

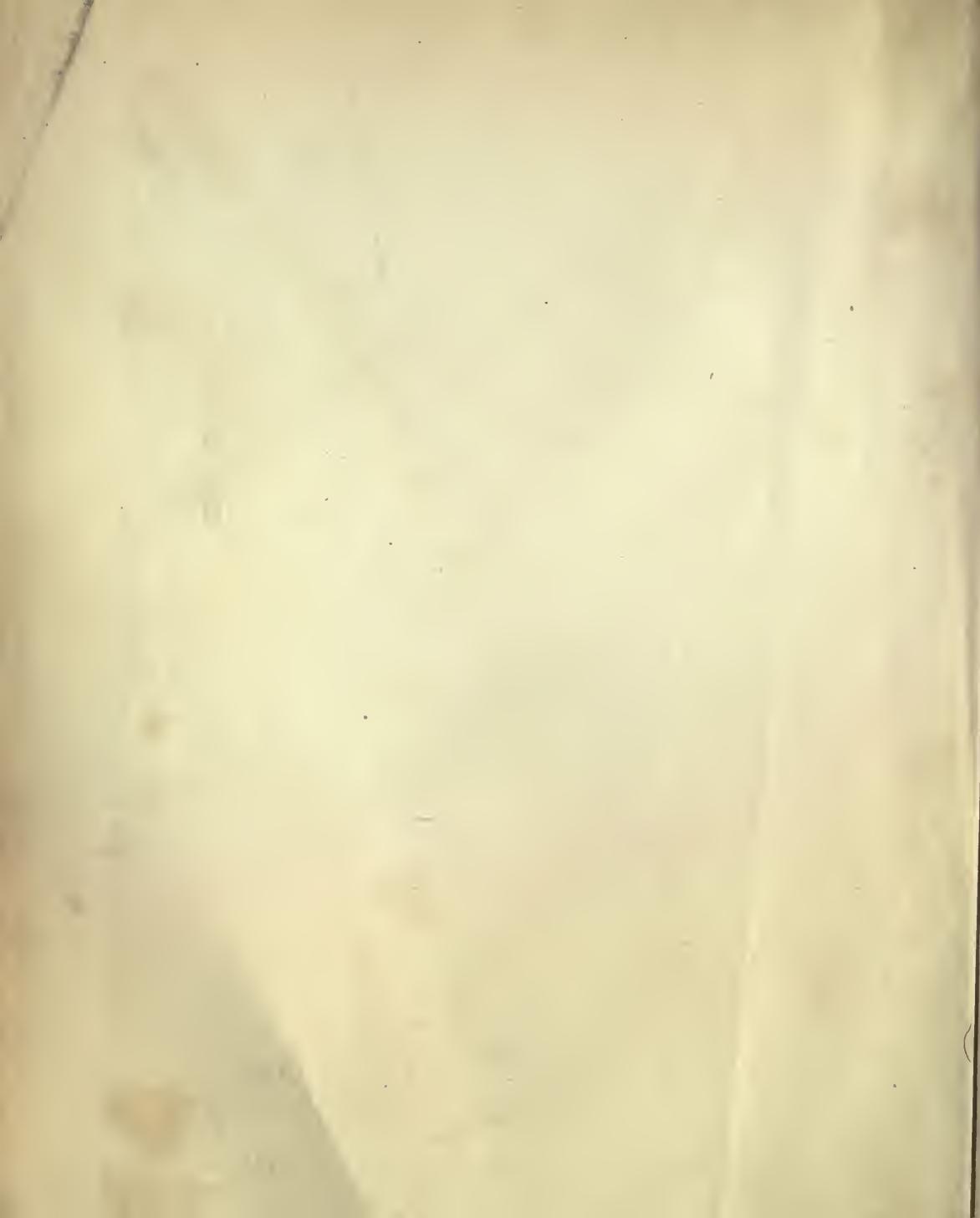
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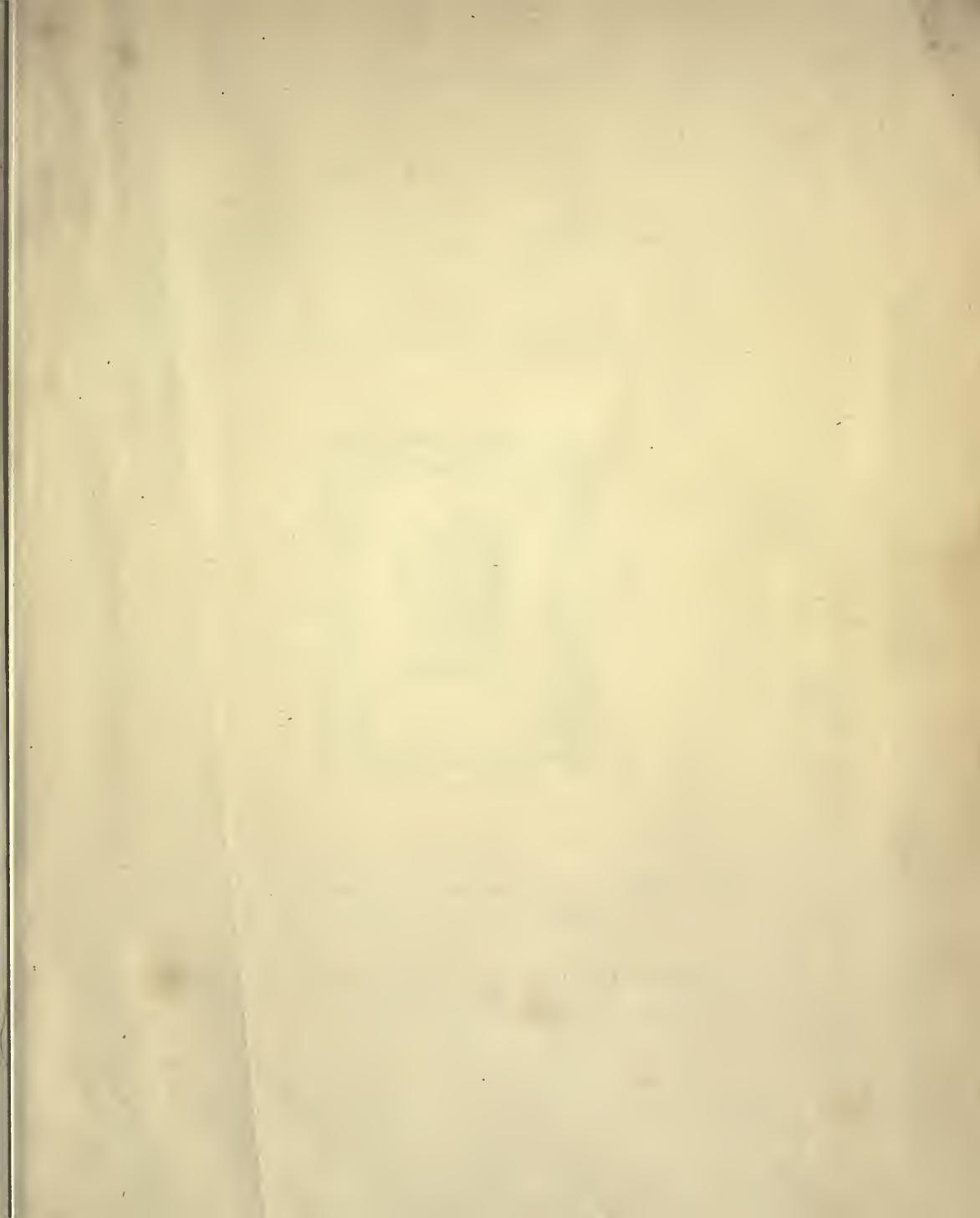


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RESOLVES,  
DIVINE, MORAL, POLITICAL.

BY

OWEN FELLTHAM, ESQ.



LONDON:

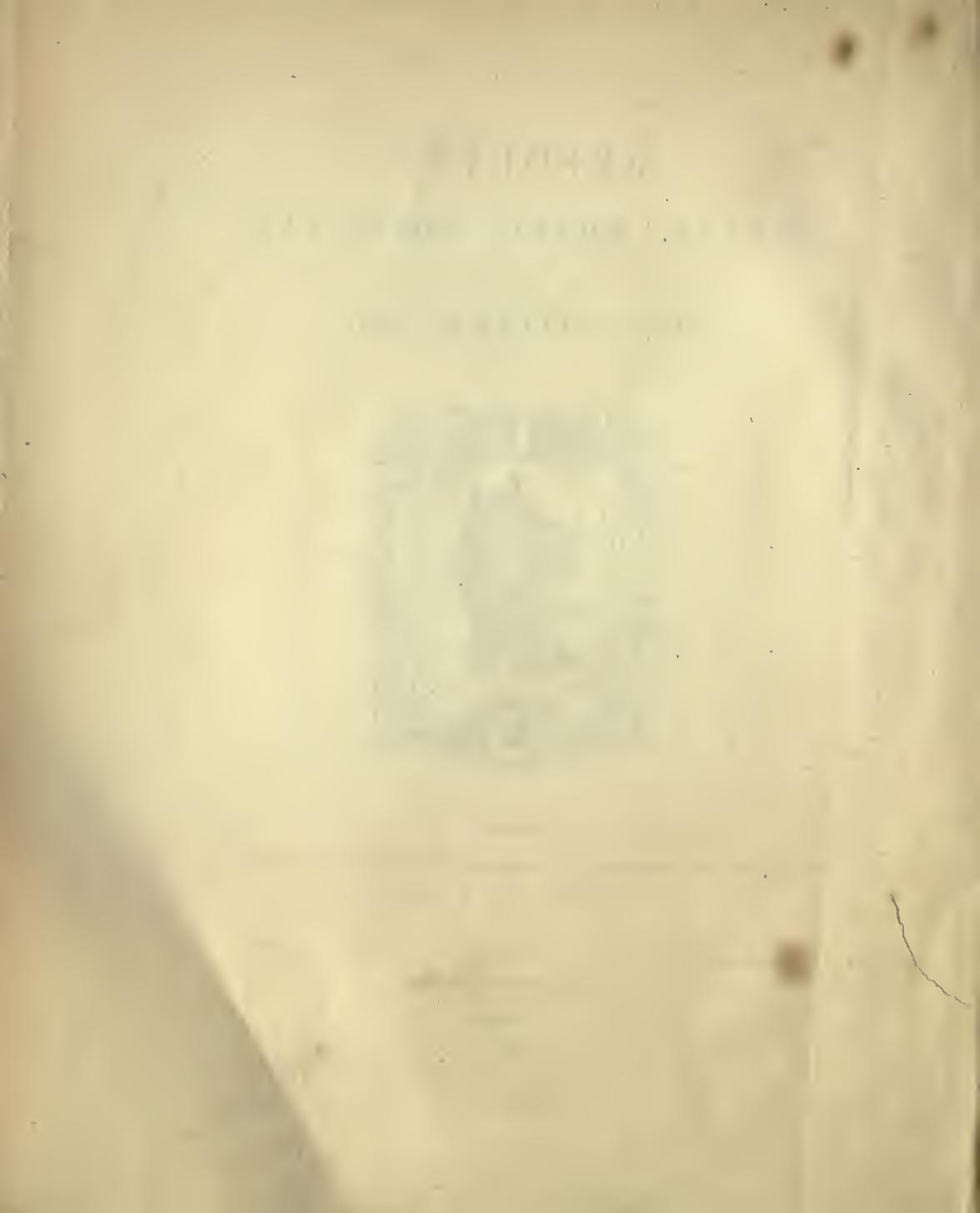
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*IT is an undoubted fact, that there is an increasing love and demand for really sound Literature ; and if we look to the religious world, we there see an anxious enquiry for the works of our old Divines ; and that reprints are issuing forth in every shape, from the quarto down to the 64mo. It is the knowledge of this fact, that has induced the Publishers to reprint the present Edition of "OWEN FELLTHAM'S RESOLVES," the book has been a long time announced, but they have not been at liberty to send it forth till now ; but Owen Felltham is at any, and at all times seasonable, he is an Author full of truth, and suited to all readers, and the more he is read, the more admired he will be ! his style is quaint, but the very quaintness is refreshing. The Publishers have printed this Edition without taking any liberties with the text, the only alteration being in the spelling of the words, which to those, unacquainted with Authors of the date of Felltham's writing, might be considered typographical errors. And it was thought adviseable to adhere to the Author's own style, and expression, for it shews the change which language has since undergone, and the mode of writing which existed in that age, and therefore, interesting to remark the difference. The Publishers, therefore trust, this Edition will be received with that attention which its character so richly deserves, and that their attempt, of preventing so valuable and useful a work, from passing into oblivion, will not go unrewarded. A short account of Felltham's life is prefixed, which will, is presumed, be acceptable to the readers of this Edition.*

September, 1840,  
Bible & Crown, Market Place, Leicester.

## SHORT ACCOUNT

## OF OWEN FELLTHAM.

THERE are few writers of the same talent as our Author, of whom less is known. It appears the Fellthams were a family of great antiquity in Norfolk and Suffolk; and lived at Felltham's Manor, in Norfolk, as early as the reign of Henry III. The father of our Author lived in Suffolk, and died on the 11th of March, 1631, aged 62, and was buried at Babram, in Cambridgeshire. Owen Felltham was probably born at the beginning of the reign of James the first; but of his private history nothing is known—but it is certain he held some situation in the household of the Earl of Thomond. The "Resolves" tell us what "manner of man he was," and throw a strong light on his personal character. Owen Felltham appears never to have been in affluent circumstances; yet to have possessed enough to satisfy one of his happy frame of mind, and to enable him with his well-ordered habits, to administer to the wants and necessities of others. He was but youth when he thus spoke of himself, in one of his original Resolves, to be found only in the very early editions. "I live in a ranke, though not of the highest, yet affording more freedome, as being exempt from those suspicious cares that pricke the bosome of the wealthy man. It is such as might content my betters, and such as heaven smiles on with a gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage bee faire and

“ honeste ; and without these, who is well ? I have necessaries,  
“ and what is decent ; and when I desire it, something for pleasure.  
“ Who hath more that is needfull ? If I be not so rich, as to sow  
“ almes by sackfulls, even my mite is beyond the superfluetie of  
“ wealth ; and *my pen, my tongue, and my life, shall I hope, helpe*  
“ *some to better treasure than the earth affords them.* I have food  
“ convenient for mee ; and I sometimes find exercise to keepe my  
“ bodie healthfull ; when I doe, I make it my recreation, not my  
“ toyle. My rayment is not of the worst : but good, and than that,  
“ let mee never have better. I can be as warme, in a good kersey,  
“ as a prince, in a scarlet robe. I live where there is means of true  
“ salutation ;—my libertie is mine own : I can both frequent them,  
“ and desire to profit by them.” But we might write in praise of  
our Author almost *ad infinitum* and so to sum up, we say *read his*  
*works*, and they will speak more in his praise than all the panegyric  
of man. We cannot, however, refrain from giving a place here of an  
extract, from one of the most beautiful of his Resolves, which for  
a knowledge of human nature, is not surpassed by any.

“ In some unlucky dispositions, there is such an envious kind of  
pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be  
set forth for excellent : so that when they hear one justly praised,  
they will either seek to dismount his virtues ; or, if they be like a  
clear light, eminent, they will stab him with a butt of detraction :  
as if there were something yet so foul, as did obnubilate even his  
brightest glory. Thus when their tongue cannot justly condemn  
him, they will leave him in suspected ill, by silence. Surely, if we  
considered detraction, to be bred of envy, nested only in deficient  
minds ; we should find, that the applauding of virtue, would win us  
far more honour, than the seeking slyly to disparage it. That, would  
shew we loved what we commended ; while this tells the world, we

grudge at what we want in ourselves. Why may we not think the poet meant them for detractors, which sprung of the teeth of *Cadmus* poisoned serpent? I am sure their ends may parallel; for they usually murder one another in their fame: and where they find not spots, they devise them. It is the basest office man can fall into, to make his tongue the whipper of the worthy man, If we know vices in men, I think we can scarcely shew ourselves in a nobler virtue, than in the charity of concealing them: so it be not a flattery, persuading to continuance. And if it be in absence, even sometime that which is true, is most unbeseeming the report of a man. Who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and society, that tells the private fault of his friend to the public and depraving world? When two friends part, they should look upon one another's secrets, and interchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbours fails, than any way uncurtain them. I care not for his humour, that loves to clip the wings of a lofty fame."

RESOLVES:  
DIVINE, MORAL, POLITICAL.

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I.

*Of sudden Prosperity.*

PROSPERITY, in the beginning of a great action, many times, undoes a man in the end. Happiness is the cause of mischief. The fair chance of a treacherous die, at first flatters an improvident gamester, with his own hand, to throw away his wealth to another. —For while we expect all things laughing upon us, like those we have passed; we remit our care, and perish by neglecting. When a rich crown has newly kissed the temples of a gladdened King, where he finds all things in a golden swim, and kneeling to him with auspicious reverence, he carelessly waves himself in the swelling plenty: lays his heart into pleasures, and forgets the future; till ruin seize him before he can think it. Felicity eats up circumspection: and when that guard is wanting, we lie spread to the shot of general danger. How many have lost the victory of a battle, with too much confidence in the good fortune, which they found at the beginning: surely 'tis not good to be happy too soon. It many times undoes a noble family, to have the estate fall to the hands of an heir in minority. Witty children oft fail in their age, of what their childhood promised. This holds not true in temporal

things only, but even in spiritual. Nothing slackens the proceedings of a christian more, than the too early applause of those that are groundedly honest. This makes him think he now is far enough, and that he may rest, and breathe, and gaze. So he slides back for want of striving, to go on with increase. Good success in the midst of an action, takes a man in a firm settledness: and though he finds the event alter; yet custom before, will continue his care for afterwards. In the end, it crowns his expectation; and encourages him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may find the sequel answerable. But in the beginning, it falls like much rain as soon as the seed is sown: which does rather wash it away, than give it a moderate rooting. How many had ended better, if they had not begun so well? Pleasure can undo a man at any time, if yielded to. 'Tis an inviting gin to catch the Woodcock-man in. Croesus counselled Cyrus, if he meant to hold the Lydians in slavery, that he should teach them to sing, and play, and drink, and dance, and dally; and that would do it without his endeavour. I remember Ovid's fable of the Centoculated Argus; the Devil I compare to Mercury, his pipe to pleasure, Argus to man, his hundred eyes to our care, his sleeping to security, Iô to our soul, his transformation to the curse of God. The moral is only this; the Devil with pleasure, pipes man into security, then steals away his soul, and leaves him to the wrath of Heaven. It can ruin Anthony in the midst of his fortunes, it can spoil Hannibal after a long and glorious war: but to meet it at first, is the most danger; it then being aptest to find admission; though to meet and yield, the worst at last: because there is not then a time left for recovery. If the action be of worth that I take in hand, neither shall an ill accident discourage me, nor a good one make me careless. If it happen ill, I will be the more circumspect, by a heedful prevention

to avoid the like, in that which ensues. If it happen well, my fear shall make me warily vigilant. I will ever suspect the smooth stream for deepness; till we come to the end. Deceit is gracious company; for it always studies to be fair and pleasing: but then, like a thief, having trained us from the road, it robs us. Where all the benefit we have left, is this: that, if we have time to see how we were cozened, we may have so much happiness, as to die repenting.

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## II.

*Of Resolution.*

WHAT a skein of ruffled silk is the uncomposed man? Every thing that but offers to even him, intangles him more; as if, while you unbend him one way, he warpeth worse the other. He cannot but meet with variety of occasions, and every one of these, intertwine him in a deeper trouble. His ways are strewed with briars, and he bustles himself into his own confusion. Like a partridge in the net, he masks himself the more, by the anger of his fluttering wing. Certainly, a good resolution is the most fortifying armour that a discreet man can wear. That, can defend him against all the unwelcome shuffles that the poor rude world puts on him. Without this, like hot iron, he hisses at every drop that finds him. With this, he can be a servant as well as a Lord; and have the same inward pleasantness in the quakes and shakes of fortune, that he carries in her softest smiles. I confess, biting penury has too strong talons for mud-walled man, to grasp withal. Nature is importunate for necessities. and will try all the engines of her wit,

and power, rather than suffer her own destruction. But where she hath so much as she may live: Resolution is the only marshal that can keep her in a decent order. That which puts the loose woven mind into a whirling tempest, is by the resolute, seen, slighted, laughed at: with as much honour, more quiet, more safety. The world has nothing in it worthy a man's serious anger. The best way to perish discontentments, is either not to see them, or convert them to a dimpling mirth. How endless will be the quarrels of a choleric man, and the contentments of him that is resolved to turn indignities into things to make sport withal? 'Tis sure, nothing but experience, and collected judgment, can make a man do this: but when he has brought himself unto it, how infinite shall he find his ease? It was Zantippe's observation, that she ever found Socrates return with the same countenance that he went abroad withal. Lucan can tell us,

— *Fortunaque perdat*  
*Opposita virtute minas.*—

— All fortunes threats be lost,  
Where virtue does oppose.—

I wish no man so spiritless, as to let all abuses press the dulness of a willing shoulder: but I wish him an able discretion, to discern which are fit to be stirred in, and those to prosecute for no other end, but to shew the injury was more to virtue, and dear nature's justice, than to himself. Every man should be equity's champion: because it is that eternal pillar, whereon the world is founded. In high and mountained fortunes resolution is necessary, to insafe us from the thefts, and wiles of prosperity: which steal us away,

not only from ourselves, but virtue: and for the most part, like a long peace, softly delivers us into impoverishing war. In the wane of fortune, Resolution is likewise necessary, to guard us from the discontents that usually assail the poor dejected man. For all the world will beat the man, whom fortune buffets. And unless by this, he can turn off the blows; he shall be sure to feel the greatest burden, in his own sad mind. A wise man makes a trouble less, by fortitude: but to a fool, 'tis heavier by his stooping to it. I would fain bring myself to that pass, that I might not make my happiness depend on another's judgment. But as I would never do any thing dishonestly: so I would never fear the immaterial wind of censure, when it is done. He that steers by that gale, is ever in danger of wreck. Honesty is a warrant of far more safety than fame. I will never be ashamed of that which bears her seal: As knowing 'tis only pride's being in fashion, that hath put honest humility out of countenance. As for the crackers of the brain, and tongue-squibs, they will die alone, if I shall not revive them. The best way to have them forgotten by others, is first to forget them myself. This will keep myself in quiet, and by a noble not-caring, harrow the intender's bosom: who will ever fret most, when he finds his designs most frustrate. Yet, in all these, I will something respect custom, because she is magnified in that world, wherein I am one. But when she parts from just reason, I shall rather displease her by parting; than offend in her company. I would have all men set up their rest, for all things that this world can yield: yet so, as they build upon a surer foundation than themselves: otherwise, that which should have been their foundation, will surely cross them; and that is, GOD.

## III.

*A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.*

I WILL take heed both of a speedy friend, and a slow enemy. Love is never lasting, that flames before it burns. And hate, like wetted coals, throws a fiercer heat, when fire gets the mastery. As the first may quickly fail: so the latter will hardly be altered. Early fruits rot soon; as quick-wits have seldom sound judgments, which should make them continue: so friendship kindled suddenly, is rarely found with the durability of affection. Enduring love is ever built on virtue; which no man can see in another at once. He that fixeth upon her, shall find a beauty that will every day take him with some new grace or other. I like that love, which by a soft ascension, fastens itself in the soul. As for an enemy that is long a making: he is much the worse, for being ill no sooner. I count him as the actions of a wise state, which being long in resolving, are in their execution sudden, and striking home. He hates not but with cause, that is unwilling to hate at all. If I must have both, give me rather a friend on foot, and an enemy on horseback. I may persuade the one to stay, while the other may be galloping from me.

## IV.

*Of the ends of Virtue and Vice.*

VIRTUE and Vice never differ so much, as in the end; at least, their difference is never so much upon the view, as then. And this, I think, is one reason, why so many judgments are seduced in pur-

suit of ill. They imagine not their last act will be tragical; because their former scenes have all been Comedy. The end is so far off, that they see not those stabbing shames, that await them in a killing ambush. If it were nearer, yet their own dim sight would leave them undiscovered. And the same thing that encourageth Vice, discourageth Virtue. For, by her rugged way, and the resistance that she finds in her passage; she is oft persuaded to step into Vice's path: which while she findeth smooth, she never perceiveth slippery. Vice's road is paved with ice; inviting by the eye, but tripping up the heel, to the hazard of a wound, or drowning. Whereas Virtue is like the passage of Hannibal over the Alps; a work of a trying toil, of infinite danger. But once performed, it lets him into the world's garden, Italy: and withal, leaves him a fame as lasting, as those which he did conquer, with his most unused weapon of war, Vinegar. Doubtless the world hath nothing so glorious as Virtue: as virtue when she rides triumphant. When like a Phœbean Champion, she hath routed the army of her enemies, flatted their strongest forts, brought the mightiest of her foes, in a chained subjection, to humour the motions of her thronged chariot, and be the gaze of the abusive world. Vice, at best, is but a diseased Harlot: all whose commendation is, that she is painted.

*Sed locum virtus habet inter astra,  
 Vere dum flores venient tepenti,  
 Et comam silvis hiemes recident,  
 Vel comam silvis revocabit ætas.  
 Pomaq; Autumno fugiente cedent,  
 Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas.  
 Tu Comes Phœbo, comes ibis astris.*

But Virtue's throned among the Stars,  
And while the Spring warms th' infant bud,  
Or Winter balds the shag-hair'd wood:  
While Summer gives new locks to all,  
And fruits full ripe, in Autumn fall,  
Thou shalt remain, and still shalt be,  
For Stars, for Phœbus, company.

