want, when the mother of Christ was not rich enough to bring a lamb for her purification? We may be as happy in ruffet as in tissue.

While the blessed virgin brought her son into the temple with that pair of doves, here were more doves than a pair. They, for whose sake that offering was brought, were more doves than the doves that were brought for that offering. Her son, for whom she brought

brought that dove to be sacrificed, was that sacrifice which the dove represented. There was nothing in him but perfection of innocence: and the oblation of him is that whereby all mothers and sons are fully purified. Since in ourselves we cannot be innocent, happy are we, if we can have the spotless dove sacrificed for us, to make us innocent in him!

The blessed virgin had more business in the temple than her own; she came, as to purify herself, so to present her son. Every male that first opened the womb was holy unto the Lord. He, that was the Son of God, by eternal generation before time, and, by miraculous conception in time, was also, by common course of nature, consecrate unto God. It is fit the holy mother should present God with his own. Her first-born was the first-born of all creatures. It was he whose temple it was that he was presented in, to whom all the first-born of all creatures were consecrated, by whom they were accepted; and now is he brought in his mother's arms to his own house, and as man is presented to himself as God. If Moses had never written a law of God's special propriety in the first-born, this Son of God's essence and love had taken possession of the temple: his right had been a perfect law to himself. Now his obedience to that law, which himself had given, doth no less call him thither, than the challenge of his peculiar interest.

He that was the Lord of all creatures, ever since he struck the first-born of the Egyptians, requires the first male of all creatures, both man and beast, to be dedicated to him, wherein God caused a miraculous event to second nature, which seems to challenge the first and best for the Maker. By this rule God should have had his service done only by the heirs of Israel. But since God, for the honour and remuneration of Levi, had chosen out that tribe to minister unto him, now the first-born of all Israel must be presented to

God as his due, but by allowance redeemed to their parents. As for beasts, the first male of the clean beasts must be sacrificed, of unclean exchanged for a price. So much morality is there in this constitution of God, that the best of all kinds is fit to be consecrated to the Lord of all. Every thing we have is too good for us, if we think any thing we have too good for him.

How glorious did the temple now seem, that the Owner was within the walls of it! Now was the hour and guest come, in regard whereof the second temple should surpass the first. This was his house, built for him; dedicated to him: there had he dwelt long in his spiritual presence, in his typical. There was nothing either placed, or done within those walls, whereby he was not resembled: and now the body of those shadows is come, and presents himself where he had been ever represented. Jerusalem is now every where. There is no church, no Christian heart, which is not a temple of the living God: there is no temple of God wherein Christ is not presented to his Father. Look upon him, O God, in whom thou art well pleased, and in him and for him be well pleased with us.

Under the gospel we are all first-born, all heirs; every soul is to be holy unto the Lord; we are a royal generation, an holy priesthood. Our baptism, as it is our circumcision, and our sacrifice of purification, so is it also our presentation unto God. Nothing can become us but holiness. O God, to whom we are devoted, serve thyself of us, glorify thyself by us, till we shall by thee be glorified with thee.

CONTEMP. VI. HEROD *and the* INFANTS.

WELL might these wise-men have suspected Herod's secrecy. If he had meant well, what needed that whispering? That which they published
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in the streets, he asks in his privy chamber: yet they, not misdoubting his intention, purpose to fulfil his charge. It could not, in their apprehension, but be much honour to them to make their success known, that now both king and people might see it was not fancy that led them, but an assured revelation. That God, which brought them thither, diverted them, and caused their eyes shut to guide them the best way home.

These sages made a happy voyage: for now they grew into further acquaintance with God. They are honoured with a second messenger from heaven. They saw the star in the way, the angel in their bed. The star guided their journey unto Christ, the angel directed their return. They saw the star by day, a vision by night. God spake to their eyes by the star, he speaks to their heart by a dream. No doubt they had left much noise of Christ behind them. They, that did so publish his birth by their inquiry at Jerusalem, could not be silent when they found him at Bethlehem. If they had returned by Herod, I fear they had come short home. He, that meant death to the babe for the name of a king, could mean no other to those that honoured and proclaimed a new king, and erected a throne besides his. They had done what they came for: and now that God, whose business they came about, takes order at once for his Son's safety and for theirs. God, who is perfection itself, never begins any business but he makes an end, and ends happily. When our ways are his, there is no danger of miscarriage.

Well did these wise-men know the difference, as of stars, so of dreams: they had learned to distinguish between the natural and divine; and once apprehending God in their sleep, they follow him waking, and return another way. They were no subjects to Herod; his command pressed them so much the less: or,

if the being within his dominions had been no less bond, than native subjection, yet, where God did countermand Herod, there could be no question whom to obey. They say not, We are in a strange country, Herod may meet with us, it can be no less than death to mock him in his own territories; but cheerfully put themselves upon the way, and trust God with the success. Where men command with God, we must obey men for God, and God in men; when against him, the best obedience is to deny obedience, and to turn our backs upon Herod.

The wise-men are safely arrived in the east, and fill the world full of expectation, as themselves are full of wonder. Joseph and Mary are returned with the babe to that Jerusalem, where the wise-men had enquired for his birth. The city was doubtless full of that rumour, and little thinks that he whom they talk of was so near them. From thence, they are, at least, in their way to Nazareth, where they purpose their abode. God prevents them by his angel, and sends them for safety into Egypt. Joseph was not wont to be so full of visions. It was not long since the angel appeared unto him, to justify the innocency of the mother, and the Deity of the Son: now he appears for the preservation of both, and a preservation by flight. Could Joseph now chuse but think, Is this the king that must save Israel, that needs to be saved by me? If he be the Son of God, how is he subject to the violence of men? How is the Almighty, that must save himself by flight? or how must he fly, to save himself, out of that land which he comes to save? But faithful Joseph, having been once tutored by the angel, and having heard what the wise-men said of the star, what Simeon, and Anna said in the temple, labours not so much to reconcile his thoughts as to subject them; and, as one that knew it safer to suppress doubts than to confute them, can believe what he understands

derstands not, and can wonder where he cannot comprehend.

O strange condition of the king of all the world! He could not be born in a baser estate; yet even this he cannot enjoy with safety. There was no room for him in Bethlehem; there will be no room for him in Judea. He is no sooner come to his own, than he must fly from them; that he may save them, he must avoid them. Had it not been easy for thee, O Saviour, to have acquitted thyself from Herod a thousand ways? What could an arm of flesh have done against the God of spirits? What had it been for thee to have sent Herod five years sooner unto his place? what to have commanded fire from heaven on those that should have come to apprehend thee? or to have bidden the earth to receive them alive, whom she meant to swallow dead? We suffer misery, because we must; thou, because thou wouldst. The same will, that brought thee from heaven unto earth, sends thee from Jewry into Egypt. As thou wouldst be born mean and miserable, so thou wouldst live subject to human vexations; that thou, who hast taught us how good it is to bear the yoke even in our youth, mightest sanctify to us early afflictions. Or whether, O Father, since it was the purpose of thy wisdom to manifest thy Son by degrees unto the world, was it thy will thus to hide him for a time under our infirmity? And what other is our condition? We are no sooner born thine, than we are persecuted. If the church travail, and bring forth a male, she is in danger of the dragon's streams. What, do the members complain of the same measure which was offered to the Head! Both our births are accompanied with tears.

Even of those whose mature age is full of trouble, yet the infancy is commonly quiet: but here life and toil began together. O blessed virgin! even already

dy did the sword begin to pierce thy soul. Thou, who wert forced to bear thy son in thy womb from Nazareth to Bethlehem, must now bear him in thy arms from Jewry into Egypt: yet couldst thou not complain of the way, whilst thy Saviour was with thee. His presence alone was able to make the stable a temple, Egypt a paradise, the way more pleasing than rest. But whither then, Oh! whither dost thou carry that blessed burden, by which thyself and the world are upholden! To Egypt, the slaughter-house of God's people, the furnace of Israel's ancient affliction, the sink of the world. "Out of Egypt have I called my Son," saith the Lord. That thou calledst thy Son out of Egypt, O God, is no marvel. It is a marvel that thou calledst him into Egypt, but that we know all earths are thine, and all places and men are, like figures upon a table, such as thy disposition makes them. What a change is here! Israel, the first-born of God, flies out of Egypt into the promised land of Judea; Christ, the first-born of all creatures, flies from Judea into Egypt. Egypt is become the sanctuary, Judea the inquisition-house of the Son of God. He, that is every where the same; makes all places alike to his: he makes the fiery furnace a gallery of pleasure, the lion's den an house of defence, the whale's belly a lodging chamber, Egypt an harbour.

He flies, that was able to preserve himself from danger; to teach us how lawfully we may fly from those dangers we cannot avoid otherwise. It is a thankless fortitude to offer our throat unto the knife. He, that came to die for us, fled for his own preservation, and hath bid us follow him; "When they persecute you in one city, fly into another." We have but the use of our lives, and we are bound to husband them to the best advantage of God and his church. God hath made us, not as butts to be perpetually
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shot at, but, as the marks of rovers, moveable, as the wind and the sun may best serve.

It was warrant enough for Joseph and Mary, that God commands them to fly: yet so familiar is God grown with his approved servants, that he gives them the reason of his commanded flight; "For Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." What wicked men will do; what they would do, is known unto God before-hand. He, that is so infinitely wise to know the designs of his enemies before they are, could as easily prevent them, that they might not be: but he lets them run on in their own courses, that he may fetch glory to himself out of their wickedness.

Good Joseph, having this charge in the night, stays not till the morning. No sooner had God said arise, than he starts up and sets forward. It was not diffidence, but obedience, that did so hasten his departure. The charge was direct, the business important. He dares not linger for the light, but breaks his rest for the journey, and, taking advantage of the dark, departs towards Egypt. How knew he this occasion would abide any delay? We cannot be too speedy in the execution of God's commands; we may be too late. Here was no treasure to hide, no hangings to take down, no lands to secure: the poor carpenter needs do no more but lock the doors and away. He goes lightly that wants a load. If there be more pleasure in abundance, there is more security in a mean estate. The bustard, or the ostrich, when he is pursued, can hardly get upon his wings; whereas the lark mounts with ease. The rich hath not so much advantage of the poor in enjoying, as the poor hath of the rich in leaving.

Now is Joseph come down into Egypt. Egypt was beholden to the name, as that whereto it did owe no less than their universal preservation. Well might it repay this act of hospitality to that name and blood.

The going down into Egypt had not so much difficulty, as the staying there: their absence from their country was little better than a banishment. But what was this other, than to serve an apprenticeship in the house of bondage? To be any where, save at home, was irksome: but to be in Egypt so many years, amongst idolatrous Pagans, must needs be painful to religious hearts. The command of their God, and the presence of Christ, makes amends for all. How long should they have thought it to see the temple of God, if they had not had the God of the temple with them? how long to present their sacrifices at the altar of God, if they had not had him with them which made all sacrifices accepted, and which did accept the sacrifice of their hearts?

Herod was subtle in mocking the wise-men, while he promised to worship him whom he meant to kill: now God makes the wise-men to mock him, in disappointing his expectation. It is just with God to punish those which would beguile others with illusion. Great spirits are so much more impatient of disgrace. How did Herod now rage and fret, and vainly wish to have met with those false spies, and tells with what torments he would revenge their treachery, and curses himself for trusting strangers in so important a business?

The tyrant's suspicion would not let him rest long. Ere many days he sends to enquire of them whom he sent to enquire of Christ. The notice of their secret departure increaseth his jealousy; and now his anger runs mad, and his fear proves desperate. All the infants of Bethlehem shall bleed for this one; and, that he may make sure work, he cuts out to himself large measures both of time and place. It was but very lately that the star appeared, that the wise-men re-appeared not. They asked for him that was born, they did not name when he was born. Herod, for more security, over-reaches their time, and fetches
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into the slaughter all the children of two years of age. The priests and scribes had told him, the town of Bethlehem must be the place of the Messiah's nativity. He fetches in all the children of the coasts adjoining; yea, his own shall for the time be a Bethlehemite. A tyrannous guiltiness never thinks itself safe, but ever seeks to assure itself in the excess of cruelty. Doubtless, he, which so privily enquired for Christ, did as secretly brew this massacre. The mothers were set with their children on their laps, feeding them with the breast, or talking to them in the familiar language of their love; when suddenly the executioner rushes in, and snatches them from their arms, and, at once pulling forth his commission and his knife, without regard to shrieks or tears, murders the innocent babe, and leaves the passionate mother in a mean between madness and death. What cursing of Herod! what wringing of hands! what condoling! what exclaiming was now in the streets of Bethlehem!

O bloody Herod, that couldst sacrifice so many harmless lives to thine ambition! What could those infants have done? If it were thy person whereof thou wert afraid, what likelihood was it thou couldst live till those sucklings might endanger thee? This news might affect thy successors; it could not concern thee, if the heat of an impotent and furious envy had not made thee thirsty of blood. It is not long that thou shalt enjoy this cruelty: after a few hateful years, thy soul shall feel the weight of so many innocents, of so many just curses.

He, for whose sake thou killedst so many, shall strike thee with death; and then what wouldst thou have given to have been as one of those infants whom thou murderedst? In the mean time, when thine executioners returned and told thee of their impartial dispatch, thou smiledst to think how thou hadst defeated thy rival, and beguiled the star, and deluded the prophecies;

phacies; while God in heaven, and his Son on earth, laugh thee to scorn, and make thy rage an occasion of further glory to him whom thou meantst to suppress.

He, that could take away the lives of others, cannot protract his own. Herod is now sent home. The coast is clear for the return of that holy family: now God calls them from their exile. Christ and his mother had not staid so long out of the confines of the reputed visible church, but to teach us continuance under the cross. Sometimes God sees it good for us not to sip of the cup of affliction, but to make a diet-drink of it, for constant and common use. If he allow us no other liquor for many years, we must take it off cheerfully, and know that it is but the measure of our betters.

Joseph and Mary stir not without a command; their departure, stay, removal, is ordered by the voice of God. If Egypt had been more tedious unto them, they durst not move their foot till they were bidden. It is good, in our own business, to follow reason or custom: but in God's business, if we have any other guide but himself, we presume, and cannot expect a blessing.

O the wonderful dispensation of God, in concealing of himself from men! Christ was now some five years old; he bears himself as an infant, and, knowing all things, neither takes nor gives notice of ought concerning his removal and disposing, but appoints that to be done by his angel, which the angel could not have done but by him. Since he would take our nature, he would be a perfect child, suppressing the manifestation and exercise of that Godhead whereto that infant-nature was conjoined. Even so, O Saviour, the humility of thine infancy was answerable to that of thy birth. The more thou hidest and abasest thyself for us, the more should we magnify thee, the more should we deject ourselves for thee. Unto thee,
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with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory now and for ever. Amen.

B O O K II.

CONTEMP. I. CHRIST *among the Doctors.*

EVEN the spring shews us what we may hope for of the tree in summer. In his nonage therefore would our Saviour give us a taste of his future proof; lest, if his perfection should have shewed itself without warning to the world, it should have been entertained with more wonder than belief. Now this act of his childhood shall prepare the faith of men by fore-expectation. Notwithstanding all this early demonstration of his divine graces, the incredulous Jews could afterwards say, "Whence hath this man his wisdom and great works?" What would they have said, if he had suddenly leapt forth into the clear light of the world! The sun would dazzle all eyes; if he should break forth at his first rising into his full strength: now he hath both the day-star to go before him, and to bid men look for that glorious body, and the lively colours of the day to publish his approach: the eye is comforted, not hurt by his appearance.

The parents of Christ went up yearly to Jerusalem, at the feast of the passover: the law was only for the males. I do not find the blessed virgin bound to this voyage: the weaker sex received indulgence from God. Yet she, knowing the spiritual profit of that journey, takes pains voluntarily to measure that long way every year. Piety regards not any distinction of sexes or degrees, neither yet doth God's acceptance: rather doth it please the mercy of the Highest, more to reward that service which, though he like in all, yet out of favour he will not impose upon all. It could not be but that she, whom the Ho-

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ly Ghost overshadowed, should be zealous of God's service. Those that will go no further than they are dragged in their religious exercises, are no whit of kin to her whom all generations shall call blessed.

The child Jesus, in the minority of his age, went up with his parents to the holy solemnity, not this year only, but, in all likelihood, others also: he, in the power of whose Godhead, and by the motion of whose Spirit, all others ascended thither, would not himself stay at home. In all his examples he meant our instruction. This pious act of his nonage intended to lead to our first years into timely devotion. The first liquor seasons the vessel for a long time after. It is every way good for a man to bear God's yoke, even from his infancy: it is the policy of the devil to discourage early holiness. He, that goes out betimes in the morning, is more like to dispatch his journey, than he that lingers till the day be spent. This blessed family came not to look at the feast, and be gone; but they duly staid out all the appointed days of unleavened bread. They, and the rest of Israel, could not want household-business at home: those secular affairs could not either keep them from repairing to Jerusalem, or send them away immaturely. Worldly cares must give place to the sacred. Except we will depart unblest, we must attend God's services till we receive his dismissal.

It was the fashion of those times and places, that they went up, and so returned by troops, to those set meetings of their holy festivals. The whole parish of Nazareth went and came together. Good fellowship doth no way so well as in the passage to heaven: much comfort is added by society to that journey which is of itself pleasant. It is an happy word, "Come, let us go up to the house of the Lord." Mutual encouragement is none of the least benefits of our holy assemblies. Many sticks laid together
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make a good fire, which, if they lie single, lose both their light and heat.

The feast ended, what should they do but return to Nazareth? God's services may not be so attended, as that we should neglect our particular callings. Himself calls us from his own house to ours, and takes pleasure to see a painful client. They are foully mistaken that think God cares for no other trade but devotion: piety and diligence must keep meet changes with each other. Neither doth God less accept of our return to Nazareth, than our going up to Jerusalem.

I cannot think that the blessed virgin, or good Joseph, could be so negligent of their divine charge, as not to call the child Jesus to their setting forth from Jerusalem. But their back was no sooner turned upon the temple, than his face was towards it. He had business in that place when theirs was ended: there he was both worshipped and represented. He, in whom the Godhead dwelt bodily, could do nothing without God: his true Father led him away from his supposed. Sometimes the affairs of our ordinary vocation may not grudge to yield unto spiritual occasions. The parents of Christ knew him well to be of a disposition not strange, nor sullen and stoical, but sweet and sociable; and therefore they supposed he had spent the time and the way in company of their friends and neighbours. They do not suspect him wandered into the solitary fields; but, when evening came, they go to seek him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. If he had not wanted to converse formerly with them, he had not now been sought amongst them. Neither as God, nor man, doth he take pleasure in a stern froward austerity and wild retiredness, but in a mild affableness and amiable conversation.

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But, O blessed virgin, who can express the sorrows of thy perplexed soul, when all that evening search could afford thee no news of thy son Jesus? Was not this one of those swords of Simeon, which should pierce through thy tender breast! How didst thou chide thy credulous neglect, in not observing so precious a charge, and blame thine eyes for once looking beside this object of thy love! How didst thou, with thy careful husband, spend that restless night in mutual expostulations and bemoanings of your loss! How many suspicious imaginations did that while rack thy grieved spirit! Perhaps thou mightest doubt, lest they which laid wait for him by Herod's command, at his birth, had now, by the secret instigation of Archelaus, surpris'd him in his childhood: or, it may be, thou thoughtest thy divine Son had now withdrawn himself from the earth, and returned to his heavenly glory, without warning: or, peradventure, thou studiedst with thyself, whether any carelessness on thy behalf had not given occasion to this absence.

O dear Saviour, who can miss, and not mourn for thee! Never any soul conceived thee by faith, that was less afflicted with the sense of thy desertion, than comforted with the joy of thy presence. Just is that sorrow, and those tears seasonable, that are bestowed upon thy loss. What comfort are we capable of, while we want thee! What relish is there in these earthly delights without thee! What is there to mitigate our passionate discomforts, if not from thee! Let thyself loose, O my soul, to the fulness of sorrow, when thou findest thyself bereaved of him, in whose presence is fulness of joy; and deny to receive comfort from any thing, save from his return.

In vain is Christ sought among his kindred according to the flesh: so far are they still from giving us their aid to find the true Messiah, that they lead us from him. Back again therefore are Joseph and Mary gone

gone to seek him at Jerusalem. She goes about in the city, by the streets, and by the open places, and seeks him whom her soul loveth: she sought him, for the time, and found him not. Do we think she spared her search? The evening of her return she hastes to the inn where she had left him: where missing him, she inquires of every one she met, "Have you not seen him whom my soul loveth?" At last, the third day, she finds him in the temple. One day was spent in the journey towards Galilee, another in the return to Jerusalem; the third day recovers him. He, who would rise again the third day, and be found amongst the living, now also would the third day be found of his parents, after the sorrow of his absence. But where wert thou, O blessed Jesus, for the space of these three days? where didst thou bestow thyself, or who attended thee, while thou wert thus alone at Jerusalem? I know, if Jerusalem should have been as unkind to thee as Bethlehem, thou couldst have commanded the heavens to harbour thee; and, if men did not minister to thee, thou couldst have commanded the service of angels. But, since the form of a servant called thee to a voluntary homeliness, whether it pleased thee to exercise thyself thus early with the difficulties of a stranger, or to provide miraculously for thyself, I inquire not, since thou revealedst not: only this I know, that hereby thou intendedst to teach thy parents, that thou couldst live without them, and that not of any indigency, but out of a gracious dispensation, thou wouldst ordinarily depend upon their care.

In the mean time, thy divine wisdom could not but foreknow all these corroding thoughts, wherewith the heart of thy dear mother must needs bleed, through this sudden dereliction; yet wouldst thou leave her for the time to her sorrow. Even so, O Saviour, thou thoughtest fit to visit her that bore thee with this early affliction.

affliction. Never any loved thee, whom thou dost not sometimes exercise with the grief of missing thee; that both we may be more careful to hold thee, and more joyful in recovering thee. Thou hast said, and canst not lie, "I am with you to the end of the world;" but, even while thou art really present, thou thinkest good to be absent unto our apprehensions. Yet if thou leave us, thou wilt not forsake us; if thou leave us for our humiliation, thou wilt not forsake us to our final discomfort. Thou mayest for three days hide thyself, but then we shall find thee in the temple. None ever sought thee with a sincere desire, of whom thou wert not found. Thou wilt not be either so little absent as not to whet our appetites, nor so long as to fainten the heart. After three days we shall find thee: and where should we rather hope to find thee than in the temple? There is the habitation for the God of Israel, there is thy resting-place for ever. O all ye that are grieved with the want of your Saviour, see where you must seek him! In vain shall ye hope to find him in the streets, in the taverns, in the theatres: seek him in his holy temple, seek him with piety, seek him with faith; there shall ye meet him, there shall ye recover him. While children of that age were playing in the streets, Christ was found sitting in the temple; not to gaze on the outward glory of that house, or on the golden candlesticks or tables, but to hear and oppose the doctors. He who, as God, gave them all the wisdom they had, as the Son of man hearkens to the wisdom he had given them. He, who sat in their hearts, as the Author of all learning and knowledge, sits in the midst of their school, as an humble disciple; that by learning of them, he might teach all the younger sort humility, and due attendance upon their instructors. He could, at the first, have taught the great Rabbins of Israel the deep mysteries of God; but because he was not yet called by his
his

his Father to the public function of a teacher, he contents himself to hear with diligence, and to ask with modesty, and to teach only by insinuation. Let those consider this, which will needs run as soon as they can go; and, when they find ability, think they need not stay for a further vocation of God or men. Open your eyes, ye rather ripe invaders of God's chair, and see your Saviour in his younger years not sitting in the eminent pulpits of the doctors, but in the lowly floors of the auditors. See him, that could have taught the angels, listening in his minority to the voice of men. Who can think much to learn of the ancients; when he looks upon the Son of God sitting at the feet of the doctors of Israel? First he hears, then he asks. How much more doth it concern us to be hearers, ere we offer to be teachers of others? He gathers that hears; he spends that teacheth: if we spend before we gather, we shall soon prove bankrupts.

When he hath heard, he asks, and after that he answers: doubtless, those very questions were instructions, and meant to teach more than to learn: never had these great Rabbies heard the voice of such a Tutor: in whom they might see the wisdom of God so concealing itself, that yet it would be known to be there: no marvel then, if they all wondered at his understanding and answers. Their eyes saw nothing but human weakness, their ears heard divine sublimity of matter; betwixt what they saw, and what they heard, they could not but be distracted with a doubting admiration. And why did ye not, O ye Jewish teachers, remember, "That to us a child is born, and unto us a son is given, and the government is upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God; the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace?" Why did ye not now bethink yourselves, what the star, the sages, the angels, the shepherds, Zachary, Simeon,

Anna, had premonished you? Fruitless is the wonder that endeth not in faith; no light is sufficient where the eyes are held through unbelief or prejudice.

The doctors were not more amazed to hear so profound a childhood, than the parents of Christ were to see him among the doctors; the joy of finding him, did strive with the astonishment of finding him thus: and now, not Joseph, (he knew how little right he had to that divine son) but Mary breaks forth into a loving expostulation, "Son, why hast thou dealt so with us?" That she might not seem to take upon her as an imperious mother, it is like she reserved this question till she had him alone: wherein she meant rather to express grief than to chide: only herein the blessed virgin offended, that her inconsideration did not suppose, as it was, that some higher respects, than could be due to flesh and blood, called away the Son of God from her that was the daughter of man. She, that was but the mother of humanity, should not have thought, that the business of God must for her sake be neglected. We are all partial to ourselves naturally, and prone to the regard of our own rights. Questionless this gracious saint would not, for all the world, have willingly preferred her own attendance to that of her God; through heedlessness she doth so. Her son and Saviour is her monitor, out of his divine love reforming her natural; "How is it that ye sought me? Know ye not that I must go about my Father's business?" Immediately before the blessed virgin had said, "Thy father and I sought thee with heavy hearts." Wherein both according to the supposition of the world she called Joseph the father of Christ, and according to the fashion of a dutiful wife she names her Joseph before herself. She well knew that Joseph had nothing but a name in this business; she knew how God had dignified her beyond him; yet she says, "Thy father and I sought thee." The Son

Son of God stands not upon contradiction to his mother, but leading her thoughts from his supposed father to his true, from earth to heaven, he answers, "Knew ye not that I must go about my Father's business?" It was honour enough to her, that he had vouchsafed to take flesh of her: it was his eternal honour that he was God of God, the everlasting Son of the heavenly Father. Good reason therefore was it, that the respects to flesh should give place to the God of spirits. How well contented was holy Mary with so just an answer? How doth she now again in her heart renew her answer to the angel, "Behold the servant of the Lord, be it according to thy word."

We are all the sons of God in another kind. Nature and the world thinks we should attend them. We are not worthy to say, we have a Father in heaven; if we cannot steal away from these earthly distractions; and employ ourselves in the services of our God.

CONTEMP. II. CHRIST'S *Baptism*.

JOHN did every way forerun Christ, not so much in the time of his birth, as in his office. Neither was there more unlikeliness in their disposition and carriage, than similitude in their function. Both did preach and baptize: only John baptized by himself, our Saviour by his disciples: our Saviour wrought miracles by himself by his disciples; John wrought none by either. Wherein Christ meant to shew himself a Lord, and John a servant: and John meant to approve himself a true servant to him whose harbinger he was. He that leapt in the womb of his mother, when his Saviour (then newly conceived) came in presence, bestirred himself when he was brought forth into the light of the church, to the honour and service of his Saviour: he did the same before Christ, which Christ charged his disciples to do after him,

“Preach and baptize.” The gospel ran always in one tenor, and was never but like itself. So it became the Word of him, in whom there is no shadow of turning, and whose word it is, “I am Jehovah, I change not.”

It was fit that he which had the prophets, the star, the angel, to foretel his coming into the world, should have his usher to go before him, when he would notify himself to the world. John was the voice of a crier; Christ was the Word of his Father; it was fit this voice should make a noise to the world, ere the Word of the Father should speak to it. John’s note was still repentance; The axe to the root, the fan to the floor, the chaff to the fire. As his raiment was rough, so was his tongue; and if his food were wild honey, his speech was stinging locusts. Thus must the way be made for Christ in every heart. Plausibility is no fit preface to regeneration. If the heart of man had continued upright, God might have been entertained without contradiction; but now violence must be offered to our corruption, ere we can have room for grace. If the great way-maker do not cast down hills and raise up valleys in the bosoms of men, there is no passage for Christ. Never will Christ come into that soul, where the herald of repentance hath not been before him.

That Saviour of ours, who from eternity lay hid in the counsel of God, who in the fulness of time so came, that he lay hid in the womb of his mother for the space of forty weeks, after he was come, thought fit to lie hid in Nazareth for the space of thirty years, now at last begins to shew himself to the world, and comes from Galilee to Jordan. He that was God always, and might have been perfect man in an instant, would by degrees rise to the perfection both of his manhood, and execution of his Mediatorship; to teach us the necessity of leisure in spiritual proceedings: that many suns and successions of seasons

seasons and means must be staid for, ere we can attain our maturity; and that, when we are ripe for the employments of God, we should no less willingly leave our obscurity, than we took the benefit of it for our preparation. He, that was formerly circumcised, would now be baptized. What is baptism but an evangelical circumcision? what was circumcision but a legal baptism? One both supplied and succeeded the other; yet the author of both will undergo both. He would be circumcised, to sanctify his church that was; and baptized, to sanctify his church that should be; that so, in both testaments, he might open a way into heaven. There was in him, neither filthiness, nor foreskin of corruption, that should need either knife or water. He came not to be a Saviour for himself, but for us. We are all uncleanness and uncircumcision: he would therefore have that done to his most pure body, which should be of force to clear our impure souls: thus making himself sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

His baptism gives virtue to ours. His last action, or rather passion, was his baptizing with blood: his first was his baptismation with water: both of them wash the world from their sins. Yea, this latter did not only wash the souls of men, but washeth that very water by which we are washed: from hence is that made both clean and holy, and can both cleanse and hallow us. And if the very handkerchief, which touched his apostles, had power of cure, how much more that water, which the sacred body of Christ touched! Christ comes far to seek his baptism, to teach us, for whose sake he was baptized, to wait upon the ordinances of God, and to sue for the favour of spiritual blessings. They are worthless commodities that are not worth seeking for. It is rarely seen, that God is found of any man unfought for.

That desire, which only makes us capable of good things, cannot stand with neglect.

John durst not baptize unbidden: his Master sent him to do this service; and, behold, the Master comes to his servant, to call for the participation of that privilege, which he himself had instituted and enjoined. How willingly should we come to our spiritual superiors, for our part in those mysteries which God hath left in their keeping! Yea, how gladly should we come to that Christ who gives us these blessings, who is given to us in them!

This seemed too great an honour for the modesty of John to receive. If his mother could say, when her blessed cousin, the virgin Mary, came to visit her, "Whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" how much more might he say so, when the divine Son of that mother came to call for a favour from him! "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" O holy Baptist, if there were not a greater born of woman than thou; yet thou couldst not be born of a woman, and not need to be baptized of thy Saviour! He baptized with fire, thou with water. Little would thy water have availed thee, without his fire. If he had not baptized thee, how wert thou sanctified from the womb? There can be no flesh without filthiness: neither thy supernatural conception, nor thy austere life, could exempt thee from the need of baptism. Even those that have not lived to sin after the similitude of Adam, yet are they so tainted with Adam, that unless the second Adam cleanse them by his baptism, they are hopeless. There is no less use of baptism unto all, than there is certainty of the need of baptism. John baptized without, Christ within. The more holy a man is, the more sensible he is of his unholiness. No carnal man could have said, "I have need to be baptized of thee;" neither can he find what he is the better
for

for a little font-water. The sense of our wretchedness, and the valuation of our spiritual helps, is the best trial of our regeneration. Our Saviour doth not deny, that either John hath need to be baptized of him, or that it is strange that he should come to be baptized of John; but he will needs thus far both honour John, and disparage himself, to be baptized of his messenger. He, that would take flesh of the virgin, education from his parents, sustenance from his creatures, will take baptism from John. It is the praise of his mercy, that he will stoop so low as to be beholden to his creatures, which from him receive their being, and power both to take and give.

Yet not so much respect to John, as obedience to his Father, drew him to this point of humiliation: "Thus it behoves us, to fulfil all righteousness." The counsels and appointments of God are righteousness itself. There needs no other motive, either to the servant or the Son, than the knowledge of those righteous purposes. This was enough to lead a faithful man through all difficulties and inconveniences: neither will it admit of any reply, or any demur. John yieldeth to this honour which his Saviour puts upon him, in giving baptism to the Author of it. He baptized others to the remission of their sins: now he baptizes him, by whom they are remitted, both to the baptizer and to others.

No sooner is Christ baptized, than he comes forth of the water. The element is of force but during the use; it turns common when that is past: neither is the water sooner poured on his head, than the heavens are opened, and the Holy Ghost descendeth upon that head which was baptized. The heavens are never shut while either of the sacraments is duly administered and received: neither do the heavens ever thus open without the descent of the Holy Ghost. But now that the God of heaven is baptized, they

open unto him, which are opened to all the faithful by him: and that Holy-Ghost which proceeded from him, together with the Father, joins with the Father in a sensible testimony of him; that now the world might see what interest he had in the heavens, in the Father, in the Holy Spirit, and might expect nothing but divine from the entrance of such a Mediator.

CONTEMP. III. CHRIST *tempted.*

NO sooner is Christ come out of the water of baptism, than he enters into the fire of temptation. No sooner is the Holy Spirit descended upon his head in the form of a dove, than he is led by the spirit to be tempted. No sooner doth God say, "This is my Son," than Satan says, "If thou be the Son of God." It is not in the power either of the gift or seals of grace to deliver us from the assaults of Satan; they may have the force to repel evil suggestions, they have none to prevent them: yea, the more we are engaged unto God by our public vows and his pledges of favour, so much more busy and violent is the rage of that evil one to encounter us. We are no sooner stept forth into the field of God, than he labours to wrest our weapons out of our hands, or to turn them against us.

The voice from heaven acknowledged Christ to be the Son of God. This divine testimony did not allay the malice of Satan, but exasperate it: now that venomous serpent swells with inward poison, and hastes to assail him whom God hath honoured from heaven. O God, how should I look to escape the suggestions of that wicked one, when the Son of thy love cannot be free, when even grace itself draws on enmity, that enmity that spared not to strike at the head, will he forbear the weakest and remotest limb!

limb! Arm thou me therefore with an expectation of that evil I cannot avoid. Make thou me as strong as he is malicious. Say to my soul also, "Thou art my Son," and let Satan do his worst.

All the time of our Saviour's obscurity, I do not find him set upon: now, that he looks forth to the public execution of his divine office, Satan bends his forces against him. Our privacy, perhaps, may sit down in peace; but never man did endeavour a common good without opposition. It is a sign that both the work is holy, and the agent faithful, when we meet with strong affronts.

We have reason to be comforted with nothing so much as with resistance. If we were not in a way to do good, we should find no rubs: Satan hath no cause to molest his own, and that while they go about his own service. He desires nothing more, than to make us smooth paths to sin; but when we would turn our feet to holiness, he blocks up the way with temptations.

Who can wonder enough at the sauciness of that bold spirit, that dares to set upon the Son of the ever-living God! Who can wonder enough at thy meekness and patience, O Saviour, that wouldst be tempted! He wanted not malice and presumption to assault thee; thou wantedst not humility to endure those assaults. I should stand amazed at this voluntary dispensation of thine, but that I see the susception of our human nature lays thee open to this condition. It is necessarily incident to manhood to be liable to temptation. Thou wouldst not have put on flesh, if thou hadst meant utterly to put off this consequence of our infirmity. If the state of innocence could have been any defence against evil motions, the first Adam had not been tempted, much less the second. It is not the presenting of temptations that can hurt us, but their entertainment. Ill counsel is the fault
of

of the giver, not of the refuser. We cannot forbid lewd eyes to look in at our windows, we may shut our doors against their entrance. It is no less our praise to have resisted, than Satan's blame to suggest evil. Yea, O blessed Saviour, how glorious was it for thee, how happy for us, that thou wert tempted! Had not Satan tempted thee, how shouldest thou have overcome? Without blows there can be no victory, no triumph: how had thy power been manifested, if no adversary had tried thee? The first Adam was tempted and vanquished: the second Adam, to repay and repair that foil, doth vanquish in being tempted. Now have we not a Saviour and High-priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but such an one as was in all things tempted in like sort, yet without sin. How boldly therefore may we go unto the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy, and find grace to help in time of need! Yea, this duel was for us. Now we see, by this conflict of our Almighty champion, what manner of adversary we have; how he fights, how he is resisted, how overcome. Now every temptation affords us comfort, in that we see, the dearer we are unto God, the more obnoxious we are to this trial: neither can we be discouraged by the heinousness of those evils whereto we are moved; since we see the Son of God solicited to infidelity, covetousness, idolatry. How glorious therefore was it for thee, O Saviour, how happy for us, that thou wert tempted!

Where then wast thou tempted, O blessed Jesus; or whither went'st thou to meet with our great adversary? I do not see thee led into the market-place, or any other part of the city, or thy homestead of Nazareth, but into the vast wilderness, the habitation of beasts, a place that carrieth in it both horror and opportunity! Why wouldest thou thus retire thyself from men? But as confident champions are wont to
give

give advantage of ground or weapon to their antagonist, that the glory of their victory may be the greater; so wouldst thou, O Saviour, in this conflict with our common enemy, yield him his own terms for circumstances, that thine honour and his foil may be the more. Solitariness is no small help to the speed of a temptation. "Wo to him that is alone, for if he fall, there is not a second to lift him up." Those, that out of an affectation of holiness, seek for solitude in rocks and caves of the deserts, do no other than run into the mouth of the danger of temptation, while they think to avoid it. It was enough for thee, to whose divine power the gates of hell were weakness, thus to challenge the prince of darkness. Our care must be always to eschew all occasions of spiritual danger, and, what we may, to get us out of the reach of temptations.

But, O the depth of the wisdom of God! How camest thou, O Saviour, to be thus tempted? That Spirit, whereby thou wast conceived as man, and which was one with thee, and the Father as God, led thee into the wilderness to be tempted of Satan. While thou taughtest us to pray to thy Father, "Lead us not into temptation," thou meantst to instruct us, that, if the same spirit led us not into this perilous way, we go not into it. We have still the same conduct. Let the path be what it will, how can we miscarry in the hand of a Father? Now may we say to Satan, as thou didst unto Pilate, "Thou couldest have no power over me, except it were given thee from above." The Spirit led thee; it did not drive thee: here was a sweet invitation, no compulsion of violence. So absolutely conformable was thy will to thy Deity, as if both thy natures had but one volition. In this first draught of thy bitter potion, thy soul said, in a real subjection, "Not my will, but thy will be done." We imitate thee, O Saviour, though
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we cannot reach to thee. All thine are led by thy Spirit: O teach us to forget that we have wills of our own. The Spirit led thee; thine invincible strength did not animate thee into this combat uncalled. What do we, weaklings, so far presume upon our abilities or success, as that we dare thrust ourselves upon temptations unbidden, unwarranted! Who can pity the shipwreck of those mariners, which will needs put forth and hoist sails in a tempest!

Forty days did our Saviour spend in the wilderness, fasting and solitary, all which time was worn out in temptation; however the last brunt, because it was most violent, is only expressed. Now could not the adversary complain of disadvantage, while he had the full scope both of time and place to do his worst. And why did it please thee, O Saviour, to fast forty days and forty nights, unless, as Moses fasted forty days at the delivery of the law, and Elias at the restitution of the law, so thou thoughtst fit at the accomplishment of the law, and the promulgation of the gospel, to fulfil the time of both these types of thine, wherein thou intendedst our wonder, not our imitation; not our imitation of the time, though of the act. Here were no faulty desires of the flesh in thee to be tamed, no possibility of a freer and more easy assent of the soul to God that could be affected of thee, who wast perfectly united unto God; but as for us thou wouldst suffer death, so for us, thou wouldst suffer hunger, that we might learn by fasting to prepare ourselves for temptations. In fasting so long, thou intendedst the manifestation of thy power; in fasting no longer, the truth of thy manhood. Moses and Elias, through the miraculous sustentation of God, fasted so long, without any question made of the truth of their bodies; so long therefore thou thoughtst good to fast, as by the reason of these precedents might be without prejudice of thine humanity; which if it should have pleased

pleased thee to support, as thou couldst, without means, thy very power might have opened the mouth of cavils against the verity of thy human nature. That thou mightest therefore well approve, that there was no difference betwixt thee and us but sin, thou that couldst have fasted without hunger, and lived without meat, wouldst both feed, and fast, and hunger.

Who can be discouraged with the scantness of friends or bodily provisions, when he sees his Saviour thus long destitute of all earthly comforts, both of society and sustenance? O the policy and malice of that old serpent! when he sees Christ bewray some infirmity of nature in being hungry, then he lays forest at him by temptations. His eye was never off from our Saviour all the time of his sequestration; and now, that he thinks he espies any one part to lie open, he drives at it with all his might. We have to do with an adversary no less vigilant than malicious, who will be sure to watch all opportunities of our mischief, and, where he sees any advantage of weakness, will not neglect it. How should we stand upon our guard for prevention, that both we may not give him occasions of our hurt, nor take hurt by those we have given?

When our Saviour was hungry, Satan tempts him in matter of food, not then of wealth or glory. He well knows both what baits to fish withal, and when and how to lay them. How safe and happy shall we be, if we shall bend our greatest care, where we discern the most danger?

In every temptation there is an appearance of good, whether of the body, of mind, or estate. The first is the "lust of the flesh," in any carnal desire; the second, the "pride of heart and life;" the third, the "lust of the eyes." To all these the first Adam is tempted, and in all miscarried; the second Adam is tempted to them all, and overcometh. The first man was tempted to carnal appetite by the forbidden fruit;

to pride, by the suggestion of being as God; to covetousness, in the ambitious desire of knowing good and evil. Satan, having found all the motions so successful with the first Adam in his innocent estate, will now tread the same steps in his temptations of the second. The stones must be made bread: there is the motion to a carnal appetite. The guard and attendance of angels must be presumed on; there is a motion to pride. The kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them, must be offered; there to covetousness and ambition.

Satan could not but have heard God say, "This is my well-beloved Son;" he had heard the message and the carol of the angels; he saw the star and the journey, and offerings of the sages; he could not but take notice of the gratulations of Zachary, Simeon, Anna; he well knew the predictions of the prophets: yet now that he saw Christ fainting with hunger, as not comprehending how infirmities could consist with a Godhead, he can say, "If thou be the Son of God." Had not Satan known that the Son of God was to come into the world, he had never said, "If thou be the Son of God." His very supposition convinces him: the ground of his temptation answers itself. If therefore Christ seemed to be a mere man, because after forty days he was hungry, why was he not confessed more than a man, in that for forty days he hungered not? The motive of the temptation is worse than the motion; "If thou be the Son of God." Satan could not chuse another suggestion of so great importance. All the work of our redemption, of our salvation, depends upon this one truth, Christ is the Son of God. How should he else have ransomed the world? how should he have done, how should he have suffered that which was satisfactory to his Father's wrath? how should his actions or passion have been valuable to the sins of all the world? What marvel is it, if we, that are sons by adoption, be assaulted with

with the doubts of our interest in God, when the natural Son, the Son of his essence is thus tempted? Since all our comfort consists in this point, here must needs be laid the chief battery, and here must be placed our strongest defence.

To turn stones into bread, had been no more faulty in itself than to turn water into wine: but to do this in a distrust of his Father's providence, to abuse his power and liberty in doing it, to work a miracle of Satan's choice, had been disagreeable to the Son of God. There is nothing more ordinary with our spiritual enemy, than by occasion of want to move us to unwarrantable courses: thou art poor, steal; thou canst not rise by honest means, use indirect. How easy had it been for our Saviour to have confounded Satan by the power of his Godhead? but he rather chuses to vanquish him by the sword of the Spirit, that he might teach us how to resist and overcome the powers of darkness. If he had subdued Satan by the almighty power of the Deity, we might have had what to wonder at, not what to imitate: now he useth that weapon which may be familiar unto us, that he may teach our weakness how to be victorious. Nothing in heaven or earth, can beat the forces of hell, but the word of God. How carefully should we furnish ourselves with this powerful munition? how should our hearts and mouths be full of it? "Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes: O take not from me the words of truth! let them be my songs in the house of my pilgrimage; so shall I make answer to my blasphemers." What needed Christ to have answered Satan at all, if it had not been to teach us, that temptations must not have their way, but must be answered by resistance, and resisted by the word?

I do not hear our Saviour aver himself to be a God, against the blasphemous insinuation of Satan; neither do I see him working this miraculous conversion, to
prove

prove himself the Son of God: but most wisely he takes away the ground of the temptation. Satan had taken it for granted, that man cannot be sustained without bread; and therefore infers the necessity of making bread of stones. Our Saviour shews him, from an infallible word, that he had mislaid his suggestion; that man lives not by usual food only, but “by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.” He can either sustain without bread, as he did Moses and Elias, or with a miraculous bread, as the Israelites with manna: or send ordinary means miraculously, as food to his prophet by the ravens; or miraculously multiply ordinary means, as the meal and oil to the Sareptan widow. All things are sustained by his almighty word. Indeed, we live by food; but not by any virtue that is without God; without the concurrence of whose Providence, bread would rather choke than nourish us. Let him withdraw his hand from his creatures, in their greatest abundance, we perish. Why do we therefore bend our eyes on the means, and not look up to the hand that gives the blessing?

What so necessary dependence hath the blessing upon the creature, if our prayers hold them not together? As we may not neglect the means, so we may not neglect the procurement of a blessing upon the means, nor be unthankful to the hand that hath given the blessing.

In the first assault Satan moves Christ to doubt of his Father's providence, and to use unlawful means to help himself; in the next, he moves him to presume upon his Father's protection, and the service of his blessed angels. He grounds the first upon a conceit of want, the next of abundance. If he be in extremes, it is all to one end, to mislead unto evil; if we cannot be driven down to despair, he labours to lift us up to presumption. It is not one foil that can put
this

this bold spirit out of countenance. Temptations, like waves, break one in the neck of another. While we are in this warfare, we must make account, that the repulse of one temptation doth but invite to another.

That blessed Saviour of ours, that was content to be led from Jordan into the wilderness, for the advantage of the first temptation, yields to be led from the wilderness to Jerusalem, for the advantage of the second. The place doth not a little avail to the act. The wilderness was fit for a temptation arising from want, it was not fit for a temptation moving to vain-glory; the populous city was the fittest for such a motion. Jerusalem was the glory of the world, the temple was the glory of Jerusalem, the pinnacles, the highest piece of the pinnacle, there is Christ content to be set for the opportunity of temptation. O Saviour of men, how can we wonder enough at this humility of thine, that thou wouldst so farabase thyself as to suffer thy pure and sacred body to be transported by the presumptuous and malicious hand of that unclean spirit! It was not his power, it was thy patience that deserves our admiration. Neither can this seem over-strange to us, when we consider that if Satan be the head of wicked men, wicked men are the members of Satan. What was Pilate, or the Jews, that persecuted thine innocence, but limbs of this devil? And why are we then amazed, to see thee touched and locally transported by the head, when we see thee yielding thyself over to be crucified by the members? If Satan did the worse and greater mediately by their hands, no marvel if he do the less and easier immediately by his own; yet neither of them without thy voluntary dispensation. He could not have looked at thee without thee. And if the Son of God did thus suffer his own holy and precious body to be carried by Satan, what wonder is it, if that enemy have sometimes power

given him over the sinful bodies of the adopted sons of God? It is not the strength of faith that can secure us from the outward violences of that evil one. This difference I find betwixt his spiritual and bodily assaults: those are beaten back by the shield of faith, these admit not of such repulse. As the best man may be lame, blind, diseased, so, through the permission of God, he may be bodily vexed by an old manslayer. Grace was never given us for a target against external afflictions.

Methinks I see Christ hoisted upon the highest battlements of the temple, whose very roof was an hundred and thirty cubits high, and Satan standing by him with this speech in his mouth: ‘ Well then, ‘ since in the matter of nourishment thou wilt needs ‘ depend upon thy Father’s providence, that he can ‘ without means sustain thee, take now further trial of ‘ that Providence in thy miraculous preservation; ‘ cast thyself down from this height. Behold, thou ‘ art here in Jerufalem, the famous and holy city of ‘ the world; here thou art, on the top of the pinnacle ‘ of that temple which is dedicated to thy Father, ‘ and, if thou be God, to thyself. The eyes of all ‘ men are now fixed upon thee: there cannot be ‘ devised a more ready way to spread thy glory, and ‘ to proclaim thy Deity, than by casting thyself head- ‘ long to the earth. All the world will say there is ‘ more in thee than a man. And for danger, there ‘ can be none. What can hurt him that is the Son ‘ of God? and wherefore serves that glorious guard ‘ of angels, which have, by divine commission, taken ‘ upon them the charge of thine humanity? since ‘ therefore in one act thou mayest be both safe and ‘ celebrated, trust thy Father, and those thy service- ‘ able spirits with thine assured preservation; Cast ‘ thyself down.’ And why didst thou not, O thou malignant spirit, endeavour to cast down my Saviour

by

by those presumptuous hands that brought him up, since the descent is more easy than the raising up? was it for that it had not been so great an advantage to thee, that he should fall by thy means as by his own? Falling into sin was more than to fall from the pinnacle. Still thy care and suit is to make us authors to ourselves of evil: thou gainest nothing by our bodily hurt, if the soul be safe. Or was it rather for that thou couldst not? I doubt not but thy malice could as well have served to have offered this measure to himself, as to his holy apostle soon after. But he that bounded thy power, tethers thee shorter. Thou couldst not, thou canst not do what thou wouldst. He, that would permit thee to carry him up, binds thy hands from casting him down. And woe were it for us, if thou wert not ever stinted.

Why did Satan carry up Christ so high, but on purpose that his fall might be the more deadly? So deals he still with us; he exalts us, that we may be dangerously abased: he puffs them up with swelling thoughts of their own worthiness, that they may be vile in the eyes of God, and fall into condemnation.

It is the manner of God to cast down that he may raise, to abase that he may exalt. Contrarily, Satan raises up that he may throw down, and intends nothing but our dejection in our advancement.

Height of place gives opportunity of temptation. Thus busy is that wicked one in working against the members of Christ. If any of them be in eminence above others, those he labours most to ruin. They had need to stand fast, that stand high. There is both more danger of their falling, and more hurt in their fall.

He that had presumed thus far, to tempt the Lord of life, would fain now dare him also to presume upon his Deity: 'If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down.' There is not a more tried shaft in all his

quiver than this ; a persuasion to men, to bear themselves too bold upon the favour of God. Thou art the elect and redeemed of God ; sin, because grace hath abounded ; sin, that it may abound. Thou art safe enough though thou offend ; be not too much an adversary to thine own liberty. False spirit ! it is no liberty to sin, but servitude rather ; there is liberty, but in the freedom from sin. Every one of us that hath the hope of sons, must ‘ purge himself, even as he is ‘ pure’ that hath redeemed us. ‘ We are bought ‘ with a price, therefore must we glorify God in our ‘ body and spirits ;’ for they are God’s. Our sonship teaches us awe and obedience ; and therefore, because we are sons, we will not cast ourselves down into sin.

How idly do Satan and wicked men measure God by the crooked line of their own misconceit ? I wis Christ cannot be the Son of God, unless he cast himself down from the pinnacle, unless he come down from the cross. God is not merciful, unless he honour them in all their desires ; not just, unless he take speedy vengeance where they require it. But when they have spent their folly upon these vain imaginations, Christ is the Son of God, though he stay on the top of the temple ; God will be merciful, though we miscarry ; and just, though sinners seem lawless ; neither will he be any other than he is, or measured by any rule but himself.

But what is this I see ? Satan himself with a Bible under his arm, with a text in his mouth, ‘ It is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee ?’ How still in that wicked one doth subtilty strive with presumption ? who could not but over-wonder at this, if he did not consider, that since the devil dared to touch the sacred body of Christ with his hand, he may well touch the scriptures of God with his tongue ? Let no man henceforth marvel to here hereticks or hypocrites

hypocrites quote scriptures, when Satan himself hath not spared to cite them. What are they the worse for this, more than that holy body which is transported? Some have been poisoned by their meats and drinks; yet either these nourish us, or nothing. It is not the letter of the scripture that can carry it, but the sense; if we divide these two, we profane and abuse that word we alledge. And wherefore doth this foul spirit urge a text, but for imitation, for prevention, and for success? Christ had alledged a scripture unto him, he re-alleges scripture unto Christ; at leastways he will counterfeit an imitation of the Son of God. Neither is it in this alone: what one act ever passed the hand of God, which Satan did not apishly attempt to second? If we follow Christ in the outward action, with contrary intentions, we follow Satan in following Christ. Or, perhaps, Satan meant to make Christ hereby weary of this weapon; as we see fashions, when they are taken up of the unworthy, are cast off by the great. It was, doubtless, one cause why Christ afterwards forbade the devil even to confess the truth, because his mouth was a slander. But chiefly doth he this, for a better colour of his temptation: he gilds over this false metal with scripture, that it may pass current. Even now is Satan transformed into an angel of light, and will seem godly for a mischief. If hypocrites make a fair shew, to deceive with a glorious lustre of holiness, we see whence they borrowed it. How many thousand souls are betrayed by the abuse of that word, whose use is sovereign and saving? No devil is so dangerous as the religious devil. If good meat turn to the nourishment, not of nature, but of the disease, we may not forbear to feed, but endeavour to purge the body of those evil humours which cause the stomach to work against itself. O God, thou that hast given us light, give us clear and sound eyes, that we may take com-

fort of that light thou hast given us. Thy word is holy, make our hearts so; and then shall they find that word not more true than cordial. Let not this divine table of thine be made a snare to our souls.

What can be a better act than to speak scripture? It were a wonder, if Satan should do a good thing well. He cites scripture then, but with mutilation and distortion; it comes not out of his mouth, but maimed and perverted; one piece is left, all misapplied. Those that wrest or mangle scripture for their own turn, it is easy to see from what school they come. Let us take the word from the author, not from the usurper. David would not doubt to eat that sheep which he pulled out of the mouth of the bear or lion. 'He shall give his angels charge over thee.' O comfortable assurance of our protection! God's children never go unattended. Like unto great princes, we walk ever in the midst of our guard, though invisible, yet true, careful, powerful. What creatures are so glorious as the angels of heaven? yet their Maker hath set them to serve us. Our adoption makes us at once great and safe. We may be contemptible and ignominious in the eyes of the world; but the angels of God observe us the while, and scorn not to wait upon us in our homeliest occasions. The sun or the light may we keep out of our houses, the air we cannot; much less these spirits that are more simple and immaterial. No walls, no bolts can sever them from our sides: they accompany us in dungeons, they go with us into our exile. How can we either fear danger, or complain of solitariness, while we have so unseparable, so glorious companions?

Is our Saviour distasted with scripture, because Satan mislays it in his dish? doth he not rather snatch this sword out of that impure hand, and beat Satan with the weapon which he abuseth? 'It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' The
 scripture

scripture is one, as that God whose it is ; where it carries an appearance of difficulty or inconvenience, it needs no light to clear it, but that which it hath in itself. All doubts that may arise from it are fully answered by collation. It is true, that God hath taken this care, and given this charge of his own ; he will have them kept ; not in their sins : they may trust him, they may not tempt him ; he meant to encourage their faith, not their presumption. To cast ourselves upon any immediate Providence, when means fail not, is to disobey, instead of believing God. We may challenge God on his word, we may not strain him beyond it : we may make account of what he promised, we may not subject his promises to unjust examinations, and, where no need is, make trial of his power, justice, mercy, by devices of our own. All the devils in hell could not elude the force of this divine answer : and now Satan sees how vainly he tempteth Christ to tempt God.

Yet again, for all this, do I see him setting upon the Son of God. Satan is not foiled when he is resisted. Neither diffidence nor presumption can fasten upon Christ ; he shall be tried with honour. As some expert fencer that challenges at all weapons, so doth his great enemy. In vain shall we plead our skill in some, if we fail in any. It must be our wisdom to be prepared for all kinds of assaults : as those that hold towns and forts do not only defend themselves from incursions, but from the cannon and the pionier. Still doth that subtile serpent traverse his ground for an advantage. The temple is not high enough for his next temptation ; he therefore carries up Christ to the top of an exceeding high mountain. All enemies in pitched fields strive for the benefit of the hill, or river, or wind, or sun. That which his servant Balak did by his instigation, himself doth now immediately, change places in hope of prevailing. If the obscure

country will not move us, he tries what the court can do ; if not our home, the tavern ; if not the field, our closet. As no place is left free by his malice, so no place must be made prejudicial by our carelessness : and as we should always watch over ourselves, so then most, when the opportunity carries cause of suspicion.

Wherefore is Christ carried up so high, but for prospect ? If the kingdoms of the earth, and their glory, were only to be presented to his imagination, the valley would have served ; if to the outward sense, no hill could suffice. Circular bodies, though small, cannot be seen at once. This show was made to both ; diverse kingdoms lying round about Judea were represented to the eye, the glory of them to the imagination. Satan meant, the eye could tempt the fancy, no less than the fancy could tempt the will. How many thousand souls have died of the wound of the eye ? If we do not let in sin at the window of the eye, or the door of the ear, it cannot enter into our hearts.

If there be any pomp, majesty, pleasure, bravery, in the world, where should it be but in the courts of princes, whom God hath made his images, his deputies on earth ? there is soft raiment, sumptuous feasts, rich jewels, honourable attendance, glorious triumphs, royal estate ; these Satan lays out for the fairest shew. But, O the craft of that old serpent ! many a care attends greatness, no crown is without thorns, high seats are never but uneasy. All those infinite discontentments, which are the shadow of earthly sovereignty, he hides out of the way ; nothing may be seen but what may both please and allure. Satan is still and ever like himself. If temptations might be but turned about, and shewn on both sides, the kingdom of darkness would not be so populous. Now whensoever the tempter sets upon any poor soul, all sting of conscience, wrath, judgment, torment is concealed, as if they were not : nothing may

may appear to the eye, but pleasure, profit, and a seeming happiness in the enjoying our desires. Those other woful objects are reserved for the farewell of sin, that our misery may be seen and felt at once. When we are once sure, Satan is a tyrant, till then he is a parasite. There can be no safety, if we do not view as well the back, as the face, of temptations.

But, O presumption and impudence, that hell itself may be ashamed of; the devil dares say to Christ, 'All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' That beggarly spirit, that hath not an inch of earth, can offer the whole world to the Maker, to the Owner of it: the slave of God would be adored of his Creator. How can we hope he should be sparing of false boasts, and of unreasonable promises unto us, when he dares offer kingdoms to him by whom kings reign?

Temptations on the right hand are most dangerous. How many, that have been hardened with fear, have melted with honour? There is no doubt of that soul that will not bite at the golden hook.

False liars and vain-glorious boasters see the top of their pedigree; if I may not rather say, that Satan doth borrow the use of their tongues for a time: whereas faithful is He that hath promised, who will also do it. Fidelity and truth is the issue of heaven.

If idolatry were not a dear sin to Satan, he would not be so importunate to compass it. It is miserable to see, how he draws the world insensibly into this sin, which they profess to detest. Those that would rather hazard the furnace, than worship gold in a statue, yet do adore in it the stamp, and find no fault with themselves. If our hearts be drawn to stoop unto an over-high respect of any creature, we are idolaters. O God, it is no marvel, if thy jealousy be kindled at the admission of any of thine own works into a competition of honour with their Creator.

Never

Never did our Saviour say, "Avoid Satan," till now. It is a just indignation that is conceived at the motion of a rivalry with God. Neither yet did Christ exercise his divine power in this command, but, by the necessary force of scripture, drives away that impure tempter; "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." The rest of our Saviour's answers were more full and direct, than that they could admit of a reply; but this was so flat and absolute, that it utterly daunted the courage of Satan, and put him to a shameful flight, and made him for the time weary of his trade.

The way to be rid of the troublesome sollicitations of that wicked one is continued resistance. He, that forcibly drove the tempter from himself, takes him off from us, and will not abide his assaults perpetually. It is our exercise and trial that he intends, not our confusion.

CONTEMP. IV. SIMON *called.*

AS the sun, in his first rising, draws all eyes to it, so did this Sun of righteousness, when he first shone forth into the world. His miraculous cures drew patients, his divine doctrine drew auditors, both together drew the admiring multitude by troops after him. And why do we not still follow thee, O Saviour, through deserts and mountains, over land and seas, that we may be both healed and taught? It was thy word, that, when thou wert lift up, thou wouldst draw all men unto thee. Behold, thou art lift up long since, both to the tree of shame, and to the throne of heavenly glory! "Draw us, and we shall run after thee." Thy word is still the same, though proclaimed by men; thy virtue is still the same, though exercised upon the spirits of men. O give us to hunger after both, that by both our souls may be satisfied!

I see

I see the people not only following Christ, but pressing upon him : even very unmannerliness finds here both excuse and acceptation. They did not keep their distances in an awe to the majesty of the Speaker, while they were ravished with the power of the speech ; yet did not our Saviour check their unreverend thronging, but rather encourages their forwardness. We cannot offend thee, O God, with the importunity of our desires. It likes thee well, that the kingdom of heaven should suffer violence. Our slackness doth ever displease thee, never our vehemency.

The throng of auditors forced Christ to leave the shore, and to make Peter's ship his pulpit. Never were there such nets cast out of that fisher-boat before. While he was upon the land he healed the sick bodies by his touch, now, that he was upon the sea, he cured the sick souls by his doctrine ; and is purposely fevered from the multitude, that he may unite them to him. He, that made both sea and land, causeth both of them to conspire to the opportunities of doing good.

Simon was busy washing his nets. Even those nets that caught nothing must be washed, no less than if they had sped well. The night's toil doth not excuse his day's work. Little did Simon think of leaving those nets which he so carefully washed, and now Christ interrupts him with the favour and blessing of his gracious presence. Labour in our calling, how homely soever, makes us capable of divine benediction. The honest fisher-man, when he saw the people flock after Christ, and heard him speak with such power, could not but conceive a general and confused apprehension of some excellent worth in such a teacher, and therefore is glad to honour his ship with such a guest ; and is first Christ's host by sea, ere he is his disciple by land. An humble and serviceable entertainment of a prophet of God was a foundation of his future honour. He, that would so easily lend Christ

Christ his hand and his ship, was likely, soon after, to bestow himself upon his Saviour.

Simon hath no sooner done this service to Christ, than Christ is preparing for his reward: when the sermon is ended, the ship-room shall be paid for abundantly; neither shall the host expect any other paymaster than himself. "Launch forth into the deep, and let down your nets to make a draught." That ship, which lent Christ an opportunity of catching men upon the shore, shall be requited with a plentiful draught of fish in the deep. It had been as easy for our Saviour to have brought the fish to Peter's ship, close to the shore; yet, as chusing rather to have the ship carried to the shoal of fish, he bids "Launch forth into the deep." In his miracles he loves ever to meet nature in her bounds; and, when she hath done her best, to supply the rest by his over-ruling power. The same power therefore, that could have caused the fishes to leap upon dry land, or to leave themselves forsaken of the waters upon the sands of the lake, will rather find them in a place natural to their abiding: "Launch out into the deep."

Rather in a desire to gratify and obey his guest, than to pleasure himself, will Simon bestow one cast of his net. Had Christ enjoined him an harder task, he had not refused; yet not without an allegation of the unlikelihood of success; "Master, we have toiled all night, and caught nothing; yet at thy word I will let down the net." The night was the fittest time for the hopes of their trade: not unjustly might Simon misdoubt his speed by day, when he had worn out the night in unprofitable labour. Sometimes God crosseth the fairest of our expectations, and gives a blessing to those times and means whereof we despair. That pains cannot be cast away, which we resolve to lose for Christ. O God, how many do I see casting out their nets in the great lake of the world, which,

which, in the whole night of their life, have caught nothing? “ They conceive mischief, and bring forth
“ iniquity ; they hatch cockatrice’s eggs, and weave
“ the spider’s web : he that eateth of their eggs
“ dieth, and that which is trodden upon breaketh
“ out into a serpent ; their webs shall be no gar-
“ ment, neither shall they cover themselves with
“ their labours.”

“ O ye fons of men, how long will ye love vani-
“ ty, and follow after lies ?” Yet if we have thus
vainly mis-spent the time of our darkness, let us, at
the command of Christ, cast out our new-washen nets;
our humble and penitent obedience shall come home
laden with blessings. “ And when they had so done,
“ they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, so that
“ their net brake.” What a difference there is be-
twixt our own voluntary acts, and those that are done
upon command, not more in the grounds of them,
than in the issue? those are oft-times fruitless, these
ever successful. Never man threw out his net at the
word of his Saviour, and drew it back empty. Who
would not obey thee, O Christ, since thou dost so
bountifully requite our weakest services? It was not
mere retribution that was intended in this event, but
instruction also : this act was not without a mystery.
He that should be made a fisher of men, shall, in this
draught, foresee his success. “ The kingdom of
“ heaven is like a draw-net cast into the sea, which,
“ when it is full, men draw to land.” The very
first draught that Peter made, after the complement of
his apostleship, inclosed no less than three thousand
souls. O powerful gospel, that can fetch sinful men
from out of the depths of natural corruption! O hap-
py souls, that, from the blind and muddy cells of our
wicked nature, are drawn forth to the glorious liberty of
the fons of God! Simon’s net breaks with the store.
Abundance is sometimes no less troublesome than
want.

want. The net should have held, if Christ had not meant to over-charge Simon both with blessing and admiration. How happily is that net broken, whose rupture draws the fisher to Christ? though the net brake, yet the fish escaped not: he, that brought them thither to be taken, held them there till they were taken. "They beckned to their partners in the other ship, that they should come and help them." There are other ships in partnership with Peter, he doth not fish all the lake alone. There cannot be a better improvement of society than to help us gain, to relieve us in our profitable labours, to draw up the spiritual draught into the vessel of Christ and his church. Wherefore hath God given us partners, but that we should becken to them for their aid in our necessary occasions? neither doth Simon slacken his hand, because he had assistants. What shall we say to those lazy fishers, who can set others to the drag, while themselves look on at ease, caring only to feed themselves with the fish, not willing to wet their hands with the net? What shall we say to this excess of gain? the nets break, the ships sink with their burden. O happy complaint of too large a capture! O Saviour, if those apostolical vessels of the first rigging were thus overlaid, o'er-float and totter with a ballasted lightness; thou, who art no less present in these bottoms of ours, lade them with an equal freight of converted souls, and let us praise thee for thus sinking!

Simon was a skilful fisher, and knew well the depth of his trade; and now, perceiving more than art or nature in this draught, he falls down at the knees of Jesus, saying, "Lord, go from me, for I am a sinful man." Himself is caught in this net. He doth not greedily fall upon so unexpected and profitable a booty, but he turns his eyes from the draught to himself, from the act to the author, acknowledging

ledging vileness in the one, in the other majesty.
“Go from me, Lord, for I am a sinful man.”

It had been pity the honest fisher-man should have been taken at his word. O Simon, thy Saviour is come into thine own ship to call thee, to call others by thee unto blessedness; and dost thou say, “Lord, go from me?” As if the patient should say to the physician, Depart from me, for I am sick. It was the voice of astonishment, not of dislike: the voice of humility, not of discontentment: yea, because thou art a sinful man, therefore hath thy Saviour need to come to thee, to stay with thee; and because thou art humble in the acknowledgment of thy sinfulness, therefore Christ delights to abide with thee, and will call thee to abide with him. No man ever fared the worse for abasing himself to his God. Christ hath left many a soul for froward and unkind usage; never any for the disparagement of itself, and entreaties of humility. Simon could not devise how to hold Christ faster, than by thus suing to him to be gone, than by thus pleading his unworthiness.

O my soul, be not weary of complaining of thine own wretchedness; disgrace thyself to him that knows thy vileness; be astonished at those mercies which have shamed thine ill-deservings. Thy Saviour hath no power to go away from a prostrate heart. He, that resists the proud, heartens the lowly: “Fear not, for I will make thee henceforth a fisher of men.” Lo, this humility is rewarded with an apostleship. What had the earth ever more glorious than a legacy from heaven? He, that bade Christ go from him, shall have the honour to go first on this happy errand. This was a trade that Simon had no skill of: it could not but be enough to him, that Christ said, “I will make thee;” the miracle shewed him able to make good his word. He, that hath power to command
the

the fishes to be taken, can easily enable the hands to take them.

What is this divine trade of ours then but a spiritual piscation? the world is a sea; souls, like fishes, swim at liberty in this deep; the nets of wholesome doctrine draw up some to the shore of grace and glory. How much skill, and toil, and patience is requisite in this art? "Who is sufficient for these things?" this sea, these nets, the fishers, the fish, the vessels are all thine, O God; do what thou wilt in us and by us. Give us ability and grace to take; give men will and grace to be taken, and take thou glory by that which thou hast given.

CONTEMP. V. *The Marriage in CANA.*

WAS this then thy first miracle, O Saviour, that thou wroughtest in Cana of Galilee? and could there be a greater miracle than this, that, having been thirty years upon earth, thou didst no miracle till now? that thy Divinity did hide itself thus long in flesh, that so long thou wouldest lie obscure in a corner of Galilee, unknown to that world thou camest to redeem; that so long thou wouldest strain the patient expectation of those, who, ever since thy star, waited upon the revelation of a Messias? We, silly wretches, if we have but a dram of virtue, are ready to set it out to the best shew: thou, who "receivedst not the Spirit by "measure," wouldest content thyself with a willing obscurity, and concealedst that power, that made the world, in the roof of an human breast, in a cottage of Nazareth. O Saviour, none of thy miracles is more worthy of astonishment, than thy not doing of miracles! What thou didst in private, thy wisdom thought fit for secrecy: but if thy blessed mother had not been acquainted with some domestical wonders, she had not now expected a miracle abroad. The
stars

stars are not seen by day, the sun itself is not seen by night. As it is no small art to hide art, so it is no small glory to conceal glory. Thy first public miracle graceth a marriage. It is an ancient and laudable institution, that the rites of matrimony should not want a solemn celebration. When are feasts in season, if not at the recovery of our lost rib; if not at this main change of our estate, wherein the joy of obtaining meets with the hope of further comforts? The Son of the virgin, and the mother of that Son, are both at a wedding. It was in all likelihood some of their kindred, to whose nuptial feast they were invited so far; yet was it more the honour of the act than of the person that Christ intended. He, that made the first marriage in Paradise, bestows his first miracle upon a Galilean marriage. He, that was the author of matrimony, and sanctified it, doth, by his holy presence, honour the resemblance of his eternal union with his church. How boldly may we spit in the faces of all the impure adversaries of wedlock; when the Son of God pleases to honour it?

The glorious Bridegroom of the church knew well; how ready men would be to place shame even in the most lawful conjunctions; and therefore his first work shall be to countenance his own ordinance. Happy is that wedding where Christ is a guest! O Saviour; those that marry in thee, cannot marry without thee. There is no holy marriage whereat thou art not, however invisible, yet truly present by thy Spirit, by thy gracious benediction. Thou makest marriages in heaven, thou blestest them from heaven. O thou that hast betrothed us to thyself in truth and righteousness; do thou consummate that happy marriage of ours in the highest heavens! It was no rich or sumptuous bridal to which Christ, with his mother and disciples, vouchsafed to come from the farther parts of Galilee. I find him not at the magnificent feasts or triumphs of

the great. The proud pomp of the world did not agree with the state of a servant. This poor needy bridegroom wants drink for his guests. The blessed virgin, though a stranger to the house, out of a charitable compassion, and a friendly desire to maintain the decency of an hospitable entertainment, inquires into the wants of her host, pities them, bemoans them, where there was power of redress. "When the wine failed, the mother of Jesus said unto him, they have no wine." How well doth it beseem the eyes of piety and Christian love, to look into the necessities of others? She that conceived the God of mercies both in her heart and in her womb, doth not fix her eyes upon her own teacher, but searcheth into the penury of a poor israelite, and feels those wants whereof he complains not. They are made for themselves, whose thoughts are only taken up with their own store or indigence.

There was wine enough for a meal, though not for a feast; and if there were not wine enough, there was enough of water: yet the holy virgin complains of the want of wine, and is troubled with the very lack of superfluity. The bounty of our God reaches not to our life only, but to our contentment: neither hath he thought good to allow us only the bread of sufficiency, but sometimes of pleasure. One while that is but necessary, which some other time were superfluous. It is a scrupulous injustice to scant ourselves, where God hath been liberal.

To whom should we complain of any want, but to the Maker and Giver of all things? The blessed virgin knew to whom she sued: she had good reason to know the divine nature and power of her Son. Perhaps the bridegroom was not so needy, but if not by his purse, yet by his credit, he might have supplied that want; or it were hard, if some of the neighbour guests, had they been duly solicited, might not have fur-

furnished him with so much wine as might suffice for the last service of a dinner. But blessed Mary knew a nearer way : she did not think best to lade at the shallow channel, but runs rather to the well-head, where she may dip and fill the firkins at once with ease. It may be, she saw, that the train of Christ, which, unbidden, followed unto that feast, and unexpectedly added to the number of the guests, might help forward that defect, and therefore she justly solicits her Son Jesus for a supply. Whether we want bread, or water, or wine, necessaries or comforts, whither should we run, O Saviour, but to that infinite munificence of thine, which neither denieth nor upbraideth any thing ? we cannot want, we cannot abound, but from thee. Give us what thou wilt, so thou give us contentment with what thou givest.

But what is this I hear ? a sharp answer to the suit of a mother : “ O woman, what have I to do with thee ? ” He whose sweet mildness and mercy never sent away any supplicant discontented, doth he only frown upon her that bare him ? he that commands us to honour father and mother, doth he disdain her whose flesh he took ? God forbid : Love and duty doth not exempt parents from due admonition. She solicited Christ as a mother ; he answers her as a woman. If she were the mother of his flesh, his Deity was eternal. She might not so remember herself to be a mother, that she should forget she was a woman ; nor so look upon him as a son, that she should not regard him as a God. He was so obedient to her as a mother, that withal she must obey him as her God. That part which he took from her shall observe her ; she must observe that nature which came from above ; and made her both a woman and a mother. Matter of miracle concerned the Godhead only ; supernatural things were above the sphere of fleshly relation. If now the blessed virgin will be prescribing either time

or form unto divine acts, "O woman, what have I to do with thee? my hour is not come." In all bodily actions his style was, "O mother:" in spiritual and heavenly, "O woman." Neither is it for us in the holy affairs of God to know any faces; yea, "If we have known Christ heretofore according to the flesh, henceforth know we him so no more."

O blessed virgin, if, in that heavenly glory wherein thou art, thou canst take notice of these earthly things, with what indignation dost thou look upon the presumptuous superstition of vain men, whose suits make thee more than a solicitor of divine favours! thy humanity is not lost in thy motherhood, nor in thy glory: the respects of nature reach not so high as heaven. It is far from thee to abide that honour which is stolen from thy Redeemer.

There is a marriage whereto we are invited, yea, wherein we are already interested, not as the guests only, but as the bride, in which there shall be no want of the wine of gladness. It is marvel, if in these earthly banquets there be not some lack. "In thy presence, O Saviour, there is fulness of joy, and at thy right-hand are pleasures for evermore." Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Even in that rough answer doth the blessed virgin descry cause of hope. If his hour were not yet come, it was therefore coming: when the expectation of the guests, and the necessity of the occasion, had made fit room for the miracle, it shall come forth and challenge their wonder. Faithfully therefore, and observantly, doth she turn her speech from her son to the waiters; "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." How well doth it beseem the mother of Christ to agree with his Father in heaven, whose voice from heaven said, "This is my well-beloved Son, hear him?" She that said of herself, "Be it unto me
" according

“ according to thy word,” says unto others, “ Whatsoever he saith to you, do it.” This is the way to have miracles wrought in us, obedience to his word. The power of Christ did not stand upon their officiousness: he could have wrought wonders in spite of them; but their perverse refusal of his commands might have made them incapable of the favour of a miraculous action. He that can, when he will, convince the obstinate, will not grace the disobedient. He that could work without us, or against us, will not work for us, but by us.

This very poor house was furnished with many and large vessels for outward purification; as if sin had dwelt upon the skin, that superstitious people sought holiness in frequent washings. Even this rinsing fouled them with the uncleanness of a traditional will-worship. It is the soul which needs scouring; and nothing can wash that but the blood which they desperately wished upon themselves and their children, for guilt, not for expiation. “ Purge thou us, O Lord, with hyssop, and we shall be clean; wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow.”

The waiters could not but think strange of so unreasonable a command, “ Fill the water-pots.” It is wine that we want, what do we go to fetch water? doth this holy man mean thus to quench our thirst, and cool our stomachs? if there be no remedy, we could have sought this supply unbidden. Yet so far hath the charge of Christ’s mother prevailed, that, instead of carrying flagons of wine to the table, they go to fetch pails-full of water from the cisterns. It is no pleading of unlikelihoods against the command of an Almighty power.

He, that could have created wine immediately in those vessels, will rather turn water into wine. In all the course of his miracles, I do never find him making ought of nothing; all his great works are grounded

upon former existences. He multiplied the bread, he changed the water, he restored the withered limbs, he raised the dead, and still wrought upon that which was, and did not make that which was not. What doth he in the ordinary way of nature, but turn the watery juice that arises up from the root into wine? he will only do this now suddenly, and at once, which he doth usually by sensible degrees. It is ever duly observed by the Son of God, not to do more miracle than he needs.

How liberal are the provisions of Christ? if he had turned but one of these vessels, it had been a just proof of his power, and perhaps that quantity had served the present necessity: now he furnisheth them with so much wine as would have served an hundred and fifty guests for an entire feast. Even the measure magnifies at once both his power and mercy. The munificent hand of God regards not our need only, but our honest affluence. It is our sin and our shame, if we turn his favour into wantonness. There must be first a filling, ere there be a drawing out. Thus, in our vessels, the first care must be of our receipt; the next, of our expence. God would have us cisterns, not channels. Our Saviour would not be his own taster, but he sends the first draught to the governor of the feast. He knew his own power, they did not: neither would he bear witness of himself, but fetch it out of others mouths. They that knew not the original of that wine, yet praised the taste; “Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now.” The same bounty that expressed itself in the quantity of the wine, shews itself no less in the excellence. Nothing can fall from that Divine hand not exquisite; that liberality hated to provide crab-wine for his guest. It was fit that the miraculous effects of Christ, which

which came from his immediate hand, should be more perfect than the natural. O blessed Saviour how delicate is that new wine which we shall one day drink with thee in thy Father's kingdom! Thou shalt turn this water of our earthly affliction into that wine of gladness, wherewith our souls shall be satiate for ever. 'Make haste, O my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountain of spices.'

CONTEMP. VI. *The good CENTURION.*

EVEN the bloody trade of war yielded worthy clients to Christ. This Roman captain had learned to believe in that Jesus whom many Jews despised. No nation, no trade can shut out a good heart from God. If he were a foreigner for birth, yet he was a domestic in heart. He could not change his blood, he could over-rule his affections. He loved that nation which was chosen of God; and if he were not of the synagogue, yet he built a synagogue; where he might not be a party, he would be a benefactor. Next to being good, is a favouring of goodness. We could not love religion, if we utterly want it. How many true Jews were not so zealous? either will or ability lacked in them, whom duty more obliged. Good affections do many times more than supply nature. Neither doth God regard whence, but what we are. I do not see this Centurion come to Christ, as the Israelitish captain came to Elias in Carmel, but with his cap in his hand, with much suit, much submission, by others, by himself: he sends first the elders of the Jews, whom he might hope that their nation and place might make gracious: then, lest the employment of others might argue neglect, he seconds them in person. Cold and fruitless are the motions of friends, where we do wilfully shut up our own lips. Importunity cannot but speed well in both.

Could we but speak for ourselves, as this captain did for his servant, what could we possibly want? What marvel is it, if God be not forward to give, where we care not to ask, or ask as if we cared not to receive? shall we yet call this a suit, or a complaint? I hear no one word of entreaty. The less is said, the more is concealed: it is enough to lay open his want. He knew well that he had to deal with so wise and merciful a physician, as that the opening of the malady was a craving of cure. If our spiritual miseries be but confessed, they cannot fail of redress.

Great variety of suitors resorted to Christ; one comes to him for a son, another for a daughter, a third for himself: I see none come for his servant, but this one Centurion. Neither was he a better man than a master. His servant is sick: he doth not drive him out of doors, but lays him at home; neither doth he stand gazing by his bed-side, but seeks forth: he seeks forth, not to witches or charmers, but to Christ: he seeks to Christ, not with a fashionable relation, but with a vehement aggravation of the disease. Had the master been sick, the faithfulest servant could have done no more. He is unworthy to be well-served, that will not sometimes wait upon his followers. Conceits of inferiority may not breed in us a neglect of charitable offices. So must we look down upon our servants here on earth, as that we must still look up to our Master which is in heaven.

But why didst thou not, O Centurion, rather bring thy servant to Christ for cure, than sue for him absent? there was a paralytick, whom faith and charity brought to our Saviour, and let down through the uncovered roof in his bed: why was not thine so carried, so presented? was it out of the strength of thy faith, which assured thee thou neededst not shew thy servant to him that saw all things? One and the same grace may yield contrary effects. They, because they

they believed, brought the patient to Christ; thou broughtst not thine to him, because thou believedst: their act argues no less desire, than more confidence; thy labour was less, because thy faith was more. O that I could come thus to my Saviour, and make such moan to him for myself, Lord, my soul is sick of unbelief, sick of self-love, sick of inordinate desires; I should not need to say more. Thy mercy, O Saviour, would not then stay by for my suit, but would prevent me, as here, with a gracious engagement, "I will come and heal thee." I did not hear the Centurion say either, "Come, or, heal him:" the one he meant, though he said not; the other he neither said nor meant. Christ over-gives both his words and intentions. It is the manner of that Divine munificence, where he meets with a faithful suitor, to give more than is requested; to give when he is not requested. The very insinuations of our necessities are no less violent than successful. We think the measure of human bounty runs over, when we obtain but what we ask with importunity: that infinite goodness keeps within bounds, when it overflows the desires of our hearts.

As he said, so he did. The word of Christ either is his act, or concurs with it. He did not stand still when he said, "I will come," but he went as he spake. When the ruler entreated him for his son, "Come down ere he die," our Saviour stirred not a foot: the Centurion did but complain of the sickness of his servant, and Christ unasked says, "I will come and heal him." That he might be far from so much as seeming to honour wealth and despise meanness, he, that came in the shape of a servant, would go down to the sick servant's pallet, would not go to the bed of the rich ruler's son. It is the basest motive of respect, that ariseth merely from outward greatness. Either more grace or more need may justly challenge

challenge our favourable regards, no less than private obligations.

Even so, O Saviour, that which thou offeredst to do for the Centurion's servant, hast thou done for us. We were sick unto death ; so far had the dead palsy of sin overtaken us, that there was no life of grace left in us : when thou wert not content to sit still in heaven, and say, " I will cure them ;" but addest also, " I will come and cure them." Thyself came down accordingly to this miserable world, and hast personally healed us ; so as now we shall not die but live, and declare thy works, O Lord. And O that we could enough praise that love and mercy, which hath so graciously abased thee, and could be but so low dejected before thee, as thou hast stooped low unto us ; that we could be but as lowly subjects of thy goodness, as we are unworthy.

O admirable return of humility ! Christ will go down to visit the sick servant. The master of that servant says, " Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof : " the Jewish elders, that went before to mediate for him, could say, He is worthy that thou shouldst do this for him ; but the Centurion, when he comes to speak for himself, " I am not worthy." They said, He was worthy of Christ's miracles ; he says he is unworthy of Christ's presence. There is great difference betwixt others valuations and our own. Sometimes the world underrates him that finds reason to set an high price upon himself. Sometimes again, it over-values a man that knows just cause of his own humiliation. If others mistake us, this can be no warrant for our error. We cannot be wise, unless we receive the knowledge of ourselves by direct beams, not by reflection ; unless we have learned to contemn unjust applauses, and scorning the flattery of the world, to frown upon our own vileness : " Lord, I am not worthy."

Many

Many a one, if he had been in the Centurion's coat, would have thought well of it; a captain, a man of good ability and command, a founder of a synagogue, a patron of religion: yet he overlooks all these, and when he casts his eye upon the divine worth of Christ and his own weakness, he says, "I am not worthy." Alas, Lord, I am a Gentile, an alien, a man of blood: thou art holy, thou art omnipotent. True humility will teach us to find out the best of another, and the worst piece of ourselves: pride, contrarily, shews us nothing but matter of admiration in ourselves, in others of contempt. While he confesses himself unworthy of any favour, he approved himself worthy of all. Had not Christ been before in his heart, he could not have thought himself unworthy to entertain that guest within his house. Under the low roof of an humble breast doth God ever delight to dwell: the state of his palace may not be measured by the height, but by the depth. Brags and bold faces do oft-times carry it away with men: nothing prevails with God but our voluntary dejections.

It is fit the foundations should be laid deep, where the building is high. The Centurion's humility was not more low than his faith was lofty: that reaches up into heaven, and, in the face of human weakness, descries omnipotence: "Only say the word, and my servant shall be whole."

Had the Centurion's roof been heaven itself, it could not have been worthy to be come under of him whose word was Almighty, and who was the Almighty Word of his Father. Such is Christ confessed by him that says, "Only say the word." None but a Divine power is unlimited: neither hath faith any other bounds than God himself. There needs no footing to remove mountains or devils, but a word. Do but say the word, O Saviour, my sins shall be remitted,

mitted, my soul shall be healed, my body shall be raised from dust, both soul and body shall be glorious.

Whereupon then was the steady confidence of the good Centurion? he saw how powerful his own word was with those that were under his command, though himself were under the command of another, the force whereof extended even to absent performances; well therefore might he argue, that a free and unbounded power might give infallible commands, and that the most obstinate disease must therefore needs yield to the beck of the God of nature. Weakness may shew us what is in strength; by one drop of water we may see what is in the main ocean. I marvel not if the Centurion were kind to his servants, for they were dutiful to him; he can but say, Do this, and it is done: these mutual respects draw on each other; chearful and diligent service in the one calls for a due and favourable care in the other: they that neglect to please, cannot complain to be neglected. O that I could be but such a servant to mine heavenly Master! Alas! every of his commands says, Do this, and I do it not: every of his inhibitions says, Do it not, and I do it. He says, Go from the world, I run to it: he says, Come to me, I run from him. Wo is me! this is not service, but enmity. How can I look for favour, while I return rebellion? It is a gracious Master whom we serve; there can be no duty of ours that he sees not, that he acknowledges not, that he crowns not. We could not but be happy, if we could be officious.

What can be more marvellous than to see Christ marvel? all marvelling supposes an ignorance going before, and a knowledge following some accident unexpected. Now, who wrought this faith in the Centurion, but he that wondered at it? he knew well what he wrought, because he wrought what he would; yet he wondered at what he both wrought and knew,

to

to teach us, much more to admire that which he at once knows and holds admirable.

He wrought this faith as God, he wondered at it as man: God wrought, and man admired: he, that was both, did both, to teach us where to bestow our wonder. I never find Christ wondering at gold or silver, at the costly and curious works of human skill or industry: yea, when the disciples wondered at the magnificence of the temple, he rebuked them rather. I find him not wondering at the frame of heaven and earth, nor at the orderly disposition of all creatures and events; the familiarity of these things intercepts the admiration. But, when he sees the grace or acts of faith, he so approves them, that he is ravished with wonder. He, that rejoiced in the view of his creation, to see that of nothing he had made all things good, rejoices no less in the reformation of his creature, to see that he had made good of evil. "Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair, and there is no spot in thee. My sister, my spouse, thou hast wounded my heart, thou hast wounded my heart with one of thine eyes."

Our wealth, beauty, wit, learning, honour, may make us accepted of men, but it is our faith only that shall make God in love with us. And why are we of any other save God's diet, to be more affected with the least measure of grace in any man, than with all the outward glories of the world? There are great men whom we justly pity; we can admire none but the gracious.

Neither was that plant more worth of wonder in itself, than that it grew in such a soil, with so little help of rain and sun. The weakness of means adds to the praise and acceptance of our proficiency. To do good upon a little is the commendation of thrift: it is small thank to be full-handed in a large estate; as, contrarily, the strength of means doubles the re-
venge

venge of our neglect. It is not more the shame of Israel, than the glory of the Centurion, that our Saviour says, "I have not found so great faith in Israel." Had Israel yielded any equal faith, it could not have been unespied of these all-seeing eyes: yet were their helps so much greater than their faith was less: and God never gives more than he requires. Where we have laid our tillage, and compost and seed, who would not look for a crop? but if the uncultured fallow yield more, how justly is that unanswerable ground near to a curse?

Our Saviour did not mutter this censorious testimony to himself, nor whisper it to his disciples; but he turned him about to the people, and spake it in their ears, that he might at once work their shame and emulation. In all other things, except spiritual, our self-love makes us impatient of equals; much less can we endure to be out-stripped by those who are our professed inferiors. It is well, if any thing can kindle in us holy ambitions. Dull and base are the spirits of that man, that can abide to see another overtake him in the way, and out-run him to heaven.

He, that both wrought this faith, and wondered at it, doth now reward it; "Go thy ways, and, as thou hast believed, so be it unto thee." Never was any faith unseen of Christ, never was any seen without allowance, never was any allowed without remuneration. The measure of our receipts, in the matter of favour, is the proportion of our belief. The infinite mercy of God, which is ever like itself, follows but one rule in his gift to us, the faith that he gives us. Give us, O God, to believe, and be it to us as thou wilt, it shall be to us above that we will.

The Centurion sues for his servant, and Christ says, "So be it unto thee." The servant's health is the benefit of the master, and the master's faith is the health of the servant. And if the prayers of an earthly

earthly master prevailed so much with the Son of God for the recovery of a servant, how shall the intercession of the Son of God prevail, with his Father in heaven, for us that are his impotent children and servants upon earth? What can we want, O Saviour, while thou suest for us? he, that hath given thee for us, can deny thee nothing for us, can deny us nothing for thee. In thee we are happy, and shall be glorious. To thee, O thou mighty Redeemer of Israel, with thine eternal Father, together with thy blessed Spirit, one God infinite and incomprehensible, be given all praise, honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

B O O K III.

CONTEMP. I. *The Widow's Son raised.*

THE favours of our beneficent Saviour were at the least contiguous. No sooner hath he raised the Centurion's servant from his bed, than he raises the widow's son from his bier.

The fruitful clouds are not ordained to fall all in one field. Nain must partake of the bounty of Christ, as well as Cana or Capernaum. And if this sun were fixed in one orb, yet it diffuseth heat and light to all the world. It is not for any place to ingross the messengers of the gospel, whose errand is universal. This immortal seed may not fall all in one furrow.

The little city of Nain stood under the hill of Hermon, near unto Tabor; but now it is watered with better dews from above, the doctrine and miracles of a Saviour.

Not for state, but for the more evidence of the work, is our Saviour attended with a large train, so entering into the gate of that walled city, as if he meant to besiege their faith by his power, and to take it.

it. His Providence hath so contrived his journey, that he meets with the sad pomp of a funeral. A woful widow, attended with her weeping neighbours, is following her only son to the grave. There was nothing in this spectacle that did not command compassion.

A young man in the flower, in the strength of his age, swallowed up by death. Our decrepit age both expects death and solicits it; but vigorous youth looks strangely upon that grim serjeant of God. Those mellow apples that fall alone from the tree we gather up with contentment; we chide to have the unripe unseasonably beaten down with cudgels.

But more, a young man, the only son, the only child of his mother. No condition can make it other than grievous, for a well-natured mother to part with her own bowels; yet surely store is some mitigation of loss. Amongst many children one may be more easily missed; for still we hope the surviving may supply the comforts of the dead: but when all our hopes and joys must live or die in one, the loss of that one admits of no consolation.

When God would describe the most passionate expression of sorrow that can fall into the miserable, he can but say, "O daughter of my people, gird thee with sackcloth, and wallow thyself in the ashes; make lamentation and bitter mourning as for thine only son." Such was the loss, such was the sorrow of this disconsolate mother; neither words nor tears can suffice to discover it.

Yet more, had she been aided by the counsel and supportation of a loving yoke-fellow, this burden might have seemed less intolerable. A good husband may make amends for the loss of a son; had the root been left to her entire, she might better have spared the branch; now both are cut up; all the stay of her life is gone, and she seems abandoned to a perfect misery

dust. Neither sea, nor death, nor hell can offer to detain their dead, when he charges them to be delivered. Incredulous nature! what, dost thou shrink at the possibility of a resurrection, when the God of nature undertakes it! It is no more hard for that Almighty word, which gave being unto all things, to say, "Let them be repaired," than, "Let them be made."

I do not see our Saviour stretching himself upon the dead corpse, as Elias and Elisha upon the sons of the Shunamite and Sareptan, nor kneeling down and praying by the bier, as Peter did to Dorcas; but I hear him so speaking to the dead, as if he were alive, and so speaking to the dead, that by the word he makes him alive; "I say unto thee, arise." Death hath no power to bid that man lie still, whom the Son of God bids arise. Immediately he that was dead, sat up; so at the sound of the last trumpet, by the power of the same voice, we shall arise out of the dust, and stand up glorious; "This mortal shall put on immortality, this corruptible incorruption." This body shall not be buried, but sown, and at our day shall therefore spring up with a plentiful increase of glory. How comfortless, how desperate should be our lying down, if it were not for this assurance of rising? And now, behold, lest our weak faith should stagger at the assent to so great a difficulty, he hath already, by what he hath done, given us tastes of what he will do. The Power, that can raise one man, can raise a thousand; a million, a world; no power can raise one man, but that which is infinite, and that which is infinite admits of no limitation. Under the Old Testament God raised one by Elias, another by Elisha living, a third by Elisha dead: by the hand of the Mediator of the New Testament, he raised here the son of the widow, the daughter of Jairus, Lazarus; and, in attendance of his own resurrection, he made a gould-delivery

delivery of holy prisoners at Jerusalem. He raises the daughter of Jairus from her bed, this widow's son from his coffin, Lazarus from his grave, the dead faints of Jerusalem from their rottenness; that it might appear, no degree of death can hinder the efficacy of his over-ruling command. He that keeps the keys of death can not only make way for himself, through the common hall and outer-rooms, but through the inwardest and most reserved closets of darkness.

Methinks I see this young man, who was thus miraculously awaked from his deadly sleep, wiping and rubbing those eyes that had been shut up in death, and descending from the bier, wrapping his winding-sheet about his loins, casting himself down in a passionate thankfulness at the feet of his Almighty Restorer, adoring that divine power which had commanded his soul back again to her forsaken lodging; and though I hear not what he said, yet, I dare say, they were words of praise and wonder which his returned soul first uttered. It was the mother, whom our Saviour first pitied in this act, not the son; who, now, forced from his quiet rest, must twice pass through the gates of death. As for her sake therefore he was raised, so to her hands was he delivered, that she might acknowledge that soul given to her, not to the possessor. Who cannot feel the amazement and ecstacy of joy that was in this revived mother, when her son now salutes her from out of another world, and both receives and gives congratulations of his new life! how suddenly were all the tears of that mournful train dried up with a joyful astonishment! how soon is that funeral banquet turned into a new birth-day-feast! what striving was here to salute the late carcass of their returned neighbour! what awful and admiring looks were cast upon that Lord of life, who, seeming homely, was approved omnipotent! how gladly did every tongue celebrate both the work and the Author! “A great prophet is

“ raised up amongst us, and God hath visited his “ people.” A prophet was the highest name they could find for him, whom they saw like themselves in shape, above themselves in power. They were not yet acquainted with God manifested in the flesh. This miracle might well have assured them of more than a prophet; but he, that raised the dead man from the bier, would not suddenly raise these dead hearts from the grave of infidelity. They shall see reason enough to know, that the Prophet, who was raised up to them, was the God that now visited them, and at last should do as much for them, as he had done for the young man, raise them from death to life, from dust to glory.

CONTEMP. II. *The RULER'S SON cured.*

THE bounty of God so exceedeth man's, that there is a contrariety in the exercise of it; we shut our hands, because we opened them; God therefore opens his, because he hath opened them. God's mercies are as comfortable in their issue as in themselves. Seldom ever do blessings go alone: where our Saviour supplied the bridegroom's wine, there he heals the ruler's son. He had not, in all these coasts of Galilee, done any miracle, but here. “ To him that hath shall be given.”

We do not find Christ oft attended with nobility, here he is. It was some great peer, or some noted courtier, that was now a suitor to him for his dying son. Earthly greatness is no defence against afflictions. We men forbear the mighty; disease and death know no faces of lords or monarchs: could these be bribed, they would be too rich. Why should we grudge not to be privileged, when we see there is no spare of the greatest?

This noble ruler listens after Christ's return into Galilee. The most eminent amongst men will be glad to hearken after Christ in their necessity. Happy was it for him that his son was sick, he had not else been acquainted with his Saviour, his soul had continued sick of ignorance and unbelief. Why else doth our good God send us pain, losses, opposition, but that he may be sought to? Are we afflicted? whither should we go but to Cana, to seek Christ? whither but to the Cana of heaven, where our water of sorrow is turned to the wine of gladness, to that omnipotent Physician who healeth all our infirmities, that we may once say, "It is good for me that I was afflicted."

It was about a day's journey from Capernaum to Cana; thence hither did this courtier come for the cure of his son's fever. What pains even the greatest can be content to take for bodily health? no way is long, no labour tedious to the desirous. Our souls are sick of a spiritual fever, labouring under the cold fit of infidelity, and the hot fit of self-love, and we sit still at home, and see them languish unto death.

This ruler was neither faithless nor faithful: had he been quite faithless, he had not taken such pains to come to Christ; had he been faithful, he had not made this suit to Christ when he was come; "Come down, and heal my son, ere he die."

"Come down," as if Christ could not have cured him absent; "ere he die," as if that power could not have raised him being dead. How much difference was here betwixt the Centurion and the Ruler? That came for his servant, this for his son. This son was not more above the servant, than the faith which sued for the servant surpassed that which sued for the son. The one can say, "Master, come not under my roof, for I am not worthy; only speak the word, and my servant shall be whole." The other can say, Master, either come under my roof, or my son

cannot be whole. "Heal my son" had been a good suit, for Christ is the only physician for all diseases; but, "Come down and heal him," was to teach God how to work.

It is good reason, that he should challenge the right of prescribing to us, who are every way his own: it is presumption in us to stint him into our forms. An expert workman cannot abide to be taught by a novice, how much less shall the all-wise God endure to be directed by his creature? This is more than if the patient should take upon him to give a recipe to the physician. That God would give us grace is a becoming suit; but to say, Give it me by prosperity, is a saucy motive.

As there is faithfulness in desiring the end, so modesty and patience in referring the means to the author. In spiritual things God hath acquainted us with the means whereby he will work, even his own sacred ordinances; upon these, because they have his own promise, we may call absolutely for a blessing, in all others there is no reason that beggars should be chusers. He who doth whatsoever he will, must do it how he will: it is for us to receive, not to appoint.

He, who came to complain of his son's sickness, hears of his own; "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." This nobleman was, as is like, of Capernaum: there had Christ often preached, there was one of his chief residences. Either this man had heard our Saviour oft, or might have done: yet because Christ's miracles came to him only by hear-say, (for as yet we find none at all wrought where he preached most) therefore the man believes not enough, but so speaks to Christ as to some ordinary physician, "Come down and heal." It was the common disease of the Jews, incredulity, which no receipt could heal but wonders. "A wicked and
" adul.

“adulterous generation seeks signs.” Had they not been wilfully graceless, there was already proof enough of the Messiah: the miraculous conversation and life of the fore-runner, Zachariah’s dumbness, the attestation of angels, the apparition of the star, the journey of the sages, the vision of the shepherds, the testimonies of Anna and Simeon, the prophecies fulfilled, the voice from heaven at his baptism, the divine words that he spake, and yet they must have all made up with miracles; which though he be not unwilling to give at his own times, yet he thinks much to be tied unto at theirs. Not to believe without signs, was a sign of stubborn hearts.

It was a foul fault and a dangerous one, “Ye will not believe.” What is it that shall condemn the world but unbelief? what can condemn us without it? No sin can condemn the repentant. Repentance is a fruit of faith: where true faith is, then, there can be no condemnation; as there can be nothing but condemnation without it. How much more foul in a noble Capernaite, that had heard the sermons of so divine a teacher? The greater light we have, the more shame it is for us to stumble.

O what shall become of us that reel and fall in the clearest sun-shine that ever looked forth upon any church! Be merciful to our sins, O God, and say any thing of us rather than, “Ye will not believe?”

Our Saviour tells him of his unbelief. He feels not himself sick of that disease: all his mind is on his dying son. As easily do we complain of bodily griefs, as we are hardly affected with spiritual. O the meekness and mercy of this Lamb of God! When we would have looked, that he should have punished this sutor for not believing, he condescends to him that he may believe: “Go thy way, thy son liveth.” If we should measure our hopes by our own worthiness, there were no expectation of blessings: but if we shall measure them

by his bounty and compassion, there can be no doubt of prevailing. As some tender mother, that gives the breast to her unquiet child instead of the rod, so deals he with our perversenesses,

How God differences men, according to no other conditions than of their faith! The Centurion's servant was sick, the ruler's son. The Centurion doth not sue unto Christ to come; only says, "My servant is sick of a palsy:" Christ answers him, "I will come and heal him." The ruler sues unto Christ that he would come and heal his son: Christ will not go; only says, "Go thy way, thy son lives." Outward things carry no respect with God. The image of that Divine Majesty shining inwardly in the graces of the soul is that which wins love from him in the meanest estate. The Centurion's faith therefore could do more than the ruler's greatness; and that faithful man's servant hath more regard than this great man's son.

The ruler's request was, "Come and heal:" Christ's answer was, "Go thy way, thy son lives." Our merciful Saviour meets those in the end whom he crosses in the way. How sweetly doth he correct our prayers, and while he doth not give us what we ask, gives us better than we asked!

Justly doth he forbear to go down with this ruler, lest he should confirm him in an opinion of measuring his power by conceits of locality and distance: but he doth that in absence, for which his presence was required, with a repulse, "Thy son liveth;" giving a greater demonstration of his omnipotency than was craved. How oft doth he not hear to our will, that he may hear us to our advantage? The chosen vessel would be rid of temptations, he hears of a supply of grace: the sick man asks release, receives patience; life, and receives glory. Let us ask what we think best; let him give what he knows best.

With

With one word doth Christ heal two patients, the son and the father ; the son's fever, the father's unbelief. That operative word of our Saviour was not without the intention of a trial. Had not the ruler gone home satisfied with that intimation of his son's life and recovery, neither of them had been blessed with success. Now the news of performance meets him one half of the way : and he that believed somewhat ere he came, and more when he went, grew to more faith in the way ; and, when he came home enlarged his faith to all the skirts of his family. A weak faith may be true, but a true faith is growing : he that boasts of a full stature in the first moment of his assent, may presume, but doth not believe.

Great men cannot want clients ; their example sways some, their authority more : they cannot go to either of the other worlds alone. In vain do they pretend power over others, who labour not to draw their families unto God.

CONTEMP. III. *The dumb Devil ejected.*

THAT the Prince of our peace might approve his perfect victories, wheresoever he met with the prince of darkness he foiled him, he ejected him. He found him in heaven, thence did he throw him headlong, and verified his prophet, " I have cast thee out of mine holy mountain." And if the devils left their first habitation, it was because, being devils, they could not keep it. Their estate indeed they might have kept, and did not : their habitation they would have kept, and might not. " How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer ?" He found him in the heart of man ; for in that closet of God did the evil spirit, after his exile from heaven, throw himself ; sin gave him possession, which he kept with a will.

a willing violence; thence he casts him by his word and spirit. He found them tyrannizing in the bodies of some possessed men, and, with power, commands the unclean spirits to depart.

This act is for no hand but his. When a strong man keeps possession, none but a stronger can remove it. In voluntary things the strongest may yield to the weakest, Samson to a Dalilah; but in violent, ever the mightiest carries it. A spiritual nature must needs be in rank above a bodily; neither can any power be above a spirit, but the God of spirits.

No otherwise is it in the mental possession; wherever sin is, there Satan is: as, on the contrary, "whosoever is born of God, the seed of God remains in him." That evil one not only is, but rules in the sons of disobedience; in vain shall we try to eject him, but by the divine power of the Redeemer. "For this cause the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." Do we find ourselves haunted with the familiar devils of pride, self-love, sensual desires, unbelief? none but thou, O Son of the ever-living God, can free our bosoms of these hellish guests. "O cleanse thou me from my secret sins, and keep me, that presumptuous sins prevail not over me." O Saviour, it is no paradox to say, that thou castest out more devils now, than thou didst while thou wert upon earth. It was thy word, "When I am lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." Satan weighs down at the feet; thou pullest at the head, yea, at the heart. In every conversion which thou workest, there is a dispossession. Convert me, O Lord, and I shall be converted. I know thy means are now no other than ordinary. If we expect to be dispossessed by miracle, it would be a miracle if ever we were dispossessed. O let thy gospel have the perfect work in me; so only shall I be delivered from the powers of darkness.

Nothing can be said to be dumb, but what naturally speaks: nothing can speak naturally, but what hath the instruments of speech; which because spirits want, they can no otherwise speak vocally, than as they take voices to themselves, in taking bodies. This devil was not therefore dumb in his nature, but in his effect. The man was dumb by the operation of that devil which possessed him: and now the action is attributed to the spirit which was subjectively in the man. "It is not you that speak," saith our Saviour, "but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you."

As it is in bodily diseases, that they do not infect us alike; some seize upon the humours, others upon the spirits; some assault the brain, others the heart or lungs; so, in bodily and spiritual possessions, in some the evil spirits takes away their senses, in some their limbs, in some their inward faculties; likeas, spiritually, they affect to move us unto several sins, one to lust, another to covetousness or ambition, another to cruelty; and their names have distinguished them according to these various effects. This was a dumb devil, which yet had possessed not the tongue only of this man, but his ear, not that only, but, as it seems, his eyes too.

O subtle and tyrannous spirit, that obstructs all ways to the soul, that keeps out all means of grace, both from the door and windows of the heart; yea, that stops up all passages whether of ingress or egress, of ingress at the eye or ear, of egress at the mouth, that there might be no capacity of redress!

What holy use is there of our tongue, but to praise our Maker, to confess our sins, to inform our brethren? How rise is this dumb devil every where, while he stops the mouths of Christians from these useful and necessary duties?

For

For what end hath man those two privileges above his fellow-creatures, reason and speech ; but, that as by the one he may conceive of the great works of his Maker, which the rest cannot, so by the other he may express what he conceives to the honour of the Creator, both of them and himself ? and why are all other creatures said to praise God, and bidden to praise him, but because they do it by the apprehension, by the expression of man ? “ If the heavens declare the glory of God,” how do they it, but to the eyes, and by the tongue of that man for whom they were made ? It is no small honour whereof the envious spirit shall rob his Maker, if he can close up the mouth of his only rational and vocal creature, and turn the best of his workmanship into a dumb idol, that hath a mouth and speaks not. “ Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.”

Praise is not more necessary than complaint ; praise of God, than complaint of ourselves, whether to God or men. The only amends we can make to God, when we have not had the grace to avoid sin, is to confess the sin we have not avoided. This is the sponge that wipes out all the blots and blurs of our lives. “ If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

That cunning man-slayer knows there is no way to purge the sick soul but upward, by casting out the vicious humour wherewith it is clogged ; and therefore holds the lips close, that the heart may not disburden itself by so wholesome evacuation. “ When I kept silence, my bones consumed : for day and night thy hand, O Lord, was heavy upon me ; my moisture is turned into the drouth of summer. O let me confess against myself my wickedness unto thee,

“ thee, that thou mayest forgive the punishment of
“ my sin.”

We have a tongue for God, when we praise him ; for ourselves, when we pray and confess : for our brethren, when we speak the truth for their information, which if we hold back in unrighteousness, we yield unto that dumb devil. Where do we not see that accursed spirit ? he is on the bench, when the mute or partial judge speaks not for truth and innocence ; he is in the pulpit, when the prophets of God smother or halve, or adulterate the message of their master ; he is at the bar, when irreligious jurors dare lend an oath to fear, to hope, to gain ; he is in the market, when godless chapmen, for their penny, sell the truth and their soul ; he is in the common conversation of men, when the tongue belies the heart, flatters the guilty, baulketh reproofs even in the foulest crimes. O thou who only art stronger than that strong one, cast him out of the hearts and mouths of men ! “ It is time for thee, Lord, to work, for they
“ have destroyed thy law.”

That it might well appear this impediment was not natural, so soon as the man is freed from the spirit, his tongue is free to his speech. The effects of spirits, as they are wrought, so they cease at once. If the Son of God do but remove our spiritual possession, we shall presently break forth into the praise of God, into the confession of our vileness, into the profession of truth.

But what strange variety do I see in the spectators of his miracle, some wondering, others censuring, a third sort tempting, a fourth applauding ? There was never man nor action but was subject to variety of constructions. What man could be so holy as he that was of God ? what act could be more worthy, than the dispossessing of an evil spirit ? Yet this man, this act passeth these differences of interpretation. What can
we

we do, to undergo but one opinion? If we give alms and fast, some will magnify our charity and devotion, others will tax our hypocrisy; if we give not, some will condemn our hard-heartedness, others will allow our care of justice. If we preach plainly, to some it will favour of a careless slumbering, to others of a mortified sincerity; elaborately, some will tax our affectation, others will applaud our diligence in dressing the delicate viands of God. What marvel is it if it be thus with our imperfection, when it fared not otherwise with him that was purity and righteousness itself? The austere forerunner of Christ, “came neither eating nor drinking; they say, he hath a devil.” The Son of man came eating and drinking; they say, this man is a glutton, a friend of publicans and sinners:” and here one of his holy acts carries away at once wonder, censure, doubt, celebration. There is no way safe for a man, but to square his actions by the right rule of justice, or charity; and then let the world have leave to spend their glosses at pleasure. It was an heroic resolution of the chosen vessel, “I pass very little to be judged of you, or of man’s day.”

I marvel not if the people marvelled; for here were four wonders in one, the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spake, the demoniac is delivered. Wonder was due to so rare and powerful a work, and if not this, nothing. We can cast away admiration upon the poor devices or activities of men; how much more upon the extraordinary works of omnipotency? Who so knows the frame of heaven and earth, shall not much be affected with the imperfect effects of frail humanity, but shall, with no less ravishment of soul, acknowledge the miraculous works of the same Almighty hand. Neither is the spiritual ejection worthy of any meaner entertainment. Rarity and difficulty are wont to cause wonder. There are many things which
have

have wonder in their worth, and lose it in their frequency; there are some which have it in their strangeness, and lose it in their facility, both meet in this. To see men haunted, yea possessed with a dumb devil, is so frequent, that it is a just wonder to find a man free: but to find the dumb spirit cast out of a man, and to hear him praising God, confessing his sins, teaching others the sweet experiments of mercy, deserves just admiration. If the cynic sought in the market for a man amongst men, well may we seek amongst men for a convert. Neither is the difficulty less than the rareness: the strong man hath the possession, all passages are blocked up, all helps barred, by the treachery of our nature. If any soul be rescued from these spiritual wickednesses, it is the praise of him that doth wonders alone.

But whom do I see wondering? the multitude. The unlearned beholders follow that act with wonder, which the learned scribes entertain with obloquy. God hath revealed those things to babes, which he hath hid from the wise and prudent. With what scorn did those great Rabbins speak of these sons of the earth? "This people that knows not the law is accursed." Yet the mercy of God makes an advantage of their simplicity, in that they are therefore less subject to cavillation and incredulity; as, contrarily, his justice causes the proud knowledge of others to lie as a block in their way, to the ready assent unto the divine power of the Messias. Let the pride of glorious adversaries disdain the poverty of the clients of the gospel: it shall not repent us to go to heaven with the vulgar, while their great ones go in state to perdition.

The multitude wondered. Who censured but scribes, great doctors of the law, of the divinity of the Jews? what scribes, but those of Jerusalem, the most eminent academy of Judea? These were the men, who, out of their deep reputed judgment, cast
these

these foul aspersions upon Christ. Great wits oft-times mislead both the owners and followers. How many shall once wish they had been born dullards, yea idiots, when they shall find their wit to have barred them out of heaven? "Where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world?" Hath not God made the wisdom of the world foolishness? Say the world what it will, a dram of holiness is worth a pound of wit. Let others censure with the scribes; let me wonder with the multitude.

What could malice say worse? "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub the prince of devils." The Jews well knew, that the gods of the heathen were no other than devils; amongst whom for that the lord of flies, (so called, whether for the concourse of flies to the abundance of his sacrifices, or for his aid implored against the infestation of those swarms) was held the chief, therefore they style him "the prince of devils." There is a subordination of spirits, some higher in degree, some inferior to others. Our Saviour himself tells us of the devil and his angels. Messengers are inferior to those that send them. The seven devils, that entered into the swept and garnished house, were worse than the former. Neither can principalities, and powers, and governors, and princes of the darkness of this world, design other than several ranks of evil angels. There can be no being without some kind of order; there can be no order in parity. If we look up into heaven, there is the King of gods, the Lord of lords, higher than the highest. If to the earth, there are monarchs, kings, princes, peers, people. If we look down to hell, there is the prince of devils. They labour for confusion that call for parity. What should the church do with such a form, as is not exemplified in heaven, in earth, in hell?

One devil, according to their supposition, may be used to cast out another. How far the command of one spirit over another may extend, it is a secret of infernal state, too deep for the enquiry of men. The thing itself is apparent, upon compact and precontracted composition, one gives way to other for the common advantage. As we see in the commonwealth of cheaters and cut-purses, one doth the fact, another is fee'd to bring it out and to procure restitution: both are of the trade, both conspire to the fraud; the actor falls not out with the revealer, but divides with him that cunning spoil.

One malicious miscreant sets the devil on work to the inflicting of disease or death; another upon agreement, for a further spiritual gain, takes him off: there is a devil in both. And if there seem more bodily favour, there is no less spiritual danger in the latter: in the one Satan wins the agent, the suitor in the other. It will be no cause of discord in hell, that one devil gives ease to the body which another tormented; that both may triumph in the gain of a soul. O God, that any creature, which bears thine image, should not abhor, to be beholden to the powers of hell for aid, for advice! "Is it not because there is not a God in Israel, that men go to enquire of the god of Ekron?" Can men be so sottish to think, that the vowed enemy of their souls can offer them a bait without an hook? "What evil is there in the city which the Lord hath not done?" what is there which he cannot as easily redress? he wounds, he heals again; and if he will not, "It is the Lord, let him do what seems good in his eyes." If he do not deliver us, he will crown our faithfulness in a patient perseverance. The wounds of God are better than the salves of Satan.

Was it possible, that the wit of envy could devise so high a slander? Beelzebub was a god of the Heathen,

therefore herein they accuse him for an idolater; Beelzebub was a devil to the Jews, therefore they accuse him for a conjurer. Beelzebub was the chief of devils, therefore they accuse him for an arch-exorcist, for the worst kind of magician. Some professors of this black art, though their work be devilish, yet they pretend to do it in the name of Jesus, and will presumptuously seem to do that by command, which is secretly transacted by agreement. The scribes accuse Christ of a direct compact with the devil, and suppose both a league and familiarity, which by the law of Moses, in the very hand of a Saul, was no other than deadly. Yea, so deep doth this wound reach, that our Saviour, searching it to the bottom, finds no less in it than the sin against the Holy Ghost, inferring hereupon that dreadful sentence of the irremissibleness of that sin unto death. And if this horrible crimination were cast upon thee, O Saviour, in whom the prince of this world found nothing, what wonder is it, if we, thy sinful servants, be branded on all sides with evil tongues?

Yea, which is yet more, how plain is it, that these men forced their tongue to speak this slander against their own heart? else this blasphemy had been only against the Son of man, not against the Holy Ghost: but now that the searcher of hearts finds it to be no less than against the blessed Spirit of God, the spite must needs be obstinate, their malice doth wilfully cross their conscience. Envy never regards how true, but how mischievous; so it may gall or kill, it cares little whether with truth or falsehood. For us, “blef-
 “ sed are we when men revile us, and say all
 “ manner of evil of us, for the name of Christ;” for them, “what reward shall be given to thee, thou
 “ false tongue? even sharp arrows with hot burning
 “ coals,” yea those very coals of hell from which thou wert enkindled.

There

There was yet a third sort that went a mid-way betwixt wonder and censure. These were not so malicious as to impute the miracle to a Satanical operation; they confess it good, but not enough, and therefore urge Christ to a further proof: Though thou hast cast out this dumb devil, yet this is no sufficient argument of thy divine power. We have yet seen nothing from thee like those antient miracles of the times of our fore-fathers. Joshua caused the sun to stand still; Elias brought fire down from heaven; Samuel astonished the people with thunder and rain in the midst of harvest: if thou wouldst command our belief, do somewhat like to these. The casting out of a devil shews thee to have some power over hell; shew us now that thou hast no less power over heaven. There is a kind of unreasonableness of desire, and insatiableness in infidelity; it never knows when it hath evidence enough. This, which the Jews overlooked, was a more irrefragable demonstration of divinity than that which they desired. A devil was more than a meteor, or a parcel of an element; to cast out a devil by command, more than to command fire from heaven. Infidelity ever loves to be her own carver.

No son can be more like a father than these Jews to their progenitors in the desert: that there might be no fear of degenerating into good, they also of old tempted God in the wilderness. First, they are weary of the Egyptian bondage, and are ready to fall out with God and Moses for their stay in those furnaces. By ten miraculous plagues they are freed; and, going out of those confines, the Egyptians follow them, the sea is before them; now they are more afflicted with their liberty than their servitude. The sea yields way, the Egyptians are drowned: and now that they are safe on the other shore, they tempt the Providence of God for water; the rock yields it them;

then, no less for bread and meat. God sends them manna and quails; they cry out of the food of angels. Their present enemies in the way are vanished; they whine at the men of measures in the heart of Canaan. Nothing from God but mercy, nothing from them but temptations.

Their true brood, both in nature and in sin, had abundant proofs of the Messiah; if curing the blind, lame, diseased, deaf, dumb, ejecting devils, over-ruling the elements, raising the dead, could have been sufficient, yet still they must have a sign from heaven, and shut up in the stile of the tempter, "If thou be the Christ." The gracious heart is credulous; even where it sees not, it believes, and where it sees but a little, it believes a great deal. Neither doth it presume to prescribe unto God, what and how he shall work; but takes what it finds, and unmoveably rests in what it takes. Any miracle, no miracle serves enough for their assent, who have built their faith upon the gospel of the Lord Jesus.

CONTEMP. IV. MATTHEW *called.*

THE number of the apostles was not yet full; one room is left void for a future occupant. Who can but expect, that it is reserved for some eminent person? and behold Matthew the publican is the man. O the strange election of Christ! Those other disciples, whose calling is recorded, were from the fisher-boat; this from the tolbooth: they were unlettered, this infamous. The condition was not itself sinful: but, as the taxes which the Romans imposed on God's free people were odious, so the collectors, the farmers of them abominable. Besides; that it was hard to hold that seat without oppression, without exactiō. One, that best knew it, branded it with poling and sycophancy. And now behold a gripping publican

can called to the family, to the apostleship, to the secretaryship of God. Who can despair in the conscience of his unworthiness, when he sees this pattern of the free bounty of him that calleth us? Merits do not carry it in the gracious election of God, but his mere favour. There sat Matthew the publican, busy in his counting-house, reckoning up the sums of his rentals, taking up his arrearages, and wrangling for denied duties, and did so little think of a Saviour, that he did not so much as look at his passage; but “Jesus, as he passed by, saw a man sitting at the receipt of custom, named Matthew.” As if this prospect had been sudden and casual, Jesus saw him in passing by. O Saviour, before the world was, thou sawest that man sitting there, thou sawest thine own passage, thou sawest his call in thy passage; and now thou goest purposely that way, that thou mightest see and call. Nothing can be hid from that piercing eye, one glance whereof hath discerned a disciple in the clothes of a publican. That habit, that shop of extortion cannot conceal from thee a vessel of election. In all forms thou knowest thine own; and, in thine own time, shalt fetch them out of the disguises of their foul sins or unfit conditions. What sawest thou, O Saviour, in that publican, that might either allure thine eye, or not offend it? what but an hateful trade, an evil eye, a gripple hand, bloody tables, heaps of spoil? yet now thou saidst, “Follow me.” Thou that saidst once to Jerusalem, “Thy birth and nativity is of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, thy mother an Hittite; thy navel was not cut, neither wert thou washed in water to supple thee; thou wast not salted at all, thou wast not swaddled at all: no eye pitied thee, but thou wast cast out in the open fields, to the loathing of thy person, in the day that thou wast born; and when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in
I 3 “ thine

“ thine own blood, I said unto thee, Live; yea, I
 “ said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live:”
 Now also when thou passedst by, and sawest Matthew
 sitting at the receipt of custom, saidst to him, “ Fol-
 “ low me.” The life of this publican was so much
 worse than the birth of that forlorn Amorite, as Follow
 me was more than Live. What canst thou see in us,
 O God, but ugly deformities, horrible sins, despicable
 miseries? yet doth it please thy mercy to say unto us,
 both Live, and Follow me!

The just man is the first accuser of himself: whom
 do we hear to blazon the shame of Matthew but his
 own mouth? Matthew the evangelist tells us of Mat-
 thew the publican: his fellows call him Levi, as will-
 ing to lay their finger upon the spot of his unpleasing
 profession; himself will not smother nor blanch it a
 whit, but publishes it to all the world, in a thankful,
 recognition of the mercy that called him, as liking
 well that his baseness should serve for a fit foil to set
 off the glorious lustre of his grace by whom he was
 elected. What matters it how vile we are, O God, so
 thy glory may arise in our abasement!

That word was enough, “ Follow me;” spoken
 by the same tongue that said to the corpse at Nain,
 “ Young man, I say to thee, arise.” He that said
 at first, “ Let there be light,” says now, “ Follow
 “ me.” That power sweetly inclines which could
 forcibly command: the force is not more irresistible
 than the inclination. When the sun shines upon the
 icicles, can they chuse but melt and fall? when it
 looks into a dungeon, can the place chuse but be en-
 lightened? Do we see the jet drawing up straws to it,
 the loadstone iron, and do we marvel if the omnipo-
 tent Saviour, by the influence of his grace, attract
 the heart of a publican? “ He arose and followed
 “ him.” We are all naturally averse from thee, O
 God! do thou but bid us follow thee, draw us by
 thy

thy powerful word, and we shall run after thee. Alas, thou speakest, and we sit still; thou speakest by thine outward word to our ear, and we stir not. Speak thou by the secret and effectual word of thy Spirit to our heart, (the world cannot hold us down, Satan cannot stop our way) we shall arise and follow thee.

It was not a more busy than gainful trade that Matthew abandoned, to follow Christ into poverty; and now he cast away his counters, and struck his tallies, and crossed his books, and contemned his heaps of cash, in comparison of that better treasure which he foresaw lie open in that happy attendance. If any commodity be valued of us too dear to be parted with for Christ, we are more fit to be publicans than disciples. Our Saviour invites Matthew to a discipleship, Matthew invites him to a feast; the joy of his call makes him begin his abdication of the world in a banquet.

Here was not a more chearful thankfulness in the inviter than a gracious humility in the guest: the new servant bids his Master, the publican his Saviour, and is honoured with so blessed a presence. I do not find where Jesus was ever bidden to any table, and refused. If a Pharisee, if a Publican invited him, he made not dainty to go. Not for the pleasure of the dishes; what was that to him, who began his work in a whole Lent of days? but (as it was his meat and drink to do the will of his Father) for the benefit of so winning a conversation. If he sat with sinners, he converted them; if with converts, he confirmed and instructed them; if with the poor, he fed them; if with the rich in substance, he made them richer in grace. At whose board did he ever sit, and left not his host a gainer? The poor bridegroom entertains him, and hath his water-pots filled with wine. Simon the Pharisee entertains him, and hath his table honoured with the

public remission of a penitent sinner, with the heavenly doctrine of remission. Zaccheus entertains him, salvation came that day to his house, with the Author of it. That presence made the publican a son of Abraham. Matthew is recompensed for his feast, with an apostleship. Martha and Mary entertain him, and besides divine instruction, receive their brother from the dead. O Saviour, whether thou feast us, or we feast thee, in both of them is blessedness!

Where a publican is the feast-master, it is no marvel if the guests be publicans and sinners. Whether they came alone out of the hope of that mercy which they saw their fellow had found, or whether Matthew invited them to be partners of that plentiful grace whereof he had tasted, I inquire not. Publicans and sinners will flock together, the one hateful for their trade, the other for their vicious life. Common contempt hath wrought them to an unanimity, and sends them to seek mutual comfort in that society, which all others held loathsome and contagious. Moderate correction humbleth and shameth the offender, whereas a cruel severity makes men desperate, and drives them to those courses whereby they are more dangerously infected. How many have gone into the prison faulty, and returned flagitious? If publicans were not sinners, they were no whit beholden to their neighbours.

What a table-full was here? the Son of God beset with publicans and sinners. O happy publicans and sinners that had found out their Saviour! O merciful Saviour, that disdained not publicans and sinners!

What sinner can fear to kneel before thee, when he sees publicans and sinners sit with thee? who can fear to be despised of thy meekness and mercy, which did not abhor to converse with the outcasts of men? Thou didst not despise the thief confessing upon the cross, nor the sinner weeping upon thy feet, nor the
Canaanite

Canaanite crying to thee in the way, nor the blushing adulterers, nor the odious publican, nor the forswearing disciple, nor the persecutor of disciples, nor thine own executioners; how can we be unwelcome to thee, if we come with tears in our eyes, faith in our hearts, restitution in our hands? O Saviour, our breasts are too oft shut upon thee, thy bosom is ever open to us. We are as great sinners as the consorts of these publicans, why should we despair of a room at thy table?

The squint-eyed Pharisees look a-cross at all the actions of Christ; where they should have admired his mercy, they cavil at his holiness: "They said to his disciples, Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" They durst not say this to the Master, whose answer, they knew, would soon have convinced them: this wind, they hoped, might shake the weak faith of the disciples. They speak where they may be most likely to hurt. All the crew of satanical instruments have learnt this craft of their old tutor in Paradise. We cannot reverence that man whom we think unholy. Christ had lost the hearts of his followers, if they had entertained the least suspicion of his impurity, which the murmur of these envious Pharisees would fain insinuate: he cannot be worthy to be followed that is unclean; he cannot but be unclean that eateth with publicans and sinners. Proud and foolish Pharisees! ye fast while Christ eateth; ye fast in your houses, while Christ eateth in other mens; ye fast with your own, while Christ feasts with sinners: but if ye fast in pride, while Christ eats in humility; if ye fast at home for merit or popularity, while Christ feasts with sinners for compassion, for edification, for conversion, your fast is unclean, his feast is holy: ye shall have your portion with hypocrites, when those publicans and sinners shall be glorious.

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When these censurers thought the disciples had offended, they speak not to them, but to their master?" "Why do thy disciples that which is not lawful?" now, when they thought Christ offended, they speak not to him, but to the disciples. Thus, like true make-bates, they go about to make a breach in the family of Christ, by setting off the one from the other. The quick eye of our Saviour hath soon espied the pack of their fraud, and therefore he takes the words out of the mouths of his disciples, into his own. They had spoken of Christ to the disciples, Christ answers for the disciples concerning himself; "The whole need not the physician, but the sick." According to the two qualities of pride, scorn and over-weaning, these insolent Pharisees over-rated their own holiness, contemned the noted unholiness of others; as if themselves were not tainted with secret sins, as if others could not be cleansed by repentance. The searcher of hearts meets with their arrogance, and finds those justiciaries sinful, those sinners just. The spiritual Physician finds the sickness of those sinners wholesome, the health of those Pharisees desperate: that wholesome, because it calls for the help of the physician; this desperate, because it needs not. Every soul is sick; those most that feel it not; those that feel it complain; those that complain, have cure: those that feel it not, shall find themselves dying ere they can wish to recover. O blessed Physician, by whose stripes we are healed, by whose death we live; happy are they that are under thy hands, sick, as of sin, so of sorrow for sin. It is as impossible they should die, as it is impossible for thee to want either skill, or power, or mercy. Sin hath made us sick unto death: make thou us but as sick of our sins, we are as safe as thou art gracious.

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CONTEMP. V. CHRIST *among the Gergesenes; or Legion, and the Gaderene Herd.*

I Do not any where find so furious a demoniac as amongst the Gergesenes: Satan is most tyrannous where he is obeyed most. Christ no sooner sailed over the lake, then he was met with two possessed Gaderenes: the extreme rage of the one hath drowned the mention of the other. Yet, in the midst of all that cruelty of the evil spirit, there was sometimes a remission, if not an intermission of vexation. If oft-times Satan caught him, then sometimes in the same violence he caught him not. It was no thank to that malignant one, who, as he was indefatigable in his executions, so unmeasurable in his malice; but to the merciful over-ruling of God, who, in a gracious respect to the weakness of his poor creatures, limits the spiteful attempts of that immortal enemy, and takes off this mastiff while we may take breath. He, who in his justice gives way to some onsets of Satan, in his mercy restrains them, so regarding our deservings, that withal he regards our strength. If way should be given to that malicious spirit, we could not subsist: no violent thing can endure; and, if Satan might have his will, we should no moment be free. He can be no more weary of doing evil to us, than God is of doing good. Are we therefore preserved from the malignity of these powers of darkness? “Blessed be our strong helper, that hath not given us over to be a prey unto their teeth:” or, if some scope have been given to that envious one to afflict us, hath it been with favourable limitations, it is thine only mercy, O God, that hath chained and muzzled up this band-dog, so as that he may scratch us with his paws, but cannot pierce us with his fangs. Far, far is this from our deserts, who had too well merited a
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just abdication from thy favour and protection, and an interminable seizure by Satan, both in soul and body.

Neither do I here see more matter of thanks to our God, for our immunity from the external injuries of Satan, than occasion of serious inquiry into his power over us for the spiritual. I see some that think themselves safe from this ghostly tyranny, because they sometimes find themselves in good moods, free from the suggestions of gross sins, much more from the commission. Vain men, that feed themselves with so false and frivolous comforts! will they not see Satan, through the just permission of God, the same to the soul in mental possessions, that he is to the body in corporal? The worst demoniac hath his lightsome respites, not ever tortured, not ever furious; betwixt whiles he might look soberly, talk sensibly, move regularly. It is a woful comfort, that we sin not always. There is no master so barbarous, as to require of his slave a perpetual unintermitted toil; yet, though he sometimes eat, sleep, rest, he is a vassal still. If that wicked one have drawn us to a customary perpetration of evil, and have wrought us to a frequent iteration of the same sin, this is gage enough for our servitude, matter enough for his tyranny and insultation. He, that would be our tormentor always, cares only to be sometimes our tempter.

The possessed is bound, as with the invisible fetters of Satan, so with the material chains of the inhabitants. What can bodily force prevail against a spirit? yet they endeavour this restraint of the man, whether out of charity or justice; charity, that he might not hurt himself; justice, that he might not hurt others. None do so much befriend the demoniac as those that bind him. Neither may the spiritually possessed be otherwise handled: for, though this act of
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the enemy be plausible, and to appearance pleasant, yet there is more danger in this dear and smiling tyranny. Two sorts of chains are fit for outrageous sinners; good laws, impartial executions; that they may not hurt, that they may not be hurt to eternal death.

These iron chains are no sooner fast than broken. There was more than an human power in this disruption. It is not hard to conceive the utmost of nature in this kind of actions. Samson doth not break the cords and ropes like a thread of tow, but God by Samson. The man doth not break these chains, but the spirit. How strong is the arm of these evil angels! how far transcending the ordinary course of nature! They are not called powers for nothing. What flesh and blood could but tremble at the palpable inequality of this match! if herein the merciful protection of our God did not the rather magnify itself, that so much strength, met with so much malice, hath not prevailed against us. In spite of both, we are in safe hands. He that so easily brake the iron fetters, can never break the adamantine chain of our faith. In vain do the chaffing billows of hell beat upon that Rock whereon we are built; and though these brittle chains of earthly metal be easily broken by him, yet the sure tempered chain of God's eternal decree he can never break. That almighty Arbiter of heaven, and earth, and hell, hath chained him up in the bottomless pit, and hath so restrained his malice, that, but for our good, we cannot be tempted; we cannot be foiled, but for a glorious victory.

Alas! it is no otherwise with the spiritually possessed. The chains of restraint are commonly broken by the fury of wickedness. What are the respects of civility, fear of God, fear of men, wholesome laws, careful executions, to the desperately licentious,

centious, but as cob-webs to an hornet? Let these wild demoniacs know, that God hath provided chains for them that will hold, even “everlasting” “chains of darkness.” These are such as must hold the devils themselves, their masters, unto the judgment of the great day; how much more these impotent vassals? O that men would suffer themselves to be bound to their good behaviour, by the sweet and easy recognizances of their duty to their God, and the care of their own souls, that so they might rather be bound up in the bundle of life.

It was not for rest, that these chains werè torn off, but for more motion. This prisoner runs away from his friends, he cannot run away from his jailor. He is now carried into the wilderness, not by mere external force, but by internal impulsion; carried by the same power that unbound him, for the opportunity of his tyranny, for the horror of the place, for the famishment of his body, for the avoidance of all means of resistance. Solitary deserts are the delights of Satan. It is an unwise zeal that moves us to do that to ourselves in an opinion of merit and holiness, which the devil wishes to do to us for a punishment, and conveniency of temptation. The evil spirit is for solitariness; God is for society: “He dwells in the assembly of his saints, yea “there he hath a delight to dwell.” Why should not we account it our happiness, that we may have leave to dwell where the Author of all happiness loves to dwell?

There cannot be any misery incident unto us, whereof our gracious Redeemer is not both conscious and sensible. Without any intreaty therefore of the miserable demoniac, or suit of any friend, the God of spirits takes pity of his distress; and, from no motion but his own, commands the evil spirit to come out of the man. O admirable precedent of mercy! preventing our requests, exceeding our thoughts, forcing favours upon our impotence, doing that for

us which we should, and yet cannot desire! If men, upon our instant solicitations, would give us their best aid, it were a just praise of their bounty: but it well became thee, O God of mercy, to go without force, to give without suit: and do we think thy goodness is impaired by thy glory? If thou wert thus commiserative upon earth, art thou less in heaven? how dost thou now take notice of all our complaints, of all our infirmities? how doth thine infinite pity take order to redress them? what evil can befall us which thou knowest not, feelest not, relievest not? how safe are we that have such a guardian, such a mediator in heaven?

Not long before had our Saviour commanded the winds and waters, and they could not but obey him. Now he speaks in the same language to the evil spirit: he intreats not, he persuades not, he commands. Command argues superiority. He only is infinitely stronger than the strong one in possession: else, where powers are matcht, though with some inequality, they tug for the victory, and, without a resistance, yield nothing. There are no fewer sorts of dealing with Satan than with men. Some have dealt with him by suit, as the old Satanian heretics, and the present Indian savages, sacrificing to him that he hurt not: others by covenant, conditioning their service upon his assistance, as witches and magicians others by insinuation of implicit compact, as charmers and figure-casters: others by adjuration, as the sons of Sceva and modern exorcists, unwarrantable charging him by an higher name than their own. None ever offered to deal with Satan by a direct and primary command, but the God of spirits. The great archangel, when the strife was about the body of Moses, commanded not, but imprecated rather; "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan." It is only the God that made this spirit an angel of light that can
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command him, now that he hath made himself the prince of darkness. If any created power dare to usurp a word of command, he laughs at their presumption, and knows them his vassals, whom he dissembles to fear as his lords. It is thou only, O Saviour, at whose beck those stubborn principalities of hell yield and tremble. No wicked man can be so much a slave to Satan, as Satan is to thee. The interposition of thy grace may defeat that dominion of Satan: thy rule is absolute, and capable of no let. What need we to fear, while we are under so omnipotent a commander? The waves of the deep rage horribly; yet the Lord is stronger than they. Let those principalities and powers do their worst: those mighty adversaries are under the command of him who loved us so well as to bleed for us. What can we now doubt of his power, or his will? how can we profess him a God, and doubt of his power? how can we profess him a Saviour, and doubt of his will? he both can and will command those infernal powers. We are no less safe than they are malicious.

The devil saw Jesus by the eyes of the demoniac; for the same saw that spake: but it was the ill spirit that said, "I beseech thee torment me not." It was fore against his will that he saw so dreadful an object. The over-ruling power of Christ dragged the foul spirit into his presence. Guiltiness would fain keep out of sight. The limbs of so woful an head shall once call on the hills and rocks to hide them from the face of the Lamb: such lion-like terror is in that mild face, when it looks upon wickedness. Neither shall it be one day the least part of the torment of the damned, to see the most lovely spectacle that heaven can afford. He, from whom they fled in his offers of grace, shall be so much more terrible, as he was, and is more gracious. I marvel not therefore that the devil, when he saw Jesus, cried out; I could
marvel

marvel that he fell down, that he worshipped him. That which the proud spirit would have had Christ to have done to him in his great duel, the same he now doth unto Christ, fearfully, fervilely, forcedly. Who shall henceforth brag of the external homage he performs to the Son of God, when he sees Satan himself fall down and worship? what comfort can there be in that which is common to us with devils, who, as they believe and tremble, so they tremble and worship? The outward bowing is the body of the action, the disposition of the soul is the soul of it; therein lies the difference from the counterfeit stoopings of wicked men and spirits. The religious heart "serves the Lord in fear, and rejoices in him with trembling:" what it doth is in way of service, in service to his Lord, whose sovereignty is his comfort and protection, in the fear of a son, not of a slave; in fear tempered with joy; in a joy, but allayed with trembling: whereas the prostration of wicked men and devils is only an act of form, or of force, as to their judge, as to their tormentor, not as to their Lord; in mere servility, not in reverence; in an uncomfortable dulness, without all delight; in a perfect horror, without capacity of joy; these worship without thanks, because they fall down without the true affections of worship.

Who so marvels to see the devil upon his knees, would much more marvel to hear what came from his mouth, "Jesu, the Son of the most high God;" a confession, which, if we should hear without the name of the author, we should ask from what saint it came. Behold the same name given to Christ by the devil, which was formerly given him by the angel, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus." That awful name, whereat every knee shall bow, in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, is called upon by this prostrate devil; and lest that should not import enough, since

others have been honoured by this name, in type, he adds for full distinction, "The Son of the most high God." The good Syrophenician, and blind Bartimeus could say, "The Son of David." It was well to acknowledge the true descent of his pedigree according to the flesh: but this infernal spirit looks aloft, and fetcheth his line out of the highest heavens, "The Son of the most high God." The famous confession of the prime Apostle, which honoured him with a new name to immortality, was no other than, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God:" and what other do I hear from the lips of a fiend? None more divine words could fall from the highest saint. Nothing hinders but that the veriest miscreant on earth, yea the foulest devil in hell, may speak holily. It is no passing of judgment upon loose sentences. So Peter should have been cast for a Satan, in denying, forswearing, cursing; and the devil should have been set up for a saint, in confessing "Jesus the Son of the most high God." Fond hypocrite, that pleasest thyself in talking well, hear this devil; and, when thou canst speak better than he, look to fare better: but in the mean time know, that a smooth tongue and a foul heart carries away double judgments.

Let curious heads dispute whether the devil knew Christ to be God. In this I dare believe himself, though in nothing else, he knew what he believed; what he believed that he confessed, "Jesus the Son of the most high God;" to the confusion of those semi-Christians, that have either held doubtfully, or ignorantly misknow, or blasphemously denied what the very devils have professed. How little can a bare speculation avail us in these cases of divinity? So far this devil hath attained, to no ease, no comfort. Knowledge alone doth but puff up; it is our love that edifies. If there be not a sense of our sure interest in this Jesus, a power to apply his merits and obedience,

obedience, we are no whit the safer, no whit the better; only we are so much the wiser, to understand who shall condemn us.

This piece of the clause was spoken like a saint; "Jesus, the Son of the most high God:" the other piece like a devil, "What have I to do with thee?" If the disclamation were universal, the latter words would impugn the former: for, while he confesses Jesus to be the Son of the most high God, he withal confesses his own inevitable subjection. Wherefore would he beseech; if he were not obnoxious? He cannot, he dare not say, What hast thou to do with me? but, "What have I to do with thee?" Others indeed I have vexed, thee I fear. In respect then of any violence, of any personal provocation, "What have I to do with thee?" And dost thou ask, O thou evil spirit, what hast thou to do with Christ; while thou vexest a servant of Christ? Hast thou thy name from knowledge, and yet so mistakest him whom thou confessest, as if nothing could be done to him; but what immediately concerns his own person. Hear that great and just Judge sentencing upon his dreadful tribunal, "Inasmuch as thou didst it unto one of these little ones, thou didst it unto me." It is an idle misprision, to sever the sense of an injury, done to any of the members, from the head.

He that had humility enough to kneel to the Son of God, hath boldness enough to expostulate, "Art thou come to torment us before our time?" Whether it were, that Satan, who useth to enjoy the torment of sinners, whose music it is to hear our shrieks and gnashings, held it no small piece of his torment to be restrained in the exercise of his tyranny; or whether the very presence of Christ were his wrack; for the guilty spirit projecteth terrible things, and cannot behold the judge or the executioner without a renovation of horror; or whether that, as himself pro-

fesseth, he were now in a fearful expectation of being commanded down into the deep, for a further degree of actual torment, which he thus deprecates.

There are tortures appointed to the very spiritual natures of evil angels. Men that are led by sense, have easily granted the body subject to torment, who yet have not so readily conceived this incident to a spiritual substance. The Holy Ghost hath not thought it fit to acquaint us with the particular manner of these invisible acts, rather willing that we should herein fear than inquire. But as all matters of faith, though they cannot be proved by reason, for that they are in a higher sphere, yet afford an answer able to stop the mouth of all reason that dares bark against them, since truth cannot be opposite to itself; so this of the sufferings of spirits. There is therefore both an intentional torment incident to spirits, and a real: for as in blessedness the good spirits find themselves joined unto the chief good, and hereupon feel a perfect love of God, and unspeakable joy in him, and rest in themselves; so, contrarily, the evil spirits, perceive themselves eternally excluded from the presence of God, and see themselves settled in a woful darkness; and from the sense of this separation arises an horror not to be expressed, not to be conceived. How many men have we known to torment themselves with their own thoughts? There needs no other gibbet, than that which their troubled spirit hath erected in their own heart. And if some pains begin at the body, and from thence afflict the soul in a copartnership of grief; yet others arise immediately from the soul, and draw the body into a participation of misery. Why may we not therefore conceive mere and separate spirits capable of such an inward excruciation?

Besides which, I hear the Judge of men and angels say, "Go ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." I hear the pro-

prophet say, "Tophet is prepared of old." If with fear, and without curiosity, we may look upon those flames, why may we not attribute a spiritual nature to that more than natural fire? In the end of the world the elements shall be dissolved by fire: and if the pure quintessential matter of the sky, and the element of fire itself shall be dissolved by fire, then that last fire shall be of another nature than that which it consumeth. What hinders then, but that the omnipotent God hath from eternity created a fire of another nature, proportionable even to spiritual essences? or why may we not distinguish of fire, as it is itself a bodily creature, and as it is an instrument of God's justice, so working not by any material virtue or power of its own, but by a certain height of supernatural efficacy, to which it is exalted by the omnipotence of that supreme and righteous Judge? Or, lastly, why may we not conceive, that though spirits have nothing material in their nature, which that fire should work upon, yet, by the judgment of the Almighty Arbiter of the world, justly willing their torment, they may be made most sensible of pain, and, by the obedient submission of their created nature, wrought upon immediately by their appointed tortures; besides the very horror which ariseth from the place whereto they are everlastingly confined: for, if the incorporeal spirits of living men may be held in a loathed or painful body, and conceive sorrow to be so imprisoned, why may we not as easily yield, that the evil spirits of angels or men may be held in those direful flames, and much more abhor therein to continue for ever? Tremble rather, O my soul, at the thought of this woful condition of the evil angels, who, for one only act of apostasy from God, are thus perpetually tormented: whereas we, sinful wretches, multiply many and presumptuous offences against the Majesty of our God. And withal admire

and magnify that infinite mercy to the miserable generation of man, which, after this holy severity of justice to the revolted angels, so graciously forbears our heinous iniquities, and both suffers us to be free for the time from these hellish torments, and gives us opportunity of a perfect freedom from them for ever. “ Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name, who forgiveth all thy sins, and healeth all thine infirmities; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; and crowneth thee with mercy and compassions.”

There is no time wherein the evil spirits are not tormented, there is a time wherein they expect to be tormented yet more: “ Art thou come to torment us before our time?” They knew that the last affizes are the prefixed term of their full execution, which they also understood to be not yet come; for though they knew not when the day of judgment should be, a point concealed from the glorious angels of heaven, yet they knew when it should not be; and therefore they say, “ Before the time.” Even the very evil spirits confess, and fearfully attend a set day of universal sessions. They believe less than devils, that either doubt of, or deny that day of final retribution.

O the wonderful mercy of our God, that both to wicked men and spirits respites the utmost of their torment! He might, upon the first instant of the fall of angels, have inflicted on them the highest extremity of his vengeance; he might, upon the first sins of our youth, yea of our nature, have swept us away, and given us our portion in that fiery lake. He stays a time for both: though with this difference of mercy to us men, that here not only is a delay, but may be an utter prevention of punishment, which to the evil spirits is altogether impossible. They do suffer, they must suffer; and though they have now deserved to suffer

suffer all they must, yet they must once suffer more than they do.

Yet so doth this evil spirit expostulate, that he sues; "I beseech thee, torment me not." The world is well changed since Satan's first onset upon Christ. Then he could say, "If thou be the Son of God;" now, "Jesus, the Son of the most high God:" then, "All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me;" now, "I beseech thee, torment me not." The same power, when he lists, can change the note of the tempter to us. How happy are we that have such a Redeemer, as can command the devils to their chains? O consider this, ye lawless sinners, that have said, "Let us break his bands, and cast his cords from us." However the Almighty suffers you, for a judgment, to have free scope to evil, and ye can now impotently resist the revealed will of your Creator; yet the time shall come, when ye shall see the very masters whom ye have served, the powers of darkness, unable to avoid the revenges of God. How much less shall man strive with his Maker? man, whose breath is in his nostrils, whose house is clay, whose foundation is the dust.

Nature teaches every creature to wish a freedom from pain. The foulest spirits cannot but love themselves, and this love must needs produce a deprecation of evil: yet what a thing is this, to hear the devil at his prayers? "I beseech thee, torment me not." Devotion is not guilty of this, but fear. There is no grace in the suit of devils, but nature; no respect of glory to their Creator, but their own ease. They cannot pray against sin, but against torment for sin. What news is it now to hear the profanest mouth, in extremity, imploring the sacred name of God, when the devils do so? The worst of all creatures hates punishment, and can say, Lead me not into pain: only the good heart can say, "Lead me not into temp-

“ tation.” If we can as heartily pray against sin, for the avoiding of displeasure, as against punishment when we have displeas'd, there is true grace in the soul. Indeed, if we could fervently pray against sin, we should not need to pray against punishment, which is no other than the inseparable shadow of that body; but if we have not laboured against our sins, in vain do we pray against punishment. God must be just; and “ the wages of sin is death.”

It pleas'd our holy Saviour, not only to let fall words of command upon this spirit, but to interchange some speeches with him. All Christ's actions are not for example. It was the error of our grandmother to hold chat with Satan. That God, who knows the craft of that old serpent, and our weak simplicity, hath charged us not to inquire of an evil spirit. Surely, if the disciples, returning to Jacob's well, wonder'd to see Christ talk with a woman, well may we wonder to see him talking with an unclean spirit. Let it be no presumption, O Saviour, to ask upon what grounds thou didst this, wherein we may not follow thee. We know that sin was excepted, in thy conformity of thyself to us; we know there was no guile found in thy mouth, no possibility of taint in thy nature, in thine actions; neither is it hard to conceive, how the same thing may be done by thee without sin, which we cannot but sin in doing. There is a vast difference in the intention, in the agent: for, on the one side, thou didst not ask the name of the spirit, as one that knew not, and would learn by enquiring; but that, by the confession of that mischief which thou pleas'dst to suffer, the grace of the cure might be the more conspicuous, the more glorious: so on the other, God and man might do that safely which mere man cannot do without danger. Thou mightest touch the leprosy, and not be legally unclean, because thou touch'dst it to heal it, didst not touch it with possibility

lity of infection. So mightest thou (who, by reason of the perfection of thy divine nature, wert incapable of any stain by the interlocution with Satan) safely confer with him, whom corrupt man, predisposed to the danger of such a parley, may not meddle with without sin, because not without peril. It is for none but God to hold discourse with Satan. Our surest way is to have as little to do with that evil one as we may; and if he shall offer to maintain conference with us by his secret temptations, to turn our speech unto our God with the archangel, "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan."

It was the presupposition of him that knew it, that not only men but spirits have names. This then he asks, not out of any ignorance or curiosity, (nothing could be hid from him, who calleth the stars and all the hosts of heaven by their names) but out of a just respect to the glory of the miracle he was working, whereto the notice of the name would not a little avail. For if, without inquiry or confession, our Saviour had ejected this evil spirit, it had passed for the single dispossession of one only devil; whereas now it appears, there was a combination and hellish champerty in these powers of darkness, which were all forced to vail unto that Almighty command.

Before, the devil had spoken singularly of himself, "What have I to do with thee?" and, "I beseech thee torment me not." Our Saviour yet knowing that there was a multitude of devils lurking in that breast, who dissembled their presence, wrests it out of the spirit by this interrogation, "What is thy name?" Now can those wicked ones no longer hide themselves: he that asked the question, forced the answer; "My name is Legion." The author of discord hath borrowed a name of war: from that military order of discipline, by which the Jews were subdued, doth the devil fetch his denomination. They
were

were many, yet they say, My name, not, Our name; though many, they speak as one, they act as one in this possession. There is a marvellous accordance even betwixt evil spirits. That kingdom is not divided, for then it could not stand. I wonder not that wicked men do so conspire in evil, that there is such unanimity in the broachers and abettors of errors, when I see those devils, which are many in substance, are one in name, action, habitation. Who can too much brag of unity, when it is incident unto wicked spirits? all the praise of concord is in the subject: if that be holy, the consent is angelical; if sinful, devilish.

What a fearful advantage have our spiritual enemies against us? If armed troops come against single stragglers, what hope is there of life, or victory? how much doth it concern us to band our hearts together in a communion of saints? our enemies come upon us like a torrent: O let us not run afunder like drops in the dust! All our united forces will be little enough to make head against this league of destruction.

Legion imports order, number, conflict. Order, in that there is a distinction of regiment, a subordination of officers. Though in hell there be confusion of faces, yet not confusion of degrees. Number; those that have reckoned a Legion, at the lowest, have counted it six thousand, others have more than doubled it. Though here it is not strict, but figurative, yet the letter of it implies multitude. How fearful is the consideration of the number of apostate angels: and if a Legion can attend one man, how many must we needs think are they, who, all the world over, are at hand to the punishment of the wicked, the exercise of the good, the temptation of both? it cannot be hoped, there can be any place or time wherein we may be secure from the onsets of these enemies. Be sure, ye lewd men, ye shall want no
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furtherance to evil, no torment for evil. Be sure, ye godly, ye shall not want combatants to try your strength and skill. Awaken your courages to resist, and stir up your hearts, make sure the means of your safety. There are more with us than against us. The God of heaven is with us, if we be with him: and our angels behold the face of God. If every devil were a Legion, we are safe. "Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we shall fear no evil." Thou, O Lord, shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of our enemies, and thy right-hand shall save us.

Conflict; All this number is not for sight, for rest, but for motion, for action. Neither was there ever hour since the first blow given to our first parents, wherein there was so much as a truce betwixt these adversaries. As therefore strong frontier towns, when there is a peace concluded on both parts, break up their garrison, open their gates, neglect their bulwarks; but when they hear of the enemy mustering his forces in great and unequal numbers, then they double their guard, keep sentinel, repair their sconces: so must we, upon the certain knowledge of our numerous and deadly enemies in continual array against us, address ourselves always to a wary and strong resistance. I do not observe the most to think of this ghostly hostility. Either they do not find there are temptations, or those temptations hurtful; they see no worse than themselves; and if they feel motions of evil arising in them, they impute it to fancy, or unreasonable appetite, to no power but nature's; and those motions they follow without sensible hurt, neither see they what harm it is to sin. Is it any marvel that carnal eyes cannot discern spiritual objects? that the world, who is the friend, the vassal of Satan, is in no war with him? Elisha's servant, when his eyes were opened, saw troops of spiritual soldiers,
which

which before he discerned not. If the eyes of our souls be once enlightened by supernatural knowledge and the clear beams of faith, we shall as plainly descry the invisible powers of wickedness, as now our bodily eyes see heaven and earth. They are, though we see them not; we cannot be safe from them, if we do not acknowledge, not oppose them.

The devils are now become great suitors to Christ, that he would not command them into the deep, that he would permit their entrance into the swine. What is this deep but hell, both for the utter separation from the face of God, and for the impossibility of passage to the region of rest and glory? The very evil spirits then fear and expect a further degree of torment; they know themselves reserved in those chains of darkness for the judgment of the great day. There is the same wages due to their sins and to ours; neither are the wages paid till the work be done. They tempting men to sin, must needs sin grievously in tempting: as with us men, those that mislead into sin offend more than the actors. Not till the upshot therefore of their wickedness, shall they receive the full measure of their condemnation. This day, this deep, they tremble at; what shall I say of those men that fear it not? It is hard for men to believe their own unbelief. If they were persuaded of this fiery dungeon, this bottomless deep, wherein every sin shall receive an horrible portion with the damned, durst they stretch forth their hands to wickedness? No man will put his hand into a fiery crucible to fetch gold thence, because he knows it will burn him. Did we as truly believe the everlasting burning of that infernal fire, we durst not offer to fetch pleasures or profits out of the midst of those flames.

This degree of torment they grant in Christ's power to command; they knew his power irresistible: had he therefore but said, Back to hell whence ye came,

came, they could no more have staid upon earth, than they can now climb into heaven, O the wonderful dispensation of the Almighty! who though he could command all the evil spirits down to their dungeons in an instant, so as they should have no more opportunity of temptation, yet thinks fit to retain them upon earth! It is not out of weakness or improvidence of that divine hand, that wicked spirits tyrannize here upon earth; but out of the most wise and most holy ordination of God, who knows how to turn evil into good, how to fetch good out of evil, and by the worst instruments to bring about his most just decrees. O that we could adore that awful and infinite Power, and chearfully cast ourselves upon that Providence which keeps the keys even of hell itself, and either lets out, or returns the devils to their places!

Their other suit hath some marvel in moving it, more in the grant; "That they might be suffered to enter into the herd of swine." It was their ambition of some mischief that brought forth this desire; that since they might not vex the body of man, they might yet afflict men in their goods. The malice of these envious spirits reacheth from us to ours: it is fore against their wills, if we be not every way miserable. If the swine were legally unclean for the use of the table, yet they were naturally good. Had not Satan known them useful for man, he had never desired their ruin. But as fencers will seem to fetch a blow at the leg, when they intend it at the head; so doth this devil, while he drives at the swine, he aims at the souls of these Gadarenes: by this means he hoped well, and his hope was not vain, to work in these Gergesenes a discontentment at Christ, an unwillingness to entertain him, a desire of his absence; he meant to turn them into swine, by the loss of their swine. It was not the rafters or stones of the house of Job's children

children that he bore the grudge to, but to the owners; nor to the lives of the children so much, as to the soul of their father. There is no affliction wherein he doth not strike at the heart; which while it holds free, all other damages are light: but “a wounded spirit (whether with sin or sorrow) who can bear?” Whatever becomes of goods or limbs, happy are we, if, like wise soldiers, we guard the vital parts. While the soul is kept sound from impatience, from distrust, our enemy may afflict us, he cannot hurt us.

They sue for a sufferance, not daring other than to grant, that, without the permission of Christ, they could not hurt a very swine. If it be fearful to think, how great things evil spirits can do with permission; it is comfortable to think, how nothing they can do without permission. We know they want not malice to destroy the whole frame of God’s work, but of all, man; of all men, Christians: but if without leave they cannot set upon an hog, what can they do to the living images of their Creator? They cannot offer us so much as a suggestion, without the permission of our Saviour. And can he that would give his own most precious blood for us, to save us from evil, wilfully give us over to evil?

It is now news that wicked spirits wish to do mischief; it is news that they are allowed it. If the owner of all things should stand upon his absolute command, who can challenge him for what he thinks fit to do with his creatures? The first foal of the ass is commanded under the law to have his neck broken. What is that to us? the creatures do that they were made for, if they may serve any way to the glory of their Maker. But seldom ever doth God leave his actions unfurnished with such reasons as our weakness may reach unto. There were sects amongst the Jews that denied spirits. They could not be more evidently,
more

more powerfully convinced, than by this event. Now shall the Gadarenes see from what a multitude of devils they were delivered; and how easy it had been for the same power, to have allowed these spirits to seize upon their persons as well as their swine. Neither did God this without a just purpose of their castigation. His judgments are righteous, where they are most secret. Though we cannot accuse these inhabitants of ought, yet he could, and thought good thus to mulct them. And if they had not wanted grace to acknowledge it, it was no small favour of God that he would punish them in their swine, for that which he might have avenged upon their bodies and souls. Our goods are farthest off us: if but in these we smart, we must confess to find mercy.

Sometimes it pleaseth God to grant the suits of wicked men and spirits, in no favour to the suitors. He grants an ill suit, and withholds a good; he grants an ill suit in judgment, and holds back a good one in mercy. The Israelites ask meat; he gives quails to their mouths, and leanness to their souls. The chosen vessel wishes Satan taken off, and hears only, "My grace is sufficient for thee." We may not evermore measure favours by condescendence. These devils doubtless receive more punishment for that harmful act wherein they are heard. If we ask what is either unfit to receive, or unlawful to beg, it is a great favour of our God to be denied.

Those spirits, which would go into the swine by permission, go out of the man by command; they had staid long, and are ejected suddenly. The immediate works of God are perfect in an instant, and do not require the aid of time for their maturation.

No sooner are they cast out of the man, than they are in the swine. They will lose no time, but pass without intermission from one mischief to another. If they hold it a pain not to be doing evil, why is it

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not our delight to be ever doing good? The impetuouſneſs was no leſs than the ſpeed. “The herd was carried with violence from a ſteep-down place into the lake, and was choked.” It is no ſmall force that could do this: but if the ſwine had been ſo many mountains, theſe ſpirits, upon God’s permiſſion, had thus transported them. How eaſily can they carry thoſe ſouls which are under their power to deſtruction? Unclean beaſts that wallow in the mire of ſenſuality, brutiſh drunkards transforming themſelves by exceſs, even they are the ſwine whom the Legion carries headlong to the pit of perdition.

The wicked ſpirits have their wiſh, the ſwine are choked in the waves. What eaſe is this to thee, good God, that there ſhould be any creature that ſeeks contentment in deſtroying, in tormenting the good creatures of his Maker! this is the diet of hell. Thoſe fiends feed upon ſpite towards man, ſo much more as he doth more reſemble his Creator; towards all other living ſubſtances, ſo much more as they may be more uſeful to man. The ſwine ran down violently; what marvel is it if their keepers fled? that miraculous work, which ſhould have drawn them to Chriſt, drives them from him. They run with the news, the country comes in with the clamour: “The whole multitude of the country about beſought him to depart.” The multitude is a beaſt of many heads; every head hath a ſeveral mouth, and every mouth a ſeveral tongue, and every tongue a ſeveral accent; every head hath a ſeveral brain, and every brain thoughts of their own; ſo as it is hard to find a multitude without ſome diſiſion; at leaſt ſeldom ever hath a good motion found a perfect accordance: it is not ſo infrequent for a multitude to conſpire in evil. Generality of aſſent is no warrant for any act. Common error carries away many, who inquire not into the reaſon of ought but the practice.

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The way to hell is a beaten road through the many feet that tread it. When vice grows into fashion, singularity is a virtue.

There was not a Gaderene found that either deserted his fellows, or opposed the motion. It is a sign of people given up to judgment, when no man makes head against projects of evil. Alas! what can one strong man do against a whole throng of wickedness? yet this good comes of an unprevailing resistance, that God forbears to plague, where he finds but a sprinkling of faith. Happy are they, who, like unto the celestial bodies, (which being carried about with the sway of the highest sphere, yet creep on their own ways) keep on the courses of their own holiness, against the swing of common corruptions: they shall both deliver their own souls, and help to withhold judgment from others.

The Gaderenes sue to Christ for his departure. It is too much favour to attribute this to their modesty, as if they held themselves unworthy of so divine a guest. Why then did they fall upon this suit in a time of their loss? why did they not tax themselves, and intimate a secret desire of that which they durst not beg? It is too much rigour to attribute it to the love of their hogs, and an anger at their loss; then they had not intreated, but expelled him. It was their fear that moved this rash suit; a servile fear of danger to their persons, to their goods; lest he, that could so absolutely command the devils, should have set these tormentors upon them; lest their other demoniaes should be dispossessed with like loss. I cannot blame these Gaderenes that they feared: this power was worthy of trembling at, their fear was unjust; they should have argued, "This man hath power over men, beasts, devils, it is good having him to our friend; his presence is our safety and protection." Now they contrarily misinfer, "Thus pow-

“erful is he, it is good he were further off.” What miserable and pernicious misconstructions do men make of God, of divine attributes and actions? God is omnipotent, able to take infinite vengeance of sin; O that he were not: he is provident, I may be careless; he is merciful, I may sin; he is holy; let him depart from me, for I am a sinful man. How witty sophisters are natural men, to deceive their own souls, to rob themselves of a God? O Saviour, how worthy are they to want thee, that wish to be rid of thee? Thou hast just cause to be weary of us, even while we sue to hold thee: but when once our wretched unthankfulness grows weary of thee, who can pity us to be punished with thy departure? who can say it is other than righteous, that thou shouldst regeſt one day upon us, “Depart from me ye wicked.”

B O O K IV.

CONTEMP. I. *The faithful* CANAANITE.

IT was our Saviour’s trade to do good; therefore he came down from heaven to earth, therefore he changed one ſtation of earth for another. Nothing more commends goodneſs than generality of diſfuſion; whereas reſervedneſs and cloſe-handed reſtraint blemiſhes the glory of it. The ſun ſtands not ſtill in one point of heaven, but walks his daily round, that all the inferior world may ſhare of his influences both in heat and light. Thy bounty, O Saviour, did not affect the praiſe of fixedneſs, but motion: one while I find thee at Jeruſalem, then at Capernaum, ſoon after in the utmoſt verge of Galilee; never but doing good.

But as the ſun, though he daily compaſs the world, yet never walks from under his line, never goes beyond

yond the turning points of the longest and shortest day; so neither didst thou, O Saviour, pass the bounds of thine own peculiar people. Thou wouldst move, but not widely; not out of thine own sphere, wherein thy glorified estate exceeds thine humbled, as far as heaven is above earth. Now thou art lift up, thou drawest all men unto thee: there are now no lists, no limits of thy gracious visitations; but as the whole earth is equidistant from heaven; so all the motions of the world lie equally open to thy bounty.

Neither yet didst thou want outward occasions of thy removal; perhaps the very importunity of the Scribes and Pharisees, in obtruding their traditions, drove thee thence, perhaps their unjust offence at thy doctrine. There is no readier way to lose Christ than to clog him with human ordinances; than to spurn at his heavenly instructions. He doth not always subdue his spirit with his visible presence; but his very outward withdrawing is worthy of our sighs, worthy of our tears. Many a one may say, "Lord, "if thou hadst been here, my soul had not died." Thou art now with us, O Saviour, thou art with us in a free and plentiful fashion; how long, thou knowest; we know our deservings, and fear. O teach us how happy we are in such a guest, and give us grace to keep thee. Hadst thou walked within the Phenician borders, we could have told how to have made glad constructions of thy mercy in turning to the Gentiles; thou, that couldst touch the lepers without uncleanness, couldst not be defiled with aliens; but we know the partition-wall was not yet broken down, and that thou didst charge thy disciples not to walk into the way of the Gentiles, wouldst not transgress thine own rule. Once we are sure thou camest to the utmost point of the bounds of Galilee; as not ever confined to the heart of Jewry, thou wouldst sometimes bless the outer skirts with thy presence.

No angle is too obscure for the Gospel: "The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephtali, by the way of the sea beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles, the people which sat in darkness saw great light." The sun is not scornful, but looks with the same face, upon every plot of earth; not only the stately palaces and pleasant gardens are visited by his beams, but mean cottages, but neglected bogs and moors. God's word is, like himself, no acceptor of persons; the wild Kern, the rude Scythian, the savage Indian, are alike to it. The mercy of God will be sure to find out those that belong to his election in the most secret corners of the world, like as his judgments will fetch his enemies from under the hills and rocks. The good Shepherd walks the wilderness to seek one sheep strayed from many. If there be but one Syrophenican soul to be gained to the church, Christ goes to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon to fetch her. Why are we weary to do good, when our Saviour underwent this perpetual toil in healing bodies and winning souls? There is no life happy but that which is spent in a continual drudging for edification.

It is long since we heard of the name or nation of Canaanites: all the country was once so styled; that people are now forgotten; yet, because this woman was of the blood of those Phenicians, which were anciently ejected out of Canaan, that title is revived to her. God keeps account of pedigrees, after our oblivion, that he may magnify his mercies by continuing them to thousands of the generations of the just, and by renewing favours upon the unjust. No nation carried such brands and scars of a curse, as Canaan. To the shame of those careless Jews, even a faithful Canaanite is a supplicant to Christ, while they neglect so great salvation. She doth not speak, but cry: need and desire have raised her voice to an importunate clamour. The God of mercy is light of hearing, yet
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he loves a loud and vehement solicitation; not to make himself inclinable to grant, but to make us capable to receive blessings. They are words, and not prayers, which fall from careless lips. If we felt our want, or wanted not desire, we could speak to God in no tune but cries. If we would prevail with God, we must wrestle; and, if we would wrestle happily with God, we must wrestle first with our own dullness: nothing but cries can pierce heaven. Neither doth her vehemence so much argue her faith, as doth her compellation, "O Lord, thou Son of David." What profelyte, what disciple could have said more? O blessed Syrophenician, who taught thee this abstract of divinity? What can we Christians confess more than the Deity and the humanity, the Messiahship of our glorious Saviour? his Deity as Lord, his humanity as a Son, his Messiahship as the Son of David. Of all the famous progenitors of Christ, two are singled out by an eminence, David and Abraham, a king, a patriarch; and though the patriarch was first in time, yet the king is first in place; not so much for the dignity of the person, as the excellence of the promise, which as it was both later and fresher in memory, so more honourable. To Abraham was promised multitude and blessing of seed, to David perpetuity of dominion. So as when God promiseth not to destroy his people, it is for Abraham's sake; when not to extinguish the kingdom, it is for David's sake. Had she said, "The Son of Abraham," she had not come home to this acknowledgment. Abraham is the father of the faithful, David of the kings of Juda and Israel: there are many faithful, there is but one king: so as in this title she doth proclaim him the perpetual king of his church, the rod or flower which should come from the root of Jesse, the true and only Saviour of the world. Whoso would come unto Christ to purpose, must come in

the right style; apprehending a true God, a true man, a true God and man: any of these severed from other makes Christ an idol, and our prayers sin. Being thus acknowledged, what suit is so fit for him as mercy? "Have mercy on me." It was her daughter that was tormented, yet she says, "Have mercy on me." Perhaps her possessed child was senseless of her misery; the parent feels both her sorrow and her own. As she was a good woman, so a good mother. Grace and good nature have taught her to appropriate the afflictions of this divided part of her own flesh. It is not in the power of another skin, to sever the interest of our own loins or womb. We find some fowls that burn themselves, while they endeavour to blow out the fire from their young; and even serpents can receive their brood into their mouth, to shield them from danger. No creature is so unnatural, as the reasonable that hath put off affection.

On me, therefore in mine; "For my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." It was this that sent her to Christ; it was this that must incline Christ to her. I doubt whether she had inquired after Christ, if she had not been vexed with her daughter's spirit. Our afflictions are as Benhadad's best counsellors, that sent him with a cord about his neck to the merciful king of Israel. These are the files and whet-stones that set an edge on our devotions, without which they grow dull and ineffectual: neither are they stronger motives to our suit, than to Christ's mercy. We cannot have a better spokesman unto God than our own misery: that alone sues and pleads and importunes for us. This which sets off men, whose compassion is finite, attracts God to us. Who can plead discouragements in his access to the throne of grace, when our wants are our forcible advocates? all our worthiness is in a capable misery.

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All Israel could not example the faith of this Canaanite; yet she was thus tormented in her daughter. It is not the truth or strength of our faith that can secure us from the outward and bodily vexations of Satan, against the inward and spiritual that can and will prevail: it is no more antidote against the other than against fevers and dropsies. How should it, when as it may fall out, that these sufferings may be profitable? and why should we expect that the love of our God shall yield to forelay any benefit to the soul? He is an ill patient that cannot distinguish betwixt an affliction, and the evil of affliction. When the messenger of Satan buffets us, it is enough that God hath said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Millions were in Tyre and Sidon, whose persons, whose children were untouched with that tormenting hand; I hear none but this faithful woman say, "My daughter is grievously vexed of the devil." The worst of bodily afflictions are an insufficient proof of divine displeasure. She that hath most grace complains of most discomfort.

Who would now expect any other than a kind answer to so pious and faithful a petition? and behold he answered her not a word. O holy Saviour, we have oft found cause to wonder at thy words, never till now at thy silence. A miserable suppliant cries and sues, while the God of mercies is speechless. He, that comforts the afflicted, adds affliction to the comfortless by a willing disrespect. What shall we say then? is the fountain of mercy dried up? O Saviour, couldst thou but hear! she did not murmur, not whisper, but cry out; couldst thou but pity, but regard her that was as good as she was miserable! If thy ears were open, could thy bowels be shut? Certainly it was thou that didst put it into the heart, into the mouth of this woman to ask, and to ask thus of thyself. She could never have said, "O Lord, thou Son of David,"

but from thee, but by thee. "None calleth Jesus "the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." Much more therefore didst thou hear the words of thine own making; and well wert thou pleased to hear what thou thoughtst good to forbear to answer. It was thine own grace that sealed up thy lips.

Whether for the trial of her patience and perseverance, for silence carried a semblance of neglect, and a willing neglect lays strong siege to the best fort of the soul; even calm tempers, when they have been stirred, have bewrayed impetuoufness of passion. If there be any dregs in the bottom of the glass, when the water is shaken, they will be soon seen. Or whether for the more sharpening of her desires, and raising of her zealous importunity. Our holy longings are increased with delays: it whets our appetite to be held fasting. Or whether for the more sweetening of the blessing, by the difficulty or stay of obtaining: the benefit that comes with ease is easily contemned; long and eager pursuit endears any favour. Or whether for the engaging of his disciples in so charitable a suit. Or whether for the wise avoidance of exception from the captious Jews. Or, lastly, for the drawing on of an holy and imitable pattern of faithful perseverance; and to teach us not to measure God's hearing of our suit by his present answer, or his present answer by our own sense. While our weakness expects thy words, thy wisdom resolves upon thy silence. Never wert thou better pleased to hear the acclamation of angels, than to hear this woman say, "O Lord, thou Son of David;" yet silence is thy answer. When we have made our prayers, it is an happy thing to hear the report of them back from heaven: but if we always do not so, it is not for us to be dejected, and to accuse either our infidelity or thy neglect, since we find here a faithful suitor met with a gracious Saviour, and yet he answered her not a word. If we
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be poor in spirit, God is rich in mercy; he cannot send us away empty: yet he will not always let us feel his condescend, crossing us in our will, that he may advance our benefit.

It was no small fruit of Christ's silence, that the disciples were hereupon moved to pray for her; not for a mere dismissal, (it had been no favour to have required this, but a punishment; for if to be held in suspense be miserable, to be sent away with a repulse is more) but for a merciful grant. They saw much passion in the woman, much cause of passion; they saw great discouragement on Christ's part, great constancy on hers. Upon all these they feel her misery, and become suitors for her unrequested. It is our duty, in case of necessity, to intercede for each other; and by how much more familiar we are with Christ, so much more to improve our intireness for the relief of the distressed. We are bidden to say, Our Father, not mine; yea, being members of one body, we pray for ourselves in others. If the foot be pricked, the back bends, the head bows down, the eyes look, the hands stir, the tongue calls for aid; the whole man is in pain, and labours for redress. He cannot pray or be heard for himself, that is no man's friend but his own. No prayer without faith, no faith without charity, no charity without mutual intercession.

That which urged them to speak for her, is urged to Christ by them for her obtaining; "She cries after us." Prayer is an arrow; if it be drawn up but a little, it goes not far; but if it be pulled up to the head, flies strongly, and pierces deep: if it be but dribbled forth of careless lips, it falls down at our foot; the strength of our ejaculation sends it up into heaven, and fetches down a blessing. The child hath escaped many a stripe by his loud crying; and the very unjust judge cannot endure the widow's clamour.

Heart-

Heartless motions do but teach us to deny; fervent suits offer violence, both to earth and heaven.

Christ would not answer the woman, but doth answer the disciples. Those that have a familiarity with God shall receive answers, when strangers shall stand out. Yea, even of domestics some are more entire. He that lay in Jesus's bosom could receive that intelligence which was concealed from the rest. But who can tell whether that silence or this answer be more grievous? "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." What is this answer, but a defence of that silence and seeming neglect? While he said nothing, his forbearance might have been supposed to proceed from the necessity of some greater thoughts; but now his answer professeth that silence to have proceeded from a willing resolution not to answer; and therefore he does not vouchsafe so much as to give her the answer, but to her solicitors, that they might return his denial from him to her, who had undertaken to derive her suit to him; "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Like a faithful ambassador, Christ hath an eye to his commission. That may not be violated, though to an apparent advantage: whither he is not sent, he may not go. As he, so all his have their fixed marks set; at these they aim, and think it not safe to shoot at rovers. In matter of morality, it is not for us to stand only upon inhibitions, avoiding what is forbidden, but upon commands, endeavouring only what is enjoined. We need no other rule of our life than the intention of our several stations: and if he, that was God, would take no further scope to himself than the limits of his commission, how much doth it concern us frail men to keep within compass? or what shall become of our lawfulness, that live in a direct contrariety to the will of him that sent us?

Israel

Israel was Jacob's name, from him derived to his posterity: till the division of the tribes under Jeroboam, all that nation was Israel; then the father's name went to the most, which were ten tribes; the name of the son Judea to the best, which were two. Christ takes no notice of this unhappy division: he remembers the antient name which he gave to that faithful wrestler. It was this Christ with whom Jacob strove; it was he that wrenched his hip, and changed his name, and dismissed him with a blessing; and now he cannot forget his old mercy to the house of Israel, to that only doth he profess himself sent. Their first brood were shepherds, now they are sheep, and those not guarded, not impastured, but strayed and lost. O Saviour, we see thy charge, the house of Israel, not of Esau; sheep, not goats, not wolves; lost sheep, not securely impaled in the confidence of their safe condition. Wo were to us if thou wert not sent to us. He is not a Jew which is one without. Every Israelite is not a true one. We are not of thy fold, if we be not sheep: thou wilt not reduce us to thy fold, if we be not lost in our own apprehensions. O Lord, thou hast put a fleece upon our backs, we have lost ourselves enough: make us so sensible of our own wanderings, that we may find thee sent unto us, and may be happily found of thee.

Hath not this poor woman yet done? can neither the silence of Christ, nor his denial silence her? is it possible she should have any glimpse of hope after so resolute repulses? Yet still, as if she saw no argument of discouragement, she comes, and worships, and cries, "Lord, help me." She which could not in the house get a word of Christ, she that saw her solicitors, though Christ's own disciples, repelled, yet she comes. Before she followed, now she overtakes him; before she sued aloof, now she comes close to him: no contempt can cast her off. Faith is an undaunted grace, it hath
a strong

a strong heart, and a bold forehead: even very denials cannot dismay it, much less delays. She came not to face, not to expostulate, but to prostrate herself at his feet: her tongue worshipped him before, now her knee. The eye of her faith saw that divinity in Christ which bowed her to his earth. There cannot be a fitter gesture of man to God than adoration.

Her first suit was for mercy, now for help. There is no use of mercy but in helpfulness. To be pitied without aid, is but an addition to misery. Who can blame us, if we care not for an unprofitable compassion?

The very suit was gracious. She saith not, "Lord, if thou canst, help me," as the father of the lunatic; but professes the power, while she begs the act, and gives glory where she would have relief.

Who now can expect other than a fair and yielding answer to so humble, so faithful, so patient a suppliant? what can speed well, if a prayer of faith from the knees of humility succeed not? and yet, behold, the further she goes, the worse she fares: her discouragement is doubled with her suit. "It is not good to take the childrens bread, and to cast it to dogs." First, his silence implied a contempt, then his answer defended his silence; now his speech expresses and defends his contempt. Lo, he hath turned her from a woman to a dog, and, as it were, spurns her from his feet with an harsh repulse. What shall we say? is the Lamb of God turned lion? Doth that clear fountain of mercy run blood? O Saviour, did ever so hard a word fall from those mild lips? Thou calledst Herod fox, most worthily, he was crafty and wicked; the Scribes and Pharisees a generation of vipers, they were venomous and cruel; Judas a devil, he was both covetous and treacherous. But here was a woman in distress, and distress challenges mercy; a good woman,

woman, a faithful suppliant, a Canaanitish disciple, a Christian Canaanite, yet rated and whipt out for a dog by thee who wert all goodness and mercy! How different are thy ways from ours? Even thy severity argues favour. The trial had not been so sharp, if thou hadst not found the faith so strong, if thou hadst not meant the issue so happy. Thou hadst not driven her away as a dog, if thou hadst not intended to admit her for a saint; and to advance her so much for a pattern of faith, as thou depressedst her for a spectacle of contempt.

The time was when the Jews were children, and the Gentiles dogs, now the case is happily altered. The Jews are the dogs, (so their dear and divine countryman calls the concision) we Gentiles are the children. What certainty is there in an external profession, that gives us only to seem, not to be; at least the being that it gives is doubtful and temporary. We may be children to-day, and dogs to-morrow. The true assurance of our condition is in the decree and covenant of God on his part, in our faith and obedience on ours. How they of children became dogs, it is not hard to say; their presumption, their unbelief transformed them; and, to perfect their brutishness, they set their fangs upon the Lord of life. How we of dogs become children I know no reason. But, "O the depth!" That, which at the first singled them out from the nations of the world, hath at last singled us out from the world and them. "It is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that hath mercy." Lord, how should we bless thy goodness, that we of dogs are children! how should we fear thy justice, since they of children are dogs? O let not us be high-minded, but tremble. If they were cut off who crucified thee in thine humbled state, what may we expect who crucify thee daily in thy glory?

Now

Now what ordinary patience would not have been over-strained with so contemptuous a repulse? how few but would have fallen into intemperate passions, into passionate expostulations? Art thou the prophet of God that so disdainfully entertainest poor supplicants? is this the comfort that thou dealest to the distressed? is this the fruit of my humble adoration, of my faithful profession? Did I snarl or bark at thee, when I called thee the "Son of David?" did I fly upon thee otherwise than with my prayers and tears? and if this term were fit for my vileness, yet doth it become thy lips? Is it not sorrow enough to me, that I am afflicted with my daughter's misery, but that thou, of whom I hoped for relief, must add to mine affliction in an unkind reproach? But here is none of all this. Contrarily, her humility grants all, her patience overcomes all, and she meekly answers, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." The reply is not more witty than faithful. O Lord, thou art truth itself; thy words can be no other than truth: thou hast called me a dog, and a dog I am; give me therefore the favour and privilege of a dog, that I may gather up some crumbs of mercy from under that table whereat thy children sit. This blessing, though great to me, yet to the infiniteness of thy power and mercy is but as a crumb to a feast. I presume not to press to the board, but to creep under it. Deny me not those small off-falls, which else would be swept away in the dust. After this stripe, give me but a crumb, and I shall fawn upon thee, and depart satisfied. O woman, say I, great is thine humility, great is thy patience: but, "O woman (saith my Saviour) great is thy faith." He seeth the root, we the stock. Nothing but faith could thus temper the heart, thus strengthen the soul, thus charm the tongue. O precious faith! O acceptable perseverance! It is no marvel if that chiding end in
favour:

favour: "Be it to thee even as thou wilt." Never did such grace go away uncrowned. The beneficence had been straight, if thou hadst not carried away more than thou suedst for. Lo, thou, that camest a dog, goest away a child; thou that wouldst but creep under the childrens feet, art set at their elbow! thou, that wouldst have taken up with a crumb, art feasted with full dishes! The way to speed well at God's hand, is to be humbled in his eyes and in our own. It is quite otherwise with God, and with men. With men we are so accounted of, as we account of ourselves. He shall be sure to be vile in the sight of others, which is vile in his own. With God nothing is got by vain ostentation, nothing is lost by abasement. O God, when we look down to our own weakness, and cast up our eyes to thy infiniteness, thine omnipotence, what poor things we are? but when we look down upon our sins and wickedness, how shall we express our shame? None of all thy creatures, except devils, are capable of so foul a quality. As we have thus made ourselves worse than beasts, so let us, in a sincere humbleness of mind, acknowledge it to thee, who canst pity, forgive, and redress it; so setting ourselves down at the lower end of the table of thy creatures, thou the great Master of the feast mayst be pleased to advance us to the height of glory.