Is a rapture of the lofty Tragedian. Her presence is a dignity, which amazes the beholder with encircling rays. The conceit of her actions, begets admiration in others, and that admiration both infuseth a joy in her, and inflames her magnanimity more. The good honour her, for the love of the like, that they find in themselves. The bad, though they repine inwardly, yet shame (which is for the most part an effect of base Vice,) now goes before the action, and commands their baser hearts to silence. On the other side, what a monster, what a Painter's Devil is Vice, either in her bared skin, or her own ensordid rags? Her own guilt, and the detestation which she finds from others, set up two great Hells, in her one little, narrow, heart; horror, shame; and that which most of all doth gall her, is, that she finds their flames are inextinguishable. Outwardly, sometimes she may appear like Virtue: for all the several gems in Virtue, Vice hath counterfeit stones, wherewith she gulls the ignorant. But there be two main reasons which shall make me Virtue's lover: for her inside, for her end. And for the same reasons will I hate vice. If I find there be a difference in their ways, I will yet think of them, as of the two sons in the Gospel; whereof Virtue said he would not go in the vineyard, yet did. And Vice, though he promised to go, desisted.

## V.

*Of Puritans.*

I FIND many that are called Puritans; yet few, or none, that will own the name. Whereof the reason sure is this; that it is for the most part held a name of infamy; and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtained a definition: nor is it an appellation derived from one man's name, whose tenets we may find, digested into a volume: whereby we do much err in the application. It imports a kind of excellency above another: which man (being conscious of his own frail bendings) is ashamed to assume to himself. So that I believe there are men which would be Puritans: but indeed not any that are. One will have him, one that lives religiously, and will not revel it in a shoreless excess. Another, him that separates from our Divine assemblies. Another, him that in some tenets only is peculiar. Another, him that will not swear. Absolutely to define him, is a work, I think, of difficulty; some I know that rejoice in the name; but sure they be such, as least understand it. As he is more generally in these times taken, I suppose we may call him a Church-rebel, or one that would exclude order, that his brain might rule: To decline offences; to be careful and conscionable in our several actions, is a purity, that every man ought to labour for, which we may well do, without a sullen segregation from all society. If there be any privileges, they are surely granted to the children of the king; which are those that are the children of heaven. If mirth and recreations be lawful, sure such a one may lawfully use it. If wine were given to cheer the heart, why should I fear to use it for that end? Surely, the merry soul is freer from intended mischief than the thoughtful man. A bounded

mirth, is a patent, adding time and happiness to the crazed life of man. Yet if Laertius reports him rightly, Plato deserves a censure, for allowing drunkenness at festivals; because, says he, as then, the Gods themselves reach wines to present men. God delights in nothing more, than in a cheerful heart, careful to perform him service. What parent is it, that rejoiceth not to see his child pleasant, in the limits of filial duty? I know, we read of Christ's weeping, not of his laughter: yet we see, he graceth a feast with his first miracle; and that, a feast of joy: and can we think that such a meeting could pass without the noise of laughter? What a lump of quickened care is the melancholic man? Change anger into mirth, and the precept will hold good still.—Be merry but sin not. As there be many, that in their life assume too great a liberty; so I believe there are some, that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use. Ignorance is an ill steward, to provide for either soul, or body. A man that submits to reverent order, that sometimes unbends himself in a moderate relaxation; and in all, labours to approve himself, in the sereneness of a healthful conscience: such a Puritan I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but ceremonial, shall spurn at the grave authority of the Church, and out of a needless nicety, be a thief to himself, of those benefits which God hath allowed him: or out of a blind and uncharitable pride, censure, and scorn others, as reprobates: or out of obstinacy, fill the world with brawls, about undeterminable tenets: I shall think him one of those, whose opinion hath fevered his zeal to madness and distraction. I have more faith in one Solomon, than in a thousand Dutch parlours of such opinionists. Behold then; what I have seen good!—That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he travaileth under the sun, the whole number of the days of his life, which God

giveth him. For this is his portion. Nay, there is no profit to man, but that he eat, and drink, and delight his soul with the profit of his labour. For, he that saw other things but *vanity*, saw this also, that it was the hand of God. Methinks the reading of Ecclesiastes, should make a Puritan undress his brain, and lay off all those fanatic toys that gingle about his understanding. For my own part, I think the world hath not better men, than some, that suffer under that name: nor withal, more *scelestique* villains. For, when they are once elated with that pride, they so contemn others, that they infringe the laws of all human society.

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## VI.

*Of Arrogancy.*

I NEVER yet found Pride in a noble nature: nor humility in an unworthy mind. It may seem strange to an inconsiderate eye, that such a poor violet virtue, should ever dwell with honour: and that such an aspiring fume as pride is, should ever sojourn with a constant baseness. 'Tis sure, we seldom find it, but in such, as being conscious of their own deficiency, think there is no way to get honour, but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather than want fame, they would with a rude assault, deflower her: which indeed, is the way to lose it. Honour like a noble virgin, will never agree to grace the man that ravisheth. If she be not won by courtesy, she will never love truly. To offer violence to so choice a beauty, is the way to be contemned and lose. 'Tis he that hath nothing else to commend him, which would invade men's good opinions, by a mis-becoming sauciness. If you search for high and strained car-

riages; you shall for the most part, meet with them, in low men. Arrogance, is a weed, that ever grows in a dunghill. 'Tis from the rankness of that soil, that she hath her height and spreadings: Witness clowns, fools, and fellows that from nothing, are lifted some few steps upon fortune's ladder: where, seeing the glorious representment of honour, above; they are so greedy of embracing, that they strive to leap thither at once: so by over-reaching themselves in the way, they fail of the end, and fall. And all this happens, either for want of education, which should season their minds with the generous precepts of morality; or, which is more powerful; Example: or else, for lack of a discerning judgment, which will tell them, that the best way thither, is to go about, by humility and desert. Otherwise, the river of contempt runs betwixt them and it: and if they go not by these passages, they must of necessity either turn back with shame, or suffer in the desperate venture. Of all trees, I observe God hath chosen the Vine, a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall.—Of all beasts, the soft and patient Lamb.—Of all fowls, the mild and gall-less Dove. CHRIST is the rose of the field, and the lilly of the valley. When GOD appeared to Moses; it was not in the lofty Cedar, not the sturdy Oak, nor the spreading Plane; but in a Bush; an humble, slender, abject shrub. As if he would by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love, like humility: nothing hate, like pride. The proud man walks amongst daggers, pointed against him: whereas the humble and the affable have the people for their guard in dangers. To be humble to our superiors, is duty: to our equals, courtesy: to our inferiors, nobleness. Which, for all her lowness, carries such a sway, that she may command their souls. But we must take heed, we express it not in unworthy actions. For then leaving virtue, it falls into dis-

dained baseness : which is the undoubtable badge of one, that will betray society. So far as a man, both in words and deeds, may be free from flattery, and unmanly cowardice ; he may be humble with commendation. But surely, no circumstance can make the expression of pride laudable. If ever it be, 'tis when it meets with audacious pride, and conquers. Of this good it may then be author, that the affronting man, by his own folly, may learn the way to his duty, and wit. Yet this I cannot so well call pride, as an emulation of the Divine justice ; which will always vindicate itself upon presumptuous ones : and is, indeed, said to fight against no sin, but Pride.

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## VII.

*Of Reward and Service.*

WHEN it lights upon a worthy nature, there is nothing procures a more faithful service, than the Master's liberality : not is there any thing makes that appear more, than a true fidelity. They are each of other alternate parents ; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if these were practised, great men need not so often change their followers : nor would the patrons be abandoned by their old attendants. Rewards are not given, but paid, to servants that be good and wise. Nor ought that blood to be accounted lost, which is out-letted for a noble master. Worth will never fail to give desert her bays. A liberal Master, that loves his Servant well, is in some sort a God unto him : which may both give him blessings, and protect him from danger. And believe it, on the other side, a diligent and dis-

creet Servant, is one of the best friends that a man can be blest withal. He can do whatsoever a friend may: and will be commanded with lesser hazard of losing. Nay, he may in a kind, challenge a glory above his master: for, though it be harder to play a King's part well, than 'tis to act a subject's; yet nature's inclination is much more bent to rule than to obey: Service, being a condition, which is not found in any creatures of one kind, but man. Now, if the question be, when men meet in these relations, who shall the first begin: the lot will surely fall upon the Servant: for he is tied in duty to be diligent; and that ever binds, without exception. The Lord is tied but by his honor: which is voluntary, and not compulsive; Liberality being a free adjection, and not a tie in his bargain. 'Tis good sometimes for a Lord to use a Servant like a friend, like a companion: but 'tis always fit for a servant to pay him the reverence due to a master. Pride becomes neither the commander nor the commanded. Every family is but a several plume of feathers: the meanest is of the self-same stuff: only he that made the plume, was pleased to set the Lord highest. The power of commanding, is rather political, than from equal nature. The service of man to man, followed not the creation, but the fall of man: and till Noah cursed his Son, the name of Servant is not read in Scripture. Since, there is no absolute freedom to be found below. Even Kings are but more splendid servants, for the common body. There is a mutuality between the Lord and vassals. The Lord serves them of necessaries: and they him, in his pleasures and conveniences. Virtue is the truest liberty: nor is he free, that stoops to passions: nor he in bondage, that serves a noble master. When *Demonax* saw one cruel in the beating of a servant: Fie (says he) forbear; lest by the world, yourself be taken for the servant. And if we have any faith in *Claudian*, we may believe, that

*Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit  
 Servitium : nunquam libertas gratior catat  
 Quàm sub Rege pio.*

He knows no bondage whom a good King sways :  
 For freedom never shines with clearer rays,  
 Than when brave Princes reign.

Imperiousness turns that servant into a slave ; which moderation makes an humble-speaking friend. Seneca begins an Epistle, with rejoicing, that his friend lived familiar with his servant. Neither can have comfort, where both are uncommunicable. I confess, the like countenance is not to be shewed to all. That which makes a wise man modest, makes a fool unmannerly. 'Tis the saucy servant, that causes the Lord to shrink his descending favours. Of the two, pride is the more tolerable in a master. The other is a preposterousness, which Solomon saw the earth did groan for. Hadrian sent his inferior servant a box on the ear, for walking but between two Senators. As I would not serve, to be admitted to nothing, but to high commands : so I think, whosoever is rudely malapert, blemishes the discretion of himself, and his Lord. As there ought to be equality, because nature has made it : so there ought to be a difference, because fortune has set it. Yet cannot the distance of their fortunes be so much, as their nearness, in being men. No fate can fright away that likeness. The other we have found in motion, in variance ; even to rare and inverted mutations. Let not the Lord abuse his servant ; for 'tis possible, he may fall below him : let not the servant neglect his master ; for he may be cast to a meaner condition. Let the servant deserve, and the master recompense : and if they would both be noble, the best way is for those that be

subject, to forget their services ; and for those that are commanders, to remember them. So, each loving other, for their generous worthiness ; the world shall strew praises in both their paths. If the servant suppose his lot be hard, let him think, that service is nothing but the free-man's calling : wherein, while he is, he is bound to discharge himself well.

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### VIII.

#### *Of Reprehension.*

TO reprehend well, is both the hardest, and most necessary part of friendship. Who is it, that will either not merit a check, or endure one ? Yet wherein can a friend more unfold his love, than in preventing dangers, before their birth : or, in reducing a man to safety, which is travelling in the way to ruin ? I grant, the manner of the application, may turn the benefit into an injury : and then it both strengtheneth error, and wounds the giver. Correction is never in vain. Vice is a miry deepness : if thou strivest to help one out, and dost not ; thy stirring him, sinks him in the further. Fury is the madder for his chain. When thou chidest thy wandering friend, do it secretly ; in season ; in love.—Not in the ear of a popular convention :—For many times, the presence of a multitude, makes a man take up an unjust defence, rather than fall in a just shame. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked sun : nor does the wound but rankle more which is fanned by the public air. Nor can I much blame a man, though he shuns to make the vulgar his Confessor ; for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened earth doth suffer. They understand nothing but the dregs

of actions : and with spattering those abroad, they besmear a deserving fame. A man had better be convinced in private, than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for Magistrates, and Courts of Justice : for stalled chambers, and for scarlets in the thronged hall. Private, are for friends ; where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes, are blind, and deaf, and dumb. We should do by them, as Joseph thought to have done by Mary, seek to cover blemishes with secrecy. Public reproof, is like striking of a deer in the herd, it not only wounds him, to the loss of inabling blood : but betrays him to the hound, his enemy : and makes him, by his fellows, be pushed out of company. Even concealment of a fault, argues some charity to the delinquent : and when we tell him of it in secret, it shews, we wish, he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss. Next, it ought to be in season, neither when the brain is misted, with arising fumes : nor when the mind is madded, with un-reined passions. Certainly, he is drunk himself, that profanes reason so, as to urge it to a drunken man. Nature unloosed in a flying speed, cannot come off with a sudden stop.

*Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere Nati  
Flere vetat ? non hoc ulla monenda loco est.*

He's mad, that dries a Mother's eyes full tide  
At her Son's grave. There, 'tis no time to chide :

Was the opinion of the smoothest Poet. To admonish a man in the height of his passion ; is to call a soldier to counsel in the midst, in the heat of a battle. Let the combat slack, and then thou may'st expect a hearing. All passions are like rapid torrents : they swell

the more, for meeting with a dam in their violence. He that will hear nothing in the rage and roar of his anger, will, after a pause, inquire of you. Seem you to forget him; and he will the sooner remember himself. For it often falls out, that the end of passion, is the beginning of repentance. Then will it be easy to draw back a retiring man. As a boat is rowed with less labour, when it hath both wind and tide to drive it. A word seasonably given, like a rudder, sometimes steers a man quite into another course. When the Macedonian Philip was capering in the view of his captives: says Demades, — Since fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you shew yourself like Thersites? And this changed him to another man. A blow bestowed in the striking time, is better than ten, delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in time, which whosoever finds, may promise to himself success. As in all things, so in this; especially, if he do it as he ought, in love. It is not good to be too tetical and virulent. Kind words make rough actions plausible. The bitterness of Reprehension, is in-sweetened with the pleasingness of compellations. If ever flattery might be lawful, here is a cause, that would give it admission. To be plain, argues honesty: but to be pleasing, argues discretion. Sores are not to be anguished with a rustic pressure; but gently stroaked with a laded hand. Physicians, fire not their eyes at patients: but calmly minister to their diseases. Let it be so done, as the offender may see affection without arrogancy. Who blows out candles with too strong a breath, does but make them stink, and blows them light again. To avoid this, it was ordained among the Lacedemonians, that every transgressor should be, as it were his own beadle: for, his punishment was, to compass an altar, singing an invective made against himself. It is not consonant, that a member so un-boned as the tongue is, should smart it with an iron lash. Every man that

adviseth, assumes as it were, a transcendency over the other; which if it be not allayed with protestations, and some self-including terms, grows hateful: that even the reprehension is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the complaint our own, but to lay it upon some others; that not knowing his grounded virtues, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his actions. Nor can he be a competent judge of another's crime, that is guilty of the like himself. 'Tis unworthily done, to condemn that in others, which we would not have but pardoned in ourselves. When Diogenes fell in the school of the stoics; He answers his deriders, with this question; Why, do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selves do retrograde your lives? He is not fit to cure a dimmed sight, that looks upon another with a beamed eye. Freed, we may free others. And, if we please them with praising some of their virtues, they will with much more ease, be brought to know their vices. Shame will not let them be angry with them, that so equally deal both the rod, and laurel. If he be much our superior; 'tis good to do it sometimes in parables, as Nathan did to David: So, let him by collection, give himself the censure! If he be an equal, let it appear, affection, and the truth of friendship urging it. If he be our inferior, let it seem our care, and desire to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to shew humility, and love. Though I find a little bluster for the present, I am confident, I shall meet with thanks afterward.—And in my absence, his reverend report, following me. If not: the best way to lose a friend; is by seeking, by my love to save him. 'Tis best, for others that, they hate me for vice; but if I must be hated, 'tis best for my self, that they hate me for my goodness. For, then am I mine own antidote, against all the poison, they can spit upon me.

## IX.

*Of Time's continual speed.*

In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that, for which only, our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps its constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness, as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posteth, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference which follows upon good actions, is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminish our time here, yet it lays up a pleasure for Eternity, and will recompense what it taketh away, with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure with expence of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time, as an exchange. Or, as a man sows his corn, he is content to wait it a while, that he may, at the harvest, receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we do here, do not only rob us of so much time; but also be-speak a torment for hereafter: and that in such a life, as the greatest pleasure we could there be crowned withal, would be the very act of dying. The one treasures up a pleasure in a lasting life: the other provides us torture in a death eternal. Man, as soon as he was made, had two great suitors, for his life and soul: virtue, vice. They both travelled the world with trains, harbingers, and large attendance. Virtue had before her, Truth, running naked, valiant, but unelegant: then labour, cold, hunger, thirst, care, vigilance; and these but poorly arrayed, and she in plain, though clean attire. But looking near, she was of such a self-perfection; that she might very well emblem, whatsoever Omnipotency could make most rare. Modest she

was: and so lovely; that whosoever looked but stedfastly upon her, could not, but in soul himself in her. After her, followed Content: full of jewels, coins, perfumes, and all the massy riches of the world. Then Joy, with masquers, mirth, revelling, and all essential pleasures. Next Honor, with all the ancient orders of nobility, sceptres, thrones, and crowns imperial. Lastly, Glory, shaking such a brightness from her sunny tresses, that I have heard, no man could ever come so near, as to describe her truly. And behind all these, came Eternity, casting a ring about them; which like a strong enchantment, made them for ever the same.—Thus Virtue. Vice thus: before her, first went Lying, a smooth, painted huswife: clad all in changeable, but under her garments, full of scabs, and ugly ulcers. She spoke pleasingly, and promised, whatsoever could be wished for, in the behalf of her mistress, Vice. Upon her, Wit waited: a conceited fellow, and one that much took man with his pretty tricks and gambols. Next Sloth, and Luxury, so full; that they were after choaked with their own fat. Then (because she could not have the true ones, for, they follow Virtue) she gets impostures, to personate Content, Joy, Honor, in all their wealth and royalties: after these she comes herself, sumptuously apparelled, but a nasty surfeited slut; whereby if any kised her, they were sure by her breath, to perish. After her, followed on a sudden, like enemies in ambush; guilt, horror, shame, loss, want, sorrow, torment. These charmed with eternity's ring, as the other. And thus they wooed fond man; who taken with the subtle cozenages of Vice, yielded to lie with her: where he had his nature so impoisoned, that his seed was all contaminated, and his corruption even to this day, is still conduited to his undone posterity. It may be, Virgil knew of such a story when he writ,

*Quisquis enim, duros casus virtutis amore,  
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque, decusque parabit :  
At qui disidiam, luxumque, sequetur inertem ;  
Dum fugit oppositos, incanta mente, labores,  
Turpis inopsque simul, miserabile transiget ævum.*

Man that love-conquers Virtue's thorny ways,  
Rears to himself a fame-tomb, for his praise,  
But he that Lusts, and leaden Sloth doth prize,  
While heedless he, opposed Labour flies ;  
All, foul and poor, most miserably dies.

'Tis true, they, both spend us time alike : nay many times, honest industry spends a man more, than the ungirthed solaces, of a sensual Libertine : unless they be pursued with inordinateness ; then they destroy the present, shorten the future, and hasten pain. Why should I wish to pass away this life ill, which to those that are ill, is the best ? If I must daily lessen it, it shall be by that, which shall joy me with a future income. Time is like a ship which never anchors : while I am aboard, I had better do those things, that may advantage me at my landing, than practise such, as shall cause my commitment, when I come to the shore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it, when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it. If bad, I will either leave off, where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it's but in reversion : but Virtue husbanding all things well, is a purchaser. Hear but the witty Spaniard's distich ;

*Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi, vir bonus, hoc est  
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.*

He that his former well-led life enjoys,  
Lives twice: so gives addition to his days.

## X.

*Of Violence and Eagerness.*

THE too eager pursuit of a thing, hinders the enjoyment. For, it makes men take indirect ways, which though they prosper sometimes, are blessed never. The Covetous, because he is mad upon riches, practiseth injurious courses, which God cursing, bring him to a speedy poverty. Oppression will bring a consumption upon thy gains. Wealth snatched up by unjust and injurious ways, like a rotten sheep, will infect thy healthful flock. We think by wrong to hide ourselves from want, when 'tis that only, which unavoidably pulls it on us. Like Thieves, that looking for clothes in the dark, they draw the owner, which takes, and then imprisons them. He that longs for Heaven, with such impatience, as he will kill himself, that he may be there the sooner, may by that act, be excluded thence; and lie gnashing of his teeth in hell. Nay, though we be in the right way, our haste will make our stay the longer; he, that rides all upon the driving spur, tires his horse ere his journey ends: so is there the later, for making such unwonted speed. He is like a giddy messenger, that runs away without his errand: so dispatches less for his nimbleness. When God hath laid out Man a way, in vain he seeks a near one. We see the

things we aim at, as travellers do towns in hilly countries; we judge them near, at the eyes end; because we see not the valleys, and the brook in them, that interpose. So, thinking to take shorter courses, we are led about, through ignorance, and incredulity. Surely God that made disposing nature, knows her better, than imperfect man. And he that is once persuaded of this, will rather stay the leisure of the Deity, than follow the chase of his own delusions. We go surest, when we post not in a precipitation. Sudden risings, have seldom sound foundations. We might sweat less, and avail more. How have I seen a beef-brained-fellow (that hath only had impudence enough to shew himself a fool) thrust into discourses of wit, thinking to get esteem; when, all that he had purchased, hath been only, the hiss of the wise, and a just derision from the abler judgements. Nor will it be less toilsome, than we have already found it, incommodious. What jealous and envious furies gnaw the burning breast of the ambitious fool? What fears and cares affright the starting sleeps of the covetous? Of which if any happen, they crush him, ten times heavier, than they would do the mind of the well-tempered-man. All that affect things over-violently, do over-violently grieve in the disappointment. Which is yet occasioned, by that, the too-much earnestness. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue easily, though I do it assiduously. And if I can, the hand's diligence, shall go without the leaping bounds of the heart. So if it happen well, I shall have more content: as coming less expected. Those joys clasp us with a friendlier arm, that steal upon us when we look not for them. If it fall out ill, my mind not being set upon it, will teach me patience, in the saddening want. I will cozen pain, with carelessness; and plump my joys, by letting them surprise me. As, I would not neglect a sudden good opportunity; so I would not fury myself in the search.

## XI.

*Of the trial of Faith and Friendship.*

FAITH and Friendship, are seldom truly tried, but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy, and common. In prosperity, who will not profess, to love a man? In adversity, how few will shew that they do it indeed! When we are happy, in the spring-tide of abundance, and the rising flood of plenty; then, the world will be our servant: then, all men flock about us, with bared heads, with bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but shifteth, to another stand: then men look upon us at a distance; and stiffen themselves, as if they were in armour; lest, (if they should *comply* us) they should get a wound in the close. Adversity, is like Penelope's night; which undoes all, that ever the day did weave. 'Tis a misery, that the knowledge of such a blessedness, as a friend is, can hardly be without some sad misfortune. For we can never thoroughly try him, but in the kick of malignant chance. And till we have tried him, our knowledge can be called but, by the name of Hope. What a pitiful plight is poor dust-tempered man in, when he can neither be truly happy without a friend; nor yet know him to be a true friend, without his being unhappy. Our fortunes, and ourselves, are things so closely linked, that we know not, which is the cause of the love, that we find. When these two shall part, we may then discern to which of them affection will make wing: when they are covered together, we know not, which is in pursuit. When they rise and break, we shall then see, which is aimed at. I confess he is happy, that finds a true friend in extremity; but, he is

happier, that findeth not extremity, wherein to try his friend. Thus the trial of friendship, is by finding, what others will do for us: but the trial of Faith, is, by finding what we will do for God. To trust him for estate, when we have the evidences in our iron chest, is easy, and not thank-worthy. But to depend upon him, for what we cannot see; as 'tis more hard for man to do; so 'tis more acceptable to God, if it be done. For, in that act, we make a confession of his Deity. We know not in the flows of our contentedness, what we ourselves are; or, how we could neglect ourselves, to follow God, commanding us. All men will be *Peters*, in their bragging tongue: and most men will be *Peters*, in their base denial. But few men will be *Peters*, in their quick repentance. When we are well, we swear we will not leave him, in our greatest sickness: but when our sickness comes, we forget our vows, and stay. When we meet with blows, that will force us, either to let go our hold of God, or ourselves: then we see to which, our souls will cleave the fastest. And of this trial, excellent is the use, we may make. If we find our faith upon the test, firm; it will be unto us a perpetual banquet. If we find it dastardly, starting aside; knowing the weakness, we may strive to sinew it with a stronger nerve.—So that it ever is, either the assurance of our happiness, or the way, whereby we may find it. Without this confidence in a Power, that is always able to aid us, we wander, both in trouble and doubt. Infidelity is the cause of all our woes, the ground of all our sins. Not trusting God, we discontent ourselves with fears and solicitations: and to cure these, we run into prohibited paths. Unworthy earthen worm! that canst think God of so un-noble a nature, as that he will suffer such to want, as, with a dutiful endeavour, do depend upon him. It is not usual with man, to be so base.—And canst thou believe, that, that most heroical and omnipotent infiniteness of His, will abridge a fol-

lower of such poor toys, as the accoutrements of this life are? Can a Deity be inhuman? Or can He that grasps the unemptied provisions of the world in his hand, be a niggard to his sons, unless he sees it for their good and benefit? Nay, couldest thou, that readest this, (whatsoever thou art) if thou had'st but a Sareptan widow's cruse of gold, couldest thou let a diligent and affectionate servant, that ever waited on thee, want necessaries? Couldest thou endure to see him shamed in disgracing rags: nipped to a benumbing, with the icy thumbs of winter; complaining, for want of sustenance; or neglected in the times of sickness? I appeal to thy inward and more noble acknowledgement; I know that thou could'st not. O perverse thought, of perverted man! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canst want such things as these, from so unbounded bounty as His is? Serve Him, and but believe; and upon my soul, he will never fail thee, for what is most convenient. O my God! my refuge, my altar, and my soul's anchor: I beg that I may but serve Thee, and depend upon Thee: I need not beg supply to the other two, thou givest that without asking. Thou knowest, for myself, my soul's wishes are not for a vast abundance. If ever I should wish a plenty; it should be for my friends, not me. I care not to abound in abounding: and I am persuaded, I shall never want; not necessaries, not conveniences. Let me find my heart dutiful, and my faith upon trial, stedfast: and I am sure, these will be ground enough for sufficient happiness, while I live here.