CONTEMP. II. *The deaf and dumb Man cured.*

OUR Saviour's entrance into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon was not without a miracle, neither was his regress; as the sun neither rises nor sets without light. In his entrance he delivers the daughter of the faithful Syrophenician, in his egress he cures the deaf and dumb. He can no more want work, than that work can want success. Whether the patient were

were naturally deaf and perfectly dumb, or imperfectly dumb, and accidentally deaf, I labour not: sure I am, that he was so deaf that he could not hear of Christ, so dumb that he could not speak for himself. Good neighbours supply his ears, his tongue; they bring him to Christ. Behold a miracle led in by charity, acted by power, led out by modesty!

It was a true office of love to speak thus in the cause of the dumb, to lend senses to him that wanted. Poor man! he had nothing to intreat for him but his impotence; here was neither ear to inform, nor tongue to crave. His friends are sensible of his infirmity, and unasked bring him to cure: this spiritual service we owe to each other. It is true, we should be quick of hearing of the things of God and to our peace, quick of tongue to call for our helps: but, alas! we are naturally deaf and dumb to good. We have ear and tongue enough for the world; if that do but whisper, we hear it; if that do but draw back, we cry after it; we have neither for God: ever since our ear was lent to the serpent in Paradise, it hath been spiritually deaf; ever since we set our tooth in the forbidden fruit, our tongue hath been speechless to God; and that, which was faulty in the root, is worse in the branches. Every soul is more deafened and bedumbed by increasing corruptions, by actual sins. Some ears the infinite mercy of God hath bored, some tongues he hath untied, by the power of regeneration: these are wanting to their holy faculties, if they do not improve themselves in bringing the deaf and dumb unto Christ.

There are some deaf and dumb upon necessity, some others upon affectation; those, such as live either out of the pale of the church, or under a spiritual tyranny within the church; we have no help for them but our prayers; our pity can reach further than our aid; these, such as may hear of a Christ, and sue to him,

him, but will not; a condition so much more fearful, as it is more voluntary. This kind is full of woful variety; while some are deaf by an outward obturation, whether by the prejudice of the teacher, or by secular occasions and distractions; others by the inwardly apostuming tumours of pride, by the ill vapours of carnal affections, of froward resolutions. All of them, like the deaf adder, have their ears shut to the divine Charmer. O miserable condition of foolish men, so peevishly averse from their own salvation, so much more worthy of our commiseration, as it is more incapable of their own! These are the men whose cure we must labour, whom we must bring to Christ by admonitions, by threats, by authority, and; if need be, by wholesome compulsions.

They do not only lend their hand to the deaf and dumb, but their tongue also; they say for him that which he could not wish to say for himself. Doubtless they had made signs to him of what they intended, and, finding him forward in his desires, now they speak to Christ for him. Every man lightly hath a tongue to speak for himself; happy is he that keeps a tongue for other men. We are charged not with supplications only, but with intercessions: herein is both the largest improvement of our love, and most effectual. No distance can hinder this fruit of our devotion. Thus we may oblige those that we shall never see, those that can never thank us. This beneficence cannot impoverish us; the more we give; we have still the more. It is a safe and happy store; that cannot be impaired by our bounty. What was their suit, but that Christ would put his hand upon the patient? not that they would prescribe the means, or imply a necessity of his touch; but for that they saw this was the ordinary course both of Christ and his disciples, by touching to heal. Our prayers must be directed to the usual proceedings of God. His

actions must be the rule of our prayers; our prayers may not prescribe his actions.

That gracious Saviour, who is wont to exceed our desires, does more than they sue for: not only doth he touch the party, but takes him by the hand, and leads him from the multitude.

He, that would be healed of his spiritual infirmities, must be sequestred from the throng of the world. There is a good use, in due times, of solitariness; that soul can never enjoy God, that is not sometimes retired. The modest Bridegroom of the church will not impart himself to his spouse before company. Or perhaps this secession was for our example, of a willing and careful avoidance of vain glory in our actions. Whence also it is, that our Saviour gives an after-charge of secrecy. He that could say, "He that doth evil hateth the light," escheweth the light even in good. To seek our own glory is not glory. Although, besides this bashful desire of obscurity, here is a meet regard of opportunity in the carriage of our actions. The envy of the Scribes and Pharisees might trouble the passage of his divine ministry; their exasperation is wisely declined by this retiring. He, in whose hands time is, knows how to make his best choice of seasons: neither was it our Saviour's meaning to have this miracle buried, but hid. Wisdom hath no better improvement than in distinguishing times, and discreetly marshalling the circumstances of our actions: which whosoever neglects, shall be sure to shame his work, and mar his hopes.

Is there a spiritual patient to be cured? aside with him: to undertake him before the face of the multitude, is to wound, not to heal him.

Reproof and good counsel must be like our alms, in secret, so as, if possible, one ear or hand might not be conscious to other: as in some cases confession, so our reprehension must be auricular. The discreet

discreet chirurgeon that would cure a modest patient, whose secret complaint hath in it more shame than pain, shuts out all eyes save his own. It is enough for the God of justice to say, "Thou didst it secretly, but I will do it before all Israel, and before this sun." Our limited and imperfect wisdom must teach us to apply private redresses to private maladies: it is the best remedy that is least seen, and most felt.

What means this variety of ceremony? O Saviour, how many parts of thee are here active? thy finger is put into the ear, thy spittle toucheth the tongue; thine eyes look up, thy lungs sigh, thy lips move to an Ephphatha: thy word alone, thy beck alone, thy wish alone, yea the least act of velleity from thee, might have wrought this cure. Why wouldst thou employ so much of thyself in this work? it was to shew thy liberty, in not always equally exercising the power of thy Deity? in that one while thine only command shall raise the dead, and eject devils; another while thou wouldst accommodate thyself to the mean and homely fashions of natural agents, and, condescending to our senses and customs, take those ways which may carry some more near respect to the cure intended? or was it to teach us how well thou likest that there should be a ceremonious carriage of thy solemn actions, which thou pleatest to produce clothed with such circumstantial forms?

It did not content thee to put one finger into one ear, but into either ear wouldst thou put a finger: both ears equally needed cure, thou wouldst apply the means of cure to both. The Spirit of God is the finger of God: then dost thou, O Saviour, put thy finger into our ear, when thy Spirit enables us to hear effectually. If we thrust our own fingers into our ears, using such human persuasions to ourselves as arise from worldly grounds, we labour in vain: yea, these stopples must needs hinder our hearing the

voice of God. Hence the great philosophers of the ancient world, the learned rabbins of the synagogue, the great doctors of a false faith, are deaf to spiritual things. It is only that finger of thy Spirit, O blessed Jesu, that can open our ears, and make passage through our ears into our hearts. Let that finger of thine be put into our ears, so shall our deafness be removed, and we shall hear, not the loud thunders of the law, but the gentle whisperings of thy gracious motions to our souls.

We hear for ourselves, but we speak for others. Our Saviour was not content to open the ears only, but to untie the tongue. With the ear we hear, with the mouth we confess: the same hand is applied to the tongue, not with a dry touch, but with spittle; in allusion, doubtless, to the removal of the natural impediment of speech. Moisture, we know, glibs the tongue, and makes it apt to motion; how much more from that sacred mouth!

There are those whose ears are open, but their mouths are still shut to God; they understand, but do not utter the wonderful things of God. There is but half a cure wrought upon these men; their ear is but open to hear their own judgment, except their mouth be open to confess their Maker and Redeemer. O God, do thou so moisten my tongue with thy graces, that it may run smoothly, "as the pen of a ready writer," to the praise of thy name. While the finger of our Saviour was on the tongue, in the ear of the patient, his eye was in heaven. Never man had so much cause to look up to heaven as he; there was his home, there was his throne. He only was "from heaven, heavenly." Each of us hath a good mind homeward, though we meet with better sights abroad: how much more when our home is so glorious, above the region of our peregrination? But thou, O Saviour, hadst not only thy dwelling

ling there, but thy feat of majesty; there the greatest angels adored thee; it is a wonder that thine eye could be ever any where but there. What doth thine eye in this, but teach ours where to be fixed? Every good gift, and every perfect gift, coming down from above, how can we look off from that place whence we receive all good? Thou didst not teach us to say, O infinite God, which art every where; but, "O our Father which art in heaven:" there let us look up to thee. O let not our eyes or hearts grovel upon this earth, but let us fasten them "above the hills, whence cometh our salvation:" thence let us acknowledge all the good we receive, thence let us expect all the good we want.

Why our Saviour looked up to heaven, though he had heaven in himself, we can see reason enough. But why did he sigh? surely not for need; the least motion of a thought was in him impetratory: how could he chuse but be heard by his Father, who was one with the Father? not for any fear of distrust, but partly for compassion, partly for example; for compassion of those manifold infirmities into which sin had plunged mankind, a pitiful instance whereof was here represented unto him; for example, to fetch sighs from us for the miseries of others, sighs of sorrow for them, sighs of desire for their redress. This is not the first time that our Saviour spent sighs, yea tears, upon human distresses. We are not bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, if we so feel not the smart of our brethren, that the fire of our passion break forth into the smoke of sighs. "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?"

Christ was not silent while he cured the dumb; his Ephphathah gave life to all his other actions. His sighing, his spitting, his looking up to heaven, werethe acts of a man; but his command of the ear and mouth to open, was the act of God. He could not com-

mand that which he made not: his word is imperative, ours supplicatory. He doth what he will with us; we do by him what he thinks good to impart.

In this -mouth the word cannot be severed from the success. Our Saviour's lips are no sooner opened in his Ephphathah, than the mouth of the dumb, and the ears of the deaf are opened. At once behold here celerity and perfection. Natural agents work by leisure, by degrees; nothing is done in an instant, by many steps is every thing carried from the entrance to the consummation. Omnipotence knows no rules. No imperfect work can proceed from a cause absolutely perfect. The man hears now more lightly than if he had never been deaf; and speaks more plainly, than if he had never been tongue-tied: and can we blame him, if he bestow the handsel of his speech upon the Power that restored it, if the first improvement of his tongue were the praise of the Giver, of the Maker of it? or can we expect other than that our Saviour should say, Thy tongue is free, use it to the praise of him that made it so; thy ears are open, hear him that bids thee proclaim thy cure upon the house-top? But now behold, contrarily, he that opens this man's mouth by his powerful word, by the same word shuts it again, charging silence by the same breath wherewith he gave speech; "Tell no man."

Those tongues, which interceded for his cure, are charmed for the concealment of it. O Saviour, thou knowest the grounds of thine own commands; it is not for us to inquire, but to obey; we may not honour thee with a forbidden celebration. Good meanings have oft-times proved injurious: those men, whose charity employed their tongues to speak for the dumb man, do now employ the same tongues to speak of his cure, when they should have been dumb. This charge, they imagine, proceeds from an humble

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ble modesty in Christ, which the respect to his honour bids them violate. I know not how we itch after those forbidden acts, which, if left to our liberty, we willingly neglect. This prohibition increaseth the rumour; every tongue is busied about this one: what can we make of this, but a well-meant disobedience? O God, I should more gladly publish thy name at thy command. I know thou canst not bid me to dishonour thee: there is danger of such an injunction: but if thou shouldst bid me to hide the profession of thy name and wondrous works, I should fulfil thy words, and not examine thine intentions. Thou knowest how to win more honour by our silence, than by our promulgation. A forbidden good differs little from evil. What makes our actions to be sin but thy prohibitions; our judgment avails nothing. If thou forbid us that which we think good, it becomes as faulty to theeward, as that which is originally evil. Take thou charge of thy glory, give me grace to take charge of thy precepts.

CONTEMP. III. ZACCHEUS.

NOW was our Saviour walking towards his passion: his last journey had most wonders. Jericho was in his way from Galilee to Jerusalem: he baulks it not, though it were outwardly cursed; but, as the first Joshua saved a Rahab there, so there the second saves a Zaccheus; that an harlot, this a publican. The traveller was wounded as he was going from Jerusalem to Jericho; this man was taken from his Jericho to the true Jerusalem, and was healed. Not as a passenger did Christ walk this way, but as a visitor; not to punish, but to heal. With us, the sick man is glad to send far for the physician; here the physician comes to seek patients, and calls at our door for work. Had not this good shepherd left the ninety-

nine, and searched the desert, the lost sheep had never recovered the fold; had not his gracious frugality sought the lost goat, it had been swept up with the rushes, and thrown out in the dust. Still, O Saviour, dost thou walk through our Jericho: what would become of us, if thou shouldst stay till we seek thee alone? Even when thou hast found us, how hardly do we follow thee? the work must be all thine: we shall not seek thee, if thou find us not; we shall not follow thee, if thou draw us not.

Never didst thou, O Saviour, set one step in vain: wheresoever thou art walking, there is some Zaccheus to be won. As in a drought, when we see some weighty cloud hovering over us, we say there is rain for some grounds, wheresoever it falls: the ordinances of God bode good to some souls, and happy are they on whom it lights.

How justly is Zaccheus brought in with a note of wonder? it is both great and good news to hear of a convert. To see men perverted from God to the world, from truth to heresy, from piety to profaneness, is as common as lamentable; every night such stars fall: but to see a sinner come home to God, is both happy and wonderful to men and angels. I cannot blame that philosopher, who, undertaking to write of the hidden miracles of nature, spends most of his discourse upon the generation and formation of man: surely we are "fearfully and wonderfully made!" But how much greater is the miracle of our spiritual regeneration, that a son of wrath, a child of Satan, should be transformed into the son and heir of the ever-living God? O God, thou workest both; but in the one our spirit animates us, in the other thine own.

Yet some things, which have wonder in them for their worth, lose it for their frequency; this hath no less rarity in it than excellence. How many painful Peters have complained to fish all night, and catch
nothing

nothing? Many professors, and few converts, hath been ever the lot of the gospel. God's house, as the streets of Jericho, may be thronged, and yet but one Zaccheus. As therefore in the lottery, when the great prize comes, the trumpet sounds before it; so the news of a convert is proclaimed, with "Behold Zaccheus." Any penitent had been worthy of a shout; but this man by an eminence, a publican, a chief of the publicans, rich.

No name under heaven was so odious as this of a publican; especially to this nation, that stood so high upon their freedom, that every impeachment of it seemed no less than damnable; in so much as they ask not, Is it fit, or needful, but, "Is it lawful to pay tribute unto Cesar?" Any office of exaction must needs be heinous to a people so impatient of the yoke: and yet not so much the trade, as the extortion, drew hatred upon this profession; out of both they are deeply infamous. One while they are matched with heathens, another while with harlots, always with sinners; "And behold Zaccheus, a publican." We are naturally strangers from God; the best is indisposed to grace: yet some there are, whose very calling gives them better advantages. But this catch-pole-ship of Zaccheus carried extortion in the face, and, in a sort, bade defiance to his conversion; yet behold, from this toll-booth is called both Zaccheus to be a disciple, and Matthew to be an apostle. We are in the hands of a cunning workman, that, of the knottiest and crookedest timber, can make rafts and ceiling for his own house; that can square the marble or flint, as well as the freest stone. Who can now plead the disadvantage of his place, when he sees a publican come to Christ? No calling can prejudice God's gracious election.

To excel in evil must needs be worse. If to be a publican be ill, surely to be an arch-publican is more.

What

What talk we of the chief of publicans, when he, that professed himself the chief of sinners, is now among the chief of saints? who can despair of mercy, when he sees one Jericho send both an harlot and a publican to heaven?

The trade of Zaccheus was not a greater rub in his way, than his wealth. He that sent word to John for great news, that "The poor receive the gospel," said also, "How hard is it for a rich man to enter in-
" to heaven?" this bunch of the camel keeps him from passing the needle's eye; although not by any malignity that is in the creature itself, (riches are the gift of God) but by reason of these three pernicious hang-byes, cares, pleasures, pride, which too commonly attend upon wealth: separate these, riches are a blessing. If we can so possess them, that they possess not us, there can be no danger, much benefit in abundance: all the good or ill of wealth or poverty, is in the mind, in the use. He, that hath a free and lowly heart in riches, is poor; he, that hath a proud heart under rags, is rich. If the rich man do good and distribute, and the poor man steal, the rich hath put off his wo to the poor. Zaccheus had never been so famous a convert, if he had been poor; nor so liberal a convert, if he had not been rich. If more difficulty, yet more glory was in the conversion of rich Zaccheus.

It is well that rich Zaccheus was desirous to see Christ. Little do too many rich men care to see that sight; the face of Cesar on their coin is more pleasing. This man leaves his bags, to bless his eyes with this prospect; yet can I not praise him for this too much, it was not, I fear, out of faith, but curiosity: he that had heard great fame of the man, of his miracles, would gladly see his face; even an Herod longed for this, and was never the better. Only this I find, that this curiosity of the eye, through the mercy of
God,

God, gave occasion to the belief of the heart. He that desires to see Jesus, is in the way to enjoy him; there is not so much as a remote possibility in the man that cares not to behold him. The eye were ill bestowed, if it were only to betray our souls; there are no less beneficial glances of it. We are not worthy of this useful casement of the heart, if we do not thence send forth beams of holy desires, and thereby reconvey profitable and saving objects.

I cannot marvel if Zaccheus were desirous to see Jesus; all the world was not worth this sight. Old Simeon thought it best to have his eyes closed up with this spectacle, as if he held it pity and disparagement to see ought after it. The father of the faithful rejoiced to see him, though at nineteen hundred years distance; and the great doctor of the Gentiles stands upon this as his highest stair; "Have I not seen the Lord Jesus?" and yet, O Saviour, many a one saw thee here, that shall never see thy face above; yea, that shall call to the hills to hide them from thy sight: and, "If we had once known thee according to the flesh, henceforth know we thee so no more." What an happiness shall it be, so to see thee glorious, that in seeing thee we shall partake of thy glory? O blessed vision, to which all others are but penal and despicable! Let me go into the mint-house, and see heaps of gold, I am never the richer; let me go to the pictures, and see goodly faces, I am never the fairer; let me go to the court, I see state and magnificence, and am never the greater: but, O Saviour, I cannot see thee, and not be blessed. I can see thee here, though in a glass; if the eye of my faith be dim, yet it is sure. O let me be unquiet, till I do now see thee through the vail of heaven, ere I shall see thee as I am seen!

Fain would Zaccheus see Jesus, but he could not: it were strange, if a man should not find some lett in
good

good desires; somewhat will be still in the way betwixt us and Christ. Here are two hinderances met, the one internal, the other external; the stature of the man, the press of the multitude; the greatness of the press, the smallness of the stature. There was great thronging in the streets of Jericho to see Jesus; the doors, the windows, the bulks, were all full. Here are many beholders, few disciples. If gazing, if professions were godliness, Christ could not want clients; now amongst all these wonderers, there is but one Zaccheus. In vain should we boast of our forwardness to see and hear Christ in our streets, if we receive him not into our hearts.

This crowd hides Christ from Zaccheus. Alas! how common a thing it is, by the interposition of the throng of the world, to be kept from the sight of our Jesus? here a carnal fashionist says, Away with this austere scrupulousness, let me do as the most. The throng keeps this man from Christ: there a superstitious misbeliever says, What tell ye me of an handful of reformed? the whole world is ours: this man is kept from Christ by the throng. The covetous mammonist says, Let them that have leisure be devout; my employments are many, my affairs are great. This man cannot see Christ for the throng: there is no perfect view of Christ but in an holy secession. The spouse found not her beloved, till she was passed the company; then she found him whom her soul loved. Whoso never seeks Christ but in the crowd, shall never find comfort in finding him: the benefit of our public view must be enjoyed in retiredness. If in a press we see a man's face, that is all; when we have him alone, every limb may be viewed. O Saviour, I would be loath not to see thee in thine assemblies; but I would be more loath not to see thee in my closet. Yet, had Zaccheus been but of the common pitch, he might perhaps have seen Christ's face over his fel-
lows

lows shoulders; now his stature adds to the disadvantage, his body did not answer to his mind; his desires were high, while his body was low. The best is, however smallness of stature was disadvantageous in a level, yet it is not so at a height. A little man, if his eye be clear, may look as high, though not so far, as the tallest: the little pigmy, may, from the lowest valley, see the sun or stars as fully as a giant upon the highest mountain. O Saviour, thou art now in heaven; the smallness of our person, or of our condition, cannot let us from beholding thee. The soul hath no stature, neither is heaven to be had with reaching: only clear thou the eyes of my faith, and I am high enough.

I regard not the body; the soul is the man. It is to small purpose, that the body is a giant, if the soul be a dwarf. We have to do with a God that measures us by our desires, not by our statures. All the streets of Jericho, however he seemed to the eye, had not so tall a man as Zaccheus.

The witty publican easily finds both his hinderances, and the ways of their redress. His remedy for the press is to run before the multitude; his remedy for the stature is to climb up into the sycamore: he employs his feet in the one, his hands and feet in the other. In vain shall he hope to see Christ, that doth not out-go the common throng of the world. The multitude is clustered together, and moves too close to move fast: we must be nimbler than they, if ever we desire or expect to see Christ. It is the charge of God, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil:" we do evil, if we lag in good. It is held commonly both wit and state for a man to keep his pace, and that man escapes not censure, who would be forwarder than his fellows. Indeed for a man to run alone, in ways of indifferency, or to set an hypocritical face in outrunning all others in a zealous profes-

profession, when the heart lingers behind, both these are justly hateful: but, in an holy emulation, to strive truly and really to outstrip others in degrees of grace, and a conscionable care of obedience, this is truly Christian, and worthy of him that would hope to be blessed with the sight of a Saviour.

Tell me, ye fashionable Christians, that stand upon terms of equality, and will not go a foot before your neighbours in holy zeal and aidful charity, in conscionable sincerity, tell me, who hath made other mens progress a measure of yours? Which of you says, I will be no richer, no greater, no fairer, no wiser, no happier than my fellows? why should you then say, I will be no holier? Our life is but a race, every good end that a man proposes to himself is a several goal: did ever any man that ran for a prize say, I will keep up with the rest? doth he not know that if he be not foremost, he loseth? We had as good to have sat still, as not "so to run that we may obtain." We obtain not if we out-run not the multitude.

So far did Zaccheus over-run the stream of the people, that he might have space to climb the sycomore ere Jesus could pass by. I examine not the kind, the nature, the quality of this plant; what tree soever it had been, Zaccheus would have tried to scale it, for the advantage of this prospect; he hath found out this help for his stature, and takes pains to use it. It is the best improvement of our wit, to seek out the aptest furtherances for our souls. Do you see a weak and studious Christian, that, being unable to inform himself in the matters of God, goes to the cabinet of heaven, "the priest's lips, which shall preserve knowledge;" there is Zaccheus in the sycomore: it is the truest wisdom that helps forward our salvation. How witty we are to supply all the deficiencies of nature? if we be low, we can add cubits to our stature; if ill coloured

loured, we can borrow complexion, if hairless, perukes; if dim-sighted, glasses; if lame, crutches: and shall we be conscious of our spiritual wants, and be wilfully regardless of the remedy? Surely, had Zaccheus stood still on the ground, he had never seen Christ; had he not climbed the sycomore, he had never climbed into heaven. O Saviour, I have not height enough of my own to see thee; give me what sycomore thou wilt, give me grace to use it, give me an happy use of that grace.

The more I look at the mercy of Christ, the more cause I see of astonishment. Zaccheus climbs up into the sycomore to see Jesus, Jesus first sees him, preventing his eyes with a former view. Little did Zaccheus look that Jesus would have cast up his eyes to him. Well might he think, the boys in the street would spy him out, and shout at his stature, trade, ambition; but that Jesus should throw up his eyes into the sycomore, and take notice of that small despised morsel of flesh, ere Zaccheus could find space to distinguish his face from the rest, was utterly beyond his thought or expectation; all his hope is to see, and now he is seen: to be seen and acknowledged, is much more than to see. Upon any solemn occasion many thousands see the prince, whom he sees not; and, if he please to single out any one, whether by his eye, or by his tongue, amongst the press, it passes for an high favour. Zaccheus would have thought it too much boldness to have asked what was given him. As Jonathan did to David, so doth God to us, he shoots beyond us; did he not prevent us with mercy, we might climb into the sycomore in vain. If he give grace to him that doth his best, it is the praise of the giver, not the earning of the receiver: how can we do or will without him? if he sees us first, we live; and if we desire to see him, we shall be seen of him. Who ever took pains to climb the sycomore,

comore, and came down disappointed? O Lord, what was there in Zaccheus, that thou shouldst look up at him? a publican, a sinner, an arch-extortioner; a dwarf in stature, but a giant in oppression; a little man, but a great sycophant; if rich in coin, more rich in sins and treasures of wrath; yet it is enough that he desires to see thee, all these disadvantages cannot hide him from thee. Be we never so sinful; if our desires towards thee be hearty and fervent, all the broad leaves of the sycamore cannot keep off thine eye from us. If we look at thee with the eye of faith; thou wilt look at us with the eye of mercy; "The eye of the Lord is upon the just," and he is just that would be so; if not in himself, yet in thee. O Saviour, when Zaccheus was above, and thou wert below, thou didst look up at him; now thou art above, and we below, thou lookest down upon us, thy mercy turns thine eyes every way towards our necessities. Look down upon us that are not worthy to look up unto thee, and find us out that we may seek thee.

It was much to note Zaccheus, it was more to name him. Methinks I see how Zaccheus startled at this; to hear the sound of his own name from the mouth of Christ; neither can he but think, doth Jesus know me? is his voice, or some others in the throng? lo, this is the first sight that ever I had of him. I have heard the fame of his wonderful works, and held it happiness enough for me to have seen his face; and doth he take notice of my person, of my name? surely the more that Zaccheus knew himself, the more doth he wonder that Christ should know him. It was slander enough for a man to be a friend to a publican; yet Christ gives this friendly compellation to the chief of publicans, and honours him with this argument of a sudden entrenchment. The favour is great, but not singular; every elect of God is thus graced:
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the Father knows the child's name; as he calls the stars of heaven by their names, so doth he his faints, the stars on earth; and it is his own rule to his Israel, "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine." As God's children do not content themselves with a confused knowledge of him, but aspire to a particular apprehension and sensible application, so doth God again to them: it is not enough that he knows them, as in the crowd, (wherein we see many persons, none distinctly) but he takes single and several knowledge of their qualities, conditions, motions, events. What care we that our names are obscure or contemned amongst men, while they are regarded by God; that they are raked up in the dust of earth, while they are recorded in heaven.

Had our Saviour said no more, but, "Zaccheus, come down," the poor man would have thought himself taxed for his boldness and curiosity: it were better to be unknown, than noted for miscarriage. But now the next words comfort him; "For I must this day abide at thine house." What a sweet familiarity was here; as if Christ had been many years acquainted with Zaccheus, whom he now first saw? Besides our use, the host is envited by the guest, and called to an unexpected entertainment. Well did our Saviour hear Zaccheus his heart inviting him, though his mouth did not: desires are the language of the soul, those are heard by him that is the God of spirits.

We dare not do thus to each other, save where we have eaten much salt: we scarce go where we are invited; though the face be friendly, and the entertainment great, yet the heart may be hollow. But here, he, that saw the heart, and foreknew his welcome, can boldly say, "I must this day abide at thine house." What a pleasant kind of entire familiarity there is betwixt Christ and a good heart? "If any man open I will come in and sup with him." It

is much for the King of Glory to come into a cottage, and sup there; yet thus he may do, and take some state upon him in sitting alone. No, "I will so sup with him, that he shall sup with me." Earthly state consists in strangeness, and affects a stern kind of majesty aloof. Betwixt God and us though there be infinite more distance, yet there is a gracious affability, and familiar entireness of conversation. O Saviour, what dost thou else every day, but invite thyself to us in thy word, in thy sacraments? who are we that we should entertain thee, or thou us? dwarfs in grace, great in nothing but unworthiness! Thy praise is worthy to be so much the more, as our worth is less. Thou that biddest thyself to us, bid us be fit to receive thee, and, in receiving thee, happy.

How graciously doth Jesus still prevent the publican, as in his sight, notice, compellation, so in his invitation too? That other publican, Levi, bad Christ to his house, but it was after Christ had bidden him to his discipleship. Christ had never been called to his feast, if Levi had not been called into his family. He loved us first, he must first call us; for he calls us out of love. As in the general calling of Christianity, if he did not say, "Seek ye my face," we could never say, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek:" so, in the specialities of our main benefits or employments, Christ must begin to us. If we invite ourselves to him, before he invite himself to us, the undertaking is presumptuous, the success unhappy.

If Nathaniel, when Christ named him, and gave him the memorial token of his being under the fig-tree, could say, "Thou art the Son of God;" how could Zaccheus do less in hearing himself upon this wild fig-tree named by the same lips? How must he needs think, If he knew not all things, he could not know me; and if he knew not the hearts of men, he could not have known my secret desires to entertain
him?

him? He is a God that knows me, and a merciful God that invites himself to me: no marvel therefore, if, upon this thought, Zaccheus come down in haste. Our Saviour said not, Take thy leisure, Zaccheus, but, "I will abide at thine house to-day." Neither did Zaccheus, upon this intimation, sit still and say, When the press is over, when I have done some errands of my office; but he hastes down to receive Jesus. The notice of such a guest would have quickened his speed without a command: God loves not slack and lazy executions. The angels of God are described with wings, and we pray to do his will with their forwardness; yea, even to Judas, Christ saith, "What thou doest, do quickly." O Saviour, there is no day wherein thou doest not call us by the voice of thy gospel; what do we still lingering in the bycomore? How unkindly must thou needs take the delays of our conversion? Certainly had Zaccheus staid still in the tree, thou hadst baulked his house as unworthy of thee. What construction canst thou make of our wilful dilations, but as a stubborn contempt? how canst thou but come to us in vengeance, if we come not down to entertain thee in a thankful obedience?

Yet do I not hear thee say, Zaccheus cast thyself down for haste (this was the counsel of the tempter to thee) but, "Come down in haste," and he did accordingly. There must be no more haste than good speed in our performances: we may offend as well in our heady acceleration, as in our delay. Moses ran so fast down the hill, that he stumbled spiritually, and brake the tables of God: we may so fast follow after justice, that we out-run charity. It is an unsafe obedience that is not discreetly and leisurely speedful.

The speed of his descent was not more than the alacrity of his entertainment: "He made haste, and

“ came down and received him joyfully.” The life of hospitality is chearfulness: let our chear be never so great, if we do not read our welcome in our friend’s face, as well as in his dishes, we take no pleasure in it.

Can we marvel, that Zaccheus received Christ joyfully? Who would not have been glad to have his house, yea himself, made happy with such a guest? Had we been in the stead of this publican, how would our hearts have leaped within us for joy of such a presence? How many thousand miles are measured by some devout Christians, only to see the place where his feet stood? how much happier must he needs think himself, that owns the roof that receives him? But O the incomparable happiness then of that man whose heart receives him, not for a day, not for years of days, not for millions of years, but for eternity! This may be our condition, if we be not straitened in our own bowels. O Saviour, do thou welcome thyself to these houses of clay, that we may receive a joyful welcome to thee in those everlasting habitations.

Zaccheus was not more glad of Christ, than the Jews were discontented. Four vices met here at once, envy, scrupulousness, ignorance, pride: their eye was evil because Christ’s was good. I do not hear any of them invite Christ to his home, yet they snarl at the honour of this unworthy host: they thought it too much happiness for a sinner, which themselves willingly neglected to sue for. Wretched men! they cannot see the mercy of Christ, for being bleared with the happiness of Zaccheus; yea, that very mercy which they see torments them. If that viper be the deadliest which feed’s the sweetest, how poisonous must this disposition needs be, that feeds upon grace?

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What a contrariety there is betwixt good angels and evil men? the angels rejoice at that whereat men pout and stomach; men are ready to cry and burst for anger, at that which makes music in heaven. O wicked and foolish elder brother, that feeds on hunger and his own heart without doors, because his younger brother is feasting on the fat calf within!

Besides envy, they stand scrupulously upon the terms of traditions. These sons of the earth might not be conversed with, their threshold was unclean; "Touch me not, for I am holier than thou." That he therefore, who went for a prophet, should go to the house of a publican and sinner, must needs be a great eyesore. They that might not go in to a sinner, cared not what sins entered into themselves; the true cousins of those hypocrites, who held it a pollution to go into the judgment-hall, no pollution to murder the Lord of life. There cannot be a greater argument of a false heart, than to stumble at these straws, and to leap over the blocks of gross impiety. Well did our Saviour know how heinously offensive it would be to turn in to this publican, he knows, and regards it not: a soul is to be won, what cares he for idle misconstruction? Morally good actions must not be suspended upon danger of causeless scandal. In things indifferent and arbitrary, it is fit to be overruled by fear of offence; but if men will stumble in the plain ground of good, let them fall without our regard, not without their own peril. I know not if it were not David's weakness to "abstain from good words while the wicked were in place." Let justice be done in spite of the world, and, in spite of hell, mercy.

Ignorance was in part guilty of these scruples: they thought Christ either too holy to go to a sinner, or in going made unholy. Foolish men! to whom came he? to you righteous? let him speak; "I came not

“ to call the righteous, but finners to repentance.” Whether should the physician go but to the sick? “ the whole need him not.” Love is the best attractive of us; and “ he to whom much is forgiven loves “ much.”

O Saviour, the glittering palaces of proud justiciaries are not for thee; thou lovest the lowly and ragged cottage of a contrite heart. Neither could here be any danger of thy pollution: thy sun could cast his beams upon the purest dunghill, and not be tainted. It was free and safe for the leper and bloody-fluxed to touch thee; thou couldst heal them, they could not infect thee. Neither is it otherwise in this moral contagion. We, who are obnoxious to evil, may be insensibly defiled: thy purity was enough to remedy that which might mar a world; thou canst help us, we cannot hurt thee. O let thy presence ever bless us, and let us ever bless thee with thy presence.

Pride was an attendant of this ignorance: so did they note Zaccheus for a sinner, as if themselves had been none; his sins were written in his forehead, theirs in their breast: the presumption of their secrecy makes them insult upon his notoriousness. The smoke of pride still flies upward, and in the mounting vanisheth: contrition beats it down, and fetcheth tears from the tender eyes. There are stage sins, and there are closet sins; these may not upbraid the other: they may be more heinous, though less manifest. It is a dangerous vanity to look outward at other mens sins with scorn, when we have more need to cast our eyes inward to see our own with humiliation.

Thus they stumbled and fell; but Zaccheus stood: all their malicious murmur could not dishearten his piety and joy in the entertaining of Christ. Before Zaccheus lay down as a sinner, now he stands up as a convert: sinning is falling, continuance in sin is lying

ing down, repentance is rising and standing up: yet perhaps this standing was not so much the sight of his constancy or of his conversion, as of his reverence. Christ's affability hath not made him unmannerly; Zaccheus stood: and what if the desire of more audibleness raised him to his feet? in that smallness of stature it was not fit he should lose ought of his height; it was meet so noble a proclamation should want no advantage of hearing: never was our Saviour better welcomed. The penitent Publican makes his will, and makes Christ his supervisor: his will consists of legacies given, of debts paid, gifts to the poor, payments to the injured. There is liberality in the former, in the latter justice, in both the proportions are large; "Half to the poor, fourfold to the wronged."

This hand sowed not sparingly: here must needs be much of his own that was well gotten, whether left by patrimony, or saved by parsimony, or gained by honest improvement; for when he had restored fourfold to every one whom he had oppressed, yet there remained a whole half for pious uses; and this he so distributes, that every word commends his bounty, "I give;" and what is more free than gift? In alms we may neither sell, nor return, nor cast away. We sell, if we part with them for importunity, for vain glory, for retribution; we return them, if we give with respect to former offices; this is to pay, not to bestow: we cast away, if in our beneficence we neither regard order nor discretion. Zaccheus did neither cast away, nor return, nor sell, but give; "I do give;" not I will. The prerogation of good makes it thankless; the alms that smells of the hand loses the praise; it is twice given that is given quickly. Those that defer their gifts till their death-bed, do as good as say, Lord, I will give thee something, when I can keep it no longer. Happy is the man that is his own executor; "I give my goods,"

not another's. It is a thankless vanity to be liberal of another man's purse: whoſo gives of that which he hath taken away from the owner, doth more wrong in giving than in ſtealing: God expects our gifts, not our ſpoils. I fear there is too many a ſchool and hospital, every ſtone whereof may be challenged. Had Zaccheus meant to give of his extortions, he had not been ſo careful of his reſtitution: now he reſtores to others, that he may give of his own; "I give half my goods." The Publican's heart was as large as his eſtate; he was not more rich in goods than in bounty. Were this example binding, who ſhould be rich to give? who ſhould be poor to receive? In the ſtrait beginnings of the church, thoſe beneficences were requiſite, which afterwards in the larger elbow-room thereof would have cauſed much confuſion. If the firſt Chriſtians laid down all at the Apoſtles feet, yet, ere long, it was enough for the believing Corinthians, every firſt day of the week, to lay aſide ſome pittance for charitable purpoſes. We are no diſciples, if we do not imitate Zaccheus ſo far as to give liberally, according to the proportion of our eſtate.

Giving is ſowing; the larger feeding, the greater crop; giving to the poor is ſeneration to God: the greater bank, the more intereſt. Who can fear to be too wealthy? Time was when men faulted in exceſs. Proclamations were ſain to reſtrain the Jews, ſtatutes were ſain to reſtrain our anceſtors; now there needs none of this, men know how to ſhut their hands alone: charity is in more danger of freezing than of burning. How happy were it for the church, if men were only cloſe-handed to hold, and not lime-fingered to take. "To the poor," not to rich heirs: God gives to him that hath, we to him that wants. Some want becauſe they would; whether out of prodigality or idleneſs; ſome want becauſe they muſt; theſe
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are the fit subjects of our beneficence, not those other. A poverty of our own making deserves no pity: he that sustains the lewd, feeds not his belly, but his vice. So then this living legacy of Zaccheus is free, "I give;" present, "I do give;" just, "my goods;" large, "half my goods;" fit, "to the poor."

Neither is he more bountiful in his gift, than just in his restitution; "If I have taken ought from any man by false accusation, I restore it fourfold."

It was proper for a publican to pill and poll the subject, by devising complaints, and raising causeless vexations, that his mouth might be stopt with fees, either for silence or composition. This had Zaccheus often done: neither is this [If] a note of doubt, but of assertion. He is sure of the fact, he is not sure of the person; their challenge must help to further his justice. The true penitence of this holy convert expresses itself in confession, in satisfaction: his confession is free, full, open. What cares he to shame himself, that he may give glory to God? wo be to that bashfulness that ends in confusion of face. O God, let me blush before men, rather than be confounded before thee, thy saints and angels!

His satisfaction is no less liberal than his gift. Had not Zaccheus been careful to pay the debts of his fraud, all had gone to the poor: he would have done that voluntarily, which the young man in the gospel was bidden to do, and refusing went away sorrowful. Now, he knew that his misgotten gain was not for God's Corban; therefore he spares half, not to keep, but to restore: this was the best dish in Zaccheus his good cheer. In vain had he feasted Christ, given to the poor, confessed his extortions, if he had not made restitution. Wo is me for the paucity of true converts: there is much stolen goods, little brought home. Mens hands are like the fisher's slew, yea like hell

hell itself, which admits of no return. O God, we can never satisfy thee! our score is too great, our abilities too little: but if we make not even with men, in vain shall we look for mercy from thee. To each his own had been well; but four for one was munificent. In our transactions of commerce we do well to beat the bargain to the lowest; but in case of moral or spiritual payments to God or men now, there must be a measure pressed, shaken, running over. In good offices and due retributions, we may not be pinching and niggardly. It argues an earthly and ignoble mind, where we have apparently wronged, to higgler and dodge in the amends.

O mercy and justice well repaid! "This day is salvation come to thine house." Lo, Zaccheus, that which thou givest to the poor is nothing to that which thy Saviour gives to thee. If thou restorest four for one; here is more than thousands of millions for nothing; were every of thy pence a world, they could hold no comparison with this bounty. It is but dross that thou givest, it is salvation that thou receivest. Thou gavest in present, thou dost not receive in hope; but, "This day is salvation come to thine house." Thine ill-gotten metals were a strong bar to bolt heaven gates against thee; now that they are dissolved by a seasonable beneficence and restitution, those gates of glory fly open to thy soul. Where is that man that can challenge God to be in his debt? who can ever say, Lord, this favour I did to the least of thine unrequited? Thrice happy publican, that hast climbed from thy sycamore to heaven; and, by a few worthless bags of unrighteous mammon, hast purchased to thyself a kingdom uncorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away!

CONTEMP. IV. JOHN BAPTIST *bheaded.*

THREE of the evangelists have (with one pen) recorded the death of the great harbinger of Christ, as most remarkable and useful. He was the fore-runner of Christ, as into the world, so out of it: yea, he that made way for Christ into the world, made way for the name of Christ into the court of Herod. This Herod Antipas was son to that Herod who was, and is, ever infamous for the massacre at Bethlehem. Cruelty runs in a blood. The murderer of John, the fore-runner of Christ, is well descended of him who would have murdered Christ, and, for his sake, murdered the infants. It was late ere this Herod heard the fame of Jesus, not till he had taken off the head of John Baptist. The father of this Herod inquired for Christ too soon, this too late. Great men should have the best intelligence. If they improve it to all other uses of either frivolous or civil affairs, with neglect of spiritual, their judgment shall be so much more as their helps and means were greater. Whether this Herod were taken up with his Arabian wars against Arethas his father-in-law; or whether he were employed in his journey to Rome, I inquire not: but if he were at home, I must wonder how he could be so long without the noise of Christ. Certainly, it was a sign he had a very irreligious court, that none of his followers did so much as report to him the miracles of our Saviour; who doubtless told him many a vain tale the while. One tells him of his brother Philip's discontentment; another relates the news of the Roman court; another the angry threats of Arethas; another flatters him with the admiration of his new mistress, and disparagement of the old: no man so much as says, Sir, there is a prophet in your kingdom that doth wonders. There was not a man in his country that had not been astonished with the fame

fame of Jesus; yea all Syria, and the adjoining regions, rung of it; only Herod's court hears nothing. Miserable is that greatness which keeps men from the notice of Christ. How plain is it from hence, that our Saviour kept aloof from the court? The austere and eremitical harbinger of Christ, it seems, preached there oft, and was heard gladly, though, at last, to his cost; while our Saviour, who was more sociable, came not there. He sent a message to that fox, whose den he would not approach. Whether it were that he purposely forbore, lest he should give that tyrant occasion to revive and pursue his father's suspicions; or whether for that he would not so much honour a place so infamously graceless and disordered; or whether, by his example, to teach us the avoidance of outward pomp and glory; surely Herod saw him not till his death, heard not of him till the death of John Baptist. And now his unintelligence was not more strange than his misconstruction; "This is John Baptist, whom I beheaded." First he doubted, then he resolved; he doubted upon others suggestions, upon his own apprehensions he resolved thus. And though he thought good to set a face on it to strangers, unto whom it was not safe to bewray his fear, yet to his domestics he freely discovered his thoughts; "This is John Baptist." The troubled conscience will many a time open that to familiars, which it hides from the eyes of others. Shame and fear meet together in guiltiness. How could he imagine this to be John? that common conceit of transmigration could have no place here; there could be no transmigration of souls into a grown and well-statured body. That received fancy of the Jews held only in the case of conception and birth, not of full age. What need we scan this point, when Herod himself professes, "He is risen from the dead?" He that was a Jew by profession, and knew the story of Elisha's bones,

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of the Sareptan's and Shunamite's son, and, in all likelihood, had now heard of our Saviour's miraculous resuscitation of others, might think this power reflected upon himself. Even Herod, as bad as he was, believed a resurrection. Lewdness of life and practice may stand with orthodoxy in some main points of religion. Who can doubt of this, when "the devils believe and tremble?" Where shall those men appear whose faces are Christians, but their hearts Sadducees?

O the terrors and tortures of a guilty heart! Herod's conscience told him he had offered an unjust and cruel violence to an innocent; and now he thinks that John's ghost haunts him. Had it not been for this guilt of his bosom, why might he not as well have thought that the same God, whose hand is not shortened, had conferred this power of miracles upon some other? now it could be no body but John that doth these wonders. And how can it be, thinks he, but that this revived prophet, who doth these strange things, will be revenged on me for his head? he, that could give himself life, can more easily take mine: how can I escape the hands of a now immortal and impassible avenger?

A wicked man needs no other tormentor, especially for the sins of blood, than his own heart. Revel, O Herod, and feast, and frolic, and please thyself, with dances, and triumphs, and pastimes: thy sin shall be as some fury that shall invisibly follow thee, and scourge thy guilty heart with secret lashes, and, upon all occasions, shall begin thine hell within thee. He wanted not other sins, that yet cried, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God."

What an honour was done to John in this misprison? while that man lived, the world was apt to think that John was the Christ: now, that John is dead, Herod thinks Christ to be John. God gives to his

his poor conscionable servants a kind of reverence and high respect, even from those men that malign them most; so as they cannot but venerate whom they hate. Contrarily, no wit or power can shield a lewd man from contempt.

John did no miracle in his life, yet now Herod thinks he did miracles in his resurrection; as supposing that a new supernatural life brought with it a supernatural power. Who can but wonder at the stupid partiality of Herod and these Jews? they can imagine and yield John risen from the dead, that never did miracle, and rose not; whereas Christ, who did infinite miracles, and rose from the dead, by his almighty power, is not yielded by them to have risen. Their over-bountiful misconceit of the servant is not so injurious as their niggardly infidelity to the Master. Both of them shall convince and confound them before the face of God. But, O, yet more blockish Herod! thy conscience affrights thee with John's resurrection, and flies in thy face for the cruel murder of so great a saint; yet where is thy repentance for so foul a fact? who would not have expected that thou shouldst hereupon have humbled thyself for thy sin, and have laboured to make thy peace with God and him? the greater the fame and power was of him whom thou supposedst recovered from thy slaughter, the more should have been thy penitence. Impiety is wont to besot men, and turn them senseless of their own safety and welfare. One would have thought that our first grand-sire Adam, when he found his heart to strike him for his disobedience, should have run to meet God upon his knees, and sued for pardon of his offence: instead of that, he runs to hide his head among the bushes. The case is still ours; we inherit both his sin and his senselessness. Besides the infinite displeasure of God,
wicked-

wickedness makes the heart incapable of grace, and impregnable to the means of conversion.

Even the very first act of Herod's cruelty was heinous. He was foul enough with other sins; "he added "this above all, that he shut up John in prison." The violence offered to God's messengers is branded for notorious. The sanctity and austere carriage of the man won him honour justly from the multitude, and aggravated the sin: but whatever his person had been, his mission was sacred, "He shall send his "messenger;" the wrong redounds to the God that sent him. It is the charge of God, "Touch not "mine anointed, nor do my prophets any harm." The precept is perhaps one, for even prophets were anointed; but, at least, next to violation of majesty is the wrong to a prophet. But what? do I not hear the Evangelist say, that "Herod heard John gladly?" How is it then? did John take the ear and heart of Herod, and doth Herod bind the hands and feet of John? doth he wilfully imprison whom he gladly heard? How inconsistent is a carnal heart to good resolutions? how little trust is to be given to the good motions of unregenerate persons? We have known when even mad dogs have fawned upon their master, yet he hath been too wise to trust them but in chains. As a true friend loves always, so a gracious heart always affects good, neither can be altered with change of occurrences. But the carnal man, like an hollow parasite or a fawning spaniel, flatters only for his own turn; if that be once either served or crossed, like a churlish cur, he is ready to snatch us by the fingers. Is there a worldly-minded man that lives in some known sin, yet makes much of the preacher, frequents the church, talks godly, looks demurely, carries fair? trust him not; he will prove, after his pious fits, like some resty horse, which goes on some paces readily and eagerly, but anon either stands still,

or

or falls to flinging and plunging, and never leaves till he hath cast his rider.

What then might be the cause of John's bonds, and Herod's displeasure? "For Herodias's sake his brother Philip's wife." That woman was the subject of Herod's lust, and exciter of his revenge. This light house-wife ran away with her husband's brother; and now doting upon her incestuous lover, and finding John to be a rub in the way of her licentious adultery, is impatient of his liberty; and will not rest till his restraint. Resolved sinners are mad upon their lewd courses, and run furiously upon their gainsayers. A bear robbed of her whelps is less impetuous. Indeed those that have determined to love their sins more than their souls, whom can they care for? Though Herod was wicked enough, yet had it not been upon Herodias's instigation, he had never imprisoned John.

Importunity of lewd solicitors may be of dangerous consequence, and many times draws greatness into those ways, which it either would not have thought of; or abhorred. In the removal of the wicked is the establishment of the throne.

Yet still is this dame called the wife of Philip. She had utterly left his bed, and was solemnly coupled to Herod; but all the ritual ceremonies of her new nuptials cannot make her other than Philip's wife. It is a sure rule, that which is originally faulty can never be rectified. The ordination of marriage is one for one; "they twain shall be one flesh." There cannot be two heads to one body, nor two bodies to one head. Herod was her adulterer, he was not her husband: she was Herod's harlot, Philip's wife. Yet how doth Herod dote on her, that for her sake he loads John with irons? Whither will not the fury of inordinate lust transport a man? Certainly John was of late in Herod's favour. That rough hewn preach-

er was for a wilderness, not for a court: Herod's invitation drew him thither; his reverence and respects encouraged him there. Now the love of his lust carried him into a hate of God's messenger. That man can have no hold of himself, or care of others, who hath given the reins to his unruly concupiscence. He that hath once fixed his heart upon the face of an harlot, and hath beslaved himself to a bewitching beauty, casts off at once all fear of God, respect to laws, shame of the world; regard of his estate, care of wife, children, friends, reputation, patrimony, body, soul. So violent is this beastly passion where it takes; neither ever leaves, till it have hurried him into the chambers of death.

Herodias herself had first plotted to kill the Baptist; her murderers were suborned; her ambushes laid; the success failed, and now she works with Herod for his durance. O marvellous hand of the Almighty! John was a mean man for estate, solitary, guardless, unarmed; impotent; Herodias a queen, so great that she swayed Herod himself, and not more great than subtile, and not more great or subtile than malicious: yet Herodias laid to kill John, and could not. What an invisible and yet sure guard there is about the poor servants of God, that seem helpless and despicable in themselves? there is over them an hand of divine protection, which can be no more opposed than seen. Malice is not so strong in the hand as in the heart. The devil is stronger than a world of men, a legion of devils stronger than fewer spirits; yet a legion of devils cannot hurt one swine without a permission. What can bands of enemies, or gates of hell, do against God's secret ones? "It is better to trust in the Lord, than to trust in princes."

It is not more clear who was the author, than what was the motive of this imprisonment, the free reproof of Herod's incest; "It is not lawful," &c. Both

the offenders were nettled with this bold reprehension. Herod knew the reputation that John carried, his conscience could not but suggest the foulness of his own fact; neither could he but see how odious it would seem to persecute a prophet for so just a reproof. For the colour therefore of so tyrannical an act, he brands John with sedition: these presumptuous taxations are a disgrace and disparagement to authority. It is no news with wicked tyrants, to cloak their cruelty with pretences of justice. Never was it other than the lot of God's faithful servants, to be loaded with unjust reproaches in the conscionable performance of their duties. They should speed too well in the opinion of men, if they might but appear in their true shape.

The fact of Herod was horrible and prodigious, to rob his own brother of the partner of his bed, to tear away part of his flesh, yea, his body from his head: so as here was at once, in one act, adultery, incest, violence. Adultery, that he took another's wife; incest, that he took his brother's; violence, that he thus took her in spite of her husband. Justly therefore might John say, "It is not lawful for thee." He baulked not one of Herod's sins, but reprov'd him of all the evils that he had done; though more eminently of this, as that which more filled the eye of the world. It was not the crown or lawful scepter of Herod that could daunt the homely, but faithful messenger of God; as one that came in the spirit of Elias, he fears no faces, spares no wickedness. There must meet in God's ministers courage and impartiality; impartiality, not to make difference of persons; courage, not to make spare of the sins of the greatest. It is an hard condition that the necessity of our calling casts upon us, in some cases, to run upon the pikes of displeasure. Prophecies were no burdens, if they did not expose us to these dangers. We must connive at no evil: every sin unreprov'd becomes ours.

Hatred

Hatred is the daughter of truth. Herod is inwardly vexed with so peremptory a reprehension; and now he seeks to kill the author. And why did he not? "He feared the people." The time was, when he feared John no less than now he hates him: he once revered him as a just and holy man, whom now he heart-burns as an enemy; neither was it any counterfeit respect, sure the man was then in earnest. What shall we say then? was it that his inconstant heart was now fetched off by Herodias, and wrought to a disaffection? or was it with Herod, as with Solomon's sluggard, that at once would and would not? His thoughts are distracted with a mixed voluntary contradiction of purposes: as an holy man, and honoured of the people, he would not kill John; he would kill him, as an enemy to his lust. The worst part prevaieth, appetite overflows reason and conscience; and now, were it not for fear of the people, John should be murdered. What a self-conflicting and prodigious creature is a wicked man left over to his own thoughts? while on the one side he is urged by his conscience, on the other by his lustful desires, and by the importunity of Satan. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked:" and after all his inward broils, he falls upon the worst, so as his yieldance is worse than his fight. When God sees fit, Herod's tyranny shall effect that which the wise providence of the Almighty hath decreed for his servant's glory. In the mean while, rubs shall be cast in his way; and this for one, "He feared the people." What an absurd and sottish thing is hypocrisy? Herod fears the people, he fears not God. Tell me then, Herod, what could the people do at the worst? perhaps mutiny against thee, raise arms and tumults, disturb the government, it may be shake it off.

What could God do? yea, what not? stir up all his creatures to plague thee, and, when he hath done,

tumble thee down to hell, and there torment thee everlastingly. O fond Herod, that fearest where no fear was, and fearest not where there is nothing but terror!

How God fits lewd men with restraints? If they be so godless as to regard his creature above himself, he hath external buggs to affright them withal: if bashful, he hath shame; if covetous, losses; if proud, disgrace: and by this means the most wise Providence keeps the world in order. We cannot better judge of our hearts, than by what we most fear.

No man is so great as to be utterly exempted from fear. The Jews feared Herod, Herod feared the Jews; the healthful fear sickness, the free servitude; the people fear a tyrant's oppression and cruelty, the tyrant fears the people's mutiny and insurrection. If there have been some so great as to be above the reach of the power and machinations of inferiors, yet never any that have been free from their fears and suspicions. Happy is he that fears nothing but what he should, God.

Why did Herod fear the people? "They held John for a prophet. And this opinion was both common and constant: even the Scribes and Pharisees durst not say, his baptism was from men. It is the wisdom and goodness of God, ever to give his children favour somewhere. If Jezebel hate Elias, Ahab shall for the time honour him: and if Herod hate the Baptist, and would kill him, yet the people reverence him. Herod's malice would make him away, the people's reputation keeps him alive. As wise princes have been content to maintain a faction in their court or state for their own purposes; so here did the God of heaven contrive and order differences of judgment and affection betwixt Herod and his subjects, for his own holy ends; else certainly, if all wicked men should conspire in evil, there could be

no being upon earth; as, contrarily, if evil spirits did not accord, hell could not stand. O the unjust and fond partiality of this people! they all generally applaud John for a prophet, yet they receive not his message. Whose prophet was John, but of the Highest? what was his errand, but to be the way-maker unto Christ? what was he, but the voice of that eternal Word of his Father? what was the sound of that voice, but "Behold the Lamb of God: he that cometh after me is greater than I, whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose?" Yet they honour the servant, and reject the Master: they condemn that prince whose ambassador they reverence. How could they but argue, John is a prophet? he speaks from God, his words must be true; he tells us, this is the Lamb of God, the Messiah that should come to redeem the world: this must needs be he, we will look for no other. Yet this perverse people receive John, and reject Jesus. There is ever an absurdity in unbelief, while it separates those relations and respects which can never in nature be disjoined. Thus it readily apprehends God as merciful in pardoning, not as just in punishing; Christ as a Saviour, not as a Judge. Thus we ordinarily, in a contrariety to these Jews, profess to receive the Master, and condemn the servants: while he hath said, who will make it good, "He that despiseth you, despiseth me."

That which Herod in policy durst not, in wine he dares do: and that which God had restrained till his own time, now in his own time he permits to be done. The day was, as one of the evangelists styles it, "convenient;" if for the purpose of Herodias, I am sure for God's, who, having determined to glorify himself by John's martyrdom, will cast it upon a time when it may be most notified, Herod's birth-day. All the peers of the country, perhaps of the neighbour nations, are now assembled. Herodias could not have

found out a time more fit to blazon her own shame and cruelty, than in such a confluence. The wise Providence of God many times pays us with our own choice; so as when we think to have brought about our own ends to our best content, we bring about his purposes to our own confusion.

Herod's birth-day is kept, and so was Pharaoh's, both of them with blood. These personal stains cannot make the practice unlawful. Where the man is good, the birth is memorable.

What a blessing have we, if life be none? and if our life be a blessing, why should it not be celebrated? Excess and disorder may blemish any solemnity, but that cleaves to the act, not to the institution.

Herod's birth-day was kept with a feast, and this feast was a supper. It was fit to be a night-work: this festivity was spent in works of darkness, not of the light; it was a child of darkness that was then born, not of the day.

"Those that are drunken, are drunk in the night." There is a kind of shame in sin, even where it is committed with the stiffest resolution, at least there was wont to be: if now sin be grown impudent, and justice bashful, wo be to us.

That there might be perfect revels at Herod's birth-day, besides the feast, there is music and dancing, and that by Salome the daughter of Hērodiās. A meet daughter for such a mother, bred according to the disposition of so immodest a parent. Dancing, in itself, as it is a set, regular, harmonious motion of the body, cannot be unlawful, more than walking or running; circumstances may make it sinful. The wanton gesticulations of a virgin, in a wild assembly of gallants warmed with wine, could be no other than riggish and unmaidenly. It is not so frequently seen, that the child follows the good qualities of the parent; it is seldom seen that it follows not the evil.

Nature

Nature is the soil, good and ill qualities are the herbs and weeds; the soil bears the weeds naturally, the herbs not without culture. What with traduction, what with education, it were strange if we should miss any of our parents misdispositions.

Herodias and Salome have what they desired. The dance pleased Herod well: those indecent motions that would have displeased any modest eye, (though what should a modest eye do at Herod's feast?) overpleased Herod. Well did Herodias know how to fit the tooth of her paramour, and had therefore purposefully so composed the carriage and gesture of her daughter, as it might take best, although doubtless the same action could not have so pleased from another. Herod saw, in Salome's face and fashion, the image of her whom he doted on; so did she look, so did she move: besides that, his lavish cups had predisposed him to wantonness, and now he cannot but like well that which so pleasingly suited his inordinate desire. All humours love to be fed, especially the vicious, so much more as they are more eager and stirring. There cannot be a better glass, wherein to discern the face of our hearts, than our pleasures; such as they are, such are we, whether vain or holy.

What a strange transportation was this? "Whatsoever thou shalt ask:" half a kingdom for a dance! Herod, this pastime is over-paid for; there is no proportion in this remuneration; this is not bounty, it is prodigence. Neither doth this pass under a bare promise only, but under an oath, and that solemn and (as it might be in wine) serious. How largely do sensual men both proffer and give for a little momentary and vain contentment? How many censure Herod's gross impotence, and yet second it with a worse, giving away their precious souls for a short pleasure of sin? What is half a kingdom, yea a whole world, to
O 4 a soul?

a foul? So much therefore is their madness greater, as their loss is more.

So large a boon was worthy of a deliberation. Salome consults with her mother upon so ample and ratified a promise. Yet so much good nature and filial respect was in this wanton damsel, that she would not carve herself of her option, but takes her mother with her. If Herodias were infamously lewd, yet she was her parent, and must direct her choice. Children should have no will of their own; as their flesh is their parents, so should their will be. They do justly unchild themselves, that in main elections dispose of themselves without the consent of those which gave them being. It is both unmannerly and unnatural in the child to run before, without, against the will of the parent.

O that we could be so officious to our good and heavenly Father, as she was to an earthly and wicked mother; not to ask, not to undertake ought without his allowance, without his directions; that, when the world shall offer us whatsoever our heart desires, we could run to the oracles of God for our resolution, not daring to accept what he doth not both license and warrant.

O the wonderful strength of malice! Salome was offered no less than half the kingdom of Herod, yet chuses to ask the head of a poor preacher. Nothing is so sweet to a corrupt heart as revenge, especially when it may bring with it a full scope to a dear sin. All worldlings are of this diet: they had rather sin freely for a while and die, than refrain and live happily eternally.

What a suit was this? "Give me here in a charger the head of John Baptist." It is not enough for her to say, Let John's head be cut off; but, "Give me it in a charger." What a service was here to be brought into a feast, especially to a woman? a dead man's

man's head swimming in blood. How cruel is a wicked heart, that can take pleasure in those things which have most horror!

O the importunity of a galled conscience! Herodias could never think herself safe, till John was dead, she could never think him dead till his head were off; she could not think his head was off, till she had it brought her in a platter: a guilty heart never thinks it hath made sure enough. Yea, even after the head was thus brought, they thought him alive again. Guiltiness and security could never lodge together in one bosom.

Herod was sorry, and no doubt in earnest, in the midst of his cups and pleasance. I should rather think his jollity counterfeited than his grief. It is true, Herod was a fox, but that subtle beast dissembles not always; when he runs away from the dogs, he means as he does; and if he were formerly willing to have killed John, yet he was unwillingly willing; and so far as he was unwilling to kill him as a prophet, as a just man, so far was he sorry that he must be killed. Had Herod been wise, he had not been perplexed. Had he been so wise as to have engaged himself lawfully and within due limits, he had not now been so entangled as to have needed sorrow. The folly of sinners is guilty of their pain, and draws upon them a late and unprofitable repentance.

But here the act was not past, though the word were past. It was his misconceived entanglement that caused this sorrow; which might have been remedied by flying off. A threefold cord tied him to the performance; the conscience of his oath, the respect to his guests, a loathsomeness to discontent Herodias and her daughter. Herod had so much religion as to make scruple of an oath, not so much as to make scruple of a murder. No man casts off all justice and piety at once, but, while he gives himself over to some sins, he

he sticks at others. It is no thank to lewd men, that they are not universally vicious. All God's several laws cannot be violated at once: there are sins contrary to each other; there are sins disagreeing from the lewdest dispositions. There are oppressors that hate drunkenness, there are unclean persons which abhor murder, there are drunkards which hate cruelty. One sin is enough to damn the soul, one leak to drown the vessel.

But, O fond Herod, what needed this unjust scrupulousness? Well and safely mightst thou have shifted the bond of thine oath with a double evasion; one, that this generality of thy promise was only to be construed of lawful acts and motions; that only can we do, which we can justly do; unlawfulness is in the nature of impossibility: the other, that had this engagement been so meant, yet might it be as lawfully rescinded as it was unlawfully made. A sinful promise is ill made, worse performed. Thus thou mightst, thou shouldst have come off fair: where now, holding thyself by an irreligious religion, tied to thy foolish and wicked oath, thou only goest away with this mitigation, that thou art a scrupulous murderer.

In the mean while, if an Herod made such conscience in keeping an unlawful oath, how shall he, in the day of judgment, condemn those Christians which make no conscience of oaths lawful, just, necessary? Wo is me, one sells an oath for a bride, another lends an oath for favour, another casts it away for malice. I fear to think, it may be a question, whether there be more oaths broken or kept. O God, I marvel not, if being implored as a witness, as an avenger of falsehood, thou hold him not guiltless that thus dares take thy name in vain.

Next to his oath, is the respect to his honour. His guests heard his deep engagement, and now he cannot fall off with reputation. It would argue levi-

ty and rashness to say and not to do, and what would the world say? The misconceits of the points of honour have cost millions of souls. As many a one doth good only to be seen of men, so many a one doth evil only to satisfy the humour and opinion of others. It is a damnable plausibility so to regard the vain approbation or censure of the beholders, as in the meantime to neglect the allowance or judgment of God. But how ill guests were these? how well worthy of an Herod's table? Had they had but common civility, finding Herod perplexed, they had acquitted him by their dissuasions, and have disclaimed the expectation of so bloody a performance: but they rather, to gratify Herodias, make way for so slight and easy a condescend. Even godly princes have complained of the iniquity of their heels: how much more must they needs be ill attended, that give encouragements and examples of lewdness?

Neither was it the least motive, that he was loath to displease his mistress. The damsel had pleased him in her dance; he would not discontent her in breaking his word. He saw Herodias in Salome: the suit, he knew, was the mother's, though in the daughter's lips; both would be displeas'd in falling off, both would be gratified in yielding. O vain and wicked Herod! he cares not to offend God, to offend his conscience; he cares to offend a wanton mistress. This is one means to fill hell, loathness to displease.

A good heart will rather fall out with all the world than with God, than with his conscience.

The misgrounded sorrow of worldly hearts doth not withhold them from their intended sins. It is enough to vex, not enough to restrain them. Herod was sorry, but he sends the executioner for John's head. One act hath made Herod a tyrant, and John a martyr. Herod a tyrant, in that, without all legal proceedings, without so much as false witnesses, he
takes

takes off the head of a man, of a prophet. It was lust that carried Herod into murder. The proceedings of sin are more hardly avoided than the entrance. Who so gives himself leave to be wicked, knows not where he shall stay. John a martyr, in dying for bearing witness to the truth; truth in life, in judgment, in doctrine. It was the holy purpose of God, that he which had baptized with water should now be baptized with blood. Never did God mean that his best children should dwell always upon earth: should they stay here, wherefore hath he provided glory above? Now would God have John delivered from a double prison, of his own, of Herod's, and placed in the glorious liberty of his sons. His head shall be taken off that it may be crowned with glory. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

O happy birth-day (not of Herod, but) of the Baptist! Now doth John enter into his joy; and in this name is this day ever celebrated of the church. This blessed fore-runner of Christ said of himself, "I must decrease." He is decreased indeed, and now grown shorter by the head; but he is not so much decreased in stature, as increased in glory. For one minute's pain he is possessed of endless joy; and as he came before his Saviour into the world, so is he gone before him into heaven.

The head is brought in a charger. What a dish was here for a feast! How prodigiously insatiable is the cruelty of a wicked heart! O blessed service, fit for the table of heaven! It is not for thee, O wicked Herod, nor for thee, malicious and wanton Herodias; it is a dish precious and pleasing to the God of heaven, to the blessed angels, who looked upon that head with more delight, in his constant fidelity, than the beholders saw it with horror, and Herodias with contentment of revenge.

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It is brought to Salome, as the reward of her dance; she presents it to her mother, as the dainty she had longed for. Methinks I see how that chaste and holy countenance was tossed by impure and filthy hands; that true and faithful tongue, those sacred lips, those pure eyes, those mortified cheeks, are now insultingly handled by an incestuous harlot, and made a scorn to the drunken eyes of Herod's guests.

O the wondrous judgments and incomprehensible dispositions of the holy, wise, Almighty God! He that was sanctified in the womb, born and conceived with so much note and miracle, "What manner of child shall this be?" lived with so much reverence and observation, is now, at midnight, obscurely murdered in a close prison, and his head brought forth to the insultation and irrision of harlots and ruffians. O God, thou knowest what thou hast to do with thine own. Thus thou sufferest thine to be misused and slaughtered here below, that thou mayest crown them above. It should not be thus, if thou didst not mean, that their glory should be answerable to their depression.

CONTEMP. V. *The five Loaves and two Fishes.*

WHAT flocking there was after Christ, which way soever he went? how did the kingdom of heaven suffer an holy violence in these his followers? Their importunity drove him from the land to the sea. When he was upon the sea of Tiberius they followed him with their eyes, and, when they saw which way he bent, they followed him so fast on foot, that they prevented his landing. Whether it were that our Saviour staid some while upon the water, (as that which yielded him more quietness and freedom of respiration) or whether the foot passage, as it oft falls out, were the shorter cut, by reason of the
the

the compasses of the water, and the many elbows of the land, I inquire not; sure I am, the wind did not so swiftly drive on the ship, as desire and zeal drove on these eager clients. Well did Christ see them all the way, well did he know their steps, and guided them; and now he purposely goes to meet them whom he seemed to fly. Nothing can please God more than our importunity in seeking him: when he withdraws himself, it is that he may be more earnestly inquired for. Now then he comes to find them whom he made shew to decline: “ And seeing
“ a great multitude, he passed from the ship to the
“ shore.” That which brought him from heaven to earth, brought him also from the sea to land, his compassion on their souls, that he might teach them, compassion on their bodies, that he might heal and feed them.

Judea was not large, but populous: it could not be but there must be, amongst so many men, many diseased: it is no marvel if the report of so miraculous and universal sanations drew customers. They found three advantages of cure, above the power and performance of any earthly physician, certainty, bounty, ease; certainty, in that all comers were cured without fail; bounty, in that they were cured without charge; ease, in that they were cured without pain. Far be it from us, O Saviour, to think that thy glory hath abated of thy mercy: still and ever thou art our assured, bountiful, and perfect Physician, who healest all our diseases, and takest away all our infirmities. O that we could have our faithful recourse to thee in all our spiritual maladies, it were as impossible we should want help, as that thou shouldst want power and mercy.

That our Saviour might approve himself every way beneficent, he, that had filled the souls of his auditors with spiritual repast, will now fill their bodies with
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with temporal, and he, that had approved himself the universal physician of his church, will now be known to be the great householder of the world, by whose liberal provision mankind is maintained. He did not more miraculously heal, than he feeds miraculously.

The disciples, having well noted the diligent and importune attendance of the multitude, now towards evening come to their Master, in a care of their repast and discharge. "This is a desert place, and the time is now past: send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves victuals." How well it becomes even spiritual guides to regard the bodily necessities of God's people? This is not directly in our charge, neither may we leave our sacred ministration to serve tables. But yet, as the bodily father must take care for the soul of his child, so must the spiritual have respect to the body. This is all that the world commonly looks after, measuring their pastors more by their dishes than by their doctrine or conversation, as if they had the charge of their bellies, not of their souls: if they have open cellars, it matters not whether their mouths be open. If they be sociable in their carriage, favourable and indulgent to their recreations, full in their cheer, how easily doth the world dispense with either their negligence or enormities? as if the souls of these men lay in their waistband, in their gut. But surely they have reason to expect from their teachers a due proportion of hospitality. An unmeet parsimony is here not more odious than sinful: and where ability wants, yet care may not be wanting. Those preachers, which are so intent upon their spiritual work, that in the mean time they over-strain the weaknesses of their people, holding them in their devotions longer than human frailty will permit, forget not themselves more than their pattern; and must be sent to school

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to these compassionate disciples, who, when evening was come, sue to Christ for the people's dismissal.

The place was desert, the time evening. Doubtless our Saviour made choice of both these, that there might be both more use and more note of his miracle. Had it been in the morning, their stomach had not been up, their feeding had been unnecessary. Had it been in the village, provision either might have been made, or at least would have seemed made by themselves. But now, that it was both desert and evening, there was good ground for the disciples to move, and for Christ to work their sustentation. Then only may we expect, and crave help from God, when we find our need. Superfluous aid can neither be heartily desired, nor earnestly looked for, nor thankfully received from the hands of mercy. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." If it be not a burden, it is no casting it upon God. Hence it is, that divine aid comes ever in the very upshot and exigence of our trials, when we have been exercised, and almost tired with long hopes, yea with despairs of success; that it may be both more longed for ere it come, and, when it comes, more welcome.

O the faith and zeal of these clients of Christ's! they not only follow him from the city into the desert, from delicacy to want, from frequency to solitude, but forget their bodies in pursuit of the food of their souls.

Nothing is more hard for an healthful man to forget than his belly; within few hours this will be sure to solicit him, and will take no denials. Yet such sweetness did these hearers find in the spiritual repast, that they thought not on the bodily: the disciples pitied them, they had no mercy on themselves. By how much more a man's mind is taken up with heavenly things, so much less shall he care for earthly

ly. What shall earth be to us, when we are all spirit? and in the mean time, according to the degrees of our intellectual elevations, shall be our neglect of bodily contentments.

The disciples think they move well: "Send them away, that they may buy victuals." Here was a strong charity, but a weak faith; a strong charity, in that they would have the people relieved; a weak faith, in that they supposed they could not otherwise be so well relieved. As a man who, when he sees many ways lie before him, takes that which he thinks both fairest and nearest; so do they: this way of relief lay openest to their view, and promised most. Well might they have thought, it is as easy for our Master to feed them, as to heal them; there is an equal facility in all things to a supernatural power: yet they say, "Send them away." In all our projects and suits we are still ready to move for that which is most obvious, most likely, when sometimes that is less agreeable to the will of God.

The All-wise and Almighty Arbiter of all things hath a thousand secret means to honour himself, in his proceedings with us. It is not for us to carve boldly for ourselves; but we must humbly depend on the disposal of his wisdom and mercy.

Our Saviour's answer gives a strange check to their motion; "They need not depart." Not need! They had no victuals; they must have; there was none to be had. What more need could be? He knew the supply which he intended, though they knew it not. His command was therefore more strange than his assertion, "Give ye them to eat." Nothing gives what it hath not. Had they had victuals, they had not called for a dismissal; and not having, how should they give? It was thy wisdom, O Saviour, thus to prepare thy disciples for the intended miracle: thou wouldst not do it abruptly, without an intimation

both of the purpose it, and the necessity. And how modestly dost thou undertake it, without noise, without ostentation? I hear thee not say, I will give them to eat; but, "Give ye:" as if it should be their act, not thine. Thus sometimes it pleaseth thee to require of us what we are not able to perform; either that thou mayst shew us what we cannot do, and so humble us, or that thou mayst erect us to a dependence upon thee, which canst do it for us. As when the mother bids the infant come to her, which hath not yet the steady use of his legs, it is that he may cling the faster to her hand or coat for supportation.

Thou bids us, impotent wretches, to keep thy royal law. Alas! what can we sinners do? there is no one letter of those thy ten words that we are able to keep. This charge of thine intends to shew us not our strength, but our weakness. Thus thou wouldst turn our eyes both back to what we might have done, to what we could have done; and upwards to thee in whom we have done it, in whom we can do it. He wrongs thy goodness and justice that misconstrues these thy commands, as if they were of the same nature with those of the Egyptian task-masters, requiring the brick, and not giving the straw. But in bidding us do what we cannot, thou enablest us to do what thou biddest. Thy precepts, under the gospel, have not only an intimation of our duty, but an habilitation of thy power: as here, when thou badest the disciples to give to the multitude, thou meantest to supply unto them what thou commandedst to give.

Our Saviour hath what he would, an acknowledgment of their insufficiency: "We have here but five
"loaves and two fishes." A poor provision for the family of the Lord of the whole earth. Five loaves, and those barley; two fishes, and those little ones.

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We well know, O Saviour, that the beasts were thine on a thousand mountains, all the corn thine that covered the whole surface of the earth, all the fowls of the air thine; it was thou that providedst those drifts of quails that fell among the tents of thy rebellious Israelites, that rainedst down those showers of manna round about their camp: and dost thou take up, for thyself and thy household, with "five barley loaves, and two little fishes?" Certainly this was thy will, not thy need, to teach us, that this body must be fed; not pampered. Our belly may not be our master, much less our God; or if it be, the next word is, "whose glory is their shame, whose end damnation." It is noted as the crime of the rich glutton, that "he fared deliciously every day." I never find that Christ entertained any guests but twice, and that was only with loaves and fishes. I find him sometimes feasted by others more liberally. But his domestical fare, how simple, how homely is it? The end of food is to sustain nature. Meat was ordained for the belly, the belly for the body, the body for the soul, the soul for God: we must still look through the subordinate ends to the highest. To rest in the pleasure of the meat, is for those creatures which have no souls. O the extreme delicacy of these times! What conquisition is here of all sorts of curious dishes from the furthest seas and lands, to make up one hour's meal? what broken cookery? what devised mixtures? what nice sauces? what feasting, not of the taste only, but of the scent? Are we the disciples of him that took up with the loaves and fishes, or the scholars of a Philoxenus, or an Apitius, or Vitellius, or those other monsters of the palate? the true sons of those first parents that killed themselves with their teeth.

Neither was the quality of these victuals more coarse than the quantity small. They make a "But" of five loaves and two fishes; and well might, in respect of

fo many thousand mouths. A little food to an hungry ftomach doth rather ftir up appetite than fatisfy it; as a little rain upon a drougthy foil doth rather help to fcorch than refresh it. When we look with the eye of fenfe or reafon upon any object, we fhall fee an impoffibility of thofe effects which faith can eafily apprehend, and divine power more eafily produce. Carnal minds are ready to meafure all our hopes by human poffibilities, and, when they fail, to defpair of fucces; where true faith meafures them by divine power, and therefore can never be difheartened. This grace is for things not feen, and whether beyond hope, or againft it.

The virtue is not in the means, but in the agent: "Bring them hither to me." How much more eafy had it been for our Saviour to fetch the loaves to him, than to multiply them? The hands of the difciples fhall bring them, that they might more fully witnefs both the author, and manner of the instant miracle. Had the loaves and fifhes been multiplied without this bringing, perhaps they might have feemed to have come by the fecret provision of the guefts; now there can be no queftion either of the act, or of the agent. As God takes pleafure in doing wonders for men, fo he loves to be acknowledged in the great works that he doth. He hath no reafon to part with his own glory, that is too precious for him to lofe, or for his creature to embezzle. And how juftly didft thou, O Saviour, in this mean to teach thy difciples, that it was thou only who feedeft the world, and upon whom both themfelves and all their fellow-creatures muft depend for their nourifhment and provision; and that, if it came not through thy hands, it could not come to theirs?

There need no more words. I do not hear the difciples ftand upon the terms of their own neceffity; alas, fir, it is too little for ourfelves, whence fhall we
then

then relieve our own hunger? give leave to our charity to begin at home. But they willingly yield to the command of their Master, and put themselves upon his providence for the sequel. When we have a charge from God, it is not for us to stand upon self-respects; in this case there is no such sure liberty, as in a self-contempt. O God, when thou callest to us for our five loaves, we must forget our own interest, otherwise, if we be more thrifty than obedient, our good turns evil; and much better had it been for us to have wanted that which we withhold from the owner.

He that is the Master of the feast marshals the guests; "He commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass." They obey, and expect. O marvellous faith! so many thousands sit down, and address themselves to a meal, when they saw nothing but five poor barley loaves, and two small fishes. None of them say, Sit down, to what? here are the mouths, but where is the meat? we can soon be set, but whence shall we be served? ere we draw our knives, let us see our cheer. But they meekly and obediently dispose themselves to their places, and look up to Christ for a miraculous purveyance. It is for all, that would be Christ's followers, to lead the life of faith; and, even where means appear not, to wait upon that merciful hand. Nothing is more easy than to trust God when our barns and coffers are full; and to say, "Give us our daily bread," when we have it in our cup-board. But when we have nothing, when we know not how or whence to get any thing, then to depend upon an invisible bounty, this is a true and noble act of faith. To cast away our own, that we may immediately live upon divine Providence, I know no warrant. But when the necessity is of God's making, we see our refuge; and happy are we, if our confidence can fly to it, and rest in it. Yea, ful-

ness should be a curse, if it should debar us from this dependence: at our best, we must look up to this great householder of the world, and cannot but need his provision. If we have meat, perhaps not appetite; if appetite, it may be not digestion; or, if that, not health and freedom from pain: or, if that, perhaps from other occurrents, not life.

The guests are set, full of expectation. He, that could have multiplied the bread in absence, in silence takes it and blesses it; that he might at once shew them the Author and the means of this increase. It is thy blessing, O God, that maketh rich. What a difference do we see in mens estates? some languish under great means, and enjoy not neither their substance or themselves; others are chearful and happy in a little. Second causes may not be denied their work; but the over-ruling power is above. The subordinateness of the creature doth not take away from the right, from the thank of the first mover.

He could as well have multiplied the loaves whole; why would he rather do it in the breaking? was it to teach us, that in the distribution of our goods we should expect his blessing, not in their entireness and reservation? "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth," saith Solomon: yea, there is no man but increaseth by scattering. It is the grain thrown into the severall furrows of the earth, which yields the rich interest unto the husbandman: that which is tied up in his sack, or heaped in his granary, decreaseth by keeping. "He that soweth liberally shall reap liberally."

Away with our weak distrust. If wealth came by doing, were the way to want: now that God is the giver, nothing can so sure enrich us as dependence. He multiplied the bread, not to keep, but to give; "He gave it to the disciples." Why not rather by his own hand to the multitude,

tude, that so the miracle and thank might have been more immediate? Wherefore was this, O Saviour, but that thou mightest win respect to thy disciples from the people! as great princes, when they would ingratiate a favourite, pass no suits but through his hands. What an honour was this to thy servants, that as thou wert Mediator betwixt thy Father and man, so thou wouldst have them, in some beneficial occasion, mediate betwixt men and thee? how fit a type is this of thy spiritual provision, that thou, who couldst have fed the world by thine immediate word, wouldst by the hands of thy ministers divide the bread of life to all hearers? like as it was with the law; well did the Israelites see and hear that thou couldst deliver that dreadful message with thine own mouth, yet, in favour of their weakness, thou wouldst treat with them by a Moses. Use of means derogates nothing from the efficacy of the principal agent, yea adds to it. It is a strange weakness of our spiritual eyes, if we can look but to the next hand. How absurd had these guests been, if they had terminated the thanks in the servitors, and had said, We have it from you: whence ye had it is no part of our care: we owe this favour to you; if you owe it to your master, acknowledge your obligations to him, as we do unto you. But since they well knew that the disciples might have handled this bread long enough ere any such effect could have followed, they easily find to whom they are beholden. Our Christian wisdom must teach us, whosoever be the means, to reserve our main thanks for the Author of our good.

He gave the bread then to his disciples, not to eat, not to keep, but to distribute. It was not their particular benefit he regarded in this gift, but the good of many.

In every feast each servitor takes up his dish, not to carry it aside into a corner for his own private re-

past, but to set it before the guests, for the honour of his master: when they have done, his cheer begins. What shall we say to those injurious waiters, who fatten themselves with those concealed messes which are meant to others? their table is made their snare, and these stolen morsels cannot but end in bitterness.

Accordingly the disciples set this fare before the guests. I do not see so much as Judas reserve a share to himself, whether out of hunger or distrust. Had not our Saviour commanded so free a distribution, their self-love would easily have taught them where to begin. Nature says, First thyself, then thy friends: either extremity or particular charge gives grace occasion to alter the case. Far be it from us to think we have any claim in that, which the owner gives us merely to bestow.

I know not now whether more to wonder at the miraculous eating, or the miraculous leaving. Here were a whole host of guests, five thousand men; and, in all likelihood, no fewer women and children. Perhaps some of these only looked on: nay, "They did all eat." Perhaps every man a crumb, or a bit: nay, they did eat to satiety; "All were satisfied." So many must needs make clean work; of so little there could be left nothing. Yea, there were fragments remaining; perhaps some crumbs or crusts, hardly to be discerned, much less gathered: nay, "Twelve baskets full;" more remained than was first set down. Had they eaten nothing, it was a just miracle that so much should be left; had nothing remained, it was no less miracle that so many had eaten, and so many satisfied; but now that so many bellies and so many baskets were filled, the miracle was doubled. O work of a boundless Omnipotency! Whether this were done by creation or by conversion, uses to be questioned, but needs not: while Christ
multi-

multiplies the bread, it is not for us to multiply his miracles. To make ought of nothing, is more than to add much unto something. It was therefore rather by turning of a former matter into these substances, than by making these substances of nothing.

Howsoever, here is a marvellous provision made, a marvellous bounty of that provision, a no less marvellous extent of that bounty.

Those that depend upon God, and busy themselves in his work, shall not want a due purveyance in the very desert. Our strait and confined beneficence reaches so far as to provide for our own: those of our domestics which labour in our service do but justly expect and challenge their diet; whereas day-labourers are oft-times at their own finding. How much more will that God who is infinite in mercy and power, take order of that livelihood of those that attend him? We see the birds of the air provided for by him; how rarely have we found any of them dead of hunger? yet what do they, but what they are carried unto by natural instinct? how much more where, besides propriety, there is a rational and willing service? Shall the Israelites be fed with manna, Elijah by the ravens, the widow by her multiplied meal and oil, Christ's clients in the wilderness with loaves and fishes? O God, while thou dost thus promerit us by thy Providence, let us not wrong thee by distrust.

God's undertakings cannot but be exquisite; those whom he professes to feed must needs have enough. The measure of his bounty cannot but run over. Doth he take upon him to prepare a table for his Israel in the desert? the bread shall be the food of angels, the flesh shall be the delicates of princes, manna and quails. Doth he take upon him to make wine for the marriage-feast of Cana? there shall be both store and choice; the vintage yields poor stuff
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to this. Will he feast his auditors in the wilderness? if they have not dainties, they shall have plenty; "They were all satisfied." Neither yet, O Saviour, is thy hand closed. What abundance of heavenly doctrine dost thou set before us? how are we feasted, yea, pampered with thy celestial delicacies? not according to our meanness, but according to thy state are we fed. Thrifty and niggardly collations are not for princes. We are full of thy goodness; O let our hearts run over with thanks!

I do gladly wonder at this miracle of thine, O Saviour, yet so as that I forget not mine own condition. Whence is it that we have our continual provision? one and the same munificent hand doth all. If the Israelites were fed with manna in the desert, and with corn in Canaan, both were done by the same power and bounty. If the disciples were fed by the loaves multiplied, and we by the grain multiplied, both are the act of one Omnipotence. What is this but a perpetual miracle, O God, which thou workest for our preservation! Without thee there is no more power in the grain to multiply than in the loaf: it is thou that "givest it a body at thy pleasure, even to every seed his own body;" it is thou that "givest fulness of bread and cleanness of teeth." It is no reason thy goodness should be less magnified, because it is universal.

One or two baskets could have held the five loaves and two fishes; not less than twelve can hold the remainders. The divine munificence provides not for our necessity only, but for our abundance, yea superfluity. Envy and ignorance, while they make God the author of enough, are ready to impute the surplussage to another cause; as we commonly say of wine, that the liquor is God's, the excess Satan's.

Thy table, O Saviour, convinces them, which had more taken away than set on: thy blessing makes an
estate

estate not competent only, but rich. I hear of barns full of plenty, and presses bursting out with new wine, as the rewards of those that honour thee with their substance. I hear of heads anointed with oil, and cups running over. - O God, as thou hast a free hand to give, so let us have a free heart to return thee the praise of thy bounty.

Those fragments were left behind. I do not see the people, when they had filled their bellies, cramming their pockets, or stuffing their wallets; yet the place was desert, and some of them doubtless had far home.

It becomes true disciples to be content with the present, not too solicitous for the future. O Saviour, that didst not bid us beg bread for to-morrow, but for to-day; not that we should refuse thy bounty when thou pleasest to give, but that we should not distrust thy Providence for the need we may have.

Even these fragments, though but of barley loaves and fish-bones, may not be left in the desert, for the compost of that earth whereon they were increased; but by our Saviour's holy and just command are gathered up. The liberal house-keeper of the world will not allow the loss of his orts: the childrens bread may not be given to dogs; and if the crumbs fall to their share, it is because their smallness admits not of a collection. If those, who out of obedience or due thrift have thought to gather up crumbs, have found them pearls, I wonder not; surely both are alike, the good creatures of the same Maker, and both of them may prove equally costly to us in their wilful mispence. But O, what shall we say, that not crusts and crumbs, not loaves and dishes, and cups, but whole patrimonies are idly lavished away, not merely lost, this were more easy, but ill spent in a wicked riot, upon dice, drabs, drunkards? O the fearful account of these unthrifty bailiffs, which shall
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once be given in to our great Lord and Master, when he shall call us to a strict reckoning of all our talents! He was condemned that increased not the sum credited to him; what shall become of him that lawlessly impairs it?

Who gathered up these fragments but the twelve apostles, every one his basket full? they were the servitors that set on this banquet at the command of Christ, they waited on the tables, they took away.

It was our Saviour's just care that those offals should not perish: but he well knew that a greater loss depended upon those scraps, a loss of glory to the omnipotent Worker of that miracle. The feeding of the multitude was but the one half of the work, the other half was in the remnant. Of all other it most concerns the successors of the apostles to take care, that the marvellous works of their God and Saviour may be improved to the best; they may not suffer a crust or crumb to be lost, that may yield any glory to that Almighty Agent.

Here was not any morsel or bone that was not worthy to be a relic, every the least parcel whereof was no other than miraculous. All the ancient monuments of God's supernatural power and mercy were in the keeping of Aaron and his sons. There is no servant in the family but should be thriftily careful for his master's profit; but most of all the steward, who is particularly charged with this oversight. Wo be to us, if we care only to gather up our own scraps, with neglect of the precious morsels of our Maker and Redeemer!

CONTEMP. VI. *The WALK upon the Waters.*

ALL elements are alike to their Maker. He, that had well approved his power on the land, will now shew it in the air and the waters; he, that had pre-

preserved the multitude from the peril of hunger in the desert, will now preserve his disciples from the peril of the tempest in the sea.