## XII.

*That a wise man may gain by any company.*

AS there is no book so poorly furnished, out of which a man may not gather something, for his benefit: so is there no company so savagely bad, but a wise man may from it learn something to make himself better. Vice is of such a toady complexion, that she cannot chuse but teach the soul to hate.—So loathsome, when she is seen in her own ugly dress; that, like a man fallen into a pit before us, she gives us warning to avoid the danger. So admirably hath GOD disposed of the ways of man; that even the sight of vice, in others, is like a warning-arrow, shot, for us to take heed. When she thinks by publishing of herself, to procure a train; GOD, by his secret working, makes her turn her weapons against herself; and strongly plead for her adversary, Virtue. Of which, take Balaam for a type: who, intending to curse the Israelites, had enforced blessings, put in his dissenting tongue. We are wrought to good by contraries. Foul acts, keep Virtue from the charms of Vice.—Says *Horace*

—*Insuevit Pater optimus hoc me,  
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.  
Quum me hortaretur parcè, frugaliter, atque  
Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi, ipse parasset :  
Nonne vides, Albi ut malè vivat, filius ? utque  
Barrus inops ? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem  
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore  
Quum deterreret, Sectani dissimilis sis.*

—*Sic me*

*Formabat puerum dictis.—*

—Thus my best Father taught  
 Me, to fly Vice; by nothing those were naught.  
 When he would charge me thrive, and sparing be,  
 Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:  
 See'st not how ill young Albus lives? how low  
 Poor Barrus? Sure, a weighty item, how  
 One spent his means. And when he meant to strike  
 A hate to Whores; to Sectan be not like.

—thus me a child

He with his precepts fashioned.—

I confess, I do not learn to correct faults in myself, by any thing more, than by seeing how uncomely they appear in others. Who can but think what a nasty beast he is in his drunkenness, that hath seen how noisome it hath made another? How like a nated sop, spunged, even to the cracking of a skin? Who will not abhor a choleric passion, and a saucy pride in himself; that sees how ridiculous and contemptible they render those, that are infested with them? Why should I be so besottedly blind, as to believe, others should not spy those vices in me, which I can see, when they do disclose in them? Virtue and Vice, whensoever they come to act, are both margined with a pointing finger: but in the intent, the difference is much: when 'tis set against Virtue, it betokens then respect and worth: but against Vice, 'tis set in scorn, and for aversion. Though the bad man be the worse, for having vice in his eye: yet the good man is the better, for all that he sees, is ill. 'Tis certain, neither example, nor precept, (unless it be in matters wholly religious,) can be the absolute guides of the true wise man. 'Tis only a knowing, and a practical judgment of his own, that can direct him in the maze of life: in the bustle of the world: in the

twitches and twirls of fate. The other may help us something, in the general; but cannot be sufficient in particulars. Man's life is like a state, still casual in the future. No man can leave his successor rules for severals; because he knows not how the times will be. He that lives always by book-rules, shall shew himself affected, and a fool. I will do that which I see comely, (so it be not dishonest) rather than what a grave philosopher commands me to the contrary. I will take, what I see is fitly good, from any: but I think there was never any one man, that lived to be a perfect guide of perfection. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things I may go beyond him. We feed not the body, with the food of one dish only: nor does the sedulous bee, thyme all her thighs from one flower's single virtues. She takes the best from many; and together, she makes them serve: not without working that to honey, which the putrid spider would convert to poison. Thus, should the wise man do. But, even by this, he may better learn to love the good, than avoid that which is offensive. Those that are thoroughly arted in navigation do as well know the coasts, as the ocean; as well the flaws, the sands, the shallows, and the rocks; as the secure depths, in the most unperillous channel. So, I think, those that are perfect men, (I speak of perfection since the fall) must as well know bad, that they may abtrude it; as the good, that they may embrace. And, this knowledge we can neither have so cheap, or so certain, as by seeing it in others, with a pitiful dislike. Surely we shall know Virtue the better, by seeing that, which is not she. If we could pass the world, without meeting Vice: then the knowledge of virtue only were sufficient. But 'tis not possible to live, and not encounter her. Vice is as a God in this world: whither can we go to fly it? It hath an ubiquity, and ruleth too. I wish no man to know it, either by use, or by intrusion: but being unwitting

tingly cast upon it, let him observe, for his own more safe direction. Thou art happy, when thou makest another man's vices steps for thee, to climb to Heaven by. The wise Physician makes the poison medicinable. Even the mud of the world, by the industrious Hollander, is turned to an useful fuel. If I light on good company, it shall either induce me to a new good, or confirm me in my liked old. If I light on bad, I will, by considering their dull stains, either correct those faults I have, or shun those that I might have. As the mariner that hath sea-room, can make any wind serve, to set him forward, in his wished voyage : so a wise man may take advantage from any company, to set himself forward to virtue's region. Vice is subtle, and weaving, for her own preferment : why should not Virtue be plotting for hers? It requires as much policy to grow good, as great. There is an innocential providence, as well as the slyness of a vulpine craft. There are vices to be displaced ; that would stop us, in the way of our rise. There are parties to be made on our side ; good mementoes, to uphold us when we are declining, through the private lifts of our unjust maligners. There is a King to be pleased ; that may protect us against the shock of the envious plebians : the reigning humors of the time, that plead custom, and not reason. We must have intelligencers abroad, to learn what practices, sins (our enemies) have on foot against us : and beware what suits we entertain, lest we dishonour ourselves in their grant. Every good man is a leiger here for Heaven : and he must be wise and circumspect, to vain the sleek navations of those, that would undo him. And as those that are so for the kingdoms of earth, will gain something from all societies that they fall upon : So, those that are of this higher empire ; may gather something beneficial, from all that they shall converse with ; either for prevention, or confirmation : either to strengthen themselves, or confound their opposers.

## XIII.

*Of man's unwillingness to die.*

WHAT should make us all so unwilling to die, when yet we know, till death, we cannot be accounted happy? Is it the sweetness we find in this life's solaces? Is there pleasure in the luscious blood? Is it the horror or the pain, that doth in death affright us? Or, is it our fear, and doubt of what shall become of us after? Or, is it the guilt of our mis-guided souls, already condemning us, by the pre-apprehension of a future punishment? If I found death terrible alike to all, I should think there was something more in death; yea and in life too, than yet we do imagine. But, I find one man can as willingly die, as another man can be willing to dine. Some, that can as gladly leave this world, as the wise man, being old, can forbear the Court. There are, to whom death doth seem no more than a blood-letting: and these, I find, are of the sort of men, which we generally do esteem for wise.—Every man, in the play of this world, besides an actor, is a spectator too: when it is new begun with him, (that is, in his youth) it promiseth so much, that he is loth to leave it: when it grows to the middle, the act of virility, then he sees the scenes grow thick and fill, he would gladly understand the end: but when that draws near, and he finds what that will be; he is then content to depart, and leave his room to succeeders. Nay, many times, while before this, he considers, that it is all as it were delusion and a dream; and passeth away, as the consumed dew: or as the sound of a bell that is rung: he then grows weary with expectation, and his life is entertained with a tedious dislike of itself. Oh the unsettled conceit of Man! that seeking after quiet, finds his unrest the more: that knows neither what he is, nor what

he shall be! We are like men benighted in a wilderness; we wander in the tread of several paths; we try one, and presently find another is more likely; we follow that, and meet with more, that cross it: and while we are distracted about these various ways, the fierce beast, death, devours us. I find two sorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of death. One lives in a full joy here; he sings, and revels, and pleases his spleen, as if his harvest were perpetual; and the whole world's face fashioned to a posture, laughing upon him. And this man would do any thing, rather than die: whereby he tells us, though his tongue express it not, that he expects a worse estate hereafter. Another lives hardly here, with a heavy heart, furrowing of a mournful face: as if, like the beast, he were yeaned into the world, only to act a sad man's part, and die: and this man seeks death, and misses him; intimating, that he expects a better condition by death: for it is sure, *Natura semper in meliorem tendit*: Nature ever aims at better; nor would she wish a change, if she did not think it a benefit. Now, what do these two tell us? but that, there is both a misery and a joy attending man, when he is vanished hence. The like is shewed by the good man and the bad: one avoiding what the other would wish; at least not refuse, upon offer. For, the good man I must reckon with the wise; as one that can equally die, or live. He knows, while he is here, God will protect him; and when he goes hence, God will receive him, I borrow it from the father: *Non ita vixi, ut me vixisse pudeat: nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum*. I have not so lived, as I should be ashamed; nor fear I to die, for God is merciful. Certainly, we are never at quiet, in any thing long, till we have conquered the fear of death. Every spectacle of mortality terrifies.—Every casual danger affrights us. Into what a dump, did the sight of *Cyrus* tomb, strike the most

noble *Alexander*? It comes, like an arrest of Treason in a jollity ; blasts us, like a lightning-flash ; and, like a ring put into our noses, checks us in the frisks and lavaltoes of our dancing blood. Fear of death, kills us often, when death itself, can do it but once. I love therefore, the saying of the dying Emperor *Julian*,—*He that would not die when he must, and he that would die when he must not, are both of them Cowards alike.* That which we know we must do, once ; why should we be afraid to do it at any time ? What we cannot do till our time comes, why should we seek to do it before ? I like the man that can die willingly, whensoever GOD would have him die ; and that can live as willingly, whensoever GOD would have him not to die. To fear death much, argues an evil man ; at best, a man that is weak. How brave did *Socrates* appear, when he told the Athenians, they could do nothing, but what nature had ordained before them, condemn him to die ? How unmovedly did he take his poison, as if he had been drinking of a glory to the Deity. Into what a trepidation of the soul, does fear decline the coward ? how it drowns the head in the intrembled bosom ? But the Spanish Tragic tells us.

*Qui vultus Acherontis atri,  
Qui Styga tristem, non tristis videt,  
Audetque vitæ ponere finem,  
Par ille Regi, par Superis erit.*

He that smiling can gaze on  
Styx, and black-waved Acheron ;  
That dares brave his ruin ; he  
To Kings, to Gods, shall equal be.

It is a Father's sentence, *Nihil est in morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum, vita commisit* : Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so. He that hath lived well, will be seldom unwilling to die. Death is much facilitated by the virtues of a well-led life. To say the good man fears not God, I think may be good divinity. Faith approaches heaven with confidence. *Aristippus*, told the Sailors, that wondered why he was not, as well as they, afraid in the storm ; that the odds was much : for, they feared the torments due to a wicked life ; and he expected the rewards of a good one. Vice draws death with a horrid look, with a whip, and flames, and terrors. It was cold comfort *Diogenes* gave a lewd liver ; that banished, complained he should die in a foreign soil—*Be of good cheer, man, wheresoever thou art, the way to hell is the same.* I confess, take a man, as nature hath made him, and there is some reason why he should fear death : because, he knows not what it will do with him. What he finds here, he sees and knows ; what he shall find after death, he knoweth not. And no man, but would rather continue in a moderate delight, which he knows, than indure pain, to be delivered to uncertainties. I would live, till God would have me die : and then, I would do it without either fear or grudging. It were a shame for me being a Christian, and believing heaven, to be afraid of removing from earth. In resolving thus, I shall triumph over other casualties. All things that we fear here, we fear as steps, that descend us towards our graves, towards infamy, and deprivation. When we get the victory over this great terror ; all the small ones are conquered in it. Great cities once expugned, the dorpes and villages will soon come in of themselves.

## XIV.

*Of the Worship of Admiration.*

WHATSOEVER is rare, and passionate, carries the soul to the thought of Eternity. And, by contemplation, gives it some glimpses of more absolute perfection, than here it is capable of. When I see the Royalty of a State show, at some unwonted solemnity, my thoughts present me something, more royal than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties, that earth can shew me; I yet think, there is something far more glorious: methinks I see a kind of higher perfection, peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing strains of a sweet-tuned voice, married to the warbles of the artful instrument; I apprehend by this a higher *diapason*: and do almost believe, I hear a little Deity whispering, through the pory substance of the tongue. But, this I can but grope after. I can neither find, nor say, what it is. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him to my own impatency. I cannot read some parts of *Seneca*, above two leaves together. He raises my soul to a contemplation, which sets me a thinking, on more than I can imagine. So I am forced to cast him by, and subside to an admiration. Such effects works Poetry, when it looks to towering virtues. It gives up a man to raptures: and irradiates the soul, with such high apprehensions: that all the glories which this world hath, hereby appear contemptible. Of which the soft-souled *Ovid*, gives a touch, when he complains the want.

*Impetus ille Sacer, qui vatum Pectora nutrit,  
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

That sacred vigour, which had wont, alone  
To flame the Poet's noble breast, is gone.

But this is, when these excellencies incline to gravity and seriousness. For, otherwise, light airs turn us unto sprightly actions; which breathe away in a loose laughter, not leaving half that impression behind them, which serious considerations do. As if mirth were the excellency for the body, and meditation for the soul.—As if one were, for the contentment of this life; and the other, eyeing to that of the life to come. All endeavours aspire to eminency; all eminencies do beget an Admiration. And, this makes me believe, that contemplative admiration, is a large part of the worship of the Deity. It is an adoration, purely, of the spirit; a more sublime bowing of the soul to the Godhead. And this is it, which that *Homer* of Philosophers avowed, could bring a man to perfect happiness, if to his contemplation, he joined a constant imitation of GOD, in Justice, Wisdom, Holiness. Nothing can carry us so near to GOD, and heaven, as this. The mind can walk, beyond the sight of the eye; and, though in a cloud, can lift us into heaven, while we live. Meditation is the soul's perspective glass: whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth GOD, as if he were near at hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies, as well as souls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those States are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive, and embryous. Saint *Bernard* compares contemplation to *Rachel*, which was the more fair: but action to *Leah*, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy, and

doing ; nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet, that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life ; and that is my thinking. Surely, GOD made so many varieties in his creatures, as well for the inward soul, as the outward senses ; though he made them primarily, for his own free-will and glory.-- He was a Monk of an honest age, that being asked, how he could endure that life, without the pleasure of books, answered : The nature of the creatures was his library ; wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon GOD's deep oracles.

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XV.

*Of Fame.*

IT may seem strange that the whole world of men, should be carried on with an earnest desire of a noble fame, and memory after their deaths : when yet we know it is not material, to our well, or ill being, what censures pass upon us. The tongues of the living, avail nothing, to the good, or hurt, of those that lie in their graves. They can neither add to their pleasure, nor yet diminish their torment, if they find any. My account must pass upon my own actions, not upon the report of others. In vain men laboured, to approve themselves to goodness, if the palaces which Virtue rears, could be unbuilt, by the taxes of a wounding tongue. False-witnesses can never find admission, where the GOD of Heaven sits judging. There is no common law in the New Jerusalem. There truth will be received, though either plaintiff, or defendant, speaks it. Here we may article against a man, by a common fame : and by the frothy buzz of the world, cast away the blood of innocents.

But Heaven proceeds not after such incertainties. The single man shall be believed in truth, before all the humming of successive ages. What will become of many of our lawyers, when not an advocate, but Truth, shall be admitted? Fame, shall there be excluded, as a lying witness: though here, there is nothing which we do possess, which we reckon of an equal value. Our wealth, our pleasure, our lives, will not all hold weight against it, when this comes in competition. Nay, when we are circled round with calamities, our confidence in this, like a constant friend, takes us by the hand, and cheers us, against all our miseries. When Philip asked *Democritus*, if he did not fear to lose his head, he answered no; for if he did, the Athenians would give him one, immortal.—He should be statued, in the treasury of eternal fame. See if it were not *Ovid's* comforter, in his banishment.

————— *Nil non mortale tenemus,*  
*Pectoris exceptis, ingenique ; bonis.*  
*En ego, cum patria, caream, vobisque, domoque ;*  
*Raptaque sint, adimi quæ potuere mihi ;*  
*Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorque fruorque :*  
*Cæsar, in hoc potuit juris habere nihil.*  
*Quilibet hanc sævo vitam mihi finiat ense :*  
*Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.*

—— All that we hold will die,  
 But our brave thoughts, and ingenuity.  
 Even I that want my Country, House, and Friend:  
 From whom is ravished, all that Fate can rend ;  
 Possess yet my own genius, and enjoy  
 That which is more, than Cæsar can destroy.

Each Groom may kill me : but whens'er I die,  
My Fame shall live to mate Eternity.

Plutarch tells us of a poor Indian, that would rather endure a dooming to death, then shoot before Alexander, when he had discontinued ; lest by shooting ill, he should mar the Fame he had gotten. Doubtless, even in this, man is ordered by a power above him ; which hath instincted in the minds of all men, an ardent appetite of a lasting Fame. Desire of Glory, is the last garment, that, even wise men, lay aside. For this, you may trust *Tacitus*, *Etiam sapientibus, Cupido gloriæ, novissima exiit*. Not that it betters himself, being gone : but that it stirs up, those that follow him, to an earnest endeavour of noble actions ; which is the only means, to win the fame we wish for. *Themistocles* that streamed out his youth, in wine, and venery ; and was suddenly changed, to a virtuous, and valiant man, told one, that asked what did so strangely change him : that, the Trophy of *Miltiades* would not let him sleep. *Tamberlain* made it his practice, to read often the heroic deeds of his own progenitors : not as boasting in them : but as glorious examples propounded, to infire his virtues. Surely, nothing awakes our sleeping virtues, like the noble acts of our predecessors. They are flaming beacons, that fame, and time, have set on hills, to call us to a defence of virtue ; whensoever vice invades the Common-wealth of man. Who can indure to skulk away his life in an idle corner, when he has means, and finds, how Fame has blown about deserving names ? Worth begets in weak and base minds, envy : but in those that are magnanimous, emulation. Roman virtue, made Roman virtues, lasting. Brave men never die ; but like the Phoenix : from whose preserved ashes, one, or other, still doth spring up, like them. How many valiant soldiers, does a generous

leader make? *Brutus*, and *Brutus*, bred many constant patriots. Fame, I confess, I find more eagerly pursued by the Heathen, than by the Christians of these times. The immortality (as they thought) of their name, was to them, as the immortality of the soul to us: a strong reason, to persuade to worthiness. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first. Which often made them sacrifice their lives to that, which they esteemed above their lives; their Fame. Christians know a thing beyond it: and, that knowledge, causes them to give but a secondary respect to Fame; there being no reason, why we should neglect that, whereon all our future happiness depends, for that, which is nothing but a name, and empty air. Virtue were a kind of misery, if Fame only, were all the garland, that did crown her. Glory alone were a reward incompetent, for the toils of industrious man. This follows him but on earth; in Heaven is laid up, a more noble, more essential recompense. Yet, because it is a fruit that springs from good actions, I must think, he that loves that, loveth also, that which causeth it, worthiness. In others; I will honor the Fame, for the deserving deeds which caused it. In myself, I will respect the actions, that may merit it. And, though for my own benefit, I will not much seek it: yet, I shall be glad if it may follow me, to incite others; that they may go beyond me: I will, if I can, tread the path which leads to it. If I find it, I shall think it a blessing: if not, my endeavour will be enough, for discharging myself within; though I miss it. God is not bound to reward me any way; if he accepts me, I may count it a mercy. The other I will not look for. I like him, that does things that deserve a Fame, without either search, or caring for it. CHRIST, after many miraculous cures, enjoined his patients silence; perhaps to check the world, for the too violent quest, of this *vacuum*. For a mean man to thirst for a mighty fame, is a kind of

fond ambition. Can we think a Mouse can cast a shadow like an Elephant? Can the Sparrow look for a train like the Eagle? Great fames are for Princes; and such as for their parts, are the glories of humanity. Good ones may crown the private. The same fire may be in the waxen taper, which is in the staved torch, but it is not equal either in quantity, or advancement. Let the world speak well of me, and I will never care, though it does not speak much. Check thyself, thou air-monger: that with a madding thought, thus chasest fleeting shadows. Love substances, and rest thyself content, with what *Boetius* tells thee,

*Quicumque solam, mente præcipiti, petit  
 Summumque credit, Gloriam :  
 Latè patentem, ætheris cernat plagas,  
 Arctumque terrarum situm.  
 Brevem replere non valentis ambitum,  
 Pudebit, aucti nominis.*

He that thirsts for glorious prize,  
 Thinking that, the top of all:  
 Let him view th' expanded skies,  
 And the earth's contracted ball.  
 He'll be ashamed then, that the name he wan,  
 Fills not the short walk, of one healthful man.

## XVI.

*Of the choice of Religion.*

VARIETY, in anything, distracteth the mind; and leaves it wav-  
ing in a dubious trouble: and then, how easy is it to sway the mind  
to either side: but, among all the diversities that we meet with, none  
trouble us more, than those that are of Religion. It is rare to find  
two Kingdoms one: as if every Nation had (if not a God, yet at  
least) a way to GOD by itself. This stumbles the unsettled soul:  
that, not knowing which way to take, without the danger of erring,  
sticks to none: so dies, ere he does that, for which he was made to  
live; the service of the true Almighty. We are born, as men set  
down in the midst of a wood; circled round with several voices call-  
ing us. At first, we see not, which will lead us the right way out;  
so, divided in ourselves, we sit still, and follow none: remaining  
blind, in a flat Atheism, which strikes deep at the foundation, both  
of our own, and the whole world's happiness. It is true, if we let  
our dimmed understanding search in these varieties, which yet is  
the only means that we have in ourselves to do it with, we shall cer-  
tainly lose ourselves in their windings; there being in every of them  
something to believe, above that reason which leads us to the search.  
Reason gives us the anatomy of things, and illustrates with a great  
deal of plainness, all the ways that she goes; but her line is too  
short, to reach the depths of religion. Religion carries a confuta-  
tion along with it; and with a high hand of sovereignty, awes the  
inquisitive tongue of nature: and, when she would sometimes mur-  
mur privately, she will not let her speak. Reason, like a mild  
Prince, is content to shew his subjects the causes of his commands  
and rule. Religion, with a higher strain of majesty, bids do it,

without enquiring further than the bare command: which, without doubt, is a means of procuring mighty reverence. What we know not, we reverently admire; what we do know, is in some sort subject to the triumphs of the soul, that hath discovered it. And this not knowing, makes us not able to judge. Every one tells us, his own is the truest: and there is none, I think, but hath been sealed with the blood of some. Nor can I see, how we may, more than probably, prove any: they being all set in such heights, as they are not subject to the demonstrations of reason. And, as we may easier say what a soul is not, than what it is; so we may more easily disprove a religion, for false; than prove it for one that is true; there being in the world, far more error than truth. Yet there is besides, another misery, near as great as this; and that is, that we cannot be our own chusers; but must take it upon trust, from others. Are we not oft, before we can discern the true, brought up and grounded in the false, sucking in heresy with our milk, in childhood? Nay, when we come to years of abler judgement, wherein the mind is grown up compleat man; we examine not the soundness, but retain it merely, because our fathers taught it us. What a lamentable weakness is this in man, that he should build his eternal welfare, on the approbation, of perhaps a weak, and ignorant parent! Oh! why is our neglect the most, in that, wherein our care should be greatest? How few are there which fulfil that precept of trying all things and taking the best? Assuredly, though faith be above reason, yet is there a reason to be given of our faith. He is a fool that believes he knows neither what, nor why. Among all the diversities of Religion, that the world holds, I think it may stand with most safety, to take that, which makes most for God's glory, and man's quiet. I confess, in all the treatises of religion that I ever saw; I find none that I should so soon follow, as that of the Church of

England. I never found so sound a foundation, so sure a direction for religion : as the song of the Angels at the birth of Christ :— *Glory be to God on high.* There is the Honour, the reverend Obedience, and the Admiration, and the Adoration, which we ought to give Him. *On earth peace.* This is the effect of the former : working in the hearts of men, whereby the world appears in his noblest beauty, being an entire chain of intermutual amity. *And good will toward men.* This is GOD's mercy, to reconcile man to himself, after his fearful desertion of his Maker. Search all religions the world through, and you will find none that ascribes so much to GOD, nor that constitutes so firm a love among men, as does the established doctrine of the Protestant Church among us. All other either detract from GOD : or infringe the peace of men. The Jews in their Talmud say, before GOD made this, he made many other worlds, and marred them again : to keep himself from idleness. The Turks in their Alcoran bring him in, discoursing with the Angels, and they telling him, of things which before he knew not : and after, they make him swear by Mahomet's pen, and lines ; and by figs, and olives. The Papists pourtray him as an old man : and by this means, dis-deify him, derogating also from his royalty, by their odious interposing of merit. And for the society of men ; what bloody tenets do they all hold ? as, that he deserves not the name of Rabbi, that hates not his enemy to the death. That it is no sin to revenge injuries. That it is meritorious to kill a Heretic, with whom no faith is to be kept. Even to the un-gluing of the whole world's frame ; contexted only, by commerce, and contracts. What abhorred barbarisms did *Selymus* leave in precept, to his successor *Solyman* ? which, though I am not certain they were ratified, by their Mufties ; I am sure, are practised by the inheritors of his Empire. By this taste, learn to detest them all.