Where do we ever else find any compulsion offered by Christ to his disciples? He was like the good Centurion; he said to one, "Go, and he goeth." When he did but call them from their nets they came; and when he sent them by pairs into the cities and country of Judea, to preach the gospel, they went. There was never errand whereon they went unwillingly: only now he constrained them to depart. We may easily conceive how loth they were to leave him, whether out of love, or common civility. Peter's tongue did but (when it was) speak the heart of the rest; "Master, thou knowest that I love thee." Who could chuse but be in love with such a Master! and who can willingly part from what he loves! but had the respects been only common and ordinary, how unfit might it seem to leave a Master now towards night, in a wild place, amongst strangers, unprovided of the means of his passage? Where otherwise therefore he needed but to bid, now he constrains. O Saviour, it was ever thy manner to call all men unto thee; "Come to me, all that labour and are heavy laden." When didst thou ever drive any one from thee? Neither had it been so now, but to draw them closer unto thee, whom thou seemedst for the time to abdicate. In the mean while, I know not whether more to excuse their unwillingness, or to applaud their obedience. As it shall be fully above, so it was proportionably here below; "In thy presence (O Saviour) is the fulness of joy." Once, when thou askedst these my domestics whether they also would depart, it was answered thee by one tongue for all; "Master, whither should we go from thee? thou hast the words of eternal life." What a death was it then to them to be compelled to leave thee?

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Sometimes it pleased the divine goodness to lay upon his servants such commands as favour of harshness and discomfort, which yet, both in his intention and in the event, are no other than gracious and sovereign. The more difficulty was in the charge, the more praise was in the obedience. I do not hear them stand upon the terms of capitulation with their Master, nor pleading importunately for their stay, but instantly, upon the command they yield and go. We are never perfect disciples till we can depart from our reason, from our will; yea, O Saviour, when thou bidst us, from thyself.

Neither will the multitude be gone without a dismissal. They had followed him while they were hungry, they will not leave him now they are fed. Fain would they put that honour upon him, which to avoid, he is fain to avoid them: gladly would they pay a kingdom to him, as their shot for their late banquet, he shuns both it and them. O Saviour, when the hour of thy passion was now come, thou couldst offer thyself readily to thine apprehenders; and now, when the glory of the world presses upon thee, thou runnest away from a crown. Was it to teach us that there is less danger in suffering than in outward prosperity? What, do we dote upon that worldly honour which thou heldest worthy of avoidance and contempt?

Besides this reservedness, it was devotion that drew Jesus aside: he went alone up to the mountain to pray. Lo, thou, to whom the greatest throng was a solitude, in respect of the fruition of thy Father; thou, who wert incapable of distraction from him with whom thou wert one, wouldst yet so much act man, as to retire for the opportunity of prayer; to teach us, who are nothing but wild thoughts and giddy distractedness, to go aside when we would speak with God. How happy is it for us that thou prayedst? O Saviour
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our, thou prayedst for us, who have not grace enough to pray for ourselves, not worth enough to be accepted when we do pray. Thy prayers, which were most perfect and impetrative, are they by which our weak and unworthy prayers receive both life and favour. And now how assiduous should we be in our supplications, who are empty of grace, full of wants; when thou, who wert a God of all power, prayedst for that which thou couldst command? Therefore do we pray, because thou prayedst: therefore do we expect to be graciously answered in our prayers, because thou didst pray for us here on earth, and now interceedest for us in heaven.

The evening was come; the disciples looked long for their Master, and loth they were to have stirred without him: but his command is more than the strongest wind to fill their sails, and they are now gone. Their expectation made not the evening seem so long, as our Saviour's devotion made it seem short to him: he is on the mount, they on the sea; yet while he was on the mount praying, and lifting up his eyes to his Father, he fails not to cast them about upon his disciples tossed on the waves. Those all-seeing eyes admit of no limits: at once he sees the highest heavens, and the midst of the sea, the glory of his Father, and the misery of his disciples. Whatever prospects present themselves to his view, the distress of his followers is ever most noted.

How much more dost thou now, O Saviour, from the height of thy glorious advancement, behold us, thy wretched servants, tossed on the unquiet sea of this world, and beaten with the troublesome and threatening billows of affliction? Thou foresawest their toil and danger ere thou dismissedst them, and purposefully sendest them away that they might be tossed. Thou, that couldst prevent our sufferings by thy power, wilt permit them in thy wisdom, that thou mayst glorify

glorify thy mercy in our deliverance, and confirm our faith by the issue of our distresses.

How do all things now seem to conspire to the vexing of the poor disciples? the night was fullen and dark, their Master was absent, the sea was boisterous, the winds were high and contrary. Had their Master been with them, howsoever the elements had raged, they had been secure: had their Master been away, yet if the sea had been quiet, or the winds fair, the passage might have been endured. Now both season, and sea, and wind, and their Master's desertion, had agreed to render them perfectly miserable. Sometimes the Providence of God hath thought good so to order it, that to his best servants there appeareth no glimpse of comfort, but so absolute vexation, as if heaven and earth had plotted their full affliction. Yea, O Saviour, what a dead night, what a fearful tempest, what an astonishing dereliction was that, wherein thou thyself criedst out in the bitterness of thine anguished soul, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Yet, in all these extremities of misery, our gracious God intends nothing but his greater glory and ours; the triumph of our faith; the crown of our victory.

All that longsome and tempestuous night must the disciples wear out in danger and horror, as given over to the winds and waves; but in the fourth watch of the night, when they were wearied out with toils and fears, comes deliverance.

At their entrance into the ship, at the rising of the tempest, at the shutting in of the evening, there was no news of Christ: but when they have been all the night long beaten, not so much with storms and waves, as with their own thoughts, now in the fourth watch, which was near to the morning, Jesus came unto them, and purposely not till then, that he might exercise their patience, that he might inure

inure them to wait upon divine Providence in cases of extremity, that their devotions might be more whetted by delay; that they might give gladder welcome to their deliverance. O God, thus thou thinkest fit to do still. We are by turns in our sea; the winds bluster, the billows swell, the night and thy absence heighten our discomfort; thy time and ours is set; as yet it is but midnight with us, can we but hold out patiently till the fourth watch, thou wilt surely come and rescue us. O let us not faint under our sorrows, but wear out our three watches of tribulation with undaunted patience and holy resolution.

O Saviour, our extremities are the seasons of thine aid. Thou camest at last, but yet so as that there was more dread than joy in thy presence: thy coming was both miraculous and frightful.

Thou, God of elements, passedst through the air, walkedst upon the waters. Whether thou meantest to terminate this miracle in thy body, or in the waves which thou trodst upon, whether so lightening the one that it should make no impression in the liquid waters, or whether so consolidating the other that the paved waves yielded a firm causeway to thy sacred feet to walk on, I neither determine nor inquire; thy silence ruleth mine: thy power was in either miraculous; neither know I in whether to adore it more. But withal give me leave to wonder more at thy passage than at thy coming. Wherefore camest thou but to comfort them? and wherefore then wouldst thou pass by them, as if thou hadst intended nothing but their dismay? Thine absence could not be so grievous as thy preterition; that might seem justly occasioned, this could not but seem willingly neglective. Our last conflicts have wont ever to be the forest; as when after some dropping rain it pours most vehemently, we think the weather is changing to serenity.

O Saviour, we may not always measure thy meaning by thy semblance: sometimes what thou most intendest, thou shewest least. In our afflictions thou turnest thy back upon us, and hidest thy face from us, when thou most mindest our distresses. So Jonathan shot the arrows beyond David, when he meant them to him. So Joseph calls for Benjamin into bonds, when his heart was bound to him in the strongest affection. So the tender mother makes as if she would give away her crying child, whom she hugs so much closer in her bosom.

If thou pass by us while we are struggling with the tempest, we know it is not for want of mercy. Thou canst not neglect us; O let us not distrust thee!

What object should have been so pleasing to the eyes of the disciples as their Master, and so much the more as he shewed his divine power in this miraculous walk? but lo, contrarily, "they are troubled;" not with his presence, but with this form of presence.

The supernatural works of God, when we look upon them with our own eyes, are subject to a dangerous misprision. The very sun-beams, to whom we are beholden for our sight, if we eye them directly, blind us. Miserable men! we are ready to suspect truths, to run away from our safety, to be afraid of our comforts, to mis-know our best friends.

And why are they thus troubled? "They had thought they had seen a spirit." That there have been such apparitions of spirits, both good and evil, hath ever been a truth undoubtedly received of Pagans, Jews, Christians; although, in the blind times of superstition, there was much collusion mixed with some verities; crafty men and lying spirits agreed to abuse the credulous world; but even where there was not truth, yet there was horror. The very good angels were not seen without much fear; their sight was construed to bode death, how much more the evil,
which

which in their very nature are harmful and pernicious? we see not a snake or a toad, without some recoiling of blood, and some sensible reluctance, although those creatures run away from us: how much more must our hairs stand upright, and our senses boil at the sight of a spirit, whose both nature and will is contrary to ours, and professedly bent to our hurt?

But say it had been what they mistook it for, a spirit, why should they fear? had they well considered, they had soon found, that evil spirits are never the less present when they are not seen, and never the less harmful or malicious when they are present unseen. Visibility adds nothing to their spite or mischief; and could their eyes have been opened, they had, with Elisha's servant, seen "more with them than against them;" a sure, though invisible guard of more powerful spirits, and themselves under the protection of the God of spirits: so as they might have bidden a bold defiance to all the powers of darkness. But, partly their faith was yet but in the bud, and partly the presentation of this dreadful object was sudden, and without the respite of a recollection, and settlement of their thoughts.

O the weakness of our frail nature, who, in the want of faith, are affrighted with the visible appearance of those adversaries whom we profess daily to resist and vanquish, and with whom we know the decree of God hath matched us in an everlasting conflict! Are not these they that eject devils by their command? are not these of them that could say, "Master, the evil spirits are subdued to us?" Yet now, when they see but an imagined spirit, they fear. What power there is in the eye to betray the heart!

While Goliath was mingled with the rest of the Philistine host, Israel camped boldly against them; but when that giant stalks out single between the two

armies, and fills and amazes their eyes with his hideous stature, now they run away for fear. Behold, we are committed with legions of evil spirits, and complain not: let but one of them give us some visible token of his presence, we shriek and tremble, and are not ourselves.

Neither is our weakness more conspicuous than thy mercy, O God, in restraining these spiritual enemies from these dreadful and ghastly representations of themselves to our eyes. Might those infernal spirits have liberty to appear, how and when, and to whom they would, certainly not many would be left in their wits, or in their lives. It is thy power and goodness to frail mankind, that they are kept in their chains, and reserved in the darkness of their own spiritual being, that we may both oppugn and subdue them unseen.

But, O the deplorable condition of reprobate souls! if but the imagined sight of one of these spirits of darkness can so daunt the heart of those which are free from their power, what a terror shall it be to live perpetually in the sight, yea under the torture, of thousands, of legions, of millions of devils? O the madness of wilful sinners, that will needs run themselves headily into so dreadful a damnation!

It was high time for our Saviour to speak: what with the tempest, what with the apparition, the disciples were almost lost with fear. How seasonable are his gracious addresses; till they were thus affrighted he would not speak, when they were thus affrighted he would not hold his peace. If his presence were fearful, yet his word was comfortable; "Be of good cheer, it is I:" yea it is his word only which must make his presence both known and comfortable. He was present before; they mistook him and feared: there needs no other erection of their drooping hearts, but "It is I." It is cordial enough

to us, in the worst of our afflictions, to be assured of Christ's presence with us. Say but "It is I," O Saviour, and let evils do their worst; thou needst not say any more. Thy voice was evidence enough; so well were thy disciples acquainted with the tongue of thee their Master, that, "It is I," was as much as an hundred names. Thou art the good Shepherd; we are not of thy flock, if we know thee not by thy voice from a thousand. Even this one is a great word, yea an ample style, "It is I." The same tongue that said to Moses, "I am hath sent thee," saith now to the disciples, "It is I;" I your Lord and Master, I the commander of winds and waters; I the sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, I the God of spirits. Let heaven be but as one scroll, and let it be written all over with titles, they cannot express more than, "It is I." O sweet and seasonable word of a gracious Saviour, able to calm all tempests, able to revive all hearts! Say but so to my soul, and, in spite of hell, I am safe.

No sooner hath Jesus said, I; than Peter answers, Master. He can instantly name him that did not name himself. Every little hint is enough to faith. The church sees her beloved as well through the lattice, as through the open window. Which of all the followers of Christ gave such pregnant testimonies, upon all occasions, of his faith, of his love to his Master, as Peter? the rest were silent, while he both owned his Master, and craved access to him in that liquid way. Yet what a sensible mixture is here of faith and distrust? It is faith that said, Master; it was distrust, as some have construed it, that said, "If it be thou." It was faith that said, "Bid me come to thee," (implying that his word could as well enable as command) it was faith that durst step down upon that watery pavement; it was distrust that, upon the sight of a mighty wind, feared: it was faith,

that he walked; it was distrust that he sunk; it was faith that said, "Lord, save me." O the imperfect composition of the best saint upon earth, as far from pure faith, as from mere infidelity! If there be pure earth in the centre, all upward is mixed with the other elements: contrarily, pure grace is above in the glorified spirits; all below is mixed with infirmity, with corruption. Our best is but as the air, which never was, never can be at once fully enlightened; neither is there in the same region one constant state of light. It shall once be noon with us, when we shall have nothing but bright beams of glory; now it is but the dawning, wherein it is hard to say whether there be more light than darkness. We are now fair as the moon, which hath some spots in her greatest beauty; we shall be pure as the sun, whose face is all bright and glorious. Ever since the time that Adam set his tooth in the apple, till our mouth be full of mould, it never was, it never can be other with us. Far be it from us to settle willingly upon the dregs of our infidelity; far be it from us to be disheartened with the sense of our defects and imperfections: "We believe, Lord, help our unbelief."

While I find some disputing the lawfulness of Peter's suit, others quarreling his "If it be thou," let me be taken up with wonder at the faith, the fervour, the heroical valour of this prime apostle, that durst say, "Bid me come to thee upon the waters." He might have suspected, that the voice of his Master might have been as easily imitated by that imagined spirit as his person; he might have feared the blustering tempest, the threatening billows, the yielding nature of that devouring element: but, as despising all these thoughts of misdoubt, such is his desire to be near his Master, that he says, "Bid me come to thee upon the waters:" he says not, Come thou to me; this had been Christ's act, and not his. Neither doth he

he say, Let me come to thee: this had been his act, and not Christ's. Neither doth he say, Pray that I may come to thee, as if this act had been out of the power of either: but, "Bid me come to thee." I know thou canst command both the waves and me; me to be so light, that I shall not bruise the moist surface of the waves; the waves to be so solid, that they shall not yield to my weight. "All things obey thee: Bid me come to thee upon the waters."

It was a bold spirit that could wish it, more bold that could act it. No sooner hath our Saviour said, "Come," than he sets his foot upon the unquiet sea, not fearing either the softness or the roughness of that uncouth passage. We are wont to wonder at the courage of that daring man who first committed himself to the sea in a frail bark, though he had the strength of an oaken plank to secure him: how valiant must we needs grant him to be, that durst set his foot upon the bare sea and shift his paces? Well did Peter know, that he, who bade him, could uphold him; and therefore he both sues to be bidden, and ventures to be upholden. True faith tasks itself with difficulties, neither can be dismayed with the conceits of ordinary impossibilities? It is not the scattering of straws, or casting of mole-hills, whereby the virtue of it is described, but removing of mountains: like some courageous leader, it desires the honour of a danger, and sues for the first onset; whereas the worldly heart freezes in a lazy or cowardly fear, and only casts for safety and ease.

Peter sues, Jesus bids. Rather will he work miracles, than disappoint the suit of a faithful man. How easily might our Saviour have turned over this strange request of his bold disciple, and have said, What my omnipotence can do is no rule for thy weakness? It is no less than presumption in a mere man, to hope to imitate the miraculous works of God and

man. Stay thou in the ship, and wonder, contenting thyself in this, that thou hast a Master to whom the land and water is alike. Yet I hear not a check, but a call; "Come." The suit of ambition is suddenly quashed in the mother of the Zebedees. The suits of revenge prove no better in the mouth of the two fiery disciples. But a suit of faith, though high and seemingly unfit for us, he hath no power to deny. How much less, O Saviour, wilt thou stick at those things which lie in the very road of our Christianity? Never man said, Bid me to come to thee in the way of thy commandments, whom thou didst not both bid and enable to come.

True faith rests not in great and good desires, but act and executes accordingly. Peter doth not wish to go, and yet stand still; but his foot answers his tongue, and instantly chops down upon the waters. To sit still, and wish, is for sluggish and cowardly spirits.

Formal volitions, yea velleities of good, while we will not so much as step out of the ship of our nature to walk unto Christ, are but the faint motions of vain hypocrisy. It will be long enough ere the gale of good wishes can carry us to heaven. "Ease flayeth the foolish." O Saviour, we have thy command to come to thee out of the ship of our natural corruption: let no sea affright us, let no tempest of temptation withhold us. No way can be but safe, when thou art the end.

Lo, Peter is walking upon the waves! Two hands uphold him, the hand of Christ's power, the hand of his own faith; neither of them would do it alone. The hand of Christ's power laid hold on him, the hand of his faith laid hold on the power of Christ commanding. Had not Christ's hand been powerful, that faith had been in vain: had not that faith of his strongly fixed upon Christ, that power had not been effectual

tual to his preservation. While we are here in the world, we walk upon the waters; still the same hands bear us up. If he let go his hold of us, we drown; if we let go our hold of him, we sink and shriek as Peter did here, who, when he saw the wind boisterous, was afraid, and "beginning to sink, cried, saying, Lord, save me.

When he wished to be bidden to walk unto Christ, he thought of the waters:" "Bid me to come to thee "on the waters:" he thought not on the winds which raged on those waters; or if he thought of a stiff gale, yet that tempestuous and sudden gust was out of his account and expectation. - Those evils, that we are prepared for, have not such power over us as those that surprize us. A good waterman sees a dangerous billow coming towards him, and cuts it, and mounts over it with ease; the unheedy is overwhelmed, O Saviour, let my haste to thee be zealous, but not improvident; ere I set my foot out of the ship, let me foresee the tempest: when I have cast the worst, I cannot either miscarry or complain.

So soon as he began to fear, he began to sink: while he believed, the sea was brass; when once he began to distrust, those waves were water. He cannot sink, while he trusts the power of his Master; he cannot but sink when he misdoubts it. Our faith gives us, as courage and boldness, so success too: our infidelity lays us open to all dangers, to all mischiefs.

It was Peter's improvidence not to foresee, it was his weakness to fear, it was the effect of his fear to sink; it was his faith that recollects itself, and breaks through his infidelity, and in sinking could say, "Lord, save me." His foot could not be so swift in sinking, as his heart in imploring: he knew who could uphold him from sinking, and, being sunk, deliver him; and therefore he says, "Lord, save me."

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It is both a notable sign and effect of true faith, in sudden extemities to ejaculate holy desires, and, with the wings of our first thoughts, to fly up instantly to the throne of grace for present succour. Upon deliberation it is possible for a man, that hath been careless and profane, by good means, to be drawn to holy dispositions; but on the sudden a man will appear as he is, whatever is most ripe in the heart will come forth at the mouth. It is good to observe how our surprisals find us: the rest is but forced, this is natural. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." O Saviour, no evil can be swifter than my thought; my thought shall be upon thee ere I can be seized upon by the speediest mischief: at least, if I over-run not evils, I shall overtake them.

It was Christ his Lord whom Peter had offended in distrusting, it is Christ his Lord to whom he flies for deliverance. His weakness doth not discourage him from his refuge. O God, when we have displeased thee, when we have sunk in thy displeasure, whither should we fly for aid but to thee whom we have provoked? against thee only is our sin, in thee only is our help. In vain shall all the powers of heaven and earth conspire to relieve us, if thou withhold from our succour. As we offend thy justice daily by our sins, so let us continually rely upon thy mercy by the strength of our faith; "Lord, save us."

The mercy of Christ is at once sought and found; "Immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him." He doth not say, Hadst thou trusted me, I would have safely preserved thee, but, since thou wilt needs wrong my power and care with a cowardly diffidence, sink and drown: but rather, as pitying the infirmity of his fearful disciple, he puts out the hand for his relief. That hand hath been stretched forth for the aid of many a one that never asked it; never any asked it, to whose succour it hath

not

not been stretched. With what speed, with what confidence should we fly to that sovereign bounty, from which never any sutor was sent away empty?

Jesus gave Peter his hand, but withal he gave him a check: "O thou of little faith, why doubtest thou?" As Peter's faith was not pure, but mixed with some distrust, so our Saviour's help was not clear and absolute, but mixed with some reproof; a reproof, wherein there was both a censure and an exhortation; a censure of his faith, an exhortation for his doubt; both of them fore and heavy.

By how much more excellent and useful a grace faith is, by so much more shameful is the defect of it; and by how much more reason there was of confidence, by so much more blame-worthy was the doubt. Now Peter had a double reason of his confidence, the command of Christ, the power of Christ; the one in bidding him to come, the other in sustaining him while he came. To misdoubt him, whose will he knew, whose power he felt, was well worth a reprehension.

When I saw Peter stepping forth upon the waters, I could not but wonder at his great faith, yet behold, ere he can have measured many paces, the Judge of hearts taxes him for little faith. Our mountains are but motes to God. Would my heart have served me to dare the doing of this that Peter did? durst I have set my foot where he did? O Saviour, if thou foundst cause to censure the weakness and poverty of his faith, what mayst thou well say to mine! They mistake that think thou wilt take up with any thing. Thou lookest for firmitude and vigour in those graces, which thou wilt allow in thy best disciples, no less than truth.

The first steps were confident, there was fear in the next. O the sudden alteration of our affections, of our dispositions! one pace varies our spiritual condition. What hold is there of so fickle creatures, if

we be left never so little to ourselves? As this lower world, wherein we are, is the region of mutability, so are we, the living pieces of it, subject to a perpetual change. It is for the blessed saints and angels above to be fixed in good: while we are here, there can be no constancy expected from us, but in variableness.

As well as our Saviour loves Peter, yet he chides him. It is the fruit of his favour and mercy that we escape judgment, not that we escape reproof. Had not Peter found grace with his Master, he had been suffered to sink in silence; now he is saved with a check. There may be more love in frowns than in smiles: "Whom he loves he chastises." What is chiding but a verbal castigation? and what is chastisement but a real chiding? "Correct me, O Lord, yet
 " in thy judgment, not in thy fury. O let the right-
 " teous God smite me, when I offend, with his
 " gracious reproofs; these shall be a precious oil that
 " shall not break my head.

CONTEMP. VII. *The bloody issue healed.*

THE time was, O Saviour, when a worthy woman offered to touch thee, and was forbidden: now a meaner touches thee with approbation and encouragement. Yet as there was much difference in that body of thine which was the object of that touch, being now mortal and passible, then impassible and immortal, so there was in the agents; this a stranger, that a familiar; this obscure, that famous.

The same actions vary with time and other circumstances; and accordingly receive their dislike or allowance.

Doubtless thou hadst herein no small respect to the faith of Jairus, unto whose house thou wert going. That good man had but one only daughter, which lay sick in the beginning of his suit, ere the end lay dead;

dead; while she lived, his hope lived; her death disheartened it. It was a great work that thou meantest to do for him, it was a great word that thou saidst to him; "Fear not, believe, and she shall be made whole." To make this good, by the touch of the verge of thy garment, thou revivedst one from the verge of death. How must Jairus needs now think? He, who by the virtue of his garment can pull this woman out of the paws of death, which hath been twelve years dying, can as well, by the power of his word, pull my daughter, who hath been twelve years living, out of the jaws of death which hath newly seized on her. It was fit the good ruler should be raised up with this handsel of thy divine power, whom he came to solicit.

That thou mightest lose no time, thou curedst in thy passage. The sun stands not still to give his influences, but diffuses them in his ordinary motion. How shall we imitate thee, if we suffer our hands to be out of ure with good? Our life goes away with our time: we lose that which we improve not.

The patient laboured of an issue of blood; a disease that had not more pain than shame, nor more natural infirmity than legal impurity. Time added to her grief; twelve long years had she languished under this woful complaint. Besides the tediousness, diseases must needs get head by continuance, and so much more both weaken nature, and strengthen themselves, by how much longer they afflict us. So it is in the soul, so in the state; vices, which are the sicknesses of both, when they grow inveterate, have a strong plea for their abode and uncontroubleness.

Yet more, to mend the matter, poverty, which is another disease, was superadded to her sickness; "she had spent all she had upon physicians." While she had wherewith to make much of herself, and to procure good tendance, choice diet, and all the succours

cours of distressed languishment, she could not but find some mitigation of her sorrow: but now want began to pinch her no less than her distemper, and helped to make her perfectly miserable.

Yet could she have parted from her substance with ease, her complaint had been the less. Could the physicians have given her, if not health, yet relaxation and painfulness, her means had not been mis bestowed: but now, "she suffered many things from "them;" many an unpleasing potion, many tormenting incisions and divulsions did she endure from their hands: the remedy was equal in trouble to the disease.

Yet had the cost and pain been never so great, could she have hereby purchased health, the match had been happy; all the world were no price for this commodity: but alas, her estate was the worse, her body not the better; her money was wasted, not her disease. Art could give her neither cure nor hope. It were injurious to blame that noble science, for that it always speeds not. Notwithstanding all those sovereign remedies, men must, in their times, sicken and die. Even the miraculous gifts of healing could not preserve the owners from disease and dissolution.

It were pity but that this woman should have been thus sick; the nature, the durableness, cost, pain, incurableness of her disease, both sent her to seek Christ, and moved Christ to her cure. Our extremities drive us to our Saviour, his love draws him to be most present and helpful to our extremities. When we are forsaken of all succours and hopes, we are fittest for his redress. Never are we nearer to help, than when we despair of help. There is no fear, no danger but in our own insensibleness.

This woman was a stranger to Christ; it seems she had never seen him. The report of his miracles had lifted her up to such a confidence of his power and
mercy,

mercy, as that she said in herself, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole." The shame of her disease stopt her mouth from any verbal suit. Had her infirmity been known, she had been shunned and abhorred, and disdainfully put back of all the beholders, as doubtless, where she was known, the law forced her to live apart. Now she conceals both her grief, and her desire, and her faith; and only speaks, where she may be bold, within herself, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole."

I seek not mysteries in the virtue of the hem, rather than of the garment. Indeed it was God's command to Israel, that they should be marked, not only in their skin, but in their cloaths too: those fringes and ribbons upon the borders of their garments were for holy memorials of their duty, and God's law. But that hence she supposed to find more virtue and sanctity in the touch of the hem than of the coat, I neither dispute nor believe; it was the sight, not the signification that she intimated; not as of the best part, but the utmost. In all likelihood, if there could have been virtue in the garment, the nearer to the body, the more. Here was then the praise of this woman's faith, that she promised herself cure by the touch of the utmost hem. Whosoever would look to receive any benefit from Christ, must come in faith: it is that only which makes us capable of any favour. Satan, the common ape of the Almighty, imitates him also in this point: all his charms and spells are ineffectual without the faith of the user, of the receiver.

Yea, the endeavour and issue of all, both human and spiritual things, depends upon our faith. Who would commit a plant or seed to the earth, if he did not believe to have it nursed in that kindly bosom? What merchant would put himself upon the guard
of

of an inch-board in a furious sea, if he did not trust to the faithful custody of that plank? Who would trade, or travel, or war, or marry, if he did not therein surely trust he should speed well? What benefit can we look to carry from a divine exhortation, if we do not believe it will edify us? from a sacramental banquet, the food of angels, if we do not believe it will nourish our souls? from our best devotions, if we do not persuade ourselves they will fetch down blessings? O our vain and heartless services! if we do not say, may I drink but one drop of that heavenly nectar, may I taste but one crumb of that bread of life, may I hear but one word from the mouth of Christ, may I send up but one hearty sigh or ejaculation of an holy desire to my God, I shall be whole.

According to her resolution is her practice. She touched, but she came behind to touch; whether for humility, or her secrecy rather, as desiring to steal a cure unseen, unnoted. She was a Jewess, and therefore well knew that her touch was, in this case; no better than a pollution, as her's, perhaps, but not of him. For on the one side, necessity is under no positive law; on the other, the Son of God was not capable of impurity. Those may be defiled with a touch, that cannot heal with a touch; he, that was above law, is not comprised in the law: be we never so unclean, he may heal us, we cannot infect him. O Saviour, my soul is sick and foul enough with the spiritual impurities of sin; let me, by the hand of faith, lay hold but upon the hem of thy garment, (thy righteousness is thy garment) it shall be both clean and whole.

Who would not think but a man might lade up a dish of water out of the sea unmixed? Yet that water, though much, is finite; those drops are within number: that art, which hath reckoned how many
corns

corns of sand would make up a world, could more easily compute how many drops of water would make up an ocean; whereas the mercies of God are absolutely infinite, and beyond all possibility of proportion: and yet this bashful soul cannot steal one drop of mercy from this endless, boundless, bottomless sea of divine bounty, but it is felt and questioned; “And Jesus said, Who touched me?”

Who can now say that he is a poor man that reckons his store, when that God, who is rich in mercy; doth so? He knows all his own blessings, and keeps just tallies of our receipts, delivered so much honour to this man, to that so much wealth; so much knowledge to one, to another so much strength. How carefully frugal should we be in the notice, account, usage of God’s several favours, since his bounty sets all his gifts upon the file? Even the worst servant in the gospel confessed his talents, though he employed them not. We are worse than the worst, if either we mis-know, or dissemble, or forget them.

Who now can forbear the disciples reply? Who touched thee, O Lord? the multitude. Dost thou ask of one, when thou art pressed by many? In the midst of a throng, dost thou ask, “Who touched me?”

Yea but yet “some one touched me:” all thronged me; but one touched me. How riddle-like forever it may seem to sound, they that thronged me touched me not; she only touched me that thronged me not, yea that touched me not. Even so, O Saviour, others touched thy body with theirs, she touched thy hem with her hand, thy divine power with her soul.

Those two parts whereof we consist, the bodily; the spiritual, do in a sort partake of each other. The soul is the man, and hath those parts, senses, actions which are challenged as proper to the body. This spiritual part hath both an hand, and a touch; it is

by the hand of faith that the soul toucheth; yea this alone both is, and acts all the spiritual senses of that immaterial and divine part, this sees, hears, tasteth, toucheth God; and without this the soul doth none of these. All the multitude then pressed Christ: he took not that for a touch, since faith was away; only she touched him that believed to receive virtue by his touch. Outward fashionableness comes into no account with God; that is only done which the soul doth. It is no hoping that virtue should go forth from Christ to us, when no hearty desires go forth from us to him. He that is a Spirit, looks to the deportment of that part which resembleth himself; as without it the body is dead, so without the actions thereof bodily devotions are but carcases.

What reason had our Saviour to challenge this touch? "Somebody touched me." The multitude, in one extreme, denied any touch at all: Peter, in another extreme, affirmed an over-touching of the multitude. Betwixt both, he who felt it can say, "Somebody touched me." Not all, as Peter; not none, as the multitude; but somebody. How then, O Saviour, how doth it appear that somebody touched thee? "For I perceive virtue is gone out from me." The effect proves the act; virtue gone out evinces the touch. These two are in thee convertible; virtue cannot go out of thee but by a touch, and no touch can be of thee without virtue going out from thee. That which is a rule in nature, that every agent works by a contract, holds spiritually too: then dost thou, O God, work upon our souls, when thou touchest our hearts by the Spirit; then do we re-act upon thee, when we touch thee by the hand of our faith and confidence in thee; and, in both these, virtue goes out from thee to us; yet goes not so out, as that there is less in thee. In all bodily emanations, whose powers are but finite, it mult
needs

needs follow, that, the more is sent forth, the less is reserved: but as it is in the sun, which gives us light, yet loseth none ever the more, the luminosity of it being no whit impaired by that perpetual emission of lightsome beams, so much more is it in thee, the Father of lights. Virtue could not go out of thee without thy knowledge, without thy sending. Neither was it in a dislike, or in a grudging exprobration, that thou saidst, "Virtue is gone out from me." Nothing could please thee better, than to feel virtue fetched out from thee by the faith of the receiver. It is the nature and praise of good to be communicative: none of us would be other than liberal of our little, if we did not fear it would be lessened by imparting. Thou, that knowest thy store so infinite, that participation doth only glorify and not diminish it, canst not but be more willing to give than we to receive. If we take but one drop of water from the sea, or one corn of sand from the shore, there is so much, though insensibly, less: but were we capable of worlds of virtue and benediction from that munificent hand, our enriching could no whit impoverish thee. Thou, which wert wont to hold it much "better to give than to receive," canst not but give gladly. Fear not, O my soul, to lade plentifully at this well, this ocean of mercy, which, the more thou takest, overflows the more.

But why then, O Saviour, why didst thou thus inquire, thus expostulate? was it for thy own sake, that the glory of the miracle might thus come to light, which otherwise had been smothered in silence? was it for Jairus his sake, that his depressed heart might be raised to a confidence in thee, whose mighty power he saw proved by this cure, whose omniscience he saw proved by the knowledge of the cure? or, was it chiefly for the woman's sake, for the praise of her faith, for the securing of her conscience?

It was within herself, that she said, "If I may but touch:" none could hear this voice of the heart, but he that made it. It was within herself, that the cure was wrought: none of the beholders knew her complaint, much less her recovery; none noted her touch, none knew the occasion of her touch. What a pattern of powerful faith had we lost, if our Saviour had not called this act to trial? as her modesty hid her disease, so it would have hid her virtue. Christ will not suffer this secrecy. O the marvellous, but free, dispensation of Christ! one while he enjoins a silence to his re-cured patience, and is troubled with their divul-gation of his favour; another while, as here, he will not lose the honour of a secret mercy, but fetches it out by his inquisition, by his profession; "Who hath touched me? for I perceive virtue is gone out from me." As we see in the great work of his creation, he hath placed some stars in the midst of heaven, where they may be most conspicuous; others he hath set in the southern obscurity, obvious to but few eyes: in the earth he hath planted some flowers and trees in the famous gardens of the world; others, no less beautiful, in untracked woods or wild deserts, where they are either not seen, or not regarded.

O God, if thou hast intended to glorify thyself by thy graces in us, thou wilt find means to fetch them forth into the notice of the world; otherwise our very privacy shall content us, and praise thee.

Yet even this great faith wanted not some weakness. It was a poor conceit in this woman, that she thought she might receive so sovereign a remedy from Christ without his heed, without his knowledge. Now that she might see she had trusted to a power which was not more bountiful than sensible, and whose goodness did not exceed his apprehension, but one that knew what he parted with, and willingly parted with that which he knew beneficial to so faithful a receiver,

ceiver, he can say, "Somebody hath touched me, "for I perceive virtue is gone out from me." As there was an error in her thought, so in our Saviour's words there was a correction. His mercy will not let her run away with that secret offence. It is a great favour of God to take us in the manner, and to shame our closeness. We scour off the rust from a weapon that we esteem, and prune the vine we care for. O God, do thou ever find me out in my sin, and do not pass over my least infirmities without a feeling contritment!

Neither doubt I, but that herein, O Saviour, thou didst graciously forecast the securing of the conscience of this faithful, though overseen patient, which might well have afterwards raised some just scruples, for the fetching of a cure, for unthankfulness to the Author of her cure; the continuance whereof she might have good reason to misdoubt, being surreptitiously gotten, ingratefully concealed. For prevention of all these dangers, and the full quieting of her troubled heart, how fitly, how mercifully didst thou bring forth this close business to the light, and clear it to the bottom? It is thy great mercy to foresee our perils, and to remove them ere we can apprehend the fear of them: as some skilful physician, who perceiving a fever or phrensy coming, which the distempered patient little misdoubts, by seasonable applications anticipates that grievous malady; so as the sick man knows his safety ere he can suspect his danger.

Well might the woman think, He who can thus cure, and thus know his cure, can as well know my name, and descry my person and shame, and punish my ingratitude. With a pale face therefore, and a trembling foot, she comes, and falls down before him, and humbly acknowledges what she had done, what she had obtained; "But the woman finding she was
"not hid, &c."

Could she have perceived that she might have sily gone away with the cure, she had not confessed it: so had she made God a loser of glory, and herself an unthankful receiver of so great a benefit.

Might we have our own wills, we should be injurious both to God and ourselves. Nature lays such plots as would be sure to befool us, and is witty in nothing but deceiving herself. The only way to bring us home is to find we are found, and to be convinced of the discovery of all our evasions: as some unskilful thief that finds the owner's eye was upon him in his pilfering, lays down his stolen commodity with shame. Contrarily, when a man is possessed with a conceit of secrecy and cleanly escapes, he is emboldened in his lewdness. The adulterer chuses the twilight, and says, "No eye shall see me;" and joys in the sweetness of his stolen waters. O God, in the deepest darkness, in my most inward retiredness, when none sees me, when I see not myself, yet let me then see thine all-seeing eye upon me; and if ever mine eyes shall be shut, or held with a prevailing temptation, check me with a speedy reproof, that, with this abashed patient, I may come in, and confess my error, and implore thy mercy.

It is no unusual thing for kindness to look sternly for the time, that it may endear itself more when it lists to be discovered. With a severe countenance did our Saviour look about him, and ask, "Who touched me?" When the woman comes in trembling, and confessing both her act and success, he clears up his brows, and speaks comfortably to her; "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." O sweet and seasonable word, fit for those merciful and divine lips, able to secure any heart, to dispel any fears! Still, O Saviour, thou dost thus to us; when we fall down before thee in an awful dejectedness, thou rearest us up
with

with a chearful and compassionate encouragement; when thou findest us bold and presumptuous, 'thou lovest to take us down; when humbled, it is enough to have prostrated us. Like as that lion of Bethel worries the disobedient prophet, - guards the poor ass that stood quaking before him; or like some mighty wind, that bears over a tall elm or cedar with the same breath that it raiseth a stooping reed: or like some good physician, who, finding the body obstructed and surcharged with ill humours, evacuates it, and, when it is sufficiently pulled down, raises it up with sovereign cordials. And still do thou so to my soul; if at any time thou perceivest me stiff and rebellious, ready to face out my sin against thee, spare me not; let me smart till I relent. But a broken and contrite heart thou wilt not, O Lord, O Lord do not reject.

It is only thy word which gives what it requires, comfort and confidence. Had any other shaken her by the shoulder, and cheared her up against those oppressive passions, it had been but waste wind. No voice but his, who hath power to remit sin, can secure the heart from the conscience of sin, from the pangs of conscience. In the midst of the sorrows of my heart, thy comforts, O Lord; thy comforts only have power to refresh my soul. Her cure was Christ's act, yet he gives the praise of it to her; "Thy faith hath made thee whole." He had said before, "Virtue is gone out from me;" now he acknowledges a virtue inherent in her. It was his virtue that cured her, yet he graciously casts this work upon her faith: not that her faith did it by way of merit, by way efficiency, but by way of impetration. So much did our Saviour regard that faith which he had wrought in her, that he will honour it with the success of her cure. Such and the same is still the remedy of our spiritual diseases, our sins: "By faith

“we are justified, by faith we are saved.” Thou only, O Saviour, canst heal us; thou wilt not heal us but by our faith: not as it issues from us, but as it appropriates thee. The sickness is ours, the remedy is ours: the sickness is our own by nature, the remedy ours by thy grace, both working and accepting it. Our faith is no less from thee than thy cure is from our faith.

O happy dismissal, “Go in peace!” How unquiet had this poor soul formerly been? she had no outward peace with her neighbours, they shunned and abhorred her presence in this condition, yea they must do so. She had no peace in body, that was pained and vexed with so long and foul a disease; much less had she peace in her mind, which was grievously disquieted with sorrow for her sickness, with anger and discontentment at her torturing physicians, with fear of the continuance of so bad a guest. Her soul, for the present, had no peace, from the sense of her guiltiness in the carriage of this business, from the conceived displeasure of him to whom she came for comfort and redress. At once now doth our Saviour calm all these storms; and, in one word and act, restores to her peace with her neighbours, peace in herself, peace in body, in mind, in soul. “Go in peace.” Even so, Lord, it was for thee only, who art the Prince of peace, to bestow thy peace where thou pleasest. Our body, mind, soul, estate is thine, whither to afflict, or ease. It is a wonder, if all of us do not ail somewhat. In vain shall we speak peace to ourselves, in vain shall the world speak peace to us, except thou say to us, as thou didst to this distressed soul, “Go in peace.”

CONTEMP. VIII. *JAIRUS and his Daughter.*

HOW troublesome did the people's importunity seem to Jairus? that great man came to sue unto Jesus for his dying daughter, the throng of the multitude intercepted him. Every man is most sensible of his own necessity. It is no straining courtesy in the challenge of our interest in Christ: there is no unmannerliness in our strife for the greatest share in his presence and benediction.

That only child of this ruler lay a-dying when he came to solicit Christ's aid, and was dead while he solicited it. There was hope in her sickness; in her extremity there was fear; in her death despair, and impossibility, as they thought, of help: "Thy daughter is dead, trouble not the Master." When we have to do with a meer finite power, this word were but just. He was a prophet no less than a king, that said, "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? but now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." But since thou hast to do with an omnipotent Agent, know now, O thou faithless messenger, that death can be no bar to his power. How well would it have become thee to have said, "Thy daughter is dead;" but who can tell whether thy God and Saviour will not be gracious to thee, that the child may revive? cannot he, in whose hands are the issues of death, bring her back again?

Here were more manners than faith; "Trouble not the Master." Infidelity is all for ease, and thinks every good work tedious. That which nature accounts troublesome is pleasing and delightful to grace. Is it any pain for an hungry man to eat? O Saviour, it was thy "meat and drink to do thy Fa-

"ther's

“ther’s will;” and his will was that thou shouldst bear our griefs, and take away our sorrows. It cannot be thy trouble which is our happiness, that we must still sue to thee.

The messenger could not so whisper his ill news, but Jesus heard it. Jairus hears that he feared, and was now heartless with so sad tidings. He, that resolved not to trouble the Master, meant to take so much more trouble to himself, and would now yield to a hopeless sorrow. He, whose work it is to comfort the afflicted, rouseth up the dejected heart of that pensive father: “Fear not, believe only, and she shall be made whole.” The word was not more cheerful than difficult; “Fear not.” Who can be insensible of so great an evil? Where death hath once seized, who can but doubt he will keep his hold? No less hard was it not to grieve for the loss of an only child, than not to fear the continuance of the cause of that grief.

In a perfect faith there is no fear: by how much more we fear, by so much less we believe. Well are these two then coupled, “Fear not, believe only.” O Saviour, if thou didst not command us somewhat beyond nature, it were no thank to us to obey thee. While the child was alive, to believe that it might recover, it was no hard task; but now that she was fully dead, to believe she should live again, was a work not easy for Jairus to apprehend, though easy for thee to effect; yet must that be believed, else there is no capacity of so great a mercy. As love, so faith is stronger than death; making those bonds no other than, as Samson did his withs, like threads of tow. How much natural impossibility is there in the return of these bodies from the dust of their earth, into which, through many degrees of corruption, they are at the last mouldered? Fear not, O my soul, believe only: it must, it shall be done.

The

The sum of Jairus his first suit was for the health, not for the resuscitation of his daughter: now that she was dead, he would, if he durst, have been glad to have asked her life. And now, behold, our Saviour bids him expect both her life and her health; "Thy daughter shall be made whole:" alive from her death, whole from her disease.

Thou didst not, O Jairus, thou daredst not ask so much as thou receivedst. How glad wouldst thou have been, since this last news, to have had thy daughter alive, though weak and sickly? now thou shalt receive her not living only, but sound and vigorous. Thou dost not, O Saviour, measure thy gifts by our petitions, but by our wants and thine own mercies.

This work might have been as easily done by an absent command; the power of Christ was there while himself was away: but he will go personally to the place, that he might be confessed the Author of so great a miracle. O Saviour thou lovest to go to the house of mourning: thy chief pleasure is the comfort of the afflicted. What a confusion there is in worldly sorrow? the mother shrieks, the servants cry out, the people make lamentation, the minstrels howl and strike dolefully, so as the ear might question whether the ditty or the instrument were more heavy. If ever expressions of sorrow sound well, it is when death leads the choir. Soon doth our Saviour charm this noise, and turns these unseasonable mourners, whether formal or serious, out of doors: not that he dislikes music, whether to condole or comfort; but that he had life in his eye, and would have them know, that he held these funeral ceremonies to be too early and long before their time: "Give place, for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth." Had she been dead, she had but slept; now she was not dead, but asleep, because he meant this nap of death should be
so

so short, and her awakening so speedy. Death and sleep are alike to him, who can cast whom he will into the sleep of death, and awake when and whom he pleaseth out of that deadly sleep.

Before, the people and domestics of Jairus held Jesus for a prophet; now they took him for a dreamer. "Not dead, but asleep!" They that came to mourn cannot now forbear to laugh. Have we piped at so many funerals, and seen and lamented so many corpses, and cannot we distinguish betwixt sleep and death? the eyes are set, the breath is gone, the limbs are stiff and cold. Who ever died, if she do but sleep? how easily may our reason or sense befool us in divine matters? Those that are competent judges, in natural things, are ready to laugh God to scorn when he speaks beyond their compass, and are by him justly laughed to scorn for their unbelief. Vain and faithless men! as if that unlimited power of the Almighty could not make good his own word, and turn either sleep into death, or death into sleep, at pleasure. Ere many minutes they shall be ashamed of their error and incredulity.

There were witnesses enough of her death, there shall not be many of her restoring. Three choice disciples, and the two parents, are only admitted to the view and testimony of this miraculous work. The eyes of those incredulous scoffers, were not worthy of this honour. Our infidelity makes us incapable of the secret favours, and the highest counsels of the Almighty.

What did these scorers think and say, when they saw him putting the minstrels and people out of doors? Doubtless the maid is but asleep; the man fears lest the noise shall awake her; we must speak and tread softly, that we disquiet her not: what will he and his disciples do the while? is it not to be feared, they will startle her out of her rest? Those that are shut
out

out from the participation of God's counsels, think all his words and projects no better than foolishness. But art thou, O Saviour, ever the more discouraged by the derision and censure of these scornful unbelievers? because fools jeer thee, dost thou forbear thy work? Surely I do not perceive that thou heedest them, save for contempt; or carest more for their words than their silence. It is enough that thine act shall soon honour thee, and convince them. "He took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise; and her spirit came again, and she arose straightway."

How could that touch, that call, be other than effectual? He, who made that hand, touched it; and he, who shall once say, "Arise, ye dead," said now, "Maid, arise." Death cannot but obey him who is the Lord of life. The soul is ever equally in his hand who is the God of spirits; it cannot but go and come at his command. When he says, "Maid, arise," the now-dissolved spirit knows his office, his place, and instantly re-assumes that room which by his appointment it had left.

O Saviour, if thou do but bid my soul to arise from the death of sin, it cannot lie still; if thou bid my body to arise from the grave, my soul cannot but glance down from her heaven, and animate it. In vain shall my sin, or my grave, offer to withhold me from thee.

The maid revives; not now to languish for a time upon her sick-bed, and by some faint degrees to gather an insensible strength; but at once she rises from her death, and from her couch; at once she puts off her fever with her dissolution; she finds her life and her feet at once, at once she finds her feet and her stomach: "He commanded to give her meat." Omnipotency doth not use to go the pace of nature. All God's immediate works are, like himself, perfect.

He

He, that raised her supernaturally, could have so fed her. It was never the purpose of his power, to put ordinary means out of office.

CONTEMP. IX. *The Motion of the two fiery
DISCIPLES repelled.*

THE time drew on wherein Jesus must be received up; he must take death in his way; Calvary is in his passage to mount Olivet: he must be lifted up to the cross, thence to climb into his heaven. Yet this comes not into mention, as if all the thought of death were swallowed up in this victory over death. Neither, O Saviour, is it otherwise with us, the weak members of thy mystical body: we must die, we shall be glorified. What if death stand before us? we look, beyond him, at that transcendent glory. How should we be dismayed with that pain which is attended with a blessed immortality?

The strongest receipt against death is the happy estate that follows it; next to that is the fore-expectation of it, and resolution against it. "He stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem:" Jerusalem the nest of his enemies, the amphitheatre of his conflicts, the fatal place of his death. Well did he know the plots and ambushes that were there laid for him, and the bloody issue of those designs: yet he will go, and goes resolved for the worst. It is a sure and wise way to send our thoughts before us, to grapple with those evils which we know must be encountered: the enemy is half overcome that is well prepared for. The strongest mischief may be out-faced with a seasonable fore-resolution. There can be no greater disadvantage than the suddenness of a surprisal. O God, what I have not the power to avoid, let me have the wisdom to expect.

The

The way from Galilee to Judea lay through the region of Samaria, if not the city. Christ, now towards the end of his preaching, could not but be attended with a multitude of followers: it was necessary there should be purveyors and harbingers, to procure lodgings and provision for so large a troop. Some of his own retinue are addressed to this service; they seek not for palaces and delicates, but for house-room and victuals. It was he whose the earth was, and the fulness thereof, whose the heavens are and the mansions therein; yet he, who could have commanded angels, sues to Samaritans; he, that filled and comprehended heaven, seeks for shelter in a Samaritan cottage. It was thy choice, O Saviour, to take upon thee the shape, not of a prince, but of a servant. How can we either neglect means, or despise homeliness, when thou, the God of all the world, wouldst stoop to the suit of so poor a provision?

We know well in what terms the Samaritans stood with the Jews; so much more hostile as they did more symbolize in matters of religion: no nations were mutually so hateful to each other. A Samaritan's bread was no better than swines' flesh; their very fire and water was not more grudged than infectious; the looking towards Jerusalem was here cause enough of repulse. No enmity is so desperate as that which arises from matter of religion. Agreement in some points, when there are differences in the main, doth but advance hatred the more.

It is not more strange to hear the Son of God sue for a lodging, than to hear him repelled. Upon so churlish a denial, the two angry disciples return to their Master on a fiery errand; "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, as Elias did?"

The sons of thunder would be lightning straight; their zeal, whether as kinsmen or disciples, could not
brook

brook ſo harſh a refusal. As they were naturally more hot than their fellows, ſo now they thought their piety bade them be impatient.

Yet they dare not but begin with leave; “Maſter, wilt thou?” His will muſt lead theirs; their choſer cannot drive their wills before his: all their motion is from him only. True diſciples are like thoſe artificial engines which go no otherways than they are ſet; or like little children, that ſpeak nothing but what they are taught. O Saviour, if we have wills of our own, we are not thine: do thou ſet me as thou wouldſt have me go; do thou teach me what thou wouldſt have me ſay or do.

A mannerly preface leads in a faulty ſuit; “Maſter, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and conſume them?” faulty, both in preſumption, and in deſire of private revenge. I do not hear them ſay, Maſter, will it pleaſe thee, who art the ſole Lord of the heavens and the elements, to command fire from heaven upon theſe men? but, “Wilt thou that we command?” As if, becauſe they had power given them over diſeaſes and unclean ſpirits, therefore heaven and earth were in their managing. How eaſily might they be miſtaken? their large commiſſion had the juſt-limits. Subjects, that have munificent grants from their princes, can challenge nothing beyond the words of their patent. And if the fetching down fire from heaven, were leſs than the diſpoſſeſſing of devils, ſince the devil ſhall enable the beaſt to do this much, yet how poſſible is it to do the greater, and ſtick at the leſs, where both depend upon a delegated power? the magicians of Egypt could bring forth frogs and blood; they could not bring lice. Ordinary corruption can do that which they could not.

It is the faſhion of our bold nature, upon an inch given, to challenge an ell; and, where we find ourſelves

felves graced with some abilities, to flatter ourselves with the faculty of more.

I grant, faith hath done as great things as ever presumption undertook; but there is great difference in the enterprises of both. The one hath a warrant, either by instinct or exprefs command; the other none at all. Indeed, had these two disciples either meant, or said, Master, if it be thy pleasure to command us to call down fire from heaven, we know thy word shall enable us to do what thou requirest; if the words be ours, the power shall be thine; this had been but holy, modest, faithful: but if they supposed there needed nothing save a leave only, and that, might they be but let loose, they could go alone; they presumed, they offended.

Yet had they thus overshot themselves in some pious and charitable motion, the fault had been the less. Now the act had in it both cruelty, and private revenge. Their zeal was not worthy of more praise, than their fury of censure. That fire should fall down from heaven upon men, is a fearful thing to think of, and that which hath not been often done. It was done in the case of Sodom, when these five unclean cities burned with the unnatural fire of hellish lust: it was done two several times at the suit of Elijah; it was done, in an height of trial, to that great pattern of patience. I find it no more, and tremble at these I find.

But besides the dreadfulnes of the judgment itself, who can but quake at the thought of the suddenness of this destruction, which sweeps away both body and soul, in a state of unpreparation, of unrepentance; so as this fire should begin a worse, this heavenly flame should but kindle that of hell.

Thus unconceivably heavy was the revenge; but what was the offence? We have learned not to think any indignity light, that is offered to the Son of God;

but we know these spiritual affronts are capable of degrees. Had these Samaritans reviled Christ and his train, had they violently assaulted him, they had followed him with stones in their hands, and blasphemies in their mouths, it had been a just provocation of so horrible a vengeance: now the wrong was only negative, "They received him not:" and that, not out of any particular quarrel, or dislike of his person, but of his nation only; the men had been welcome, had not their country distasteful. All the charge that I hear our Saviour give to his disciples, in case of their rejection, is, "If they receive you not, shake off the dust of your feet:" yet this was amongst their own, and when they went on that sacred errand of publishing the gospel of peace. These were strangers from the common-wealth of Israel: this measure was not to preachers, but to travellers, only a meer inhospitality to disliked guests; yet no less revenge will serve them than fire from heaven.

I dare say for you, ye holy sons of Zebedee, it was not your spleen, but your zeal, that was guilty of so bloody a suggestion. Your indignation could not but be stirred to see the great Prophet and Saviour of the world so unkindly repelled: yet all this will not excuse you from a rash cruelty, from an inordinate rage.

Even the best heart may easily be miscarried with a well meant zeal: no affection is either more necessary or better accepted. Love to any object cannot be severed from hatred of the contrary: whence it is that all creatures which have the concupiscible part, have also the irascible adjoined unto it. Anger and displeasure is not so much an enemy, as a guardian and champion of love: whoever therefore is rightly affected to his Saviour, cannot but find much regret at his wrongs. O gracious and divine zeal, the kindly warmth and vital temper of piety, whither hast thou

thou withdrawn thyself from the cold hearts of men? or is this according to the just constitution of the old and decrepit age of the world, into which we are fallen? How many are there that think there is no wisdom but in a dull indifferency, and chuse rather to freeze than burn? How quick and apprehensive are men in cases of their own indignities? how insensible of their Saviour's?

But there is nothing so ill as the corruption of the best. Rectified zeal is not more commendable and useful, than inordinate and misguided is hateful and dangerous. Fire is a necessary and beneficial element; but if it be once misplaced, and have caught upon the beams of our houses, or stacks of our corn, nothing can be more direful.

Thus sometimes zeal turns murder; "They that kill you shall think they do God service;" sometimes phresy, sometimes rude indiscretion. Wholesome and blessed is that zeal that is well grounded, and well governed; grounded upon the word of truth, not upon unstable fancies; governed by wisdom and charity, wisdom to avoid rashness and excess; charity to avoid just offence.

No motion can want a pretence: Elias did so, why not we? He was an holy prophet: the occasion, the place, abluces not much; there wrong was offered to a servant, here to his Master; there to a man; here to a God and man. If Elias then did it, why not we? There is nothing more perilous than to draw all the actions of holy men into examples; for, as the best men have their weaknesses, so they are not privileged from letting fall unjustifiable actions. Besides that, they may have had, perhaps, peculiar warrants signed from heaven, whether by instinct or special command, which we shall expect in vain. There must be much caution used in our imitation of the best patterns, whether in respect of persons

sons or things, else we shall make ourselves apes, and our acts sinful absurdities.

It is a rare thing for our Saviour to find fault with the errors of zeal, even where have appeared sensible weakneses. If Moses, in a sacred rage and indignation, broke the tables written with God's own hand, I find him not checked. Here our meek Saviour turns back, and frowns upon his furious suitors, and takes them up roundly; "Ye know not of what spirit ye are." The faults of uncharitableness cannot be swallowed up in zeal. If there were any colour to hide the blemishes of this misdisposition, it should be this crimson die. But he, that needs not our lie, will let us know he needs not our injury, and hates to have a good cause supported by the violation of our charity. We have no reason to disclaim our passions; even the Son of God chides sometimes, yea where he loves. It offends not that our affections are moved, but that they are inordinate.

It was a sharp word, "Ye know not of what spirit ye are:" another man would not perhaps have felt it, a disciple doth. Tender hearts are galled with that which the carnal mind slighteth. The spirit of Elias was that which they meant to assume and imitate; they shall now know their mark was mistaken. How would they have hated to think, that any other but God's Spirit had stirred them up to this passionate motion? now they shall know it was wrought by that ill spirit whom they professed to hate.

It is far from the good Spirit of God to stir up any man to private revenge, or thirst of blood. Not an eagle, but a dove, was the shape wherein he chose to appear. Neither wouldst thou, O God, be in the whirlwind, or in the fire, but in the soft voice. O Saviour, what do we seek for any precedent but thine, whose name we challenge? Thou camest to
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thine own, thine own received thee not. Didst thou call for fire from heaven upon them? didst thou not rather send down water from thy compassionate eyes, and weep for them by whom thou must bleed? Better had it been for us never to have had any spirit, than any but thine. We can be no other than wicked if our mercies be cruelty.

But is it the name of Elias, O ye zealots, which ye pretend for a colour of your impotent desire? Ye do not consider the difference betwixt his spirit and yours. His was extraordinary and heroical, besides the instinct or secret command of God for this act of his; far otherwise is it with you, who by a carnal distemper are moved to this furious suggestion. Those that would imitate God's saints in singular actions, must see they go upon the same grounds. Without the same spirit, and the same warrant, it is either a mockery or a sin to make them our copies. Elias is no fit pattern for disciples, but their Master. "The Son of man came not to destroy mens lives, but to save them."

Then are our actions and intentions warrantable and praise-worthy, when they accord with his. O Saviour, when we look into those sacred acts and monuments of thine, we find many a life which thou preservedst from perishing, some that had perished by thee recalled; never any by thee destroyed: only one poor fig-tree, as the real emblem of thy severity to the unfruitful, was blasted and withered by thy curse. But to man, how ever favourable and indulgent wert thou? So repelled as thou wert, so reviled, so persecuted, laid for; sold, betrayed, apprehended, arraigned, condemned, crucified; yet what one man didst thou strike dead for these heinous indignities? Yea, when one of thine enemies lost but an ear in that ill quarrel, thou gavest that ear to him who came to take life from thee. I find some whom thou didst

scourge and correct, as the sacrilegious money-changers; none whom thou killedst. Not that thou either lovest not, or requirest not the duly severe execution of justice. Whose sword is it that princes bear but thine? Offenders must smart and bleed. This is a just sequel, but not the intention, of thy coming; thy will, not thy drift.

Good princes make wholesome laws for the well-ordering of their people; there is no authority without due coercion. The violation of these good laws is followed with death, whose end was preservation, life, order; and this not so much for revenge of an offence past, as for prevention of future mischief.

How can we then enough love and praise thy mercy, O thou Preserver of men! How should we imitate thy saving and beneficent disposition towards mankind? as knowing the more we can help to save, the nearer we come to thee that camest to save all; and the more destructive we are, the more we resemble him who is Abaddon, a murderer from the beginning.

CONTEMP. X. *The TEN LEPERS.*

THE Samaritans were tainted, not with schism but heresy, yea paganism; our Saviour yet baulks them not, but makes use of the way as it lies, and bestows upon them the courtesy of some miracles: some kind of commerce is lawful, even with those without; terms of entireness, and leagues of inward amity are here unfit, unwarrantable, dangerous; but civil respects, and wise uses of them for our convenience or necessity, need not, must not be forborne.

Ten lepers are here met, those that are excluded from all other society seek the company of each other; fellowship is that we all naturally affect, tho' even in leprosy; even lepers will flock to their fellows;

lows; where shall we find one spiritual leper alone? Drunkards, profane persons, hereticks, will be sure to consort with their matches: why should not God's saints delight in an holy communion? why is it not our chief joy to assemble in good?

Jews and Samaritans could not abide one another, yet here in leprosy they accord, here was one Samaritan leper with the Jewish; community of passion hath made them friends, whom even religion disjoined: what virtue there is in misery, that can unite even the most estranged hearts!

I seek not mystery in the number; these ten are met together, and all meet Christ, not casually, but upon due deliberation: they purposely waited for this opportunity, no marvel if they thought no attendance long, to be delivered from so loathsome and miserable a disease. Great Naaman could be glad to come from Syria to Judea, in hope of leaving that hateful guest behind him; we are all sensible enough of our bodily infirmities, O that we could be equally weary of the sicknesses and deformities of our better part: surely our spiritual maladies are no less than mortal, if they be not healed, neither can they heal alone; these men had died lepers if they had not met with Christ.

O Saviour, give us grace to seek thee, and patience to wait for thee; and then we know thou wilt find us, and we remedy.

Where do these lepers attend for Christ but in a village? and that not in the street of it, but in the entrance, in the passage to it; the cities, the towns were not for them. The law of God had shut them out from all frequency, from all conversation; care of safety, and fear of infection, was motive enough to make the neighbours observant of this piece of the law. It is not the body only that is herein respected by the God of spirits; those that are spiritually conta-

gious must be still and ever avoided, they must be separated from us, we must be separated from them; they from us, by just censures, or, if that be neglected, we from them, by a voluntary declination of their familiar conversation. Besides the benefit of our safety, wickedness would soon be ashamed of itself, if it were not for the encouragement of companions. Solitariness is the fittest antidote for spiritual infection. It were happy for the wicked man if he could be separated from himself.

These lepers that came to seek Christ, yet finding him they stand afar off, whether for reverence, or for security. God had enacted this distance. It was their charge, if they were occasioned to pass through the streets, to cry out, "I am unclean." It was no less than their duty to proclaim their own infectiousness: there was not danger only, but sin in their approach.

How happy were it, if in those wherein there is more peril there were more remoteness, less silence? O God, we are all lepers to thee, overspread with the loathsome scurf of our own corruptions: it becomes us well, in the conscience of our shame and vileness, to stand afar off. We cannot be too awful of thee, too much ashamed of ourselves.

Yet these men, though they be far off in the distance of place, yet they are near in respect of the acceptance of their prayer. "The Lord is near unto all that call upon him in truth." O Saviour, while we are far off from thee, thou art near unto us. Never dost thou come so close to us, as when in an holy bashfulness we stand farthest off. Justly dost thou expect we should be at once bold and bashful. How boldly should we come to the throne of grace, in respect of the grace of that throne? how fearfully in respect of the awfulness of the majesty of that throne,
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and that unworthiness which we bring with us into that dreadful presence!

He that stands near may whisper, but he that stands afar off must cry aloud; so did these lepers: yet not so much distance as passion strained their throats. That which can give voice to the dumb, can much more give loudness to the vocal.

All cried together: these ten voices were united in one sound, that their conjoined forces might expugn that gracious ear. Had every man spoken singly for himself, this had made no noise, neither yet any shew of a fervent importunity: now, as they were all affected with one common disease, so they all set out their throats together, and (though Jews and Samaritans) agree in one joint supplication. Even where there are ten tongues, the world is but one, that the condescend may be universal. When we would obtain common favours, we may not content ourselves with private and solitary devotions, but must join our spiritual forces together, and set upon God by troops. Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. No faithful prayer goes away unrecompensed: but, where many good hearts meet, the retribution must needs be answerable to the number of the petitioners. O holy and happy violence that is thus offered to heaven! how can we want blessings, when so many cords draw them down upon our heads?

It was not the sound, but the matter, that carried it with Christ: if the sound were shrill, the matter was faithful; "Jesu Master, have mercy upon us." No word can better become the mouth of the miserable. I see not where we can meet with fitter patterns. Surely they were not verier lepers than we: why do we not imitate them in their actions, who are too like them in our condition? Whither should we seek but to our Jesus? how should we stand aloof
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in regard of our own wretchedness? how should we lift up our voice in the fervour of our supplications? what should we rather sue for than mercy? “Jesu
“Master, have mercy upon us.”

O gracious prevention of mercy, both had and given ere it can be asked! Jesus, when he saw them, said, “Go shew yourselves to the priests.” Their disease is cured ere it can be complained of; their shewing to the priest, presupposes them whole, whole in his grant, though not in their own apprehension. That single leper that came to Christ before (Matth. viii. Luke v.) was first cured in his own sense, and then was bid to go to the priest for approbation of the cure. It was not so with these, who are sent to the judges of leprosy, with an intention they shall in the way find themselves healed. There was a different purpose in both these: in the one, that the perfection of the cure might be convinced, and seconded with a due sacrifice: in the other, that the faith of the patients might be tried in the way; which if it had not held as strong in the prosecution of their suit as in the beginning, had, I doubt, failed of the effect. How easily might these lepers think, Alas, to what purpose is this! shew ourselves to the priests? what can their eyes do? they can judge whether it be cured, which we see yet it is not, they cannot cure it. This is not now to do: we have been seen enough, and loathed. What can their eyes see more than our own? We had well hoped that Jesus would have vouchsafed to call us to him, and to lay his hands upon us, and to have healed us. These thoughts had kept them lepers still. Now shall their faith and obedience be proved by their submission both to this sudden command, and that divine ordination.

That former leper was charged to shew himself to the chief priest, these to the priests; either would serve: the original command runs, either to Aaron
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or to one of his sons. But why to them? leprosy was a bodily sickness; what is this to spiritual persons? wherefore serve physicians, if the priests must meddle with diseases? we never shall find those sacred persons to pass their judgment upon fevers, dropries, palsies, or any other bodily distemper: neither should they on this, were it not that this affection of the body is joined with a legal uncleanness: not as a sickness, but as an impurity must it come under their cognizance; neither this, without a farther implication. Who but the successors of the legal priesthood are proper to judge of the uncleannesses of the soul? whether an act be sinful, or in what degree it is such; what grounds are sufficient for the comfortable assurance of repentance, or forgiveness; what courses are fittest to avoid the danger of relapses; who is so like to know, so meet to judge, as our teachers? would we, in these cases, consult oftner with our spiritual guides, and depend upon their faithful advices and well-grounded absolutions, it were safer, it were happier for us. O the dangerous extremity of our wisdom! Our hood-winked progenitors would have no eyes but in the heads of their ghostly fathers: we think ourselves so quick-sighted, that we pity the blindness of our able teachers; none but ourselves are fit to judge of our own leprosy.

Neither was it only the peculiar judgment of the priest that was here intended, but the thankfulness of the patient: that, by the sacrifice which he should bring with him, he might give God the glory of his sanation. O God, whomsoever thou curst of this spiritual leprosy, it is reason he should present thee with the true evangelical sacrifices, not of his praises only, but of himself, which are reasonable and living. We are still leprous, if we do not first see ourselves foul, and then find ourselves thankfully serviceable.

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The lepers did not, would not go of themselves, but are sent by Christ; "Go and shew yourselves." And why sent by him? was it in obedience to the law? was it out of respect to the priesthood? was it for prevention of cavils? was it for conviction of gainsayers? or was it for confirmation of the miracle? Christ that was above the law would not transgress it; he knew this was his charge by Moses. How justly might he have dispensed with his own? but he will not: though the law doth not bind the maker, he will voluntarily bind himself. He was within the ken of his *consummatum est*; yet would not anticipate that approaching end, but holds the law on foot till his last pace. This was but a branch of the ceremonial; yet would he not slight it, but in his own person gives example of a studious observance.

How carefully should we submit ourselves to the royal laws of our Creator, to the wholesome laws of our superiors, while the Son of God would not but be so punctual in a ceremony?

While I look to the persons of those priests, I see nothing but corruption, nothing but professed hostility to the true Messiah. All this cannot make thee, O Saviour, to remit any point of the observance due to their places. Their function was sacred, whatever their persons were: though they have not the grace to give thee thy due, thou wilt not fail to give them theirs. How justly dost thou expect all due regard to thine evangelical priesthood, who gavest so curious respect to the legal? It were shame the synagogue should be above the church; or that priesthood which thou meantest speedily to abrogate, should have more honour than that which thou meantest to establish and perpetuate.

Had this duty been neglected, what clamours had been raised by his emulous adversaries? what scandals? though the fault had been the patients, not the phy-

physician's. But they that watched Christ so narrowly, and were apt to take so poor exceptions at his sabbath-cures, at the unwashen hands of his disciples, how much more would they have calumniated him, if, by his neglect, the law of leprosy had been palpably transgressed? Not only evil must be avoided, but offence; and that not on our parts, but on others. That offence is ours, which we might have remedied.

What a noble and irrefragable testimony was this to the power, to the truth of the Messiah? How can these Jews but either believe, or be made inexcusable in not believing? when they shall see so many lepers come at once to the temple, all cured by a secret will, without word or touch, how can they chuse but say, This work is supernatural; no limited power could do this; how is he not God, if his power be infinite? Their own eyes shall be witnesses and judges of their own conviction.

The cure is done by Christ more exquisitely than by art or nature; yet it is not publickly assured and acknowledged, till, according to the Mosaical law, certain subsequent rites be performed. There is no admittance into the congregation, but by sprinkling of blood. O Saviour, we can never be ascertained of our cleansing from that spiritual leprosy wherewith our souls are tainted, but by the sprinkling of thy most precious blood: wash us with that, and we shall be whiter than snow. This act of shewing to the priest was not more required by the law, than pre-required of these lepers by our Saviour, for the trial of their obedience. Had they now stood upon terms with Christ, (and said, we will first see what cause there will be to shew ourselves to the priests; they need not see our leprosy, we shall be glad they should see our cure: do thou work that which we shall shew, and bid us shew what thou hast wrought;

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till then excuse us: it is our grief and shame to be seen too much) they had been still lepers.

It hath been ever God's wont, by small precepts to prove men's dispositions. Obedience is as well tried in a trifle, as in the most important charge; yea so much more, as the thing required is less: for oft-times those, who would be careful in main affairs, think they may neglect the smallest. What command soever we receive from God or our superiors, we must not scan the weight of the thing, but the authority of the commander. Either difficulty or slightness are vain pretences for disobedience.

These lepers are wiser; they obeyed, and went. What was the issue? "As they went, they were healed." Lo, had they stood still, they had been lepers; now they went, they are whole. What haste the blessing makes to overtake their obedience? This walk was required by the very law, if they should have found themselves healed: what was it to prevent the time a little, and to do that sooner upon hopes, which upon sense they must do after? The horror of the disease adds to the grace of the cure: and that is so much more gracious as the task is easier: it shall cost them but a walk. It is the bounty of that God whom we serve, to reward our worthless endeavours with infinite requitals. He would not have any proportion betwixt our acts and his remunerations.

Yet besides this recompence of obedience, O Saviour, thou wouldst herein have respect to thine own just glory. Had not these lepers been cured in the way, but in the end of their walk, upon their shewing to the priests, the miracle had lost much light: perhaps the priests would have challenged it to themselves, and have attributed it to their prayers; perhaps the lepers might have thought it was thy purpose to honour the priests as the instruments of that marvellous cure. Now there can be no colour of
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any other's participation, since the leprosy vanishes in the way. As thy power, so thy praise admits of no partners.

And now, methinks, I see what an amazed joy there was amongst these lepers, when they saw themselves thus suddenly cured: each tells other what a change he feels in himself; each comforts other with the assurance of his outward clearness; each congratulates other's happiness, and thinks, and says, How joyful this news will be to their friends and families. Their society now serves them well to applaud and heighten their new felicity.

The miracle, indifferently wrought upon all, is differently taken. All went forward, according to the appointment, towards the priests, all were obedient, one only was thankful: all were cured; all saw themselves cured; their sense was alike, their hearts were not alike. What could make the difference but grace? and who could make the difference of grace but he that gave it? He, that wrought the cure in all, wrought the grace not in all, but in one. The same act, the same motives, are not equally powerful to all: where the ox finds grass, the viper poison. We all pray, all hear; one goes away better, another cavils. Will makes the difference; but who makes the difference of wills, but he that made them? He, that creates the new heart, leaves a stone in one bosom, puts flesh into another. "It is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that hath mercy." O God, if we look not up to thee, we may come, and not be healed; we may be healed, and not be thankful.

This one man breaks away from his fellows to seek Christ. While he was a leper, he consoled with lepers; now, that he is healed, he will be free. He saith not, I came with these men, with them I will go; if they will return, I will accompany them; if
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not, what should I go alone? as I am not wiser than they, so I have no more reason to be more thankful. There are cases wherein singularity is not lawful only, but laudable. "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil. I and my house will serve the Lord." It is a base and unworthy thing for a man so to subject himself to others examples, as not sometimes to resolve to be an example to others. When either evil is to be done, or good neglected, how much better is it to go the right way alone, than to err with company?

O noble pattern of thankfulness! what speed of retribution is here? no sooner doth he see his cure, than he hastes to acknowledge it: the benefit shall not die, nor sleep in his hand. Late professions of our obligations favour of dulness and ingratitude. What a laborious and diligent officiousness is here? he stands not still, but puts himself to the pains of a return. What an hearty recognition of a blessing? his voice was not more loud in his suit than in his thanks. What an humble reverence of his benefactor? he falls down at his feet: as acknowledging at once beneficence and unworthiness. It were happy for all Israel, if they could but learn of this Samaritan.

This man is sent with the rest to the priests. He well knew this duty a branch of the law of ceremonies, which he meant not to neglect: but his heart told him there was a moral duty of professing thankfulness to his benefactor, which called for his first attendance. First therefore he turns back, ere he will stir forward. Reason taught this Samaritan, and us in him, that ceremony must yield to substance, and that main points of obedience must take place of all ritual compliments.

It is not for nothing that note is made of the country of this thankful leper; "He was a Samaritan:"
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the place is known, and branded with the infamy of a Paganish mis-religion. Outward disadvantage of place or parentage cannot block up the way of God's grace and free election; as, contrarily, the privileges of birth and nature avail us nothing in spiritual occasions.

How sensible wert thou, O Saviour, of thine own beneficence? "Were there not ten cleansed? but "where are the nine?" The trooping of these lepers together did not hinder thy reckoning. It is both justice and wisdom in thee to keep a strict account of thy favours. There is a wholesome and useful art of forgetfulness in us men, both of benefits done, and of wrongs offered. It is not so with God: our injuries indeed he soon puts over, making it no small part of his stile, that he "forgives iniquities;" but for his mercies, there is no reason he should forget them; they are worthy of more than our memory. His favours are universal over all his works; there is no creature that tastes not of his bounty, his sun and rain are for others besides his friends; but none of his good turns escapes either his knowledge or record. Why should not we, O God, keep a book of our receipts from thee, which, agreeing with thine, may declare thee bounteous, and us thankful?

Our Saviour doth not ask this by way of doubt, but of exprobatation? full well did he count the steps of those absent lepers; he knew where they were, he upbraids their ingratitude, that they were not where they should have been. It was thy just quarrel, O Saviour, that while one Samaritan returned, nine Israelites were healed and returned not. Had they been all Samaritans, this had been faulty; but now they were Israelites, their ingratitude was more foul than their leprosy. The more we are bound to God, the more shameful is our unthankfulness. There is scarce one in ten that is careful to give God his own:

this neglect is not more general than displeasing. Christ had never missed their presence, if their absence had not been hateful and injurious.

CONTEMP. XI. *The Pool of BETHESDA.*

A Sermon preached at the Court before King James.

Otherwhere ye may look long, and see no miracle, but here behold two miracles in one view: the former, of the angel curing diseases; the latter, of the God of angels, Christ Jesus, preventing the angel in his cure. Even the first Christ wrought by the angel, the second immediately by himself. The first is incomparable; for, as Montanus truly observes, there is no one *miraculum perpetuum* but this one, in the whole book of God. Be content to spend this hour with me in the porches of Bethesda, and consider with me the topography, the aitiology, the chronography of this miracle: these three limit our speech, and your patient attention. The chronography, which is first in place and time, offers us two heads: 1. A feast of the Jews. 2. Christ going up to the feast. The Jews were full of holidays, both of God's institution and the church's. Of God's, both weekly, monthly, anniversary. Weekly, that one of seven, which I would to God we had learned of them to keep better. In this regard it was, that Seneca said, the Jews did *septimam ætatis partem perdere*, "lose the seventh part of their life." Monthly, the new moons, Numb. xviii. Anniversary, Easter, Pentecost, and the September feasts. The church's, both the Purim by Mordochæus, and the Encenia by Judas Maccabeus, which yet Christ honoured by his solemnization, John x. Surely God did this for the cheerfulness of his people in his service; hence the church hath laudably imitated this example.

example. To have no feasts is sullen, to have too many is Paganish and superstitious. Neither would God have cast the Christian Easter upon the just time of the Jewish Pasch, and their Whitsuntide upon the Jewish Pentecost, if he would not have had these feasts continued. And why should the Christian church have less power than the Jewish synagogue? Here was not a meer feriacion, but a feasting; they must appear before God *cum muneribus*, "with gifts." The tenth part of their increase must be spent upon the three solemn feasts, besides their former tithes to Levi, Deut. xiv. 23. There was no holiday wherein they feasted above six hours; and in some of them, tradition urged them to their quantities of drink; and David, when he would keep holiday to the ark, allows every Israelite a cake of bread, a piece of flesh, a bottle of wine; not a dry dinner, *prandium caninum*, not a meer drinking of wine without meat, but to make up a perfect feast, bread, flesh, wine, 2 Sam. vi. The true Purims of this island, are those two feasts of August and November. He is no true Israelite that keeps them not, as the days which the Lord hath made. When are joy and triumphs seasonable, if not at feasts? but not excess. Pardon me, I know not how feasts are kept at the court, but, as Job, when he thought of the banquets of his sons, says, "It may be they have sinned;" so let me speak at peradventures, if sensual immoderation should have set her foot into these Christian feasts, let me at least say with indulgent Eli, *non est bona fama, filii*, "It is no good report, my sons." Do ye think that St. Paul's rule, *non in commessationibus et ebrietate*, "not in surfeiting and drunkenness," was for work-days only? The Jews had a conceit, that on their sabbath and feast-days, the devils fled from their cities, *ad montos, umbrosos*, "to the shady mountains." Let it not be said, that on our Chri-

stian feasts they should *e montibus aulam petere*; and that he seeks, and finds not *loca arida*, but *madida*. God forbid that Christians should sacrifice to Bacchus, instead of the ever-living God; and that, on the day when you should have been blown up by treacherous fire from earth to heaven, you should fetch down the fire of God's anger from heaven upon you by swilling and surfeits: God forbid: God's service is *unam necessariam*, "the one thing necessary," saith Christ. *Homo ebrius, superflua creatura*, "a drunken man is a superfluous creature," saith Ambrose. How ill do those two agree together? This I have been bold to say out of caution, not of reproof.

Thus much that there was a feast of the Jews. Now, what feast it was is questionable; whether the Pasch, as Ireneus, and Beza with him thinks, upon the warrant of John iv. 35. where our Saviour had said, "Yet four months, and then cometh the harvest;" or whether Pentecost, which was fifty days from the shaking of the sheaf, that was Easter Sunday, as Cyril, Chrysostom, Theophylact, Euthymius, and some later; or whether one of the September feasts, as some others. The excellency of the feast makes for Easter; the feast *καὶ ἑξοχὴν* the number of interpreters for Pentecost, the number of feasts for September. For as God delighted in the number of seven, the seventh day was holy, the seventh year, the seventh seven year; so he shewed it in the seventh month, which reserves his number still, September; the first day whereof was the Sabbath of trumpets, the tenth *dies expiationum*, and on the fifteenth began the feast of tabernacles for seven days. It is an idleness to seek that which we are never the better when we have found. What if Easter? what if Tabernacles? what if Pentecost? what loss, what gain is this? *Magna nos molestia Johannes liberasset, si un-*

num adjcisset verbum, “ John had eased us of much trouble, if he had added but one word,” saith Maldonat. But for us, God give them sorrow that love it: this is one of St. Paul’s *διαπαρρησαι* “ vain disputations,” that he forbids his Timothy; yea, (which is the subject thereof) one of them which he calls *μωρὰς καὶ ἀπαιδευτὰς ζητήσεις*, “ foolish and unlearned questions,” 2 Tim. ii. 23. *quantum mali facit nimia subtilitas* “ how much mischief is done by too much subtilty?” saith Seneca. These are for some idle cloisterers that have nothing to do but to pick straws in divinity; like to Appian the grammarian, that with long discourse would pick out of Homer’s first verse of his Iliads, and the first word *μῆνιν* the number of the books of Iliads and Odysses; or like Didymus *χαλκέντερος*, that spent some of his four thousand books, about which was Homer’s country, who was Æneas’ true mother, what the age of Hecuba, how long it was betwixt Homer and Orpheus; or those wise critics of whom Seneca speaks, that spent whole volumes whether Homer or Hesiod were the elder, *Non profuturam scientiam tradunt*, “ they vent an unprofitable skill,” as he said. Let us be content with the learned ignorance of what God hath concealed; and know, that what he hath concealed will not avail us to know.

Rather let us inquire why Christ would go up to the feast. I find two silken cords that drew him up thither; 1. His obedience. 2. His desire of manifesting his glory.

First, It was a general law, all males must appear thrice a-year before the Lord. Behold, he was the God whom they went up to worship at the feast, yet he goes up to worship. He began his life in obedience, when he came in his mother’s belly to Bethlehem at the taxation of Augustus, and so he continues it. He knew his due. “ Of whom do the kings of

“ the earth receive tribute? of their own or of strangers? then their sons are free.” Yet he that would pay tribute to Cæſar, will alſo pay this tribute of obedience to his Father. He that was above the law, yields to the law: *Legi ſatisfacere voluit, etſi non ſub lege*; “ He would ſatisfy the law, though he “ were not under the law.” The Spirit of God ſays, “ He learned obedience in that he ſuffered.” Surely alſo he taught obedience in that he died. This was his ἀπέπρον ἐς to John Baptiſt, “ It becomes “ us to fulfill all righteouſneſs.” He will not abate his Father one ceremony. It was dangerous to go up to that Jeruſalem which he had left before for their malice: yet now he will up again. His obedience drew him upon that bloody feaſt, wherein himſelf was ſacrificed; how much more now that he might ſacrifice? What can we plead to have learned of Chriſt if not his firſt leſſon, obedience? The ſame proclamation that Gideon made to Iſrael, he makes ſtill to us, “ As ye ſee me do, ſo do ye:” whatſoever therefore God enjoins us, either immediately by himſelf, or mediately by his deputies, if we will be Chriſtians, we muſt ſo obſerve, as thoſe that know themſelves bound to tread in his ſteps, that ſaid, “ In the “ volume of thy book it is written of me, I deſired to “ do thy will, O God,” Pſal. xl. 6. “ I will have obedi- “ ence (ſaith God) and not ſacrifice;” but where ſacrifice is obedience, he will have obedience in ſacrificing: therefore Chriſt went up to the feaſt.

The ſecond motive was the manifeſtation of his glory: if we be the light of the world, which are ſo much ſnuff, what is he that is the Father of lights? It was not for him to be ſet under the buſhel of Nazareth, but upon the table of Jeruſalem: thither, and then was the confluence of all the tribes; many a time had Chriſt paſſed by this man before, when the ſtreets were empty (for there he lay many years) yet
heals

heals him not till now. He, that sometimes modestly steals a miracle with a *vide ne cui dixeris*, "see thou tell "no man," that no man might know it, at other times does wonders upon the scaffold of the world, that no man might be ignorant, and bids proclaim it on the house-tops. It was fit the world should be thus publicly convinced, and either won by belief, or lost by inexcusableness. Good, the more common it is, the better: "I will praise thee, (saith David) *in ecclesia magna*, "in the great congregation;" glory is not got in corners: no man, say the envious kinsmen of Christ, keeps close and would be famous; no, nor that would have God celebrated. The best opportunities must be taken in glorifying him. He, that would be crucified at the feast, that his death and resurrection might be more famous, will, at the feast, do miracles, that his divine power might be approved openly. Christ is *flos campi, non horti*, "the flower of the field, and not of the garden," saith Bernard. God cannot abide to have his graces smothered in us. "I have not hid thy righteousness within "my heart," saith the Psalmist. Absalom, when he would be *insigniter improbus*, "notoriously wicked," does his villainy publickly in the eyes of the sun, under no curtain but heaven. He that would do notable service to God, must do it conspicuously. Nicodemus gained well by Christ, but Christ got nothing by him, so long as, like a night-bird, he never came to him but with owls and bats. Then he began to be a profitable disciple, when he began to oppose the Pharisees in their condemnation of Christ, though indefinitely: but most, when in the night of his death the light of his faith brought him openly to take down the sacred corps before all the gazing multitude, and to embalm it. When we confess God's name, with the Psalmist, before kings; when kings, defenders of the faith, profess their religion in public and ever-

lasting monuments to all nations, to all times, this is glorious to God, and in God to them. It is no matter how close evils be, nor how public good is.

This is enough for the Chronography, the Topography follows. I will not here stand to shew you the ignorance of the vulgar translation in joining *probatica* and *piscina* together, against their own fair Vatican copy, with other antient: nor spend time to discuss whether ἀγορα or πύλη be here understood for the substantive of προβατική; it is most likely to be that sheep-gate spoken of in Ezra: nor to shew how ill *piscina* in the Latin answers the Greek κολυμβήθρα; ours turn it a pool, better than any Latin word can express it: nor to shew you, as I might, how many public pools were in Jerusalem: nor to discuss the use of this pool, whether it were for washing the beasts to be sacrificed, or to wash the intrails of the sacrifice, whence I remember Jerom fetches the virtues of the water, and in his time thought he discerned some redness, as if the blood spilt four hundred years before could still retain his first tincture in a liquid substance; besides, that it would be a strange swimming pool that were brewed with blood, and this was κολυμβήθρα. This conceit arises from the error of the construction, in mismatching κολυμβήθρα with προβατική. Neither will I argue whether it should be Bethsida, or Bethzida, or Bethsheda, or Bethesda. If either you or myself knew not how to be rid of time, we might easily wear out as many hours in this pool, as this poor impotent man did years. But it is edification that we affect, and not curiosity. This pool had five porches. Neither will I run here with St. Austin into allegories, that this pool was the people of the Jews, *aquæ multæ, populus multus*; and these five porches the Law in the five books of Moses; nor stand to confute Adricomius, which, out of Josephus, would persuade us that these five porches

porches were built by Solomon, and that this was *stagnum Solomonis* for the use of the temple. The following words shew the use of the porches; for the receipt of "impotent, sick, blind, halt, withered, that waited for the moving of the water." It should seem it was walled about to keep it from cattle, and these five vaulted entrances were made by some benefactors for the more convenience of attendance. Here was the mercy of God seconded by the charity of men: if God will give cure, they will give harbour. Surely it is a good matter to put our hand to God's, and to further good works with convenience of enjoying them.

Jerusalem was grown a city of blood, to the persecution of the prophets, to a wilful despite of what belonged to her peace, to a profanation of God's temple, to a mere formality in God's services: and yet here were public works of charity in the midst of her streets. We may not always judge of the truth of piety by charitable actions. Judas disbursed the money for Christ, there was no traitor but he. The poor traveller that was robbed and wounded betwixt Jerusalem and Jericho, was passed over, first by the priest, then by the Levite, at last the Samaritan came and relieved him: his religion was naught, yet his act was good; the priest's and Levite's religion good, their uncharity ill. Novatus himself was a martyr, yet a schismatic. Faith is the soul, and good works are the breath, saith St. James: but, as you see in a pair of bellows, there is a forced breath without life, so in those that are puffed up with the wind of ostentation, there may be charitable works without faith. The church of Rome, unto her four famous orders of Jacobins, Franciscans, Augustines and Carmelites, hath added a fifth of Jesuits; and, like another Jerusalem, for those five leprous and lazarly orders, hath built five porches, that if the water of any state be stirred,

stirred, they may put in for a share. How many cells and convents hath she raised for these miserable cripples? and now she thinks, though she exalt herself above all that is called God, though she dispense with and against God, though she fall down before every block and wafer, though she kill kings, and equivocate with magistrates, she is the only city of God. *Digna est, nam struxit synagogum*, "She is worthy, for she hath built a synagogue." Are we more orthodox, and shall not we be as charitable? I am ashamed to think of rich noblemen and merchants that die and give nothing to our five porches of Bethesda. What shall we say? have they made their mammon their God, instead of making friends with their mammon to God! Even when they die, will they not (like Ambrose's good usurers) part with that which they cannot hold, that they may get that which they cannot lose? Can they begin their will, *In Dei nomine, Amen*; and give nothing to God? Is he only a witness, and not a legatee? Can we bequeath our souls to Christ in heaven, and give nothing to his limbs on earth? and if they will not give, yet will they not lend to God? "He that gives to the poor, *fœneratur Deo*, lends to God." Will they put out to any but God? and then, when instead of giving security, he receives with one hand, and pays with another, receives our bequest and gives us glory? O damnable niggardness of vain men, that shames the gospel, and loses heaven! Let me shew you a Bethesda that wants porches. What truer house of effusion than the church of God, which sheds forth waters of comfort, yea of life! Behold some of the porches of this Bethesda so far from building, that they are pulled down. It is a wonder if the demolished stones of God's house have not built some of yours, and if some of you have not your rich suits guarded with souls. There were wont to be reckoned

oned three wonders of England, *ecclesia, fœmina, lana*, "the churches, the women, the wool." *Fœmina* may pass still, who may justly challenge wonder for their vanity, if not their person. As for *lana*, if it be wonderful alone, I am sure it is ill joined with *ecclesia*: the church is fleeced, and hath nothing left but a bare pelt upon her back. And as for *ecclesia*, either men have said with the Babylonians, "Down with it, down with it, even to the ground;" or else in respect of the maintenance with Judas, *ut quid perditio hæc?* "why was this waste?" How many remorseful souls have sent back, with Jacob's sons, their money in their sack's mouth? How many great testators have, in their last will, returned the anathematized peculium of impropriations to the church, chusing rather to impair their heir than to burden their souls? *Dum times ne pro te patrimonium tuum perdas, ipse pro patrimonio tuo peris*, saith Cyprian, "While thou fearest to lose thy patrimony for thy own good, thou perishest with thy patrimony." Ye great men, spend not all your time in building castles in the air, or houses on the sand; but set your hands and purses to the building of the porches of Bethesda. It is a shame for a rich Christian to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all, and nothing can be got out till it be broken in pieces; or like unto a drowned man's hand that holds whatsoever it gets. "To do good and to distribute forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

This was the place, what was the use of it? All sorts of patients were at the bank of Bethesda: where should cripples be but at the spittle? The sick, blind, lame, withered, all that did either *morbo laborare* or *vicio corporis*, "complain of sickness or impotency, were there." In natural course, one receipt heals not all diseases, no nor one agent; one is an oculist, another a bone-setter, another a chirurgeon:
but

but all diseases are alike to the supernatural power of God.