*Ne putet esse nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem :  
 Et nece fraterna, constabilire Domum.  
 Jura, Fides, Pietas, regni dum nemo supersit  
 Æmulus, haud turbent religione animum.  
 Hæc ratio est, quæ sola queat, regale tueri  
 Nomen, et expertem te sinit esse metus.*

Think not thy kindred's murder ill, 'tis none :  
 By thy slain brothers, to secure thy Throne.  
 Law, Faith, Religion, while no rivals aim,  
 Thy ruin may be practis'd, else they maim.  
 This is the way, how kingly names may be  
 Insaf't, and from distractive terrors, free.

In other Religions, of the Heathen, what fond opinions have they held of their Gods? reviling with unseemly threats, when their affairs have thwarted them. As if allowing them the name, they would conserve the *Numen* to themselves. In their sacrifices, how butcherly cruel? as if (as 'tis said of them) they thought by inhumanity, to appease the wrath of an offended Deity. The Religion which we now profess, established all in another strain. What makes more for God's glory? what makes more for the mutual love of man, than, the Gospel? All our abilities of good, we offer to God, as, the fountain from whence they stream. Can the day be light, and that light not come from the sun? Can a clock go without a weight to move it, or a keeper to set it? As for Man: it teaches him to tread on cottons, milds his wilder temper: and learns him in his patience, to affect his enemies. And for that which doth partake on both: it makes just God, a friend to unjust man, without being unjust, either to himself, or man. Sure, it could be no other,

than the invention of a Deity, to find out a way, how man, that had justly made himself unhappy, should, with a full satisfaction to exact justice, be made again most happy. I would wish no man that is able to try, to take his religion upon others' words: but once resolved in it, it is dangerous to neglect, where we know we do owe a service.

*Dii multa neglecta dederunt,  
Hesperiae mala Luduosæ.*

God neglected, plenteously  
Plagued mournful Italy.

And this, before *Horace* his time; when God is neglected of man; man shall be contemned of God. When man abridgeth God of his honour; God will shorten man of his happiness. It cannot but be best, to give all to him, of whom whatsoever we have, we hold. I believe it safest to take that Religion, which most magnifies God, and makes most, for the peaceable conversation of men. For, as we cannot ascribe too much to him, to whom we owe more than we can ascribe: so I think the most splendid estate of man, is that, which comes nearest to his first Creation; wherein, all things wrought together, in the pleasant embracements of mutual love, and concord.

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XVII.

*Of Petitions and Denials.*

DENIALS in suits, are reprehensions, to him that asketh. We seem thereby to tell him, that he craves that, which is not conveni-

ent; so errs from that station, he should rest in. In our demands, we uncover our own desires; in the answer we receive, we gather how we are affected. Beware what thou askest; and beware what thou deniest. For if discretion guide thee not, there is a great deal of danger in both. We often, by one request, open the windows of our heart wider, than all the endeavours of our observers can. It is like giving of a man our hand in the dark: which directs him better where we are, than either our voice, or his own search may. If we give repulses, we are presently held in suspicion; and in-searched for the cause: which, if it be found trenching on discourtesy; Love dies, and Revenge springs from the ashes. To a friend therefore, a man never ought to give a rough denial: but always, either to grant him his request, or an able reason why we condescend not; by no means suffering him to go away unsatisfied: for that, ever leaves fire, to kindle a succeeding jar. Deny not a just suit; nor prefer thou one, that is unjust. Either, to a wise man, stamps unkindness in the memory. I confess, to a generous spirit, as it is hard to beg; so it is harsh to be denied. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg injurious favours; nor be importunate; and when thou beest to receive of such, grate not too much on a yielding friend; though thou mayst have thy wish for the present, thou shalt perhaps be a loser in the sequel. Those that are readily daunted upon a repulse, I would wish first to try by circumstances, what may be the speed of their suit. It is easier to bear collected unkindness, than that which we meet in affronts: the one we may wrap to death in a still silence: the other we must, for honour's sake, take notice on. For this cause; it will be best, never to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a probability of obtaining. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest petit:* when we ask what is not likely to be had, before we ask, we give our-

selves the denial. Ill questions are the mints for worse answers. Our refusal is deservedly, while our demands are either unfitting, or beyond the expedience of him that should grant. Nor ought we to be offended with any but ourselves, when we have in such requests, transgressed the bounds of modesty: though in some, I have known the denial of one favour, drowning the memory of many fore-performed ones. To think ill of any man, for not giving me that, which he needs not, is injustice; but for that, to blot out former benefits, is extreme ingratitude. The good man's thanks for old favours, live, even in the blows of injury. Why should a diswonted unkindness, make me ingrate for wonted benefits? I like not those dispositions, that can either make unkindnesses, and remember them; or unmake favours, and forget them. For all the favours I receive, I will be thankful, though I meet with a stop. The failing of one, shall not make me neglectful of many: no, not though I find upbraiding; which yet hath this effect, that it makes that an injury, which was before a benefit. Why should I for the abortion of one child, kill all the elder issue? Those favours that I can do, I will not do for thanks, but for nobleness, for love; and that with a free expression. Grumbling with a benefit, like a hoarse voice, mars the music of the song: yet, as I will do none for thanks, so I will receive none, without paying them. For petitions to others I will never put up indecent ones; nor will I, if I fail in those, either vex myself, or distaste too much the denyer. Why should I think he does me an injury, when he only but keeps his own? I like *Padaretus* his mirth well, who, when he could not be admitted for one of the three hundred among the *Spartans*, went away laughing, and said, 'He was heartily glad, that the Republic had three hundred better men than himself.' I will never importune too

much upon unwilling minds ; nor will I be slow in yielding what I mean to give. For the first, with *Ovid*,

*Et pudet, et metuo, semperque eademque precari,  
Ne subeant animo tædia justa tuo.*

I shall both fear and shame, too oft to pray,  
Lest urged minds to just disdain give way.

For the other, I am confident, *Ausonius* gives good counsel, with persuading reasons :

*Si bene quid facias, facias citó : nam citó factum,  
Gratum erit ; ingratum, gratia tarda facit.*

Dispatch thy purpos'd good ; quick courteous deeds  
Cause thanks : slow favour, men unthankful breeds.

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## XVIII.

### *Of Poverty.*

THE Poverty of the poor man, is the least part of his misery. In all the storms of fortune, he is the first that must stand the shock of extremity. Poor men are perpetual sentinels, watching in the depth of night, against the incessant assaults of want ; while the rich lie stoved in secure reposes ; and encompassed with a large abundance. If the land be russeted with a bloodless famine ; are not the poor the first that sacrifice their lives to hunger ? If war thunders

in the trembling country's lap, are not the poor those that are exposed to the enemy's sword and outrage? If the plague, like a loaded sponge, flies, sprinkling poison through a populous kingdom, the poor are the fruit that are shaken from the burdened tree: while the rich, furnished with the helps of fortune, have means to wind out themselves, and turn these sad endurances on the poor, that can not avoid them. Like salt marshes, that lie low, they are sure, whensoever the sea of this world rages, to be first under and imbarrened with a fretting care. Who, like the poor, are harrowed with oppression, ever subject to the imperious taxes, and the gripes of mightiness? Continual care checks the spirit; continual labour checks the body; and continual insultation, both. He is like one rolled in a vessel full of spikes, whichsoever way he turns, he something finds that pricks him. Yet besides all these, there is another transcendent misery: and this is, that it maketh men contemptible.

*Nil habet infelix &c.*

Unhappy want hath nothing harder in it,  
Than that it makes men scorned.—

As if the poor man were but fortune's dwarf; made lower than the rest of men, to be laughed at. The Philosopher (though he were the same mind and the same man) in his squalid rags could not find admission, when better robes procured both an open door and reverence. Though outward things can add nothing to our essential worth: yet, when we are judged on, by the help of others, outward senses, they much conduce to our value or dis-esteem. A diamond set in brass, would be taken for a crystal, though it be not so, whereas a crystal set in gold, will by many be thought a diamond.

A poor man wise, will be thought a fool; though he have nothing to condemn him, but his being poor: the complaint is as old as Solomon: *the wisdom of the poor is despised; and his words not heard.* Poverty is a gulf, wherein all good parts are swallowed. Poor men, though wise, are but like satins without a gloss; which every man will refuse to look upon. Poverty is a reproach, which clouds the lustre of the purest virtue. It turns the wise man fool, to humour him that is a fool. Good parts in poverty, shew like beauty after sickness; pallid and pulingly deadish. And if all these calamities be but attendants, what may we judge that she is in herself? Undoubtedly, whatsoever we preach of contentedness in want; no precepts can so gain upon nature, as to make her a non-sensitive. It is impossible to find content in gnawing penury. Lack of things necessary, like a heavy load, and an ill saddle, is perpetually wringing of the back that bears it. Extreme poverty one calls a lanthorn, that lights us to all miseries. And without doubt, when it is urgent and importunate, it is ever chafing, upon the very heart of nature. What pleasure can he have in life, whose whole life is griped by some or other misfortune? Living no time free, but that, wherein he does not live, his sleep. His mind is ever at jar, either with desire, fear, care, or sorrow: his appetite unappeasedly craving supply of food for his body; which is either numbed with cold, in idleness; or stewed in sweat, with labour: nor can it be, but it will imbase even the purest metal in man: it will alchemy the gold of virtue, and mix it with more dull alloy. It will make a man submit to those coarse ways, which another estate would scorn: nay, it will not suffer the soul to exercise that generous freedom, which equal nature has given it: but hales it to such low indecencies, as pull disdain upon it. Counsel and discretion, either quite leave a man; or else are so limited, by unre-

sistible necessity, as they lose the brightness that they use to shine withal.

*Crede mihi, miseros, prudentia prima relinquit,  
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.*

Believe it, Wisdom leaves the man distrest :  
With wealth, both wit and counsel quits the breast.

Certainly, extreme poverty, is worse than abundance. We may be good in plenty, if we will ; in biting penury we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is casual ; in the other, it is necessitating. The best, is that which partakes of both, and consists of neither. He that hath too little, wants feathers to fly withal : he that hath too much, is but cumbered with too large a tail. If a flood of wealth could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a sea : But it can neither lengthen our lives, nor enrich us after the end. I am pleased with that Epigram, which is so like *Diogenes*, that it makes him bite in his grave :

*Effigiem, Rex Cræse, tuam ditissime regum,  
Vidit apud manes, Diogenes Cynicus :  
Constitit ; utque procul, solito majore cachinno  
Concussus, dixit. Quid tibi divitiæ  
Nunc prosunt, Regum Rex ô ditissime, cum sis  
Sicut ego solus, me quoque pauperior ?  
Nam quæcunque habui, mecum fero, cum nihil ipse  
Ex tantis tecum, Cræse, feras opibus :*

When the tubbed Cynic went to hell, and there  
 Found the pale ghost of golden Cræsus bare,  
 He stops, and jeering till he shrugs again,  
 Says; O thou richest king of kings, what gain  
 Have all thy large heaps brought thee, since I spy  
 Thee here alone, and poorer now than I?  
 For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,  
 Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little use does he make the mines of this same opulent man? Surely, estates be then best, when they are likest minds that be worst: I mean, neither hot nor cold: neither distended with too much, nor narrowly pent, with too little: yet nearer to a plenty than want. We may be at ease in a room larger than ourselves; in a room that is less, we cannot. We need not use more than will serve: but we cannot use less. We see all things grow violent, and struggle, when we would imprison them in any thing less than themselves. Fire, shut up, is furious. Exhalations inclosed, break out with thunder. Water compressed, spurteth through the stretched strainer. It is harder to contract many grains into one, than to cause many spring out of one. Where the channel is too little for the flood, who can wonder at the over-flowing.

*Quisquis inops peccat, minor est reus.*

He is less guilty, that offends for want;

was the charity of *Petronius Arbiter*. There is not in the world, such another object of pity, as the pinched state; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the tyrant's braves and contempt.

Questionless, I will rather with charity help him that is miserable, as I may be ; than despise him that is poor, as I would not be.— They have flinty and steeled hearts, that can add calamities to him, that is already but one entire mass.

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## XIX.

*Of the Evil in Man from himself, and occasions.*

IT is not so much want of good, as excess of ill, that makes man post to lewdness. I believe there are sparks enough in the soul, to flame a man, to the moral life of virtue : but that they are quenched by the putrid fogs of corruption. As fruits of hotter countries, transplanted in colder climates, have vigour enough in themselves to be fructuous according to their nature : but, that they are hindered by the chilling nips of the air, and the soil, wherein they are planted. Surely, the soul hath the reliqued impresses of divine virtue still so left within her, as she would mount herself to the tower of nobleness, but that she is depressed, by an unpassable thicket of hinderances ; the frailties of the body ; the current of the world ; and the armies of enemies that continually war against goodness, are ever checking the production of those motions, she is pregnant with. When we run into new crimes, how we school ourselves when the act is over ? as if conscience had still so much justice left ; as it would be upright in sentencing even against itself. Nay many times to gratulate the company, we are fain to force ourselves to unworthiness. Ill actions run against the grain of the undefiled soul : and, even while we are doing them, our hearts chide our hands and tongues, for transgressing. There are few, that are bad

at the first, merely, out of their love to vice. There is a nobleness in the mind of man, which of itself, entitles it to the hatred of what is ill. Who is it that is so bottomlessly ill, as to love vice, because it is vice? Yet we find, there are some so good, as to love goodness purely for goodness sake. Nay, vice itself is loved, but for the seeming good that it carries with it. Even the first sin, though it were (as Saint Augustine says) originally from the soul: yet it was by a wilful blindness, committed, out of a respect to a good, that was looked for by it. It is the body's contagion, which makes the soul leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the first infusing, it is spotless and immaculate: and where we see, there be means to second the progressions of it, it flies to a glorious height; scorning and weary of the muddy declining weight of the body. And when we have performed any honorable action, how it cheers and lightens itself, and man? As if it had no true joy, but in such things, as transcending the sense of the druggy flesh, tended to the blaze, and aspiring flame of virtue: nay, then, as if she had despatched the intent of her creation, she rests full, in her own approvement, without the weak world's reedy under-propping. Man has no such comfort, as to be conscious to himself, of the noble deeds of virtue. They set him almost in the throne of a Deity; ascend him to an unmovedness; and take away from him those black fears, that would speak him still to be but fragile man. It is the sick and diseased soul that drives us into unlimited passions. Take her as she is in herself, not dimmed and thickened with the mists of corporality; then is she a beauty, displayed in a full and divine sweetness.

*Amat, sapit, rectè facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.*

When man obeys his mind, he's wise, loves, and does right.

But this is not to be understood at large. For, says the same *Comedian*: *Dum id modo fiat bono*. Nor does it only manifest itself in itself; but even over the body too; and that so far, that it even converts it to a spirituality: making it indefatigable in travails, in toils, in vigilancies; insensible in wounds, in death, in tortures.

*Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit;  
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit;*

Says the grand Love-master.

Though all things want; all things the mind subdues,  
And can new strength in fainting flesh infuse.

When we find it seconded with the prevalent incitations of literature and sweet morality: how courageous, how comfortable, how towering is she? *Socrates* calls nature, the reason of an honest man: as if man, following her, had found a square, whereby to direct his life. The soul that takes a delight in lewdness, is gained upon by custom: and after an undoing, dulling practice takes a joy in that, which at first did daunt with terror. The first acts of sin, are for the most part trembling, fearful, and full of the blush. It is the iteration of evil that gives forehead to the foul offender. It is easy to know a beginning swearer; he cannot mouth it, like the practised man. He oaths it, as a cowardly fencer plays; who as soon as he hath offered a blow, shrinks back: as if his heart suffered a kind of violence by his tongue: yet had rather take a step in vice, than be left behind for not being in fashion. And, though a man be plunged in wickedness, yet would he be glad to be thought good. Which may strongly argue the intentions of the soul to be

good: though unable to maturate that seed that is in it. Nay, and that like a kind of captive, she is carried by corruption, through bogs, and deserts, that at first she fears to tread upon. Sin at first does a little startle the blood. Vice carries horror in her considered look, though we find a short plausibility, in the present embraces. There is no man, but in his soul dislikes a new vice, before he acts it. And this distate is so general, that when custom has dulled the sense, yet, the mind shames to transmit itself to the tongue; as knowing, he which holds tenets against natures principles, shall, by shewing a quick wit, lose his honest name. Goodness is not so quite extinct in man, but that he still flashes out a glimmering light, in morality. Though vice in some souls, have got the start on her; yet she makes every man's tongue fight for vice's extirpation. He that maintains vice lawful, shall have mankind his enemy. It is gain, not love to treason, that makes man fall a traitor. A noble deed does bear a spur in itself. They are bad works, that need rewards to crane them up withal. I believe, if we examine nature, those things that have a pleasure in their performance, *are bad but by mis-use; not simply so in themselves. Eating, drinking, mirth, are ill, but in the manner, or the measure; not at all in the matter.* Man's wisdom consists not in the not using, but in the well using of what the world affords him. How to use, is the most weighty lesson of man. And of this we fail, for want of seconding the seeds that be in the soul: the thorns do first choke them; and then, they dwindle, for lack of watering. Two things I will strongly labour for: to remove annoyance; and to cherish the growth of budding virtue. He spends his time well, that strives to reduce nature to her first perfection. Like a true friend, she wishes well to man, but is grown so poor, and fallen into such decay, as indeed she is not able. I will help her what I can in the way; though of myself,

I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it be in spiritual things, not able to begin. As man has not that free power in himself, which first he had: so I am far from thinking him so dull, to be a patient merely: it was not in the first fall slain, but irrecoverably lamed: debilitated, not annihilated. But whether this be true or no, I think it cannot be ill, of whatsoever good we do, to give our God the glory of it.

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## XX.

*Of Preaching.*

THE excess which is in the defect of Preaching, has made the pulpit slighted: I mean the much bad oratory we find it guilty of. It is a wonder to me, how men can preach so little, and so long; so long a time, and so little matter: as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vain tautologies. I see no reason, that so high a Princess as divinity is, should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue: nor that he which speaks from the *Father of Languages*, should deliver his embassage in an ill one. A man can never speak too well, where he speaks not too obscure. Long and distended clauses, are both tedious to the ear, and difficult for their retaining. A sentence well couched, takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those *cart-ropes* speeches, that are longer than the memory of man can fathom. I see not, but that divinity, put into apt significant, might ravish as well as poetry. The weighty lines men find upon the stage, I am persuaded, have been the lures, to draw away the pulpit-followers. We complain of drowsiness at a sermon, when a play of a doubled length, leads us

on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in ourselves. If we saw divinity acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be personated by humanity. The stage feeds both the ear and the eye; and through this latter sense, the soul drinks deeper draughts. Things acted, possess us more, and are too, more retainable, than the passable tones of the tongue. Besides, here we meet with more compassed language: the *dulcia sermonis*, moulded into curious phrase: though it is to be lamented, such wits are not set to the right tune, and consorted to divinity; who without doubt, well decked, will cast a far more radiant lustre, than those obscene scurrilities, that the stage presents us with, though oe'd and spangled in their gaudiest attire. At a sermon well dressed, what understander can have a motion to sleep? Divinity well ordered, casts forth a bait, which angles the soul into the ear; and can that close, when such a guest sits in it? They are sermons but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to slumber. And should we hear a continued oration, upon such a subject as the stage treats on, in such words as we hear some sermons; I am confident, it would not only be far more tedious, but nauseous and contemptful. The most advantage they have of other places, is, in their good lines and action: for it is certain, *Cicero* and *Roscius* are most complete, when they both make but one man: He answered well, that after often asked, said still, that action was the chiefest part of an Orator. Surely, the oration is most powerful, where the tongue is diffusive, and speaks in a native decency, even in every limb. A good Orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is *Seneca's* opinion: Fit words are better than fine ones. I like not those that are injudiciously made, but such as be expressively significant; that lead the mind to something, besides the naked term. And he that speaks thus, must not

look to speak thus every day. A combed oration will cost both sweat, and the rubbing of the brain: and combed I wish it, not frizzled, nor curled. Divinity, should not lascivate. Un-worm-wooded jests I like well; but they are fitter for the tavern, than the majesty of a temple. CHRIST, taught the people with authority—gravity becomes the pulpit. *Demosthenes* confessed he became an Orator, by spending more oil than wine. This is too fluid an element to beget substantials. Wit, procured by wine, is, for the most part, like the sparklings in the cup when it is filling; they brisk it for a moment, but die immediately. I admire the valour of some men, that before their studies, dare ascend the pulpit; and do there take more pains, than they have done in their library: but, having done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes three hours, but to weary the people into sleep. And this makes some such fugitive divines, that like cowards, they run away from their text. Words are not all, nor matter is not all; nor gesture; yet together they are. It is much moving in an Orator, when the soul seems to speak, as well as the tongue. Saint *Augustine* says, *Tully* was admired more for his tongue, than his mind; *Aristotle* more for his mind, than his tongue: but *Plato*, for both. And surely, nothing decks an oration more, than a judgement able well to conceive and utter. I know, God hath chosen by weak things, to confound the wise; yet I see not but in all times, a washed language hath much prevailed. And even the Scriptures, (though I know not the Hebrew) yet I believe they are penned in a tongue of deep expression: wherein, almost every word, hath a metaphorical sense, which does illustrate by some allusion. How political is *Moses* in his Pentateuch! How philosophical is *Job*! How massy and sententious is *Solomon* in his Proverbs! how quaint, and flamingly amorous in the Canticles! how grave and solemn in his Ecclesiastes! that in

the world, there is not such another dissection of the world as it. How were the Jews astonished at CHRIST'S doctrine! How eloquent a pleader is *Paul* at the bar; in disputation how subtle!—And he that reads the Fathers, shall find them, as if written with a crisped pen. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a Philosopher or a Poet, come in and wait, and give a trencher at this banquet. Saint *Paul* is precedent for it. I wish no man to be too dark, and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain, and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a total neglect of his hearers. Some stomachs rise at sweet meats. He prodigals a mine of excellency, that lavishes a terse oration to an aproned auditory. *Mercury* himself may move his tongue in vain, if he has none to hear him, but a non-intelligent. They that speak to children, assume a pretty lispings. Birds are caught by the counterfeit of their own shrill notes. There is a magic in the tongue can charm the wild man's motions. Eloquence is a bridle, wherewith a wise man rides the monster of the world—the People. He that hears, has only those affections that thy tongue will give him.

Thou mayest give smiles or tears, which joys do blot;  
Or wrath to Judges, which themselves have not.

You may see it in *Lucan's* words :

*Flet, si flere jubes gaudet, gaudere coactus :*  
*Et te dante, capit Judex quum non habet iram.*

I grieve, that any thing so excellent as divinity is, should fall into a sluttish handling. Sure, though other interposures do eclipse her; yet this is a principal. I never yet knew a good tongue, that

wanted ears to hear it. I will honor her, in her plain trim : but I will wish to meet her in her graceful jewels : not, that they give addition to her goodness : but that she is more persuasive in working on the soul it meets with. When I meet with worth which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that art, which is a means to heighten liking. Confections that are cordial, are not the worse, but the better, for being gilded.

## XXI.

*Of reconciling Enemies.*

IT is much safer to reconcile an Enemy, than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power ; but reconciliation, of his will : and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power, which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt the will, as the will is studious to find out means. Besides, an Enemy is a perpetual spy, upon thy actions ; a watch, to observe thy fails, and thy excursions. All which, in time of his captivity, he treasures up, against the day of advantage, for the confounding of him that hath been his detainer. When he is free from thy power, his malice makes him nimble-eyed : apt to note a fault, and publish it : and with a strained construction, to deprave those things, that thy intents have told thy soul are honest. Like the crocodile, he slimes thy way, to make thee fall ; and when thou art down, he insidiates thy intrapped life ; and with the warmest blood of thy life, fattens his insulting envy. Thy ways he strews with serpents and invenomings. Thy vices he sets, like *Paul's*, on high ; for the gaze of the world, and the scattered city : thy virtues, like Saint

*Faith's*, he placeth under ground, that none may note them. Certainly, it is a misery to have any enemy, either very powerful, or very malicious. *If they cannot wound upon proofs, they will do it yet upon likelihoods* : and so by degrees, and sly ways corrupt the fair temper of our reputations. In which, this disadvantage cannot be helped ; that the multitude will sooner believe them, than ourselves. For affirmations are apter to win belief, than negatives to uncredit them. It was a spawn of *Machiavel*, that a slander once raised, will scarce ever die, or fail of finding some, that will allow it both a harbour and trust. The baggage world desireth of herself to scar the face, that is fairer than she : and therefore, when she finds occasion, she leaps, and flies to the embracement of the thing she wished for : where, with a sharp-set appetite, she quarries on the prey she meets withal. When *Seneca* asked the question, *Quid est homini inimicissimum ?* *Seneca* answers, *Alter Homo*. Our enemies, studies are the plots of our ruin : nor is anything left unattempted, which may induce our damage. And many times the danger is the more, because we see it not. If our enemy be noble, he will bear himself valiantly, and scorn to give us an advantage against him : though his own judicious forwardness, may put us to the worse, let his worth persuade thee to an atonement. He that can be a worthy enemy ; will, reconciled, be a worthier friend. He that in a just cause, can valiantly fight against thee ; can in a like cause, fight as valiantly for thee. If he be unworthy, reconcile him too : though there be nothing else gained, but stilling of a scandalous tongue ; even that will be worth thy labour. Use him as a friend in outward fairness : but beware him, as an enemy, apt to re-assume his arms. He that is a base foe, will hardly be but false in friendship. Enemies, like miners, are ever working, to blow up our untainted names. They spit a poison, that will freckle the

beauty of a good report : and that fame which is white and pure, they spot with the puddled sprays of the tongue : for, they cannot but sometime speak as they think : and this *St. Gregory* will persuade us to believe : that, *Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum et impium putat : All men think their enemies ill.* If it may be done with honor, I shall think it a work of good discretion, to regain a violent adversary. But to do it so, as it pulls a poorness on a man's self; though it be safe, is worse than to be conquered in a manful contestation. Friendship is not commendable, when it rises from dishonorable treaties. But he that upon good terms, refuses a reconcilment; may be stubborn, but not valiant, nor wise. Whosoever thou art, that wilfully continuest an enemy, thou teachest him to do thee a mischief if he can. I will think that endeavour spent to purpose, that either makes a friend, or unmakes an enemy. In the one, a treasure is won; in the other, a siege is raised. When one said, he was a wise King, that was kind to his friends and sharp to his enemies : says another, he is wiser, that can retain his friends in their love; and make his enemies like them.