Hippocrates, though the prince of physicians, yet swears by Esculapius he will never meddle with cutting for the stone. There is no disease that art will not meddle with; there are many that it cannot cure. The poor hæmorrhoidia was eighteen years in the physicians' hands, and had purged away both her body and her substance. Yea, some it kills instead of healing: whence one Hebrew word signifies both physicians and dead men. But, behold, here all sicknesses cured by one hand, and by one water: O all ye that are spiritually sick and diseased, come to the Pool of Bethesda, the blood of Christ: do ye complain of the blindness of your ignorance? here ye shall receive clearness of sight: of the distemper of passions? here ease: of the superfluity of your sinful humours? here evacuation: of the impotency of your obedience? here integrity: of the dead witheredness of good affections? here life and vigour. Whatsoever your infirmity be, come to the pool of Bethesda, and be healed.

All these may be cured; yet shall be cured at leisure; all must wait, all must hope in waiting. Methinks I see how enviously these cripples look one upon another, each thinking other a lett, each watching to prevent other, each hoping to be next; like emulous courtiers, that gape and vie for the next preferment, and think it a pain to hope, and a torment to be prevented: but Bethesda must be waited on. He is worthy of his crutches that will not wait God's leisure for his cure: there is no virtue, no success without patience. Waiting is a familiar lesson with courtiers, and here we have all need of it; one is sick of an overflowing of the gall, another of a tumour of pride, another of the tentigo of lust, another of the vertigo of inconstancy, another of the choking squinancy

nancy of curses and blasphemies; one of the boulimy of gluttony, another of the pleuritical fitches of envy; one of the contracting cramp of covetousness, another of the atrophy of unproficiency; one is hidebound with pride, another is consumed with emulation, another rotten with corrupt desires; and we are so much the sicker, if we feel not these distempers. O that we could wait at the Bethesda of God, attend diligently upon his ordinances: we could no more fail of cure, than now we can hope for cure. We wait hard, and endure much for the body. *Quantis laboribus agitur ut longiore tempore laboretur! multi cruciatus, suscipiuntur certi, ut pauci dies adjiciantur incerti:* "What toil do we take that we may toil yet longer! we endure many certain pains for the addition of a few uncertain days," saith Austin. Why will we not do thus for the soul? Without waiting it will not be. The cripple (Acts iii. 4.) was bidden βλέψοις ἐμᾶς "look up to us:" he look'd up, it was cold comfort that he heard, "Silver and gold have I none:" but the next clause made amends for all, *Surge et ambula*, "rise and walk;" and this was, because ἐπειχεν προσδοκῶν he attended expecting, verse 5. Would we be cured; it is not for us to snatch at Bethesda, as a dog at Nilus; nor to draw water and away, as Rebecca; nor to set us a while upon the banks, as the Israelites by the rivers of Babylon; but we must dwell in God's house, wait at Bethesda. But what shall I say to you courtiers, but even as St. Paul to his Corinthians, "Ye are full, ye are rich, ye are strong without us:" Many of you come to this place, not as to Bethel the house of God, or Bethesda the house of effusion, but as to Bethaven the house of vanity. If ye have not lost your old wont, there are more words spoken in the outer closet by the hearers, than in the chapel by the preacher; as if it were closet, *quasi* close set, in an Exchange, like communi-

munication of news. What do ye think of sermons? As matters of formality, as very superfluities, as your own idle compliments, which either ye hear not, or believe not? What do ye think of yourselves? have ye only a postern to go to heaven by yourselves, where through ye can go, besides the foolishness of preaching? or do you sing that old Pelagian note, *Quid nunc mihi opus est Deo*, “ what need have I “ of God?” what should I say to this, but *increpa Domine*. As for our household sermons, our auditors are like the fruit of a tree, in an unseasonable year, or like a wood new-felled, that hath some few spires left for standers some poles distance; or like the tithe sheaves in a field, when the corn is gone, *εἰς δύο τρεῖς* &c. as he said. It is true ye have more sermons, and more excellent, than all the courts under heaven put together; but as Austin said well, *Quid mihi proderit bona res non utenti bene?* “ what “ am I the better for a good thing, if I use it not “ well?” Let me tell you, all these forcible means, not well used, will set you the further off from heaven. If the chapel were the Bethesda of promotion, what thronging would there be into it? yea, if it were but some mask-house wherein a glorious, though momentary show were to be presented, neither white staves, nor halberts could keep you out: behold here, ye are offered the honour to be, by this seed of regeneration, the sons of God. The kingdom of heaven, the crown of glory, the scepter of majesty; in one word, eternal life is here offered, and performed to you: O let us not so far forget ourselves, as in the ordinances of God to condemn our own happiness: but let us know the time of our visitation, let us wait reverently, and intently upon this Bethesda of God, that when the angel shall descend and move the water, our souls may be cured, and through all the degrees of grace, may be carried to the full height of their glory.

CONTEMP. XII. *The first Part of the Meditations upon the TRANSFIGURATION of CHRIST.*

A Sermon preached at Havering-Bower before King
JAMES.

THERE is not in all divinity an higher speculation than this of Christ transfigured: suffer me therefore to lead you up by the hand, into mount Tabor, for nearer to heaven ye cannot come while ye are upon earth, that you may see him glorious upon earth, the region of his shame and abatement, who is now glorious in heaven, the throne of his majesty. He that would not have his transfiguration spoken of till he were raised, would have it spoken of all the world over, now that he is raised and ascended, that by this momentary glory we may judge of the eternal. The circumstances shall be to us as the skirts of the hill, which we will climb up lightly; the time, place, attendants, company: the time, after six days; the place, an high hill apart; the attendants Peter, James, John; the company, Moses and Elias: which when we have passed, on the top of the hill shall appear to us that fight which shall once make us glorious, and in the mean time happy.

All three evangelists accord in the *terminus a quo* that it was immediately after those words, "There be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death till they have seen the Son of man come in his kingdom." Wherein, methinks, the act comments upon the words. Peter, James and John, were these some; they tasted not of death till they saw this heavenly image of the royalty of Christ glorified. But the *terminus quo* disagrees a little Matthew and Mark say, after six; Luke, *post fere octo* which, as they are easily reconciled by the usual distinction of inclusive and exclusive, necessary for all

computations; and Luke's about eight, so, methinks, seems to intimate God's seventh day, the Sabbath: why should there be else so precise mention of six days after, and about eight, but to imply that day which was betwixt the sixth and eight? God's day was fittest for so divine a work; and well might that day, which imposted God's rest and man's glory, be used for the clear representation of the rest and glory of God and man. But in this conjecture, for ought I know, I go alone; I dare not be too resolute: certainly it was the seventh, whether it were that seventh, the seventh after the promise of the glory of his kingdom exhibited: and this perhaps not without a mystery; "God teacheth both by words and acts," saith Hilary, "that after six ages of the world should be Christ's glorious appearance, and our transfiguration with him." But I know what our Saviour's farewell was, ἔχ ὑμῶν γινῶσται "it is not for us to know;" but if we may not know, we may conjecture; yet not above that we ought, saith St. Paul; we may not *super sapere*, as Tertullian's phrase is.

For the place, tradition hath taken it still for Tabor; I list not to cross it without warrant: this was an high hill indeed: thirty furlongs high, saith Josephus; *mira rotunditate jublimis*, saith Hierom: and so steep, that some of our English travellers, that have desired to climb it of late, have been glad to give it up in the mid-way, and to measure the rest with their eyes. Doubtless this hill was a symbol of heaven, being near as in its situation, in resemblance. Heaven is expressed usually by the name of God's hill: and nature, or this appellation taught the heathens to figure it, by their Olympus. All divine affairs of any magnificence, were done on hills: on the hill of Sinai was the Law delivered, on the hill of Moriah was Isaac to be sacrificed; whence Abraham's Post is *In monte providebitur*. On the hill of Rephidim stood Mo-
ses

ses with the rod of God in his stretched hand, and figured him crucified upon the hill, whom Joshua figured victorious in the valley; on the hills of Ebal and Gerizim were the blessings and curses, on Carmel was Eliah's sacrifice; the phrontisteria, schools, or universities of the prophets were still Ramath and Gibeath, *excelsa*, "high places:" who knows not that on the hill of Zion stood the temple? "I have looked up to the hills," saith the Psalmist: and idolatry, in imitation, had their hill-altars. On the mount of Olives was Christ went to send up his prayers, and sent up himself: and here, Luke saith, he went up to an high hill to pray; not for that God makes difference of places, to whose immensity heaven itself is a valley: it was an heathenish conceit of those Aramites, that God is *Deus montium*, "the God of the mountains:" but because we are commonly more disposed to good by either the freedom of our scope to heaven, or the awfulness, or solitary silence of places, which (as one saith) strikes a kind of adoration into us; or by our local removal from this attractive body of the earth; howsoever, when the body sees itself above the earth, the eye of the mind is more easily raised to her heaven. It is good to take all advantage of place, setting aside superstition, to further our devotion: Aaron and Hur were in the mountain with Moses, and held up his hands: Aaron, say some allegorists, is mountainous, Hur fiery: heavenly meditation, and the fire of charity, must lift up our prayers to God. As Satan carried up Christ to an high hill, to tempt him, so he carries up himself to be freed from temptation and distraction: if ever we would be transfigured in our dispositions, we must leave the earth below, and abandon all worldly thoughts, *venite ascendamus*; &c. "O come, let us climb up to the hill, where God sees," or is seen, saith devout Bernard; "O all ye cares, distractions, thoughtfulness, labours, pains,

“servitudes, stay me here with this ass, my body,
 “till I with the boy, that is, my reason and under-
 “standing, shall worship and return,” saith the same
 father, wittily alluding to the journey of Abraham
 for his sacrifice.

Wherefore then did Christ climb up this high hill?
 not to look about him, but saith St. Luke, *προσεύχεται*
 to pray; not for prospect, but for devotion, that his
 thoughts might climb up yet nearer to heaven. Be-
 hold how Christ entered upon all his great works with
 prayers in his mouth. When he was to enter into that
 great work of his humiliation in his passion, he went
 into the garden to pray; when he is to enter into this
 great work of his exaltation in his transfiguring, he
 went up into the mountain to pray: he was taken
 up from his knees to both. O noble example of piety
 and devotion to us! He was God that prayed: the
 God that he prayed to, he might have commanded;
 yet he prayed, that we men might learn of him to
 pray to him. What should we men dare to do with-
 out prayers, when he that was God would do no-
 thing without them? The very heathen poet could
 say, *A Jove principium*: and which of those verse-
 mongers ever durst write a ballad, without imploring
 of some deity? which of the Heathens durst attempt
 any great enterprise, *insalutate numine*; “without in-
 “vocation and sacrifice?” Saul himself would play the
 priest, and offer a burnt-offering to the Lord rather
 than the Philistines should fight with him unsuppli-
 cated; as thinking any devotion better than none;
 and thinking it more safe to sacrifice without a priest,
 than to fight without prayers. “Ungirt, unblest,” was
 the old word, as not ready till they were girded, so
 not till they had prayed. And how dare we rush
 into the affairs of God or the state? how dare we
 thrust ourselves into actions, either perilous or impor-
 tant, without ever lifting up our eyes and hearts un-

to the God of heaven? except we would say, as the devilish malice of Surius slanders that zealous Luther, *Nec propter Deum hæc res captæst, nec propter Deum finietur, &c.* "This business was neither begun for God, nor shall be ended for him." How can God bless us, if we implore him not? how can we prosper, if he bless us not? How can we hope ever to be transfigured from a lump of corrupt flesh, if we do not ascend and pray? As the Samaritan woman said weakly, we may seriously; The well of mercies is deep: if thou hast nothing to draw with, never look to taste of the waters of life. I fear the worst of men, Turks, and the worst Turks, the Moors, shall rise up in judgment against many Christians, with whom it is a just exception against any witness by their law, that he hath not prayed six times in each natural day. Before the day break, they pray for day; when it is day, they give God thanks for day; at noon they thank God for half the day past; after that they pray for a good sun-set; after that they thank God for the day past; and lastly, pray for a good night after their day. And we Christians suffer so many suns and moons to rise and set upon our heads, and never lift up our hearts to their Creator and ours, either to ask his blessing, or to acknowledge it. Of all men under heaven, none had so much need to pray as courtiers. That which was done but once to Christ is always done to them. They are set upon the hill, and see the glory of the kingdoms of the earth. But I fear it is seen of them as it is with some of the mariners, the more need, the less devotion.

Ye have seen the place, seen the attendants. He would not have many, because he would not have it yet known to all: hence was his intermination, and sealing up their mouths with a *nemine decite*, "tell no man." Not none, because he would not

have it altogether unknown; and afterwards would have it known to all. Three were a legal number; *in orum duorum aut trium*, “in the mouth of two or “three witnesses.” He had eternally possessed the glory of his Father without any witnesses: in time the angels were blessed with that sight; and after that two bodily, yet heavenly, witnesses were allowed, Enoch and Elias. Now, in his humanity, he was invested with glory, he takes but three witnesses, and those earthly and weak, Peter, James, John. And why these? we may be too curious, Peter, because the eldest; John, because the dearest; James, because next Peter, the zealous: Peter, because he loved Christ most; John, because Christ most loved him; James, because, next to both, he loved, and was loved most. I had rather to have no reason, but, *quio complacuit*, “because it so pleased him.” Why may we not as well ask why he chose these twelve from others, as why he chose these three out of the twelve? If any Romanists will raise from hence any privilege to Peter, (which we could be well content to yield, if that would make them ever the honestest men) they must remember that they must take company with them, which these Pompeian spirits cannot abide. As good no privilege as any partners. And withal, they must see him more taxed for his error in this act, than honoured by his presence at the act; whereas the beloved disciple saw and erred not. These same three, which were witnesses of his transfiguration in the mount, were witnesses of his agony in the garden: all three, and these three alone, were present at both: but both times sleeping. These were *arietes gregis*, “The bell-wethers of the flock,” as Austin calls them. O weak devotion of three great disciples! These were Paul’s three pillars, *οἱ σῦλοι δοκῶντες*, Gal. ii. 9. Christ takes them up twice; once to be witnesses of his greatest glory, once of his greatest

greatest extremity: they sleep both times. The other was in the night, more tolerable; this by day, yea in a light above day. Chrysoſtom would ſain excuse it to be an amazedneſs, not a ſleep; not conſidering that they ſlept both at that glory, and after in the agony. To ſee that Maſter praying, one would have thought ſhould have fetched them on their knees; eſpecially to ſee thoſe heavenly affections look out at his eyes; to ſee his ſoul liſted up in his hands, in that tranſported faſhion, to heaven. But now the hill hath wearied their limbs, their body clogs their ſoul, and they fall aſleep. While Chriſt ſaw divine viſions, they dreamed dreams; while he was in another world, raviſhed with the ſight of his Father's glory, yea of his own, they were in another world, a world of fancies, ſurpriſed with the couſin of death, ſleep. Beſides ſo gracious an example, their own neceſſity, *quia inceſſanter pecco*, "Be cauſe I continually ſin," Bernard's reaſon, might have moved them to pray, rather than their Maſter: and behold, inſtead of fixing their eyes upon heaven, they ſhut them; inſtead of liſting up their hearts, their heads fall down upon their ſhoulders; and ſhortly, here was ſnorting inſtead of ſighs and prayers. This was not Abraham's or Elihu's ecſtatical ſleep, Job. xxxiii. not the ſleep of the church, a waking ſleep, but the plain ſleep of the eyes; and that not a ſlumbering ſleep, which David denies to himſelf, Pſal. cxxxii. but a ſound ſleep, which Solomon forbids, Prov. vi. 4. yea rather the dead ſleep of Adam or Jonas; and, as Bernard had wont to ſay, when he heard a Monk ſnort, they did *carnaliter ſeu ſeculariter dormire*. Prayer is an ordinary receipt for ſleep. How prone are we to it, when we ſhould mind divine things? Adam ſlept in Paradife and loſt a rib: but this ſleep was of God's giving, and this rib was of God's taking. The good huſband ſlept, and found tares. Euty chus ſlept,

and fell. While Satan lulls us asleep, as he doth always rock the cradle when we sleep in our devotions, he ever takes some good from us, or puts some evil in us, or endangers us a deadly fall. Away with this spiritual lethargy! Bernard had wont to say, that those which sleep are dead to men, those that are dead are asleep to God. But I say, those that sleep at church are dead to God: so we preach their funeral sermons instead of hortatory. And as he was wont to say, he lost no time so much as that wherein he slept; so let me add, there is no loss of time so desperate as of holy time. Think that Christ saith to thee at every Sermon, as he did to Peter, *Etiam Petre dormis?* "Sleep'st thou Peter, couldst thou not wake "with me one hour?" A slumbering and a drowsy heart does not become the business and presence of him that keepeth Israel, and slumbers not.

These were the attendants; see the companions of Christ. As our glory is not consummate without society, no more would Christ have his; therefore his transfiguration hath two companions, Moses, Elias. As St. Paul says of himself, "Whether in the body "or out of the body, I know not, God knows;" so say I of these two. Of Elias there may seem less doubt, since we know that his body was assumed to heaven, and might as well come down for Christ's glory, as go up for his own; although some grave authors, as Calvin, *Æcolampadius*, Bale, Fulk, have held his body, with Enoch's, resolved into their elements, *Sed ego non credulus illis: Enoch translatus est in carne, et Elias carneus raptus est in cælum, &c.* "Enoch was "translated in the flesh, and Elias, being yet in the "flesh, was taken into heaven," saith Jerom, in the his Epistle *ad Pamachium*.

And for Moses, though it be rare and singular, and Austin makes much scruple of it, yet why might not he after death return in his body to the glory of
Christ's

Christ's transfiguration, as well as afterwards many of the faints did to the glory of his resurrection? I cannot therefore with the gloss think, there is any reason why Moses should take another, a borrowed body, rather than his own. Heaven could not give two fitter companions, more admirable to the Jews for their miracles, more gracious with God for their faith and holiness; both of them admitted to the conference with God in Horeb, both of them types of Christ; both of them fasted forty days, both of them for the glory of God suffered many perils, both divided the waters, both the messengers of God to kings, both of them marvellous, as in their life, so in their end. A chariot of angels took away Elias; he was sought by the prophets, and not found. Michael strove with the devil for the body of Moses; he was sought by the Jews, and not found; and now both of them are found here together on Tabor. This Elias shews himself to the royal Prophet of his church; this Moses shews himself to the true Michael. Moses the publisher of the law, Elias the chief of the prophets, shew themselves to the God of the law and prophets. *Alter populi informator aliquando, alter reformator quandoque*; "one the informer once of the people; the other the reformer sometimes," saith Tertull. in 4. *adver. Marcionem.* *Alter initiator veteris testamenti, alter consummator novi*; "one the first register of the Old Testament, the other the shutter up of the New." I verily think with Hilary, that these two are pointed at as the fore-runners of the second coming of Christ, as now they were the fore-tellers of his departure: neither doubt I that these are the two witnesses which are alluded to in the Apocalyps, howsoever divers of the fathers have thrust Enoch into the place of Moses. Look upon the place, Apoc. xi. 5. who but Elias can be he of whom it is said, "If any man will hurt him, fire

“proceedeth out of his mouth, and devoureth his enemies?” alluding to Kings i. Who but Elias of whom is said, “He hath power to shut the heaven, that it rain not in the days of his prophesying?” alluding to 2 Kings xviii. Who but Moses of whom it is said, “He hath power to turn the waters into blood, and smite the earth with all manner of plagues?” alluding to Exod. vii. and 8. But take me aright, let me not seem a friend to the Publicans of Rome, an abettor of those Alcoran-like Fables of our Popish doctors, who, not seeing the wood for trees, do *hærere in cortice*, “stick in the bark,” taking all concerning that Antichrist, according to the letter, *Odi et arceo*. So shall Moses and Elias come again in those witnesses, as Elias is already come in John Baptist: their spirits shall be in these witnesses, whose bodies and spirits were witnesses both of the present glory and future passion of Christ. Doubtless many thousand angels saw this sight, and were not seen; these two both saw and were seen. O how great an happiness was it for these two great prophets, in their glorified flesh to see their glorified Saviour, who, before his incarnation had spoken to them! To speak to that Man-God of whom they were glorified, and to become prophets not to men, but to God? And if Moses his face so shone before, when he spoke to him without a body in mount Sinai, in the midst of the flames and clouds, how did it shine now, when himself glorified speaks to him a man, in Tabor, in light and majesty? Elias hid his face before with a mantle, when he passed by him in the rock; now with open face he beholds him present, and in his own glory adores his. Let that impudent Marcion, who ascribes the law and prophets to another God, and devises an hostility betwixt Christ and them, be ashamed to see Moses and Elias not only *in colloquio* but *in consortia claritatis*, “not only
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“in conference, but in a partnership of brightness,” as Tertull. speaks, with Christ; whom, if he had misliked, he had his choice of all the quire of heaven; and now chusing them, why were they not *in sordibus et tenebris*, in rags and darkness? *sic in alienos demonstrat illos dum secum habet; sic relinquendos docet quos sibi jungit; sibi destruit quos de radiis suis exstruit.* “So doth he shew them far from “strangeness to him, whom he hath with him; so doth “he teach them to be forsaken, whom he joins with “himself; so doth he destroy those whom he graces “with his beams of glory,” saith that father. His act verifies his word, “Think not that I come to destroy “the law or the prophets; I am not come to de- “stroy, but to fulfil them.” Matth. v. 17. O what consolation, what confirmation was this to the disciples, to see such examples of their future glory! such witnesses and adorers of the eternal Deity of their Master! They saw, in Moses and Elias, what they themselves should be. How could they ever fear to be miserable, that saw such precedents of their ensuing glory? how could they fear to die, that saw in others the happiness of their own change? The rich glutton pleads with Abraham, that “If one came to “them from the dead, they will amend:” Abraham answers, “They have Moses and the prophets, let them “hear them.” Behold, here is both Moses and the prophets, and these two come from the dead: how can we now but be persuaded of the happy state of another world, unless we will make ourselves worse than the damned? See and consider that the saints of God are not lost, but departed; gone into a far country with their Master, to return again richer and better than they went. Lest we should think this the condition of Elias only, that was wrapt into heaven, see here Moses matched with him, that died and was buried. And is this the state of these two saints alone?

alone? shall none be seen with him in the Tabor of heaven, but those which have seen him in Horeb and Carmel? O thou weak Christian, was only one or two limbs of Christ's body glorious in the transfiguration, or the whole? he is the head, we are the members. If Moses and Elias were more excellent parts, tongue or hand, let us be but heels or toes, his body is not perfect in glory without ours. "When Christ, which is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory;" Colof. iii. 4. How truly may we say to death, "Rejoice not mine enemy, though I fall, yet shall I rise;" yea, I shall rise in falling. "We shall not all sleep, we shall be changed," saith St. Paul to his Thessalonians. Elias was changed, Moses slept, both appeared; to teach us, that neither our sleep nor change can keep us from appearing with him. When therefore thou shalt receive the sentence of death on mount Nebo, or when the fiery chariot shall come and sweep thee from this vale of mortality, remember thy glorious reapparition with thy Saviour, and thou canst not but be comforted, and chearfully triumph over that last enemy, outfacing those terrors with the assurance of a blessed resurrection to glory. To the which, &c.

CONTEMP. XIII. *The second Part of the Meditations upon the TRANSFIGURATION of CHRIST.*

In a Sermon preached at Whitehall before King
JAMES.

IT falls out with this discourse as with mount Tabor itself, that it is more easily climbed with the eye, than with the foot. If we may not rather say of it, as Josephus did of Sinai, that it doth not only *ascensus hominum*, but *aspectus fatigare*, "weary not only the steps but the very sight of men." We had thought not to spend many breaths in the skirts of
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of the hill, the circumstances: and it hath cost us one hour's journey already; and we were glad to rest us ere we can have left them below us. One pause more, I hope, will overcome them, and set us on the top. No circumstance remains undiscussed but this one, what Moses and Elias did with Christ in their apparition? For they were not, as some sleepy attendants, (like the three disciples in the beginning) to be there and see nothing; nor, as some silent spectators, mute witnesses, to see and say nothing: but, as if their glory had no whit changed their profession, they are prophets still, and "foretold his departure." as St. Luke tells us. Foretold, not to him which knew it before, yea which told it them; they could not have known it but from him; he was ὁ λόγος "the Word" of his Father: they told but that which he before had told his disciples, and now these heavenly witnesses tell it over again, for confirmation. Like as John Baptist knew Christ before; he was *vox clamantis* "the voice of a cryer," the other *Verbum Patris*, "the Word" of his Father; there is great affinity betwixt *vox* and *verbum*; yea, this voice had uttered itself clearly, *Ecce Agnus Dei*, "Behold the Lamb of God:" yet he sends his disciples with an "Art thou he?" that he might confirm to them by him, that which he both knew and had said of him. So our Saviour follows his forerunner in this, that what he knew and had told his disciples, the other Elias, the typical John Baptist, and Moses must make good to their belief.

This ἐξοδος, departure of Christ, was σκληρολόγος a word both hard and harsh; hard to believe, and harsh in believing. The disciples thought of nothing but a kingdom; a kingdom restored magnificently, interminably: and two of these three witnesses had so swallowed this hope, that they had put in for places in the state, to be his chief peers. How could they think

think of a parting? The throne of David did so fill their eyes, that they could not see his cross; and if they must let pown this pill, how bitter must it needs be? His presence was their joy and life; it was their death to think of his loss. Now therefore that they might see that his sufferings and death were not of any sudden impotence, but predetermined in heaven, and revealed to the saints, two of the most noted saints in heaven shall second the news of his departure, and that in the midst of his transfiguration: that they could not chuse but think, He that can be thus happy, needs not be miserable; that passion which he will undergo, is not out of weakness, but out of love. It is wittily noted by that sweet Chrysostom, that Christ never lightly spake of his passion, but immediately before and after he did some great miracle. And here, answerably, in the midst of his miraculous transfiguration, the two saints speak of his passion. A strange opportunity! in his highest exaltation to speak of his sufferings; to talk of Calvary in Tabor; when his head shone with glory, to tell him how it must bleed with thorns; when his face shone like the sun, to tell him it must be blubbered and spit upon; when his garments glistered with that celestial brightness, to tell him they must be stripped and divided; when he was adored by the saints of heaven, to tell him how he must be scorned by the basest of men; when he was seen between two saints, to tell him how he must be seen between two malefactors: in a word, in the midst of his divine majesty, to tell him of his shame; and, while he was transfigured in the mount, to tell him how he must be disfigured upon the cross. Yet these two heavenly prophets found this the fittest time for this discourse: rather chusing to speak of his sufferings in the height of his glory, than of his glory after his sufferings. It is most seasonable in our best to think of our worst estate; for both that thought will

will be best digested when we are well, and that change will be best prepared for when we are the farthest from it. You would perhaps think it unseasonable for me, in the midst of all your court-jollity, to tell you of the days of mourning, and, with that great king to serve in a death's head amongst your royal dishes, to shew your coffins in the midst of your triumphs: yet these precedents, above exception, shew me, that no time is so fit as this: Let me therefore say to you, with the Psalmist, "I have said, ye are gods:" If ye were transfigured in Tabor, could ye be more? "but ye shall die like men:" there is your *ἕξις*. It was a worthy and witty note of Jerom, that amongst all trees the cedars are bidden to praise God, which are the tallest; and yet *dies Domini super omnes cedros Libani*, Isaiah ii. Ye gallants, whom a little yellow earth, and the webs of that curious worm, have made gorgeous without, and perhaps proud within, remember that, ere long, as one worm decks you without, so another worm shall consume you within, and that both the earth that you prank up, and that earth wherewith you prank it, is running back into dust. Let not your high estate hide from you your fatal humiliation, let not your purples hide from you your winding-sheet, but even on the top of Tabor think of the depth of the grave; think of your departure from men, while ye are advanced above men.

We are now ascended to the top of the hill, let us therefore stand, and see, and wonder at this great sight: as Moses, to see the "bush flaming and not consumed:" so we, to see the humanity continuing itself in the midst of these beams of glory. Christ was *ἐν μορφῇ θεοῦ*, saith St. Paul, "in the form of a servant;" now for the time he was truly *μεταμορφώθεις* "transformed:" that there is no cause why Maldonat should enveigh against some of ours, yea of his own,

as Jensenius, who translates it transformation: for what is the external form but the figure? and their own vulgar (as hotly as he takes it) reads it, Phil. ii. 7. *μορφην δέλας* “*formam servi accipiens*.” There is no danger in this ambiguity; not the substantial form, but the external fashion of Christ was changed: he having three forms (as Bernard distinguishes) *Contemptam, splendidam, divinam*, changeth here the first into the second: this is one of the rarest occurrences that ever befel the Saviour of the world. I am wont to reckon up these four principal wonders of his life; incarnation, temptation, transfiguration, and agony: the first, in the womb of the virgin; the second, in the wilderness; the third, in the mount; the fourth, in the garden: The first, that God should become man; the second, that God and man should be tempted, and transported by Satan; the third, that man should be glorified upon earth; the last, that he which was man and God should sweat blood, under the sense of God’s wrath for man: and all these either had the angels for witnesses, or the immediate voice of God. The first had angels singing, the second angels ministering; the third the voice of God thundring; the fourth the angels comforting: that it may be no wonder, the earth marvels at those things, whereat the angels of heaven stand amazed. Bernard makes three kinds of wonderful changes; *sublimitas in humilitatem*, “height to lowliness,” when the Word took flesh; *contemptibilitas in majestatem*, when Christ transformed himself before his disciples; *mutabilitas in æternitatem*, when he arose again, and ascended into heaven to reign for ever: ye see this is one of them; and as Tabor did rise out of the valley of Galilee, so this exaltation did rise out of the midst of Christ’s humiliation. Other marvels do increase his dejection, this only makes for his glory; and the glory of this is matchable with the humiliation of all the rest. That face, wherein before
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(saith Ifaiah) there was no form nor beauty, now shines as the sun: that face, which men hid their faces from, in contempt, now shines so, that mortal eyes could not chuse but hide themselves from the lustre of it, and immortal, receive their beams from it: He had ever *in vultu sidereum quiddam*, as Jerom speaks, a certain heavenly majesty and port in his countenance, which made his disciples follow him at first sight, but now here was the perfection of super-celestial brightness. It was a miracle in the three children, that they were so delivered from the flames, that their very garments smelt not of the fire: it is no less miracle in Christ, that his very garments were dyed celestial, and did favour of his glory. Like as Aaron was so anointed on his head and beard, that his skirts were all perfumed: his cloaths therefore shined as snow, yea, (that were but a waterish white,) as the light itself, saith St. Mark, and Matthew, in the most Greek copies, that seamless coat, as it had no welt, so it had no spot. The king's son is all fair, even without. O excellent glory of his humanity! the best diamond or carbuncle is hid with a case: but this brightness pierceth through all his garments, and makes them lightsome in him, which use to conceal light in others: Herod put him on in mockage *ἰσθητάλαμπραν* Luke 23. not a white, but a bright robe (the ignorance whereof makes a shew of disparity in thee vangelists) but God the Father to glorify him, clothes his very garments, with heavenly splendor. "Behold thou art fair, my beloved, behold thou art fair; and there is no spot in thee. Thine head is as fine gold, thy mouth is as sweet things, and thou art wholly delectable. Come forth, ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon, with the crown wherewith his father crowned him, in the day of the gladness of his heart." O Saviour, if thou wert such in Tabor, what art thou in heaven? if this were
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the glory of thy humanity, what is the presence of thy Godhead? Let no man yet wrong himself so much, as to magnify this happiness as another's; and to put himself out of the participation of this glory. Christ is our head, we are his members; as we all were in the first Adam, both innocent and sinning; so are we in the second Adam, both shining in labor, and bleeding sweat in the garden: and as we are already happy in him, so shall we be once in ourselves by and through him. He shall change our vile bodies, that they may be like his glorious body: behold our pattern, and rejoice! like his glorious body. These very bodies, that are now cloddy like the earth, shall once be bright as the sun; and we, that now see clay in one another's faces, shall then see nothing but heaven in our countenances; and we that now set forth our bodies with cloaths, shall then be clothed upon with immortality, out of the wardrobe of heaven: and if ever any painted face should be admitted to the sight of this glory, (as I much fear it, yea, I am sure, God will have none but true faces in heaven) they would be ashamed to think, that ever they had faces to daub with these beastly pigments, in comparison of this heavenly complexion. Let us therefore look upon this flesh, not so much with contempt of what it was and is, as with a joyful hope of what it shall be: and when our courage is assaulted with the change of these bodies from healthful to weak, from living to dead, let us comfort ourselves with the assurance of this change, from dust to incorruption. We are not so sure of death, as of transfiguration: all the days of our appointed time, we will therefore wait, till our changing shall come.

Now from the glory of the master, give me leave to turn your eyes to the error of the servant, who, having slept with the rest, and now suddenly awaking, knoweth not whether he slept still. To see
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such a light about him, three so glittering persons before him, made him doubt now, as he did after, when he was carried by the angel through the iron gate, whether it were a pleasing dream, or a real act. All slept, and now all waked; only Peter slept waking, and I know not whether more erred in his speech or in his sleep. It was a shame for a man to sleep in Tabor, but it is more a shame for a man to dream with his eyes open. Thus did Peter, “ Malchus, it is good for us to be here; let us make us three tabernacles.” I could well say with Optatus in this or any other occasion, *Ipsius sancti Petri beatitudo veniam tribuat; dubito dicere peccasse tantam sanctitatem*, “ Let blessed Peter pardon me, I fear to say so great holiness offended.” Yet since our adversaries are so over-partial to this worthy faint, in whom they have as little as they boast much, that they can be content his praise should blemish the dignity of all the rest, yea, that God himself is in danger to be a loser by the advancement of so dear a servant; give me leave to lay my finger a little upon this blot. God would never have recorded that which it should be uncharitable for us to observe. It was the injurious kindness of Marcion, in honour of Peter, to leave out the story of Malchus, as Epiphanius notes. It shall be our blame, if we do not so note; that we benefit ourselves even by his imperfections. St. Mark’s gospel is said to be Peter’s; O blessed apostle, can it be any wrong to say of thee that which thou hast written of thyself, not for insultation, not for exprobatation: God forbid but that men may be ashamed to give that to him which he hath denied to himself. Let me therefore not doubt to say (with reverence to so great a faint) that as he spake most, so he is noted to have erred most. Not to meddle with his sinking, striking, judaizing, one while we find him carnally insinuating, another while

carnally presuming; one while weakly denying, another while rashly misconstruing; carnally insinuating, "Master, favour thyself." Which though some parasites of Rome would fain smooth up, that he in this shewed his love to Christ, as before his faith, out of St. Jérom and St. Austin; yet it must needs be granted, which Bernard saith, *diligebat spiritum carnaliter*, "he loved the spirit in a carnal fashion." Let them chuse whether they will admit Christ to have chid unjustly, or Peter worthy of chiding: except perhaps, with Hilary, they will stop where they should not; *vade post me*, spoken to Peter in approbation, *Satana, non sapiis quæ Dei sunt*, spoken to Satan in objurgation; carnally presuming, "though "all men, yet not I." If he had not presumed of his strength to stand, he had not fallen. And as one yawning makes many open mouths, so did his vain resolution draw on company; "Likewise said the "other disciples." For his weak denial, ye all know his simple negation, lined with an oath, faced with an imprecation. And here, that no man may need to doubt of an error, the Spirit of God saith, "he "knew not what he said;" not only *τί λαλήσει* as Mark, "what he should say," but *ὃ λέγει* saith Luke "what he did speak;" whereof St. Mark gives the reason, *ἵσαν ἐκφοβοί* "they were amazedly affrighted." Amazedness may abate an error of speech, it cannot take it away. Besides astonishment, here was a fervour of spirit, a love to Christ's glory, and a delight in it; a fire, but misplaced on the top of the chimney, not on the hearth; *præmatura devotio*, as Ambrose speaks, "a devotion, but rash and heady." And if it had not been so, yet it is not in the power of a good intention to make a speech good. In this the matter failed; for, what should such saints do in earthly tabernacles, in tabernacles of his making? And if he could be content to live there without a tent

tent, (for he would have but three made) why did he not much more conceive so of those heavenly guests? And if he spoke this to retain them, how weak was it to think their absence would be for want of house-room? or how could that at once be which Moses and Elias had told him, and that which he wished? for, how should Christ both depart at Jerusalem, and stay in the mount? or if he would have their abode there, to avoid the sufferings at Jerusalem, how did he yet again sing over that song for which he had heard before, "Come behind me, Satan?" Or if it had been fit for Christ to have staid there, how weakly doth he, which Chrysostom observes, equalize the servant with the Master; the the saints with God? In a word, the best and the worst that can be said here of Peter is, that which the Psalmist saith of Moses, *effutiit labiis*, "he spake unadvisedly with his lips." Psal: cvi. 33.

Yet if any earthly place or condition might have given warrant to Peter's motion, this was it. Here was a hill, the emblem of heaven; here were two saints, the epitome of heaven; here was Christ, the God of heaven: and if Peter might not say so of this, how shall we say of any other place, *bonum est esse hic*, "It is good to be here?" Will ye say of the country, *bonum est esse hic?* there is melancholy, dulness, privacy, toil. Will ye say of the court, *bonum est esse hic?* there dwells ambition, secret undermining, attendance, serving of humours and times. Will ye say of the city, *bonum est esse hic?* there you find continual tumult, usury, cozenage in bargains, excess and disorder. Get you to the wilderness, and say, it is good to be here; even there evils will find us out. *In nemore habitat lupus*, saith Bernard, "in the wood dwells the wolf:" weariness and sorrow dwell every where. The rich man wallows amongst his heaps, and when he is in his counting-house, beset with

piles of bags, he can say, *bonum est esse hic*: he worships these molten images; his gold is his god, his heaven is his chest; not thinking of that which Tertullian notes, *aurum ipsum quibusdam gentibus ad vincula servire*, “that some countries make their very “fettters of gold:” yea, so doth he, whilst he admires it, making himself the slave to his servant, *damnatus ad metalla*, as the old Roman punishment was. *Coacta servitus miserabilior, affectata miserior*, “forced bondage is more worthy of pity, affected bondage is “more miserable.” And if God’s hand touch him never so little, can his gold bribe a disease, can his bags keep his head from aching, or the gout from his joints? or doth his loathing stomach make a difference betwixt an earthen and silver dish? O vain desires, and impotent contentments of men, who place happiness in that which doth not only not save them from evils, but help to make them miserable! Behold their wealth feeds them with famine, recreates them with toil, cheers them with cares, blesteth them with torments, and yet they say *bonum est esse hic*. How are their sleeps broken with cares? how are their hearts broken with losses? Either riches have wings, which, in the clipping or pulling, fly away, and take them to heaven; or else their souls have wings, *stulte hac nocte*, “thou fool, this night,” and fly from their riches to hell. *Non dominos, sed colonus*, saith Seneca, “not the lord, but the farmer:” so that here are both perishing riches and a perishing soul. Uncertainty of riches (as St. Paul to his Timothy) and certainty of misery: and yet these vain men say *bonum est esse hic*.

The man of honour, that I may use Bernard’s phrase, that hath Ahafuerus his proclamation made before him, which knows he is not only *τις μέγας*, a “certain great man,” as Simon affected, but *ὁ αὐτός*, “the

“the man,” which Demosthenes was proud of, that sees all heads bare, and all knees bent to him, that finds himself out of the reach of envy, on the pitch of admiration, says, *Bonum est esse hic*. Alas! how little thinks he of that which that good man said to his Eugenius, *Non est quod blandiatur celsitudo, ubi sollicitudo major*; “what care we for the fawning of that greatness, “which is attended with more care?” King Henry the seventh’s emblem in all his buildings, in the windows was still a crown in a bush of thorns: I know not with what historical allusion; but sure, I think, to imply, that great places are not free from great cares. Saul knew what he did, when he hid himself among the stuff. No man knoweth the weight of a sceptre, but he that swayeth it. As for subordinate greatness, it hath so much less worth as it hath more dependence. How many sleepless nights and restless days, and busy shifts, doth their ambition cost them that affect eminence? Certainly, no men are so worthy of pity, as they whose height thinks all other worthy of contempt. High places are slippery; and as it is easy to fall, so the ruin is deep, and the recovery difficult. *Altiozem locum sortitus es, non tutiozem; sublimiozem, sed non securiozem*, saith Bernard; “Thou hast got an “higher place, but not a safer; a loftier, but not “more secure.” *Aulæ culmen lubricum*, “The slippery ridge of the court,” was the old title of honour. David’s curse was *Fiat via eorum tenebræ et lubricum*, “Let their way be made dark and slippery.” What difference is their betwixt his curse and the happiness of the ambitious, but this, that the way of the one is dark and slippery, the way of the other lightsome and slippery; that dark, that they may fall, this light, that they may see and be seen to fall? Please yourselves then, ye great ones, and let others please you in the admiration of your height; but if your goodness do not answer your greatness, *Sera que-*

rela est, quoniam elevans allifisti me, “ It is a late complaint, ‘Thou hast lift me up to cast me down.’ Your ambition hath but set you up a scaffold, that your misery might be more notorious. And yet these clients of honour say, *Bonum est esse hic.*”

The pampered glutton, when he seeth his table spread with full bowls, with costly dishes and curious sauces, the dainties of all three elements, says, *Bonum est esse hic.* And yet eating hath a satiety, and satiety a weariness: his heart is never more empty of contentment, than when his stomach is fullest of delicates. When he is empty, he is not well till he be filled; when he is full, he is not well till he have got a stomach: *Et momentanea blandimenta gulæ stercore sine condemnat,* saith Jerom, “ And condemns all the momentary pleasures of his maw to the dunghill.” And when he sits at his feasts of marrow and fat things, (as the prophet speaks) his table, according to the Psalmist’s imprecation, is made his snare; a true snare every way. His soul is caught in it with excess; his estate with penury; his body with diseases. Neither doth he more plainly tear his meat in pieces with his teeth, than he doth himself: and yet this vain man says, *Bonum est esse hic.*

The petulant wanton thinks it the only happiness, that he may have his full scope to filthy dalliance. Little would he so do, if he could see his strumpet as she is, her eyes the eyes of a cockatrice, her hairs snakes, her painted face the visor of a fury, her heart snares, her hands bands, and her end wormwood; consumption of the flesh, destruction of the soul, and the flames of lust ending in the flames of hell. Since therefore neither pleasures, nor honour, nor wealth, can yield any true contentment to their best favourites, let us not be so unwise as to speak of ourselves as miserable, as Peter did of the hill of Tabor, *Bonum est esse hic.*

And

And if the best of earth cannot do it, why will ye seek it in the worst? how dare any of you great ones seek to purchase contentment with oppression, sacrilege, bribery, out-facing innocence and truth with power, damning your own souls for but the humouring of a few miserable days? *Filii hominum, usquequo gravi corde? ad quid diligitis vanitatem, et queritis mendacium?* “O ye sons of men, how long, &c.” But that which moved Peter’s desire (though with imperfection) shews what will perfect our desire and felicity: for if a glimpse of this heavenly glory did so ravish this worthy disciple, that he thought it happiness enough to stand by and gaze upon it, how shall we be affected with the contemplation, yea fruition of the divine presence? Here was but Tabor, there is heaven; here were but two saints, there many millions of saints and angels; here was Christ transfigured, there he sits at the right hand of Majesty; here was a representation, there a gift and possession of blessedness. O that we could now forget the world, and, fixing our eyes upon this better Tabor, say, *Bonum est esse hic.* Alas! this life of ours, if it were not short, yet it is miserable: and if it were not miserable, yet it is short. Tell me, ye that have the greatest command on earth, whether this vile world hath ever afforded you any sincere contentation. The world is your servant: if it were your parasite, yet could it make you heartily merry? Ye delicatest courtiers, tell me, if pleasure itself have not an unpleasant tediousness hanging upon it, and more sting than honey. And whereas all happiness, even here below, is in the vision of God; how is our spiritual eye hindered, as the body is from his object, by darkness, by false light, by aversion, darkness? He that doth sin is in darkness; false light, while we measure eternal things by temporary; aversion, while, as weak eyes hate the light, we turn our eyes from the true and immutable good, to the

fickle and uncertain. We are not on the hill, but the valley, where we have tabernacles, not of our own making, but of clay; and such as wherein we are witnesses of Christ, not transfigured in glory, but blemished with dishonour, dishonoured with oaths and blasphemies, re-crucified with our sins; witnesses of God's saints, not shining in Tabor, but mourning in darkness, and, instead of that heavenly brightness, clothed with sackcloth and ashes. Then and there we shall have "tabernacles not made with hands, "eternal in the heavens," where we shall see how sweet the Lord is: we shall see the triumphs of Christ; we shall hear and sing the Hallelujahs of saints. *Quæ nunc nos angit vesania vitiorum sitire absinthium, &c.* faith that devout father. O how hath our corruption bewitched us, to thirst for this wormwood, to affect the shipwrecks of this world, to dote upon the misery of this fading life; and not rather to fly up to the felicity of saints, to the society of angels, to that blessed contemplation wherein we shall see God in himself, God in us, ourselves in him! There shall be no sorrow, no pain, no complaint, no fear, no death. There is no malice to rise against us, no misery to afflict us, no hunger, thirst, weariness, temptation to disquiet us. There, O there, one day is better than a thousand! there is rest from our labours, peace from our enemies, freedom from our sins! How many clouds of discontentment darken the sunshine of our joy, while we are here below? *Væ nobis qui vivimus plangere quæ pertulimus, dolere quæ sentimus, timere quæ expectamus!* Complaint of evils past, sense of present, fear of future, have shared our lives amongst them. Then shall we be *semper læti, semper satiati*, "always joyful, always "satisfied" with the vision of that God, "in whose "presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right- "hand are pleasures for evermore." Shall we see that Heathen Cleombrotus abandoning his life, and cast-

casting himself down from the rock, upon an uncertain noise of immortality; and shall not we Christians abandon the wicked superfluities of life; the pleasures of sin, for that life which we know more certainly than this? What stick we at, my beloved? Is there a heaven, or is there none? have we a Saviour there, or have we none? We know there is a heaven, as sure as that there is an earth below us; we know we have a Saviour there, as sure as there are men that we converse with upon earth; we know there is happiness, as sure as we know there is misery and mutability upon earth. O our miserable sottishness and infidelity, if we do not contemn the best offers of the world, and lifting up our eyes and hearts to heaven, say, *Bonum est esse hic!*

“Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” To him that hath purchased and prepared this glory for us, together with the Father and blessed Spirit, one incomprehensible God, be all praise for ever. Amen.

CONTEMP. XIV. *The prosecution of the TRANSFIGURATION.*

BEFORE the disciples eyes were dazzled with glory; now the brightness of that glory is shaded with a cloud. Frail and feeble eyes of mortality cannot look upon an heavenly lustre. That cloud imports both majesty and obscuration. Majesty; for it was the testimony of God's presence of old; the cloud covered the mountain, the tabernacle, the oracle. He, that makes the clouds his chariot, was in a cloud carried up into heaven. Where have we mention of any divine representation, but a cloud is one part of it? what comes nearer to heaven, either in place or resemblance? Obscuration; for as it shewed there was a majesty, and that divine, so it shewed them that the view of that majesty was not for bodily eyes. Likeas, when some great prince walks under a canopy,

nopy, that veil shews there is a great person under it, but withal restrains the eye from a free sight of his person: and if the cloud were clear, yet it shaded them. Why then was this cloud interposed betwixt that glorious vision and them, but for a check of their bold eyes?

Had they too long gazed upon this resplendent spectacle, as their eyes had been blinded, so their hearts had perhaps grown to an overbold familiarity with that heavenly object; how seasonably doth the cloud intercept it? the wise God knows our need of these vicissitudes and allays. If we have a light, we must have a cloud; if a light to cheer us, we must have a cloud to humble us. It was so in Sinai, it was so in Zion, it was so in Olivet; it shall never be but so. The natural day and night do not more duly interchange, than this light and cloud. Above we shall have the light without the cloud, a clear vision and fruition of God without all dim and sad interpositions: below we cannot be free from these mists and clouds of sorrow and misapprehension.

But this was a bright cloud; there is difference betwixt the cloud in Tabor, and that in Sinai: this was clear, that darksome; there is darkness in the law, there is light in the grace of the gospel: Moses was there spoken to in darkness, here he was spoken with in light. In that dark cloud there was terror, in this there was comfort; though it were a cloud then, yet it was bright; and though it were bright, yet it was a cloud: with much light there was some shade. God would not speak to them concerning Christ, out of darkness; neither yet would he manifest himself to them in an absolute brightness: all his appearances have this mixture. What need I other instance, than in these two fairs? Moses spake oft to God, mouth to mouth; yet not so immediately, but that there was ever somewhat drawn, as a curtain, betwixt God and him; either

ther fire in Horeb, or smoak in Sinai; so as his face is not more veiled from the people, than God's from him. Elias shall be spoken to by God, but in the rock, and under a mantle. In vain shall we hope for any revelation from God, but in a cloud. Worldly hearts are in utter darkness, they see not so much as the least glimpse of these divine beams, not a beam of that inaccessible light: the best of his saints see him here but in a cloud, or in a glass. Happy are we, if God has honoured us with these divine representations of himself; once, in his light, we shall see light.

I can easily think with what amazedness these three disciples stood compassed in that bright cloud, expecting some miraculous event of so heavenly a vision; when suddenly they might hear a voice sounding out of that cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleased, hear him." They need not be told whose that voice was; the place, the matter evinced it; no angel in heaven, could, or durst have said so. How gladly doth Peter afterwards recount it; for he received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear him."

It was only the ear that was here taught, not the eye; as of Horeb, so of Sinai, so of Tabor, might God say, ye saw no shape, nor image, in that day that the Lord spake unto you. He, that knows our proneness to idolatry, avoids those occasions which we might take to abuse our own fancies.

Twice hath God spoken these words to his own Son from heaven; once in his baptism, and now again in his transfiguration: here not without some opposite comparison; not Moses, not Elias, but this. Moses and Elias were servants, this a Son: Moses and Elias were sons, but of grace and choice; this is that Son, the Son by nature. Other sons are beloved as of
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favour and free election; this is the Beloved, as in the unity of his essence, others are so beloved, that he is pleased with themselves; this so beloved, that in and for him, he is pleased with mankind. As the relation betwixt the Father and the Son is infinite, so is the love: we measure the intention of love by the extension; the love that rests in the person affected alone, is but straight; true love, descends (like Aaron's ointment) from the head to the skirts, to children, friends, allies. O incomprehensible large love of God, the Father to the Son, that for his sake he is pleased with the world! O perfect and happy complacence! Out of Christ there is nothing but enmity betwixt God and the soul: in him there can be nothing but peace: when the beams are met in one centre, they do not only heat, but burn. Our weak love is diffused to many; God hath some, the world more, and therein wives, children, friends; but this infinite love of God hath all the beams of it united in one only object, the Son of his love: neither doth he love any thing but in the participation of his love, in the derivation from it. O God, let me be found in Christ, and how canst thou but be pleased with me!

This one voice proclaims Christ at once the Son of God, the Reconciler of the world, the Doctor and Lawgiver of his church; as the Son of God, he is essentially interested in his love; as he is the Reconciler of the world, in whom God is well pleased, he doth most justly challenge our love and adherence; as he is the Doctor and Lawgiver, he doth justly challenge our audience, our obedience. Even so, Lord, teach us to hear and obey thee as our Teacher; to love thee and believe in thee as our Reconciler; and, as the eternal Son of thy Father, to adore thee.

The light caused wonder in the disciples, but the voice astonishment; they are all fallen down upon their faces. Who can blame a mortal man to be thus affected

ed with the voice of his Maker? yet this word was but plausible and hortatory. O God, how shall flesh and blood be other than swallowed up with the horror of thy dreadful sentence of death! The lion shall roar, who shall not be afraid! How shall those, that have slighted the sweet voice of thine invitations, call to the rocks to hide them from the terror of thy judgments!

The God of mercies pities our infirmities: I do not hear our Saviour say, Ye lay sleeping one while upon the earth, now ye lie astonished; ye could neither wake to see, nor stand to hear; now lie still and tremble: but he graciously touches and comforts them, "Arise, fear not." That voice, which shall once raise them up out of the earth, might well raise them up from it; that hand, which by the least touch restored sight, limbs, life, might well restore the spirits of the dismayed. O Saviour, let that sovereign hand of thine touch us, when we lie in the trances of our griefs, in the bed of our securities, in the grave of our sins, and we shall arise.

"They, looking up, saw no man, save Jesus alone," and that doubtless in his wonted form; all was now gone, Moses, Elias, the cloud, the voice, the glory. Favor itself cannot be long blessed with that divine light, and those shining guests; heaven will not allow to earth any long continuance of glory, only above is constant happiness to be looked for and enjoyed, where we shall ever see our Saviour in his unchangeable brightness, where the light shall never be either clouded or varied.

Moses and Elias are gone, only Christ is left; the glory of the law and the prophets was but temporary, yea momentary, that only Christ may remain to us entire and conspicuous; they came but to give testimony to Christ, when that is done they are vanished.

Neither

Neither could these raised disciples find any miss of Moses and Elias, when they had Christ still with them. Had Jesus been gone, and left either Moses or Elias, or both, in the mount with his disciples, that presence, though glorious, could not have comforted them: now that they are gone, and he is left, they cannot be capable of discomfort. O Saviour, it matters not who is away while thou art with us; thou art God all-sufficient, what can we want, when we want not thee! Thy presence shall make Tabor itself an heaven; yea, hell itself cannot make us miserable with the fruition of thee.

CONTEMP. XV. *The Woman taken in Adultery.*

WHAT a busy life was this of Christ's? he spent the night in the mount of olives, the day in the temple, whereas the night is for a retired repose, the day for company: his retiredness was for prayer, his companibleness was for preaching. All night he watches in the mount; all the morning he preaches in the temple. It was not for pleasure that he was here upon earth; his whole time was penal and toilsome: how do we resemble him, if his life were all pain and labour, ours all pastime?

He found no such fair success the day before: the multitude was divided in their opinion of him; messengers were sent and suborned to apprehend him, yet he returns to the temple. It is for the sluggard or the coward to plead a lion in the way; upon the calling of God we must overlook and contemn all the spite and opposition of men: even after an ill harvest we must sow, and after denials we must woo for God.

This Sun of righteousness prevents that other, and shines early with wholesome doctrines upon the souls of his hearers; the auditory is both thronged and attentive, yet not all with the same intentions. If the people

people came to learn, the Scribes and Pharisees came to cavil and carp at his teaching: with what a presence of zeal and justice yet do they put themselves into Christ's presence? As lovers of chastity and sanctimony, and haters of uncleanness, they bring to him a woman taken in the flagrance of her adultery.

And why the woman rather? since the man's offence was equal, if not more; because he should have had more strength of resistance, more grace not to tempt. Was it out of necessity? perhaps the man, knowing his danger, made use of his strength to shift away, and violently brake from his apprehenders; or was it out of cunning? in that they hoped for more likely matter to accuse Christ, in the case of the woman than of the man; for that they supposed his merciful disposition might more probably incline to compassionate her weakness, rather than the stronger vessel. Or was it rather out of partiality? was it not then, as now, that the weakest soonest suffers, and impotency lays us open to the malice of an enemy? Small flies hang in the webs, while wasps break through without controul; the wand and the sheet are for poor offenders, the great either out-face or out-buy their shame: a beggarly drunkard is haled to the stocks, while the rich is chambered up to sleep out his surfeit.

Out of these grounds is the woman brought to Christ: not the Mount of olives, not to the way, not to his private lodging, but to the temple; and that not to some obscure angle, but into the face of the assembly.

They pleaded for her death; the punishment which they would onwards inflict was her shame; which must needs be so much more, as there were more eyes to be witnesses of her guiltiness. All the brood of sin affects darkness and secrecy, but this more properly;

perly; the twilight, the night is for the adulterer. It cannot be better fitted than to be dragged out into the light of the sun, and to be proclaimed with hootings and bafins. O the impudence of those men who can make merry professions of their own beastliness, and boast of the shameful trophies of their lust!

† Methinks I see this miserable adulteress, how she stands confounded amidst that gazing and disdainful multitude; how she hides her head, how she wipes her blubbered face and weeping eyes. In the mean time it is no dumb show that is here acted by these Scribes and Pharisees; they step forth boldly to her accusation; “Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act.” How plausibly do they begin! Had I stood by and heard them, should I not have said, What holy, honest, conscionable men are these? what devout clients of Christ? with what reverence they come to him? with what zeal of justice? when he that made and ransacks their bosom tells me, “All this is done but to tempt him.” Even the falsest hearts will have plausiblest mouths: like to Solomon’s courtesan, “Their lips drop as an honey-comb, and their mouth is smoother than oil: but “their end is bitter as wormwood.”

False and hollow Pharisees! he is your Master whom ye serve, not he whom ye tempt: only in this shall he be approved your Master, that he shall pay your wages, and give you your portion with hypocrites.

The act of adultery was her crime; to be taken in the very act was no part of her sin, but the proof of her just conviction; yet her apprehension is made an aggravation of her shame. Such is the corrupt judgment of the world, to do ill troubles not men, but to be taken in doing it; unknown filthiness passes away with ease: it is the notice that perplexes them,

them, not the guilt. But, O foolish finners, all your packing and secrecy cannot so contrive it, but that ye shall be taken in the manner, your conscience takes you so, the God of heaven takes you so; and ye shall once find, that your conscience is more than a thousand witnesses, and God more than a thousand consciences.

They, that complain of the act, urge the punishment; "Now Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned." Where did Moses bid so? surely the particularity of this execution was without the book; tradition and custom enacted it, not the law.

Indeed Moses commanded death to both the offenders, not the manner of death to either. By analogy it holds thus: it is flatly commanded in the case of a damsel betrothed to an husband, and found not to be a virgin; in the case of a damsel betrothed, who, being defiled in the city, cried not: tradition and custom made up the rest; obtaining out of this ground, that all adulterers should be executed by lapidation. The ancients punishment was burning; death always, though in divers forms. I shame to think, that Christians should slight that sin which both Jews and Pagans held ever deadly.

What a miscitation is this? "Moses commanded:" the law was God's, not Moses'. If Moses were employed to mediate betwixt God and Israel, the law is never the more his: he was the hand of God to reach the law to Israel, the hand of Israel to take it from God. We do not name the water from the pipes, but from the spring. It is not for a true Israelite to rest in the second means, but to mount up to the supreme original of justice. How reverent soever an opinion was had of Moses, he cannot be thus named without a shameful undervaluing of the royal law of his Maker. There is no mortal man whose

authority may not grow into contempt: that of the ever-living God cannot but be ever sacred and inviolable. It is now with the gospel, as it was then with the law: the word is no other than Christ's, though delivered by our weakness; whosoever be the crier, the proclamation is the King's of heaven. While it goes for ours, it is no marvel if it lie open to despite.

How captious a word is this? Moses said thus, "what sayest thou?" If they be not sure that Moses said so, why do they affirm it? and if they be sure, why do they question that which they know decided? They would not have desired a better advantage, than a contradiction to that received law-giver. It is their profession, "We are Moses' disciples," and, "we know that God spake to Moses." It had been quarrel enough to oppose so known a prophet. Still I find it the drift of the enemies of truth to set Christ and Moses together by the ears, in the matter of the sabbath, of circumcision, of marriage, and divorce; of the use of the law, of justification by the law, of the sense and extent of the law, and where not? but they shall never be able to effect it: they two are fast and indissoluble friends on both parts for ever; each speaks for other, each establishes other; they are subordinate, they cannot be opposite; Moses faithful as a servant, Christ as a Son. A faithful servant cannot but be officious to the son. The true use we make of Moses is, to be our schoolmaster to teach us, to whip us unto Christ; the true use we make of Christ is, to supply Moses. "By him all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." Thus must we hold in with both, if we will have our part in either: so shall Moses bring us to Christ, and Christ to glory.

Had these Pharisees, out of simplicity, and desire of resolution in a case of doubt, moved this question to

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our Saviour, it had been no less commendable, than now it is blame-worthy.

O Saviour, whither should we have recourse but to thine oracle? thou art the Word of the Father, the Doctor of the church: while we hear from others, what say fathers? what say counsels? let them hear from us, "What sayest thou?"

But here it was far otherwise: they came not to learn but to tempt, and to tempt that they might accuse, like their father the devil, who solicits to sin, that he may plead against us for yieldance. Fain would these colleaguings adversaries draw Christ to contradict Moses, that they might take advantage of his contradiction.

On the one side they saw his readiness to tax the false glosses which their presumptuous doctors had put upon the law, with an "I say unto you;" on the other, they saw his inclination to mercy and commiseration in all his courses, so far as to neglect even some circumstances of the law, as to touch the leper, to heal on the sabbath, to eat with known sinners, to dismiss an infamous but penitent offender, to select and countenance two noted publicans; and hereupon they might perhaps think that his compassion might draw him to cross this Mosaical institution.

What a crafty bait is here laid for our Saviour? such as he cannot bite at, and not be taken. It seems to them impossible he should avoid a deep prejudice either to his justice or mercy. For thus they imagine, either Christ will second Moses in sentencing this woman to death, or else he will cross Moses in dismissing her unpunished. If he commands her to be stoned, he loses the honour of his clemency and mercy; if he appoint her dismissal, he loses the honour of his justice. Indeed strip him of either of these, and he can be no Saviour.

O the cunning folly of vain men, that hope to beguile wisdom itself!

Silence and neglect shall first confound those men, whom after his answer will send away convicted. Instead of opening his mouth, our Saviour bows his body; and instead of returning words from his lips, writes characters on the ground with his finger. O Saviour, I had rather silently wonder, at thy gesture, than inquire curiously into the words thou wrotest; or the mysteries of this writing: only herein I see thou meantst to shew a disregard to these malicious and busy cavillers. Sometimes taciturnity and contempt are the best answers. Thou that hast bidden us "Be wise as serpents," givest us this noble example of thy prudence. It was most safe that these tempters should be thus kept fasting with a silent disrespect, that their eagerness might justly draw upon them an ensuing shame.

The more unwillingness they saw in Christ to give his answer, the more pressive and importunate they were to draw it from him. Now, as forced by their so zealous irritation, our Saviour rouseth up himself, and gives it them home, with a reprehensory and stinging satisfaction; "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." As if his very action had said, I was lothe to have shamed you, and therefore could have been willing not to have heard your ill meant motion: but since you will needs have it, and by your vehemence force my justice, I must tell you, there is not one of you but is as faulty as she whom ye accuse; there is no difference, but that your sin is smothered in secrecy, her's is brought forth into the light. Ye had more need to make your own peace by an humble repentance, than to urge severity against another. I deny not but Moses hath justly from God imposed the penalty of death upon such heinous offences, but what
then

then would become of you? if death be her due, yet not by those your unclean hands: your hearts know you are not honest enough to accuse.

Lo, not the bird, but the fowler is taken. He says not, Let her be stoned; this had been against the course of his mercy: he says not, Let her not be stoned; this had been against the law of Moses. Now he so answers, that both his justice and mercy are entire; she dismissed, they shamed.

It was the manner of the Jews, in those heinous crimes that were punished with lapidation, that the witnesses and accusers should be the first that should lay hands upon the guilty: well doth our Saviour therefore choke these accusers with the conscience of their so foul incompetency. With what face, with what heart could they stone their own sin in another person?

Honesty is too mean a term. These Scribes and Pharisees were noted for extraordinary and admired holiness: the outside of their lives was not only inoffensive, but saint-like and exemplary. Yet that all-seeing eye of the Son of God, which "found folly" "in the angels," hath much more found wickedness in these glorious professors. It is not for nothing, that "his eyes are like a flame of fire." What secret is there which he searches not? Retire yourselves, O ye foolish sinners, into your inmost closets, yea (if you can) into the center of the earth, his eye follows you, and observes all your carriages: no bolt, no bar, no darkness can keep him out. No thief was ever so impudent as to steal in the very face of the judge. O God, let me see myself seen by thee, and I shall not dare to offend.

Besides notice, here is exprobatation. These mens sins, as they had been secret, so they were forgotten. It is long since they were done; neither did they think to have heard any more news of them. And

now, when time and security had quite worn them out of thought, he, that shall once be their Judge, calls them to a back-reckoning.

One time or other shall that just God lay our sins in our dish, and make us possess the sins of our youth. "These things thou didst, and I kept silence; and thou thoughtst that I was like unto thyself: but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thee." The penitent man's sin lies before him for his humiliation; the impenitent's, for his shame and confusion.

The act of sin is transient, not so the guilt; that will stick by us, and return upon us, either in the height of our security, or the depth of our misery, when we shall be least able to bear it. How just may it be with God to take us at advantages, and then to lay his arrest upon us when we are laid up upon a former suit?

It is but just there should be a requisition of innocence in them that prosecute the vices of others. The offender is worthy of stoning, but who shall cast them? how ill would they become hands as guilty as her own? what do they but smite themselves, who punish their own offences in other men? Nothing is more unjust or absurd, than for the beam to censure the mote, the oven to upbraid the kiln. It is a false and vagrant zeal that begins not first at home.

Well did our Saviour know how bitter and strong a pill he had given to these false justiciaries; and now he will take leisure to see how it wrought. While therefore he gives time to them to swallow it, and put it over, he returns to his old gesture of a seeming inadvertency. How sped the receipt?

I do not see any one of them stand out with Christ, and plead his own innocency; and yet these men, which is very remarkable, placed the fulfilling or violation of the law only in the outward act. Their hearts

hearts misgave them, that if they should have stood out in contestation with Christ, he would have utterly shamed them, by displaying their old and secret sins; and have so convinced them by undeniable circumstances, that they should never have clawed off the reproach: and therefore “when they heard it, “being convicted by their own conscience, they “went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even “unto the last.”

There might seem to be some kind of mannerly order in this guilty departure; not all at once, lest they should seem violently chased away by this charge of Christ; now their slinking away, “one by one,” may seem to carry a shew of a deliberate and voluntary discession. The eldest first: the ancients is fitter to give than take example; and the younger could think it no shame to follow the steps of a grave foreman.

O wonderful power of conscience! man can no more stand out against it, than it can stand out against God. The Almighty, whose substitute is set in our bosom, sets it on work to accuse. It is no denying, when that says we are guilty; when that condemns us, in vain are we acquitted by the world. With what bravery did these hypocrites come to set upon Christ? with what triumph did they insult upon that guilty soul? now they are thunder-struck with their own conscience, and drop away confounded; and well is he that can run away farthest from his own shame. No wicked man needs to seek out of himself for a judge, accuser, witness, tormentor.

No sooner did these hypocrites hear of their sins from the mouth of Christ, than they are gone. Had they been sincerely touched with a true remorse, they would have rather come to him upon their knees, and have said, Lord, we know and find, that thou knowest our secret sins; this argues thy divine Omniscience. Thou that art able to know our sins, art

able to remit them. O pardon the iniquities of thy servants. Thou that accusest us, do thou also acquit us. But now, instead hereof, they turn their back upon their Saviour, and haste away.

An impenitent man cares not how little he hath either of the presence of God, or of the mention of his sins. O fools! if ye could run away from God, it were somewhat; but while ye move in him, what do ye? whither go ye? ye may run from his mercy, ye cannot but run upon his judgment.

Christ is left alone, alone in respect of these complainants, not alone in respect of the multitude: there yet stands the mournful adulteress. She might have gone forth with them, nobody constrained her stay; but that which sent them away, staid her, conscience. She knew her guiltiness was publicly accused, and durst not be by herself denied: as one that was therefore fastened there by her own guilty heart, she stirs not till she may receive a dismissal.

Our Saviour was not so busy in writing, but that he read the while the guilt and absence of those accusers; he that knew what they had done, knew no less what they did, what they would do. Yet, as if the matter had been strange to him, "he lifts up himself, and says, Woman, where are thy accusers?"

How well was this sinner to be left there? could she be in a safer place than before the tribunal of a Saviour? might she have chosen her refuge, whither should she rather have fled? O happy we, if when we are convinced in ourselves of our sins, we can set ourselves before that Judge who is our Surety, our Advocate, our Redeemer, our Ransom, our Peace.

Doubtless, she stood doubtful betwixt hope and fear; hope, in that she saw her accusers gone; fear, in that she knew what she had deserved; and now,
while

while she trembles in expectation of a sentence, she hears, "Woman, where are thy accusers?"

Wherein our Saviour intends the satisfaction of all the hearers, of all the beholders, that they might apprehend the guiltiness, and therefore the unfitness of the accusers; and might well see there was no warrantable ground of his farther proceeding against her.

Two things are necessary for the execution of a malefactor, evidence, sentence; the one from witnesses, the other from the judge. Our Saviour asks for both. The accusation and proof must draw on the sentence; the sentence must proceed upon the evidence of the proof; "Where are thy accusers? hath no man condemned thee?" Had sentence passed legally upon the adulteress, doubtless our Saviour would not have acquitted her: for as he would not intrude upon others offices, so he would not cross or violate the justice done by others. But now, finding the coast clear, he says, "Neither do I condemn thee."

What, Lord? dost thou then shew favour to foul offenders? art thou rather pleased that gross sins should be blanced, and sent away with a gentle connivency? Far, far be this from the perfection of thy justice. He that hence argues adulteries not punishable by death, let him argue the unlawfulness of dividing of inheritances; because, in the case of the two wrangling brethren, thou saidst, "Who made me a divider of inheritances?" thou declinedst the office, thou didst not dislike the act, either of parting lands, or punishing offenders. Neither was here any absolution of the woman from a sentence of death, but a dismissal of her from thy sentence, which thou knewest not proper for thee to pronounce. Herein hadst thou respect to thy calling, and to the main purpose of thy coming into the world, which was neither

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ther to be an arbiter of civil causes, nor a judge of criminal, but a Saviour of mankind; not to destroy the body, but to save the soul. And this was thy care in this miserable offender; - "Go, and sin no more." How much more doth it concern us to keep within the bounds of our vocation, and not to dare to trench upon the functions of others? How can we ever enough magnify thy mercy, who takest no pleasure in the death of a sinner? who so camest to save, that thou challengest us of unkindness for being miserable, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

But, O Son of God, though thou wouldst not then be a judge, yet thou wilt once be: thou wouldst not in thy first coming judge the sins of men, thou wilt come to judge them in thy second. The time shall come, when upon that just and glorious tribunal thou shalt judge every man according to his works. That we may not one day hear thee say, "Go ye cursed," let us now hear thee say, "Go, sin no more."

CONTEMP. XVI. *The thankful Penitent.*

ONE while I find Christ invited by a Publican, now by a Pharisee. Wherever we went, he made better cheer than he found in an happy exchange of spiritual repast for bodily.

Who knows not the Pharisees to have been the proud enemies of Christ; men over-conceited of themselves, contemptuous of others; severe in shew, hypocrites in deed, strict sectaries, insolent justiciaries? yet here one of them invites Christ, and that in good earnest. The man was not, like his fellows, captious, not ceremonious: had he been of their stamp, the omission of washing the feet had been mortal. No profession hath not yielded some good: Nicodemus and Gamaliel were of the same strain. Neither is it for nothing, that the evangelist having branded this sect

sect for despising the counsel of God against themselves, presently subjoins this history of Simon the Pharisee, as an exempt man. O Saviour, thou canst find out good Pharisees, good Publicans, yea a good thief upon the cross; and that thou mayst find, thou canst make them so.

At the best, yet he was a Pharisee, whose table thou here refusedst not. So didst thou in wisdom and mercy temper thyself, as to "become all things to all men, that thou mightst win some." Thy har-binger was rough, as in clothes, so in disposition, professedly harsh and austere: thyself wert mild and sociable; so it was fit for both. He was a preacher of penance, thou the author of comfort and salvation: he made way for grace, thou gavest it. Thou hast bidden us to follow thyself, not thy forerunner. That then which politic and time-servers do for earthly advantages, we will do for spiritual; frame ourselves to all companies, not in evil, but in good, yea in indifferent things. What wonder is it that thou, who camest down from heaven to frame thyself to our nature, shouldst, while thou wert on earth, frame thyself to the several dispositions of men? Catch not at this, O ye licentious hypocrites, men of all hours, that can eat with gluttons, drink with drunkards, sing with ribalds, scoff with profane scorers, and yet talk holily with the religious, as if ye had hence any colour of your changeable conformity to all fashions. Our Saviour never sinned for any man's sake, though for our sakes he was sociable, that he might keep us from sinning. Can ye so converse with lewd good fellows, as that ye repress their sins, redress their exorbitances, win them to God? Now ye walk in the steps of him that stuck not to sit down in the Pharisee's house.

There sat the Saviour, and; "Behold, a woman
"in the city that was a sinner." I marvel not that
she

ſhe is led in with a note of wonder; wonder, both on her part, and on Chriſt's. That any ſinner, that a ſenſual ſinner, obdured in a notorious trade of evil, ſhould, voluntarily, out of a true remorse for her lewdneſs, ſeek to a Saviour, it is worthy of an accent of admiration. The noiſe of the goſpel is common; but where is the power of it? it hath ſtore of hearers, but few converts. Yet were there no wonder in her, if it were not with reference to the power and mercy of Chriſt; his power that thus drew the ſinner, his mercy that received her. O Saviour, I wonder at her, but I bleſs thee for her, by whoſe only grace ſhe was both moved and accepted.

A ſinner? Alas! who was not? who is not ſo? not only “in many things we ſin all;” but in all things we all let fall many ſins. Had there been a woman not a ſinner, it had been beyond wonder. One man there was that was not a ſinner; even he that was more than man, that God and man, who was the refuge of this ſinner: but never woman that ſinned not. Yet he ſaid not, a woman that had ſinned, but, “that was a ſinner.” An action doth not give denomination, but a trade. Even the wiſe charity of Chriſtians, much more the mercy of God, can diſtinguiſh between ſins of infirmity, and practice of ſin, and eſteem us not by a tranſient act, but by a permanent condition.

The woman was noted for a luxurious and incontinent life. What a deal of variety there is of ſins? that which faileth cannot be numbered. Every ſin continued deſerves to brand the ſoul with this ſtile. Here one is picked out from the reſt: ſhe is not noted for murder, for theft, for idolatry; only her luſt makes her a woman that was a ſinner. Other vices uſe not to give the owner this title, although they ſhould be more heinous than it.

Wantons

Wantons may flatter themselves in the indifferency or slightness of this offence: their souls shall need no other conveyance to hell than this, which cannot be so pleasing to nature as it is hateful to God, who so speaks of it as if there were no sins but it; "a woman " that was a sinner."

She was a sinner, now she is not; her very presence argues her change. Had she been still in her old trade, she would no more have endured the sight of Christ, than that devil did which cried out, "Art " thou come to torment me?" Her eyes had been lamps and fires of lust, not fountains of tears; her hairs had been nets to catch foolish lovers, not a towel for her Saviour's feet; yet still she carries the name of what she was: a scar still remains after the wound healed. Simon will be ever the leper, and Matthew the Publican. How carefully should we avoid those actions which may ever stain us!

What a difference there is betwixt the carriage and proceedings of God and men? The mercy of God, as it " calleth those things that are not as if they were," so it calleth those things that were as if they were not; "I will remember your iniquities no more." As some skilful chyrurgeon so sets the bone, or heals the sore, that it cannot be seen where the complaint was. Man's word is, that which is done cannot be undone: but the omnipotent goodness of God doth, as it were, undo our once committed sins. "Take " away my iniquity, and thou shalt find none." What we were in ourselves we are not to him, since he hath changed us from ourselves.

O God, why should we be niggardly where thou art liberal? why should we be reading those lines which thou hast not only crossed, but quite blotted, yea wiped out?

It is a good word, "she was a sinner." To be wicked is odious to God, angels, saints, men; to
have

have been so, is blessed and glorious. I rejoice to look back and see my Egyptians lying dead upon the shore, that I may praise the Author of my deliverance and victory. Else, it matters not what they were, what I was. O God, thou, whose title is "I am," regardest the present. He befriends and honours us that says, "Such ye were, but ye are washed."

The place adds to the heinousness of the sin; "in the city." The more public the fact is, the greater is the scandal. Sin is sin, though in a desert: others eyes do not make the act more vile in itself, but the offence is multiplied by the number of beholders.

I hear no name of either the city or the woman; she was too well known in her time. How much better is it to be obscure than infamous? Herein, I doubt not, God meant to spare the reputation of a penitent convert. He, who hates not the person but the sin, cares only to mention the sin, not the person. It is justice to prosecute the vice, it is mercy to spare the offender. How injurious a presumption is it for any man to name her whom God would have concealed? and to cast this aspersion on those whom God hath noted for holiness?

The worst of this woman is past, "She was a sinner;" the best is to come, "She sought out Jesus:" where? in the house of a Pharisee. It was the most inconvenient place in the world for a noted sinner to seek Christ in.

No man stood so much upon the terms of their own righteousness, no men so scornfully disdained an infamous person. The touch of an ordinary, though honest Jew, was their pollution; how much more the presence of a strumpet? What a sight was a known sinner to him, to whom his holiest neighbour was a sinner? How doth he, though a better Pharisee, look awry to see such a piece in his house, while he dares think

think, "If this man were a prophet, he would surely know what manner of woman this is?" Neither could she fore-imagine less, when she ventured to press over the threshold of a Pharisee. Yet not the known austerity of the man, and her miswelcome to the place, could affright her from seeking her Saviour even there. No disadvantage can defer the penitent soul from a speedy recourse to Christ. She says not, If Jesus were in the street, or in the field, or in the house of some humble Publican, or any where save with a Pharisee, I would come to him; now I will rather defer my access, than seek him where I shall find scorn and censure; but, as not fearing the frowns of that overly host, she thrusts herself into Simon's house to find Jesus. It is not for the distressed to be bashful; it is not for a believer to be timorous. O Saviour, if thy spouse miss thee, she will seek thee through the streets; the blows of the watch shall not daunt her. If thou be on the other side of the water, a Peter will leap into the sea and swim to thee; if on the other side of the fire, thy blessed martyrs will run through those flames to thee. We are not worthy of the comfort of thy presence, if, wheresoever we know thou art, whether in prison or in exile, or at the stake, we do not hasten thither to enjoy thee.

The place was not more unfit than the time: a Pharisee's house was not more unproper for a sinner, than a feast was for humiliation. Tears at a banquet are as jigs at a funeral. There is a season for all things. Music had been more apt for a feast than mourning.

The heart that hath once felt the sting of sin, and the sweetness of remission, hath no power to delay the expressions of what it feels, and cannot be confined to terms of circumstance.

Whence then was this zeal of her access? Doubtless she had heard from the mouth of Christ, in those heavenly

heavenly sermons of his, many gracious invitations of all troubled and labouring souls; she had observed how he vouchsafed to come under the roofs of despised Publicans, of professed enemies; she had noted all the passages of his power and mercy, and now deep remorse wrought upon her heart, for her former viciousness. The pool of her conscience was troubled by the descending angel, and now she steps in for a cure. The arrow stuck fast in her soul, which she could not shake out; and now she comes to this sovereign dittany to expel it. Had not the Spirit of God wrought upon her ere she came, and wrought her to come, she had never either sought or found Christ. Now she comes in and finds that Saviour whom she sought: she comes in, but not empty handed: though debauched, she was a Jewess. She could not but have heard, that she ought "not to appear before the Lord empty." What then brings she? It was not possible she could bring to Christ a better present than her own penitent soul; yet, to testify that, she brings another, delicate both for the vessel and the contents, "a box of alabaster;" a solid, hard, pure, clear marble, fit for the receipt of so precious an ointment: the ointment pleasant and costly, a composition of many fragrant odours, not for medicine but delight.

The soul that is truly touched with the sense of its own sin, can think nothing too good, too dear for Christ. The remorseful sinner begins first with the tender of "burnt offerings, and calves of a year old;" thence he ascends to hecatombs, thousands of rams; and above that yet, to "ten thousand rivers of oil;" and, yet higher, could be content to "give the first fruit of his body" to expiate "the sin of his soul." Any thing, every thing is too small a price for peace. O Saviour, since we have tasted how sweet thou art, lo, we bring thee the daintiest and costliest perfumes
of

of our humble obediences; yea, if so much of our blood, as this woman brought ointment, may be useful or pleasing to my name, we do most chearfully consecrate it unto thee. If we would not have thee think heaven too good for us, why should we stick at any earthly retribution to thee in lieu of thy great mercies?

Yet here I see more than the price: This odori-ferous perfume was that wherewith she had wont to make herself pleasing to her wanton lovers, and now she comes purposely to offer it up to her Saviour.

As her love was turned another way, from sensual to divine, so shall her ointment also be altered in the use: that, which was abused to luxury, shall now be consecrated to devotion. There is no other effect in whatsoever true conversion; "As we have given our members servants to iniquity, to commit iniquity, so shall we now give our members servants unto righteousness in holiness." If the dames of Israel, that thought nothing more worth looking on than their own faces, have spent too much time in their glasses, now they shall cast in those metals to make a laver for the washing off their uncleannesses: If I have spent the prime of my strength, the strength of my wit upon myself and vanity, I have bestowed my alabaster box amiss: O now teach me, my God and Saviour, to improve all my time, all my abilities to thy glory. This is all the poor recompence can be made thee for those shameful dishonours thou hast received from me.

The woman is come in, and now she doth not boldly face Christ, but, as unworthy of his presence, she stands behind. How could she, in that sight, wash his feet with her tears? Was it that our Saviour did not sit at the feast after our fashion, but, according to the then Jewish and Roman fashion, lay on the one side? or was it that this phrase doth not so much import posture

ture as presence? Doubtless it was bashfulness, and shame arising from the conscience of her own former wickedness, that placed her thus. How well is the case altered? she had wont to look boldly in the face of her lovers, now she dares not behold the awful countenance of her Saviour. She had wont to send her alluring beams forth into the eyes of her wanton paramours; now she casts her dejected eyes to the earth, and dares not so much as raise them up to see those eyes from which she desired commiseration. It was a true inference of the prophet, "Thou hast an whore's forehead, thou canst not blush:" there cannot be a greater sign of whorishness than impudence. This woman can now blush: she hath put off the harlot, and is turned true penitent. Bashfulness is both a sign and effect of grace. O God, could we but bethink how wretched we are in nature, how vile through our sins, how glorious, holy, and powerful a God thou art, before whom the brightest angels hide their faces, we could not come but with a trembling awfulness into thy presence!

Together with shame, here is sorrow: a sorrow testified by tears, and tears in such abundance, that she washes the feet of our Saviour with those streams of penitence; "She began to wash his feet with tears." We hear when she began, we hear not when she ended. When the grapes are pressed, the juice runs forth; so, when the mind is pressed, tears distil, the true juice of penitence and sorrow. These eyes were not used to such clouds, or to such showers: there was nothing in them formerly but sun-shine of pleasure, beams of lust; now they are resolved into the drops of grief and contrition. Whence was this change, but from the secret working of God's Spirit! "He caused his wind to blow, and the waters flowed; he smote the rock, and the waters gushed out." O God, smite thou this rocky heart of mine, and
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the waters of repentance shall burst forth in abundance.

Never were thy feet, O Saviour, bedewed with more precious liquor than this of remorseful tears. These cannot be so spent, but that thou keepest them in thy bottle, yea thou returnest them back with interest of true comfort: "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. Blessed are they that mourn." Lo this wet seed-time shall be followed with an harvest of happiness and glory.

That this service might be complete, as her eyes were the ewer, so her hair was the towel for the feet of Christ. Doubtless, at a feast, there was no want of the most curious linen for this purpose. All this was nothing to her: to approve her sincere humility, and hearty devotion to Christ, her hair shall be put to this glorious office. The hair is the chief ornament of womanhood: the feet, as they are the lowest part of the body, so the meanest for account, and homeliest for employment; and, lo, this penitent bestows the chief ornament of her head on the meanest office, to the feet of her Saviour. The hair, which she was wont to spread as a net to catch her amorous companions, is honoured with the employment of wiping the beautiful feet of him that brought the glad tidings of peace and salvation; and, might it have been any service to him to have licked the dust under those feet of his, how gladly would she have done it! Nothing can be mean that is done to the honour of a Saviour.

Never was any hair so preferred as this. How I envy those locks that were graced with the touch of those sacred feet, but much more those lips that kissed them? those lips that had been formerly enured to the wanton touches of her lascivious lovers, now sanctify themselves with the testimony of her humble homage and dear respects to the Son of God! Thus her ointment, hands, eyes, hair, lips, are now con-

secrated to the service of Christ her Saviour, whom she had offended. If our satisfaction be not in some kind proportionable to our offence, we are no true penitents.

All this while I hear not one word fall from the mouth of this woman. What need her tongue speak, when her eyes spake, her hands spake? her gesture, her countenance, her whole carriage was vocal. I like this silent speaking well, when our actions talk, and our tongues hold their peace. The common practice is contrary; mens tongues are busy, but their hands are still. All their religion lies in their tongue; their hands either do nothing, or ill, so as their profession is but wind, as their words. Wherefore are words, but for expression of the mind? if that could be known by the eye or by the hand, the language of both were alike. There are no words among spirits, yet they perfectly understand each other. "The heavens declare the glory of God." All tongues cannot speak so loud as they that have none. Give me the Christian that is seen and not heard. The noise that our tongue makes in a formality of profession, shall, in the silence of our hands, condemn us for hypocrites.

The Pharisee saw all this, but with an evil eye. Had he not had some grace, he had never invited such a guest as Jesus; and if he had had grace enough, he had never entertained such a thought as this of the guest he invited: "If this man were a prophet, he would have known what manner of woman it is that toucheth him, for she is a sinner."

How many errors in one breath? justly, O Simon, hath this one thought lost thee the thank of thy feast. Belike, at the highest, thou judgest thy guest but a prophet; and now thou doubtest whether he were so much. Besides this undervaluation, how unjust is the ground of this doubt? Every prophet knew not every

every thing; yea, no prophet ever knew all things. Elisha knew the very secrets of the Assyrian privy-chamber; yet he knew not the calamity of his worthy hostess. The finite knowledge of the ablest seer reaches but so far as it will please God to extend it. Well might he therefore have been a prophet, and, in the knowledge of greater matters, not have known this.

Unto this, how weakly didst thou, because of Christ's silent admission of the woman, suppose him ignorant of her quality? as if knowledge should be measured always by the noise of expression. Stay but a while, and thou shalt find, that he well knew both her life and thy heart. Besides, how injuriously dost thou take this woman for what she was? not conceiving, as well thou mightst, were not this woman a convert, she would never have offered herself into this presence. Her modesty and her tears bewray her change; and if she be changed, why is she censured for what she is not?

Lastly, how strongly did it favour of the leaven of thy profession, that thou supposest, were she what she was, that it could not stand with the knowledge and holiness of a prophet to admit of her least touch, yea of her presence? whereas, on the one side, outward conversation in itself makes no man unclean or holy, but according to the disposition of the patient; on the other, such was the purity and perfection of this thy glorious guest, that it was not possibly infectible, nor any way obnoxious to the danger of others sin. He that said once, "Who touched me?" in regard of virtue issuing from him, never said, Whom have I touched? in regard of any contagion incident into him. We sinful creatures, in whom the prince of this world finds too much, may easily be tainted with other mens sins. He, who came to take away the sins of the world, was incapable of pollution by

fin. Had the woman then been still a sinner, thy censure of Christ was proud and unjust.

The Pharisee spake, but it was within himself; and now, behold "Jesus answering, said."

What we think, we speak to our hearts, and we speak to God; and he equally hears, as if it came out of our mouths. Thoughts are not free. Could men know and convince them, they would be no less liable to censure, than if they came forth clothed with words. God, who hears them, judges of them accordingly. So here, the heart of Simon speaks, "Jesus answers."

Jesus answers him, but with a parable. He answers many a thought with judgment; the blasphemy of the heart, the murder of the heart, the adultery of the heart, are answered by him with a real vengeance. For Simon, our Saviour saw his error was either out of simple ignorance, or weak mistaking; where he saw no malice, then it is enough to answer with a gentle conviction. The convictive answer of Christ is by way of parable. The wisdom of God knows how to circumvent us for our gain; and can speak that pleasingly by a prudent circumlocution, which down-right would not be digested. Had our Saviour said in plain terms, Simon, whether dost thou or this sinner love me more? the Pharisee could not for shame but have stood upon his reputation, and, in a scorn of the comparison, have protested his exceeding respects to Christ. Now, ere he is aware, he is fetched in to give sentence against himself, for her whom he condemned. O Saviour, thou hast made us fishers of men; how should we learn of thee, so to bait our hooks, that they may be most likely to take? Thou, the great householder of thy church, hast provided victuals for thy family, thou hast appointed us to dress them: if we do not so cook them, as that they may fit the palates to which they are intended, we do

do both lose our labour and thy cost. The parable is of two debtors to one creditor; the one owed a lesser sum, the other a greater; both are forgiven. It was not the purpose of him that propounded it, that we should stick in the bark: God is our creditor, our sins our debts; we are all debtors, but one more deep than another. No man can pay this debt alone, satisfaction is not possible; only remission can discharge us. God doth in mercy forgive as well the greatest as the least sins. Our love to God is proportionable to the sense of our remission. So then the Pharisee cannot chuse but confess, that the more and greater the sin is, the greater mercy in the forgiveness; and the more mercy in the forgiver, the greater obligation and more love in the forgiven.

Truth, from whose mouth soever it falls, is worth taking up: our Saviour praises the true judgment of a Pharisee. It is an injurious indiscretion in those who are so prejudiced against the persons, that they reject the truth. He, that would not quench the smoking flax, encourages even the least good. As the careful chirurgeon strokes the arm ere he strikes the vein, so did Christ here; ere he convinces the Pharisee of his want of love, he graceth him with a fair approbation of his judgment. Yet the while turning both his face and his speech to the poor penitent, as one that cared more for a true humiliation for sin, than for a false pretence of respect and innocence.

With what a dejected and abashed countenance, with what earth fixed eyes, do we imagine the poor woman stood, when she saw her Saviour direct his face and words to her?

She that but durst stand behind him, and steal the falling of some tears upon his feet, with what a blushing astonishment doth she behold his sidereal countenance cast upon her? While his eyes were turned to-

wards this penitent, his speech was turned to the Pharisee concerning that penitent, by him mistaken: "Seest thou this woman?" He who before had said, "If this man were a prophet, he would have known what manner of woman this is," now hears, "Seest thou this woman?" Simon saw but her outside; Jesus lets him see that he saw her heart, and will thus convince the Pharisee that he is more than a prophet, who knew not her conversation only, but her soul. The Pharisee, that went all by appearance, shall by her deportment see the proof of her good disposition: it shall happily shame him, to hear the comparison of the wants of his own entertainments, with the abundance of hers.

It is strange, that any of this formal sect should be defective in their notions. Simon had not given water to so great a guest; she washes his feet with her tears. By how much the water of the eye was more precious than the water of the earth, so much was the respect and courtesy of this penitent above the neglected office of the Pharisee. What use was there of a towel, where was no water? she, that made a fountain of her eyes, made precious napery of her hair: that better flax shamed the linen in the Pharisee's chest.

A kiss of the cheek had wont to be pledge of the welcome of their guests; Simon neglects to make himself thus happy; she redoubles the kisses of her humble thankfulness upon the blessed feet of her Saviour. The Pharisee omits ordinary oil for the head, she supplies the most precious and fragrant oil to his feet.

Now the Pharisee reads his own taxations in her praise, and begins to envy where he had scorned.

It is our fault, O Saviour, if we mistake thee. We are ready to think, so thou have the substance of good usage, thou regardest not the compliments and ceremonies

monies; whereas now we see thee to have both meat and welcome in the Pharisee's house, and yet hear thee glance at his neglect of washing, kissing, anointing. Doubtless, omission of due circumstances in thy entertainment may deserve to lose our thanks. Do we pray to thee? do we hear thee preach to us? now we make thee good cheer in our house: but if we perform not these things with the fit decency of our outward carriages, we give thee not thy water, thy kisses, thy oil. Even meet ritual observances are requisite for thy full welcome.

Yet how little had these things been regarded, if they had not argued the woman's thankful love to thee, and the ground of that love, sense of her remission, and the Pharisee's default in both?

Love and action do necessarily evince each other. True love cannot lurk long unexpressed; it will be looking out at the eyes, creeping out of the mouth, breaking out at the fingers ends, in some actions of dearness, especially those wherein there is pain and difficulty to the agent, profit or pleasure to the affected. O Lord, in vain shall we profess to love thee, if we do nothing for thee. Since our goodness cannot reach up unto thee, who art our glorious head; O let us bestow upon thy feet, thy poor members here below, our tears, our hands, our ointment, and whatever our gifts or endeavours may testify our thankfulness and love to thee in them.

O happy word! "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her." Methinks I see how this poor penitent revived with this breath: how new life comes into her eyes, new blood into her cheeks, new spirits into her countenance, like unto our mother earth, when in that first confusion, "God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb that beareth seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit;" all runs out into flowers, and blossoms, and leaves, and fruit. Her
former

former tears said, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" now her chearful smiles say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord."

Seldom ever do we meet with so perfect a penitent; seldom do we find so gracious a dismissal. What can be wished of any mortal creature but remission, safety, faith, peace? all these are here met to make a contrite soul happy; remission the ground of her safety, faith the ground of her peace; safety and salvation the issue of her remission, peace the blessed fruit of her faith.

O woman, the perfume that thou broughtst is poor and base, in comparison of those sweet favours of rest and happiness that are returned to thee! Well was that ointment bestowed, wherewith thy soul is sweetened to all eternity.

CONTEMP. XVII. MARTHA and MARY.

WE may read long enough ere we find Christ in an house of his own. "The foxes have holes, and the birds have nests:" he that had all possessed nothing. One while I see him in a Publican's house, then in a Pharisee's; now I find him at Martha's. His last entertainment was with some neglect, this with too much solicitude. Our Saviour was now in his way; the sun might as soon stand still as he.

The more we move, the liker we are to heaven, and to this God that made it. His progress was to Jerusalem, for some holy feast. He, whose devotion neglected not any of those sacred solemnities, will not neglect the due opportunities of his bodily refreshing: as not thinking it meet to travel and preach harbourless, he diverts (where he knew his welcome) to the village of Bethany. There dwelt the two devout sisters, with their brother his friend Lazarus;

zarus; their roof receives him. O happy house into which the Son of God vouchsafed to set his foot! O blessed woman, that had the grace to be the hostess to the God of heaven! How should I envy your felicity herein, if I did not see the same favour, if I be not wanting to myself, lying open to me? I have two ways to entertain my Saviour, in his members, and in himself. In his members, by charity and hospitality: "What I do to one of those his little ones, I do to him:" in himself by faith; "If any man open, he will come in and sup with him."

O Saviour, thou standst at the door of our hearts, and knockst by the solicitations of thy messengers, by the sense of thy chastisements, by the motions of thy Spirit: if we open to thee by a willing admission and faithful welcome, thou wilt be sure to take up our souls with thy gracious presence, and not to sit with us for a momentary meal, but to dwell with us for ever. Lo, thou didst but call in at Bethany; but here shall be thy rest for everlasting.

Martba, it seems, as being the elder sister, bore the name of the house-keeper; Mary was her assistant in the charge. A blessed pair; sisters not more in nature than grace, in spirit no less than in flesh. How happy a thing is it, when all the parties in family are jointly agreed to entertain Christ!

No sooner is Jesus entered into the house, than he falls to preaching; that no time may be lost, he stays not so much as till his meat be made ready, but, while his bodily repast was in hand, provides spiritual food for his hosts. It was his meat and drink to do the will of his Father: he fed more upon his own diet than he could possibly upon theirs; his best cheer was to see them spiritually fed. How should we, whom he hath called to this sacred function, "be instant in season and out of season?" We are, by his sacred ordination, the lights of the world.

No

No sooner is the candle lighted, than it gives that light which it hath, and never intermits till it be wasted to the snuff.

Both the sisters for a time sat attentively listening to the words of Christ. Household occasions call Martha away; Mary sits still at his feet, and hears. Whether shall we more praise her humility, or her docility? I do not see her take a stool and sit by him, or a chair and sit above him; but, as desiring to shew her heart was as low as her knees, she sits at his feet. She was lowly set, richly warmed with those heavenly beams. The greater submission, the more grace. If there be one hollow in the valley lower than another; thither the waters gather.

Martha's house is become a divinity school: Jesus, as the doctor, sits in the chair; Martha, Mary, and the rest, sit as disciples at his feet. Standing implies a readiness of motion, sitting a settled composedness to this holy attendance.

Had these two sisters provided our Saviour never such delicates, and waited on his trencher never so officiously, yet had they not listened to his instruction, they had not bidden him welcome; neither had he so well liked his entertainment.

This was the way to feast him; to feed their ears by his heavenly doctrine: his best cheer is our proficiency, our best cheer is his word. O Saviour, let my soul be thus feasted by thee, do thou thus feast thyself by feeding me; this mutual diet shall be thy praise and my happiness.

Though Martha was for the time an attentive hearer, yet now her care of Christ's entertainment carries her into the kitchen; Mary sits still. Neither was Mary more devout than Martha busy: Martha cares to feast Jesus, Mary to be feasted of him. There was more solicitude in Martha's active part; more piety in Mary's sedentary attendance: I know not in whether
more

more zeal. Good Martha was desirous to express her joy and thankfulness, for the presence of so blessed a guest, by the actions of her careful and plenteous entertainment. I know not how to censure the holy woman for her excess of care to welcome her Saviour. Sure she herself thought she did well; and, out of that confidence, fears not to complain to Christ of her sister.

I do not see her come to her sister, and whisper in her ear the great need of her aid; but she comes to Jesus, and in a kind of unkind expostulation of her neglect, makes her moan to him; "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Why did she not rather make her first address to her sister? was it for that she knew Mary was so tied by the ears with those adamantine chains that came from the mouth of Christ, that, until his silence and dismissal, she had no power to stir? or was it out of an honour and respect to Christ, that, in his presence, she would not presume to call off her sister without his leave.

Howsoever, I cannot excuse the holy woman from some weaknesses. It was a fault to measure her sister by herself, and, apprehend her own act to be good, to think her sister could not do well if she did not so too; whereas goodness hath much latitude. Ill is opposed to good, not good to good. Neither in things lawful nor indifferent are others bound to our examples. Mary might hear, Martha might serve, and both do well. Mary did not censure Martha for her rising from the feet of Christ to prepare his meal: neither should Martha have censured Mary for sitting at Christ's feet to feed her soul. It was a fault, that she thought an excessive care of a liberal outward entertainment of Christ was to be preferred to a diligent attention to Christ's spiritual entertainment of them. It was a
fault,

fault, that she durst presume to question our Saviour of some kind of unrespect to her toil, "Lord, dost thou not care?" What sayest thou, Martha? dost thou challenge the Lord of heaven and earth of incogitancy and neglect? dost thou take upon thee to prescribe unto that infinite wisdom, instead of receiving directions from him? it is well thou mettest with a Saviour, whose gracious mildness knows how to pardon and pity the errors of our zeal.

Yet, I must needs say, here wanted not fair pretences for the ground of this thy expostulation. Thou, the elder sister, workest; Mary, the younger, sits still. And what work was thine, but the hospitable receipt of thy Saviour and his train? had it been for thine own paunch, or for some carnal friends, it had been less excusable; now it was for Christ himself, to whom thou couldst never be too obsequious.

But all this cannot deliver thee from the just blame of this bold subincusation; "Lord, dost thou not care?" How ready is our weakness, upon every slight discontentment, to quarrel with our best friend, yea with our good God; and, the more we are put to it, to think ourselves the more neglected, and to challenge God for our neglect? Do we groan on the bed of our sickness, and, languishing in pain, complain of long hours and weary sides? straight we think, Lord, dost thou not care that we suffer? Doth God's poor church go to wrack, while the ploughers ploughing on her back, make long furrows? "Lord, dost thou not care?" But know thou, O thou feeble and distrustful soul, the more thou dost, the more thou sufferest, the more thou art cared for: neither is God ever so tender over his church, as when it is most exercised. Every pang, and stitch, and gird is first felt of him that sends it. O God, thou knowest our works, and our labour, and our patience: we
may

may be ignorant and diffident, thou canst not but be gracious.

It could not but trouble devout Mary to hear her sister's impatient complaint; a complaint of herself to Christ, with such vehemence of passion, as if there had been such strangeness betwixt the two sisters, that the one would do nothing for the other, without an external compulsion from a superior. How can she chuse but think, If I have offended, why was I not secretly taxed for it in a sisterly familiarity? what if there have been some little omission? must the whole house ring of it before my Lord and all his disciples? is this carriage befitting a sister? is my devotion worthy of a quarrel? Lord, dost thou not care that I am injuriously censured? Yet I hear not a word of reply from that modest mouth. O holy Mary, I admire thy patient silence: thy sister blames thee for thy piety; the disciples afterwards blame thee for thy bounty and cost: not a word falls from thee in a just vindication of thine honour and innocence, but, in an humble taciturnity, thou leavest thine answer to thy Saviour.

How should we learn of thee, when we are complained of for well-doing, to seal up our lips, and to expect our righting from above.

And how sure, how ready art thou, O Saviour, to speak in the cause of the dumb? "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen the better part."

What needed Mary to speak for herself, when she had such an Advocate? Doubtless Martha was, as it were, divided from herself with the multiplicity of her careful thoughts: our Saviour therefore doubles her name in his compellation, that, in such distraction, he may both find and fix her heart. The good woman made full account, that Christ would have sent away

away her sister with a check, and herself with thanks; but now her hopes fail her; and though she be not directly reprov'd, yet she hears her sister more approv'd than she; "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." Our Saviour received courtesy from her in her diligent and costly entertainment; yet he would not blanch her error, and smooth her up in her weak misprision. No obligations may so enthrall us, as that our tongues should not be free to reprove faults where we find them. They are base and servile spirits that will have their tongue tied to their teeth.

This glance towards a reproof implies an opposition of the condition of the two sisters: themselves were not more near in nature, than their present humour and estate differed. One is oppos'd to many, necessary to superfluous, solicitude to quietness: "Thou art careful and troubled about many things; one thing is necessary." How far then may our care reach to these earthly things? On the one side; O Saviour, thou hast charg'd us to "take no thought what to eat, drink, put on;" on the other, thy chosen vessel hath told us, that "he that provides not for his family hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." We may, we must care for many things; so that our care be for good and well: for good, both in kind and measure; well, so as our care be free from distraction, from distrust: from distraction, that it hinder us not from the necessary duties of our general calling; from distrust, that we misdoubt not God's Providence, while we employ our own. We cannot care for thee, unless we thus care for ourselves, for ours.

Alas! how much care do I see every where, but how few Marthas? Her care was for her Saviour's entertainment, ours for ourselves. One finds perplexities in his estate, which he desires to extricate; another

another beats his brains for the raising of his house: one busies his thoughts about the doubtful condition, as he thinks, of the times, and casts in his anxious head the imaginary events of all things, opposing his hopes to his fears; another studies how to avoid the cross blows of an adversary. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." Foolish men! why do we set our hearts upon the rack, and need not? why will we endure to bend under that burden, which more able shoulders have offered to undertake for our ease?

Thou hast bidden us, O God, to cast our cares upon thee, with promise to care for us. We do gladly unload ourselves upon thee: O let our care be to depend upon thee, as thine is to provide for us.

Whether Martha be pitied or taxed for her sedulity; I am sure Mary is praised for her devotion: "One thing is necessary." Not by way of negation, as if nothing were necessary but this: but by way of comparison, as that nothing is so necessary as this. Earthly occasions must vail to spiritual. Of those three main grounds of all our actions, necessity, convenience, pleasure, each transcends other: convenience carries it away from pleasure, necessity from convenience, and one degree of necessity from another. The degrees are according to the conditions of the things necessary. The condition of these earthly necessities is, that without them we cannot live temporally; the condition of the spiritual, that without them we cannot live eternally. So much difference then as there is betwixt temporary and eternal, so much there must needs be betwixt the necessity of these bodily actions and these spiritual: both are necessary in their kinds; neither must here be an opposition, but a subordination. The body and soul must be friends; not rivals: we may not so ply the Christian, that we neglect the man.

O the vanity of those men, who, neglecting that one thing necessary, affect many things superfluous! Nothing is needless with worldly minds but this one, which is only necessary, the care of their souls. How justly do they lose that they cared not for, while they over-care for that which is neither worthy nor possible to be kept?

Neither is Mary's business more allowed than herself: "She hath chosen the good part." It was not forced upon her, but taken up by her election. Martha might have sat still as well as she: she might have stirred about as well as Martha. Mary's will made this choice, not without the inclination of him who both gave this will and commends it. That will was before renewed, no marvel if it chose the good; though this were not in a case of good and evil, but of good and better. We have still this holy freedom, through the inoperation of him that hath freed us. Happy are we, if we can improve this liberty to the best advantage of our souls.

The stability or perpetuity of good adds much to the praise of it. Martha's part was soon gone; the thank and use of a little outward hospitality cannot long last: but "Mary's shall not be taken away from her." The act of her hearing was transient, the fruit permanent: she now hears that which shall stick by her for ever.

What couldst thou hear, O holy Mary, from those sacred lips, which we hear not still? that heavenly doctrine is never but the same; not more subject to change than the author of it. It is not impossible that the exercise of the gospel should be taken from us; but the benefit and virtue of it is as inseparable from our souls as their being. In the hardest times that shall stick closest to us, and till death, in death, after death shall make us happy.

CONTEMP. XVIII. *The BEGGAR, that was born blind, cured.*

THE man was born blind. This cure requires not art, but power; a power no less than infinite and divine. Nature presupposeth a matter, though formless; art looks for matter formed to our hands; God stands not upon either. Where there was not an eye to be healed, what could an oculist do? It is only a God that can create. Such are we, O God, to all spiritual things; we want not sight, but eyes: it must be thou only that canst make us capable of illumination.

The blind man sat begging. Those that have eyes, and hands, and feet of their own, may be able to help themselves; those that want these helps must be beholden to the eyes, hands, feet of others. The impotent are cast upon our mercy: happy are we, if we can lend limbs and senses to the needy. Affected beggary is odious: that which is of God's making justly challengeth relief.

Where should this blind man sit begging but near the temple? At one gate sits a cripple, a blind man at another. Well might these miserable souls suppose that piety and charity dwelt close together: the two tables were both of one quarry. Then are we best disposed to mercy towards our brethren, when we have either craved or acknowledged God's mercy towards ourselves. If we go thither to beg of God, how can we deny mites, when we hope for talents?

Never did Jesus move one foot but to purpose. He passed by, but so, as that his virtue stayed; so did he pass by that his eye was fixed. The blind man could not see him, he sees the blind man. His goodness prevents us, and yields better supplies to our wants. He saw compassionately, not shutting his eyes; not turning them aside, but bending them upon that

dark and disconsolate object. That which was said of the sun, is much more true of him that made it, "Nothing is hid from his light:" but of all other things, miseries, especially of his own, are most intently eyed of him. Could we be miserable unseen, we had reason to be heartless. O Saviour, why should we not imitate thee in this merciful improvement of our senses? Wo be to those eyes that care only to gaze upon their own beauty, bravery, wealth; not abiding to glance upon the sores of Lazarus, the sorrows of Joseph, the dungeon of Jeremy, the blind beggar at the gate of the temple.

The disciples see the blind man too, but with different eyes: our Saviour for pity and cure, they for expostulation; "Master, who did sin; this man or his parents, that he is born blind?" I like well that whatsoever doubt troubled them, they straight vent it into the ear of their Master. O Saviour, while thou art in heaven, thy school is upon earth. Wherefore serve thy "priests lips" but to "preserve knowledge?" What use is there of the tongue of the learned but to speak a word in season? Thou teachest us still, and still we doubt, and ask, and learn.

In one short question I find two truths, and two falsehoods; the truths implied, the falsehoods expressed. It is true, that commonly man's suffering is for sin; that we may justly, and do often, suffer even for the sins of our parents; it is false, that there is no other reason of our suffering but sin, that a man could sin actually before he was, or was before his being, or could before-hand suffer for his after-sins. In all likelihood, that absurd conceit of the transmigration of souls possessed the very disciples. How easily, and how far may the best be miscarried with a common error? We are not thankful for our own illumination, if we do not look with charity and pity upon the gross mis-opinions of our brethren.

Our

Our Saviour sees, and yet will wink at so foul a misprison of his disciples. I hear neither chiding nor conviction. He that could have enlightened their minds, as he did the world, at once, will do it by due leisure; and only contents himself here with a mild solution; "Neither this man nor his parents." We learn nothing of thee, O Saviour, if not meekness. What a sweet temper should be in our carriage towards the weaknesses of others judgment? how should we instruct them without bitterness, and, without violence of passion, expect the meet seasons of their better information? the tender mother or nurse doth not rate her little one for that he goes not well, but gives him her hand, that he may go better. It is the spirit of lenity that must restore and confirm the lapsed.

The answer is direct and punctual; neither the sin of the man nor of his parents bereaved him of his eyes; there was an higher cause of this privation, the glory that God meant to win to himself by redressing it. The parents had sinned in themselves, the man had sinned in his first parents; it is not the guilt of either that is guilty of this blindness. All God's afflictive acts are not punishments: some are for the benefit of the creature, whether for probation, or prevention, or reformation; all are for the praise, whether of his divine power, or justice, or mercy.

It was fit that so great a work should be ushered in with a preface. A sudden and abrupt appearance would not have beseemed so glorious a demonstration of omnipotence. The way is made; our Saviour addresses himself to the miracle; a miracle not more in the thing done, than in the form of doing it.

The matter used was clay. Could there be a meaner? could there be ought more unfit? O Saviour, how oft hadst thou cured blindnesses by thy word alone? how oft by thy touch? how easily couldst thou have done so here? was this to shew thy liberty, or

thy power? liberty, in that thou canst at pleasure use variety of means, not being tied to any; power, in that thou couldst make use of contraries. Hadst thou pull'd out a box, and applied some medicinal ointment to the eyes, something had been ascribed to thy skill, more to the natural power of thy receipt; now thou madest use of clay, which had been enough to stop up the eyes of the seeing: the virtue must be all in thee, none in the means. The utter disproportion of this help to the cure adds glory to the worker.

How clearly didst thou hence evince to the world, that thou, who of clay couldst make eyes, wert the same who of clay hadst made man? since there is no part of the body that hath so little analogy to clay as the eye; this clearness is contrary to that darkness. Had not the Jews been more blind than the man whom thou curedst, and more hard and stiff than the clay which thou molifiedst, they had, in this one work, both seen and acknowledged thy Deity.

What could the clay have done without thy tempering? It was thy spittle that made the clay effectual; it was that sacred mouth of thine that made the spittle medicinal: the water of Siloam shall but wash off that clay which this inward moisture made powerful. The clay, thus tempered, must be applied by the hand that made it, else it avails nothing.

What must the blind man needs think, when he felt the cold clay upon the holes of his eyes? or, since he could not conceive what an eye was, what must the beholders needs think, to see that hollowness thus filled up? Is this the way to give either eyes or sight? why did not the earth see with this clay as well as the man? what is there to hinder the sight, if this make it.

Yet with these contrarieties must faith be exercised, where God intends the blessing of a cure.

It was never meant that this clay should dwell upon those pits of the eyes: it is only put on to be washed off; and that not by every water; none shall do it but that of Siloam, which signifies Sent; and if the man had not been sent to Siloam, he had been still blind. All things receive their virtue from divine institution. How else should a piece of wheaten bread nourish the soul? how should spring-water wash off spiritual filthiness? how should the foolishness of preaching save souls? how should the absolution of God's minister be more effectual than the breath of an ordinary Christian? Thou, O God, hast set apart these ordinances, thy blessing is annexed to them; hence is the ground of all our use, and their efficacy. Hadst thou so instituted, Jordan would as well have healed blindness, and Siloam leprosy.

That the man might be capable of such a miracle, his faith is set on work; he must be led, with his eyes daubed up, to the pool of Siloam. He washes and sees. Lord, what did this man think when his eyes were now first given him? what a new world did he find himself come into? how did he wonder at heaven and earth, and the faces and shapes of all creatures, the goodly varieties of colours, the cheerfulness of the light, the lively beams of the sun, the vast expansion of the air, the pleasant transparency of the water; at the glorious piles of the temple, and stately palaces of Jerusalem? every thing did not more please than astonish him. Lo, thus shall we be affected, and more, when, the scales of our mortality being done away, we shall see as we are seen; when we shall behold the blessedness of that other world, the glory of the saints and angels, the infinite majesty of the Son of God, the incomprehensible brightness of the all-glorious Deity. O my soul, that thou couldst be taken up before-hand with the admiration of that which thou canst not as yet be capable of foreseeing.

It could not be but that many eyes had been witnesses of this man's want of eyes. He sat begging at one of the temple gates: not only all the city, but all the country must needs know him; thrice a year did they come up to Jerusalem; neither could they come to the temple and not see him: his very blindness made him noted. Deformities and infirmities of body do more easily both draw and fix the eye, than an ordinary symmetry of parts.

Besides his blindness, his trade made him remarkable; the importunity of his begging drew the eyes of the passengers; but, of all other, the place most notified him. Had he sat in some obscure village of Judæa, or in some blind lane of Jerusalem, perhaps he had not been heeded of many; but now, that he took up his seat in the heart, in the head of the chief city, whither all resorted from all parts, what Jew can there be that knows not the blind beggar at the temple gate? Purposely did our Saviour make choice of such a subject for his miracle; a man so poor, so public: the glory of the work could not have reached so far, if it had been done to the wealthiest citizen of Jerusalem. Neither was it for nothing that the act and the man is doubted of, and inquired into by the beholders; "Is not this he that sat begging?" "some said, it is he; others said, it is like him." No truths have received so full proofs as those that have been questioned. The want, or the sudden presence of an eye, much more of both, must needs make a great change in the face; those little balls of light, which no doubt were more clear than nature could have made them, could not but give a new life to the countenance. I marvel not if the neighbours, who had wont to see this dark visage led by a guide, and guided by a staff, seeing him now walking confidently alone out of his own inward light, and looking them cheerfully in the face, doubted whether
 this

this were he. The miraculous cures of God work a sensible alteration in men, not more in their own apprehension than in the judgment of others. Thus in the redress of the spiritual blindness, the whole habit of the man is changed. Where before his face looked dull and earthly, now there is a sprightly cheerfulness in it, through the comfortable knowledge of God and heavenly things; whereas before his heart was set upon worldly things, now he uses them, but enjoys them not; and that use is because he must, not because he would: where before his fears and griefs were only for pains of body, or loss of estate or reputation, now they are only spent upon the displeasure of his God, and the peril of his soul. So as now the neighbours can say, "Is this the man? others, it is like him, it is not he."

The late blind man hears, and now sees himself questioned, and soon resolves the doubt, "I am he." He that now saw the light of the sun, would not hide the light of truth from others. It is an unthankful silence to smother the works of God in an affected secrecy. To make God a loser, by his bounty to us, were a shameful injustice. We ourselves abide not those sponges that suck up good turns unknown. O God, we are not worthy of our spiritual eye-sight, if we do not publish thy mercies on the house-top, and praise thee in the great congregation.

Man is naturally inquisitive: we search studiously into the secret works of nature, we pry into the reasons of the witty inventions of art; but if there be any thing that transcends art and nature, the more high and abstruse it is, the more busy we are to seek into it. This thirst after hidden, yea forbidden knowledge, did once cost us dear; but, where it is good and lawful to know, inquiry is commendable; as here in these Jews, "How were thine eyes opened?" The first improvement of human reason is inquisition,
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the next is information and resolution; and if the meanest events pass us not without a question, how much less those that carry in them wonder and advantage!

He that was so ready to profess himself the subject of the cure, is no niggard of proclaiming the Author of it; "A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and sent me to Siloam to wash, and now I see." The blind man knew no more than he said, and he said what he apprehended, "A man." He heard Jesus speak, he felt his hand; as yet he could look no farther: upon his next meeting he saw God in this man. In matter of knowledge we must be content to creep ere we can go. As that other recovered blind man saw first men walk like trees, after like men; so no marvel if this man saw first this God only as man, after this man as God also. Onwards he thinks him a wonderful man, a mighty prophet. In vain shall we either expect a sudden perfection in the understanding of divine matters, or censure those that want it.

How did this man know what Jesus did? he was then stone blind, what distinction could he yet make of persons, of actions! True, but yet the blind man never wanted the assistance of others eyes; their relation hath assured him of the manner of his cure; besides the contribution of his other senses, his ear might perceive the spittle to fall, and hear the enjoined command; his feeling perceived the cold and moist clay upon his lids; all these conjoined gave sufficient warrant thus to believe, thus to report. Our ear is our best guide to a full apprehension of the works of Christ. The works of God the Father, his creation and government, are best known by the eye: the works of God the Son, his redemption and mediation, are best known by the ear. O Saviour, we cannot personally

sonally see what thou hast done here. What are the monuments of thine apostles and evangelists, but the relations of the blind man's guide, what and how thou hast wrought for us? On these we strongly rely, these we do no less confidently believe, than if our very eyes had been witnesses of what thou didst and sufferedst upon earth. There were no place for faith, if the ear were not worthy of as much credit as the eye.

How could the neighbours do less than ask, where he was that had done so strange a cure? I doubt yet with what mind, I fear not out of favour. Had they been but indifferent, they could not but have been full of silent wonder, and inclined to believe in so omnipotent an agent. Now, as prejudiced to Christ, and partial to the Pharisees, they bring the late blind man before those professed enemies unto Christ.

It is the preposterous religion of the vulgar sort to claw and adore those which have tyrannically usurped upon their souls, though with neglect, yea with contempt of God, in his word, in his works. Even unjust authority will never want soothing up in whatsoever courses, though with disgrace and opposition to the truth. Base minds, where they find possession, never look after right.

Our Saviour had picked out the Sabbath for this cure. It is hard to find out any time wherein charity is unseasonable. As mercy is an excellent grace, so the works of it are fittest for the best day. We are all born blind, the font is our Siloam: no day can come amiss, but yet God's day is the properest for our washing and recovery.

This alone is quarrel enough to those scrupulous wranglers, that an act of mercy was done on that day wherein their envy was but seasonable.

I do not see the man beg any more when he once had his eyes; no burgher in Jerusalem was richer than
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than he. I hear him stoutly defending that gracious Author of his cure against the cavils of the malicious Pharisees: I see him, as a resolute confessor, suffering excommunication for the name of Christ, and maintaining the innocence and honour of so blessed a benefactor: I hear him read a divinity lecture to them that sat in Moses's chair, and convincing them of blindness who punished him for seeing.

How can I but envy thee! O happy man, who, of a patient, provest an advocate for thy Saviour: whose gain of bodily sight made way for thy spiritual eyes; who hast lost a synagogue, and hast found heaven; who, being abandoned of sinners, art received of the Lord of glory?

CONTEMP. XIX. *The stubborn Devil ejected.*

HOW different, how contrary are our conditions here upon earth! while our Saviour is transfigured on the mount, his disciples are perplexed in the valley. Three of his choice followers were with him above, ravished with the miraculous proofs of his Godhead; nine other were troubled with the business of a stubborn devil below.

Much people was met to attend Christ, and there they will stay till he come down from Tabor. Their zeal and devotion brought them thither, their patient perseverance held them there. We are not worthy the name of his clients, if we cannot painfully seek him, and submissively wait his leisure.

He, that was now a while retired into the mount to confer with his Father, and to receive the attendance of Moses and Elias, returns into the valley to the multitude. He was singled out a while for prayer and contemplation, now he was joined with the multitude for their miraculous cure and heavenly instruction.

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We, that are his spiritual agents, must be either preparing in the mount, or exercising in the valley; one while in the mount of meditation, in the valley of action; another, alone to study, in the assembly to preach: here is much variety, but all is work.

Moses, when he came down from the hill, heard music in the valley; Christ, when he came down from the hill, heard discord. The scribes, it seems, were setting hard upon the disciples, they saw Christ absent, nine of his train left in the valley, those they fly upon. As the devil, so his imps, watch close for all advantages. No subtle enemy but will be sure to attempt that part where is likelihood of least defence, most weakness. When the spouse misses him whom her soul loveth, every watchman hath a buffet for her. O Saviour, if thou be never so little step aside, we are sure to be assaulted with powerful temptations.

They, that durst say nothing to the Master, so soon as his back is turned, fall foul upon his weakest disciples. Even at the first hatching, the serpent was thus crafty to begin at the weaker vessel: experience and time hath not abated his wit. If he still work upon "filly women laden with divers lusts," upon rude and ungrounded ignorants, it is no other than his old wont.

Our Saviour, upon the skirts of the hill, knew well what was done in the plain, and therefore hastes down to the rescue of his disciples. The clouds and vapours do not sooner scatter upon the sun's breaking forth, than these cavils vanish at the presence of Christ: instead of opposition they are straight upon their knee; here are now no quarrels, but humble salutations, and if Christ's question did not force theirs, the scribes had found no tongue.

Doubtless there were many eager patients in this throng: none made so much noise as the father of the demoniac.

demoniac. Belike upon his occasion it was that the scribes held contestation with the disciples. If they wrangled, he sues, and that from his knees. Whom will not need make both humble and eloquent? The case was woful, and accordingly expressed. A son is a dear name, but this was his only son. Were his grief ordinary, yet the sorrow were the less; but he is a fearful spectacle of judgment, for he is lunatic. Were this lunacy yet merely from a natural distemper, it were more tolerable; but this is aggravated by the possession of a cruel spirit, that handles him in a most grievous manner. Yet were he but in the rank of other demoniacs, the discomfort were more easy; but lo, this spirit is worse than all other his fellows; others are usually dispossessed by the disciples, this is beyond their power. "I besought thy disciples to cast him out, but they could not: therefore, Lord, have thou mercy on my son." The despair of all other helps sends us importunately to the God of power. Here was his refuge; the strong man had gotten possession, it was only the stronger than he that can eject him. O God, spiritual wickednesses have naturally seized upon our souls: all human helps are too weak; only thy mercy shall improve thy power to our deliverance.

What bowels could chuse but yearn at the distress of this poor young man? Phrensy had taken his brain: that disease was but health, in comparison of the tyrannical possession of that evil spirit, wherewith it was seconded. Out of hell there could not be a greater misery: his senses are either bereft, or else left to torment him; he is torn and racked so as he foams and gnashes, he pines and languishes, he is cast sometimes into the fire, sometimes into the water. How that malicious tyrant rejoices in the mischief done to the creature of God? Had earth had any thing more pernicious than fire and water, thither had he been thrown; though

though rather for torture than dispatch. It was too much favour to die at once. O God, with how deadly enemies hast thou matched us? Abate thou their power since their malice will not be abated.

How many think of this case with pity and horror, and in the mean time are insensible of their own fearfuller condition?

It is but oftentimes that the devil would cast this young man into a temporary fire; he would cast the sinner into an eternal fire, whose everlasting burnings having no intermissions. No fire comes amiss to him; the fire of affliction, the fire of lust, the fire of hell. O God, make us apprehensive of the danger of our sin, and secure from the fearful issue of sin.

All these very same effects follow his spiritual possession. How doth he tear and rack them whom he vexes and distracts with inordinate cares and sorrows? How do they foam and gnash whom he hath drawn to an impatient repining at God's afflictive hand? how do they pine away who hourly decay and languish in grace?

O the lamentable condition of sinful souls, so much more dangerous, by how much less felt!

But all this while, what part hath the moon in this man's misery? How comes the name of that goodly planet in question? Certainly these diseases of the brain follow much the course of this queen of moisture. That power which she hath in humours is drawn to the advantage of the malicious spirit, her predominancy is abused to his despite. Whether it were for the better opportunity of his vexation, or whether for the drawing of envy and discredit upon so noble a creature, it is no news with that subtile enemy, to fasten his effects upon these secondary causes, which he usurps to his own purposes. Whatever be the means, he is the tormentor. Much wisdom needs to distinguish betwixt the evil spirit abusing
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ing the good creature, and the good creature abused by the evil spirit.

He that knew all things asks questions; "How long hath he been so?" not to inform himself, (that devil could have done nothing without the knowledge; without the leave of the God of spirits) but that, by the confession of the parent, he might lay forth the woful condition of the child, that the thank and glory of the cure might be so much greater, as the complaint was more grievous; "He answered, from a child."

O God, how I adore the depth of thy wise, and just, and powerful dispensation! Thou, that couldst say; "I have loved Jacob, and Esau have I hated, ere the children had done good or evil," thoughtst also good, ere this child could be capable of good or evil, to yield him over to the power of that evil one. What need I ask for any other reason than that which is the rule of all justice, thy will? yet even these weak eyes can see the just grounds of thine actions. That child, though an Israelite, was conceived and born in that sin which both could and did give Satan an interest in him: besides, the actual sins of the parents deserved this revenge upon that piece of themselves. Rather, O God, let me magnify this mercy, that we and ours escape this judgment, than question thy justice, that some escape not. How just might it have been with thee, that we, who have given way to Satan in our sins, should have way and scope given to Satan over us in our punishments? it is thy praise, that any of us are free; it is no quarrel that some suffer.

Do I wonder to see Satan's bodily possession of this young man from a child, when I see his spiritual possession of every son of Adam from a longer date; not from a child, but from the womb, yea in it? why should not Satan possess his own? we are all by nature

nature the sons of wrath. It is time for us to renounce him in baptism, whose we are till we be regenerate. He hath right to us in our first birth; our new birth acquits us from him, and cuts off all his claim. How miserable are they that have nothing but nature? better it had been to have been unborn, than not to be born again.

And if this poor soul from an infant were thus miserably handled, having done none actual evil; how just cause have we to fear the like judgments, who, by many foul offences have deserved to draw this executioner upon us? O my soul, thou hast not room enough for thankfulness to that good God, who hath not delivered thee up to that malignant spirit.

The distressed father sits not still; neglects not means; "I brought him to thy disciples." Doubtless, the man came first to seek for Christ himself; finding him absent, he makes suit to the disciples. To whom should we have recourse, in all our spiritual complaints, but to the agents and messengers of God? The noise of the like cures had surely brought this man with much confidence to crave their succour; and now how cold was he at the heart, when he found that his hopes were frustrate? "They could not cast him out." No doubt the disciples tried their best; they laid their wonted charge upon this dumb spirit; but all in vain. They, that could come with joy and triumph to their Master, and say, "The devils are subject to us," find now themselves matched with a stubborn and refractory spirit. Their way was hitherto smooth and fair; they met with no rub till now: and now surely the father of the demoniac was not more troubled at this event than themselves. How could they chuse but fear, least their Master had, with himself, withdrawn that spiritual power which they had formerly exercised? needs must their heart fail them with their success.

The man complained not of their impotence; it were fondly injurious to accuse them for that which they could not do. Had the want been in their will, they had well deserved a querulous language; it was no fault to want power: only he complains of the stubbornness, and laments the invincibleness of that evil spirit.

I should wrong you, O ye blessed followers of Christ, if I should say, that as Israel, when Moses was gone up into the mount, lost their belief with their guide, so that ye, missing your Master, who was now ascended up to his Tabor, were to seek for your faith. Rather the wisdom of God saw reason to check your over assured forwardness, and both to pull down your hearts by a just humiliation, in the sense of your own weakness, and to raise up your hearts to new acts of dependence upon that sovereign power from which your limited virtue was derived.

What was more familiar to the disciples than ejection of devils? in this only it is denied them. Our good God sometimes finds it requisite to hold us short in those abilities whereof we make least doubt, that we may feel whence we had them. God will be no less glorified in what we cannot do, than in what we can do. If his graces were always at our command, and ever alike, they would seem natural, and soon run into contempt: now we are justly held in an awful dependence upon that gracious hand, which so gives as not to cloy us, and so denies as not to discourage us.

Who could now but expect, that our Saviour should have pitied and bemoaned the condition of this sad father and miserable son, and have let fall some words of comfort upon them? Instead whereof, I hear him chiding and complaining, "O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" complaining, not of that

that woful father and more woful fon: it was not his fashion to add affliction to the distressed, to break such bruised reeds; but of those Scribes, who; upon the failing of the success of this suit, had insulted upon the disability of the followers of Christ, and depraved his power; although perhaps, this impatient father, seduced by their suggestion, might slip into some thoughts of distrust.

There could not be a greater crimination than "faithless and perverse:" faithless in not believing; perverse in being obstinately set in their unbelief. Doubtless these men were not free from other notorious crimes; all were drowned in their infidelity. Moral uncleannesses, or violences may seem more heinous to men, none are so odious to God as these intellectual wickednesses.

What an happy change is here in one breath of Christ? "How long shall I suffer you? bring him hither to me:" the one is a word of anger, the other of favour. His just indignation doth not exceed or impeach his goodness. What a sweet mixture there is in the perfect simplicity of the divine nature? "In the midst of judgment he remembers mercy," yea he acts it: his sun shines in the midst of this storm. Whether he frown; or whether he smile, it is all to one purpose, that he may win the incredulous and disobedient. Whither should the rigour of all our censures tend, but to edification, and not to destruction? We are physicians, we are not executioners; we give purges to cure, and not poisons to kill: It is for the just Judge to say one day to reprobate souls, "Depart from me;" in the mean time, it is for us to invite all that are spiritually possessed to the participation of mercy, "Bring him hither to me."

O Saviour, distance was no hinderance to thy work; why should the demoniac be brought to thee? was it; that this deliverance might be the better evicted, and

that the beholders might see it was not for nothing that the disciples were opposed with so refractory a spirit? or was it, that the Scribes might be witnesses of that strong hostility that was betwixt thee and that foul spirit, and be ashamed of their blasphemous slander? or was it that the father of the demoniac might be quickened in that faith, which now, through the suggestion of the Scribes, began to droop; when he should hear and see Christ so cheerfully to undertake and perform that whereof they had bidden him despair?

The possessed is brought, the devil is rebuked and ejected. That stiff spirit, which stood out boldly against the commands of the disciples, cannot but stoop to the voice of the Master: that power, which did at first cast him out of heaven, easily dispossesses him of an house of clay. "The Lord rebuke thee "Satan," and then thou canst not but flee.

The disciples, who were not used to these affronts, cannot but be troubled at their mis-success; "Master, why could not we cast him out?" Had they been conscious of any defect in themselves, they had never asked the question: little did they think to hear of their unbelief. Had they not had great faith, they could not have cast out any devils; had they not had some want of faith, they had cast out this. It is possible for us to be defective in some graces, and not to feel it.

Although not so much their weakness is guilty of this unprevailing, as the strength of that evil spirit; "This kind goes not out but by prayer and fasting." Weaker spirits were wont to be ejected by a command; this devil was more sturdy and boistrous. As there are degrees of statures in men, so there are degrees of strength and rebellion in spiritual wickednesses. Here bidding will not serve; they must pray, and praying will not serve without fasting. They must

must pray to God that they may prevail; they must fast to make their prayer more fervent, more effectual: we cannot now command, we can fast and pray. How good is our God to us, that while he hath not thought fit to continue to us those means which are less powerful for the dispossessing of the powers of darkness, yet hath he given us the greater? while we can fast and pray, God will command for us, Satan cannot prevail against us.

CONTEMP. XX. *The WIDOW'S Mites.*

THE sacred wealth of the temple was either in stuff, or in coin; for the one the Jews had an house, for the other a chest. At the concourse of all the males to the temple thrice a year, upon occasion of the solemn feasts, the oblations of both kinds were liberal. Our Saviour, as taking pleasure in the prospect, sets himself to view those offerings, whether for holy uses or charitable.

Those things we delight in, we love to behold: the eye and the heart will go together. And can we think, O Saviour, that thy glory hath diminished ought of thy gracious respects to our beneficence? or that thine acceptance of our charity was confined to the earth? Even now, that thou sittest at the right hand of thy Father's glory, thou seest every hand that is stretched out to the relief of thy poor saints here below. And if vanity have power to stir up our liberality, out of a conceit to be seen of men, how shall faith encourage our bounty in knowing that we are seen of thee, and accepted by thee? Alas, what are we the better for the notice of those perishing and impotent eyes, which can only view the outside of our actions; or for that waste wind of applause which vanisheth in the lips of the speaker? Thine eye, O Lord, is piercing and retributive. As to see thee is

perfect happiness, so to be seen of thee is true contentment and glory.

And dost thou, O God, see what we give thee, and not see what we take away from thee? are our offerings more noted than our sacrileges? surely thy mercy is not more quick-sighted than thy justice. In both kinds our actions are viewed, our account is kept; and we are as sure to receive rewards for what we have given, and vengeance for what we have defaulted. With thine eye of knowledge thou seest all we do; but what we do well, thou seest with an eye of approbation. So didst thou now behold these pious and charitable oblations. How well wert thou pleased with this variety? Thou sawest many rich men give much; and one poor widow give more than they in lesser room.

The Jews were now under the Roman pressure; they were all tributaries, yet many of them rich, and those rich men were liberal to the common chest. Hadst thou seen those many rich give little, we had heard of thy censure; thou expectest a proportion betwixt the giver and the gift, betwixt the gift and the receipt; where that fails, the blame is just. That nation, though otherwise faulty enough, was in this commendable; How bounteously open were their hands to the house of God? Time was when their liberality was fain to be restrained by proclamation; and now it needed no incitement; the rich gave much, the poorest gave more. "He saw a poor widow casting in two mites." It was misery enough that she was a widow. The married woman is under the careful provision of an husband; if she spend, he earns: in that estate four hands work for her, in her widowhood but two. Poverty added to the sorrow of her widowhood. The loss of some husbands is supplied by a rich jointure; it is some allay to the grief, that the hand is left full, though the bed be empty. This
woman

woman was not more desolate than needy; yet this poor widow gives; and what gives she? an offering like herself, "two mites;" or, in our language, two half-farthing-tokens. Alas! good woman, who was poorer than thyself? wherefore was that corban, but for the relief of such as thou? who should receive, if such give? thy mites were something to thee, nothing to the treasury. How ill is that gift bestowed, which dis-furnisheth thee, and adds nothing to the common stock? some thrifty neighbour might, perhaps, have suggested this probable discouragement. Jesus publishes and applauds her bounty: "He called his disciples, and said unto them, verily I say unto you, this woman hath cast in more than they all." While the rich put in their offerings, I see no disciples called, it was enough that Christ noted their gifts alone: but when the widow comes with her two mites, now the domestics of Christ are summoned to assemble, and taught to admire this munificence; a solemn preface makes way to her praise, and her mites are made more precious than the others talents: "She gave more than they all;" more, not only in respect of the mind of the giver, but of the proportion of the gift as hers. A mite to her was more than pounds to them: pounds were little to them, two mites were all to her; they gave out of their abundance, she out of her necessity. That which they gave, left the heap less, yet an heap still; she gives all at once, and leaves herself nothing. So as she gave not more than any, but "more than they all." God doth not so much regard what is taken out, as what is left: O Father of mercies, thou lookst at once into the bottom of her heart and the bottom of her purse, and esteamest her gift according to both. As thou seest not as man, so thou valuest not as man: man judgeth by the worth of the gift, thou judgest by the mind of the giver,

and the proportion of the remainder. It were wide with us, if thou shouldst go by quantities. Alas, what have we but mites, and those of thine own lending? It is the comfort of our meanness, that our affections are valued, and not our presents: neither hast thou said, "God loves a liberal giver, but a chearful." If I had more, O God, thou shouldst have it; had I less, thou wouldst not despise it, who "acceptest the gift according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

Yea, Lord, what have I but two mites, a soul and a body? meer mites, yea, not so much to thine infiniteness. O that I could perfectly offer them up unto thee, according to thine own right in them, and not according to mine. How graciously wouldst thou be sure to accept them? how happy shall I be in thine acceptation!

CONTEMP. XXI. *The Ambition of the two Sons of ZEBEDEE.*

HE, who had his own time and ours in his hand, foreknew and foretold the approach of his dissolution. When men are near their end, and ready to make their will, then is it seasonable to sue for legacies.

Thus did the mother of the two Zebedees; therein well approving both her wisdom and her faith; wisdom, in the fit choice of her opportunity; faith, in taking such an opportunity.

The suit is half obtained that is seasonably made. To have made this motion, at the entry into their attendance, had been absurd, and had justly seemed to challenge a denial. It was at the parting of the angel, that Jacob would be blessed. The double spirit of Elijah is not sued for till his ascending.

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But, O the admirable faith of this good woman! When she heard the discourse of Christ's sufferings and death, she talks of his glory; when she hears of his cross, she speaks of his crown. If she had seen Herod come and tender his sceptre unto Christ, or the elders of the Jews come upon their knees with a submissive proffer of their allegiance, she might have had some reason to entertain the thoughts of a kingdom: but now while the sound of betraying, suffering, dying, was in her ear, to make account of and sue for a room in his kingdom, it argues a belief able to triumph over all discouragements.

It was nothing for the disciples, when they saw him after his conquest of death, and rising from the grave, to ask him, "Master, wilt thou now restore the kingdom unto Israel?" but for a silly woman to look through his future death and passion, at his resurrection and glory, it is no less worthy of wonder than praise.

To hear a man in his best health and vigour to talk of his confidence in God, and assurance of divine favour, cannot be much worth: but if in extremities we can believe above hope, against hope, our faith is so much more noble as our difficulties are greater.

Never sweeter perfume arose from any altar, than that which ascended from Job's dung-hill, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

What a strange style is this that is given to this woman? it had been as easy to have said, the wife of Zebedee, or the sister of Mary or of Joseph, or, as her name was, plain Salome: but now, by an unusual description, she is styled, "The mother of Zebedee's children." Zebedee was an obscure man; she, as his wife, was no better; the greatest honour she ever had or could have, was to have two such sons as James and John; these give a title to both their parents. Honour ascends as well as descends.

Holy

Holy children dignify the loins and womb from whence they proceed, no less than their parents traduce honour unto them. Salome might be a good wife, a good house-wife, a good woman, a good neighbour: all these cannot ennoble her so much as "The mother of Zebedee's children."

What a world of pain, toil, care, cost, there is in the birth and education of children? their good proof requites all with advantage. Next to happiness in ourselves, is to be happy in a gracious issue.

The suit was the sons, but by the mouth of their mother: it was their best policy to speak by her lips. Even these fishermen had already learned craftily to fish for promotion. Ambition was not so bold in them as to shew her own face: the envy of the suit shall thus be avoided, which could not but follow upon their personal request. If it were granted, they had what they would; if not, it was but the repulse of a woman's motion, which must needs be so much more pardonable, because it was of a mother for her sons.

It is not discommendable in parents to seek the preferment of their children. Why may not Abraham sue for an Ishmael? so it be by lawful means, in a moderate measure, in due order, this endeavour cannot be amiss. It is the neglect of circumstances that makes these desires sinful. O the madness of those parents that care not which way they raise an house; that desire rather to leave their children great than good; that are more ambitious to have their sons lords on earth, than kings in heaven! yet I commend thee, Salome, that thy first plot was to have thy sons disciples of Christ, then after to prefer them to the best places of that attendance. It is the true method of divine prudence, O God, first to make our children happy with the honour of thy service, and then to endeavour their meet advancement upon earth.

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The mother is but put upon this suit by her sons; their heart was in her lips. They were not so mortified by their continual conversation with Christ, hearing his heavenly doctrine, seeing his divine carriage, but that their minds were yet roving after temporal honours: pride is the inmost coat which we put off last, and which we put on first. Who can wonder to see some sparks of weak and worldly desires in their holiest teachers, when the blessed apostles were not free from some ambitious thoughts, while they sat at the feet, yea in the bosom of their Saviour?

The near kindred this woman could challenge of Christ might seem to give her just colour of more familiarity;—yet now, that she comes upon a suit, she submits herself to the lowest gesture of suppliants. We need not be taught, that it is fit for petitioners to the great to present their humble supplications upon their knees. O Saviour, if this woman, so nearly allied to thee according to the flesh, coming but upon a temporal occasion to thee, being, as then, compassed about with human infirmities, adored thee ere she durst sue to thee, what reverence is enough for us that come to thee upon spiritual suits, sitting now in the height of heavenly glory and majesty? Say then, thou wife of Zebedee, what is it that thou cravest of thine omnipotent kinsman? “A certain thing.” Speak out, woman; what is this certain thing that thou cravest? how poor and weak is this supplicatory anticipation, to him that knew thy thoughts ere thou utteredst them, ere thou entertainedst them? we are all in this tune; every one would have something, such perhaps as we are ashamed to utter. The proud man would have a certain thing honour in the world: the covetous would have a certain thing too, wealth and abundance: the malicious would have a certain thing, revenge on his enemies: the epicure would have pleasure and long life; the barren, children; the

the wanton, beauty. Each one would be humoured in his own desire, though in variety, yea contradiction to other, though in opposition not more to God's will than our own good.

How this suit sticks in her teeth, and dare not freely come forth, because it is guilty of its own faultiness? What a difference there is betwixt the prayers of faith, and the motions of self-love and infidelity? those come forth with boldness, as knowing their own welcome, and being well assured both of their warrant and acceptation; these stand blushing at the door, not daring to appear, like to some baffled suit, conscious to its own unworthiness and just repulse. Our inordinate desires are worthy of a check: when we know that our requests are holy, we cannot come with too much confidence to the throne of grace.

He that knew all their thoughts afar off, yet, as if he had been a stranger to their purposes, asks, "What wouldst thou?" Our infirmities do then best shame us, when they are fetched out of our own mouths: likeas our prayers also serve not to acquaint God with our wants, but to make us the more capable of his mercies.

The suit is drawn from her; now she must speak. "Grant that these my two sons may sit, one on thy right hand, the other on thy left, in thy kingdom." It is hard to say, whether out of more pride or ignorance. It was as received, as erroneous a conceit among the disciples of Christ, that he should raise up a temporal kingdom over the now tributary and enslaved people of Israel. The Romans were now their masters; their fancy was, that their Messias should shake off this yoke, and reduce them to their former liberty. So grounded was this opinion, that the two disciples, in their walk to Emmaus, could say, "We trusted, it had been he that should have delivered Israel;" and when, after his resurrection, he
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was walking up mount Olivet towards heaven, his very apostles could ask him, If he would now restore that long expected kingdom? How should we mitigate our censures of our Christian brethren, if either they mistake, or know not some secondary truths of religion, when the domestic attendants of Christ, who heard him every day till the very point of his ascension, misapprehended the chief cause of his coming into the world, and the state of his kingdom? If our charity may not bear with small faults, what do we under his name that connived at greater? truth is, as the sun, bright in itself, yet there are many close corners into which it never shined. O God, if thou open our hearts, we shall take in those beams: till thou do so, teach us to attend patiently for ourselves, charitably for others.

These fishermen had so much courtship to know, that the right-hand and the left of any prince were the chief places of honour. Our Saviour had said, that his twelve followers should sit upon twelve thrones, and judge the twelve tribes of Israel. This good woman would have her two sons next to his person, the prime peers of his kingdom. Every one is apt to wish the best to his own. Worldly honour is neither worth our suit, nor unworthy our acceptance. Yea, Salome, had thy mind been in heaven, hadst thou intended this desired pre-eminence of that celestial state of glory, yet I know not how to justify thine ambition. Wouldst thou have thy sons preferred to the "father of the faithful," to the blessed mother of thy Saviour? that very wish were presumptuous. For me, O God, my ambition shall go so high as to be a saint in heaven, and to live as holily on earth as the best; but for precedency of heavenly honour, I do not, I dare not affect it. It is enough for me, if I may lift up my head amongst the heels of thy blessed ones.

The mother asks, the sons have the answer. She was but their tongue, they shall be her ears. God ever imputes the acts to the first mover, rather than to the instrument.

It was a fore check, "Ye know not what ye ask." In our ordinary communication, to speak idly is sin; but, in our suits to Christ, to be so inconsiderate as not to understand our own petitions, must needs be a foul offence. As faith is the ground of our prayers, so knowledge is the ground of our faith. If we come with indigested requests, we profane that name we invoke.

To convince their unfitness for glory, they are sent to their impotency in suffering; "Are ye able to drink of the cup whereof I shall drink, and to be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?" O Saviour, even thou, who wert one with thy Father, hast a cup of thine own: never potion was so bitter as that which was mixed for thee. Yea; even thy draught is stinted; it is not enough for thee to sip of this cup, thou must drink it up to the very dregs. When the vinegar and gall were tendered to thee by men, thou didst but kiss the cup; but when thy Father gave into thine hands a potion infinitely more distasteful, thou, for our health, didst drink deep of it, even to the bottom, and saidst, "It is finished." And can we repine at those unpleasing draughts of affliction that are tempered for us sinful men, when we see thee, the Son of thy Father's love, thus dieted? We pledge thee, O blessed Saviour, we pledge thee, according to our weakness, who hast begun to us in thy powerful sufferings. Only do thou enable us, after some four faces made in our reluctance, yet at last willingly to pledge thee in our constant sufferings for thee.

As thou must be drenched within, so must thou be baptized without. Thy baptism is not of water, but
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of blood; both these came from thee in thy passion: we cannot be thine, if we partake not of both: If thou hast not grudged thy precious blood to us, well mayst thou challenge some worthless drops from us.

When they talk of thy kingdom, thou speakest of thy bitter cup, of thy bloody baptism. Suffering is the way to reigning. "Through many tribulations" must we enter into the kingdom of heaven." There was never wedge of gold that did not first pass the fire; there was never pure grain that did not undergo the flail. In vain shall we dream of our immediate passage, from the pleasures and jollity of earth, to the glory of heaven. Let who will hope to walk upon roses and violets to the throne of heaven; O Saviour, let me trace thee by the track of thy blood, and by thy red steps follow thee to thine eternal rest and happiness.

I know this is no easy task, else thou hadst never said, "Are ye able?" Who should be able, if not they that had been so long blessed with thy presence, informed by thy doctrine, and, as it were, beforehand possessed of their heaven in thee? Thou hadst never made them judges of their power, if thou couldst not have convinced them of their weakness. Alas, how full of febleness is our body, and our mind of impatience! If but a bee sting our flesh, it swells; and if but a tooth ache the head and heart complain. How small trifles make us weary of ourselves? What can we do without thee? without thee what can we suffer? If thou be not, O Lord, strong in weakness, I cannot be so much as weak, I cannot so much as be. O do thou prepare me for my day, and enable me to my trials: "I can do all things through thee that strengthenest me."

The motion of the two disciples was not more full of infirmity than their answer, "We are able:" out of
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an eager desire of the honour, they are apt to undertake the condition. The best men may be mistaken in their own powers: Alas, poor men! when it came to the issue, they ran away, and I know not whither, one without his coat. It is one thing to suffer in speculation, another in practice. There cannot be a worse sign, than for a man, in a carnal presumption, to vaunt of his own abilities. How justly doth God suffer that man to be foiled purposely, that he may be ashamed of his own vain self-confidence? O God, let me ever be humbly dejected in the sense of mine own insufficiency; let me give all the glory to thee, and take nothing to myself, but my infirmities.

O the wonderful mildness of the Son of God! he doth not rate the two disciples, either for their ambition in suing, or presumption in undertaking: but, leaving the worst, he takes the best of their answer; and omitting their errors, encourages their good intentions; “Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with my baptism: but to sit on my right-hand and my left, is not mine to give, but to them for whom it is prepared of my Father.” I know not whether there be more mercy in the concession, or satisfaction in the denial. Were it not an high honour to drink of thy cup, O Saviour, thou hadst not fore-promised it as a favour. I am deceived, if what thou grantest were much less than that which thou deniest. To pledge thee in thine own cup is not much less dignity and familiarity than to sit by thee. “If we suffer with thee, we shall also reign together with thee.” What greater promotion can flesh and blood be capable of, than a conformity to the Lord of glory? Enable thou me to drink of thy cup, and then set me where thou wilt.

But, O Saviour, while thou dignifiest them in thy grant, dost thou disparage thyself in thy denial? “Not mine to give?” whose is it if not thine? If it

be thy Father's, it is thine. Thou, who art truth, hast said, "I and my Father are one." Yea, because thou art one with the Father, it is not thine to give to any save those for whom it is prepared of the Father. The Father's preparation was thine, his gift is thine; the decree of both is one. That eternal counsel is not alterable upon our vain desires. The Father gives these heavenly honours to none but by thee; thou givest them to none but according to the decree of thy Father. Many degrees there are of celestial happiness. Those supernal mansions are not all of an height. That Providence, which hath varied our stations upon earth, hath pre-ordered our seats above. O God, admit me within the walls of thy new Jerusalem, and place me where-soever thou pleasest.

CONTEMP. XXII. *The Tribute-money paid.*

ALL these other histories report the power of Christ, this shews both his power and obedience; his power over the creature, his obedience to civil powers. Capernaum was one of his own cities, there he made his chief abode in Peter's house: to that host of his therefore do the toll-gatherers repair for the tribute. When that great disciple said, "We have left all," he did not say, We have abandoned all, or sold, or given away all! but we have left, in respect of managing; not of possession; not in respect of right, but of use and present fruition; so left, that, upon just occasion, we may resume; so left, that it is our due, though not our business. Doubtless he was too wise to give away his own, that he might borrow of a stranger. His own roof gave him shelter for the time, and his Master with him. Of him, as the householder, is the tribute required; and by and for him is it also paid. I inquire not either into the oc-

caſion, or the ſum. What need we make this exaction ſacrilegious? as if that half ſhekel, which was appointed by God to be paid by every Iſraelite to the uſe of the tabernacle and temple, were now diverted to the Roman exchequer. There was no neceſſity that the Roman lords ſhould be tied to the Jewish reckonings; it was free for them to impoſe what payments they pleaſed upon a ſubdued people: when great Auguſtus commanded the world to be taxed, this rate was ſet. The mannerly collectors demand it firſt of him with whom they might be more bold; “Doth not your Maſter pay tribute?” All Capernaum knew Chriſt for a great prophet; his doctrine had raviſhed them; his miracles had aſtoniſhed them; yet, when it comes to a money-matter, his ſhare is as deep as the reſt. Queſtions of prophet admit no difference. Still the ſacred tribe challengeth reverence: who cares how little they receive, how much they pay? yet no man knows with what mind this demand was made; whether in a churliſh grudging at Chriſt’s immunity, or in an awful compellation of the ſervant rather than the Maſter.

Peter had it ready what to answer. I hear him not require their ſtay till he ſhould go in and know his Maſter’s reſolution; but, as one well acquainted with the mind and practice of his Maſter, he answers, Yes.

There was no truer pay-maſter of the king’s dues, than he that was King of kings. Well did Peter know that he did not only give, but preach tribute. When the Herodians laid twigs for him, as ſuppoſing that ſo great a Prophet would be all for the liberty and exemption of God’s choſen people, he choaks them with their own coin, and told them the ſtamp argued the right; “Give unto Ceſar the things that “are Ceſar’s.”

O Saviour, how can thy ſervants challenge that freedom which thyſelf had not? Who, that pretends from
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from thee, can claim homage from those to whom thou gavest it? If thou, by whom kings reign, forbarest not to pay tribute to an Heathen prince, what power under thee can deny it to those that rule for thee?

That demand was made without doors. No sooner is Peter come in, than he is prevented by his Master's question, "What thinkest thou, Simon, of whom do the kings of the earth receive tribute? of their own children, or of strangers?" This very interrogation was answer enough to that which Peter meant to move: he, that could thus know the heart, was not in true right liable to human exactions.

But, O Saviour, may I presume to ask what this is to thee? Thou hast said, "My kingdom is not of this world;" how doth it concern thee what is done by the kings of the earth, or imposed upon the sons of earthly kings? thou wouldst be the son of an humble virgin, and chusest not a royal state, but a servile. I dispute not thy natural right to the throne, by thy lineal descent from the loins of Judah and David: what, should I plead that which thou wavest? It is thy divine royalty and Sonship which thou here justly urgest; the argument is irrefragable and convictive. If the kings of the earth do so privilege their children, that they are free from all tributes and impositions, how much more shall the King of heaven give this immunity to his only and natural Son? so as, in true reason, I might challenge an exemption for me and my train. Thou mightst, O Saviour, and no less, challenge a tribute of all the kings of the earth to thee, by whom all powers are ordained: reason cannot mutter against this claim; the creature owes itself and whatsoever it hath to the Maker, he owes nothing to it. "Then are the children free." He, that hath right to all, needs not pay any thing, else there should be a subjection in sovereignty, and men should be debtors to themselves. But this right

was thine own peculiar, and admits no partners; why dost thou speak of children, as of more, and extending this privilege to Peter, sayest, “Lest we scandalize them?” Was it for that thy disciples, being of thy robe, might justly seem interested in the liberties of their Master: surely no otherwise were they children, no otherwise free. Away with that fanatical conceit, which challenges an immunity from secular commands and taxes, to a spiritual and adoptive Sonship: no earthly faintship can exempt us from tribute to whom tribute belongeth. There is a freedom, O Saviour, which our Christianity calls us to affect; a freedom from the yoke of sin and Satan, from the servitude of our corrupt affections: we cannot be sons, if we be not thus free. O free thou us by thy free Spirit from the miserable bondage of our nature, so shall the children be free: but as from these secular duties, no man is less free than the children. O Saviour, thou wert free, and wouldst not be so; thou wert free by natural right, wouldst not be free by voluntary dispensation, “Lest an offence might be taken.” Surely had there followed an offence, it had been taken only, and not given. “Wo be to the man by whom the offence cometh:” it cometh by him that gives it, it cometh by him that takes it when it is not given: no part of this blame could have cleaved unto thee either way. Yet such was thy goodness, that thou wouldst not suffer an offence unjustly taken at that which thou mightest justly have denied. How jealous should we be even of others perils? how careful so to moderate our power in the use of lawful things, that our charity may prevent others scandals? to remit of our own right for another’s safety? O the deplorable condition of those wilful men, who care not what blocks they lay in the way to heaven, not forbearing by a known lewdness to draw others into their own damnation!

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To avoid the unjust offence, even of very Publicans, Jesus will work a miracle. Peter is sent to the sea, and that not with a net, but with an hook. The disciple was now in his own trade. He knew a net might inclose many fishes, an hook could take but one: with that hook must he go angle for the tribute-money. A fish shall bring him a stater in her mouth; and that fish that bites first. What an unusual bearer is here? what an unlikely element to yield a piece of ready coin?

O that omnipotent power, which could command the fish to be both his treasurer to keep his silyer, and his purveyor to bring it! Now whether, O Saviour, thou causedst this fish to take up that shekel out of the bottom of the sea; or whether by thine almighty word thou madest it in an instant in the mouth of that fish, it is neither possible to determine; nor necessary to inquire? I rather adore thine infinite knowledge and power; that couldst make use of unlikeliest means; that couldst serve thyself of the very fishes of the sea, in a business of earthly and civil employment. It was not out of need that thou didst this; though I do not find that thou ever affectedst a full purse. What veins of gold, or mines of silver did not lie open to thy command? but out of a desire to teach Peter, that while he would be tributary to Cesar, the very fish of the sea was tributary to him. How should this encourage our dependence upon that omnipotent hand of thine, which hath heaven, earth, sea at thy disposing? still thou art the same for thy members, which thou wert for thyself, the Head. Rather than offence shall be given to the world by a seeming neglect of thy dear children, thou wilt cause the very fowls of heaven to bring them meat, and the fish of the sea to bring them money. O let us look up ever to thee by the eye of our faith; and not be wanting in our dependence

upon thee, who canst not be wanting in thy Providence over us.

CONTEMP, XXIII. LAZARUS *Dead.*

O The wisdom of God in penning his own story! The disciple whom Jesus loved comes after his fellow-evangelists, that he might glean up those rich ears of history which the rest had passed over: that eagle soars high, and towers up by degrees. It was much to turn water into wine; but it was more to feed five thousand with five loaves. It was much to restore the ruler's son; it was more to cure him that had been thirty-eight years a cripple. It was much to cure him that was born blind; it was more to raise up Lazarus that had been so long dead. As a stream runs still the stronger and wider, the nearer it comes to the ocean whence it was derived; so didst thou, O Saviour, work the more powerfully, the nearer thou drewest to thy glory. This was, as one of thy last, so of thy greatest miracles; when thou wert ready to die thyself, thou raisedst him to life who smelt strong of the grave. None of all the sacred histories is so full and punctual as this, in the report of all circumstances. Other miracles do not more transcend nature, than this transcends other miracles.

This alone was a sufficient evincion of thy Godhead, O blessed Saviour: none but an infinite power could so far go beyond nature, as to recal a man four days dead, from, not a meer privation, but a settled corruption. Earth must needs be thine, from which thou raisedst his body; heaven must needs be thine, from whence thou fetchest his spirit. None but he, that created man, could thus make him new.

Sickness is the common preface to death; no mortal nature is exempted from this complaint; even

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Lazarus, whom Jesus loved, is sick. What can strength of grace or dearness of respect prevail against disease, against dissolution?

It was a stirring message that Mary sent to Jesus, "He whom thou lovest is sick:" as if she would imply, that his part was no less deep in Lazarus than hers. Neither doth she say, He that loves thee is sick; but, "he whom thou lovest:" not pleading the merit of Lazarus his affection to Christ, but the mercy and favour of Christ to him. Even that other reflection of love had been no weak motive; for, O Lord, thou hast said, "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him." Thy goodness will not be behind us for love, who professeth to love them that love thee. But yet the argument is more forcible from thy love to us, since thou hast just reason to respect every thing of thine own, more than ought that can proceed from us. Even we weak men, what can we stick at where we love? Thou, O infinite God, art love itself. Whatever thou hast done for us is out of thy love: the ground and motive of all thy mercies is within thyself, not in us, and if there be ought in us worthy of thy love, it is thine own, not ours; thou givest what thou acceptest. Jesus well heard the first groan of his dear Lazarus; every short breath that he drew, every sigh that he gave was upon account; yet this Lord of life lets his Lazarus sicken, and languish and die; not out of neglect or impotence, but out of power and resolution. "The sickness is not to death." He, to whom the issues of death belong, knows the way both into it and out of it. He meant that sickness should be to death, in respect of the present condition, not to death in respect of the event: to death in the process of nature, not to death in the success of his divine power, "that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." O Saviour, thy usual style is the Son of man;

thou that wouldst take up our infirmities, wert willing thus to hide thy Godhead under the coarse weeds of our humanity; but here thou sayest, "That the Son of God might be glorified." Though thou wouldst hide thy divine glory, yet thou wouldst not smother it. Sometimes thou wouldst have thy sun break forth in bright gleams, to shew that it hath no less light even while it seems kept in by the clouds. Thou wert now near thy passion; it was most seasonable for thee at this time to set forth thy just title. Neither was this an act that thy humanity could challenge to itself, but far transcending all finite powers. To die, was an act of the Son of man, to raise from death was an act of the Son of God.

Neither didst thou say meerly that God, but "That the Son of God might be glorified." God cannot be glorified, unless the Son be so. In very natural relations the wrong or disrespect offered to the child reflects upon the father, as contrarily the parent's upon the child; how much more, were the love and respect as infinite; where the whole essence is communicated with the entireness of relation?

O God, in vain shall we tender our devotions to thee indefinitely, as to a glorious and incomprehensible Majesty, if we kiss not the Son, who hath most justly said, "Ye believe in the Father, believe also in Me."

What an happy family was this? I find none upon earth so much honoured; "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." It is no standing upon terms of precedency; the Spirit of God is not curious in marshalling of places. Time was when Mary was confessed to have chosen the better part; here Martha is named first, as most interested in Christ's love; for ought appears, all of them were equally dear. Christ had familiarly lodged under their roof. How fit was that to receive him, whose indwellers

dwellers were hospital, pious, unanimous? hospital, in the glad entertainment of Jesus and his train; pious in their devotions; unanimous in their mutual concord. As contrarily he baulks and hates that house which is taken up with uncharitableness, profaneness, contention.

But, O Saviour, how doth this agree? thou lovedst this family, yet hearing of their distress, thou heldest off two days more from them? Canst thou love those thou regardest not? canst thou regard them from whom thou willingly absentest thyself in their necessity? Behold, thy love, as it is above ours, so it is oft against ours. Even out of very affection art thou not seldom absent. None of thine but have sometimes cried, "How long, Lord?" What need we instance, when thine eternal Father did purpose-ly estrange his face from thee, so as thou criedst out or forsaking?

Here thou wouldst knowingly delay, whether for the greatning of the miracle, or for the strengthening of thy disciples faith.

Hadst thou gone sooner, and prevented the death, who had known, whether strength of nature, and not thy miraculous power, had done it? hadst thou overtaken his death by this quickening visitation, who had known, whether this had been only some qualm or extasy, and not a perfect dissolution? Now this large gap of time makes thy work both certain and glorious.

And what a clear proof was this before-hand to thy disciples, that thou wert able to accomplish thine own resurrection on the third day, who wert able to raise up Lazarus on the fourth? The more difficult the work should be, the more need it had of an omnipotent confirmation.

He, that was Lord of our times and his own, can now, when he found it feasonable, say, "Let us go
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“ into Judea again.” Why left he it before? was it not upon the heady violence of his enemies? Lo, the stones of the Jews drove him thence; the love of Lazarus and the care of his divine glory drew him back thither.

We may, we must be wise as serpents for our own preservation, we must be careless of danger, when God calls us to the hazard. It is far from God’s purpose to give us leave so far to respect ourselves, as that we should neglect him. Let Judea be all snares, all crosses, O Saviour, when thou callest us we must put our lives into our hands, and follow thee thither.

This journey thou hast purposed and contrived, but what needst thou to acquaint thy disciples with thine intent? Where didst thou ever, besides this, make them of counsel with thy voyages? Neither didst thou say, How think you if I go? but, “ Let us go.” Was it for that thou, who knewest thine own strength, knewest also their weakness? Thou wert resolute, they were timorous; they were sensible enough of their late peril, and fearful of more; there was need to fore-arm them with an expectation of the worst, and preparation for it. Surprisal with evils may endanger the best constancy. The heart is apt to fail, when it finds itself entrapped in a sudden mischief.

The disciples were dearly affected to Lazarus; they had learned to love where their Master loved: yet now, when our Saviour speaks of returning to that region of peril, they pull him by the sleeve, and put him in mind of the violence offered unto him; “ Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee, and goest thou thither again?”

No less than thrice, in the foregoing chapter, did the Jews lift up their hands to murder him by a cruel lapidation. Whence was this rage and bloody attempt of theirs? only for that he taught them the truth

truth concerning his divine nature, and gave himself the just style of the Son of God. How subject carnal hearts are to be impatient of heavenly verities? Nothing can so much fret that malignant spirit which rules in those breasts, as that Christ should have his own. If we be persecuted for his truth, we do but suffer with him with whom we shall once reign.

However, the disciples pleaded for their Master's safety, yet they aimed at their own; they well knew their danger was inwrapped in his. It is but a cleanly colour that they put upon their own fear. This is held but a weak and base passion; each one would be glad to put off the opinion of it from himself, and to set the best face upon his own impotency.

Thus white livered men, that shrink and shift from the cross, will not want fair pretences to evade it. One pleads the peril of many dependents, another the disfurnishing the church of succeeding abettors: each will have some plausible excuse for his sound skin. What error did our Saviour rectify in his followers? even that fear, which they would have dissembled, is graciously dispelled by the just consideration of a sure and inevitable Providence. "Are there not twelve hours in the day," which are duly set, and proceed regularly for the direction of all the motions and actions of men? so in this course of mine, which I must run on earth, there is a set and determined time wherein I must work, and do my Father's will. The sun that guides these hours, is the determinate counsel of my Father, and his calling to the execution of my charge: while I follow that, I cannot miscarry, no more than a man can miss his known way at high noon: this while, in vain are either your dissuasions or the attempts of enemies; they cannot hurt, ye cannot divert me.

The journey then holds to Judea; his attendants shall be made acquainted with the occasion. He, that had

had formerly denied the deadliness of Lazarus his sickness, would not suddenly confess his death, neither yet would he altogether conceal it: so will he therefore confess it, as that he will shadow it out in a borrowed expression; "Lazarus our friend sleepeth." What a sweet title is here both of death and of Lazarus? death is a sleep, Lazarus is our friend. Lo, he says not my friend, but ours; to draw them first into a gracious familiarity and communion of friendship with himself; for what doth this import, but "ye are my friends," and Lazarus is both my friend and yours? "our friend."

O meek and merciful Saviour, that disdainest not to stoop so low, as that, while thou "thoughtst it no robbery to equal unto God," thou thoughtst it no disparagement to match thyself with weak and wretched men! "our friend Lazarus!" There is a kind of parity in friendship. There may be love where is the most inequality, but friendship supposes pairs: yet the Son of God says of the sons of men, "Our friend Lazarus." O what an high and happy condition is this for mortal men to aspire unto, that the God of heaven should not be ashamed to own them for friends! neither saith he now abruptly, Lazarus our friend is dead; but, "Lazarus our friend sleepeth."

O Saviour, none can know the estate of life or death so well as thou that art the Lord of both. It is enough that thou tellest us death is no other than sleep: that which was wont to pass for the cousin of death, is now itself. All this while we have mistaken the case of our dissolution: we took it for an enemy, it proves a friend; there is pleasure in that wherein we supposed horror.

Who is afraid, after the weary toils of the day, to take his rest by night? or what is more refreshing to the spent traveller than a sweet sleep? It is our infidelity, our imprepation that makes death any other than

than advantage. Even so, Lord, when thou seest I have toiled enough, let me sleep in peace; and when thou seest I have slept enough, awake me as thou didst thy Lazarus: "But I go to awake him." Thou saidst not, Let us go to awake him: those whom thou wilt allow companions of thy way, thou wilt not allow partners of thy work; they may be witnesses, they cannot be actors. None can awake Lazarus out of this sleep, but he that made Lazarus. Every mouse or gnat can raise us up from that other sleep, none but an omnipotent power from this. This sleep is not without a dissolution. Who can command the soul to come down and meet the body, or command the body to piece with itself, and rise up to the soul, but the God that created both? It is our comfort and assurance, O Lord, against the terrors of death and tenacity of the grave, that our resurrection depends upon none but thine omnipotence.

Who can blame the disciples, if they are loath to return to Judea? their last entertainment was such as might justly dishearten them. Were this, as literally taken, all the reason of our Saviour's purpose of so perilous a voyage, they argued not amiss, "If he sleep, he shall do well." Sleep in sickness is a good sign of recovery, for extremity of pain bars our rest: when nature therefore finds so much respiration, she justly hopes for better terms. Yet it doth not always follow, "If he sleep, he shall do well:" how many have died of lethargies? how many have lost in sleep what they would not have forgone waking? Adam slept and lost his rib; Sampson slept and lost his strength; Saul slept and lost his weapon; Ishboeth and Holofernes slept and lost their heads: in ordinary course it holds well, here they mistook and erred. The misconstruction of the words of Christ led them into an unseasonable and erroneous suggestion. Nothing can be more dangerous than to take the speeches
of

of Christ according to the sound of the letter; one error will be sure to draw on more, and if the first be never so slight, the last may be important.

Wherefore are words but to express meanings? why do we speak but to be understood? Since then our Saviour saw himself not rightly construed, he delivers himself plainly, "Lazarus is dead." Such is thy manner, O thou eternal Word of thy Father, in all thy sacred expressions. Thine own mouth is thy best commentary; what thou hast more obscurely said in one passage, thou interpretest more clearly in another. Thou art the sun which givest us that light whereby we see thyself.

But how modestly dost thou discover thy Deity to thy disciples? not upon the first mention of Lazarus his death, instantly professing thy power and will of his resuscitation; but contenting thyself only to intimate thy omniscience, in that thou couldst, in that absence and distance, know and report his departure; they shall gather the rest, and cannot chuse but think; we serve a master that knows all things, and he that knows all things can do all things.

The absence of our Saviour from the death-bed of Lazarus was not casual, but voluntary; yea, he is not only willing with it, but glad of it: "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there." How contrary may the affections of Christ and ours be, and yet be both good? The two worthy sisters were much grieved at our Saviour's absence, as doubting it might favour of some neglect; Christ was glad of it, for the advantage of his disciples faith. I cannot blame them, that they were thus sorry; I cannot but bless him, that he was thus glad. The gain of their faith, in so divine a miracle, was more than could be counter-vailed by their momentary sorrow. God and we are not alike affected with the same events; he laughs where we mourn; he is angry where we are pleased:

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The difference of the affections arises from the difference of the objects, which Christ and they apprehend in the same occurrence. Why are the sisters sorrowful? because upon Christ's absence Lazarus died. Why was Jesus glad he was not there? for the benefit which he saw would accrue to their faith. There is much variety of prospect in every act, according to the several intentions and issues thereof, yea, even in the very same eyes. The Father sees his Son combating in a duel for his country; he sees blows and wounds on the one side, he sees renown and victory on the other; he grieves at the wounds, he rejoices in the honour. Thus doth God in all our afflictions; he sees our tears, and hears our groans, and pities us; but withal he looks upon our patience, our faith, our crown, and is glad that we are afflicted.

O God, why should not we conform our diet unto thine? When we lie in pain and extremity, we cannot but droop under it: but, do we find ourselves increased in true mortification, in patience, in hope, in a constant reliance on thy mercies? why are we not more joyed in this, than dejected with the other, since the least grain of the increase of grace is more worth than can be equalled with whole pounds of bodily vexation?

O strange consequence! "Lazarus is dead;" nevertheless, "let us go unto him." Must they not needs think, what should we do with a dead man? what should separate, if death cannot? Even those, whom we loved dearest, we avoid, once dead; now we lay them aside under the board, and thence send them out of our houses to their grave. Neither hath death more horror in it than noisomeness; and if we could intreat our eyes to endure the horrid aspect of death, in the face we loved, yet can we persuade our scent to like that smell that arises up from their corruption? O "Love stronger than death!" behold
here;

here a friend whom the very grave cannot sever.

Even those that write the longest and most passionate dates of their amity, subscribe but, Your friend till death; and if the ordinary strain of human friendship will stretch yet a little further, it is but to the brim of the grave; thither a friend may follow us, and see us bestowed in this house of our age, but there he leaves us to our worms and dust. But for thee, O Saviour, the grave-stone, the earth, the coffin, are no bounders of thy dear respects; even after death, and burial, and corruption, thou art graciously affected to those thou lovest. Besides the soul, (whereof thou sayest not, let us go to it, but, let it come to us) there is still a gracious regard to that dust, which was and shall be a part of an undoubted member of that mystical body whereof thou art the head. Heaven and earth yields no such friend but thyself. O make me ever ambitious of this love of thine, and ever unquiet, till I feel myself possessed of thee.

In the mouth of a meer man this word had been incongruous, "Lazarus is dead, yet let us go to him;" in thine, O Almighty Saviour, it was not more loving than seasonable; since I may justly say of thee, thou hast more to do with the dead than with the living; for both they are infinitely more, and have more inward communion with thee, and thou with them: death cannot hinder either our passage to thee, or thy return to us. I joy to think the time is coming, when thou shalt come to every of our graves, and call us up out of our dust, and we "shall hear thy voice and live!"

CONTEMP. XXIV. LAZARUS raised.

GREAT was the opinion that these devout sisters had of the power of Christ, as if death durst not shew her face to him; they suppose his presence

presence had prevented their brother's dissolution: and now the news of his approach begins to quicken some late hopes in them. Martha was ever the more active; she, that was before so busily stirring in her house to entertain Jesus, was now as nimble to go forth of her house to meet him; she, in whose face joy had wont to smile upon so blessed a guest, now salutes him with the sighs and tears, and blubbers, and wrings of a disconsolate mourner. I know not whether the speeches of her greeting had in them more sorrow or religion. She had been well catechized before, even she also had sat at Jesus his feet; and can now give good account of her faith, in the power and Godhead of Christ, in the certainty of a future resurrection. This conference hath yet taught her more, and raised her heart to an expectation of some wonderful effect: And now she stands not still, but hastes back into the village to her sister, carried thither by the two wings of her own hopes and her Saviour's commands. The time was, when she would have called off her sister from the feet of that divine Master, to attend the household occasions; now she runs to fetch her out of the house to the feet of Christ.

Doubtless, Martha was much affected with the presence of Christ; and as she was overjoyed with it herself, so she knew how equally welcome it would be to her sister; yet she doth not ring it out aloud in the open hall, but secretly whispers these pleasing tidings in her sister's ear, "The Master is come and calleth for thee." Whether out of modesty, or discretion, it is not fit for a woman to be loud and clamorous: nothing befits that sex better than silence and bashfulness, as not to be too much seen, so not to be heard too far. Neither did modesty more charm her tongue than discretion, whether in respect to the guests, or to Christ himself. Had those guests heard of Christ's being there, they had, either out of fear or

prejudice, withdrawn themselves from him? neither durst they have been witnesses of that wonderful miracle, as being overawed with that Jewish edict which was out against him; or perhaps they had withheld the sisters from going to him, against whom they knew how highly their governors were incensed. Neither was she ignorant of the danger of his own person, so lately before assaulted violently by his enemies at Jerusalem. She knew they were within the smoke of that bloody city, the nest of his enemies; she holds it not therefore fit to make open proclamation of Christ's presence, but rounds her sister secretly in the ear. Christianity doth not bid us abate any thing of our wariness and honest policies; yea, it requires us to have no less of the serpent than of the dove.

There is a time when we must preach Christ on the house-top; there is a time when we must speak him in the ear, and, as it were, with our lips shut. Secrecy hath no less use than divulgation. She said enough, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." What an happy word was this which was here spoken? what an high favour is this that is done, that the Lord of life should personally come and call for Mary? yet such as is not appropriated to her. Thou comest to us still, O Saviour, if not in thy bodily presence, yet in thy spiritual; thou callest us still, if not in thy personal voice, yet in thine ordinances. It is our fault, if we do not, as this good woman, arise quickly, and come to thee. Her friends were there about her, who came purposely to condole with her; her heart was full of heaviness; yet so soon as she hears mention of Christ, she forgets friends, brother, grief, cares, thoughts, and hastes to his presence.

Still was Jesus standing in the place where Martha left him. Whether it be noted to express Mary's speed, or his own wise and gracious resolutions; his presence in the village had perhaps invited danger, and set off the

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the intended witnesses of the work; or it may be to set forth his zealous desire to dispatch the errand he came for; that as Abraham's faithful servant would not receive any courtesy from the house of Bethuel, till he had done his master's business concerning Rebecca; so thou, O Saviour, wouldst not so much as enter into the house of these two sisters in Bethany, till thou hadst effected this glorious work which occasioned thee thither. It was thy "meat and drink" to do the will of thy Father;" thy best entertainment was within thyself. How do we follow thee, if we suffer either pleasures or profits to take the wall of thy services?

So good women were well worthy of kind friends. No doubt Bethany, being not two miles distant from Jerusalem, could not but be furnished with good acquaintance from the city: these knowing the dearth, and hearing of the death of Lazarus, came over to comfort the sad sisters. Charity, together with the common practice of that nation, calls them to this duty. All our distresses expect these good offices from those that love us; but of all others, death, as that which is the extremest of evils, and makes the most fearful havoc in families, cities, kingdoms, worlds. The complaint was grievous, "I looked for some to comfort me, but there was none." It is some kind of ease to sorrow to have partners; as a burden is lightened by many shoulders; or as clouds, scattered into many drops, easily vent their moisture into air. Yea the very presence of friends abates grief: The peril that arises to the heart from passion is the fixedness of it, when, like a corroding plaister, it eats into the fore. Some kind of remedy it is, that it may breathe out in good society.

These friendly neighbours, seeing Mary hasten forth, make haste to follow her. Martha went forth before; I saw none go after her: Mary sits; they are at her

heels. Was it for that Martha, being the elder sister, and the housewife of the family, might stir about with less observation? or was it that Mary was the more passionate, and needed the more heedful attendance? however their care and intentiveness is truly commendable; they came to comfort her, they do what they came for. It contents them not to sit still and chat within doors, but they wait on her at all turns. Perturbations of mind are diseases: good keepers do not only tend the patient in bed, but when he sits up, when he tries to walk: all his motions have their careful assistance. We have no true friends, if our endeavours of the redress of distempers in them we love be not assiduous and unweariable.

It was but a loving suspicion, "She is gone to the grave to weep there." They well knew how apt passionate minds are to take all occasions to renew their sorrow; every object affects them. When she saw but the chamber of her dead brother, straight she thinks, there Lazarus was wont to lie, and then she wept afresh; when the table, there Lazarus was wont to sit, and then new tears arise; when the garden, there Lazarus had wont to walk, and now again she weeps. How much more do these friends suppose the passions would be stirred with the sight of the grave, when she must needs think, There is Lazarus? O Saviour, if the place of the very dead corps of our friend have power to draw our hearts thither, and to affect us more deeply, how should our hearts be drawn to, and affected with heaven, where thou sittest at the right-hand of thy Father? there, O thou, "which wert dead and art alive," is thy body and thy soul present, and united to thy glorious Deity. Thither, O thither, let our access be; not to mourn there, where is no place for sorrow, but to rejoice with joy unspeakable and glorious, and more and more to long for that thy beatifical presence.

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Their indulgent love mistook Mary's errand; their thoughts, how kind soever, were much too low: while they supposed she went to a dead brother, she went to a living Saviour. The world hath other conceits of the actions and carriage of the regenerate than are truly intended, setting such constructions upon them as their own carnal reason suggests: they think them dying, when behold they live; sorrowful, when they are always rejoicing; poor, while they make many rich. How justly do we appeal from them as incompetent judges, and pity those misinterpretations which we cannot avoid?

Both the sisters met Christ; not both in one posture: Mary is still noted as for more passion, so for more devotion; she, that before sat at the feet of Jesus, now falls at his feet. That presence had wont to be familiar to her, and not without some outward homeliness; now it fetches her upon her knees in an awful veneration: whether out of a reverend acknowledgment of the secret excellency and power of Christ, or out of a dumb intimation of that suit concerning her dead brother, which she was afraid to utter; the very gesture itself was supplicatory. What position of body can be so fit for us, when we make our address to our Saviour? it is an irreligious unmannerliness for us to go less. Where the heart is affected with an awful acknowledgment of majesty, the body cannot but bow.

Even before all her neighbours of Jerusalem doth Mary thus fall down at the feet of Jesus; so many witnesses as she had, so many spies she had of that forbidden observance. It was no less than excommunication for any body to confess him: yet good Mary, not fearing the informations that might be given by those Jewish gossips, adores him; and, in her silent gesture, says as much as her sister had spoken before, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Those, that

would give Christ his right, must not stand upon scrupulous fears. Are we naturally timorous? why do we not fear the denial, the exclusion of the Almighty? "Without shall be the fearful."

Her humble prostration is seconded by a lamentable complaint; "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." The sisters are both in one mind, both in one speech; and both of them, in one speech, bewray both strength and infirmity; strength of faith, in ascribing so much power to Christ, that his presence could preserve from death; infirmity, in supposing the necessity of a presence for this purpose. Why, Mary, could not thine omnipotent Saviour, as well in absence, have commanded Lazarus to live? Is his hand so short, that he can do nothing but by contact? If his power were finite, how could he have forbidden the seizure of death? if infinite, how could it be limited to place, or hindered by distance? It is a weakness of faith to measure success by means, and means by presence, and to tie effects to both, when we deal with an Almighty Agent. Finite causes work within their own sphere; all places are equally near, and all effects equally easy to the Infinite. O Saviour, while thou now sittest gloriously in heaven, thou dost no less impart thyself unto us, than if thou stoodst visibly by us, than if we stood locally by thee! no place can make difference of thy virtue and aid.

This was Mary's moan; no motion, no request sounded from her to her Saviour. Her silent suit is returned with a mute answer; no notice is taken of her error. O that marvellous mercy that connives at our faulty infirmities! All the reply that I hear of, is a compassionate groan within himself. O blessed Jesus, thou, that wert free from all sin, wouldst not be free even from strong affections. Wisdom and holiness should want much work, if even vehement passions might not be quitted from offence. Mary wept; her
tears

tears drew on tears from her friends; all their tears united drew groans from thee. Even in thine heaven, thou dost no less pity our sorrows: thy glory is free from groans, but abounds with compassion and mercy: if we be not sparing of our tears, thou canst not be insensible of our sorrows. How shall we imitate thee, if, like our looking-glass, we do not answer tears, and weep on them that weep on us?