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 XXII.

*Of our sense of absent Good.*

SURELY, the mad-worm hath wilded all humanity; we sweat for what we lose, before we know we have it. We ever doat most on things when they are wanting; before we possess them, we chase them with an eager run: when we have them, we slight them: when they are gone, we sink under the wring of sorrow, for their

loss. *Infatuated estate of Man!* That the enjoyment of a pleasure, must diminish it. That perpetual use must make it, like a pyramid, lessening itself by degrees, till it grows at last to a *punctum*, to a nothing. With what undelayable heat, does the lime-twigg'd lover court a deserving beauty? Which, when he obtains, is far short of that content it promised him. Yet, he again no sooner loses it, but he over-esteems it, to an hyperbolical sum. Presence drowns, or mightily cools contentment: and absence seems to be a torture, that afflicts most, when most stretched. Want teacheth us the worth of this more truly. How sweet a thing seems liberty, to one immured in a case of walls? How dear a jewel is health to him that tumbles in distempered blood? Is it so, that pleasure, which is an airy constitution, cannot be grasped by a real body? Or do we so empty ourselves in the fruition, that we do in it, pour out our appetites also? Or is content such a slender title, that it is nothing but the present now; fled sooner than enjoyed? Like the report of a loud-tongued gun, ceased as soon as heard, without anything to shew it has been, save remembrance only. We desire long, and please ourselves with hope. We enjoy and lose together: and then we see what we have forgone and grieve. I have known many, that have loved their dead friends better, than ever they did in their life time. There is (if I have given you the right sense) a like complaint in the sinewy lyric.

*O quisquis voluit impias  
 Cades, et rabiem tollere cynicam :  
 Si quærit, Pater urbium  
 Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat  
 Refrænare licentiam,  
 Clarus postgenitis : quatenus (heu nefas !)*

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,  
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*

They that strive to chase away  
Slaughters and intestine war :  
That would have dumb statues say,  
These their cities' fathers are :  
Let them their own wild lusts tame,  
They shall not live, till dead, (O fate!)  
We envious, hate safe virtue's name :  
She dead, we sigh our widowed state.

We adore the blessings that we are deprived of. An estate squandered in a wanton waste, shews better in the miss, than while we had the use of it. Possession blunts the thought and apprehension. Thinking is properest to that, which is absent. We enjoy the present: but we think on future things, or past. When benefits are lost, the mind has time to recount the several worths: which, after a considerate search; she finds to be many more, than the unexamining possession told her of. We see more in the discomposure of a watch, than we can, when it is set together. It is a true one; blessings appear not, till they be vanished. The Comedian was then serious, when he wrote,

*Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,  
Cùm quæ in potestate habuimus, ea amissimus.*

Fond men, till we have lost the goods we had,  
We understand not what their values were.

It is folly to neglect the present ; and then, to grieve that we have neglected. Surely, he does best, that is careful to preserve the blessings he has, as long as he can : and when they must take their leave, to let them go without sorrowing, or over-summing them. Vain are those lamentations that have better fruit, than the displeasing of the soul, that owns them. I would add a thirteenth real labour, to the feigned twelve : or do any thing that lies in noble man, to pleasure or preserve the life of a friend. But dead once ; all that tears can do, is only to shew the world our weakness. I speak but myself a fool, to do that which reason tells me is unreasonable. It was the Philosopher's dictate, that he which laments the death of a man, laments, that that man was a man. I count it a deed-royal, in the kingly David, who began to warm his joys again, when the Infant's blood was cold : as if the breath which the child lost, had disclouded his in-darkened heart. I will apply myself to the present ; to preserve it, to enjoy it. But, never be passionate for the loss of that, which I cannot keep ; nor can regain. When I have a blessing, I will respect it, I will love it, as ardently as any man. And when it is gone, I confess, I would grieve as little. And this I think I may well do, yet owe a dear respect to the memory of that I lost.

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### XXIII.

*That no man can be good to all.*

I NEVER yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest ; and afforded him love. Nor ever any so good, but some have thought him vile ; and hated him. Few are so stigmatical,

as that they are not honest to some. And few again are so just, as that they seem not to some, unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor, can a man in himself, always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity. In some, report hath fore-blinded judgment. And in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love, or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the body's humours. Or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies, which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two houses—reason, and common sense. As if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force, than all that the eye can see. And this too, more powerful at one time, than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesies: and another time hath left me unsaluted at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection: and have found this, not an intended neglect; but an indisposedness, or, a mind, seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how. I know there is a generation, that do thus, out of pride; and in strangers, I confess, I know not how to distinguish. For there is no disposition, but hath a varnished vizard, as well as an unpencilled face. Some people cozen the world: are bad, and are not thought so. In some the world is cozened: believing them ill, when they are not. Unless it hath been some few of a family; I have known the whole mole-hill of pismires (the world) in an error. For, though report once vented, like a stone cast into a pond, begets circle upon circle, till it meets with the bank, that bounds it: yet fame often

plays the cur, and opens, when she springs no game, Censures will not hold out weight, that have life only from the spongy cells of the common brain. Why should I definitively censure any man, whom I know but superficially? as if I were a God, to see the inward soul. Nature, art, report, may all fail: yea, oftentimes probabilities. There is no certainty to discover man by, but time, and conversation. Every man may be said in some sort, to have two souls: one, the internal mind; the other, even the outward air of the face, and body's gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they differ? I have known a wise look hide a fool within: and a merry face, inhold a discontented soul. *Cleanthes* might well have failed in his judgement, had not accident have helped him, to the obscured truth. He would undertake to read the mind in the body. Some to try his skill, brought him a luxurious fellow, that in his youth, had been exposed to toil: seeing his face tanned, and his hands leathered with a hardened skin, he was at a stand. Whereupon departing, the man sneezed, and *Cleanthes* says, now I know the man, he is effeminate. For great labourers rarely sneeze. Judgement is apt to err, when it passeth upon things we know not. Every man keeps his mind, if he lists, in a labyrinth. The heart of man, to man, is a room inscrutable. Into which, nature has made no certain window, but as himself shall please to open. One man shews himself to me, to another, he is shut up. No man can either like all, or be liked of all. God doth not please all. Nay, I think it may stand with divinity, as men are, to say, he cannot. Man is infinitely more impotent. I will speak of every man as I find. If I hear he hath been ill to others, I will beware him, but not condemn him, till I hear his own apology,

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,  
Æquum licèt statuerit; haud æquus est.*

Who judgement gives, and will but one side hear,  
Though he judge right, is no good justicer.

The nature of many men is abtruse: and not to be espied, at an instant. And without knowing this, I know nothing, that may warrant my sentence. As I will not too far believe reports from others: so I will never censure any man, whom I know not internally; nor ever those, but sparing, and with modesty.

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XXIV.

*That man ought to be extensively good.*

I FIND in the creation, the first blessing GOD gave man, was, be fruitful and multiply. And this I find imposed by a precept, not a promise. It being a thing so necessary, as GOD would not leave it, but almost in an impulsive quality. And withal to shew us, that (even from the beginning) man's happiness should consist, in obeying GOD's commands. All men love to live in posterity. Barrenness is a curse; and makes men unwilling to die. Men, rather than they will want ensuing memory, will be spoken by the handed statute: or by the long-lasting of some insensate monument. When bragging *Cambyses* would compare himself with his father *Cyrus*, and some of his flatterers told him, he did excel him: stay, says *Croesus*; you are not his equal, for he left a son behind him. As if he were an imperfect Prince, that, leaveth an unhelmed state.

When *Philip* viewed his young son *Alexander*, he said, he could then be content to die. Conceit of a surviving name, sweetens death's aloed potion. It is for this, we so love those that are to preserve us in extended successions. There was something more in it, than the naked jeer, when *Cæsar* (seeing strangers at Rome, with whelps and monkies in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the children that the women of those lands brought forth. For he thought such respectful love, was due to none, but a self-extracted off-spring. Nor, is this only in the baser part of man, the body; but even in the sagacious soul. The first act God requires of a convert, is, be fruitful. The good man's goodness, lies not hid in himself alone: he is still strengthening of his weaker brother. How soon would the world and christianity fail, if there were not propagation both of it and man? Good works, and good instructions, are the generative acts of the soul: out of which, spring new posterity to the church, and gospel. And I am persuaded, to be a means of bringing more to heaven, is an inseparable desire of a soul, that is rightly stated. Good men wish all that they converse withal, in goodness, to be like themselves. How ungratefully he slinks away, that dies and does nothing, to reflect a glory to heaven! How barren a tree he is, that lives, and spreads, and cumpers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate another after him? I know all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds. They be dead, and withered grains of corn, out of which, there will not one ear spring. The physician that hath a sovereign recipe, and dies unrevealing it, robs the world of many blessings which might multiply after his death: leaving this collection, a truth to all survivors: *that he did good to others, but to do himself a greater*; which, how contrary it is to Christianity, and the nature of explicative love;

I appeal to those minds where grace hath sown more charity. Virtue is distributive, and had rather pleasure many with a self-injury, than bury benefits that might pleasure a multitude. I doubt whether ever he will find the way to heaven, that desires to go thither alone. They are envious favorites, that wish their Kings to have no loyal subjects, but themselves. All heavenly hearts are charitable. Enlightened souls cannot but disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and heaven; not to deserve by it; but to express myself, and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I *would*, I will labour to do what I *can*.

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## XXV.

*Of the horror Sin leaves behind.*

NO willing sin was ever in the act displeasing. Yet, it is not sooner past, than distasteful. Though pleasure merries the senses for a while; yet horror after, vultures the unconsuming heart: and those which carry the most pleasing tastes, fit us with the largest reluctations. Nothing so soon, can work so strange a change—now in the height of delight—now in the depth of horror. Damned Satan! that with *Orphean* airs, and dexterous warbles, leadeest us to the flames of hell: and then, with a contempt deridest us. Like a cunning courtezan, that dallies the ruffian to undo himself; and, then pays him with a flear, and scorn: or, as some men will do to a desired beauty, vow and promise that, in the heat of passion, which they never mind to stand unto. Herein only is the difference, gratitude and good-nature, may sometimes make them penitent, and seek some way to satisfy; whereas, he that yields to the wooing De-

vil, does but more augment his tyranny. For, when we meet with ignoble spirits, the more obedience, is a cause of the worser use. How often, and how infinitely are we abused! with what masques and triumphs are we led to destruction! Foolish, besotted, degenerate man! that having so often experienced his juggling, wilt yet believe his fictions, and his turfed mines: as if he had not many ways to one destroying end, or could bring thee any pleasure, and in it, aim not at thine overthrow. Knowest thou not, that he sows his tares by night; and in his baits, hides all he knows may hurt thee? Are not all those delights he brings us, like traps we set for vermin, charitable, but to kill? Does he not first pitch his toils, and then train us about to ensnare us? He shews us nothing but a tempting face; where he hath counterfeited nature's excellency, and all the graces of a modest countenance: while, whatsoever is infective, is veiled over with the exactest dress of comeliness. When our souls thirst after pleasure, we are called, as beasts with fodder, to the slaughter-house; or, as boys catch horses with provender in their hands, to ride them. Ill actions are perpetual perturbations: the punishment that follows, is far more grievous, than the performance was delightful; and the guilt is worse than the punishment.

*Estque ; pati pœnam, quam meruisse, minus.*

The most smart is, to think we have deserved it.

I will give you the story:—A Pythagorean bought a pair of shoes upon trust: the shoemaker dies; the Philosopher is glad, and thinks them gains; but a while after, his conscience twitches him, and becomes a perpetual chider: he repairs to the house of the dead, casts in his money, with these words—*There, take thy due, thou livest*

*to me though dead to all besides.* Certainly, ill gotten gains are far worse, than losses with preserved honesty. These grieve but once, the other are continually grating upon our quiet. He diminishes his own contentment, that would add to it by unlawfulness; looking only on the beginning, he thinks not to what, the end extendeth. It is indiscretion, that is hare-sighted.

*O Demea, istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modo est  
Videre, sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt prospicere.*

I tell thee *Demas*, Wisdom looks as well,  
To things to come, as those that present are.

This differenceth a wise man and a fool—The first begins in the end, the other ends in the beginning. I will take a part of both, and fix one eye on the act, another on the consequence. So if I spy the devil be-shrowded in the following train, I will shut the door against the pleasure itself, though it comes like a Lord, under a pretence of honouring me.

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 XXVI.

*Of Man's Imperfection.*

OF myself, what can I do without the hazard of erring? Nay, what can I think? Nay, what can I not do, or not think? Even my best business, and my best vacancy, are works of offence and error. Uncomfortable constitution of man, that canst not but be bad both in action and forbearance. Corruption mixeth with our purest

devotions : and not to perform them, is neglect. When we think not of GOD at all, we are impious, and ungrateful : when we do, we are not able to think aright. Imperfection sways in all the weak dispatches, of the palsied soul. If the Devil be absent, our own frailties are his tempting deputies. If those forbear, the meretricious world claps our cheeks, and fonda us to a cozening fail. So which way soever we turn, we are sure to be bitten with the one or the other head of this Cerberus. To what can we intend ourselves, wherein there is not a Devil to entrap us ? If we pray, how he casts in wandering thoughts, or by our eyes, steals away our hearts, to some other object than GOD ! If we hear, he hath the same policy, and prejudicates our opinion with the man, or part of his doctrine. If we read, he persuades us to let reason judge, as well as faith : so, measuring by a false rule, he would make us believe, divinity is much short of what it shews for. If we do good works, he would poison them, with Pharisaism, and makes us, by overvaluing, lose them. If we do ill, he encourages us to a continuance : and at last accuses us. If nothing, we neglect the good we should do. If we sleep, he comes in dreams, and wantoneth the ill-inclining soul. If we wake, we mis-spend our time ; or, at best, do good not well. So, by bad circumstances, poison a well intended principle. Even actions of necessity, we dispatch not without a stain ; we drink to excess and the drowning of the brain. We eat, not to satisfy nature, but to overcharge her, and to venerate the unbridled spirits. As a mill-wheel is continually turned round, and ever drenched with a new stream : so are we always hurried with successions of various sins. Like arrows shot in mighty winds, we wander from the bow that sent us. Sometime we think we do things well : but when they are past, we are sensible of the transgression. We progress in the ways of vice, and are

constant in nothing, but perpetual offending. You may see the thoughts of the whipping satirist, how divine they are :

*Mobilis, et varia est ferme natura malorum :  
 Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia : quid fas,  
 Atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis  
 Criminibus : tamen ad mores natura recurrit  
 Damnatos fixa, et mutari nescia : nam quis  
 Peccandi finem posuit sibi ? quando recepit  
 Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem ?  
 Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno  
 Flagitio ?—————*

Nature is motive in the quest of ill :  
 Stated in mischief: all our ablest skill  
 Cannot know right from wrong, till wrong be done :  
 Fixt Nature, will to condemn'd customs run  
 Unchangedly. Who to his sins can set  
 A certain end ? When hath he ever met  
 Blushes once from his hardened forehead thrown ?  
 Who is it sins, and is content with one ?

Surely there will not a man be found, that is able to answer to these queries. Their souls have sealed eyes, that can see nothing but perfection, in their own labours. It is not to any man given, absolutely to be absolute. I will not be too forward in censuring the works of others ; nor will I ever do any, that I will not submit to judgement and correction : yet so, as I will be able to give a reason, why I have ordered them, as the world sees.

## XXVII.

*Of curiosity in Knowledge.*

NOTHING wraps a man in such a mist of errors, as his own curiosity in searching things beyond him. How happily do they live, that know nothing, but what is necessary? Our knowledge doth but shew us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny, is but a discovery of what we cannot know. We see the effect: but cannot guess at the cause. Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed: but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank: not without pleasure, and delightful winding; while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader it is; till at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water; but no shore, no end of that liquid fluid vastness. In many things we may sound nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power, and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But, when we come to metaphysics, to long buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover. I wonder at those, that will assume a knowledge of all; they are unwisely ashamed of an ignorance, which is not disgraceful; it is no shame for man not to know that, which is not in his possibility. We fill the world with cruel brawls, in the obstinate defence of that

whereof we might with more honor, confess ourselves to be ignorant. One will tell us our Saviour's disputations among the doctors. Another, what became of *Moses'* body. A third, in what place Paradise stood: and where is local hell. Some will know heaven as perfectly, as if they had been hurried about in every sphere; and I think they may. Former writers would have the Zones inhabitable; we find them by experience, temperate. Saint *Augustine* would by no means endure the *Antipodes*: we are now of nothing more certain. Every age both confutes old errors, and begets new. Yet still are we more entangled, and the further we go, the nearer we approach a sun that blinds us. He that went furthest in these things, we find ending with a censure of their vanity, their vexation. It is questionable, whether the progress of learning hath done more hurt, or good, whether the schools have not made more questions than they have decided; where have we such peaceable, and flourishing common-wealths, as we have found among those, which have not so much, as had the knowledge of letters? Surely, these fruitless and ænigmatique questions, are bones the Devil hath cast among us, that while we strive for a vain conquest in these toys, we forget the prize we should run for. The husbandman that looks not beyond the plough and the scythe, is in much more quiet, than the divided brain of the statist, or the scholar. Who will not approve the judgement of our modern Epigrammatist?

*Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati,  
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil.*

If I may judge, they only happy show,  
Which do or nothing, or else all things know.

In things whereof I may be certain, I will labour to be instructed. But, when I come where reason loseth herself; I will be content with retiring admiration. Why should I rack my brains, for unprofitable impossibilities? Though I cannot know how much is hid; I may soon judge what may be discovered.

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XXVIII.

*Of being overvalued.*

IT is an inconvenience for a man to be accounted wiser than ordinary. If he be a superior, it keeps him from discerning what his inferiors are. For, their opinion of his piercing judgement, makes them to dissemble themselves; and fits them with a care, not only to hide their defects, but to shew him only the best of themselves. Like ill-complexioned women, that would fain be mistaken for fair; they paint most cunningly, where they know a blemish or scar; especially, when they are to encounter with those that be naturally beautiful. Worth in others, and defect in ourselves, are two motives, that induce us to the gilding of our own imperfections. When the sun-baked peasant goes to feast it with a gentleman, he washes, and brushes, and kersies himself in his holiday clothes. When the gentleman comes to him, he does fine up his homely house, and covers his clayed floor, with the freshness of a rushy carpet; and all is, that he may appear as above himself: while he is to meet with one that is so indeed. If he be an equal, men are fore-opinioned of him for a politic man; and in any matters of weighty commerce, they will study how to be more cautelous of him, than they would be of an unesteemed man. So he shall be sure to conclude nothing,

but upon harder conditions for himself. General fames warn us to advised contracts. He that is to play with a cunning fencer, will heed his wards, and advantage more; who, were he to meet with one unskilful, he would neglect, or nor think of them. Strong opposition teaches opposition to be so. I have seen a rising favorite, laid at, to be trod in the dust; while the un-noted man, hath passed with the greater quiet, and gain. Report, both makes jealousies where there are none, and increaseth those that there are. If he be an inferior, he is often a man of unwelcome society. He is thought one of too prying an observation: and that he looks further into our actions, than we would have him search. For there be few, which do not sometimes, do such actions, as they would not have discretion scan. Integrity itself, would not be awed by a blabbing spy. I know, the observer may fail as well as the other: but we all know natures to be so composed,

*Aliena melius ut videant, et judicent, quam sua.*

That they see more of others than their own.

We judge of others, by what they should be; of ourselves, by what we are. No man has pre-eminence, but wishes to preserve it in unpruned state; which while an inferior notes of imperfection, he thinks, doth suffer detriment: so he rather seeks to be rid of his company, then desires to keep him, as the watch of his ways. Let me have but so much wisdom, as may orderly manage myself, and my means; and I shall never care to be digited, with a—that is He. I wish, not to be esteemed wiser than usual: they that are so, do better in concealing it, than in telling the world. I hold it a greater injury to be over-valued, than under. For, when they both shall

come to the touch, the one shall rise with praise, while the other shall decline with shame. The first hath more uncertained honor ; but less safety : the latter is humbly secure ; and what is wanting in renown, is made up in a better blessing, quiet. There is no detraction worse than to over-praise a man : for whilst his worth comes short of what report doth speak him ; his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honor.

## XXIX.

*That mis-conceit has ruined Man.*

OUR own follies have been the only cause, to make our lives uncomfortable. Our error of opinion, our cowardly fear of the world's worthless censure, and our madding after unnecessary gold, have brambled the way of virtue, and made it far more difficult than indeed it is. Virtue hath suffered most by those which should uphold her : that now we feign her to be, not what she is, but what our fondness makes her, a hill almost un-ascendable, by the roughness of a craggy way. We force indurance on ourselves, to wave with the wanton tail of the world : we dare not do those things that are lawful, lest the wandering world misconstrue them : as if we were to look more to what we should be thought, than to what we should resolutely be. As if the Poet writ untruth, when he tells his friend, that,

*Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus ;*

*Nec sumit aut ponit secures  
Arbitrio popularis Auræ.*

Virtue, muddy censures scorning,  
With unstained honor shines :  
Without vulgar breath's suborning,  
Takes the throne, and crown resigns.

Nor does she live in penury ; as some have ill imagined : though she lives not in palaces, yet she does in Paradise : and there is the spirit of joy, youthful in perpetual life. Virtue is a competent fruition of a lawful pleasure ; which we may well use so far, as it brings not any evil in the sequel. How many have thought it the *summum bonum* ? *Antisthenes* was of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly happy, to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a *Socratic* strength. Shall we think goodness to be the height of pleasure in the other world : and shall we be so mad, as to think it here, the sufferance of misery ? Surely it was none of God's intent, to square man out for sorrows. In our salutes, in our prayers, we wish and invoke heaven for the happiness of our friends : and shall we be so unjust, or so uncharitable, as to withhold it from ourselves ? As if we should make it a fashion, to be kind abroad, and discourteous at home. I do think nothing more lawful, then moderately to satisfy the pleasing desires of nature ; so as they infringe not religion, hurt not ourselves, or the commerce of human society. Laughing is a faculty peculiar to man : yet, as if it were given us for inversion, no creature lives so miserable, so disconsolate. Why should we deny to use that lawfully, which nature hath made for pleasure, in employment ? Virtue hath neither so crabbed a face, nor so austere a look, as we

make her. It is the world, that choaking up the way, does rugged that which is naturally smoother. How happy and how healthful do those things live, that follow harmless nature? They weigh not what is past, are intent of the present, and never solicitous of what is to come: they are better pleased with convenient food than dainty: and that they eat, not to distemper, but to nourish, to satisfy. They are well arrayed with what nature has given them: and for raiment, they are never clad in the spoils of others, but the flies, the beasts, the fishes, may for all them, welcome age in their own silks, wools, and scarlets. They live like children, innocently sporting with their mother nature: and with a pretty kind of harmlessness, they hang upon her nursing breast. How rarely find we any diseased, but by ill man's misusing them? Otherwise, they are sound and uncomplaining. And this blessedness they have here above man; that, never seeking to be more than nature meant them, they are much nearer to the happiness of their first estate; wherein this, I confess, may be some reason: man was cursed for his own sin: they, but for the sin of man: and therefore they decline less into worse, in this the crazed age of the world: whereas, man is a daily multiplier of his own calamities: and what at first undid him, does constantly increase his woes; search, and self-preservation. He hath sought means to wind himself out of misery, and is thereby implunged to more. He hath left virtue, which the Stoics have defined to be honest nature; and is launched into by-devices of his own ingiddied brain: nor do I see, but that this definition may hold with true religion. For that does not abolish nature, but rectify it, and bound it. And though man at first fell desperately, yet we read not of any law he had to live by, more than the instinct of nature, and the remnant of God's image in him, till *Moses'* time. Yet in that time, who was it that did teach *Abel* to

do sacrifice: as if we should almost believe, that nature could find out religion. But when man, (once fallen) was by degrees grown to a height of prevarication: then GOD commanded *Moses*, to give them rules, to check the madding of their ranging minds. Thus, GOD made man righteous: but he sought out vain inventions: among all which, none hath more befooled him, than the setting up of gold: for now, (riches swaying all) they that serve virtue, like those of another faction, are pusht at by those that run with the general stream. Incogitable calamity of man; that must make that for the hinges of his life to turn on, which need not in anything be conducent to it. I applaud that in the Western Indies; where the Spaniard hath conquered; whose inhabitants esteemed gold, but as it was wrought into necessary vessel; and that no more, than they would alike of any inferior metal: esteeming more of the commodiousness, than they did of the thing itself. Is it not miserable, that we should set up such an idol, as should destroy our happiness? And that Christians should teach Heathens to undo themselves by covetousness! How happily they lived in Spain, till fire made some mountains vomit gold! and what miserable discords followed after, *Vives* upon *Augustine* doth report. If this were put down, virtue might then be queen again. Now, we cannot serve her as we ought, without the leave of this *Godling*. Her access is more difficult, because we must go about to come to her. As when an Usurper hath deposed the rightful King: those that would shew their love to the true one, either dare not, or cannot, for fear of the false one's might. Some things I must do that I would not: as being one amongst the rest, that are involved in the general necessity. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the laws of humanity, I will never deny myself an honest solace, for fear of an airy censure. Why should another man's injustice breed

my unkindness to myself? As for gold, surely the world would be much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since it is now the fountain whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a pass, to travel the world by, without begging. If I have none, I shall have so much the more misery; because custom hath played the fool, in making it material, when it needed not.

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 XXX.

*Of Women.*

SOME are so uncharitable, as to think all women bad: and others are so credulous, as they believe, they all are good. Sure: though every man speaks as he finds; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole sex; which in a strict examination, makes more for their honor, than most men have acknowledged. At first, she was created his equal; only the difference was in the sex: otherwise, they both were man. If we argue from the text, that male and female made man: so the man being put first, was worthier.—I answer, so the evening and the morning was the first day: yet few will think the night the better. That man is made her governor, and so above her; I believe rather the punishment of her sin, than the prerogative of his worth. Had they both stood it may be thought, she had never been in that subjection: for then it had been no curse, but a continuance of her former estate; which had nothing but blessedness in it. *Peter Martyr*, indeed is of opinion, that man before the fall, had priority. But *Chrysostom*, he says does doubt it. All will grant her body more admirable, more beautiful than man's: fuller of curiosities, and noble nature's

wonders: both for conception, and fostering the producted birth. And can we think GOD would put a worser soul into a better body? When man was created, it is said, GOD made man: but when woman, it is said GOD builded her; as if he had then been about a frame of rarer rooms, and more exact composition. And, without doubt, in her body, she is much more wonderful: and by this, we may think her so in her mind. Philosophy tells us, though the soul be not caused by the body; yet in the general it follows the temperament of it: so the comeliest outsides, are naturally (for the most part) virtuous within. If place can be any privilege; we shall find her built in Paradise, when man was made without it. It is certain, they are by constitution colder than the boiling man: so by this, more temperate; it is heat that transports man to immoderation and fury: it is that, which hurries him to a savage and libidinous violence. Women are naturally the more modest: and modesty is the seat and dwelling place of virtue. Whence proceed the most abhorred villanies, but from a masculine unblushing impudence? What a deal of sweetness do we find in a mild disposition? When a woman grows bold and daring, we dislike her, and say, she is too like a man: yet in ourselves, we magnify what we condemn in her. Is not this injustice? Every man is so much the better, by how much he comes nearer to GOD. Man in nothing is more like him, than in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful than men; it being a sex, wherein pity and compassion have dispersed far brighter rays. GOD is said to be love; and I am sure, every where woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. It was never found, but in two men only, that their love exceeded that of the feminine sex: and if you observe them, you shall find, they were both of melting dispositions. I know, when they prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures: yet still the

same reason gives it : for, *optima corrupta pessima* : the best things corrupted, become the worst. They are things, whose souls are of a more ductible temper, than the harder metal of man : so may be made both better and worse. The representations of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* may be both true : and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not, but at meetings, men may very well vie words with them. It is true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great actions. Natural heat does more actuate the stirring genius of man. Their easy natures makes them somewhat more unresolute ; whereby men have argued them of fear and inconstancy. But men have always held the Parliament, and have enacted their own wills, without ever hearing them speak : and then, how easy is it to conclude them guilty ? Besides, education makes more difference between men and them, than nature : and, all their aspersions are less noble, for that they are only from their enemies, men. *Diogenes* snarled bitterly, when walking with another, he spied two women talking, and said, see, the viper and asp are changing poison. The poet was conceited, that said, after they were made ill, that God made them fearful, that man might rule them ; otherwise they had been past dealing with. *Catullus* his conclusion was too general, to collect a deceit in all women, because he was not confident of his own.

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle  
 Quam mihi : non si se Jupiter ipse petat  
 Dicit : sed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,  
 In vento, et rapida scribere oportet aqua.*

My Mistress swears, she'd leave all men for me :  
 Yea though that Jove himself should suitor be.

She says it: but what women swear to kind  
Loves, may be writ in rapid streams, and wind.

I am resolved to honour virtue, in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in women, than men; though weaker, and more infirmly guarded. I believe, they are better, and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many, make me uncharitable to all: nor the goodness of some, make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more sweet and constant goodness in man, than I have found in women: and yet of these, I have not found a number.

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XXXI.

*Of the loss of things loved.*

NO crosses do so much affect us, as those that befall us in the things we love. We are more grieved to lose one child of affection, than we should be for many that we do not so nearly care for, though every of them be alike to us, in respect of outward relations. The soul takes a freedom, to indear what it liketh, without discovering the reason to man: and when that is taken from her, she mourns, as having lost a son. When the choice of the affections dies, a general lamentation follows. To some things we so dedicate ourselves, that in their parting, they seem to take away even the substance of our soul along: as if we had laid up the treasure of our lives, in the frail and moveable hold of another. The soul is framed of such an active nature, that it is impossible but it must assume something to itself, to delight in: we seldom find any, without pe-

cular delight in some peculiar thing; though various, as their fancies lead them. Honour, war, learning, music, do all find their several votaries: who, if they fail in their souls, wishes, mourn immoderately. *David* had his *Absalom*: *Hannah's* wish was children: *Haman's* thirst was honour: *Achitophel* took the glory of his counsel. Who would have thought, that they could, for the miss of these, have expressed such excessive passions? Who would have believed, that one neglect of his counsel, would have trussed up *Achitophel* in a voluntary halter? We then begin to be miserable, when we are totally bent on some one temporal object. What one sublunary centre is there, which is able to receive the circles of the spreading soul? All that we find here, is too narrow, and too little, for the patent affections of the mind. If they could afford us happiness in their possessions, it were not then such fondness to inleague ourselves with an undividable love: but, being they cannot make us truly happy in their enjoying: and may make us miserable by their parting; it will be best, not to centre all our rays upon them. Into how many ridiculous passages do they precipitate themselves, that dote upon a rosy face? Who looks not upon *Dido*, with a kind of smiling pity, if *Virgil's* poetry does not injure her with love to *Æneas*, rather than tell the truth of her hate to *Iarbas*.

*Uritur infelix Dido totaque; vagatur  
 Urbe furens: qualis coniecta Cerva sagitta;  
 Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit  
 Pastor agens telis: liquitque: volatile ferrum  
 Nescius: illa fuga sylvas saltusque; peragrat  
 Dictæos: hæret lateri Lethalis arundo.*

Scorched in fierce flames, through Cities' several ways,  
Lost *Dido* wanders : like some deer that strays,  
And unawares, by some rude Shepherd's dart,  
In her own *Crete*, pierc'd to her fearful heart,  
Flies tripping through all *Dicté's* groves and plains ;  
Yet still the deadly arrow sticks, and pains.

But, for such high-fed love as this, *Crates* triple-remedy is the best that I know : either fasting, or time ; and, if both these fail, a halter. And surely he deserves it, for robbing himself of his soul. Certainly they can never live in quiet, that so vehemently intend a peculiar quest. Fear and suspicion startle their affrighted minds ; and many times, their over-loving is a cause of their loss : moderate care would make it last the longer. Often handling of the withering flower, adds not to the continuance, but is a properation of more swift decay. Who loves a glass so well, as he will still be playing with it, breaks that by his childishness, which might have been found in the cellar or case. But, when in this, we shall lay up all our best contentments, what do we, but like foolish merchants, venture all our estate in one bottom ? It is not good to bring ourselves into that absolute necessity, that the failing of one aim should perish us. Who, that cannot swim well, would with one small thread, hazard himself in the faithless and unsounded sea ? How pleasantly the wise man laughs at that, which makes the Lady weep ; The death of her little dog ? The loving part in her, wanted an object : so play, and lapping on it, made her place it there : and that so deeply, that she must bedew her eyes at parting with it. How improvident are we, to make that, affliction in the farewell, which while we had, we knew was not always to stay ? nor could (if we so pleased not) thieve the least mite from us. He is unwise, that lets his

light spleen clap his wanton sides, which knows it need must die, whensoever the music ceases. I like him, that can both play, and win, and laugh; and lose, without a chafe, or sighs. Our loves are not always constant: their objects are much more uncertain; and events more casual than they. Something I must like and love: but, nothing so violently, as to undo myself with wanting it. If I should ever be intangled in that snare; I will yet cast the worst, and prepare as well for a parting journey, as cohabitation. And to prevent all, I will bend my love toward that, which can neither be lost, nor admit of excess. Nor yet will I ever love a friend so little, as that he shall not command the all of an honest man.

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## XXXII.

*Of the uncertainty of life.*

MISERABLE brevity! more miserable uncertainty of life! we are sure that we cannot live long: and uncertain that we shall live at all. And even while I am writing this, I am not sure my pen shall end the sentence. Our life is so short, that we cannot in it, contemplate what ourselves are: so uncertain, as we cannot say, we will resolve to do it. Silence was a full answer in that Philosopher, that being asked, what he thought of human life; said nothing, turned him round, and vanished. Like leaves on trees, we are the sport of every puff that blows: and with the least gust, may be shaken from our life and nutriment. We travel, we study, we think to dissect the world with continued searches: when, while we are contriving but the nearest way to it, age, and consumed years overtake us: and only labour pays us the losses of our ill expended

time. Death whisks about the unthoughtful world, and with a Pegasean speed, flies upon unwary man ; with the kick of his heel, or the dash of his foot, springing fountains of the tears of friends. *Juvenal* does tell us, how life wings away :

—————*Festinat enim decurrere velox*  
*Flosculus angustæ, miseræque ; brevissima vitæ*  
*Portio : dum bibimus, dum sarta, unguenta, pullas*  
*Poscimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.*

———The short-liv'd flower, and portion  
 Of poor, sad life, post-hasteth to be gone :  
 And while we drink, seek women, wreaths, and earn'd  
 Applause, old age steals on us undiscern'd.

If nature had not made, man an active creature, that he should be delighted in employment, nothing would convince him of more folly, than the durance of some enterprize that he takes in hand : for they are many times of such a future length, as we cannot in reason hope to live till their conclusion comes. We build, as if we laid foundations for eternity : and the expeditions we take in hand, are many times the length of three or four lives. How many warriors have expired in their expugnations ; leaving their breath in the places where they laid their siege ? Certainly, he that thinks of life's casualties, can neither be careless, nor covetous. I confess, we may live to the spectacle, and the bearing-staff : to the stooping back, to the snow, or to the sleekness of the declining crown : but how few are there, that can unfold you a diary of so many leaves ? More do die in the spring and summer of their years, than live till autumn, or their growned winter. When a man shall exhaust his very vitality, for the hilling up of fatal gold ; and shall then think, how a

hair, or fly may snatch him in a moment from it: how it quells his laborious hope, and puts his posting mind into a more safe and quiet pace. Unless, we are sure to enjoy it, why should any man strain himself, for more than is convenient? I will never care too much, for that I am not sure to keep. Yet I know, should all men respect but their own time, an age or two would find the world in ruin: so that for such actions, men may plead their charity, that though they live not to enjoy those things themselves, they shall yet be beneficial to posterity. And I rather think this an instinct that God hath put in man, for the conservation of things: than an intended good of the Author to his followers. Thus, as in propagation we are often more beholding to the pleasure of our parents, than their desire of having us: so in matters of the world, and fortune, the aims of our predecessors for themselves, have by the secret work of Providence, cast benefits upon us. I will not altogether blame him that I see begins things lasting. Though they be vanities to him, because he knows not who shall enjoy them: yet they will be things well fitted for some that shall succeed him. They that do me good, and know not of it, are causes of my benefit, though I do not owe them my thanks: and I will rather bless them, as instruments, than condemn them, as not intenders.

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XXXIII.

*That good counsel should not be valued by the person.*

TO some, there is not a greater vexation, than to be advised by an inferior. Directions are unwelcome, that come to us by ascensions: as if wealth only were the full accomplishment of a soul within;

and could as well infuse an inward judgment, as procure an outward respect. Nay, I have known some, that being advised by such, have run into a worser contradiction; because they would not seem to learn of one below them: or if they see no other way convenient, they will yet delay the practice, till they think the prompter has forgot how he counselled them. They will rather fly in a perilous height, than seem to decline at the voice of one beneath them. Pitiful! that we should rather mischief ourselves, than be content to be unprided: for had we but so much humility, as to think ourselves but what we are, men; we might easily believe, another might have brain to equal us. He is sick to the ruin of himself, that refuseth a cordial, because presented in a spoon of wood. That wisdom is not lastingly good, which stops the ear with the tongue: that will command and speak all, without hearing the voice of another. Even the slave may sometimes light on a way to enlarge his master; when his own invention fails. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by men below our state: for, while a superior is sudden and fearless, an inferior premeditates the best; lest being found weak, it might displease, by being too light in the poize. *Job* reckons it a part of his integrity, that he had not refused the judgment of his servant. It is good to command and hear them. Why should we shame by any honest means, to meet with that which benefits us? In things that be difficult, and not of important secrecy, I think it not amiss to consult with inferiors. He that lies under the tree, sees more than they that sit on the top of it. Nature hath made the body's eyes to look upward with more ease than down: so, the eye of the soul sees better in ascensions, and things meanly raised. We are all with a kind of delectation, carried to the things above us: we have also better means of observing them, while we are admitted their view, and yet not thought

as spies. In things beneath us, not being so delighted with them, we pass them over with neglect, and not observing. Servants are usually our best friends, or our worst enemies: neuters seldom. For, being known to be privy to our retired actions, and our more continual conversation; they have the advantage of being believed, before a removed friend. Friends have more of the tongue, but servants of the hand: and actions for the most part, speak a man more truly than words. Attendants are like to the locks that belong to a house: while they are strong and close, they preserve us in safety: but weak or open, we are left a prey to thieves. If they be such as a stranger may pick, or another open with a false key; it is very fit to change them instantly. But if they be well warded, they are then good guards of our fame and welfare. It is good, I confess, to consider how they stand affected: and to handle their counsels, before we embrace them: they may sometimes at once, both please and poison. Advice is as well the wise man's fall, as the fool's advancement: and is often most wounding, when it strokes us with a silken hand. All families are but diminutives of a Court; where most men respect more their own advancement, than the honor of their throned King. The same thing, that makes a lying chambermaid tell a foul lady, that she looks lovely: makes a base lord, soothe up his ill King in mischief. They both counsel, rather to insinuate themselves, by floating with a light-loved humour; than to profit the advised, and imbetter his fame. It is good to know the disposition of the counsellor, so shall we better judge of his counsel; which yet if we find good, we shall do well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will love the good counsel, even of a bad man. We think not gold the worse, because it is brought us in a bag of leather: no more ought we to contemn good counsel, because it is presented us, by a bad man, or an underling.

## XXXIV.

*Of Custom in advancing Money.*

CUSTOM misleads us all: we magnify the wealthy man, though his parts be never so poor; the poor man we despise, be he never so well otherwise qualified. To be rich, is to be three parts of the way onward to perfection. To be poor, is to be made a pavement for the tread of the full-minded man. Gold is the only coverlet of imperfections: it is the fool's curtain, that can hide all his defects from the world. It can make knees bow, and tongues speak, against the native genius of the groaning heart. It supple more than oil or fomentations; and can stiffen beyond the Summer sun, or the Winter's white-bearded cold. In this we differ from the ancient Heathen, they made Jupiter their chief god; and we have crowned Pluto.— He is master of the *Muses*, and can buy their voices. The *Graces* wait on him. *Mercury* is his messenger. *Mars* comes to him for his pay. *Venus* is his prostitute. He can make *Vesta* break her vow. He can have *Bacchus* be merry with him, and *Ceres* feast with him when he lists. He is the sick man's *Esculapius*, and the *Pallas* of an empty brain: nor can *Cupid* cause love, but by his golden-headed arrow. Money is a general man; and without doubt excellently parted. *Petronius*, describes his qualities:

*Quisquis habet nummos, secura naviget aura :  
 Fortunamque : suo temperet arbitrio.  
 Uxorem ducat Danaen, ipsumque ; licebit  
 Acrisium jubeat credere, quod Danaen :  
 Carmina componat, declamat, concrepat omnes  
 Et peragat causas, fitque Catone prior.*

*Jurisconsultus, paret, non paret : habeto ;  
 Atque esto, quicquid Servius aut Labeo.  
 Multa loquor : quid vis nummis præsentibus opta,  
 Et veniet : clausum posidet arca Jovem.*

The monied man can safely sail all seas ;  
 And make his fortune as himself shall please.  
 He can wed Danae, and command that now,  
 Acrisius self that fatal match allow.  
 He can declaim, chide, censure, verses write :  
 And do all things better, than a Cato might.  
 He knows the law, and rules it ; hath, and is  
 Whole Servius, and what Labeo could possess.  
 In brief ; let rich men wish what's'er they love,  
 'T will come : they in a lock'd chest keep a Jove.

The time is come about, whereof *Diogenes* prophesied ; when he gave the reason why he would be buried grovelling : we have made the earth's bottom powerful to the lofty skies : Gold that lay buried in the buttock of the world ; is now made the head and ruler of the people : putting all under it, we have made it extensive as the *Spanish* ambition : and in the mean, have undeservedly put worth below it. Worth without wealth, is like an able servant out of employment ; he is fit for all businesses, but wants wherewith to put him into any : he hath good materials for a foundation ; but misseth wherewith to rear the walls of his fame, For, though indeed, riches cannot make a man worthy, they can shew him to the world when he is so. But when we think him wise, for his wealth alone, we appear content to be misled with the multitude. To the rich, I confess, we owe something ; but, to the wise man, most : To this,

for himself, and his innate worthiness; to the other, as being casually happy, in things that of themselves are blessings; but never so much, as to make virtue mercenary, or a flatterer of vice. Worth without wealth, besides the native nobleness, has this in it—That it may be a way of getting the wealth which is wanting. But as for wealth without worth, I count it nothing but a rich saddle, for the State to ride an ass withal.

## XXXV.

*That Sin is more crafty than violent.*

BEFORE we sin, the Devil shews his policy; when we have sinned, his baseness: he makes us first revile our father: and then steps up, to witness how we have blasphemed. He begs the rod, and the wand, for faults which had not been, but for his own incitement. He was never such a soldier, as he is a politician. He blows up more by one mine, than he can kill by ten assaults: he prevails most by treaty and facetious ways, Presents and parleys win him more than the cruel wound, or the drag of the compulsive hands. All sin is rather subtle, than valiant. The Devil is a coward; and will, with thy resisting, flee thee: nor dare he shew himself in a noted good man's company: if he does, he comes in seeming virtues, and the garments of belied truth. Vice, stands abashed at the glorious majesty of a good confirmed soul. *Cato's* presence stopped the practices of the *Romans* brutish *Floralias*. Satan began first with hesitations, and his sly-couched oratory: and ever since, he continues in wiles, in stratagems, and the fetches of a toiling brain; rather persuading us to sin, than urging us: and,

when we have done it, he seldom lets us see our folly, till we be plunged in some deep extremity: then he writes it in capital letters and carries it, as a pageant at a show, before us. What could have made *David* so heartless, when *Absolom* rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented sins? when he fled, and wept, and fled again! It appears a wonder, that *Shimei* should rail a King to his face; and unpunished, brave him and his host of soldiers, casting stones and spitting taunts, while he stood encompassed with his nobles. Surely, it had been impossible, but that *David* was full of the horror of his sins, and knew he repeated truth; though in that, he acted but the Devil's part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. Calamity, in the sight of worthiness, prompts the hand, and opens the purse, to relieve. It is a hellish disposition, that watcheth how to give a blow to a man that is already reeling. When we are in danger, he galls us with what we have done; and, on our sick beds, shews us all our sins in multiplying glasses. He first draws us into hated treason; and when we are taken and brought to the bar, he is both our accuser, and condemning witness. His close policy is now turned to declared baseness; nor is it a wonder: for unworthiness is ever the end of dishonest deceit: yet sure this cozenage is the more condemned, for that it is so ruinous, and so easy. Who is it but may cozen, if he minds to be a villain? How poor and inhuman was the craft of *Cleomines*, that concluding a league for seven days, in the night assaulted the secure enemy! alleging that, The *nights* were not excluded from slaughter. Nothing is so like to Satan, as a knave furnished with dishonest fraud: the best way to avoid him is to disdain the league. I will rather labour for valour, at the first, to resist him; than after yielding, to endeavour a flight. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the *Devil* or his *Mac-hiavel*. For though the Devil be the more secret enemy, yet the

base politician is the more familiar; and is indeed, but a Devil in hose and doublet; framed so, in an acquainted shape, to advantage his deceit the more.

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## XXXVI.

*Of Discontents.*

THE discontented man, is a watch over-wound, wrested out of tune and goes false. Grief is like ink poured into water, that fills the whole fountain with blackness and disuse. Like mist, it spoils the burnish of the silver mind. It casts the soul into the shade, and fills it more with consideration of the unhappiness, than thought of the remedy. Nay, it is so busied in the mischief, as there is neither room nor time, for the ways that should give us release. It does dissociate man, and sends him with beasts, to the loneliness of unpathed deserts, who was by nature made a creature companionable. Nor is it the mind alone, that is thus muddied, but even the body is disfaired: it thickens the complexion, and dyes it into an unpleasing swarthinness: the eye is dim in the discoloured face; and the whole man becomes as if statued in stone and earth. But, above all, those discontents sting deepest, that are such as may not with safety be communicated: for then the soul pines away, and starves, for want of counsel that should feed and cherish it. Concealed sorrows are like the vapours, that being shut up, occasion earthquakes; as if the world were plagued with a fit of the cholick. That man is truly miserable, that cannot but keep his miseries, and yet must not unfold them. As in the body, whatsoever is taken in that is distasteful, and continues there unvoided, does daily impost-

ume, and gather, till at last it kills, or at least endangers to extremity: so is it in the mind; sorrows entertained, and smothered, do collect still, and still habituate it so, that all good disposition gives way to a harsh morosity. Vexations, when they daily billow upon the mind, they froward even the sweetest soul, and from a dainty affability, turn it into spleen and testiness. It is good to do with these, as *Jocasta* did with *Ædipus*, cast them out in their infancy, and lame them in their feet: or, for more safety, kill them, to a not reviving. Why should we hug a poisoned arrow so closely in our wounded bosoms? Neither griefs, nor joys, were ever ordained for secrecy. It is against nature, that we should so long go with child with our conceptions; especially when they are such, as are ever striving to quit the ejecting womb.

*Strangulat inclusus Dolor, atque; cor æstuat intus;  
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.*

Untold griefs choak, cinder the heart; and, by  
Restraint, their burning forces multiply.

I think, no man but would willingly tell them, if either shame of the cause, or distrust of the friend, did not bridle his expressions. Either of these intail a man's mind to misery. Every sorrow is a short convulsion; but he that it makes a close prisoner, is like a Papist, that keeps Good-Friday all the year; he is ever whipping, and inflicting penance on himself, when he needs not. The sad man is an hypocrite: for he seems wise, and is not. As the eye fixed upon one object, sees other things but by halves and glancings: so, the soul intent on this accident, cannot discern on the other contingencies. Sad objects, even for worldly things, I know are some-

times profitable : but yet, like willows, if we set them deep, or let them stand too long, they will grow trees, and overspread, when we intended them but for stays, to uphold. Sorrow is a dull passion, and deadens the activeness of the mind. Methinks *Crates* shewed a braver spirit, when he danced and laughed in his thread-bare cloak, and his wallet at his back, which was all his wealth ; than *Alexander*, when he wept, that he had not such a huge beast, as the Empire of the world, to govern. He contemned, what this other did cry for. If I must have sorrow, I will never be so in love with it, as to keep it to myself alone : nor will I ever so affect company, as to live where vexations shall daily salute me.

## XXXVII.

*Of Nature's recompensing wrongs.*

THERE be few bodily imperfections, but the beauty of the mind can cover, or countervail, even to their not-seeming. For, that which is unsightly in the body, though it be our misfortune, yet it is not our fault. No man had ever power to order nature in his own composure : what we have there, is such as we could neither give ourselves, nor refuse when it was bequeathed us : But what we find in the soul, is either in the blur of man, or the blossom for which we praise him : because a mind well qualified, is oft beholden to the industry of the careful man : and that again which is mudded with a vicious iniquation, is so, by the vileness of a wilful self-neglect. Hence, when our soul finds a rareness in a tuned soul, we fix so much on that, as we become charitable to the disproportioned body, which we find containing it : and many times, the fails

of the one, are foils, to set off the other, with the greater grace and lustre. The mind's excellency can salve the real blemishes of the body. In a man deformed, and rarely qualified, we use first to view his blots, and then to tell his virtues, that transcend them: which be as it were, things set off with more glory, by the pity and defect of the other. It is fit the mind should be most magnified; which I suppose to be the reason, why Poets have ascribed more to *Cupid*, the son, than to *Venus*, the mother; because *Cupid* strikes the mind, and *Venus* is but for the body. *Homer* says, *Minerva* cured *Ulysses* of his wrinkles and baldness; not that she took them away by supplements, or the deceiving *fucus*, but that he was so applauded, for the acuteness of an ingenuous mind, that men spared to object unto him his deformity: and if it shall chance to be remembered, it will be allayed with the adjunct of the other's worth. It was said of bald, hook-nosed, crook-footed *Galba*, only that his wit dwelt ill. Worth then does us the best service, when it both hides the faults of nature, and brings us into estimation. We often see blemished bodies, rare in mental excellencies: which is an admirable instinct of nature, that being conscious of her own defects, and not able to absterge them, she uses diversion, and draws the consideration of the beholders, to those parts, wherein she is more confident of her qualifications. I do think, for worth in many men, we are more beholden to the defects of nature, than their own inclinary love. And certainly, for converse among men, beautiful persons have lessened of the mind's commending qualities. Beauty in itself, is such a silent orator, as ever is pleading for respect and liking: and by the eyes of others, is ever sending to their hearts for love. Yet, even this, hath this inconvenience in it: that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the mind with nobleness. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause, that the mind is ill. The modest sweetness of a liliated face,

makes men persuade the heart unto immodesty; had not *Dinah* had so good a one, she had come home unravished. Unlovely features have more liberty to be good with all, because they are freer from solicitations. There is a kind of continual combat, between virtue, and proportions of pleasingness. Though it be not a curse; yet it is many times an unhappiness to be fair.