Lord, thou knewest (in absence) that Lazarus was dead, and dost thou not know where he was buried? surely thou wert further off when thou sawest and reportedst his death, than thou wert from the grave thou inquiredst of: thou, that knewest all things, yet askedst what thou knowest, "Where have ye laid him?" not out of need, but out of will: that as in thy sorrow, so in thy question thou mightst depress thyself in the opinion of the beholders for the time, that the glory of thine instant miracle might be the greater, the less it was expected. It had been all one to thy Omnipotence to have made a new Lazarus out of nothing; or, in that remoteness, to have commanded Lazarus, wheresoever he was, to come forth: but thou wert neither willing to work more miracle than was requisite, nor yet unwilling to fix the minds of the people upon the expectation of some marvellous thing that thou meantst to work; and therefore askedst, "Where have you laid him?"

They are not more glad of the question, than ready for the answer; "Come and see." It was the manner of the Jews, as likewise of those Egyptians among whom they had sojourned, to lay up the dead bodies of their friends with great respect; more cost was wont to be bestowed on some of their graves than on their houses; as neither ashamed, then, nor unwilling to shew the decency of their sepulture, they say, "Come and see." More was hoped for from Christ than a meer view; they meant and expected, that his

eye should draw him on to some further action. O Saviour, while we desire our spiritual resuscitation, how should we labour to bring thee to our grave? how should we lay open our deadness before thee, and betray to thee our impotence and senselessness? Come, Lord, and see what a miserable carcass I am; and, by the power of thy mercy, raise me from the state of my corruption.

Never was our Saviour more submissly dejected than now, immediately before he would approve and exalt the majesty of his Godhead. To his groans and inward grief he adds his tears. Anon they shall confess him a God; these expressions of passions shall onwards evince him to be a man. The Jews construe this well; "See how he loved him." Never did any thing but love fetch tears from Christ. But they do foully misconstrue Christ in the other; "Could not he, that opened the eyes of him that was born blind, have caused, that even this man should not have died?" Yes, know ye, O vain and importune questionists, that he could have done it with ease. To open the eyes of a man born blind was more than to keep a sick man from dying: this were but to uphold and maintain nature from decaying: that were to create a new sense, and to restore a deficiency in nature. To make an eye was no whit less difficult than to make a man: he that could do the greater might well have done the less. Ye shall soon see this was not for want of power. Had ye said, Why would he not? why did he not? the question had been fairer, and the answer no less easy, for his own greater glory. Little do ye know the drift, whether of God's acts or delays; and ye know as much as you are worthy. Let it be sufficient for you to understand, that he, who can do all things, will do that which shall be most for his own honour.

It is not improbable that Jesus, who, before groaned in himself for compassion of their tears, now groaned for their incredulity. Nothing could so much afflict the Saviour of men as the sins of men. Could their external wrongs to his body have been separated from offence against his divine person, their scornful indignities had not so much affected him. No injury goes so deep as our spiritual provocations of our God. Wretched men! why should we grieve the good Spirit of God in us? why should we make him groan for us, that died to redeem us?

With these groans, O Saviour, thou camest to the grave of Lazarus. The door of that house of death was strong and impenetrable: thy first word was, "Take away the stone." O weak beginning of a mighty miracle! If thou meantest to raise the dead, how much more easy had it been for thee to remove the grave stone? One grain of faith in thy very disciples was enough to remove mountains, and dost thou say "Take away the stone?" I doubt not, but there was a greater weight that lay upon the body of Lazarus than the stone of his tomb; the weight of death and corruption; a thousand rocks and hills were not so heavy a load as this alone; why then didst thou stick at this shovel-full? Yea, how easy had it been for thee to have brought up the body of Lazarus through the stone, by causing that marble to give way by a sudden rarefaction? But thou thoughtest best to make use of their hands rather, whether for their own more full conviction; for had the stone been taken away by thy followers, and Lazarus thereupon walked forth, this might have appeared to thy malignant enemies to have been a set match betwixt thee, the disciples and Lazarus; or whether for the exercise of our faith, that thou mightst teach us to trust thee under contrary appearances. Thy command to remove the stone seemed to argue an impotence; straight that seeming weakness

ness breaks forth into an act of omnipotent power. The homeliest shews of thine human infirmity are ever seconded with some mighty proofs of thy Godhead: and thy miracle is so much more wondered at, by how much it was less expected.

It was ever thy just will that we should do what we may. To remove the stone, or to untie the napkin was in their power, this they must do; to raise the dead was out of their power, this therefore thou wilt do alone. Our hands must do their utmost ere thou wilt put to thine.

O Saviour, we are all dead and buried in the grave of our sinful nature: the stone of obstination must be taken away from our hearts, ere we can hear thy reviving voice. We can no more remove this stone, than dead Lazarus could remove his; we can add more weight to our graves. O let thy faithful agents, by the power of thy law and the grace of thy gospel, take off the stone, that thy voice may enter into the grave of miserable corruption.

Was it a modest kind of mannerliness in Martha, that she would not have Christ annoyed with the ill scent of that stale carcase? or was it out of distrust of reparation, since her brother had passed all the degrees of corruption, that she says, "Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he hath been dead four days?" He that understood hearts found somewhat amiss in that intimation; his answer had not endeavoured to rectify that which was utterly faultless. I fear, the good woman meant to object this as a likely obstacle to any further purposes or proceedings of Christ. Weak faith is still apt to lay blocks of difficulties in the way of the great works of God.

Four days were enough to make any corps noisome. Death itself is not unsavoury; immediately upon dissolution the body retains the wonted sweetness: it is the continuance under death that is thus offensive.

offensive. Neither is it otherwise in our spiritual condition: the longer we lie under our sin, the more rotten and corrupt we are. He, who upon the fresh commission of his sin recovers himself by a speedy repentance, yields no ill scent to the nostrils of the Almighty. The candle that is presently blown in again offends not; it is the snuff, which continues choaked with its own moisture, that sends up unwholesome and odious fumes. O Saviour, thou wouldst yield to death, thou wouldst not yield to corruption: ere the fourth day thou wert risen again. I cannot but receive many deadly foils; but O, do thou raise me up again, ere I shall pass the degrees of rottenness in my sins and trespasses!

They that laid their hands to the stone, doubtless held now still a while, and looked one while on Christ, another while upon Martha, to hear what issue of resolution would follow upon so important an objection; when they find a light touch of taxation to Martha, "Said I not to thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" That holy woman had before professed her belief, as Christ had professed his great intentions; both were now forgotten; and now our Saviour is fain to revive both her memory and faith; "Said I not to thee?" The best of all saints are subject to fits of unbelief and oblivion, the only remedy whereof must be the inculcation of God's merciful promises of their relief and supportation. O God, if thou hast said it, I dare believe; I dare cast my soul upon the belief of every word of thine. "Faithful art thou which hast promised, who wilt also do it."

In spite of all the unjust discouragements of nature, we must obey Christ's command. Whatever Martha suggests, they remove the stone, and may now see and smell him dead, whom they shall soon see revived. The scent of the corps is not so unpleasing to them,

them, as the perfume of their obedience is sweet to Christ. And now, when all impediments are removed, and all hearts ready for the work, our Saviour addresses to the miracle.

His eyes begin; they are lift up to heaven. It was the malicious mis-suggestion of his enemies, that he looked down to Beelzebub: the beholders shall now see whence he expects and derives his power, and shall by him learn whence to expect and hope for all success. The heart and the eye must go together: he, that would have ought to do with God, must be sequestered and lifted up from earth.

His tongue seconds his eye; "Father." Nothing more stuck in the stomach of the Jews, than that Christ called himself the Son of God; this was imputed to him for a blasphemy, worthy of stones. How seasonably is this word spoken in the hearing of these Jews, in whose sight he will be presently approved so? How can ye now, O ye cavaliers, except at that title which ye shall see irrefragably justified? Well may he call God Father, that can raise the dead out of the grave. In vain shall ye snarl at the style, when ye are convinced of the effect.

I hear of no prayer, but a thanks for hearing. While thou saidst nothing, O Saviour, how doth thy Father hear thee? Was it not with thy Father and thee, as it was with thee and Moses? Thou saidst, "Let me alone, Moses," when he spake not. Thy will was thy prayer. Words express our hearts to men, thoughts to God. Well didst thou know, out of the self-sameness of thy will with thy Father's, that if thou didst but think in thine heart that Lazarus should rise, he was now raised. It was not for thee to pray vocally and audibly, lest those captious hearers should say, thou didst all by entreaty, nothing by power. Thy thanks overtake thy desires; ours require time and distance: our thanks arise from the
echo

echo of our prayers resounding from heaven to our hearts; thou, because thou art at once in earth and heaven, and knowest the grant to be of equal paces with the request, most justly thankest in praying.

Now ye cavilling Jews are thinking straight, Is there such distance betwixt the Father and the Son? is it so rare a thing for the Son to be heard, that he pours out his thanks for it as a blessing unusual? Do ye not now see that he, who made your heart, knows it, and anticipates your fond thoughts with the same breath? "I knew that thou hearest me always, but "I said this for their sakes, that they might believe."

Merciful Saviour, how can we enough admire thy goodness, who makest our belief the scope and drift of thy doctrine and actions! Alas, what wert thou the better, if they believed thee sent from God? what wert thou the worse if they believed it not? Thy perfection and glory stand not upon the slippery terms of our approbation or dislike; but is real in thyself, and that infinite, without possibility of our increase or diminution. We, we only are they that have either the gain or loss in thy receipt or rejection; yet so dost thou affect our belief, as if it were more thine advantage than ours.

O Saviour, while thou spakest to thy Father, thou liftedst up thine eyes; now thou art to speak unto dead Lazarus, thou liftedst up thy voice, and criedst aloud, "Lazarus, come forth." Was it that the strength of the voice might answer to the strength of the affection? since we faintly require what we care not to obtain, and vehemently utter what we earnestly desire: was it, that the greatness of the voice might answer to the greatness of the work? was it, that the hearers might be witnesses of what words were used in so miraculous an act? no magical incantations, but authoritative and divine commands: was it

it to signify, that Lazarus's soul was called from far? the speech must be loud that shall be heard in another world: was it in relation to the estate of the body of Lazarus, whom thou hadst reported to sleep? since those that are in a deep and dead sleep cannot be awaked without a loud call: or was it in a representation of that loud voice of the last trumpet, which shall sound into all graves, and raise all flesh from their dust?

Even so still, Lord, when thou wouldst raise a soul from the death of sin, and grave of corruption, no easy voice will serve. Thy strongest commands, thy loudest denunciations of judgments, the shrillest and sweetest promulgations of thy mercies are but enough.

How familiar a word is this, "Lazarus, come forth?" no other than he was wont to use while they lived together. Neither doth he say, Lazarus, revive; but, as if he supposed him already living, "Lazarus, come forth:" to let them know, that those, who are dead to us, are to and with him alive; yea in a more entire and feeling society than while they carried their clay about them. Why do I fear that separation which shall more unite me to my Saviour?

Neither was the word more familiar than commanding, "Lazarus, come forth." Here is no suit to his Father, no adjuration to the deceased, but a flat and absolute injunction, "Come forth." O Saviour, that is the voice that I shall once hear sounding into the bottom of my grave, and raising me up out of my dust; that is the voice that shall pierce the rocks and divide the mountains, and fetch up the dead out of the lowest depths. Thy word made all, thy word shall repair all. Hence, all ye diffident fears; he whom I trust is omnipotent.

It was the Jewish fashion to enwrap the corps in linen, to tie the hands and feet, and to cover the
face

face of the dead. The fall of man, besides weakness, brought shame upon him. Ever since, even while he lives, the whole body is covered; but the face, because some sparks of that extinct majesty remain there, is wont to be left open. In death, all those poor remainders being gone, and leaving deformity and ghastliness in the room of them, the face is covered also.

There lies Lazarus bound in double fetters: one almighty word hath loosed both, and now "he that " was bound came forth." He, whose power could not be hindered by the chains of death, cannot be hindered by linen bands: he, that gave life, gave motion, gave direction; he, that guided the soul of Lazarus into the body, guided the body of Lazarus without his eyes, moved the feet without the full liberty of his regular paces: no doubt the same power slackened those swathing-bands of death, that the feet might have some little scope to move, though not with that freedom that followed after. Thou didst not only, O Saviour, raise the body of Lazarus, but the faith of the beholders. They cannot deny him dead, whom they saw rising; they see the signs of death, with the proofs of life; those very swathes convinced him to be the man that was raised. Thy less miracle confirms the greater; both confirm the faith of the beholders. O clear and irrefragable example of our resurrection! Say now, ye shameless Sadducees, with what face can ye deny the resurrection of the body, when ye see Lazarus, after four days death, rising up out of his grave? And if Lazarus did thus start up at the bleating of this Lamb of God, that was now every day preparing for the slaughter-house, how shall the dead be roused up out of their graves, by the roaring of that glorious and immortal Lion, whose voice shall shake the powers of heaven, and move the very foundations of the earth?

With

With what strange amazedness do we think that Martha and Mary, the Jews, and the disciples looked to see Lazarus come forth in his winding-sheet, shackled with his linen fetters, and walk towards them? doubtless fear and horror strove in them, whether should be for the time more predominant. We love our friends dearly; but to see them again after their known death, and that in the very robes of the grave, must needs set up the hair in a kind of uncouth rigour. And now, though it had been most easy for him, that brake the adamantinè fetters of death, to have broke in pieces those linen ligaments wherewith his raised Lazarus was incumbered, yet he will not do it but by their hands. He that said, "Remove the stone," said, "loose Lazarus." He will not have us expect his immediate help, in that we can do for ourselves. It is both a laziness, and a presumptuous tempting of God, to look for an extraordinary and supernatural help from God, where he hath enabled us with common aid.

What strange salutations do we think there were betwixt Lazarus and Christ, that had raised him; betwixt Lazarus and his sisters, and neighbours, and friends? what amazed looks? what unusual compliments? for Lazarus was himself at once: here was no leisure of degrees to reduce him to his wonted perfection, neither did he stay to rub his eyes, and stretch his benumbed limbs, nor take time to put off that dead sleep wherewith he had been seized; but instantly he is both alive, and fresh, and vigorous; if they do but let him go, he walks so as if he had ailed nothing, and receives and gives mutual gratulations. I leave them entertaining each other with glad embraces, with discourses of reciprocal admiration, with praises and adorations of that God and Saviour that had fetched him into life.

CHRIST'S

CONTEMP. XXV. CHRIST'S *Procession to the Temple*

NEVER did our Saviour take so much state upon him as now, that he was going towards his passion: other journeys he measured on foot, without noise or train; this with a princely equipage and loud acclamation. Wherein yet, O Saviour, shall I more wonder at thy majesty, or thine humility; that divine majesty which lay hid under so humble appearance, or that sincere humility which veiled so great a glory? Thou, O Lord, whose "chariots" are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels," wouldst make choice of the silliest of beasts to carry thee, in thy last and royal progress. How well is thy birth suited with thy triumph? even that very ass whereon thou rodest was prophesied of; neither couldst thou have made up those vatical predictions, without this conveyance. O glorious, and yet homely pomp!

Thou wouldst not lose ought of thy right; thou, that wast a king, wouldst be proclaimed so: but that it might appear thy kingdom was not of this world; thou, that couldst have commanded all worldly magnificence, thoughtst fit to abandon it.

Instead of the kings of the earth, who reigning by thee, might have been employed in thine attendance, the people are thine heralds; their homely garments are thy foot-cloth and carpets; their green boughs the strewings of thy way; those palms, which were wont to be borne in the hands of them that triumph, are strewed under the feet of thy beast. It was thy greatness and honour to contemn those glories which worldly hearts were wont to admire.

Justly did thy followers hold the best ornaments of the earth worthy of no better than thy treading:

upon; neither could they ever account their garments so rich, as when they had been trampled upon by thy carriage. How happily did they think their back disrobed for thy way? how gladly did they spend their breath in acclaiming thee? "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Where now are the great masters of the synagogue, that had enacted the ejection of whosoever should confess Jesus to be the Christ? Lo, here bold and undaunted clients of the Messiah, that dare proclaim him in the public road, in the open streets. In vain shall the impotent enemies of Christ hope to suppress his glory: as soon shall they with their hand hide the face of the sun from shining to the world, as withhold the beams of his divine truth from the eyes of men, by their envious opposition. In spite of all Jewish malignity, his kingdom is confessed, applauded, blessed.

"O thou fairer than the children of men, in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness: and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things."

In this princely, and yet poor and despicable pomp, doth our Saviour enter into the famous city of Jerusalem, Jerusalem, noted of old for the seat of kings, priests, prophets: of kings, for there was the throne of David; of priests, for there was the temple; of prophets, for there they delivered their errands, and left their blood. Neither know I whether it were more wonder for a prophet to perish out of Jerusalem, or to be safe there. Thither would Jesus come as a king, as a priest, as a prophet: acclaimed as a king, teaching the people, and foretelling the woful vastation of it, as a prophet; and as a priest taking possession of his temple, and vindicating it from the foul profanations of Jewish sacrilege. Oft before had he come to Jerusalem without any remarkable change, because

because without any semblance of state; now that he gives some little glimpse of his royalty, "the whole city was moved." When the sages of the east brought the first news of the king of the Jews, "Herod was troubled and all Jerusalem with him," and now that the king of the Jews comes himself, though in so mean a port, there is a new commotion. The silence and obscurity of Christ never troubles the world; he may be an underling without any stir: but if he do but put forth himself never so little, to bear the least sway amongst men, now their blood is up, the whole city is moved: neither is it otherwise in the private œconomy of the soul. O Saviour, while thou dost, as it were hide thyself, and lie still in the heart, and takest all terms contentedly from us, we entertain thee with no other than a friendly welcome; but when thou once beginnest to ruffle with our corruptions, and to exercise thy spiritual power, in the subjugation of our vile affections, now all is in a secret uproar, all the angles of the heart are moved.

Although, doubtless, this commotion was not so much of tumult, as of wonder. As when some uncouth sight presents itself in a populous street, men run, and gaze, and throng, and inquire; the feet; the tongue, the eyes walk; one spectator draws on another, one asks and presses another; the noise increases with the concourse, each helps to stir up others expectation: such was this of Jerusalem.

What means this strangeness? was not Jerusalem the spouse of Christ? had he not chosen her out of all the earth? had he not begotten many children of her, as the pledges of their love? how justly mayst thou now, O Saviour, complain with that mirror of patience, "My breath was grown strange to my own wife, though I intreated her for the childrens sake of my own body?" Even of thee is that

fulfilled, which thy chosen vessel said of thy ministers, thou art "made a gazing-stock to the world, to angels, and to men."

As all the world was bound to thee for thy incarnation and residence upon the face of the earth, so especially Judea, to whose limits thou confinedst thyself, and therein above all the rest, three cities, Nazareth, Capernaum, Jerusalem, on whom thou bestowedst the most time and cost of preaching, and miraculous works: yet in all three thou receivedst not strange entertainment only, but hostile. In Nazareth they would have cast thee down headlong from the mount; in Capernaum they would have bound thee; in Jerusalem they crucified thee at last, and now are amazed at thy presence. Those places and persons that have the greatest helps and privileges afforded them, are not always the most answerable in the return of their thankfulness. Christ's being amongst us doth not make us happy, but his welcome. Every day may we hear him in our streets, and yet be as new to seek as these citizens of Jerusalem? "Who is this?"

Was it a question of applause, or of contempt, or of ignorance? Applause of his abettors, contempt of the Scribes and Pharisees, ignorance of the multitude. Surely his abettors had not been moved at this sight; the Scribes and Pharisees had rather envied than contemned; the multitude doubtless inquired seriously, out of a desire of information. Not that the citizens of Jerusalem, knew not Christ, who was so ordinary a guest, so noted a prophet amongst them. Questionless this question was asked of that part of train which went before this triumph, while our Saviour was not yet in sight, which ere long his presence had resolved. It had been their duty to have known, to have attended Christ, yea to have published him to others: since this is not done, it is well

well yet that they spend their breath in an inquiry. No doubt there were many, that would not so much as leave their shop-board, and step to their doors, or their windows, to say, "Who is this?" as not thinking it could concern them who passed by, while they might sit still. Those Greeks were in some way to good, that could say to Philip, "We would see Jesus." O Saviour, thou hast been so long amongst us, that it is our just shame if we know thee not. If we have been slack hitherto, let our zealous inquiry make amends for our neglect. Let outward pomp and worldly glory draw the hearts and tongues of carnal men after them; O let it be my care and happiness, to ask after nothing but thee.

The attending disciples could not be to seek for an answer; which of the prophets have not put it into their mouths, "Who is this?" Ask Moses, and he shall tell you, "The seed of the woman that shall break the serpent's head." Ask our father Jacob, and he shall tell you, "The Shiloh of the tribe of Judah." Ask David, and he shall tell you, "The King of glory." Ask Isaiah, he shall tell you, "Immanuel, Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Ask Jeremiah, and he shall tell you, "The righteous Branch." Ask Daniel, he shall tell you, "The Messiah." Ask John the Baptist, he shall tell you, "The Lamb of God." If ye ask the God of the prophets, he hath told you, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Yea, if all these be too good for you to consult with, the devils themselves have been forced to say, "I know who thou art, even that holy One of God." On no side hath Christ left himself without a testimony; and accordingly the multitude here have their answer ready, "This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth in Galilee."

Ye undervalue your Master, O ye well-meaning followers of Christ: "A prophet, yea, more than a prophet?" John Baptist was so, yet was but the harbinger of this Messiah. This was that God by whom the prophets were both sent and inspired. "Of Nazareth," say you? ye mistake him: Bethlehem was the place of his birth, the proof of his tribe, the evidence of his Messiahship. If Nazareth were honoured by his preaching, there was no reason he should be dishonoured by Nazareth. No doubt, he, whom you confessed, pardoned the error of your confession. Ye spake but according to the common style. The two disciples in their walk to Emmaus, after the death and resurrection of Christ, gave him no other title. This belief passed current with the people; and thus high, even the vulgar thoughts could then rise: and, no doubt, even thus much was for that time very acceptable to the Father of mercies. If we make profession of the truth according to our knowledge, though there be much imperfection in our apprehension and delivery, the mercy of our good God takes it well; not judging us for what we have not, but accepting us in what we have. Shouldst thou, O God, stand strictly upon the punctual degrees of knowledge, how wide would it go with millions of souls? for, besides much error in many, there is more ignorance. But herein do we justly magnify and adore thy goodness, that, where thou findest diligent endeavour of better information, matched with an honest simplicity of heart, thou passest by our unwilling defects, and crownest our well meant confessions.

But O the wonderful hand of God, in the carriage of this whole business! The people proclaimed Christ a king, and now they proclaim him a prophet. Why did not the Roman bands run into arms upon the sight? why did not the Scribes and Pharisees, and the
 envious

envious priesthood mutiny upon the other? They had made decrees against him, they had laid wait for him; yet now he passes in state through their streets, acclaimed both a king and prophet, without their reluctance. What can we impute this unto, but to the powerful and over-ruling arm of his Godhead? He that restrained the rage of Herod and his courtiers, upon the first news of a king born, now restrains all the opposite powers of Jerusalem, from lifting up a finger against this last public avouchment of the regal and prophetic office of Christ. When flesh and blood have done their worst, they can be but such as he will make them. If the legions of hell combine with the potentates of the earth, they cannot go beyond the reach of their tether. Whether they rise or sit still, they shall, by an insensible ordination, perform that will of the Almighty which they least think of, and most oppose.

With this humble pomp and just acclamation, O Saviour, dost thou pass through the streets of Jerusalem to the temple. Thy first walk was not to Herod's palace, or to the market-places or burfes of that populace city, but to the temple; whether it were out of duty, or out of need: as a good son, when he comes from far, his first alighting is at his father's house; neither would he think it other than preposterous to visit strangers before his friends, or friends before his father. Besides, that the temple had more use of thy presence; both there was the most disorder, and from thence, as from a corrupt spring, it issued forth into all the channels of Jerusalem. A wise physician inquires first into the state of the head, heart, liver, stomach, the vital and chief parts, ere he asks after the petty symptoms of the meaner and less concerning members. Surely all good or evil begins at the temple. If God have there his own, if men find there nothing but wholesome instruction,

holy example, the commonwealth cannot want some happy tincture of piety, devotion, sanctimony; as that fragrant perfume from Aaron's head sweetens his utmost skirts; contrarily, the distempers of the temple cannot but affect the secular state. As therefore the good husbandman, when he sees the leaves grow yellow, and the branches unthriving, looks presently to the root; so didst thou, O holy Saviour, upon sight of the disorders spread over Jerusalem and Judea, address thyself to the rectifying of the temple.

No sooner is Christ alighted at the gate of the outer court of his Father's house, than he falls to work: reformation was his errand; that he roundly attempts. That holy ground was profaned by sacrilegious barterings: within the third court of that sacred place was a public mart held; here was a throng of buyers and sellers, though not of all commodities, the Jews were not so irreligious, only of those things which were for the use of sacrifice. The Israelites came many of them from far; it was no less from Dan to Beerseba than the space of an hundred and threescore miles; neither could it be without much inconvenience for them to bring their bullocks, sheep, goats, lambs, meal, oil, and such other holy provision with them up to Jerusalem: order was taken by the priests, that these might, for money, be had close by the altar, to the ease of the offerer, and the benefit of the seller, and perhaps no disprofit to themselves. The pretence was fair, the practice unsufferable. The great owner of the temple comes to vindicate the reputation and rights of his own house; and, in an indignation at that so foul abuse, lays fiercely about him, and, with his three-stringed scourge, whips out those sacrilegious chapmen, casts down their tables, throws away their baskets, scatters their heaps, and sends away their customers with smart and horror.

With

With what fear and astonishment did the repining offenders look upon so unexpected a justicer, while their conscience lashed them more than those cords, and the terror of that meek chastiser more affrighted them than his blows? Is this that mild and gentle Saviour that came to take upon him our stripes, and to undergo the chastisements of our peace? Is this that quiet Lamb, which before his shearers openeth not his mouth? See now how his eyes sparkle with holy anger, and dart forth beams of indignation in the faces of these guilty Collybists: see how his hands deal strokes and ruin. Yea, thus, thus it became thee, O thou gracious Redeemer of men, to let the world see thou hast not lost thy justice in thy mercy; that there is not more lenity in thy forbearances, than rigour in thy just severity; that thou canst thunder, as well as shine.

This was not thy first act of this kind; as the entrance of thy public work thou beganest so, as thou now shuttest up, with purging thine house. Once before had these offenders been whipt out of that holy place, which now they dare again defile. Shame and smart is not enough to reclaim obdured offenders. Gainful sins are not easily checked, but less easily mastered. These bold flies, where they are beaten off, will light again. "He that is filthy will be filthy still."

Oft yet had our Saviour been, besides this, in the temple, and often had seen the same disorder; he doth not think fit to be always whipping. It was enough thus twice to admonish and chastise them before their ruin. That God who hates sin always, will not chide always, and strikes more seldom; but he would have those few strokes perpetual monitors; and if those prevail not, he smites but once. It is his uniform course, first to whip, and, if that speed not, then the sword.

There

There is a reverence due to God's house for the owner's sake, for the services sake. Secular and profane actions are not for that sacred roof, much less uncivil and beastly. What but holiness can become that place which is "the beauty of holiness?"

The fairest pretences cannot bear out a sin with God. Never could there be more plausible colours cast upon any act; the convenience, the necessity of provisions for the sacrifice: yet through all these do the fiery eyes of our Saviour see the foul covetousness of the priests, the fraud of the money-changers, the intolerable abuse of the temple. Common eyes may be cheated with easy pretexts; but he, that looks through the heart at the face, justly answers our apologies with scourges.

None but the hand of public authority must reform the abuses of the temple. If all be out of course there, no man is barred from sorrow; the grief may reach to all, the power of reformation only to those whom it concerneth. It was but a just question, though ill propounded, to Moses, "Who made thee a judge or a ruler?" We must all imitate the zeal of our Saviour; we may not imitate his correction. If we strike uncalled, we are justly stricken for our arrogation, for our presumption. A tumultuary remedy may prove a medicine worse than the disease.

But what shall I say of so sharp and imperious an act from so meek an agent? Why did not the priests and Levites, whose this gain partly was, abet these money-changers, and make head against Christ? why did not those multitudes of men stand upon their defence, and wrest that whip out of the hand of a seemingly weak and unarmed prophet; but, instead thereof, run away like sheep from before him, not daring to abide his presence, though his hand had been still? Surely had these men been so many armies, yea so many legions of devils, when God will astonish and chafe

chafe them, they cannot have the power to stand and resist. How easy is it for him that made the heart, to put either terror or courage into it at pleasure? O Saviour, it was none of thy least miracles, that thou didst thus drive out a world of able offenders, in spite of their gain and stomachful resolutions! their very profit had no power to stay them against thy frowns. "Who hath resisted thy will?" Mens hearts are not their own: they are, they must be such as their Maker will have them.

CONTEMP. XXVI. *The Fig-Tree cursed.*

WHEN, in this state, our Saviour had rid thro' the streets of Jerusalem, that evening he lodged not there. Whether he would not, that, after to public an acclamation of the people, he might avoid all suspicion of plots or popularity (even unjust jealousies must be shunned, neither is there less wisdom in the prevention, than in the remedy of evils) or whether he could not, for want of an invitation; hosanna was better cheap than an entertainment; and perhaps the envy of so stomached a reformation discouraged his hosts. However he goes that evening, supperless, out of Jerusalem. O unthankful citizens! do ye thus part with your no less meek than glorious King? his title was not more proclaimed in your streets than your own ingratitude. If he hath purged the temple, yet your hearts are foul. There is no wonder in mens unworthiness; there is more than wonder in thy mercy, O thou Saviour of men, that wouldst yet return thither where thou wert so palpably disregarded. If they gave thee not thy supper, thou givest them their breakfast: if thou mayst not spend the night with them, thou wilt with them spend the day. O love to unthankful souls, not discouragable by the most hateful indignities, by the basest

basest repulses! What burden canst thou shrink under, who canst bear the weight of ingratitude?

Thou, that givest food to all things living, art thyself hungry. Martha, Mary and Lazarus kept not so poor an house, but that thou mightest have eaten something at Bethany. Whether thou hast outrun thine appetite; or whether on purpose thou forbarest repast, to give opportunity to thine ensuing miracle, I neither ask nor resolve. This was not the first time that thou wast hungry. As thou wouldst be a man, so thou wouldst suffer those infirmities that belong to humanity. Thou camest to be our High-priest; it was thy act and intention, not only to intercede for thy people, but to transfer unto thyself, as their sins, so their weaknesses and complaints. Thou knowest to pity what thou hast felt. Are we pinched with want? we endure but what thou didst, we have reason to be patient; thou enduredst what we do, we have reason to be thankful.

But what shall we say to this thine early hunger? The morning, as it is privileged from excess, so from need; the stomach is not wont to rise with the body. Surely, as thine occasions were, no season was exempted from thy want: thou hadst spent the day before in the holy labour of thy reformation; after a supperless departure, thou spentest the night in prayer: no meal refreshed thy toil. What! do we think much to forbear a morsel, or to break a sleep for thee, who didst thus neglect thyself for us?

As if meat were no part of thy care, as if any thing would serve to stop the mouth of hunger, thy breakfast is expected from the next tree. A fig-tree grew by the way-side, full grown, well spread, thick leaved, and such as might promise enough to a remote eye: thither thou camest to seek that which thou foundst not; and, not finding what thou soughtest, as displeased with thy disappointment, cursedst that plant
which

which deluded thy hopes. Thy breath instantly blasted that deceitful tree; it did (no otherwise than the whole world must needs do) wither and die with thy curse.

O Saviour, I had rather wonder at thine actions than discuss them. If I should say, that, as a man, thou either knewest not, or consideredst not of this fruitlessness, it could noway prejudice thy divine omniscience; this infirmity were no worse than thy weariness or hunger: it was no more disparagement to thee to grow in knowledge than in stature; neither was it any more disgrace to thy perfect humanity, that thou, as man, knewest not all things at once, than that thou went not in thy childhood at thy full growth. But herein I doubt not to say, it is more likely thou camest purposely to this tree, knowing the barrenness of it answerable to the season, and fore-resolving the event, that thou mightst hence ground the occasion of so instructive a miracle: likeas thou knewest Lazarus was dying, was dead, yet wouldst not seem to take notice of his dissolution, that thou mightst the more glorify thy power in his resurrection. It was thy willing and determined disappointment for a greater purpose.

But why didst thou curse a poor tree for the want of that fruit which the season yielded not? if it pleased thee to call for that which it could not give, the plant was innocent; and, if innocent, why cursed? O Saviour, it is fitter for us to adore than to examine. We may be faucy in inquiring after thee, and fond in answering for thee.

If that season were not for a ripe fruit, yet for some fruit it was. Who knows not the nature of the fig-tree to be always bearing? that plant, if not altogether barren, yields a continual succession of increase; while one fig is ripe, another is green; the same bough can content both our taste and our hope.

This

This tree was defective in both, yielding nothing but an empty shade to the mis-hoping traveller.

Besides that, I have learned that thou, O Saviour, wert wont not to speak only, but to work parables; and what was this other than a real parable of thine? all this while hadst thou been in the world; thou hadst given many proofs of thy mercy (the earth was full of thy goodness) none of thy judgments: now, immediately before thy passion, thou thoughtst fit to give this double demonstration of thy just austerity. How else should the world have seen, thou canst be severe as well as meek and merciful? and why mightest not thou, who madest all things, take liberty to destroy a plant for thine own glory? wherefore serve thy best creatures, but for the praise of thy mercy and justice? what great matter was it, if thou, who once saidst, "Let the earth bring forth the herb yielding seed, and the tree yielding the fruit of its own kind," shouldst now say, "Let this fruitless tree wither?" All this yet was done in figure: in this act of thine I see both an emblem, and a prophecy. How didst thou herein mean to teach thy disciples how much thou hatest an unfruitful profession, and what judgments thou meantest to bring upon that barren generation? Once before hadst thou compared the Jewish nation to a fig-tree in the midst of thy vineyard, which, after three years expectation and culture, yielding no fruit, was by thee, the Owner, doomed to a speedy excision; now thou actest what thou then saidst. No tree abounds more with leaf and shade, no nation abounded more with ceremonial observations and semblances of piety. Outward profession, where there is want of inward truth and real practice, doth but help to draw on and aggravate judgment. Had this fig-tree been utterly bare and leafless, it had perhaps escaped the curse. Hear this, ye vain hypocrites, that care only to shew well; never

never caring for the sincere truth of a conscionable obedience: your fair outside shall be sure to help you to a curse.

That which was the fault of this tree, is the punishment of it, Fruitlessness: "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever." Had the boughs been appointed to be torn down, and the body split in pieces, the doom had been more easy, and that juicy plant might yet have recovered, and have lived to recompence this deficiency; now it shall be what it was, fruitless. Wo be to that church or soul that is punished with her own sin. Outward plagues are but favour, in comparison of spiritual judgments.

That curse might well have stood with a long continuance; the tree might have lived long, though fruitless: but no sooner is the word passed, than the leaves flag and turn yellow, the branches wrinkle and shrink, the bark discolours, the root dries, the plant withers.

O God, what creature is able to abide the blasting of the breath of thy displeasure? even the most great and glorious angels of heaven could not stand one moment before thine anger, but perished under thy wrath everlastingly. How irresistible is thy power! how dreadful are thy judgments! Lord chastise my fruitlessness, but punish it not; at least, punish it, but curse it not, lest I wither and be consumed.

CONTEMP. XXVII. CHRIST *betrayed.*

SUCH an eye-sore was Christ that raised Lazarus, and Lazarus whom Christ raised, to the envious priests, scribes, elders of the Jews, that they conspired to murder both: while either of them lives, neither can the glory of that miracle die, nor the shame of the oppugners.

Those

Those malicious heads are laid together in the parlour of Caiaphas. Happy had it been for them if they had spent but half those thoughts upon their own salvation which they misemployed upon the destruction of the innocent. At last this results, that force is not their way; subtilty and treachery must do that which should be vainly attempted by power.

Who is so fit to work this feat against Christ as one of his own? There can be no treason, where is not some trust. Who so fit among the domestics as he that bare the bag, and over-loved that which he bare? That heart, which hath once enslaved itself to red and white earth, may be made any thing. Who can trust to the power of good means, when Judas, who heard Christ daily, whom others heard to preach Christ daily, who daily saw Christ's miracles, and daily wrought miracles in Christ's name, is, at his best, a thief, and ere long a traitor? That crafty and malignant spirit, which presided in that bloody council, hath easily found out a fit instrument for this hellish plot. As God knows, so Satan guesses, who are his, and will be sure to make use of his own. If Judas were Christ's domestic, yet he was Mammon's servant: he could not but hate that Master whom he formally professed to serve, while he really served that master which Christ professed to hate. He is but in his trade, while he is bartering even for his master; "What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?" Saidst thou not well, O Saviour, "I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" Thou, that knewest to distinguish betwixt men and spirits, callest Judas by his right name. Lo, he is become a tempter to the worst of evils.

Wretched Judas! whether shall I more abhor thy treachery, or wonder at thy folly? What will they, what can they give thee valuable to that head which thou profferest to sale? Were they able to pay, or thou capable

capable to receive all those precious metals that are laid up in the secret cabins of the whole earth, how were this price equivalent to the worth of him that made them? Had they been able to fetch down those rich and glittering spangles of heaven, and to have put them into thy fist, what had this been to weigh with a God? How basely therefore dost thou speak of chaffering for him whose the world was? "What will ye give me?" Alas, what were they? what had they, miserable men, to pay for such a purchase? The time was, when he that set thee on work could say, "All the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them are mine, and I give them to whom I please; all these will I give thee." Had he now made that offer to thee in this woful bargain, it might have carried some colour of a temptation: and even thus it had been a match ill made; but for thee to tender a trade of so invaluable a commodity to these pelting petty chapmen, for thirty poor silverlings, it was no less base than wicked!

How unequal is this rate? Thou that valuedst Mary's ointment, which she bestowed upon the feet of Christ, at three hundred pieces of silver, sellest thy Master, on whom that precious odour was spent, at thirty. Worldly hearts are penny-wise; and pound-foolish: they know how to set high prices upon the worthless trash of this world; but for heavenly things; or the God that owns them, these they shamefully undervalue.

"And I will deliver him unto you." False and presumptuous Judas! it was more than thou couldst do; thy price was not more too low than thy undertaking was too high. Had all the powers of hell combined with thee, they could not have delivered thy Master into the hands of men. The act was none but his own; all that he did, all that he suffered, was perfectly voluntary. Had he pleased to resist, how

easily had he, with one breath, blown thee and thy accomplices down into their hell? It is no thank to thee that he would be delivered. O Saviour, all our safety, all our comfort depends not so much upon thine act as upon thy will: in vain should we have hoped for the benefit of a forced redemption.

The bargain is driven, the price paid. Judas returns, and looks no less smoothly upon his Master and his fellows, than as if he had done no disservice. What cares he? his heart tells him he is rich, though it tells him he is false. He was not now first an hypocrite. The passover is at hand; no man is so busy to prepare for it, or more devoutly forward to receive it, than Judas.

O the sottishness and obdurateness of this son of perdition! How many proofs had he formerly of his Master's omniscience? There was no day wherein he saw not, that thoughts and things absent came familiar under his cognizance, yet this miscreant dares plot a secret villainy against his person, and face it: if he cannot be honest, yet he will be close. That he may be notoriously impudent, he shall know he is descried: while he thinks fit to conceal his treachery, our Saviour thinks not fit to conceal the knowledge of that treacherous conspiracy; "Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." Who would not think but that discovered wickedness should be ashamed of itself? Did not Judas (think we) blush, and grow pale again, and cast down his guilty eyes, and turn away his troubled countenance at so galling an intimation? Custom of sin steels the brow, and makes it incapable of any relenting impressions. Could the other disciples have discerned any change in any one of their faces, they had not been so sorrowfully affected with the charge. Methinks I see, how intently they bent their eyes upon each other, as if they would have looked through those windows
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down into the bosom; with what self-confidence; with what mutual jealousy they perused each others foreheads; and now, as rather thinking fit to distrust their own innocence than their Master's assertion, each trembles to say, "Lord, is it I?" It is possible, there may lurk secret wickedness in some blind corner of the heart, which we know not of: it is possible, that time and temptation, working upon our corruption, may at last draw us into some such sin as we could not fore-believe. Whither may we not fall, if we be left to our own strength? It is both wise and holy to misdoubt the worst: "Lord, is it I?"

In the mean time, how fair hath Judas, all this while, carried with his fellows? Had his former life bewrayed any falsehood or misdemeanor, they had soon found where to pitch their just suspicion: now Judas goes for so honest a man, that every disciple is rather ready to suspect himself than him. It is true he was a thief; but who knows that, besides his Maker? The outsides of men are no less deceitful than their hearts. It is not more unsafe to judge by outward appearances, than it is uncharitable not to judge so.

O the head-strong resolutions of wickedness, not to be checked by any opposition! Who would not but have thought, if the notice of an intended evil could not have prevented it, yet that the threats of judgment should have affrighted the boldest offender? Judas can sit by, and hear his Master say, "Wo be to the man by whom the Son of man is betrayed; it had been better for that man never to have been born," and is no more blanked than very innocence; but thinks, what care I? I have the money; I shall escape the shame: the fact shall be close, the match gainful: it will be long ere I shall get so much by my service; if I fare well for the present, I shall shift well enough for the future. Thus secretly he claps up another bargain; he makes a covenant

with death, and with hell an agreement. O Judas, didst thou ever hear ought but truth fall from the mouth of that thy divine Master? canst thou distrust the certainty of that dreadful menace of vengeance? how then durst thou persist in the purpose of so flagitious and damnable a villainy? Resolved sinners run on desperately in their wicked courses; and have so bent their eyes upon the profit or pleasure of their mischievous projects, that they will not see hell lie open before them in the way.

As if that shameless man meant to outbrave all accusations, and to outface his own heart, he dares ask it too, "Master, is it I?" No disciple shall more zealously abominate that crime than he that fosters it in his bosom. Whatever the Searcher of hearts knows, by him is lock'd up in his own breast; to be perfidious is nothing, so he may be secret: his Master knows him for a traitor, it is not long that he shall live to complain; his fellows think him honest; all is well, while he is well esteemed. Reputation is the only care of false hearts, not truth of being, not conscience of merit; so they may seem fair to men, they care not how foul they are to God.

Had our Saviour only had this knowledge at the second hand, this boldness had been enough to make him suspect the credit of the best intelligence: who could imagine that a guilty man dared thus brow-beat a just accusation? Now he, whose piercing and unfailing eyes see things as they are, not as they seem, can peremptorily convince the impudence of this hollow questionist with a direct affirmation; "Thou hast said." Foolish traitor! couldst thou think that those clear eyes of thine would endure the beams of the sun, or that counterfeit slip the fire? was it not sufficient for thee to be secretly vicious, but thou must presume to contest with an omniscient accuser? Hast thou yet enough? thou supposedst thy crime unknown;

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to men it was so; had thy master been no more, it had been so to him; now his knowledge argues him divine. How dost thou yet resolve to lift up thy hand against him, who knows thine offence, and can either prevent or revenge it? As yet the charge was private, either not heard, or not observed by thy fellows: it shall be at first whispered to one, and at last known to all. Bashful and penitent sinners are fit to be concealed; shame is meet for those that have none.

Curiosity of knowledge is an old disease of human nature: besides, Peter's zeal would not let him dwell under the danger of so doubtful a crimination; he cannot but sit on thorns, till he know the man. His signs ask what his voice dare not. What law requires all followers to be equally beloved? why may not our favours be freely dispensed where we like best, without envy, without prejudice? None of Christ's train could complain of neglect; John is highest in grace. Blood, affection, zeal, diligence have endeared him above his fellows. He, that is dearest in respect, is next in place: in that form of side-sitting at the table, he leaned on the bosom of Jesus. Where is more love, there may be more boldness. This secrecy and entireness privileges John to ask that safely, which Peter might not without much inconvenience and peril of a check. The beloved disciple well understands this silent language, and dares put Peter's thought into words. Love shutteth out fear. O Saviour, the confidence of thy goodness emboldens us not to shrink at any suit. Thy love, shed abroad in our hearts, bids us ask that which in a stranger were no better than presumption. Once, when Peter asked thee a question concerning John, "What shall this man do?" he received a short answer, "What is that to thee?" now, when John asks thee a question, no less seemingly curious, at Peter's instance, "Who is it that betray's thee?" however thou might-

est have returned him the same answer, since neither of their persons was any more concerned, yet thou condescendest to a mild and full, though secret, satisfaction. There was not so much difference in the men, as in the matter of the demand. No occasion was given to Peter of moving that question concerning John; the indefinite assertion of treason amongst the disciples was a most just occasion of moving John's question for Peter and himself. That which therefore was timorously demanded, is answered graciously; "He it is to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it: and he gave the sop to Judas." How loth was our Saviour to name him whom he was not unwilling to design? All is here expressed by dumb signs; the hand speaks what the tongue would not. In the same language wherein Peter asked the question of John, doth our Saviour shape an answer to John: what a beck demanded, is answered by a sop.

O Saviour, I do not hear thee say, look on whomsoever I frown, or to whomsoever I do a public affront, that is the man; but, "to whomsoever I shall give a sop." Surely a by-stander would have thought this man deep in thy books, and would have construed this act as they did thy tears for Lazarus, "See how he loves him." To carve a man out of thine own dish, what could it seem to argue but a singularity of respect? yet, lo, there is but one whom thou hatest, one only traitor at thy board; and thou givest him a sop. The outward gifts of God are not always the proofs of his love; yea, sometimes are bestowed in displeasure. Had not he been a wise disciple that should have envied the great favour done to Judas, and have stomached his own preterition? So foolish are they, who, measuring God's affections by temporal benefits, are ready to applaud prospering wicked-

wickedness, and to grudge outward blessings to them which are incapable of any better.

“ After the sop Satan entered into Judas.” Better had it been for that treacherous disciple to have wanted that morsel: not that there was any malignity in the bread, or that the sop had any power to convey Satan into the receiver, or that, by a necessary concomitance, that evil spirit was in or with it. Favours ill used make the heart more capable of farther evil. That wicked spirit commonly takes occasion by any of God’s gifts, to assault us the more eagerly. After our sacramental morsel, if we be not the better, we are sure the worse. I dare not say, yet I dare think, that Judas, comparing his Master’s words and John’s whisperings with the tender of this sop, and finding himself thus denoted, was now so much the more irritated to perform what he had wickedly purposed. Thus Satan took advantage by the sop of a farther possession. Twice before had that evil spirit made a palpable entry into that lewd heart. First, in his covetousness and theft; those sinful habits could not be without that author of ill: then in his damnable resolution and plot of so heinous a conspiracy against Christ. Yet now, as if it were new to begin, “ After the sop Satan entered.” As in every gross sin which we entertain, we give harbour to that evil spirit; so in every degree of growth in wickedness, new hold is taken by him of the heart. No sooner is the foot over the threshold, than we enter into the house; when we pass thence into the inner rooms, we make still but a perfect entrance. At first Satan entered, to make the house of Judas’s heart his own, now he enters into it as his own. The first purpose of sin opens the gates to Satan, consent admits him into the entry, full resolution of sin gives up the keys to his hands, and puts him into absolute possession. What a plain difference there is betwixt

the regenerate and evil heart? Satan lays siege to the best by his temptations, and sometimes, upon battery and breach made, enters: the other admits him by willing composition. When he is entered upon the regenerate, he is entertained with perpetual skirmishes, and, by a holy violence, at last repulsed; in the other he is plausibly received, and freely commandeth. O the admirable meekness of this Lamb of God! I see not a frown, I hear not a check, but, "What thou dost, do quickly." Why do we startle at our petty wrongs, and swell with anger, and break into furious revenges upon every occasion, when the Pattern of our patience lets not fall one harsh word upon so foul and bloody a traitor! Yea, so fairly is this carried, that the disciples as yet can apprehend no change; they innocently think of commodities to be bought, when Christ speaks of their master sold, and, as one that longs to be out of pain, hastens the pace of his irreclaimable conspirator, "What thou dost, do quickly." It is one thing to say, Do what thou intendest, and another to say, Do quickly what thou dost. There was villainy in the deed; the speed had no sin, the time was harmless, while the man and the act was wicked. O Judas, how happy had it been for thee, if thou hadst never done what thou perfidiously intendedst! but since thou wilt needs do it, delay is but a torment.

That steely heart yet relents not; the obfirmed traitor knows his way to the high-priest's hall, and to the garden: the watch-word is already given, "Hail Master, and a kiss." Yet more hypocrisy? yet more presumption upon so overstrained a lenity? How knewest thou, O thou false traitor, whether that sacred cheek would suffer itself to be defiled with thine impure touch? Thou well foundst thy treachery was unmasked; thine heart could not be so false to thee as not to tell thee how hateful thou wert. Go, kiss and

and adore those silverlings which thou art too sure of; the Master whom thou hast sold is not thine. But, O the impudence of a deplored sinner! that tongue, which hath agreed to sell his Master, dares say, Hail; and those lips, that have passed the compact of his death, dare offer to kiss him whom they had covenanted to kill. It was God's charge of old, "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry." O Saviour, thou hadst reason to be angry with this kiss: the scourges, the thorns, the nails, the spear of thy murderers were not so painful, so piercing, as this touch of Judas; all these were in this one alone. The stabs of an enemy cannot be so greivous as the skin-deep wounds of a disciple.

CONTEMP. XXVIII. *The Agony.*

WHAT a preface do I find to my Saviour's passion? an hymn, and an agony: a chearful hymn, and an agony no less sorrowful. An hymn begins, both to raise and testify the courageous resolutions of his suffering; an agony follows, to shew that he was truly sensible of those extremities wherewith he was resolved to grapple. All the disciples bore their part in that hymn; it was fit they should all see his comfortable and divine magnanimity wherewith he entered into those sad lists: only three of them shall be allowed to be the witnesses of his agony, only those three that had been the witnesses of his glorious transfiguration. That sight had well fore-armed and prepared them for this: how could they be dismayed to see his trouble, who there saw his majesty? how could they be dismayed to see his body now sweat, which they had then seen to shine? how could they be daunted to see him now accosted with Judas, and his train, whom they then saw attended with Moses and Elias? how could they be discourag-
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ed to hear the reproaches of base men, when they had heard the voice of God to him from that excellent glory; "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased?"

Now, before these eyes this sun begins to be overcast with clouds; "He began to be sorrowful and very heavy." Many sad thoughts for mankind had he secretly hatched, and yet smothered in his own breast; now his grief is too great to keep in: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." O Saviour, what must thou needs feel, when thou saidst so? Feeble minds are apt to bemoan themselves upon light occasions; the grief must needs be violent, that causeth a strong heart to break forth into a passionate complaint. Wo is me, what a word is this for the Son of God? Where is that comforter which thou promisedst to send to others? where is that thy Father of all mercies, and God of all comfort, "in whose presence is the fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore?" where are those constant and chearful resolutions of a fearless walking through the valley of the shadow of death? Alas! if that face were not hid from thee, whose essence could not be disunited, these pangs could not have been. The sun was withdrawn a while, that that there might be a cool, though not a dark night, as in the world, so in thy breast; withdrawn in respect of sight, not of being. It was the hardest piece of thy sufferings, that thou must be disconsolate.

But to whom dost thou make this moan, O thou Saviour of men? Hard is that man driven that is fain to complain to his inferiors. Had Peter, or James, or John, thus bewailed himself to thee, there had been ease to their soul in venting itself; thou hadst been both apt to pity them, and able to relieve them: but now, in that thou lamentest thy case to them, alas! what issue couldst thou expect? they might be astonish-
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ed with thy grief; but there is neither power in their hands to free thee from those sorrows, nor power in their compassion to mitigate them. Nay, in this condition, what could all the angels of heaven, as of themselves, do to succour thee? what strength could they have but from thee? what creature can help when thou complainest? It must be only the stronger that can aid the weak.

Old and holy Simeon could fore-say to thy blessed mother, that "A sword should pierce through her soul;" but, alas! how many swords at once pierce thine? Every one of these words is both sharp and edged: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." What human soul is capable of the conceit of the least of those sorrows that oppressed thine? It was not thy body that suffered now; the pain of body is but as the body of pain; the anguish of the soul is as the soul of anguish. That, and in that thou sufferedst, where are they that dare so far disparage thy sorrow, as to say thy soul suffered only in sympathy with thy body; not immediately, but by participation; not in itself, but in its partner? Thou best knewest what thou feltest, and thou, that feltest thine own pain, canst cry out of thy soul. Neither didst thou say, My soul is troubled; so it often was, even to tears; but, "My soul is sorrowful:" as if it had been before assaulted, now possessed with grief. Nor yet this in any tolerable moderation, (changes of passion are incident to every human soul) but "exceeding sorrowful." Yet there are degrees in the very extremities of evils; those, that are most vehement, may yet be capable of a remedy, at least a relaxation; thine was past these hopes, "exceeding sorrowful unto death."

What was it, what could it be, O Saviour, that lay thus heavy upon thy divine soul? was it the fear of death? was it the forefelt pain, shame, torment,
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of thine ensuing crucifixion? O poor and base thoughts of the narrow hearts of cowardly and impotent mortality! How many thousands of thy blessed martyrs have welcomed no less tortures with smiles and gratulations, and have made a sport of those exquisite cruelties which their very tyrants thought unsufferable? whence had they this strength but from thee? if their weakness were thus undaunted and prevalent, what was thy power? No, no; it was the sad weight of the sin of mankind; it was the heavy burden of thy Father's wrath for our sin, that thus pressed thy soul, and wrung from thee these bitter expressions.

What can it avail thee, O Saviour, to tell thy grief to men? who can ease thee, but he of whom thou saidst, "My Father is greater than I?" Lo, to him thou turnest; "O Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

Was not this that prayer, O dear Christ, which in the days of thy flesh, thou offeredst up with strong crying and tears, to him that was able to save thee from death? surely this was it. Never was cry so strong; never was God thus solicited. How could heaven chuse but shake at such a prayer from the power that made it? how can my heart but tremble to hear this suit from the Captain of our salvation? O thou that saidst, "I and my Father are one," dost thou suffer ought from thy Father but what thou wouldst, what thou determinedst? was this cup of thine either casual or forced? wouldst thou wish for what thou knewest thou wouldst not have possible? Far, far be these misraised thoughts of our ignorance and frailty. Thou camest to suffer, and thou wouldst do what thou camest for: yet since thou wouldst be a man, thou-wouldst take all of man, save sin: it is but human, and not sinful, to be loth to suffer what we may avoid. In this velleity of thine, thou wouldst shew what that nature of ours, which thou hadst assumed

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ed, could incline to wish; but, in thy resolution, thou wouldst shew us what thy victorious thoughts, raised and assisted by thy divine power, had determinately pitched upon: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." As man thou hadst a will of thine own: no human soul can be perfect without that main faculty. That will, which naturally could be content to incline towards an exemption from miseries, gladly veils to that divine will, whereby thou art designed to the chastisements of our peace. Those pains, which in themselves were grievous, thou embracest as decreed; so as thy fear hath given place to thy love and obedience. How should we have known these evils so formidable, if thou hadst not in half a thought, inclined to deprecate them? how could we have avoided so formidable and deadly evils, if thou hadst not willingly undergone them? we acknowledge thine holy fear, we adore thy divine fortitude.

While thy mind was in this fearful agitation, it is no marvel if thy feet were not fixed. Thy place is more changed than thy thoughts: one while thou walkst to thy drowsy attendants, and stirrest up their needful vigilancy; then thou returnest to thy passionate devotions, thou fallest again upon thy face. If thy body be humbled down to the earth, thy soul is yet lower; thy prayers are so much more vehement as thy pangs are: "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." O my Saviour, what an agony am I in, while I think of thine? What pain, what fear, what strife, what horror was in thy sacred breast? how didst thou struggle under the weight of our sins, that thou thus sweatest, that thou thus bleedest? All was peace with thee; thou wert one with thy co-eternal and co-essential Father; all the angels worshipped thee; all the powers of heaven and earth awfully acknowledged
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thine infiniteness. It was our person that scoffed thee in this misery and torment; in that thou sustainedst thy Father's wrath and our curse. If eternal death be unsufferable, if every sin deserve eternal death; what, O! what was it for thy soul, in this short time of thy bitter passion, to answer those millions of eternal deaths, which all the sins of all mankind had deserved from the just hand of thy Godhead? I marvel not, if thou bleedest a sweat, if thou sweatest blood: if the moisture of that sweat be from the body, the tincture of it is from the soul. As there never was such another sweat, so neither can there be ever such a suffering. It is no wonder if the sweat were more than natural, when the suffering was more than human.

O Saviour, so willing was that precious blood of thine to be let forth for us, that it was ready to prevent thy persecutors; and issued forth in those pores, before thy wounds were opened by thy tormentors. O that my heart could bleed unto thee, with true inward compunction, for those sins of mine which are guilty of this thine agony, and have drawn blood of thee both in the garden and on the cross. Wo is me, I had been in hell, if thou hadst not been in thine agony; I had scorched, if thou hadst not sweat. O let me abhor my own wickedness, and admire and bless thy mercy.

But, O ye blessed spirits which came to comfort my conflicted Saviour, how did ye look upon this Son of God, when ye saw him labouring for life under these violent temptations? with what astonishment did ye behold him bleeding, whom ye adored? In the wilderness, after his duel with Satan, ye came and ministered unto him; and now in the garden, while he is in an harder combat, ye appear to strengthen him. O the wise and marvellous dispensation of the Almighty! Whom God will afflict, an angel shall relieve; the Son shall suffer, the servant shall comfort him; the God
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of angels droopeth, the angel of God strengthens him.

Blessed Jesu, if as man, thou wouldst be “made a little lower than the angels;” how can it disparage thee to be attended and cheered up by an angel? thine humiliation would not disdain comfort from meaner hands. How free was it for thy Father to convey seasonable consolations to thine humbled soul, by whatsoever means? Behold, though thy cup shall not pass, yet it shall be sweetened. What if thou see not, for the time, thy Father’s face? yet thou shalt feel his hand. What could that spirit have done without the God of spirits? O Father of mercies, thou mayest bring thine into agonies, but thou wilt never leave them there. “In the midst of the sorrows of my heart, thy comforts shall refresh my soul.” Whatsoever be the means of my supportation, I know and adore the author.

CONTEMP. XXIX. PETER *and* MALCHUS: *or,*
CHRIST *apprehended.*

WHerefore, O Saviour, didst thou take those three choice disciples with thee from their fellows, but that thou expectedst some comfort from their presence? A seasonable word may sometimes fall from the meanest attendant; and the very society of those we trust carries in it some kind of contentment. Alas! what broken reeds are men? While thou art sweating in thine agony, they are snoring securely. Admonitions, threats, entreaties, cannot keep their eyes open. Thou tellest them of danger, they will needs dream of ease; and though twice roused, as if they had purposed this neglect, they carelessly sleep out thy sorrow, and their own peril. What help hast thou of such followers? In the moment of their transfiguration they slept, and, besides, fell on their

their faces, when they should behold thy glory, and were not themselves for fear. In the garden of thine agony, they fell upon the ground for drowsiness, when they should compassionate thy sorrow, and lost themselves in a stupid sleepiness. Doubtless, even this disregard made thy prayers so much more fervent. The less comfort we find on earth, the more we seek above. Neither soughtest thou more than thou foundest: lo, thou wert heard in that which thou fearedst. An angel supplies men: that spirit was vigilant, while thy disciples were heavy; the exchange was happy.

No sooner is this good angel vanished, than that domestic devil appears: Judas comes up, and shews himself in the head of those miscreant troops. He, whose too much honour it had been to be a follower of so blessed a master, affects now to be the leader of this wicked rabble. The sheep's fleece is now cast off; the wolf appears in his own likeness. He, that would be false to his master, would be true to his chapmen: even evil spirits keep touch with themselves. The bold traitor dare yet still mix hypocrisy with villainy; his very salutations and kisses murder. O Saviour, this is no news to thee. All those, who, under a shew of godliness, practise impiety, do still betray thee thus. Thou, who hadst said, "One of you is a devil," didst not now say, "Avoid Satan;" but, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" As yet, Judas, it was not too late; had there been any the least spark of grace yet remaining in that perfidious bosom, this word had fetcht thee upon thy knees. All this sunshine cannot thaw an obdurate heart. The sign is given, Jesus is taken. Wretched traitor! why wouldst thou for this purpose be thus attended? and ye foolish priests and elders! why sent you such a band, and so armed for this apprehension? One messenger had been enough for a voluntary prisoner.

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Had my Saviour been unwilling to be taken, all your forces, with all the legions of hell to help them, had been too little; since he was willing to be attacked, two were too many. When he did but say, "I am he," that easy breath alone routed all your troops, and cast them to the earth, whom it might as easily have cast down into hell. What if he had said, I will not be taken? where had ye been? or what could your swords and staves have done against omnipotence?

Those disciples, that failed of their vigilance, failed not of their courage; they had heard their Master speak of providing swords, and now they thought it was time to use them: "Shall we smite?" They were willing to fight with him for whom they were not careful to watch: but, of all others, Peter was most forward; instead of opening his lips, he unsheaths his sword; and, instead of shall I, smites. He had noted Malchus, a busy servant of the high-priest, too ready to second Judas, and to lay his rude hands upon the Lord of life: against this man his heart rises, and his hand is lift up. That ear, which had too officiously listened to the unjust and cruel charge of his wicked master, is now severed from that worse head which it had mis-served.

I love and honour thy zeal, O blessed disciple: thou couldst not bruik wrong done to thy divine Master. Had thy life been dearer to thee than his safety, thou hadst not drawn thy sword upon a whole troop. It was in earnest that thou saidst, "Though all men, yet not I;" and, "Though I should die with thee, yet I will not deny thee." Lo, thou art ready to die upon him that should touch that sacred person; what would thy life now have been in comparison of renouncing him? since thou wert so fervent, why didst thou not rather fall upon that traitor that betrayed him, than that serjeant that

arrested him: surely the sin was so much greater, as the plot of mischief is more than the execution; as a domestic is nearer than a stranger, as the treason of a friend is worse than the forced enmity of an hireling. Was it that the guilty wretch, upon the fact done, subdued himself, and shrouded his false head under the wings of darkness? was it that thou couldst not so suddenly apprehend the odious death of that villainy, and instantly hate him that had been thy old companion? was it that thy amazedness as yet conceived not the purposed issue of this seizure, and astonishedly waited for the success? was it that though Judas was more faulty, yet Malchus was more imperiously cruel? howsoever, thy courage was awaked with thyself, and thy heart was no less sincere than thine hand was rash. "Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Good intentions are no warrant for our actions. O Saviour, thou canst at once accept of our meanings, and censure our deeds. Could there be an affection more worth encouraging than the love to such a Master? Could there be a more just cause wherein to draw his sword, than in thy quarrel? yet this love, this quarrel cannot shield Peter from thy check: thy meek tongue smites him gently, who had furiously smote thine enemy; "Put up thy sword."

It was Peter's sword; but to put up, not to use: there is a sword which Peter may use; but it is of another metal. Our weapons are, as our warfare, spiritual: if he smite not with this, he incurs no less blame than for smiting with the other: as for this material sword, what should he do with it, that is not allowed to strike? When the Prince of peace bade his followers sell their coat and buy a sword, he meant to insinuate the need of these arms, not their improvement, and to teach them the danger of the time, not the manner of the repulse of danger. When they therefore said,

said, "Behold here are two swords;" he answered, "It is enough." He said not, Go buy more; more had not been enough, if a bodily defence had been intended: David's tower had been too straight to yield sufficient furniture of this kind; when it comes to use, Peter's one sword is too much; "Put up thy sword." Indeed there is a temporal sword; and that sword must be drawn, else wherefore is it? but drawn by him that bears it; and he bears it, that is ordained to be an avenger, to "execute wrath upon him that doth evil; for he bears not the sword in vain." If another man draw it, it cuts his fingers, and draws so much blood of him that unwarrantably wields it, as that "he who takes the sword shall perish with the sword." Can I chuse but wonder, how Peter could thus strike unwounded? how he, whose first blow made the fray, could escape hewing in pieces from that band of ruffians? this could not have been, if thy power, O Saviour, had not restrained their rage; if thy seasonable and sharp reproof had not prevented their revenge.

Now, for ought I see, Peter smarts no less than Malchus: neither is Peter's ear less smitten by the mild tongue of his Master, than Malchus his ear by the hand of Peter. Weak disciple! thou hast zeal, "but not according to knowledge:" there is not more danger in this act of thine, than inconsideration and ignorance. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Thou drawest thy sword to rescue me from suffering. Alas! if I suffer not, what would become of thee? what would become of mankind? where were that eternal and just decree of my Father, wherein I am a "Lamb slain from the beginning of the world?" Dost thou go about to hinder thine own and the whole world's redemption? Did I not once before call thee Satan, for suggesting to me this immunity from my passion? and

dost thou now think to favour me with a real opposition to this great and necessary work? Canst thou be so weak as to imagine, that this suffering of mine is not free and voluntary? Canst thou be so injurious to me as to think I yield, because I want aid to resist? Have I not given to thee and to the world many undeniable proofs of my omnipotence? Didst thou not see how easy it had been for me to have blown away these poor forces of my adversaries? Dost thou not know, that, if I would require it, all the glorious troops of the angels of heaven (any one whereof is more than worlds of men) would presently shew themselves ready to attend and rescue me? Might this have stood with the justice of my decree, with the glory of my mercy, with the benefit of man's redemption, it had been done; my power should have triumphed over the impotent malice of my enemies: but now, since that eternal decree must be accomplished, my mercy must be approved, mankind must be ransomed; and this cannot be done without my suffering. Thy well-meant valour is no better than a wrong to thyself, to the world, to Me, to my Father.

O gracious Saviour, while thou thus smitest thy disciple, thou healest him whom thy disciple smote. Many greater miracles hadst thou done; none that bewrayed more mercy and meekness, than this last cure: of all other, this ear of Malchus hath the loudest tongue to blazon the praise of thy clemency and goodness to thy very enemies. Wherefore came that man, but in an hostile manner to attack thee? Besides his own, what favour was he worthy of for his Master's sake? and if he had not been more forward than his fellows, why had not his skin been as whole as theirs? yet, even amidst the throng, of thine apprehenders, in the heat of their violence, in the height of their malice, and thine own instant peril of death, thou healest that unnecessary ear which had been guilty
of

of hearing blasphemies against thee, and receiving cruel and unjust charges concerning thee. O Malchus, could thy ear be whole, and not thy heart broken and contrite with remorse, for rising up against so merciful and so powerful an hand! Couldst thou chuse but say, O blessed Jesu, I see it was thy providence that preserved my head, when my ear was smitten; it is thine almighty power that hath miraculously restored that ear of mine which I had justly forfeited: this head of mine shall never be guilty of plotting any further mischief against thee; this ear shall never entertain any more reproaches of thy name; this heart of mine shall ever acknowledge and magnify thy tender mercies, thy divine omnipotence? Could thy fellows see such a demonstration of power and goodness with unrelenting hearts? Unthankful Malchus, and cruel soldiers! ye were worse wounded, and felt it not. God had struck your breasts with a fearful obduration, that ye still persist in your bloody enterprise. "And they, that had laid hold on Jesus, led him away, &c."

CONTEMP. XXX. CHRIST *before* CAIAPHAS.

THAT traitor, whom his own cord made soon after too fast, gave this charge concerning Jesus, "Hold him fast." Fear makes his guard cruel: they bind his hands, and think no twist can be strong enough for this Samson. Fond Jews and soldiers! if his own will had not tied him faster than your cords, though those manacles had been the stiffest cables or the strongest iron, they had been but threads of tow. What eyes can but run over to see those hands, that made heaven and earth, wrung together and bruised with those merciless cords; to see him bound, who came to restore us to the liberty of the sons of God; to see the Lord of life contemptuously dragged through

the streets, first to the house of Annas, then from thence to the house of Caiaphas, from him to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, from Herod back again to Pilate, from Pilate to his Calvary: while, in the mean time, the base rabble and scum of the incensed multitude runs after him with shouts and scorns? The act of death hath not in it so much misery and horror, as the pomp of death.

And what needed all this pageant of cruelty? wherefore was this state and lingering of an unjust execution; was it for that their malice held a quick dispatch, too much mercy? was it for that, while they meant to be bloody, they would fain seem just? A sudden violence had been palpably murderous: now the colour of a legal process gilds over all their deadly spite, and would seem to render them honest, and the accused guilty.

This attachment, this convention of the innocent was a true night-work; a deed of so much darkness was not for the light. Old Annas, and that wicked bench of grey-headed scribes and elders, can be content to break their sleep to do mischief; envy and malice can make noon of midnight. It is resolved he shall die; and now pretences must be sought that he may be cleanly murdered. All evil begins at the sanctuary: the priests, and scribes, and elders are the first in this bloody scene; they have paid for this head, and now long to see what they shall have for their thirty silverlings. The bench is set in the hall of Caiaphas: false witnesses are sought for, and hired: they agree not, but shame their suborners. Wo is me! what safety can there be for innocence, when the evidence is wilfully corrupted? What state was ever so pure, as not to yield some miscreants, that will either sell or lend an oath? What a brand hath the wisdom of God set upon falsehood, even dissonance and distraction? whereas truth ever holds together,
and

and jars not while it is itself. O Saviour, what a perfect innocence was in thy life, what an exact purity in thy doctrine, that malice itself cannot so much as devise what to slander? it were hard if hell should not find some factors upon earth. At last two witnesses are brought in, that have learned to agree with themselves, while they differed from truth; they say the same, though false; "This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and build it again in three days." Perjured wretches! were these the terms that you heard from that sacred mouth? said he formally thus as ye have deposed? It is true, he spake of a temple, of destroying, of building, of three days; but did he speak of that temple, of his own destroying, of a material building in that space? He said, Destroy ye: ye say, I am able to destroy. He said, This temple of his body: ye say, The temple of God. He said, I will make up this temple of my body in three days: ye say, I am able in three days to build this material temple of God. The words were his, the sentence yours: the words were true, the evidence false: so, while you report the words, and misreport the sense, ye swear a true falsehood, and are truly sworn. Where the resolutions are fixed, any colour will serve. Had those words been spoken, they contained no crime; had he been such as they supposed him, a meer man, the speech had carried a semblance of ostentation, no semblance of blasphemy: yet how vehement is Caiaphas for any answer? as if those words had already battered that sacred pile, or the protestation of his ability had been the highest treason against the God of the temple. That infinite wisdom knew well how little satisfaction there could be in answers, where the sentence was determined; "Jesus held his peace." Where the asker is unworthy, the question captious, words bootless, the best answer is silence.

Ere while his just and moderate speech to Annas was returned with a buffet on the cheek, now his silence is no less displeasing. Caiaphas was not more malicious than crafty: what was in vain attempted by witnesses, shall be drawn out of Christ's own mouth; what an accusation could not effect, an adjuration shall; "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us, whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Yea, this was the way to screw out a killing answer. Caiaphas, thy mouth was impure, but thy charge is dreadful. Now, if Jesus hold his peace, he is cried down for a profane disregarder of that awful name; if he answer, he is ensnared: an affirmation is death, a denial worse than death. No, Caiaphas, thou shalt well know, it was not fear that all this while stopped that gracious mouth: thou speakest to him that cannot fear those faces he hath made: he that hath charged us to confess him, cannot but confess himself; "Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said." "There is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence." He, that is the wisdom of his Father, hath here given us a pattern of both. We may not so speak, as to give advantage to cavils; we may not be so silent, as to betray the truth. Thou shalt have no more cause, proud and insulting Caiaphas, to complain of a speechless prisoner: now thou shalt hear more than thou demandedst; "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right-hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." There spake my Saviour; "the voice of God, and not of man." Hear now, insolent high-priest, and be confounded. That Son of man, whom thou seest, is the Son of God whom thou canst not see: that Son of man, that Son of God, that God and man whom thou now seest standing despicably before thy consistorial seat, in a base dejectedness, him shalt thou once, with horror and

and trembling, see majestically sitting on the throne of heaven, attended with thousand thousands of angels, and coming in the clouds to that dreadful judgment, wherein thyself, amongst other damned malefactors, shalt be presented before that glorious tribunal of his, and adjudged to thy just torments.

Go now, wretched hypocrite, and rend thy garments; while in the mean time thou art worthy to have thy soul rent from thy body, for thy spiteful blasphemy against the Son of God. Onwards thy pretence is fair, and such as cannot but receive applause from thy compacted crew; "What need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? And they answered and said, He is guilty of death."

What heed is to be taken of mens judgment? so light are they upon the balance, that one dram of prejudice or forestalment turns the scales. Who were these but the grave benchers of Jerusalem, the synod of the choice Rabbies of Israel? yet these pass sentence against the Lord of life; sentence of that death of his, whereby, if ever, they shall be redeemed from the murder of their sentence.

O Saviour, this is not the last time wherein thou hast received cruel dooms from them that profess learning and holiness. What wonder is it, if thy weak members suffer that which was endured by so perfect an head? What care we to be judged by man's day, when thou, who art the righteous Judge of the world, wert thus misjudged by men? Now is the fury of thy malignant enemies let loose upon thee; what measure can be too hard for him that is denounced worthy of death? Now those foul mouths defile thy blessed face with their impure spittle, the venomous froth of their malice; now those cruel hands are lifted up to buffet thy sacred cheeks; now scorn and insultation triumph over thine humble patience, "Prophesy

“ phey unto us, thou Christ, who is it that smote thee?” O dear Jesu, what a beginning is here of a passion? there thou standest bound, condemned, spit upon, buffeted, derided by malicious finners. Thou art bound, who camest to loose the bands of death; thou art condemned, whose sentence must acquit the world; thou art spit upon, that art “ fairer than the sons of men;” thou art buffeted, “ in whose mouth there was no guile;” thou art derided, “ who art clothed with glory and majesty.”

In the mean while, how can I enough wonder at thy infinite mercy, who, in the midst of all these woful indignities, couldst find a time to cast thine eyes back upon thy frail and ingrateful disciple, and in whose gracious ear Peter’s cock sounded louder than all these reproaches? O Saviour, thou, who, in thine apprehension, couldst forget all thy danger, to correct and heal his over-lashing, now, in the heat of thy arraignment and condemnation, canst forget thy own misery, to reclaim his error; and, by that seasonable glance of thine eye, to strike his heart with a needful remorse. He, that was lately so valiant to fight for thee, now, the next morning, is so cowardly as to deny thee: he shrinks at the voice of a maid, who was not daunted with the sight of a band. O Peter, had thy slip been sudden, thy fall had been more easy: premonition aggravates thy offence; that stone was fore-shewed thee whereat thou stumbledst: neither did thy warning more add to thy guilt, than thine own fore-resolution. How didst thou vow, though thou shouldst die with thy Master, not to deny him? Hadst thou said nothing, but answered with a trembling silence, thy shame had been the less. Good purposes, when they are not held, do so far turn enemies to the entertainer of them, as that they help to double both his sin and punishment.

Yet

Yet a single denial had been but easy; thine, I fear to speak it, was lined with swearing and execration. Whence then, O whence, was this so vehement and peremptory disclamation of so gracious a Master! What such danger had attended thy profession of his attendance? One of thy fellows was known to the high-priest for a follower of Jesus, yet he not only came himself into that open hall, in view of the bench, but treated with the maid that kept the door to let thee in also. She knew him for what he was; and could therefore speak to thee, as brought in by his mediation. "Art not thou also one of this man's disciples?" Thou also supposes the first acknowledged such; yet what crime, what danger was urged upon that noted disciple? What could have been more to thee? Was it that thy heart misgave thee thou mightest be called to account for Malchus? It was no thank to thee that that ear was healed; neither did they want those that would think how near that ear was to the head. Doubtless, that busy fellow himself was not far off, and his fellows and kinsmen would have been apt enough to follow thee, besides thy discipleship, upon a bloodshed, a riot, a rescue. Thy conscience hath made thee thus unduly timorous: and now, to be sure, to avoid the imputation of that affray, thou renouncest all knowledge of him in whose cause thou foughtest. Howsoever, the sin was heinous. I tremble at such a fall of so great an apostle. It was thou, O Peter, that buffetedst thy Master more than those Jews; it was to thee that he turned the cheek from them, as to view him by whom he most smarted: he felt thee afar off, and answered thee with a look; such a look as was able to kill and revive at once. Thou hast wounded me, mayest thou now say, O my Saviour, "Thou hast wounded my heart with one of thine eyes:" that one eye of thy mercy hath wounded my heart with a deep remorse for my grievous sin,
with

with an indignation at my unthankfulness; that one glance of thine hath resolved me into the tears of sorrow and contrition. O that mine eyes were fountains, and my cheeks channels that shall never be dried! “And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.”

CONTEMP. XXXI. CHRIST *before* PILATE.

WELL worthy were these Jews to be tributary; they had cast off the yoke of their God, and had justly earned this Roman servitude. Tiberius had befriended them too well with so favourable a governor as Pilate. Had they had the power of life and death in their hands, they had not been beholden to an heathen for a legal murder. I know not whether they more repine at this slavery, or please themselves to think, how cleanly they can shift off this blood into another's hand. These great masters of Israel flock from their own consistory to Pilate's judgment-hall. The sentence had been theirs, the execution must be his; and now they hope to bear down Jesus with the stream of that frequent confluence.

But what ails you, O ye rulers of Israel, that ye stand thus thronging at the door? why do ye not go in to that public room of judicature, to call for that justice ye came for? was it for that ye would not defile yourselves with the contagion of an heathen roof? Holy men! your consciences would not suffer you to yield to so impure an act; your Passover must be kept, your persons must be clean: while ye expect justice from the man, ye abhor the pollution of the place. Wo to you priests, scribes, elders, hypocrites, can there be any roof so unclean as that of your own breasts? not Pilate's walls, but your hearts are impure; is murder your errand, and do ye stick at a local infection? “God shall smite you, ye whited walls.” Do ye long to be stained with blood,
with

with the blood of God? and do ye fear to be defiled with the touch of Pilate's pavement? doth so small a gnat stick in your throats, while ye swallow such a camel of flagitious wickedness? Go out of yourselves, ye false dissemblers, if ye would not be unclean. Pilate, onwards, hath more cause to fear, lest his walls should be defiled with the presence of so prodigious monsters of impiety.

That plausible governor condescends to humour their superstition: they dare not come into him, he yields to go forth to them. Even Pilate begins justly, "What accusation bring you against this man?" It is no judging of religion by the outward demeanour of the men; there is more justice amongst the Romans than amongst the Jews. These malicious Rabbits thought it enough, that they had sentenced Jesus; no more was now expected but a speedy execution. "If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up unto thee." Civil justice must be their hangman. It is enough conviction, that he is delivered up to the secular powers: themselves have judged, these other must kill. Pilate and Caiaphas have changed places: this Pagan speaks that law and justice which that high-priest should have done; and that high-priest speaks those murdering incongruities which would better have besmeared the mouth of a Pagan. What needs any new trial? Dost thou know, Pilate, who we are? Is this the honour that thou givest to our sacred priesthood? is this thy valuation of our sanctity? Had the basest of the vulgar complained to thee, thou couldst but have put them to a review. Our place and holiness looked not to be distrusted. If our scrupulous consciences suspect thy very walls, thou mayest well think, there is small reason to suspect our consciences. Upon a full hearing, ripe deliberation, and exquisitely judicial proceeding, we have sentenced this malefactor to death: there needs

no more from thee but thy command of execution: O monsters, whether of malice or injustice! Must he then be a malefactor whom ye will condemn? is your bare word ground enough to shed blood? whom did ye ever kill but the righteous? by whose hands perished the prophets? The word was but mistaken; ye should have said, If we had not been malefactors, we had never delivered up this innocent man unto thee.

It must needs be notoriously unjust, which very nature hath taught Pagans to abhor. Pilate sees and hates this bloody suggestion and practice. Do ye pretend holiness, and urge so injurious a violence? if he be such as you accuse him, where is his conviction? if he cannot be legally convicted, why should he die? Do ye think I may take your complaint for a crime? if I must judge for you, why have ye judged for yourselves? could ye suppose, that I would condemn any man unheard? If your Jewish laws yield you this liberty, the Roman laws yield it not to me: it is not for me to judge after your laws, but after our own. Your prejudgment may not sway me: since ye have gone so far, be ye your own carvers of justice; "Take ye him, and judge him according to your law."

O Pilate, how happy had it been for thee, if thou hadst held thee there? thus thou hadst washed thy hands more clean than in all thy basins. Might law have been the rule of this judgment, and not malice, this blood had not been shed. How palpably doth their tongue bewray their heart? "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." Pilate talks of judgment, they talk of death. This was their only aim; law was but a colour, judgment was but a ceremony; death was their drift, and without this nothing. Blood-thirsty priests and elders! it is well, that this power of yours is restrained: no innocence could have been safe, if your lawless will had had no limits.

limits. It were pity this sword should be in any but just and sober hands. Your fury did not always consult with law: what law allowed your violence to Stephen, to Paul and Barnabas, and your deadly attempts against this blessed Jesus, whom ye now persecute? How lawful was it for you to procure that death, which ye could not inflict? It is all the care of hypocrites to seek umbrages and pretences for their hateful purposes, and to make no other use of laws, whether divine or human, but to serve turns.

Where death is fore-resolved, there cannot want accusations. Malice is not so barren as not to yield crimes enough: "And they began to accuse him, saying, "We found this fellow perverting the nation, "and forbidding to give tribute unto Cæsar, saying, "that he himself is Christ and king."

What accusations, saidst thou, O Pilate? heinous and capital: thou mightst have believed our confident intimation; but, since thou wilt needs urge us to particulars, know, that we come furnished with such an indictment as shall make thine ears glow to hear it. Besides that blasphemy whereof he hath been condemned by us, this man is a seducer of the people, a raiser of sedition, an usurper of sovereignty. O impudent suggestion! What marvel is it, O Saviour, if thine honest servants be loaded with slanders, when thy most innocent person escaped not so shameful criminations? Thou a perverter of the nation, who taughtst the way of God truly? thou a forbidder of tribute, who paidst it, who prescribedst it, who provedst it to be Cæsar's due? thou a challenger of temporal sovereignty, who avoidest it, who renouncedst it, professedst to come to serve? O the forehead of malice! Go, ye shameless traducers, and swear that truth is guilty of all falsehood, justice of all wrong; and that the sun is the only cause of darkness, fire of cold.

Now

Now Pilate startles at the charge. The name of tribute, the name of Cæsar, is in mention: these potent spells can fetch him back to the common hall, and call Jesus to the bar. There, O Saviour, standst thou meekly to be judged, who shalt once come to judge the quick and the dead; then shalt he, before whom thou stoodst guiltless and dejected, stand before thy dreadful majesty, guilty and trembling.

The name of a king, of Cæsar, is justly tender and awful; the last whisper of an usurpation or disturbance is entertained with a jealous care. Pilate takes this intimation at the first bound; "Art thou then the king of the Jews?" He felt his own freehold now touched; it was time for him to stir. Daniel's weeks were now famously known to be near expiring. Many arrogant and busy spirits, as Judas of Galilee, Theudas, and that Egyptian seducer, taking that advantage, had raised several conspiracies, set up new titles to the crown, gathered forces to maintain their false claims. Perhaps, Pilate supposed some such business now on foot, and therefore asks so curiously, "Art thou the king of the Jews?"

He, that was no less wisdom than truth, thought it not best either to affirm or deny at once. Sometimes it may be extremely prejudicial to speak all truths. To disclaim that title suddenly, which had been of old given him by the prophets, at his birth by the eastern sages, and now lately at his procession by the acclaiming multitude, had been injurious to himself; to profess and challenge it absolutely, had been unsafe, and needlessly provoking. By wise and just degrees, therefore, doth he so far affirm this truth, that he both satisfies the inquirer, and takes off all peril and prejudice from his assertion. Pilate shall know him a king, but such a king as no king needs to fear, as all kings ought to acknowledge and adore: "My kingdom is not of this world." It is
your

your mistaking, O ye earthly potentates, that is guilty of your fears. Herod hears of a king born, and is troubled; Pilate hears of a king of the Jews, and is incensed. Were ye not ignorant, ye could not be jealous; had ye learned to distinguish of kingdoms, these suspicions would vanish.

There are secular kingdoms, there are spiritual; neither of these trenches upon other: your kingdom is secular, Christ's is spiritual; both may, both must stand together. His laws are divine, your's civil; his reign is eternal, your's temporal: the glory of his rule is inward, and stands in the graces of sanctification, love, peace, righteousness, joy in the Holy Ghost; your's in outward pomp, riches, magnificence: his enemies are the devil, the world, and the flesh; your's are bodily usurpers, and external peace-breakers: his sword is the power of the word and Spirit, your's material; his rule is over the conscience, your's over bodies and lives: he punishes with hell, ye with temporal death or torture. Yea, so far is he from opposing your government, that "by him ye, kings, reign:" your scepters are his; but to maintain, not to wield, not to resist. O the unjust fears of vain men! He takes not away your earthly kingdoms, who gives you heavenly; he dis-crowns not the body, who crowns the soul; his intention is not to make you less great, but more happy.

The charge is so fully answered, that Pilate acquits the prisoner. The Jewish masters stand still without; their very malice dares not venture their pollution in going in to prosecute their accusation. Pilate hath examined him within, and now comes forth to these eager complainants, with a cold answer to their over-hot expectation; "I find in him no fault at all." O noble testimony of Christ's innocence, from that mouth which afterwards doomed him to death! What a difference there is betwixt a man

as he is himself, and as he is the servant of others wills? It is Pilate's tongue that says, "I find in him no fault at all:" It is the Jews tongue, in Pilate's mouth, that says, "Let him be crucified." That cruel sentence cannot blot him, whom this attestation cleareth. Neither doth he say, I find him not guilty in that whereof he is accused: but gives an universal acquittance of the whole carriage of Christ, "I find in him no fault at all." In spite of malice, innocence shall find abettors. Rather than Christ shall want witness, the mouth of Pilate shall be opened to his justification. How did these Jewish blood-suckers stand thunder-stricken with so unexpected a word? His absolution was their death, his acquittal their conviction. "No fault," when we have found crimes; "no fault at all," when we have condemned him for capital offences: how palpably doth Pilate give us the lie? how shamefully doth he affront our authority, and disparage our justice? So ingenuous a testimony, doubtless, exasperated the fury of these Jews: the fire of their indignation was seven-fold more intended with the sense of their repulse.

I tremble to think how just Pilate as yet was, and how soon after depraved, yea how merciful together with that justice. How fain would he have freed Jesus, whom he found faultless? Corrupt custom, in memory of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, allowed to gratify the Jews with the free delivery of some one prisoner. Tradition would be encroaching: the Paschal lamb was monument enough of that happy rescue; men affect to have something of their own. Pilate was willing to take this advantage of dismissing Jesus. That he might be the more likely to prevail, he proposeth him with the choice and nomination of so notorious a malefactor as he might justly think incapable of all mercy; Barabbas, a thief, a murderer, a seditary, infamous for all, odious to all. Had he propounded some other innocent pri-

soner, he might have feared the election would be doubtful; he cannot misdoubt the competition of so prodigious a malefactor. "Then they all cried again, "Not him, but Barabbas."

O malice, beyond all example, shameless and bloody! Who can but blush to think, that an heathen should see Jews so impetuously unjust, so savagely cruel? He knew there was no fault to be found in Jesus; he knew there was no crime that was not to be found in Barabbas; yet he hears, and blushes to hear them say, "Not him, but Barabbas." Was not this, think we, out of similitude of condition? Every thing affects the like to itself; every thing affects the preservation of that it liketh. What wonder is it then, if ye Jews, who profess yourselves the murderers of that just One, favour a Barabbas? O Saviour, what a killing indignity was this for thee to hear from thine own nation! Hast thou refused all glory, to put on shame and misery for their sakes? hast thou disregarded thy blessed self, to save them? and do they refuse thee for Barabbas? Hast thou said, not heaven, but earth; not sovereignty, but service; not the Gentile, but the Jew? and do they say, "Not him, but Barabbas?" Do ye thus requite the Lord, O ye foolish people and unjust? Thus were thine ears and thine eyes first crucified, and through them was thy soul wounded even to death, before thy death, while thou sawest their rage and heardst their noise of "Crucify, crucify."

Pilate would have chastised thee. Even that had been a cruel mercy from him; for what evil hadst thou done? But that cruelty had been true mercy to this of the Jews, whom no blood would satisfy but that of thy heart. He calls for thy fault, they call for thy punishment; as proclaiming thy crucifixion is not intended to satisfy justice, but malice, "They cried "the more, Crucify him, crucify him."

As their clamour grew, so the president's justice declined

clined. Those graces, that lie loose and ungrounded, are easily washed away with the first tide of popularity. Thrice had that man proclaimed the innocence of him whom he now inclines to condemn, "willing "to content the people." O the foolish aims of ambition! Not God, not his conscience come into any regard, but the people. What a base idol doth the proud man adore? even the vulgar, which a base man despiseth. What is their applause but an idle wind? what is their anger but a painted fire? O Pilate, where now is thyself and thy people? whereas a good conscience would have stuck by thee for ever, and have given thee boldness, before the face of that God which thou and thy people shall never have the happiness to behold.

The Jews have played their first part; the Gentiles must now act theirs. Cruel Pilate, who knew Jesus was "delivered for envy," accused falsely, maliciously pursued, hath turned his proffered chastisement into scourging; "Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged him." Wo is me, dear Saviour, I feel thy lashes, I shrink under thy painful whippings, thy nakedness covers me with shame and confusion. That tender and precious body of thine is galled and torn with cords. Thou, that didst of late water the garden of Gethsemane with the drops of thy bloody sweat, dost now bedew the pavement of Pilate's hall with the showers of thy blood. How fully hast thou made good thy word, "I gave my back to the smiters, "and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; "I hid not my face from shame and spitting?" How can I be enough sensible of my own stripes? these blows are mine; both my sins have given them, and they give remedies to my sins. "He was wounded "for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon "him, and with his stripes are we healed." O blessed Jesu, why should I think strange to be scourged with
tongue

tongue or hand, when I see thee bleeding! what lashes can I fear either from heaven or earth, since thy scourges have been borne for me, and have sanctified them to me? Now, dear Jesu, what a world of insolent reproaches, indignities, tortures, art thou entering into? To an ingenuous and tender disposition scorns are torment enough; but here pain helps to perfect thy misery, their despite.

Who should be actors in this whole bloody execution but grim and barbarous soldiers, men inured to cruelty, in whose faces were written the characters of murder, whose very trade was killing, and whose looks were enough to prevent their hands! These, for the greater terror of their concourse, are called together, and, whether by the connivance or the command of their wicked governor, or by the instigation of the malicious Jews, conspire to anticipate his death with scorns, which they will after inflict with violence.

O my blessed Saviour, was it not enough that thy sacred body was stripped of thy garments, and whailed with bloody stripes, but that thy person must be made the mocking-stock of thine insulting enemies, thy back disguised with purple robes, thy temples wounded with a thorny crown, thy face spit upon, thy cheeks buffeted, thy head smitten, thy hand sceptered with a reed, thyself derided with wry mouths, bended knees, scoffing acclamations? Insolent soldiers! whence is all this jeering and sport but to flout majesty! All these are the ornaments and ceremonies of a royal inauguration, which now in scorn ye cast upon my despised Saviour. Go on, make yourselves merry with this jolly pastime. Alas! long ago ye now feel whom ye scorned. Is he a king, think you, whom you thus played upon? Look upon him with gnashing and horror, whom ye looked at with mockage and insultation. Was not that head fit for your thorns, which ye now see crowned with glory and majesty? was not

that hand fit for a reed, whose iron sceptre crushes you to death? was not that face fit to be spit upon, from the dreadful aspect whereof ye are ready to desire the mountains to cover you?

In the mean time, whither, O whither dost thou stoop, O thou co-eternal Son of thine eternal Father! whither dost thou abase thyself for me! I have sinned, and thou art punished; I have exalted myself, and thou art dejected; I have clad myself with shame, and thou art stripped; I have made myself naked, and thou art clothed with robes of dishonour; my head hath devised evil, and thine is pierced with thorns; I have smitten thee, and thou art smitten for me; I have dishonoured thee, and thou for my sake art scorned; thou art made the sport of men, for me that have deserved to be insulted on by devils.

Thus disguised, thus bleeding, thus mangled, thus disformed, art thou brought forth, whether for compassion, or for a more universal derision to the furious multitude, with an *Ecce homo*, "Behold the man." Look upon him, O ye merciless Jews, see him in his shame, in his wounds and blood, and now see whether ye think him miserable enough. Ye see his face black and blue with buffeting, his eyes swollen, his cheeks beslavered with spittle, his skin torn with scourges, his whole body bathed in blood, and would ye yet have more? "Behold the man;" the man whom ye envied for his greatness, whom ye feared for his usurpation: doth he not look like a king? is he not royally dressed? see whether his magnificence do not command reverence from you. Would ye wish a finer king? are ye not afraid he will wrest the scepter out of Cæsar's hand? "Behold the man."

Yea, and behold him well, O thou proud Pilate! O ye cruel soldiers, O ye insatiable Jews! Ye see him base whom ye shall see glorious; the time shall surely come wherein ye shall see him in another dress. He shall shine whom ye now see to bleed; his crown cannot

cannot be now so ignominious and painful, as it shall be once majestic and precious. Ye, who now bend your knees to him in scorn, shall see all knees, both in heaven and earth, and under the earth, to bow before him in an awful adoration; ye, that now see him with contempt, shall behold him with horror.

What an inward war do I yet find in the breast of Pilate? His conscience bids him spare, his popularity bids him kill. His wife, warned by a dream, warns him to have no hand in the blood of that just man; the importunate multitude presses him for a sentence of death. All shifts have been tried to free the man whom he hath pronounced innocent. All violent motives are urged to condemn that man whom malice pretends guilty.

In the height of this strife, when conscience and moral justice were ready to sway Pilate's distracted heart to a just dismissal, I hear the Jews cry out, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." There is the word that strikes it dead; it is now no time to demur any more. In vain shall we hope, that a carnal heart can prefer the care of his soul to the care of his safety and honour, God to Cæsar. Now Jesus must die: Pilate hastes into the judgment-hall, the sentence sticks no longer in his teeth, "Let him be crucified."

Yet how foul soever his soul shall be with this fact, his hands shall be clean; "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." Now all is safe; I doubt not but this is expiation enough, water can wash off blood, the hands can cleanse the heart: protest thou art innocent, and thou canst not be guilty. Vain hypocrite! canst thou think to escape so? is murder of no deeper dye? canst thou dream waking thus to avoid the charge of thy wife's dream? is the guilt of the blood of the Son of God to be wiped off with such ease? What poor shifts do fool-

ish finners make to beguile themselves? any thing will serve to charm the conscience, when it lists to sleep.

But, O Saviour, while Pilate thinks to wash off the guilt of thy blood with water, I know there is nothing that can wash off the guilt of this his sin but thy blood. O do thou wash my soul in that precious bath, and I shall be clean. O Pilate, if that very blood which thou sheddest do not wash off the guilt of thy bloodshed, thy water doth but more defile thy soul, and intend that fire wherewith thou burnest.

Little did the desperate Jews know the weight of that blood, which they were so forward to wish upon themselves and their children. Had they deprecated their interest in that horrible murder, they could not so easily have avoided the vengeance; but now, that they fetch it upon themselves by a willing execration, what should I say, but that they long for a curse? it is pity they should not be miserable. And have ye not now felt, O nation worthy of plagues, have ye not now felt what blood it was whose guilt ye affected? Sixteen hundred years are now passed since you wished yourselves thus wretched: have ye not been ever since the hate and scorn of the world? did ye not live, many of you, to see your city buried in ashes, and drowned in blood? to see yourselves no nation? was there ever people under heaven that was made so famous a spectacle of misery and desolation? have ye yet enough of that blood which ye called for upon yourselves and your children? Your former cruelties, uncleannesses, idolatries cost you but some short captivities; God cannot but be just: this sin, under which ye now lie groaning and forlorn, must needs be so much greater than these, as your vastation is more; and what can that be other than the murder of the Lord of life! Ye have what ye wished, be miserable till ye be penitent.

CONTEMP. XXXII. *The Crucifixion.*

THE sentence of death is past, and now who can with dry eyes behold the sad pomp of my Saviour's bloody execution! All the streets are full of gazing spectators, waiting for this rueful sight. At last, O Saviour, there thou comest out of Pilate's gate, bearing that which shall soon bear thee. To expect thy cross was not torment enough; thou must carry it. All this while thou shalt not only see, but feel thy death before it come, and must help to be an agent in thine own passion. It was not out of favour that those scornful robes being stripped off, thou art led to death in thine own cloaths. So was thy face besmeared with blood, so swollen and discoloured with buffetings, that thou couldst not have been known but by thy wonted habit. Now thine insulting enemies are so much more imperiously cruel, as they are more sure of their success. Their merciless tormentings have made thee half dead already; yet now, as if they had done nothing, they begin afresh, and will force thy weakened and fainting nature to new tasks of pain. The transverse of thy cross, at least, is upon thy shoulder; when thou canst scarce go, thou must carry. One kicks thee with his foot, another strikes thee with his staff, another drags thee hastily by thy cord, and more than one spur on thine unpitied weariness with angry commands of haste. O true form and state of a servant! All thy former actions, O Saviour, were, though painful, yet free; this, as it is in itself servile, so it is tyrannously enforced; enforced yet more upon thee by thy own love to mankind, than by their power and despite. It was thy Father that "laid upon thee the iniquity of us all:" it was thine own mercy that caused thee to bear our sins upon the cross, and to bear the cross, with the curse annexed to it, for our sins.

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How much more voluntary must that needs be in thee, which thou requirest to be voluntarily undertaken by us? It was thy charge, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Thou didst not say, Let him bear his cross as forcibly imposed by another: but, "Let him take up his cross," as his free burden; free in respect of his heart, not in respect of his hand; so free, that he shall willingly undergo it, when it is laid upon him, not so free as that he shall lay it upon himself unrequired. O Saviour, thou didst not snatch the cross out of the soldiers hands, and cast it upon thy shoulder, but, when they laid it upon thy neck, thou underwentst it. The constraint was theirs, the will was thine. It was not so heavy to them, or to Simon, as it was to thee; they felt nothing but the wood, thou feltest it clogged with the load of the sins of the whole world. No marvel if thou faintedst under that sad burden; thou, that bearest up the whole earth by thy word, didst sweat, and pant, and groan under this unsupportable carriage. O blessed Jesu, how could I be confounded in myself to see thee, after so much loss of blood, and over-toiledness of pain, languishing under that fatal tree! and yet, why should it more trouble me to see thee sinking under thy cross now, than to see thee anon hanging upon thy cross! In both thou wouldst render thyself weak and miserable, that thou mightst so much the more glorify thy infinite mercy in suffering.

It is not out of any compassion of thy misery, or care of thine ease, that Simon of Cyrene is forced to be the porter of thy cross, it was out of their own eagerness of thy dispatch; thy feeble paces were too slow for their purpose; their thirst after thy blood made them impatient of delay. If thou have wearily struggled with the burden of thy shame all along the streets of Jerusalem, when thou comest once past the gates, an helper shall be deputed to thee: the expedition of thy death was more sweet to them than
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the pain of a lingering passage. What thou saidst to Judas, they say to the executioner, "What thou dost, do quickly." While thou yet livest they cannot be quiet, they cannot be safe: to hasten thine end they lighten thy carriage.

Hadst thou done this out of choice, which thou didst out of constraint, how I should have envied thee, O Simon of Cyrene, as too happy in the honour to be the first man that bore that cross of thy Saviour, wherein millions of blessed martyrs have, since that time, been ambitious to succeed thee? Thus to bear thy cross for thee, O Saviour, was more than to bear a crown from thee. Could I be worthy to be thus graced by thee, I should pity all other glories.

While thou thus passest, O dear Jesu, the streets and ways resound not all with one note. If the malicious Jews and cruel soldiers insulted upon thee, and either haled or railed thee on with a bitter violence, thy faithful followers were no less loud in their moans and ejulations; neither would they endure, that the noise of their cries and lamentations should be drowned with the clamour of those reproaches: but especially thy blessed mother, and those other zealous associates of her own sex, were most passionate in their wailings. And why should I think that all that devout multitude, which so lately cried Hosanna in the streets, did not also bear their part in these public condolings? Though it had not concerned thyself, O Saviour, thine ears had been still more open to the voice of grief than of malice: and so thy lips also are open to the one, shut to the other: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." Who would not have thought, O Saviour, that thou shouldst have been wholly taken up with thine own sorrows? The expectation of so bitter a death had been enough to have overwhelmed any soul but thine: yet even now can thy gracious eye find time to look beyond thine

own miseries, at theirs; and to pity them, who, insensible of their own ensuing condition, mourned for thine now present. They see thine extremity, thou foreseest theirs; they pour out their sorrow upon thee, thou divertest it upon themselves. We, silly creatures, walk blind-folded in this vale of tears, and little know what evil is towards us: only what we feel we know; and while we feel nothing, can find leisure to bestow our commiseration on those who need it, perhaps, less than ourselves. Even now, O Saviour, when thou wert within the view of thy Calvary, thou canst foresee and pity the vastation of thy Jerusalem, and givest a sad prophecy of the imminent destruction of that city which lately had cost thee tears, and now shall cost thee blood. It is not all the indign cruelty of men that can rob thee of thy mercy.

Jerusalem could not want malefactors, though Barabbas was dismissed. That all this execution might seem to be done out of the zeal of justice, two capital offenders, adjudged to their gibbet, shall accompany thee, O Saviour, both to thy death and in it. They are led manacled after thee, as less criminous: no stripes had disabled them from bearing their own crosses. Long ago was this unmeet society foretold by thine evangelical seer, "He was taken from prison and from judgment; he was cut out of the land of the living; he made his grave with the wicked." O blessed Jesu, it had been disparagement enough to thee to be sorted with the best of men, since there is much sin in the perfectest, and there could be no sin in thee; but to be matched with the scum of mankind, whom vengeance would not let to live, is such an indignity as confounds my thoughts. Surely there is no angel in heaven, but would have been proud to attend thee; and what could the earth afford worthy of thy train? yet malice hath suited thee with company next to hell; that their viciousness might reflect

flect upon thee, and their sin might stain thine innocence. Ye are deceived, O ye fond judges: this is the way to grace your dying malefactors; this is not the way to disgrace him whose guiltlessness and perfection triumphed over your injustice: his presence was able to make your thieves happy; their presence could no more blemish him than your own. Thus guarded, thus attended, thus accompanied art thou, blessed Jesu, led to that loathsome and infamous hill, which now thy last blood shall make sacred: now thou settest thy foot upon that rising ground which shall prevent thine Olivet, whence thy soul shall first ascend into thy glory.

There, while thou art addressing thyself for thy last act, thou art presented with that bitter and farewell-potion wherewith dying malefactors were wont to have their senses stupified, that they might not feel the torments of their execution. It was but the common mercy of men to alleviate the death of offenders; since the intent of their last doom is not so much pain as dissolution.

That draught, O Saviour, was not more welcome to the guilty than hateful unto thee. In the vigour of all thine inward and outward senses, thou wouldst encounter the most violent assaults of death, and scornedst to abate the least touch of thy quickest apprehension. Thou well knewest that the work thou wentst about would require the use of all thy powers: it was not thine ease that thou foughtest, but our redemption; neither meantst thou to yield to the last enemy, but to resist and to overcome him: which that thou mightst do the more gloriously, thou challengedst him to do his worst; and, in the mean time, wouldst not disfurnish thyself of any of thy powerful faculties. This greatest combat that ever was shall be fought on even hand; neither wouldst thou steal that victory which thou now atchievedst over death and hell. Thou didst but touch at this cup; it is a far bitterer

bitterer than this, that thou art now drinking up to the dregs. Thou refusedst that which was offered thee by men, but that which was mixed by thine eternal Father, though mere gall and wormwood, thou didst drink up to the last drop. And therein, O blessed Jesu, lies all our health and salvation. I know not, whether I do more suffer in thy pain, or joy in the issue of thy suffering.

Now, even now, O Saviour, art thou entering into those dreadful lists, and now art thou grappling with thy last enemy; as if thou hadst not suffered till now, thy bloody passion begins: a cruel expoliation begins that violence. Again do these grim and merciless soldiery lay their rude hands upon thee, and strip thee naked; again are those bleeding wheals laid open to all eyes; again must thy sacred body undergo the shame of an abhorred nakedness. Lo, thou that clothest man with raiment, beasts with hides, fishes with scales and shells, earth with flowers, heaven with stars, art despoiled of cloaths, and standst exposed to the scorn of all beholders. As the first Adam entered into his Paradise, so dost thou, the second Adam, into thine, naked; and as the first Adam was clothed with innocence when he had no cloaths, so wert thou (the second) too: and more than so: thy nakedness, O Saviour clothes our souls not with innocence only, but with beauty. Hadst not thou been naked, we had been clothed with confusion. O happy nakedness, whereby we are covered from shame! O happy shame, whereby we are invested with glory! All the beholders stand wrapped with warm garments; thou only art stripped to tread the wine-press alone. How did thy blessed mother now wish her veil upon thy shoulders? and that disciple, who lately ran from thee naked, wished in vain that his loving pity might do that for thee, which fear forced him to for himself.

Shame is succeeded with pain. O the torment of
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the cross! Methinks I see and feel, how, having fastened the transverse to the body of that fatal tree, and laid it upon the ground, they racked and strained thy tender and sacred limbs, to fit the extent of their fore-appointed measure; and having tentered out thine arms beyond their natural reach, how they fastened them with cords, till those strong iron nails, which were driven up to the head through the palms of thy blessed hands, had not more firmly than painfully fixed thee to the gibbet. The tree is raised up, and now, not without a vehement concussion, settled in the mortise. Wo is me, how are thy joints and sinews torn, and stretched till they crack again, by this torturing distension? how doth thine own weight torment thee, while thy whole body rests upon this forced and dolorous hold, till thy nailed feet bear their part in a no less afflictive supportation? How did the rough iron pierce thy soul, while passing through those tender and sensible parts it carried thy flesh before it, and as it were rivetted it to that shameful tree?

There now, O dear Jesu; there thou hangst between heaven and earth, naked, bleeding, forlorn, despicable, the spectacle of miseries, the scorn of men. Be abased, O ye heavens and earth, and all ye creatures wrap up yourselves in horror and confusion, to see the shame, and pain, and curse of your most pure and omnipotent Creator. How could ye subsist, while he thus suffers in whom ye are? O Saviour, didst thou take flesh for our redemption, to be thus indignly used, thus mangled, thus tortured? Was this measure fit to be offered to that sacred body, that was conceived by the Holy Ghost, of the pure substance of an immaculate virgin? Wo is me, that which was unspotted with sin is all blemished with human cruelty, and so wofully disfigured, that the blessed mother that bore thee could not now have known thee; so bloody were thy temples, so swoln and discoloured was thy face, so was the skin of thy whole body streaked
with

with red and blue stripes, so did thy thorny diadem shade thine heavenly countenance, so did the streams of thy blood cover and deform all thy parts! The eye of sense could not distinguish thee, O dear Saviour, in the nearest proximity to the cross: the eye of faith sees thee in all this distance; and by how much more ignominy, deformity, pain, it finds in thee, so much more it admires the glory of thy mercy. Alas! is this the head that is decked by thine eternal Father with a crown of pure gold, of immortal and incomprehensible majesty, which is now bushed with thorns? Is this the eye that saw the heavens opened, and the Holy Ghost descending upon that head, that saw such resplendence of heavenly brightness on mount Tabor, which now begins to be overclouded with death? Are these the ears that heard the voice of thy Father owning thee out of heaven, which now tingle with buffetings, and glow with reproaches, and bleed with thorns? Are these the lips that "spake as never man spake, full of grace and power," that called out dead Lazarus, that ejected the stubbornest devils, that commanded the cure of all diseases, which now are swoln with blows, and discoloured with blueness and blood? Is this the face that should be "fairer than the sons of men," which the angels of heaven so desired to see, and can never be satisfied with seeing, that is thus foul with the nasty mixtures of sweat and blood, and spittings on? Are these the hands that "stretched out the heavens as a curtain," that by their touch healed the lame, the deaf, the blind, which are now bleeding with the nails? Are these the feet which walked lately upon the liquid pavement of the sea, before whose footstool all the nations of the earth are bidden to worship, that are now so painfully fixed to the cross? O cruel and unthankful mankind, that offered such measure to the Lord of life! O infinitely merciful Saviour, that wouldst suffer all this for unthankful mankind!

kind! That fiends should do these things to guilty souls, it is (though terrible, yet) just; but that men should do thus to the blessed Son of God, it is beyond the capacity of our horror:

Even the most hostile dispositions have been only content to kill; death hath sated the most eager malice: thine enemies, O Saviour, held not themselves satisfied, unless they might enjoy thy torment. Two thieves are appointed to be thy companions in death; thou art designed to the midst, as the chief malefactor: on whether hand soever thou lookst, thine eye meets with an hateful partner. But, O blessed Jesu, how shall I enough admire and celebrate thy infinite mercy, who madest so happy an use of this Jewish despite, as to improve it to the occasion of the salvation of one, and the comfort of millions? Is not this, as the last, so the greatest speciality of thy wonderful compassion, to convert that dying thief? with those nailed hands to snatch a soul out of the mouth of hell? Lord, how I bless thee for this work? how do I stand amazed at this, above all other the demonstrations of thy goodness and power? The offender came to die; nothing was in his thoughts but his guilt and torment; while he was yet in his blood, thou saidst, This soul shall live. Ere yet the intoxicating potion could have time to work upon his brain, thy Spirit infuses faith into his heart. He, that before had nothing in his eye but present death and torture, is now lifted up above his cross in a blessed ambition; "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Is this the voice of a thief, or of a disciple? Give me leave, O Saviour, to borrow thine own words; "Verily I have not found so great faith, no not in all Israel." He saw thee hanging miserably by him, and yet styles thee Lord; he saw thee dying, yet talks of thy kingdom; he felt himself dying, yet talks of a future remembrance. O faith stronger than death, that can look beyond the cross at a crown; beyond

dissolution, at a remembrance of life and glory! Which of thine eleven was heard to speak so gracious a word to thee in these thy last pangs? After thy resurrection, and knowledge of thine impassible condition, it was not strange for them to talk of thy kingdom; but, in the midst of thy shameful death, for a dying malefactor to speak of thy reigning, and to implore thy remembrance of himself in thy kingdom, it is such an improvement of faith as ravisheth my soul with admiration. O blessed thief, that hast thus happily stolen heaven! How worthy hath thy Saviour made thee to be a partner of his sufferings, a pattern of undauntable belief, a spectacle of unspeakable mercy? "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Before I wondered at thy faith, now I envy at thy felicity. Thou cravedst a remembrance; thy Saviour speaks of a present possession, "This day:" thou suedst for remembrance, as a favour to the absent; thy Saviour speaks of thy presence with him; thou speakest of a kingdom, thy Saviour of Paradise. As no disciple could be more faithful, so no sinner could be happier. O Saviour, what a precedent is this of thy free and powerful grace? where thou wilt give, what unworthiness can bar us from mercy? when thou wilt give, what time can prejudice our vocation? who can despair of thy goodness, when he, that in the morning was posting towards hell, is in the evening with thee in Paradise? Lord, he could not have spoken this to thee, but by thee, and from thee. What possibility was there for a thief to think of thy kingdom, without thy Spirit? that good Spirit of thine breathed upon this man, breathed not upon his fellow; their trade was alike, their sin was alike, their state alike, their cross alike, only thy mercy makes them unlike: one is taken, the other is refused. Blessed be thy mercy in taking one; blessed be thy justice in leaving the other. Who can despair of that mercy? who can but tremble at that justice?

Now,

Now, O ye cruel priests and elders of the Jews, ye have full leisure to feed your eyes with the sight ye so much longed for: there is the blood ye purchased, and is not your malice yet glutted? is not all this enough, without your taunts, and scoffs, and sports, at so exquisite a misery? The people, the passengers are taught to insult, where they should pity. Every man hath a scorn ready to cast at a dying innocent. A generous nature is more wounded with the tongue, than with the hand. O Saviour, thine ear was more painfully pierced than thy brows, or hands, or feet. It could not but go deep into thy soul, to hear these bitter and girding reproaches, from them thou camest to save.

But, alas! what flea-bitings were these, in comparison of those inward torments which thy soul felt in the sense and apprehension of thy Father's wrath, for the sins of the whole world, which now lay heavy upon thee for satisfaction? This, O this was it that pressed thy soul as it were to the nethermost hell. While thine eternal Father looked lovingly upon thee, what didst thou, what needest thou, to care for the frowns of men or devils? but when he once turned his face from thee, or bent his brows upon thee, this, this was worse than death. It is no marvel now, if darkness were upon the face of the whole earth, when thy Father's face was eclipsed from thee by the interposition of our sins. How should there be light in the world without, when the God of the world, the Father of lights, complains of the want of light within? That word of thine, O Saviour, was enough to fetch the sun down out of heaven, and to dissolve the whole frame of nature, when thou criedst, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" O what pangs were these, dear Jesu, that drew from thee this complaint? Thou well knewest, nothing could be more cordial to thine enemies, than to hear this sad language from thee: they could see but the

outside of thy sufferings, never could they have conceived so deep an anguish of thy soul, if thy own lips had not expressed it. Yet, as not regarding their triumph, thou thus pourest out thy sorrow; and, when so much is uttered, who can conceive what is felt?

How is it then with thee, O Saviour, that thou thus astonishest men and angels with so woful a quiritation? Had thy God left thee? Thou not long since saidst; "I and my Father are one;" are ye now severed? Let this thought be as far from my soul, as my soul from hell. No more can thy blessed Father be separated from thee, than from his own essence. His union with thee is eternal; his vision was intercepted: he could not withdraw his presence, he would withdraw the influence of his comfort. Thou, the second Adam, stoodst for mankind upon this tree of the cross, as the first Adam stood and fell for mankind under the tree of offence. Thou barest our sins; thy Father saw us in thee, and would punish us in thee, thee for us: how could he but withhold comfort, where he intended chastisement? Herein therefore he seems to forsake thee for the present, in that he would not deliver thee from that bitter passion which thou wouldst undergo for us. O Saviour, hadst thou not been thus forsaken, we had perished; thy dereliction is our safety: and, however our narrow souls are not capable of the conceit of thy pain and horror, yet we know there can be no danger in the forsaking, while thou canst say, "My God." He is so thy God, as he cannot be ours; all our right is by adoption, his by nature: thou art one with him in eternal essence, we come in by grace and merciful election: yet, while thou shalt enable me to say, "My God," I shall hope never to sink under thy desertions.

But, while I am transported with the sense of thy sufferings, O Saviour, let me not forget to admire those

those sweet mercies of thine which thou pouredst out upon thy persecutors. They rejoice in thy death, and triumph in thy misery, and scoff at thee in both. Instead of calling down fire from heaven upon them, thou heapest coals of fire upon their heads; "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." They blaspheme thee, thou prayest for them; they scorn, thou pitiest; they sin against thee, thou prayest for their forgiveness; they profess their malice, thou pleadest their ignorance. O compassion without example, without measure, fit for the Son of God, the Saviour of men! wicked and foolish Jews! ye would be miserable, he will not let you; ye would fain pull upon yourselves the guilt of his blood, he deprecates it; ye kill, he sues for your remission and life. His tongue cries louder than his blood, "Father, forgive them." O Saviour, thou couldst not but be heard. Those, who out of ignorance and simplicity thus persecuted thee, find the happy issue of thine intercession. Now I see whence it was, that three thousand souls were converted soon after at one sermon. It was not Peter's speech, it was thy prayer, that was thus effectual. Now they have grace to know and confess whence they have both forgiveness and salvation, and can recompence their blasphemies with thanksgiving. What sin is there, Lord, whereof I can despair of the remission? or what offence can I be unwilling to remit, when thou prayest for the forgiveness of thy murderers and blasphemers?

There is no day so long but hath his evening. At last, O blessed Saviour, thou art drawing to an end of these painful sufferings; when spent with toil and torment, thou cryest out, "I thirst." How shouldst thou do other, O dear Jesu, how shouldst thou do other than thirst? The night thou hadst spent in watching, in prayer, in agony, in thy conveyance from the garden to Jerusalem, from Annas to Caiaphas,

phas, from Caiaphas to Pilate; in thy restless answers, in buffetings and stripes: the day in arraignments, in hailing from place to place, in scourgings, in stripping, in robing, and disrobing, in bleeding, in tugging under thy cross, in woundings and distension, in pain and passion: no marvel if thou thirstedst. Although there was more in this drought than thy need; it was no less requisite thou shouldst thirst, than that thou shouldst die: both were upon the same predetermination, both upon the same prediction. How else should that word be verified, Psal. xxii. 14, 15. "All my bones are out of joint, my heart
 "is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bow-
 "els: my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and
 "my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast
 "brought me into the dust of death?" Had it not been to make up that word whereof one jot cannot pass, though thou hadst felt this thirst, yet thou hadst not betrayed it. Alas! what could it avail to bemoan thy wants to insulting enemies, whose sport was thy misery? how should they pity thy thirst, that pitied not thy bloodshed? It was not their favour that thou expectedst herein, but their conviction. O Saviour, how can we, thy sinful servants, think much to be exercised with hunger and thirst, when we hear thee thus complain?

Thou, that not long since proclaimedst in the temple, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and
 "drink: He that believeth in me, out of his belly
 "shall flow rivers of living waters," now thyself thirstest. Thou, in whom we believe, complainest to want some drops; thou hadst the command of all the waters, both above the firmament and below it, yet thou wouldst thirst. Even so, Lord, thou, that wouldst die for us, wouldst thirst for us. O give me to thirst after those waters which thou promigest, whatever become, of those waters which thou wouldst want. The time was, when, craving water of the Samaritan,
 thou

thou gavest better than that thou askedst. O give me to thirst after that more precious water; and so do thou give me of that water of life, that I may never thirst again.

Blessed God, how marvellously dost thou contrive thine own affairs? thine enemies, while they would despite thee, shall unwittingly justify thee, and convince themselves. As thou foresaidst, "In thy thirst, they gave thee vinegar to drink." Had they given thee wine, thou hadst not taken it; the night before thou hadst taken leave of that comfortable liquor, resolving to drink no more of that sweet juice, till thou shouldst drink it new with them in thy Father's kingdom. Had they given thee water, they had not fulfilled thy prediction, whereby they were self-condemned. I know not now, O dear Jesu, whether this last draught of thine were more pleasing to thee, or more distasteful: distasteful in itself, for what liquor could be equally harsh; pleasing, in that it made up those sufferings thou wert to endure, and those prophecies thou wert to fulfil.

Now there is no more to do; thy full consummation of all predictions, of all types and ceremonies, of all sufferings, of all satisfactions, is happily both effected and proclaimed: nothing now remains but a voluntary, sweet and heavenly resignation of thy blessed soul into the hands of thine eternal Father, and a bowing of thine head for the change of a better crown, and a peaceable obdormition in thy bed of ease and honour, and an instant entrance into rest, triumph, glory.

And now, O blessed Jesu, how easily have carnal eyes all this while mistaken the passages and intentions of this thy last and most glorious work? Our weakness could hitherto see nothing here but pain and ignominy; now my better inlightened eyes see, in this elevation of thine, both honour and happiness. Lo, thou, that art the Mediator betwixt God and

man, the reconciler of heaven and earth, art lift up betwixt earth and heaven, that thou mightst accord both. Thou, that art the great Captain of our salvation, the Conqueror of all the adverse powers of death and hell, art exalted upon this triumphal chariot of the cross, that thou mightst trample upon death, and drag all those infernal principalities manacled after thee. Those arms, which thine enemies meant violently to extend, are stretched forth for the embracing of all mankind that shall come in, for the benefit of thine all-sufficient redemption. Even while thou sufferest, thou reignest. O the impotent madness of silly men! they think to disgrace thee with wry faces, with tongues put out, with bitter scoffs, with poor wretched indignities; when, in the mean time, the heavens declare thy righteousness, O Lord, and the earth shews forth thy power. The sun pulls in his light, as not abiding to see the sufferings of his Creator; the earth trembles under the sense of the wrong done to her Maker; the rocks rend, the veil of the temple tears from the top to the bottom: shortly, all the frame of the world acknowledges the dominion of that Son of God, whom man despiseth.

Earth and hell have done their worst. O Saviour, thou art in thy Paradise, and triumphest over the malice of men and devils; the remainders of thy sacred person are not yet free. The soldiers have parted thy garments, and cast lots upon thy seamless coat: those poor spoils cannot so much enrich them as glorify thee, whose scriptures are fulfilled by their barbarous fortitions. The Jews sue to have thy bones divided, but they sue in vain. No more could thy garments be whole than thy body could be broken. One inviolable decree over-rules both. Foolish executioners! ye look up at that crucified body, as if it were altogether in your power and mercy; nothing appears to you but impotence and death: little do ye know what an irresistible guard there is upon that sacred

sacred corps, such as, if all the powers of darkness shall band against, they shall find themselves confounded. In spite of all the gates of hell, that word shall stand, "Not a bone of him shall be broken."

Still the infallible decree of the Almighty leads you on to his own ends, through your own ways. Ye saw him already dead whom ye came to dispatch; those bones therefore shall be whole, which ye had no power to break. But yet, that no piece, either of your cruelty or of divine prediction, may remain unsatisfied, he, whose bones may not be impaired, shall be wounded in his flesh; he, whose ghost was yielded up, must yield his last blood; "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith there came out blood and water." Malice is wont to end with life, here it over-lives it. Cruel man, what means this so late wound! what commission hadst thou for this bloody act! Pilate had given leave to break the bones of the living, he gave no leave to gore the side of the dead; what wicked supererogation is this! what a superfluity of maliciousness! to what purpose did thy spear pierce so many hearts in that one! why wouldst thou kill a dead man! Methinks the blessed virgin, and those other passionate associates of hers, and the disciple whom Jesus loved; together with the other of his fellows, the friends and followers of Christ, and especially he that was so ready to draw his sword upon the troop of his Master's apprehenders, should have work enough to contain themselves within the bounds of patience, at so savage a stroke: their sorrow could not chuse but turn to indignation, and their hearts could not but rise, as even mine doth now, at so impertinent a villainy. How easily could I rave at that rude hand! but, O God, when I look up to thee, and consider how thy holy and wise providence so over-rules the most barbarous actions of men, that, besides their will, they turn beneficial, I can at once hate them,
and

and blefs thee. This very wound hath a mouth to fpeak the Mefiahfhip of my Saviour, and the truth of thy fcripture, “ They fhall look at him whom “ they have pierced.” Behold now the fecond Adam fleeping, and out of his fide formed the mother of the living, the evangelical church. Behold the rock which was fmitten, and the waters of life gufhed forth. Behold the fountain that is fet open to the houfe of David, for fin and for uncleannefs; a fountain not of water only, but of blood too. O Saviour, by thy water we are washed, by thy blood we are redeemed. Thofe two facraments, which thou didft institute alive, flow alfo from thee dead, as the laft memorials of thy love to thy church: the water of baptifm, which is the laver of regeneration; “ the “ blood of the new teftament fhed for remiffion of “ fins:” and thefe, together with the Spirit that gives life to them both, are the three witneffes on earth, whose attestation cannot fail us. O precious and fovereign wound, by which our fouls are healed! Into this cleft of the rock let my dove fly and enter, and there fafely hide herfelf from the talons of all the birds of prey.

It could not be but that the death of Chrift, contrived and acted at Jerufalem in fo folemn a feftival, muft needs draw a world of beholders: the Romans, the centurion and his band, were there as actors, as fupervifors of the execution. Thofe ftrangers were no otherwife engaged, than as they that would hold fair correfpondence with the citizens where they were engarrifoned: their freedom from prejudice rendered them more capable of an ingenuous construction of all events. “ Now, when the centurion, and they “ that were with him that watched Jesus, faw the “ earthquake, and the things that were done, they “ feared greatly, and glorified God, and faid, Truly “ this was the Son of God.”

What a marvellous concurrence is here of ftrong
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and irrefragable convictions? meekness in suffering, prayer for his murderers, a faithful resignation of his soul into the hands of his heavenly Father, the sun eclipsed, the heavens darkened, the earth trembling, the graves open, the rocks rent, the veil of the temple torn: who could go less than this, "Truly this was the Son of God?" He suffers patiently; this is through the power of grace: many good men have done so through his enabling. The frame of nature suffers with him; this is proper to the God of nature, the Son of God.

I wonder not that these men confessed thus; I wonder that any spectator confessed it not: these proofs were enough to fetch all the world upon their knees, and to have made all mankind converts. But all hearts are not alike, no means can work upon the wilfully obdured. Even after this the soldier pierced that blessed side; and, while Pagans relented, Jews continued impenitent. Yet even, of that nation, those beholders, whom envy and partiality had not interested in this slaughter, were stricken with just astonishment, and smote their breasts, and shook their heads, and, by passionate gesture, spake what their tongues durst not. How many must their needs be, in this universal concourse, of them whom he had healed of diseases, or freed from devils, or miraculously fed, or some way obliged in their persons or friends? These, as they were deeply affected with the mortal indignities which were offered to their acknowledged Messiah, so they could not but be ravished with wonder at those powerful demonstrations of the Deity of him in whom they believed, and strangely distracted in their thoughts, while they compared those sufferings with that Omnipotence. As yet their faith and knowledge was but in the bud, or in the blade. How could they chuse but think, Were he not the Son of God, how could these things be? and if he were the Son of God, how could he die? His resurrection,
his

his ascension, should soon after perfect their belief; but, in the mean time, their hearts could not but be conflicted with thoughts hard to be reconciled. Howsoever they glorify God, and stand amazed at the expectation of the issue.

But, above all other, O thou blessed virgin, the holy mother of our Lord, how many swords pierced thy soul, while, standing close by his cross, thou sawest thy dear Son and Saviour thus indignly used, thus stripped, thus stretched, thus nailed, thus bleeding, thus dying, thus pierced? how did thy troubled heart now recount what the angel Gabriel had reported to thee from God, in the message of thy blessed conception of that Son of God? how didst thou think of the miraculous formation of that thy divine burden by the power of the Holy Ghost? how didst thou recal those prophecies of Anna and Simeon concerning him, and all those supernatural works of his, the irrefragable proofs of his Godhead? and, laying all these together, with the miserable infirmities of his passion, how wert thou crucified with him? The care that he took for thee in the extremity of his torments, could not chuse but melt thy heart into sorrow: but O when, in the height of his pain and misery, thou heardst him cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" what a cold horror possessed thy soul? I cannot now wonder at thy qualms and swoonings, I could rather wonder that thou survivedst so sad an hour. But when, recollecting thyself, thou sawest the heavens to bear a part with thee in thy mourning, and feltest the earth to tremble no less than thyself, and foundst that the dreadful concussion of the whole frame of nature proclaimed the Deity of him that would thus suffer and die, and rememberedst his frequent predictions of drinking this bitter cup, and of being baptized thus in blood; thou beganst to take heart, and to comfort thyself with the assured expectation of the glorious issue. More than once had
he

he foretold thee his victorious resurrection. He, who had openly professed Jonas for his type, and had fore-promised in three days to raise up the ruined temple of his body, had doubtless given more full intimation unto thee, who hadst so great a share in that sacred body of his. "The just shall live by faith." Lo, that faith of thine in his ensuing resurrection, and in his triumph over death, gives thee life, and cheers up thy drooping soul, and bids it, in an holy confidence, to triumph over all thy fears and sorrows; and him, whom thou seest dead and despised, represents unto thee living, immortal, glorious.

CONTEMP. XXXIII. *The Resurrection.*

GRACE doth not ever make shew where it is. There is much secret riches both in the earth and sea, which never eye saw. I never heard any news till now of Joseph of Arimathea: yet was he eminently both rich, and wise, and good; a worthy, though close disciple of our Saviour. True faith may be wisely reserved, but will not be cowardly. Now he puts forth himself, and dares beg the body of Jesus. Death is wont to end all quarrels. Pilate's heart tells him he hath done too much already, in sentencing an innocent to death: no doubt that centurion had related unto him the miraculous symptoms of that passion. He, that so unwillingly condemned innocence, could rather have wished that just man alive, than have denied him dead. The body is yielded, and taken down; and now that which hung naked upon the cross is wrapped in fine linen, that which was soiled with sweat and blood is curiously washed and embalmed. Now even Nicodemus comes in for a part, and fears not the envy of a good profession. Death hath let that man loose, whom the law formerly over-awed with restraint. He hates to be a night-bird any longer, but boldly flies forth, and
looks

looks upon the face of the sun, and will be now as liberal in his odours as he was before niggardly in his confession. O Saviour, the earth was thine, and the fulness of it; yet as thou hadst not an house of thine own while thou livedst, and so thou hadst not a grave when thou wert dead. Joseph, that rich counsellor, lent thee his; lent it so, as it should never be restored: thou tookst it but for a while; but that little touch of that sacred corps of thine made it too good for the owner.

O happy Joseph, that hadst the honour to be landlord of the Lord of life! how well is thy house-room repaid with a mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? Thy garden and thy tomb were hard by Calvary, where thou couldst not fail of many monitions of thy frailty. How oft hadst thou seasoned that new tomb with sad and favoury meditations? and hadst oft said within thyself, Here I shall once lie down to my last rest, and wait for my resurrection. Little didst thou then think to have been disappointed by so blessed a guest; or that thy grave should be again so soon empty, and in that emptiness incapable of any mortal indweller. How gladly dost thou now resign thy grave to him in whom thou livest, and who liveth for ever, whose soul is in Paradise, whose Godhead every-where? Hadst thou not been rich before, this gift had enriched thee alone, and more ennobled thee than all thine earthly honour. Now great princes envy thy bounty, and have thought themselves happy to kiss the stones of that rock which thou thus hewedst, thus bestowedst.

Thus purely wrapped, and sweetly embalmed, lies the precious body of our Saviour in Joseph's new vault. Are ye now also at rest, O ye Jewish rulers? is your malice dead and buried with him? hath Pilate enough served your envy and revenge? Surely it is but a common hostility that can die; yours surviveth death, and puts you upon a further project.

“ The

“ The chief priests and Pharisees came together un-
“ to Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember, that this de-
“ ceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three
“ days I will rise again : command therefore that the
“ sepulchre be made sure till the third day, lest his
“ disciples come by night, and steal him away, and
“ say to the people, he is risen.”

How full of terrors and inevitable perplexities is guiltiness? These men were not more troubled with envy at Christ alive, than now with fear of his resurrection. And what can now secure them? Pilate had helped to kill him; but who shall keep him from rising? Wicked and foolish Jews! how fain would ye fight against God, and your own hearts? how gladly would ye deceive yourselves, in believing him to be a deceiver, whom your consciences knew to be no less true than powerful? Lazarus was still in your eye: that man was no phantasm; his death, his reviving was undeniable; the so fresh resuscitation of that dead body, after four days dissolution, was a manifest conviction of omnipotence. How do ye vainly wish, that he could deceive you in the fore-reporting of his own resurrection? Without a divine power he could have raised neither Lazarus nor himself: with and by it he could as well raise himself as Lazarus. What need we other witnesses than your own mouths? that which he would do, ye confess he foretold; that the truth of his word might answer the power of this deed, and both of them might argue him the God of truth and power, and yourselves enemies to both. And now what must be done? the sepulchre must be secured, and you with it: an huge stone, a strong guard must do the deed; and that stone must be sealed, that guard of your own designing. Methinks, I hear the soldiers and busy officers, when they were rolling that other weighty stone, for such we probably conceive, to the mouth of the vault, with much toil and

and sweat and breathlessness, how they bragged of the sureness of the place, and unremovableness of that load; and, when that so choice a watch was set, how they boasted of their valour and vigilance, and said, they would make him safe from either rising or stealing. O the madness of impotent men, that think, by either wile or force, to frustrate the will and designs of the Almighty! How justly doth that wise and powerful arbiter of the world laugh them to scorn in heaven, and befool them in their own vain devices? O Saviour, how much evidence had thy resurrection wanted, if these enemies had not been thus maliciously provident? how irrefragable is thy rising made, by these bootless endeavours of their prevention?

All this while the devout Maries keep close, and silently spend their Sabbath in a mixture of grief and hope. How did they wear out those sad hours in bemoaning themselves each to other, in mutual relations of the patient sufferings, of the happy expiration of their Saviour, of the wonderful events, both in the heavens and earth, that accompanied his crucifixion, of his frequent and clear predictions of his resurrection? and now they have gladly agreed, so soon as the time will give them leave, in the dawning of the Sunday morning to visit that dear sepulchre. Neither will they go empty handed; she, that had bestowed that costly alabaster box of ointment upon their Saviour alive, hath prepared no less precious odours for him dead.

Love is restless and fearless: In the dark of night these good women go to buy their spices, and ere the day break are gone out of their houses, towards the tomb of Christ, to bestow them. This sex is commonly fearful; it was much for them to walk alone in that unsafe season: yet, as despising all fears and dangers, they thus spend the night after their Sabbath. Might they have been allowed to buy their perfumes on the Sabbath, or to have visited that
holy

holy tomb sooner, can we think they would have staid so long? can we suppose they would have cared more for the Sabbath, than for the "Lord of the Sabbath," who now kept his Sabbath in the grave? Sooner they might not come, later they would not, to present their last homage to their dead Saviour. Had these holy women known their Jesus to be alive, how had they hasted, who made such speed to do their last offices to his sacred corpse? for us, we "know that our redeemer liveth," we know where he is. O Saviour, how cold and heartless is our love to thee, if we do not haste to find thee in thy word and sacraments, if our souls do not fly up to thee, in all holy affections, into thy heaven?

Of all the women, Mary Magdalene is first named, and in some Evangelists alone; she is noted above her fellows. None of them were so much obliged, none so zealously thankful. Seven devils were cast out of her by the command of Christ. That heart which was freed from Satan, by that powerful dis-possession, was now possessed with a free and gracious bounty to her deliverer. Twice, at the least, hath she poured out her fragrant and costly odours upon him. Where there is a true sense of favour and beneficence, there cannot be but a fervent desire of retribution. O blessed Saviour, could we feel the danger of every sin, and the malignity of those spiritual possessions from which thou hast freed us, how should we pour out ourselves into thankfulness unto thee?

Every thing here had horror. The place, both solitary and a sepulchre; nature abhors, as the visage, so the region of death and corruption. The time, night; only the moon gave them some faint glimmering, for this being the seventeenth day of her age, afforded some light to the latter part of the night. The business, the visitation of a dead corpse. Their zealous love hath easily overcome all these. They

had followed him in his sufferings, when the disciples left him; they attended him to his cross weeping; they followed him to his grave, and saw how Joseph laid him: even there they leave him not, but, ere it be day-light, return to pay him the last tribute of their duty. How much stronger is love than death? O blessed Jesu, why should not we imitate thy love to us? Those "whom thou lovest, thou lovest to the end," yea in it, yea after it: even when we are dead, not our souls only, but our very dust is dearly respected of thee. What condition of thine should remove our affections from thy person in heaven, from thy limbs on earth?

Well did these worthy women know what Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus, had done to thee; they saw how curiously they had wrapped thee, how preciously they had embalmed thee: yet, as not thinking others beneficence could be any just excuse of theirs, they bring their own odours to thy sepulchre, to be perfumed by the touch of thy sacred body. What thank is to us, that others are obsequious to thee, while we are slack or niggardly? We may rejoice in others forwardness, but, if we rest in it, how small joy shall it be to us to see them go to heaven without us?

When on the Friday evening they attended Joseph to the entombing of Jesus, they marked the place, they marked the passage, they marked that inner grave-stone, which the owner had fitted to the mouth of that tomb, which all their care is now to remove; "Who shall roll away the stone?" That other more weighty load wherewith the vault was barred, the seal, the guard set upon both, came not perhaps into their knowledge; this was the private plot of Pilate and the priests, beyond the reach of their thoughts.

I do not hear them say, How shall we recover the charges of our odours? or, how shall we avoid the envy and censure of our angry elders, for honour-
ing

ing him whom the governors of our nation have thought worthy of condemnation? the only thought they now take is, "Who shall roll away the stone?" Neither do they stay at home, and move this doubt, but when they are well forward on their way, resolving to try the issue. Good hearts cannot be so solicitous for any thing under heaven, as for removing those impediments which lie between them and their Saviour. O blessed Jesu, thou, who art clearly revealed in heaven, art yet still both hid and sealed up from too many here on earth: neither is it some thin veil that is spread between thee and them, but an huge stone, even a true stone of offence lies rolled upon the mouth of their hearts. Yea, if a second weight were superadded to thy grave here, no less than three spiritual bars are interposed betwixt them and thee above; idleness, ignorance, unbelief. Who shall roll away these stones, but the same power that removed thine? O Lord, remove that our ignorance, that we may know thee; our idleness, that we may seek thee; our unbelief, that we may find and enjoy thee.

How well it succeeds when we go faithfully and conscionably about our work, and leave the issue to God? Lo, now God hath removed the cares of these holy women, together with the grave-stone. To the wicked that falls out which they feared; to the godly that which they wished and cared for, yea more.

Holy cares ever prove well; the worldly dry the bones, and disappoint the hopes. Could these good visitants have known of a greater stone sealed, of a strong watch set, their doubts had been doubled. Now God goes beyond their thoughts, and, at once, removes that which both they did and might have feared. The stone is removed, the seal broken, the watch fled. What a scorn doth the Almighty God make of the impotent designs of men? they thought, the stone shall make the grave sure, the seal shall

make the stone sure, the guard shall make both sure: now, when they think all safe, God sends an angel from heaven above, the earth quakes beneath, the stone rolls away, the soldiers stand like carcases, and, when they have got heart enough to run away, think themselves valiant; the tomb is opened, Christ is risen, they confounded. O the vain projects of silly men! as if with one shovel-full of mire, they would dam up the sea; or, with a clout hang'd forth, they would keep the sun from shining. O these spiders-webs, or houses of cards, which fond children have, as they think, skilfully framed, which the least breath breaks and ruins! Who are we, sorry worms, that we should look, in any business, to prevail against our Creator? what creature is so base, that he can not arm against us to our confusion? The lice and frogs shall be too strong for Pharaoh, the worms for Herod. "There is no wisdom nor counsel against the Lord."

O the marvellous pomp and magnificence of our Saviour's resurrection! the earth quakes, the angel appears, that it may be plainly seen that this divine person, now rising, had the command both of earth and heaven. At the dissolution of thy human nature, O Saviour, was an earthquake, at the re-uniting of it is an earthquake; to tell the world, that the God of nature then suffered, and had now conquered. While thou layest still in the earth, the earth was still: when thou camest to fetch thine own, "The earth trembled at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob." When thou, our true Samson, awak'dst, and foundst thyself tied with these Philistine cords, and rous'dst up, and break'dst those hard and strong twists with a sudden power, no marvel if the room shook under thee.

Good cause had the earth to quake, when the God that made it powerfully calls for his own flesh from the usurpation of her bowels; good cause had she

she to open her graves, and yield up her dead, in attendance to the Lord of life, whom she had presumed to detain in that cell of her darkness. What a seeming impotence was here, that thou, who art the true rock of thy church, should lie obscurely shrouded in Joseph's rock? thou, that art the true corner-stone of thy church, shouldst be shut up with a double stone, the one of thy grave, the other of thy vault? thou, "by whom we are sealed to the day of our redemption," should be sealed up in a blind cavern of earth. But now, what a demonstration of power doth both the world and I see, in thy glorious resurrection? the rocks tear, the graves open, the stones roll away, the dead rise and appear, the soldiers flee and tremble, saints and angels attend thy rising. O Saviour, thou liest down in weakness, thou risest in power and glory; thou liest down like a man, thou risest like a God.

What a lively image hast thou herein given me of the dreadful majesty of the general resurrection, and thy second appearance? Then, not the earth only, but "the powers of heaven shall be shaken:" not some few graves shall be open, and some saints appear, but all the bars of death shall be broken, and "all that sleep in their graves shall awake, and stand up from the dead," before thee. Not some one angel shall descend, but thou, "the great angel of the covenant," attended with thousand thousands of those mighty spirits. And if these stout soldiers were so filled with terror, at the feeling of an earthquake, and the sight of an angel, that they had scarce breath left in them, for the time, to witness them alive; where shall thine enemies appear, O Lord, in the day of thy terrible appearance, when the earth shall reel and vanish, and the elements shall be on a flame about their ears, and the heavens shall wrap up as a scroll?

O God, thou mightst have removed this stone by

the force of thine earthquake, as well as rive other rocks; yet thou wouldst rather use the ministry of an angel; or thou, that gavest thyself life, and gavest being both to the stone, and to the earth, couldst more easily have removed the stone, than moved the earth: but it was thy pleasure to make use of an angel's hand. And now he, that would ask why thou wouldst do it rather by an angel than by thyself, may as well ask why thou didst not rather give thy law by thine own immediate hand, than by the ministrations of angels: why by an angel thou struckest the Israelites with plagues, the Assyrians with the sword; why an angel appeared to comfort thee after thy temptation and agony, when thou wert able to comfort thyself; why thou usest the influences of heaven to fruite the earth; why thou employest second causes in all events, when thou couldst do all things alone. It is good reason thou shouldst serve thyself of thine own; neither is there any ground to be required, whether of their motion or rest, besides thy will.

Thou didst raise thyself, the angels removed the stone. They that could have no hand in thy resurrection, yet shall have an hand in removing outward impediments; not because thou needest, but because thou wouldst: like as thou alone didst raise Lazarus, thou badst others let him loose. Works of omnipotency thou reservedst to thine own immediate performance, ordinary actions thou dost by subordinate means.

Although this act of the angels was not merely with respect to thee; but partly to those devout women, to ease them of their care, to manifest unto them thy resurrection. So officious are those glorious spirits, not only to thee their Maker, but even to the meanest of thy servants, especially in the furtherance of all their spiritual designs. Let us bring our odours, they will be sure to roll away the stone. Why do not we imitate them in our forwardness to
 promote

promote each others salvation? we pray to do thy will here, as they do in heaven: if we do not act our wishes, we do but mock thee in our devotions.

How glorious did this angel of thine appear? the terrified soldiers saw his face like lightening, both they and the women saw his garments shining bright, and white as snow; such a presence became his errand. It was fit, that as in thy passion the sun was darkened, and all creatures were clad with heaviness, so, in thy resurrection, the best of thy creatures should testify their joy and exultation, in the brightness of their habit; that, as we on festival days put on our best cloaths, so thine angels should celebrate this blessed festivity with a meet representation of glory. They could not but enjoy our joy, to see the work of man's redemption thus fully finished: and if there be "mirth in heaven, at the conversion of one sinner," how much more when a world of sinners is perfectly ransomed from death, and restored to salvation? Certainly, if but one or two appeared, all rejoiced, all triumphed. Neither could they but be herein sensible of their own happy advantage, who by thy mediation are confirmed in their glorious estate; since thou, by the blood of thy cross, and power of thy resurrection, hast "reconciled things not in earth only, but in heaven."

But, above all other, the love of thee their God and Saviour, must needs heighten their joy, and make thy glory theirs. It is their perpetual work to praise thee; how much more now, when such an occasion was offered as never had been since the world began, never could be after? when thou the God of spirits hadst vanquished all the spiritual powers of darkness, when thou, the Lord of life, hadst conquered death for thee and all thine, so as they may now boldly insult over their last enemy, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Certainly, if heaven can be capable of an increase of joy and felicity, never had those blessed spirits so great a cause of triumph and gratulation as in this day of thy glorious resurrection. How much more, O dear Jesu, should we men, whose flesh thou didst assume, unite, revive; for whose sake, and in whose stead, thou didst vouchsafe to suffer and die, whose arrearages thou paidst in death, and acquittedst in thy resurrection, whose souls are discharged, whose bodies shall be raised by the power of thy rising; how much more should we think we have cause to be over-joyed with the happy memory of this great work of thy divine power and unconceivable mercy?

Lo now, how weak soever I am in myself, yet, in the confidence of this victorious resurrection of my Saviour, I dare boldly challenge and defy you, O all ye adverse powers! Do the worst ye can to my soul; in despite of you, it shall be safe.

Is it sin that threatens me? behold, this resurrection of my Redeemer publishes my discharge. My surety was arrested, and cast into the prison of his grave: had not the utmost farthing of mine arrearages been paid, he could not have come forth. He is come forth; the sum is fully satisfied. What danger can there be of a discharged debt?

Is it the wrath of God? wherefore is that but for sin? if my sin be defrayed, that quarrel is at an end; and if my Saviour suffered it for me, how can I fear to suffer it in myself? that infinite justice hates to be twice paid. He is risen, therefore he hath satisfied. "Who is he that condemneth? it is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen."

Is it death itself? Lo, my Saviour, that overcame death by dying, hath triumphed over him in his resurrection. How can I now fear a conquered enemy? what harm is there in the serpent, but for his sting? "The sting of death is sin:" that is pulled out by my powerful Redeemer, it cannot now hurt me; it
may

may refresh me to carry this cool snake in my bosom.

O then, my dear Saviour, I bless thee for thy death; but I bless thee more for thy resurrection. That was a work of wonderful humility, of infinite mercy; this was a work of infinite power: in that was human weakness; in this divine omnipotence: in that thou didst "die for our sins;" in this thou didst "rise again for our justification."

And now how am I conformable to thee, if, when thou art risen, I lie still in the grave of my corruptions? How am I limb of thy body, if, while thou hast that perfect dominion over death, death hath dominion over me; if, while thou art alive and glorious, I lie rotting in the dust of death? I know the locomotive faculty is in the head: by the power of the resurrection of thee our head, all we thy members cannot but be raised. As the earth cannot hold my body from thee, in the day of the second resurrection, so cannot sin withhold my soul from thee in the first. How am I thine, if I be not risen? and if I be risen with thee, why do I not seek the things above, where thou sittest at the right-hand of God?

The vault or cave, which Joseph had hewn out of the rock, was large, capable of no less than ten persons: upon the mouth of it eastward was that great stone rolled; within it, at the right-hand, in the north part of the cave, was hewn out a receptacle for the body, three handfuls high from the pavement; and a stone was accordingly fitted for the cover of that grave.

Into this cave the good women, finding the stone rolled away, descended to seek the body of Christ, and in it saw the angels. This was the goal to which Peter and John ran, finding the spoils of death, the grave clothes; wrapped up, and the napkin that was about the head folded up together, and laid in a place by itself: and as they came in haste, so they returned with wonder.

I marvel

I marvel not at your speed, O ye blessed disciples, if, upon the report of the women, ye ran, ye flew upon the wings of zeal, to see what was become of your Master. Ye had wont to walk familiarly together in the attendance of your Lord: now society is forgotten; and, as for a wager, each tries the speed of his legs, and, with neglect of other, vies who shall be first at the tomb.

Who would not but have tried masteries with you in this case, and have made light touches of the earth to have held paces with you? Your desire was equal; but John is the younger, his limbs are more nimble, his breath more free; he first looks into the sepulchre, but Peter goes down first. O happy competition, who shall be more zealous in the inquiry after Christ! Ye saw enough to amaze you, not enough to settle your faith. How well might you have thought, Our Master is not subdued, but risen. Had he been taken away by others hands, this fine linen had not been left behind: had he not himself risen from this bed of earth, he had not thus wrapped up his night-clothes, and laid them sorted by themselves. What can we doubt, when he foretold us he would rise? O blessed Jesu, how wilt thou pardon our errors? how should we pardon and pity the errors of each other in lesser occasions, when as yet thy prime and dearest disciples, after so much divine instruction, “knew not the scriptures, that thou must rise again from the dead?” They went away more astonished than confident; more full of wonder as yet than of unbelief.

There is more strength of zeal, where it takes, in the weaker sex. Those holy women, as they came first, so they staid last: especially devout Mary Magdalene stands still at the mouth of the cave weeping. Well might those tears have been spared, if her knowledge had been answerable to her affection, her faith to her fervour. Withal, as our eye will be where

we love, she stoops, and looks down into that dear sepulchre.

Holy desires never but speed well. There she sees two glorious angels, the one sitting "at the head, the other at the feet where the body of Jesus had lain." Their shining brightness shewed them to be no mortal creatures: besides, that Peter and John had but newly come out of the sepulchre, and both found and left it empty in her sight, which was now suddenly filled with those celestial guests. That white linen, wherewith Joseph had shrouded the sacred body of Jesus, was now shamed with a brighter whiteness.

Yet do I not find the good woman at all appalled with that unexpected glory. So was her heart taken up with the thought for her Saviour, that she seemed not sensible of whatsoever other objects. Those tears, which she did let drop into the sepulchre, send up back to her the voice of those angels, "Woman, why weepest thou?" God and his angels take notice of every tear of our devotion. The sudden wonder hath not dried her eyes, nor charmed her tongue: she freely confesseth the cause of her grief to be the missing of her Saviour; "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Alas, good Mary, how dost thou lose thy tears? of whom dost thou complain, but of thy best friend? who hath removed thy Lord but himself? who, but his own Deity, hath taken away that human body out of that region of death? neither is he now laid any more; he stands by thee, whose removal thou complainest of. Thus many a tender and humbled soul afflicts itself with the want of that Saviour whom it hath, and feel-eth not.

Sense may be no judge of the bewailed absence of Christ. Do but turn back thine eye, O thou religious soul, "and see Jesus standing by thee," though "thou knewest not that it was Jesus." His habit was not his own. Sometimes it pleases our Saviour to
appear

appear unto his not like himself: his holy disguises are our trials. Sometimes he will seem a stranger, sometimes an enemy; sometimes he offers himself to us in the shape of a poor man, sometimes of a distressed captive. Happy is he that can discern his Saviour in all forms. Mary took him for a gardener. Devout Magdalene, thou art not much mistaken. As it was the trade of the first Adam to dress the garden of Eden, so was it the trade of the second to tend the garden of his church. He digs up the soil by seasonable afflictions, he sows in it the seeds of grace, he plants it with gracious motions, he waters it with his word, yea with his own blood, he weeds it by wholesome censures. O blessed Saviour, what is it that thou neglectest to do for this selected inclosure of thy church? As in some respect thou art the true Vine, and thy Father the husbandman; so also in some other we are the vine, and thou art the husbandman. O be thou such to me as thou appearedst unto Magdalene: break up the fallow of my nature, implant me with grace, prune me with meet corrections, bedew me with the former and latter rain; do what thou wilt to make me fruitful.

Still the good woman weeps, and still complains, and passionately inquires of thee, O Saviour, for thyself. How apt are we, if thou dost never so little vary from our apprehensions, to misknow thee, and to wrong ourselves by our misopinions? All this while hast thou concealed thyself from thine affectionate client; thou sawest her tears, and heardst her importunities and inquiries: at last (as it was with Joseph, that he could no longer contain himself from the notice of his brethren) thy compassion causes thee to break forth into a clear expression of thyself, by expressing her name unto herself, "Mary." She was used, as to the name, so to the sound, to the accent. Thou spakest to her before, but in the tone of a stranger; now of a friend, of a master. Like a good Shepherd,

Shepherd, "thou callest thy sheep by their name, and "they know thy voice." What was thy call of her, but a clear pattern of our vocation.

As her, so thou callest us; first, familiarly, effectually. She could not begin with thee otherwise than in the compellation of a stranger; it was thy mercy to begin with her. That correction of thy Spirit is sweet and useful, "Now after ye have known God, or, rather, are known of him." We do know thee, O God, but our active knowledge is after our passive; first we are known of thee, then we know thee that knewest us. And as our knowledge, so is our calling, so is our election; thou beginnest to us in all, and most justly sayst, "You have not chosen me, but I have "chosen you." When thou wouldst speak to this devout client as a stranger, thou spakest aloof; "Woman, whom seekest thou?" now, when thou wouldst be known to her, thou callest her by her name, "Mary." General invitations and common mercies are for us as men; but, where thou givest grace as to thine elect, thou comest close to the soul, and winnest us with dear and particular intimations.

That very name did as much as say, know him of whom thou art known and beloved, and turns her about to thy view and acknowledgment. "She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master." Before, her face was towards the angels; this word fetches her about, and turns her face to thee, from whom her misprision had averted it. We do not rightly apprehend thee, O Saviour, if any creature in heaven or earth can keep our eyes and our hearts from thee. The angels were bright and glorious; thy appearance was homely, thy habit mean: yet, when she heard thy voice, she turns her back upon the angels, and salutes thee with a Rabboni, and falls down before thee, in a desire of an humble amplexation of those sacred feet, which she now rejoices to see past the use of her odours.

Where

Where there was such familiarity in the mutual compellation, what means such strangeness in the charge; "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father?" Thou wert not wont, O Saviour, to make so dainty of being touched: it is not long since these very same hands touched thee in thine anointing; the bloody fluxed woman touched thee; the thankful penitent in Simon's house touched thee. What speak I of these? the multitude touched thee; the executioners touched thee; and, even after thy resurrection, thou didst not stick to say to thy disciples, "Touch me, and see," and to invite Thomas to put his fingers into thy side: neither is it long after this before thou sufferest the three Marias to touch and hold thy feet. How then sayst thou, "Touch me not?" Was it in a mild taxation of her mistaking? as if thou hadst said, Thou knowest not that I have now an immortal body, but so demeanest thyself towards me, as if I were still in my wonted condition; know now that the case is altered: howsoever indeed I have not yet ascended to my Father, yet this body of mine, which thou seest to be real and sensible, is now impassible, and qualified with immortality; and therefore worthy of a more awful veneration than heretofore. Or was it a gentle reproof of her dwelling too long in this dear hold of thee, and fixing her thoughts upon thy bodily presence; together with an implied direction of reserving the height of her affection for thy perfect glorification in heaven? Or, lastly, was it a light touch of her too much haste and eagerness in touching thee, as if she must use this speed in preventing thine ascension, or else be endangered to be disappointed of her hopes? as if thou hadst said, Be not so passionately forward and sudden in laying hold of me, as if I were instantly ascending; but know that I shall stay some time with you upon earth, before my going up to my Father. O Saviour, even our well-meant zeal in seeking and enjoying thee may be faulty; if we seek thee where we should not, on
earth;

earth; how we should not, unwarrantably. There may be a kind of carnality in spiritual actions. "If we have heretofore known thee after the flesh, henceforth know we thee so no more." That thou livedst here in this shape, that colour, this stature, that habit, I should be glad to know; nothing that concerns thee can be unuseful. Could I say, here thou satst, here thou layst, here and thus thou wert crucified, here buried, here settest thy last foot; I should with much contentment see and recount these memorials of thy presence: but if I shall so fasten my thoughts upon these, as not to look higher to the spiritual part of thine achievements, to the power and issue of thy resurrection, I am never the better.

No sooner art thou risen than thou speakest of ascending; as thou didst lie down to rise, so didst thou rise to ascend: that is the consummation of thy glory, and ours in thee. Thou, that forbadeest her touch, enjoinedst her errand; "Go to my brethren, and say, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."

The annunciation of thy resurrection and ascension is more than a private fruition; this is for the comfort of one, that for the benefit of many. To sit still and enjoy is more sweet for the present; but to go and tell is more gainful in the sequel. That great angel thought himself, as he well might, highly honoured, in that he was appointed to carry the happy news unto the blessed virgin, thy holy mother, of her conception of thee her Saviour: how honourable must it needs be to Mary Magdalene, that she must be the messenger of thy second birth, thy resurrection, and instant ascension? How beautiful do the feet of those deserve to be, who bring the glad tidings of peace and salvation? What matter is it, O Lord, if men despise where thou wilt honour?

To whom then dost thou send her? "Go tell my brethren." Blessed Jesu, who are these? were they not thy followers? yea, were they not thy forsakers? yet still thou stylest them thy brethren. O admirable

mirable humility! O infinite mercy! How dost thou raise their titles with thyself? at first they were thy servants, then disciples, a little before thy death they were thy friends; now after thy resurrection they were thy brethren. Thou, that wert exalted infinitely higher from mortal to immortal, descendest so much lower to call them brethren, who were before friends, disciples, servants. What do we stand upon the terms of our poor inequality, when the Son of God stoops so low as to call us brethren? But, O mercy without measure! why wilt thou, how canst thou, O Saviour, call them brethren, whom, in their last parting, thou foundst fugitives? did they not run from thee? did not one of them rather leave his inmost coat behind him, than not be quit of thee? did not another of them deny thee, yea abjure thee? and yet thou sayst, "Go tell my brethren." It is not in the power of the sins of our infirmity to unbrother us: when we look at the acts themselves, they are heinous; when at the persons, they are so much more faulty as more obliged; but when we look at the mercy of thee who hast called us, now "Who shall separate us?" When we have sinned, thy dearness hath reason to aggravate our sorrows; but when we have sinned, our faith hath no less reason to uphold us from despairing: even yet we are brethren. Brethren in thee, O Saviour, who art ascending for us; in thee, who hast made thy Father ours, thy God our God. He is thy Father by eternal generation, our Father by his gracious adoption; thy God by unity of essence, our God by his grace and election.

It is this propriety wherein our life and happiness consisteth: they are weak comforts that can be raised from the apprehension of thy general mercies. What were I the better, O Saviour, that God were thy Father, if he be not mine? O do thou give me a particular sense of my interest in thee, and thy goodness

to me; bring thou thyself home to me, and let me find that I have a God and Saviour of my own.

It is fit I should mark thy order; first, my Father, then your's. Even so, Lord, he is first thine, and in thine only right ours. It is in thee that we are adopted, it is in thee that we are elected; without thee, God is not only a stranger, but an enemy to us. Thou only canst make us free, thou only canst make us sons. Let me be found in thee, and I cannot fail of a Father in heaven.

With what joy did Mary receive this errand? with what joy did the disciples welcome it from her? Here was good news from a far country, even as far as the utmost regions of death.

Those disciples, whose flight scattered them upon their Master's apprehension, are now, at night, like a dispersed covey met together by their mutual call: their assembly is secret; when the light was shut in, when the doors were shut up. Still were they fearful, still were the Jews malicious. The assured tidings of their Master's resurrection and life hath filled their hearts with joy and wonder. While their thoughts and speech are taken up with so happy a subject, his miraculous and sudden presence bids their senses be witnesses of his reviving and their happiness.

“When the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.”

O Saviour, how thou camest in thither, I wonder, I inquire not: I know not what a glorified body can do; I know there is nothing that thou canst not do. Had not thine entrance been recorded for strange and supernatural, why was thy standing in the midst noted before thy passage into the room? why were the doors said to be shut while thou camest in? why were thy disciples amazed to see thee, ere they heard thee? Doubtless, they that once before took thee for a spirit, when thou didst walk upon the waters, could not

but be astonifhed to fee thee, while the doors were barred, without any noife of thine entrance, to ftand in the midft: well might they think, thou couldft not thus be there, if thou wert not the God of fpirits. There might feem more fcruple of thy reality than of thy power; and therefore, after thy wonted greeting, thou fheweft them thy hands and thy feet, ftamped with the impreffions of thy late fufferings. Thy refpiration fhall argue the truth of thy life. Thou breatheft on them as a man, thou givest them thy Spirit as a God; and as God and man thou fendft them on the great errand of thy gofpel.

All the mifts of their doubts are now difpelled, the fun breaks out clear. “They were glad when they had feen the Lord.” Had they known thee for no other than a mere man, this re-appearance could not but have affrighted them, fince till now by thine almighty power this was never done, that the long-fince dead rofe out of their graves, and appeared unto many: but when they recounted the miraculous works that thou hadft done, and thought of Lazarus fo lately raifed, thine approved Deity gave them confidence, and thy prefence joy.

We cannot but be lofers by our abfence from holy affemblies. Where wert thou, O Thomas, when the reft of that facred family were met together? Had thy fear put thee to fo long a flight, that as yet thou wert not returned to thy fellows? or didft thou fuffer other occafions to detain thee from this happinefs? Now, for the time, thou miffedft that divine breath which fo comfortably infpired the reft; now thou art fuffered to fall into that weak diftruft which thy prefence had prevented. They told thee, “We have feen the Lord;” was not this enough? would no eyes ferve thee but thine own? were thy ears to no ufe for thy faith? “Except I fee in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thruft my hand into his fide, I will not believe.”

“believe.” Suspicious man, who is the worse for that? whose is the loss if thou believe not? is there no certainty but in thine own senses? why were not so many and so holy eyes and tongues as credible as thine own hands and eyes? how little wert thou yet acquainted with the ways of faith? “Faith comes by hearing;” these are the tongues that must win the whole world to an assent, and dost thou the first man detrect to yield? Why was that word so hard to pass? Had not that thy divine Master foretold thee with the rest that he must be crucified, and the third day rise again? Is any thing related to be done, but that which was fore-promised? any thing beyond the sphere of divine omnipotence? Go then, and please thyself in thine over-wise incredulity, while thy fellows are happy in believing.

It is a whole week that Thomas rests in this sullen unbelief; in all which time doubtless his ears were beaten with the many constant assertions of the holy women, the first witnesses of the resurrection, as also of the two disciples walking to Emmaus, whose hearts, burning within them, had set their tongues on fire in a zealous relation of those happy occurrences, with the assured reports of the rising and re-appearance of many saints, in attendance of the Lord and giver of life: yet still he struggles with his own distrust, and stiffly suspends his belief to that truth whereof he cannot deny himself enough convinced. As all bodies are not equally apt to be wrought upon by the same medicine, so are not all souls by the same means of faith; one is refractory, while others are pliable. O Saviour, how justly mightst thou have left this man to his own pertinency? whom could he have thanked, if he had perished in his unbelief? But, O thou good Shepherd of Israel, that couldst be content to leave the ninety and nine to go fetch one stray in the wilderness, how careful wert thou to reduce this straggler to his fellows? Right so were thy disciples re-assembled,

such was the season, the place the same, so were the doors shut up, when, that unbelieving disciple being now present with the rest, thou so camest in, so stoodst in the midst, so shewedst thy hands and feet, and, singling out thy incredulous client, invitest his eyes to see, and his fingers to handle thine hands, and his hand to be thrust into thy side, that he might not be faithless, but faithful.

Blessed Jesu, how thou pitiest the errors and infirmities of thy servants? even when we are froward in our misconceits, and worthy of nothing but desertion, how thou followest us, and overtakeest us with mercy; and in thine abundant compassion wilt reclaim and save us, when either we meant not, or would not? By how much more unworthy those eyes and hands were to see and touch that immortal and glorious body, by so much more wonderful was thy goodness, in condescending to satisfy that curious infidelity. Neither do I hear thee so much as to chide that weak obstinacy. It was not long since thou didst sharply take up the two disciples that walked to Emmaus; “O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!” but this was under the disguise of an unknown traveller, upon the way, when they were alone: now thou speakst with thine own tongue, before all thy disciples; instead of rebuking, thou only exhorteest: “Be not faithless, but faithful.”

Behold, thy mercy no less than thy power hath melted the congealed heart of thy unbelieving follower; “Then Thomas answered and said unto him, my Lord, and my God.” I do not hear, that when it came to the issue, Thomas employed his hands in this trial: his eyes were now sufficient assurance; the sense of his Master’s omniscience, in this particular challenge of him, spared perhaps the labour of a further disquisition. And now how happily was that doubt bestowed, which brought forth so faithful a confession, “My Lord, my God?”

I hear

I hear not such a word from those that believed. It was well for us, it was well for thee, O Thomas, that thou distrustedst, else neither had the world received so perfect an evidence of that resurrection whereon all our salvation dependeth, neither hadst thou yielded so pregnant and divine an stipulation to thy blessed Saviour. Now thou dost not only profess his resurrection, but his Godhead too, and thy happy interest in both. And now, if they be blessed that have not seen, and yet believed; blessed art thou also that, having seen, hast thus believed: and blessed be thou, O God, who knowest how to make advantage of the infirmities of thy chosen, for the promoting of their salvation, the confirmation of thy church, the glory of thine own name. Amen.

CONTEMP. XXXIV. *The ASCENSION.*

IT stood not with thy purpose, O Saviour, to ascend immediately from thy grave into heaven; thou meantst to take the earth in thy way, not for a sudden passage, but for a leisurely conversation. Upon thine Easter-day thou spakest of thine ascension; but thou wouldst have forty days interposed: Hadst thou merely respected thine own glory, thou hadst instantly changed thy grave for thy Paradise; for so much the sooner hadst thou been possessed of thy Father's joy. We would not continue in a dungeon, when we might be in a palace: but thou, who for our sakes vouchsafedst to descend from heaven to earth, wouldst now, in the upshot, have a gracious regard to us in thy return.

Thy death had troubled the hearts of many disciples, who thought that condition too mean to be compatible with the glory of the Messiah; and thoughts of diffidence were apt to seize upon the holiest breasts. So long therefore wouldst thou hold footing upon earth, till the world were fully convinced of the in-

fallible evidences of thy resurrection; of all which time thou only canst give an account. It was not for flesh and blood to trace the ways of immortality; neither was our frail, corruptible, sinful nature a meet companion for thy now glorified humanity: the glorious angels of heaven were now thy fittest attendants. But yet how oft did it please thee graciously to impart thyself this while unto men; and not only to appear unto thy disciples, but to renew unto them the familiar forms of thy wonted conversation, in conferring, walking, eating with them? And now, when thou drewest near to thy last parting, thou, who hadst many times shewed thyself before to thy several disciples, thoughtst meet to assemble them altogether, for an universal valediction.

Who can be too rigorous in censuring the ignorances of well-meaning Christians, when he sees the domestic followers of Christ, even after his resurrection, mistake the main end of his coming in the flesh? "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" They saw their Master now out of the reach of all Jewish envy; they saw his power illimited and irresistible; they saw him stay so long upon earth, that they might imagine he meant to fix his abode there; and what should he do there but reign? and wherefore should they be now assembled, but for the choice and distribution of offices, and for the ordering of the affairs of that state which was now to be vindicated? O weak thoughts of well-instructed disciples! What should an heavenly body do in an earthly throne? How should a spiritual life be employed in secular care? How poor a business is the temporal kingdom of Israel for the king of heaven? And even yet, O blessed Saviour, I do not hear thee sharply controul this erroneous conceit of thy mistaken followers; thy mild correction insists rather upon the time, than the misconceived substance of that restoration. It was thy gracious purpose, that thy Spirit should

should by degrees rectify their judgments, and illuminate them with thy divine truths; in the mean time, it was sufficient to raise up their hearts to an expectation of that Holy Ghost, which should shortly lead them into all needful and requisite verities. And now, with a gracious promise of that Spirit of thine, with a careful charge renewed unto thy disciples for the promulgation of thy gospel, with an heavenly benediction of all thine acclaiming attendance, thou takest leave of earth; "When he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight."

O happy parting, fit for the Saviour of mankind, answerable to that divine conversation, to that succeeding glory! O blessed Jesu, let me so far imitate thee, as to depart hence with a blessing in my mouth; let my soul, when it is stepping over the threshold of heaven, leave behind it a legacy of peace and happiness.

It was from the mount of Olives that thou tookst thy rise into heaven. Thou mightst have ascended from the valley; all the globe of earth was alike to thee: but, since thou wert to mount upward, thou wouldst take so much advantage as that stair of ground would afford thee; thou wouldst not use the help of a miracle in that wherein nature offered her ordinary service. What difficulty had it been for thee to have stayed up from the very center of earth? But, since thou hadst made hills so much nearer unto heaven, thou wouldst not neglect the benefit of thy own creation. Where we have common helps, we may not depend upon supernatural provisions; we may not strain the divine Providence to the supply of our negligence, or the humouring of our presumption. Thou, that couldst always have walked upon the sea, wouldst walk so but once, when thou wantedst shipping: thou, to whom the highest mountains were but vallies, wouldst walk up to an hill, to ascend thence

into heaven. O God, teach me to bleſs thee for means, when I have them, and to truſt thee for means, when I have them not; yea, to truſt to thee without means, when I have no hope of them.

What hill was this thou choſeſt, but the mount of Olives? thy pulpit, ſhall I call it, or thine oratory? the place from whence thou haſt went to ſhower down thine heavenly doctrine upon the hearers; the place whence thou haſt went to ſend up thy prayers unto thy heavenly Father; the place that ſhared with the temple for both: in the day-time thou wert preaching in the temple, in the night praying in the mount of Olives. On this very hill was the bloody ſweat of thine agony; now is it the mount of thy triumph. From this mount of Olives did flow that oil of gladneſs wherewith thy church is everlaſtingly reſreſhed. That God, that uſes to puniſh us in the ſame kind wherein we have offended, retributes alſo to us in the ſame kind and circumſtances wherein we have been afflicted. To us alſo, O Saviour, even to us thy unworthy members, doſt thou ſeaſonably vouchſafe to give a proportionable joy to our heavineſs, laughter to our mourning, glory to contempt and ſhame. Our agonies ſhall be answered with exaltation.

Whither then, O bleſſed Jeſu, whither didſt thou aſcend? whither but home into thine heaven? From the mountain wert thou taken up, and what but heaven is above the hills? Lo, theſe are thoſe mountains of ſpices which thy ſpouſe, the church, long ſince deſired thee to climb. Thou haſt now climbed up that infinite ſteepneſs, and has left all ſublimity below thee. Already haſt thou approved thyſelf the Lord and commander of earth, of ſea, of hell. The earth confeſt thee her Lord, when at thy voice ſhe rendered thee thy Lazarus; when ſhe ſhook at thy paſſion, and gave up her dead ſaints. The ſea acknowledged thee, in that it became a pavement to thy feet, and, at thy command, to the feet of thy diſciple; in that
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it became thy treasury for thy tribute money. Hell found and acknowledged thee, in that thou conqueredst all the powers of darkness; even him that had the power of death, the devil. It now only remained, that, as the Lord of the air, thou shouldst pass through all the regions of that yielding element; and, as Lord of heaven, thou shouldst pass through all the glorious contignations thereof, that so “ every knee
“ might bow to thee, both in heaven, and in earth,
“ and under the earth.”

Thou hadst an everlasting right to that heaven that should be; an undoubted possession of it ever since it was; yea, even while thou didst cry and sprawl in the manger, while thou didst hang upon the cross, while thou wert sealed up in thy grave; but thine human nature had not taken actual possession of it till now. Like as it was in thy true type, David, he had right to the kingdom of Israel immediately upon his anointing; but yet many an hard brunt did he pass ere he had the full possession of it, in his ascent to Hebron. I see now, O blessed Jesu, I see where thou art; even far above all heavens, at the right hand of thy Father's glory. This is the far country into which the nobleman went to receive for himself a kingdom; far off to us, to thee near, yea intrinsical. O do thou raise up my heart thither to thee; place thou my affections upon thee above, and teach me therefore to love heaven because thou art there.

How then, O blessed Saviour, how didst thou ascend? “ While they beheld, he was taken up, and
“ a cloud received him out of their sight.” So wast thou taken up, as that the act was thine own, the power of the act none but thine. Thou that descendedst wast the same that ascendedst; as in thy descent there was no use of any power or will but thine own, no more was there in thine ascent. Still and ever wert thou the master of thine own acts. Thou laidst down thy own life, no man took it from thee;

thee; thou raisedst up thyself from death, no hand did or could help thee; thou carriedst up thine own glorified flesh, and placedst it in heaven. The angels did attend thee, they did not aid thee: whence had they their strength but from thee? Elias ascended to heaven, but he was fetcht up in a chariot of fire; that it might appear hence, that man had need of other helps, who else could not of himself so much as lift up himself to the airy heaven, much less to the empyreal. But thou, our Redeemer, neededst no chariot, no carriage of angels: thou art the author of life and motion; they move in and from thee. 'As thou therefore didst move thyself upward, so, by the same divine power, thou wilt raise us up to the participation of thy glory. "These vile bodies shall be made like to thy glorious body, according to the working whereby thou art able to subdue all things unto thyself."

Elias had but one witness of his rapture into heaven; St. Paul had none, no not himself, for, "whether in the body, or out of the body," he knew not. Thou, O blessed Jesu, wouldst neither have all eyes witnesses of thine ascension, nor yet too few. As, after thy resurrection, thou didst not set thyself upon the pinnacle of the temple, nor yet publicly shew thyself within it, as making thy presence too cheap; but madest choice of those eyes whom thou wouldst bless with the sight of thee; thou wert seen indeed of five hundred at once, but they were brethren: so, in thine ascension, thou didst not carry all Jerusalem promiscuously forth with thee, to see thy glorious departure, but only that selected company of thy disciples which had attended thee in thy life. Those, who immediately upon thine ascending returned to Jerusalem, were an hundred and twenty persons: a competent number of witnesses, to verify that thy miraculous and triumphant passage into thy glory. Lo, those only were thought worthy to behold thy majestic ascent, which had
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been partners with thee in thy humiliation. Still thou wilt have it thus with us, O Saviour, and we embrace the condition: if we will converse with thee in thy lowly estate here upon earth, wading with thee through contempt and manifold afflictions, we shall be made happy with the sight and communion of thy glory above.

O my soul, be thou now, if ever, ravished with the contemplation of this comfortable and blessed farewell of thy Saviour. What a sight was this, how full of joyful assurance, of spiritual consolation? Methinks I see it still with their eyes, how thou, my glorious Saviour, didst leisurely and insensibly rise up from thine Olivet, taking leave of thine acclaiming disciples, now left below thee, with gracious eyes, with heavenly benedictions. Methinks, I see how they followed thee with eager and longing eyes, with arms lifted up, as if they had wished them winged, to have soared up after thee. And if Elijah gave assurance to his servant Elisha, that, if he should behold him in that rapture, his master's spirit should be doubled upon him; what an accession of the spirit of joy and confidence must needs be to thy happy disciples in seeing thee thus gradually rising up to thy heaven? O how unwillingly did their intentive eyes let go so blessed an object! How unwelcome was that cloud that interposed itself betwixt thee and them, and, closing up itself, left only a glorious splendor behind it, as the bright track of thine ascension? Of old, here below, the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud; now, afar off in the sky, the cloud intercepted this heavenly glory; if distance did not rather do it than that bright meteor. Their eyes attended thee on thy way so far as their beams would reach; when they could go no farther, the cloud received thee. Lo, yet even that very screen, whereby thou wert taken off from all earthly view, was no other than glorious: how much rather do all the beholders fix their sight upon that cloud, than upon

upon the best piece of the firmament? Never was the sun itself gazed on with so much intention. With what long looks, with what astonished acclamations did these transported beholders follow thee, their ascending Saviour? as if they would have look'd through that cloud, and that heaven, that hid thee from them.

But, O what tongue of the highest archangel of heaven can express the welcome of thee, the King of glory, into those blessed regions of immortality? Surely the empyreal heaven never resounded with so much joy; God ascended with jubilation, and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet. It is not for us, weak and finite creatures, to wish to conceive those incomprehensible, spiritual, divine gratulations, that the glorious Trinity gave to the victorious and now glorified human nature. Certainly, if, when he brought his only begotten Son into the world, he said, "Let all the angels worship him;" much more now that he "ascends on high, and hath led captivity captive, hath he given him a name above all names, that at the name of JESUS all knees should bow." And if the holy angels did so carol at his birth, in the very entrance into that state of humiliation and infirmity, with what triumph did they receive him, now returning from the perfect achievement of man's redemption? and if, when his type had vanquished Goliath, and carried the head into Jerusalem, the damsels came forth to meet him with dances and timbrels; how shall we think those angelical spirits triumphed, in meeting of the great Conqueror of hell and death? How did they sing, "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in?"

Surely, as he shall come, so he went: and, "Behold he shall come with thousands of his holy ones; thousand thousands ministred unto him, and ten thousand thousands stood before him:" from all whom, methinks I hear that blessed applause,
 "Worthy

“ Worthy is the Lamb that was killed, to receive
“ power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and
“ honour, and glory, and praise: praise, and ho-
“ nour, and glory, and power, be to him that sitteth
“ upon the throne, and to the Lamb for evermore.”

And why dost not thou, O my soul, help to bear thy part with that happy choir of heaven? Why art not thou rapt out of my bosom with an ecstasy of joy, to see this human nature of ours exalted above all the powers of heaven, adored of angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, and all those mighty and glorious spirits, and sitting there crowned with infinite glory and majesty?

Although little would it avail thee, that our nature is thus honoured, if the benefit of this ascension did not reflect upon thee. How many are miserable enough in themselves, notwithstanding the glory of their human nature in Christ? None, but those that are found in him, are the happier by him; who but the members are the better for the glory of the head? O Saviour, how should our weakness have ever hoped to climb into heaven, if thou hadst not gone before, and made way for us? It is for us, that thou the fore-runner art entered in. Now thy church hath her wish, “ Draw me, and I shall run after
“ thee.” Even so, O blessed Jesu, how ambitiously should we follow thee with the paces of love and faith, and aspire towards thy glory? Thou, that art “ the way,” hast made the way to thyself and us: “ Thou didst humble thyself, and becamest obedient
“ to the death, even the death of the cross; there-
“ fore hath God also highly exalted thee;” and upon the same terms will not fail to advance us: we see thy track before us, of humility and obedience. O teach me to follow thee in the roughest ways of obedience, in the bloody paths of death, that I may at last overtake thee in those high steps of immortality.

Amongst those millions of angels that attended this
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this triumphant ascension of thine, O Saviour, some are appointed to this lower station, to comfort thine astonished disciples, in the certain assurance of thy no-less glorious return; "Two men stood by them in white apparel." They stood by them, they were not of them; they seemed men, they were angels; men, for their familiarity; two, for more certainty of testimony; in white, for the joy of thine ascension.

The angels formerly celebrated thy nativity with songs: but we do not find, they then appeared in white: thou wert then to undergo much sorrow, many conflicts; it was the vale of tears into which thou wert come down. So soon as thou wert risen, the women saw an angel, in the form of a young man clothed in white; and now, so soon as thou art ascended, two men clothed in white stand by thy disciples: thy task was now done, thy victory atchieved, and nothing remained but a crown, which was now set upon thy head. Justly therefore were those blessed angels suited with the robes of light and joy. And why should our garments be of any other colour? why should oil be wanting to our heads, when the eyes of our faith see thee thus ascended? It is for us, O Saviour, that thou art gone to prepare a place in those celestial mansions; it is for us that thou sittest at the right-hand of Majesty. It is a piece of thy divine prayer to thy Father, that "those whom he hath given thee, may be with thee." To every bleeding soul thou sayest still, as thou didst to Peter, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me hereafter. In assured hope of this glory, why do I not rejoice, and, before hand, walk in white with thine angels, that, at the last, I may walk with thee in white?"

Little would the presence of these angels have availed, if they had not been heard as well as seen. They stand not silent therefore, but, directing their speech

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to the amazed beholders, say, "Ye men of Galilee, " why stand ye gazing into heaven?" What a question was this? could any of those two hundred and forty eyes have power to turn themselves off to any other object than that cloud, and that point of heaven where they left their ascended Saviour? Surely every one of them were so fixed, that had not the speech of these angels called them off, there they had set up their rest till the darkness of night had interposed. Pardon me, O ye blessed angels; had I been there with them, I should also have been unwilling to have had mine eyes pulled off from that dear prospect, and diverted unto you. Never could they have gazed so happily as now. If but some great man be advanced to honour over our heads, how apt we are to stand at a gaze, and to eye him as some strange meteor? let the sun but shine a little upon these dials, how are they looked at by all passengers? Yet, alas, what can earthly advancement make us other than we are, dust and ashes, which, the higher it is blown, the more it is scattered? O how worthy is the King of glory to command our eyes, now in the highest pitch of his heavenly exaltation? Lord, I can never look enough at the place where thou art; but what eye could be satisfied with seeing the way that thou wentest?

It was not the purpose of these angels to check the long looks of these faithful disciples after their ascended Master; it was only a change of eyes that they intended, of carnal for spiritual, of the eye of sense for the eye of faith. "This same Jesus, which is " taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in " like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Look not after him, O ye weak disciples, as so departed that ye shall see him no more; if he be gone, yet he is not lost; those heavens that received him shall restore him; neither can those blessed mansions decrease his glory. Ye have seen him ascend upon
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the chariot of a bright cloud; and, in the clouds of heaven, ye shall see him descend again to his last judgment. He is gone: can it trouble you to know you have an advocate in heaven? Strive not now so much to exercise your bodily eyes in looking after him, as the eyes of your souls in looking for him.

Ye cannot, O ye blessed spirits, with other than well to mankind. How happy a diversion of eyes and thoughts is this that you advise? If it be our sorrow to part with our Saviour, yet, to part with him into heaven, it is our comfort and felicity; if his absence could be grievous, his return shall be happy and glorious.

Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly: in the meanwhile, it is not heaven that can keep thee from me; it is not earth that can keep me from thee: raise thou up my soul to a life of faith with thee; let me ever enjoy thy conversation, whilst I expect thy return.

F I N I S.