— *Vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem  
Ipsa habuit; cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum  
Accipere atque; suam Rutilæ dare. Filius autem  
Corporis egregii miseris, trepidosque; parentes  
Semper habet: rara est adeò concordia formæ  
Atque pudicitie* —

*Lucretia's* fate warns us to wish no face  
Like her's, *Virginia* would bequeath her grace  
To lute-backed *Rutila*, in exchange: for still,  
The fairest children do their parents fill  
With greatest care; so seldom modesty  
Is found to dwell with beauty.—

The words be Juvenals. Above all therefore, I applaud that man which is amiable in both. This is the true marriage, where the body and the soul are met, in the familiar robe of comliness: and he is the more to be affected, because we may believe, he hath taken up his goodness, rather upon love to it, than upon sinister ends. They are rightly virtuous, that are so, without incitation: nor can it but argue, virtue is then strong, when it lives upright, in the praise of many temptations. And, as these are the best in other's eyes, so are they most composed in themselves. For here reason and the

senses kiss, disporting themselves, with mutual speculations : whereas those men, whose minds and bodies differ, are like two that are married together, and love not : they have ever secret reluctations, and do not part for any other reason, but because they cannot.

## XXXVIII.

*Of Truth and bitterness, in jests.*

IT is not good for a man to be too tart in his jests. Bitterness is for serious potions ; not for healths of merriment, and the jollities of a mirthful feast. An offensive man is the Devil's bellows, wherewith he blows up contentions and jars. But among all passages of this nature, I find none more galling than offensive truth. For thereby we run into two great errors. One is, we chide that in a loose laughter, which should be grave, and savour both of love and pity. So we rub him with a poisoned oil, which spreads the more, for being put in such a fleeting suppleness. The other is, we descend to particulars, and by that means, draw the whole company to witness his disgrace we break it on. The soldier is not noble, that makes himself sport, with the wounds of his own companion. Whosoever will jest, should be like him that flourishes at a show : he may turn his weapon any way, but not aim more at one, than at another. In this case, things like truth, are better than truth itself. Nor is it less ill than unsafe, to fling about this wormwood of the brain : some noses are too tender to endure the strength of the smell. And though there be many, like tiled houses, that can admit a falling spark, unwarmed : yet some again, are covered with such light dry straw, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame

about your troubled ears: and when the house is on fire, it is no disputing with how small matter it came: it will quickly proceed to mischief. *Exitus ira, favor*: Anger is but a step from rage; and that is wild fire, which will not be extinguished. I know, wise men are not too nimble at an injury. For, as with fire the light stuff, and rubbish, kindles sooner than the solid, and more compacted: so anger sooner inflames a fool, than a man composed in his resolutions. But we are not sure always to meet discreet ones: nor can we hope it, while we ourselves are otherwise in giving the occasion. Fools are the great number: wise men are like timber-trees in a wood, here and there one: and though they be most acceptable, to men wise, like themselves, yet have they never more need of wisdom, than when they converse, with the ringing elbows: who, like corrupt air, require many antidotes, to keep us from being infected: but when we grow bitter to a wise man, we are then worst: for, he sees further into the disgrace, and is able to harm us more. Laughter should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow into ruggedness. The birth is then prodigious, when mischief is the child of mirth. All should have liberty to laugh at a jest: but if it throws a disgrace upon one, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the music. Flouts we may see proceed from an inward contempt; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a generous mind than scorn. Nature at first makes us all equal: we are differenced but by accident, and outwards. And I think, it is a jealousy, that she hath infused in man, for the maintaining of her own honor against external causes. And though all have not wit to reject the arrow: yet most have memory to retain the offence; which they will be content to owe a while, that they may repay it, both with more advantage, and ease. It is but an unhappy wit, that stirs up enemies against the owner. A man may spit out his friend from his tongue;

or laugh him into an enemy. Gall in mirth is an ill mixture: and sometimes truth is bitterness. I would wish any man to be pleasingly merry: but let him beware, he bring not truth on the stage, like a wanton with an edged weapon.

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## XXXIX.

*Of Apprehension in Wrongs.*

WE make ourselves more injuries than are offered us: they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so, by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong, hurts more, than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making of ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment: nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity, without it: unless we have proofs, that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue, that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one: and after that, repent our misconception. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think, the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends, and quietness. If it be a wrong that is apparent; yet is it sometimes better to dissemble it, than play the wasp, and strive to return a sting. A wise man's glory is, in passing by an offence: and this was *Solomon's* philosophy. A fool struck *Cato* in the bath; and when he was sorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it: for, says *Seneca*, *Melius putavit non agnoscere, quàm ignoscere*. He would not come so near revenge, as to acknowledge that he had been wronged. Light injuries are made none, by a not

regarding; which with a pursuing revenge, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a generous spirit, to return a punishment for every abuse. Some are such, as they require nothing but contempt to kill them. The cudgel is not of use, when the beast but only barks. Though much sufferance be a stupidity; yet a little is of good esteem. We hear of many that are disturbed with a light offence, and we condemn them for it: because that which we call remedy, slides into disease; and makes that live to mischief us, which else would die, with giving life to safety. Yet, I know not what self-partiality, makes us think ourselves behind-hand, if we offer not repayment in the same coin we received it. Of which, if they may stand for reason, I think, I may give you two. One is the sudden apprehension of the mind, which will endure anything with more patience, than a disgrace; as if by the secret spirits of the air, it conveyed a stab to the ætherial soul. Another is, because living among many, we would justify ourselves, to avoid their contempt; and these being most such, as are not able to judge, we rather satisfy them by external actions, than rely upon a judicious verdict, which gives us in for nobler, by contemning it. Howsoever we may prize the revengeful man for spirit; yet without doubt it is Princely to disdain a wrong: who, when Ambassadors have offered undecencies, use not to chide, but to deny them audience: as if silence were the way-royal to reject a wrong. He enjoys a brave composedness, that seats himself, above the slight of the injurious claw. Nor does he by this shew his weakness, but his wisdom. For, *Qui leviter sæviunt, sapiunt magis*: The wisest rage the least. I love the man that is modestly valiant: that stirs not till he most needs; and then to purpose. A continued patience I commend not; it is different from what is goodness. For though GOD bears much, yet he will not bear always.

## XL.

*When vice is most dangerous.*

WHEN vice is got to the midst, it is hard to stay her, till she comes to the end. Give a hot horse his head at first, and he will surely run away with you. Who can stop a man in the thunder of his wrath, till he a little hath discharged his passion either by intemperate speech or blows? In vain we preach a patience, presently after the sense of the loss. What a stir it asks, to get a man from the tavern, when he is but half-drunk! desire is dispersed into every vein; that the body is in all its parts concupiscible. And this dies not in the way; but by discharge or recess. The middle of extremes is worst. In the beginning, he may forbear; in the end, he will leave alone: in the midst, he cannot but go on to worse; nor will he, in the heat, admit of any thing that may reach him, to desist. Rage is no friend to any man. There is a time, when it is not safe to offer even the best advice. Be counselled by the *Roman Ovid*.

*Dum furor in cursu est, currenti cede furori;  
Difficiles additus impetus omnis habet.  
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possit,  
Pugnat in adversas ire natator aquas.*

When rage runs swiftly step aside and see  
How hard th' approaches of fierce fury be.  
When danger may be shunn'd I reckon him  
Unwise, that yet against the stream will swim.

We are so blinded in the heat of the chase, that we beat back all preservatives: or make them means to make our vices more. That I may keep myself from the end, I will ever leave off in the beginning. Whatsoever precepts strict Stoicism would give us, for the calming of untempered passions; it is certain, there is none like running away. Prevention is the best bridle. I commend the policy of *Satyrus*, of whom *Aristotle* hath this story; that being a pleader, and knowing himself choleric, and in the whirr of the mind, apt to rush upon foul transgression; he used to stop his ears with wax, lest the sense of ill language, should cause his fierce blood to sethe in his distended skin. It is in man to avoid the occasion; but not the inconvenience, when he hath admitted it. Who can retire in the impetuous girds of the soul? Let a Giant knock; while the door is shut, he may with ease be still kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a limb of himself: then there is no course left to keep out the entire bulk.

## XLI.

*That all things are restrained.*

I CANNOT think of any thing that hath not some enemy, or some antagonist, to restrain it, when it grows to excess. The whole world is kept in order by discord; and every part of it, is but a more particular composed jar. Not a man, not a beast, not a creature, but have something to ballast their lightness. One scale is not always in depression, nor the other lifted ever high; but the alternate wave of the beam, keeps it ever in the play of motion. From the pismire on the tufted hill, to the Monarch on the raised throne, no-

thing but hath somewhat to awe it. We are all here like birds, that boys let fly in strings: when we mount too high, we have that which pulls us down again. What man is it which lives so happily, which fears not something, that would sadden his soul if it fell? nor is there any whom calamity doth so much tristitiate, as that he never sees the flashes of some warming joy. Beasts with beasts are terrified and delighted. Man with man is awed and defended. State with state are bounded and upheld. And in all these it makes greatly for the Maker's glory, that such an admirable harmony should be produced out of such an infinite discord, the world is both a perpetual war, and a wedding. *Heraclitus* called discord and concord the universal parents. And to rail on discord (says the Father of the Poets) is to speak ill of nature. As in music, sometimes one string is louder, sometimes another; yet never one long, nor never all at once: so sometimes one state gets a Monarchy, sometimes another; sometimes one element is violent, now another; yet never was the whole world under one long, nor were all the elements raging together. Every string has his use, and his tune, and his turn. When the *Assyrians* fell, the *Persians* rose. When the *Persians* fell, the *Grecians* rose. The loss of one man, is the gain of another. It is vicissitude that maintains the world. As in infinite circles about one centre, there is the same method, though not the same measure: so in the smallest creature that is, there is an epitome of Monarchy, of a world, which hath in-itself convulsions, arescations, enlargements, erections: which like props, keep it upright, which way soever it leans. Surely God hath put these lower things into the hands of nature, which yet he doth not relinquish, but dispose. The world is composed of four elements, and those be contraries. The year is quartered into four different seasons. The body both consists, and is nourished, by contraries.

How diverse, even in effect, are the birds and the beasts that feed us? and how diverse again, are those things that feed them? how many several qualities have the plants that they browse upon; which all mingled together, what a well-tempered sallad do they make! The mind too is a mixture of disparities; joy, sorrow, hope, fear, hate, and the like. Neither are those things pleasing, which flow to us, in the smoothness of a free prostitution.—A gentle resistance heightens the desires of the seeker. A friendly war doth indulgiate the ensuing close. It is variety that hits the humours of both sides. It is the imbecility of declining age, that commits man prisoner to a sedentary settledness. That which is the vigour of his life is ranging. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, quarrel and agree within him. In all which, he is but the great world's Breviary. Why, may we not think the world like a masquing battle, which God commanded to be made for his own content in viewing it? wherein, even a dying fly may lecture on the world's mortality. Surely, we deceive ourselves, to think on earth, continued joys would please. It is a way which crosses that, which nature goes. Nothing would be more tedious than to be glutted with perpetual jollities: were the body tied to one dish always, though of the most exquisite delicacy, that it could make choice of, yet after a small time, it would complain of loathing and satiety.—And so would the soul, if it did ever epicure itself in joy, Discontents are sometimes the better part of our life. I know not well, which is the more useful; joy, I may chuse for pleasure, but adversities, are the best for profit. And sometimes these do so far help me, as I should without them, want much of the joy I have.

## XLII.

*Of Dissimulation.*

DISSIMULATION in Vice, is like the brain in Man. All the senses have recourse to that, yet is it much controverted, whether that at all be sensitive, or no: so, all vices fall into dissimulation, yet is it in dispute, whether that in itself be a vice, or no. Sure, men would never act vice so freely, if they thought not, they could escape the shame of it by dissembling. Vice hath such a loathed look with her, that she desires to be ever masked. Deceit is a dress that she does ever wear. And howsoever the world's corrupted course may make us sometimes use it; even this will condemn it, that it is not of use, but either when we do ill ourselves; or, meet with ill from others. Men are divided about the question; some disclaim all, some admit too much, and some have hit the mean. And surely, as the world is, it is not all condemnable. There is an honest policy—The heart is not so far from the tongue, but that there may be a reservation, though not a contradiction between them. All policy is but circumstantial dissembling; pretending one thing, intending another. Some will so far allow it, as they admit of an absolute recess from a word already passed, and say, that faith is but a merchant's, or mechanic virtue. And so they make it higher by making it a regal vice. There is an order that out-goeth *Machiavel*: or else he is honester than his wont, where he confesses,—*Usus fraudis in ceteris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis*. That fraud which in war is commendable, is, in other actions, detestable. It is certain there is a prerogative in Princes, which may legitimate something in their negociations, which is not allowable in a private person. But, even the grant of this liberty,

hath encouraged them to too great an enlargement. State policy is become an irreligious riddle. *Louis XI.* of France, would wish his son to learn no more latin, than what should teach him to be a dissembling ruler. The plain heart in Court, is but grown a better word for a fool. Great men have occasions, both more, and of more weight, and such as require contrivings, that go not the ordinary way; lest being traced, they be countermined, and fall to ruin. The ancient Romans did (I think) miscal it, industry. And when it was against an enemy, or a bad man, they needs would have it commendable. And yet the prisoner that got from *Hannibal*, by eluding his oath, was by the Senate, as *Livy* tells us, apprehended and sent back again. They practised more than some of them taught; though in this deed, there was a greater cause of performance, because there was a voluntary trust reposed. Contrary to the opinion of *Plato*, that allowed a lie lawful, either to save a citizen, or deceive an enemy. There is a sort that the Poet bids us cozen,

*Fallite fallentes, ex magna parte profanum  
Sunt genus: in laqueos, quos posuere, cadent.*

Cozen the cozeners, commonly they be  
Profane: let their own snare their ruin be.

But sure we go too far, when our cozenage breeds their mischief. I know not well whether I may go along with *Lipsius*—*Fraus triplex: prima levis, ut dissimulatio, et diffidentia: hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, et deceptio: illam tolero. Tertia magna ut perfidia, et injustitia; istam damno.* I had rather take *Peter Martyr's* distinction of good and bad:—Good, as the nurse with the child, or the Physician with his Patient, for his health's sake: bad,

when it is any author of harm. Certainly, the use of it any way is as great a fault, as an imperfection: and carries a kind of diffidence of GOD along with it. I believe if man had not fallen, he should never need have used it: and, as he is now, I think no man can live without it. The best way to avoid it, is to avoid much business and vice. For if men defend not in some sort, as others offend, while you maintain one breach, you leave another unmanned; and for vice, she ever thinks in this dark, to hide her abhorred foulness. If I must use it, it shall be only so, as I will neither by it, dishonor Religion, nor be a cause of hurt to my neighbour.

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 XLIII.

*Of Censure.*

IT is the easiest part to censure, or to contradict a truth. For truth is but one, and seeming truths are many: and few works are performed without errors. No man can write six lines, but there may be something one may carp at, if he be disposed to cavil. Opinions are as various, as false. Judgement is from every tongue, a several. Men think by censuring, to be accounted wise; but, in my conceit, there is nothing lays forth more of the fool. For this you may ever observe; they that know least, censure most. And this I believe to be a reason, why men of precise lives, are often rash in this extravagancy. Their retiredness keeps them ignorant, in the course of business; if they weighed the imperfections of humanity, they would breathe less condemnation. Ignorance gives disparagement, a louder tongue, than knowledge does. Wise men had rather know, than tell. Frequent dispraises are, at best, but the faults of uncha-

ritable wit. Any Clown may see the furrow is but crooked, but where is the man that can plough me a straight one? The best works are but a kind of miscellany; the cleanest corn, will not be without some soil:—no, not after often winnowing. There is a tincture of corruption, that dyes even all mortality. I would wish men in works of others, to examine two things before they judge. Whether it be more good, than ill: and whether they themselves could at first have performed it better. If it be most good, we do amiss, for some errors, to condemn the whole. Who will cast away the whole body of the beast, because it inheld both guts and ordure? As man is not judged good, or bad, for one action, or the fewest number; but as he is most in general: so in works, we should weigh the generality, and according to that, censure. If it be rather good than ill, I think he deserves some praise, for raising nature above her ordinary flight. Nothing in this world can be framed so entirely perfect, but that it shall have in it some delinquencies, to argue more, were in the comprisor. If it were not so, it were not from nature, but the immediate Deity. The next, if we had never seen that frame, whether or no, we think we could have mended it. To espy the inconveniences of a house built, is easy: but to lay the plot at first, well; is matter of more pate, and speaks the praise of a good contriver. The crooked lines, help better to shew the straight. Judgement is more certain by the eye, than in the fancy; surer in things done than in those that are but in cogitation. If we find ourselves able to correct a copy, and not produce an original, yet dare to deprave; we shew more criticism than ability. Seeing we should rather magnify him, that hath gone beyond us; than condemn his worth for a few fails. Self-examination will make our judgements charitable. It is from where there is no judgement, that the heaviest judgement comes. If we must

needs censure, it is good to do it as *Suetonius* writes of the twelve *Cæsars*; tell both their virtues, and their vices impartially: and leave the upshot to collection of the private mind. So shall we learn by hearing of the faults to avoid them: and by knowing the virtues practise the like. Otherwise, we should rather praise a man for a little good, than brand him for his more ill. We are full of faults, by nature; we are good, not without our care and industry.

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## XLIV.

*Of Wisdom and Science.*

SCIENCE by much is short of Wisdom. Nay so far, as I think, you shall scarce find a greater fool, than sometimes a mere scholar. He will speak Greek to an ostler, and Latin, familiarly, to women that understand it not. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind; but discretion is the key; without which it lies dead, in the dulness of a fruitless rest. The practical part of wisdom is the best. A native ingenuity, is beyond the watchings of industrious study. Wisdom is no inheritance, no, not to the greatest Clerks, Men write, commonly, more formally than they practice: and they, conversing only among books, are put into affectation and pedantry. He that is built of the press, and the pen, shall be sure to make himself ridiculous. Company and conversation are the best instructors for a noble behaviour. And this is not found in a melancholy study alone. What is written, is most from imagination and fancy. And, how airy must they needs be, that are congeriated wholly, on the fumes, perhaps, of distempered brains! For if they have not judgement, by their learning, to amend their conversations; they may well want

judgement to chuse the worthiest authors. I grant they know much, and I think any man may do so, that hath but memory, and bestows some time in a library. There is a flowing nobleness, that, some men may be graced with, which far out-shines the notions of a timed student. And without the vain pearls of rhetoric, some men speak more excellently, even from nature's own judiciousness, than can the Scholar by his quiddits of art. How fond and untuneable are a *Fresh-man's*, brawls when we meet them out of their College; with many times, a long recited sentence, quite out of the way.—Arguments about nothing, or at best, niceties. As one would be of *Martin's* religion, another of *Luther's*, and so quarrel about their faith. How easy an invention may put false matters into true syllogisms. So, I see how *Seneca* laughed at them.—*O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilia subduximus? in hoc barbam dimissimus? Disputationes istæ, utinam tantum non prodessent, nocent.*—O most childish folly! would God these disputations only did not profit us; but they are hurtful. In discourse, give me a man that speaks reason rather than Authors; sense, rather than a syllogism; rather his own, than another's. He that continually quotes others, argues a barrenness in himself, which forces him to be ever borrowing. In the one, a man bewrays judgement; in the other, reading. And in my opinion it is a greater commendation to say, he is wise, than well read. So far I will honour knowledge, as to think this art of the brain, when it meets with able nature in the mind, then only makes a man complete. Any man shall speak the better, where he knows what others have said. And sometimes the consciousness of his inward knowledge, gives a confidence to his outward behaviour; which, of all other, is the best to grace a man in his carriage.

## XLV.

*That misapplication makes Passion ill.*

I READ it of one, that it is said, he was a man after God's own heart. And him among all others, I find extremely passionate, and very valiant. Who ever read such bitter curses, as he prays may light upon his enemies? Let death come hastily upon them: and let them go quick to hell. Let them fall from one wickedness to another. Let them be wiped out of the book of life. Let their prayer be turned into sin. Certainly, should such imprecations fall from a modern tongue, we should censure them for want of charity: and I think we might do it justly. For God hath not given us commission to curse his enemies, as he did to *David*. The Gospel hath set religion to a sweeter tune. The Law was given with thunder, striking terror in the hearers. The Gospel with music, voices, and angel-like apparitions. The law came in like war, threatening ruin to the land of man. The Gospel like peace, in the soft pleasures of uniting weddings. And this may satisfy for his rigour: but if we look upon him in another trim of the mind: how smooth he is, and mollifying? how does his soul melt itself into his eyes, and his bowels flow with the full streams of compassion? how fixt he was to *Jonathan*? how like a weak and tender woman, he laments his rebel *Absalom*, and weeps oftener, than I think we read of any through the whole story of the Bible? His valour, we cannot doubt: it is so eminent in his killing of the bear and lion: in his duel with that huge *Polythème* of the Philistines, and his many other martial acts against them. So that there seems to be in him, the highest pitch of contrary passions: and yet the man from God's own mouth, hath a testimony of a true improvement.

When passions are directed to their right end, they may fail in their manner, but not in their measure. When the subject of our hatred is sin, it cannot be too deep: when the subject of our love is God, it cannot be too high. Moderation may become a fault. To be but warm, when God commands us to be hot, is sinful. We belie virtue into the constant dulness of a mediocrity. I shall never condemn the nature of those men, that are sometimes violent: but those that know not, when it is fit to be so, Valour is then best tempered, when it can turn out of a stern fortitude, into the mild strains of pity. It is written to the honor of *Tamerlane*, that conquering the Muscovites with expression of Princely valour, he falls from the joy of the victory, to a lamentation of the many casual miseries they endure, that they are tied to follow the leading of ambitious generals. And all this, from the sight of the field, covered with the soul-less men. Some, report of *Cæsar*, that he wept, when he heard how *Pompey* died. Though pity be a downy virtue, yet she never shines more brightly, than when she is clad in steel. A martial man compassionate, shall conquer both in peace and war: and by a two-fold way, get victory, with honor. Temperate men have their passions so balanced within them, as they have none of either side in their height and purity. Therefore, as they seldom fall into foul acts: so they very rarely cast a lustre, in the excelling deeds of nobleness. I observe in the general, the most famed men of the world, have had in them both courage and compassion: and oftentimes wet eyes, as well as wounding hands. I would not rob temperance of her royalty. *Fabius* may conquer by delaying, as well as *Cæsar*, by expedition. As the casualties of the world are, temperance is a virtue of singular worth: but without doubt, high spirits directed right, will bear away the bays for more glorious actions. These, are best to raise Common-wealths: but the other,

are best to rule them after. This, best keeps in order, when the other hath stood the shock of an innovation ; of either, there is excellent use. As I will not over-value the moderate : so I will not too much dis-esteem the violent. An arrow aimed right, is not the worse for being drawn home. That action is best done, which being good, is done with the vigour of the spirits. What makes zeal so commendable, but the fervency that it carrieth with it ?

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 XLVI.

*Of the Waste and change of Time.*

I Look upon the lavish expenses of former ages, with pity and admiration—That those things men built for the honour of their name, as they thought, are either eaten up by the steely teeth of time ; or else, rest but as monuments of their pride and luxury. Great works undertaken for ostentation, miss of their end, and turn to the author's shame : if not, the transitions of Time, wear out their engraved names, and they last not much longer than *Caligula's bridge* over the *Baiaë*. What is become of the *Mausoleum*, or the ship-bestriding *Colossus* ? Where is *Marcus Scaurus'* theatre, the bituminated walls of *Babylon* ? and how little rests of the Egyptian Pyramids ; and of these, how diverse, does report give in their builders !—Some ascribing them to one, some to another. Who would not pity the toils of virtue, when he shall find greater honor inscribed to loose *Phryne*, than to victorious *Alexander* ? who when he had razed the walls of *Thebes*, she offered to re-edify them, with condition, this sentence might but on them be enlettered—*Alexander pulled them down ; but Phryne did re-build them.* From whence,

some have jested it into a quarrel for fame, betwixt a *Whore* and a *Thief*. Doubtless, no fortifications can hold against the cruel devastations of Time. I could never yet find any estate, exempted from this mutability. Nay, those which we would have thought had been held up with the strongest pillars of continuance, have yet suffered the extremest changes. The houses of the dead, and the urned bone, have sometimes met with rude hands, that have scattered them. Who would have thought, when *Scanderberg* was laid in his tomb, that the Turks should after, rifle it and wear his bones for jewels; Change, is the great Lord of the world; Time is his agent, that brings in all things, to suffer his unstayed dominion.

———*Ille tot regum parens,  
Caret pulchro Priamus, et flamma indiget,  
Ardente Troja*———

——He that had a Prince each son,  
Now finds no grave, and Troy in flames,  
He wants his funeral one.

We are so far from leaving any thing certain to posterity, that we cannot be sure, to enjoy what we have, while we live. We live sometimes to see more changes in ourselves, than we could expect, could happen to our lasting offspring. As if none were ignorant of the fate, the Poet asks.

*Divitis audita est cui non opulentia Cræsi ?  
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hostè tulit,  
Ille, Syracusia modo formidatus in urbe,  
Vix humili duram repulit arte famem.*

Who has not heard of *Cræsus*' heaps of gold,  
Yet knows his Foe did him a pris'ner hold ?  
He that once aw'd *Sycilia's* proud extent,  
By a poor art, could famine scarce prevent.

We all put into the world, as men put money into a lottery. Some lose all, and get nothing: some with nothing, get infinite prize; which perhaps venturing again, with hope of increase, they lose with grief, that they did not rest contented. There is nothing that we can confidently call our own: or that we can surely say, we shall either do, or avoid. We have not power over the present: much less over the future, when we shall be absent, or dissolved. And indeed, if we consider the world aright, we shall find some reason, for these continual mutations. If every one had power, to transmit the certain possession of all his acquisitions, to his own succeeders, there would be nothing left, for the noble deeds of new aspirers to purchase; which would quickly betray the world, to an incommunicable dulness: and utterly discourage the generous designs of the stirring, and more elementary spirit. As things now are, every man thinks something may fall to his share: and since it must crown some endeavours, he imagines, why not his? Thus by the various treads of men, every action comes to be done, which is requisite for the world's maintaining. But since nothing here below is certain. I will never purchase any thing, with too great a hazard. It is ambition, not wisdom, that makes Princes hazard their whole estates for an honour merely titular. If I find that lost, which I thought to have kept; I will comfort myself with this, that I knew the world was changeable; and that as God can take away a less good: so he can, if he please, confer me a greater.

## XLVII.

*Of Death.*

THERE is no spectacle more profitable, or more terrible, than the sight of a dying man, when he lies expiring his soul on his death-bed: to see how the ancient society of the body and the soul is divelled; and yet to see, how they struggle at the parting: being in some doubt what should become of them after. The spirits shrink inward, and retire to the anguished heart: as if, like sons pressed from an indulgent father, they would come for a sad valé, from that which was their life's maintainer: while that in the mean time pants with affrighting pangs; and the hands and feet, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldened to a fashionable clay: as if death crept in at the nails, and by an insensible surprize, suffocated the environed heart. To see how the mind would fain utter itself, when the organs of the voice are so debilitated, that it cannot. To see how the eye settles to a fixed dimness, which a little before, was swift as the shoots of lightening, nimbler than the thought, and bright as the polished diamond: and in which, this miracle was more eminent than in any of the other parts, that it, being a material earthly body, should yet be conveyed with quicker motion, than the revolutions of an indefinite soul. So suddenly bringing the object to conceits, that one would think, the apprehension of the heart were seated in the eye itself. To see all his friends, like *Conduits*, dropping tears about him; while he neither knows his wants, nor they his cure. Nay, even the Physician, whose whole life is nothing but a study and practice to continue the lives of others: and who is the anatomist of general nature, is now as one that gazes at a comet, which he can reach with nothing, but

his eye alone. To see the countenance, (through which perhaps there shined a lovely majesty, even to the captiving of admirable souls) now altered to a frightful paleness, and the terrors of a ghastly look. To think, how that which commanded a family, nay perhaps a kingdom; and kept it all in awe, with the moving of a spongy tongue, is now become a thing so full of horror, that children fear to see it: and must now therefore be transmitted from all these enchanting blandishments, to the dark and hideous grave: where, instead of shaking the golden sceptre, it now lies imprisoned in five feet of lead: and is become a nest of worms, a lump of filth, a box of pallid putrefaction. There is even the difference of two several worlds, betwixt a king enamelled with his robes and jewels, sitting in his chair of adored state; and his condition in his bed of earth, which hath made him but a case of crawlers: and yet all this change, without the loss of any visible substantial; since all the limbs remain as they were, without the least sign, either of dislocation, or diminution. From hence it is, I think, *Scaliger* defines death to be the cessation of the soul's functions: as if it were rather a restraint, than a missive ill. And if anything at all be wanting, it is only colour, motion, heat, and empty air. Though indeed, if we consider this dissolution, man by death is absolutely divided and dis-manned. That gross object which is left to the spectators eyes, is now only a composure but of the two baser elements, water, and earth: that now it is these two only, that seem to make the body, while the two purer, fire and air; are winged away, as being more fit for the compact of an elemental and ascensive soul. When thou shalt see all these things happen to one whose conversation had endeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the body put on death's sad and ashy countenance, in the dead age of night, when silent darkness does encompass the dim light of thy

glimmering taper, and thou hearest a solemn bell tolled, to tell the world of it; which now, as it were, with this sound, is struck into a dumb attention: tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to pleasure, and the fugitive toys of life? O what a bubble, what a puff, what but a wink of life, is man! And with what a general swallow, death still gapes upon the general world! When *Hadrian* asked *Secundus*, what death was: He answered in these several truths: it is a sleep eternal; the bodies dissolution; the rich man's fear; the poor man's wish; an event inevitable; an uncertain journey; a thief that steals away man; sleep's father; life's flight; the departure of the living; and the resolution of all. Who may not from such sights and thoughts as these, learn, if he will, both humility and loftiness? the one, to vilify the body, which must once perish in stenchful nastiness; the other to advance the soul, which lives here but for a higher, and more heavenly ascension? As I would not care for too much indulging of the flesh, which I must one day yield to the worms: so, I would ever be studious for such actions, as may appear the issues of a noble and diviner soul.

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#### XLVIII.

##### *Of Idleness.*

THE idle man is the barrenest piece of earth in the globe. There is no creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restless world. Even the most venomous and most ravenous things that are, have their commodities as well as their annoyances; and they are even engaged in some action, which both

profiteth the world, and continues them in their nature's courses. Even the vegetables, wherein calm nature dwells, have their turns and times in fructifying; they leaf, they flower, they seed. Nay, creatures quite inanimate are some the most laborious in their motion. With what a cheerly face the golden sun chariots through the rounding sky? How perpetual is the maiden moon, in her just and horned mutations? The fire, how restless in his quick and catching flames? In the air, what transitions? and how fluctuous are the salted waves? Nor is the teeming earth weary, after so many thousand years production? All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to shewing through his unwashed-face. Idleness is the most corrupting fly, that can blow in any human mind. That ignorance is the most miserable, which knows not what to do. The idle man is like the dumb jack in a virginal: while all the other dance out a winning music, this, like a member out of joint, sullens the whole body, with an ill disturbing laziness. I do not wonder to see some of our gentry grown (well-near) the lewdest men of our land: since they are most of them, so muffled in a non-employment. It is action that does keep the soul both sweet and sound: while lying still does rot it to an ordured noisomeness. *Augustine* imputes *Esau's* loss of the blessing, partly to his slothfulness, that had rather receive meat, than seek it. Surely, exercise is the fattening food of the soul, without which, she grows lank, and thinly-parted. That the followers of great men are so much debauched, I believe to be, want of employment: for the soul, impatient of an absolute recess, for want of the wholesome food of business, preys upon the lewder actions. It is true, men learn to do ill, by doing what is next it, nothing. I believe, *Solomon* meant the field of the sluggard, as well for the emblem of his mind, as the certain index of his outward state. As the one is over-

grown with thorns and briars; so is the other with vices and enormities. If any wonder how *Egistus* grew adulterate, the exit of the verse will tell him—*Desidiosus erat*. When one would brag the blessings of the *Roman* state, that since *Carthage* was razed, and *Greece* subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear: says the best *Scipio*—*We are now most in danger; for while we want business, and have no foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of vice and slothfulness*. How bright does the soul grow with use and negotiation! With what proportioned sweetness does that family flourish, where but one laborious guide steereth in an ordered course! When *Cleanthes* had laboured, and gotten some coin, he shews it his companions, and tells them, that he now, if he will, can nourish another *Cleanthes*. Believe it, industry is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not joy with the in-coming profit, it will yet banish mischief from thy busied gates. There is a kind of good angel waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a laurel in his hand to crown her. *Fortune*, they said of old, should not be prayed unto, but with the hands in motion. The bosomed fist beckons the approach of poverty, and leaves besides, the noble head unguarded: but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that noble director. How unworthy was that man of the world, that never did ought, but only lived and died. Though *Epaminondas* was severe, he was yet exemplary, when he found a soldier sleeping on his watch, he ran him through with his sword; as if he would bring the two brothers, *Death* and *Sleep*, to a meeting: and when he was blamed for that as cruelty, he said, he did but leave him as he found him, dead. It is none of the meanest happiness, to have a mind that loves a virtuous exercise; it is daily rising to blessedness and contentation. They are idle Divines, that are not heavened in their lives, above the un-studious man. Every one

shall smell of that he is busied in: as those that stir among perfumes and spices, shall, when they are gone, have still a grateful odour with them: so, they that turn the leaves of the worthy writer, cannot but retain a smack of their long-lived author. They converse with virtue's soul, which he that writ, did spread upon his lasting paper. Every good line adds sinew to the virtuous mind: and withal, heals that vice, which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do anything, I count it from the favouring Heavens. That I have a mind sometimes inclining to use that liberty well; I think, I may, without ostentation, be thankful for it, as a bounty of the Deity. Sure I should be miserable, if I did not love this business in my vacancy. I am glad of that leisure, which gives me leisure to employ myself. If I should not grow better for it; yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue me: I should both keep myself from worse, and not have time to entertain the Devil in.

## XLIX.

*That all things have a like progression and fall.*

THERE is the same method through all the world in general. All things come to their height by degrees; there they stay the least of time; then they decline as they rose; only mischief being more importunate, ruins at once, what nature hath been long a rearing. Thus the Poet sung the fall.

*Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo,  
Et subito casu, quæ valuère, ruunt.*

All that man holds, hangs but by slender twine ;  
By sudden chance the strongest things decline.

Man may be killed in an instant ; he cannot be made to live, but by space of time, in conception. We are curdled to the fashion of a life by time, and set successions ; when, all again is lost, and in the moment of a minute, gone. Plants, fishes, beasts, birds, men, all grow up by leisurely progressions ; so Families, Provinces, States, Kingdoms, Empires, have the same way of rise—by steps. About the height they must stay a while, because there is a nearness to the middle on both sides, as they rise, and as they fall : otherwise, their continuance in that top, is but the very point of time ; the present *now*, which now, again is gone. Then they, at best, descend ; but, for the most part tumble.—And that which is true in the smallest particulars, is, by taking a larger view, the same in the distended bulk. There were first, Men, then Families, then Tribes, then Common-wealths, then Kingdoms, Monarchies, Empires ; which, we find, have been the height of all worldly dignities :—and, as we find those Monarchies did rise by degrees, so we find they have slid again to decay. There was the *Assyrian*, the *Persian*, the *Grecian*, the *Roman*. And sure, the height of the World's glory, was in the days of the *Roman Empire* ; and the height of that Empire, in the days of *Augustus*. Peace then gently breathed through the Universe—Learning was then in her fullest flourish : no Age, either before or since, could present us with so many towering ingenuities. And then, when the whole World was most like unto God, in the sway of one Monarch ; when they saluted him by the title of *Augustus* ; and they then, like GOD, began in rule, to be called *Imperatores* ; this, I take it, was the *fulness of time*, wherein GOD, the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, vouchsafed, by taking human nature upon

Him, to descend into the world. And surely, the consideration of such things as these, are not unworthy our thoughts. Though our faith be not bred, yet it is much confirmed, by observing such like circumstances. But then, we may think, how small a time this Empire continued in this flourish. Even the next Emperor, *Tiberius*, began to degenerate; *Caligula* more; *Nero* yet more than he; till it came to be embroiled and dismembered, to an absolute division. Since then, how has the *Turk* seized one in the East, and and the other in the West! how much is it subdivided, by the deduction of *France*, *Britain*, *Spain*! Some have also observed the site of these Empires, how the first was nearest the East; the next, a degree further off; and so on, in distant removals, following the course of the sun: as if, beginning in the morning of the world, they would make a larger day, by declining towards the West, where the sun goes down, after his rising in the East. This may stand to the Southern and Western inhabitants of the world; but I know not how to the Northern: for else, how can that be said to rise any where, which resteth no where; but is perpetually in the speed of a circular motion? For the time, it was when the world was within a very little, aged 4000 years; which, I believe, was much about the middle age of the world: though, seeing there are promises that the latter days shall be shortened, we cannot expect the like extent of time after it, which we find did go before it. Nor can we think, but that decay, which hastens on the ruin of all lesser things, will likewise be more speedy in this. If all things in the world decline faster by far, than they do ascend; why should we not believe the world to do so too? I do not know what certain grounds they have that, dare assume to foretel the particular time of the world's conflagration: but surely, in reason, and nature, the end cannot be mightily distant. We have seen the infancy, the youth, the virility

all past. Nay, we have seen it well stept into years, and declination; the most infallible pre-monitors of a dissolution. Some can believe it within less than these nine and twenty years; because, as the Flood destroyed the former world, one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years after the first destroying *Adam*; so the latter world shall be consumed by fire, one thousand six hundred and fifty six years after the second *saving Adam*; which is CHRIST. But I dare not fix a certainty, where GOD hath left the world in ignorance. The exact knowledge of all things is in GOD only. But, surely, by collections from nature and reason, Man may much help himself, in likelihood and probabilities. Why hath man an arguing and premeditating soul, if not to think on the course and causes of things; thereby to magnify his Creator in them? I will often muse in such like themes: for, besides the pleasure I shall meet, in knowing further; I shall find my soul, by admiration of these wonders, to love both reason and the DEITY, better. As our admiring of things evil, guides us to a secret hate and decession: so, whatsoever we applaud for goodness, cannot but cause some rise in our affections.

## L.

*Of Detraction.*

IN some unlucky dispositions, there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth for excellent: so that when they hear one justly praised, they will either seek to dismount his virtues; or, if they be like a clear light, eminent; they will stab him with a *But*, of detraction:

as if there were something yet, so foul, as did obnubilate even his brightest glory. Thus, when their tongue cannot justly condemn him, they will leave him in suspected ill, by silence. Surely, if we considered Detraction, to be bred of envy, nested only in deficient minds; we should find that, the applauding of virtue, would win us far more honour, than the seeking slyly to disparage it. That, would shew we loved what we commended; while this tells the world, we grudge at what we want in ourselves. Why may we not think the Poet meant them for Detractors, which sprung of the teeth of *Cadmus'* poisoned serpent? I am sure their ends may parallel; for they usually murder one another in their fame: and where they find not spots, they devise them, It is the basest office man can fall into, to make his tongue the whipper of the worthy man. If we do know vices in men, I think we can scarcely shew ourselves in a nobler virtue, than in the charity of concealing them: so it be not a flattery, persuading to a continuance. And if it be in absence, even sometimes that which is true, is most unbeseeming the report of a man. Who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and society, that tells the private fault of his friend, to the public and depraving world? When two friends part, they should lock up one anothers secrets, and interchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbours fails, than any way uncurtain them. I care not for his humour, that loves to clip the wings of a lofty fame. The counsel in the Satire I do well approve of.

————— *Absentem qui rodit amicam,*  
*Qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos*  
*Qui captat risus hominum, famamque; dicacis,*  
*Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere*  
*Qui nequit, hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

— Who bites his absent friend,  
 Or not defends him blam'd, but holds along  
 With men's loose laughter, and each prater's tongue ;  
 That feigns what was not, and discloaks a soul ;  
 Beware him, noble Roman, he is foul.

And for the most part, he is as dangerous, in another vice as this. He that can detract unworthily, when thou canst not answer him ; can flatter thee as unworthily, when thou canst not chuse but hear him. It is usual with him to smooth it in the chamber, that keeps a railing tongue for the hall. And besides all this, it implies a kind of cowardice: for who will judge him otherwise, that but then unbuttons his tumoured breast, when he finds none to oppose the bigness of his looks and tongue? The valiant man's tongue, though it never boasteth vainly, yet is ever the greatest coward in absence: but the coward is never valiant but then: and then too, it is without his heart, or spirit. There is nothing argues nature more degenerate, than her secret repining at another's transcendency. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this folly, that by this act, she is able less to discern. He that pretending virtue, is busy in the stains of men, is like to him that seeks lost gold in ashes, and blowing them about, hides that more, which he better might have found with stillness. To over-commend a man, I know is not good: but the detractor wounds three, with the *one* arrow of his viperous tongue. Indeed it is hard to speak a man true, as he is: but howsoever, I would not deprave the fame of the absent: It is then a time for praises, rather than for reprehension. Let praise be voiced to the spreading air; but chidings whispered in the kissed ear: which action teaches us, even while we chide, to love. If there be virtues, and I am called to speak of him that owns them,

I will tell them forth unpartially. If there be vices mixed with those, I will be content the world shall know them by some other tongue than mine.

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## LI.

*Against Compulsion.*

AS nothing prevails more than courtesy: so compulsion often is the way to lose. Too much importunity, does but teach men how to deny. The more *we* desire to gain, the more do others desire that *they* may not lose. Nature is ever jealous of her own supremacy: and when she sees that others would under-tread it, she calls in all her powers for resistance. Certainly, they work by a wrong engine, that seek to gain their ends by constraint. Cross two Lovers, and you knit but their affection stronger. You may stroke the Lion into a bondage: but you shall sooner hew him to pieces, than beat him into a chain. The Fox may praise the Crow's meat from her bill: but cannot with his swiftness overtake her wing. Easy nature, and free liberty, will steal a man into a winy excess; when urged healths, do but shew him the way to refuse. The noblest weapon wherewith man can conquer, is love and gentlest courtesy. How many have lost their hopes, while they have sought to ravish them with too rude a hand? Nature is more apt to be led by the soft motions of the musical tongue, than the rustic thrashings of a striking arm. Love of life, and jollities, will draw a man to more, than the fear of death, and torments. No doubt, nature meant *Cæsar* for a conqueror, when she gave him both such courage, and such courtesy; both which put *Marius* into a muse. They which durst

speak to him, (he said) were ignorant of his greatness; and they which durst not, were so of his goodness. They are men the best composed, that can be resolute, and remiss. For, as fearful natures are wrought upon, by the sternness of a rough comportment: so the valiant are not gained on, but by gentle affability, and a shew of pleasing liberty. Little fishes are twitched up with the violence of a sudden pull; when the like action cracks the line, whereon a great one hangs. I have known denials, that had never been given, but for the earnestness of the requester. They teach the petitioned to be suspicious; and suspicion teaches him to hold and fortify. He that comes with—you must have me, is like to prove but a fruitless wooer. Urge a grant to some men, and they are inexorable; seem careless, and they will force the thing upon you. *Augustus* got a friend of *Cinna*, by giving him a second life, whereas his death could at best but have removed an enemy. Hear but his exiled Poet.

*Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus :*

*Franges, si vires experiere tuas.*

*Obsequio tranantur aquæ, nec vincere possis*

*Flumina, si contra quàm rapit unda nates.*

*Obsequium Tigresque ; domat, tumidosque ; Leones :*

*Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.*

The Trees crook'd branches, gently bent, grow right,  
When as the hands full vigour breaks them quite.

He safely swims, that waves along the flood,  
While crossing streams is neither safe nor good.

Tigers and Lions, mildness keeps in awe :

And, gently us'd Bulls yolk'd, in ploughs will draw.

Certainly, the fair way is the best, though it be something the further about. It is less ill for a journey to be long, than dangerous. To vex other men, I will think, is but to tutor them, how they should again vex me. I will never wish to purchase ought unequally: what is got against reason, is for the most part won, by the meeting of a fool and knave. If ought be sought with reason, that may come with kindness; for then reason in their own bosoms, will become a pleader for me; but I will be content to lose a little, rather than be drawn to obtain by violence: the trouble and the hazard we avoid, may very well sweeten, or out-weigh a slender loss. Constraint is for extremities, when all ways else shall fail. But in the general, fairness has preferment. If you grant, the other may supply the desire; yet this does the like, and purchaseth love; when that, only leaves a loathsome hate behind it.

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## LII.

*Of Dreams.*

DREAMS are notable means of discovering our own inclinations. The wise man learns to know himself as well by the night's black mantle, as the searching beams of day. In sleep, we have the naked and natural thoughts of our souls: outward objects interpose not, either to shuffle in occasional cogitations, or hale out the included fancy. The mind is then shut up in the Borough of the body: none of the *Cinque Ports* of the *Isle of Man*, are then open, to let in any strange disturbers. Surely, how we fall to vice, or rise to virtue, we may by observation find in our dreams. It was the wise *Zeno*, that said, he could collect a man by his Dreams: for then the soul

stated in a deep repose, betrayed her true affections; which, in the busy day, she would either not shew, or not note. It was a custom among the *Indians*, when their Kings went to their sleep, to pray, with piping acclamations, that they might have happy dreams; and withal, consult well for their subjects benefit: as if the night had been a time, wherein they might grow good and wise. And certainly, the wise man is the wiser for his sleeping, if he can order well in the day, what the eye-less night presenteth him. Every dream is not to be counted of; nor yet are all to be cast away with contempt. I would neither be a *Stoic*, superstitious in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, considerate of none. If the *Physician* may by them judge of the disease of the body, I see not but, the *Divine* may do so, concerning the soul. I doubt not but the genius of the soul is waking, and motive even in the fastest closures of the imprisoning eye-lids. But to presage from these thoughts of sleep, is a wisdom that I would not reach to. The best use we can make of dreams, is observation, and by that, our own correction or encouragement. For it is not doubtable, but that the mind is working in the dullest depths of sleep. I am confirmed by *Claudian*,

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,  
 Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies.  
 Venator, defessa toro cùm membra reponit,  
 Mens tamen ad sylvas, et sua lustra redit.  
 Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,  
 Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.  
 Furto gaudet amans; permutat navita Merces:  
 Et vigil elapsas quærit avarus opes.  
 Blandaque largitur frustra sitientibus ægris,  
 Irriguus gelido pocula fonte sopor.*

*Me quoque Musarum studium, sub nocte silenti,  
Artibus assiduis, sollicitare solet.*

Day thoughts, transwined from th' industrious breast,  
All seem re-acted in the night's dumb rest.  
When the tired Huntsman, his repose begins,  
Then flies his mind to woods, and wild beasts' dens.  
Judges dream cases: Champions seem to run,  
With their night Coursers, the vain bounds to shun.  
Love hugs his rapes.—The Merchant traffic minds.  
The miser thinks he some lost treasure finds.  
And to the thirsty sick, some potion cold,  
Stiff flattering sleep inanely, seems to hold.  
Yea, and in the age of silent rest, even I,  
Troubled with art's deep musings, nightly lie.

Dreams do sometimes call us to a recognition of our inclinations, which print the deeper, in such undisturbed times. I could wish men to give them their consideration, but not to allow them their trust, though sometimes, it is easy to pick out a profitable moral. Antiquity had them in much more reverence, and did oft account them prophesies, as is easily found in the sacred volume: and among the *Heathen* nothing was more frequent. *Astyages* had two, of his daughter *Mandana*, the vine and her urine. *Calphurnia* of her *Cesar*; *Hecuba* of *Paris*: and almost every Prince among them had his fate shewed in interpreted dreams. *Galen* tells of one, that dreamed his thigh was turned to stone, and soon after, it was struck with a dead palsy.—The aptness of the humours to the like effects, might suggest something to the mind, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not, but either to preserve health or amend the life, dreams

may, to a wise observer, be of special benefit. I would neither depend upon any to incur a prejudice, nor yet cast them all away in a prodigal neglect and scorn. I find it of one that had long been troubled with the paining spleen; that he dreamt, if he opened a certain vein between two of his fingers, he should be cured; which, when he awaked, he did and mended. But indeed, I would rather believe this, than be drawn to practice after it. These plain predictions are more rare, foretellings used to be wrapped in more obscure folds; and now, that art lost, Christianity hath settled us to less inquisition: it is for a Roman soothsayer to read those darker spirits of the night, and tell that still Dictator, his dream of copulation with his mother, signified his subjecting the world to himself. It is now so out of use, that I think it not to be recovered. And were it not for the power of the Gospel, in crying down the vanity of men, it would appear a wonder, how a science so pleasing to humanity, should so fall, quite to ruin.

## LIII.

*Of Bounty.*

THERE is such a Royalty in the mind, as betrays a man to baseness and to poverty. Excesses, for the most part, have but ill conclusions. There is a dunghill mischief, that awaits even the man of the bounteous soul: and they that had store of a native goodness, grow at last to the practice of the foulest villanies. They are free as the descending rain, and pour a plenty on the general world.—This munificence consumes them, and brings them to the miseries of an emptied mind. Yet in this fall of their melted demesnes, they

grow ashamed to be publicly seen to come short of their wonted re-  
velling. So, rather than the world shall see an alteration, they  
leave no lewdness privately unpractised. It is a noted truth of *Ta-*  
*citus*,—*Ærarium ambitione exhaustum, per scelera supplendum erit.*  
Treasure spent ambitiously, will be supplied by wickedness. It is  
a pity, that which bears the name of Noble, should be parent of  
such hated vileness. What is it ambition will not practice, rather  
than let her port decline? Vain glory ends in lewdness and con-  
tempt. The lavish mind loves any indirection better than to flag in  
state.—A fond popularity bewitches the soul, to strew about the  
wealth and means: and to feed that dispersive humour, all ways  
shall be trodden, though they be never so much unworthy the man.  
Surely, we nickname this same flooding man, when we call him by  
the name of brave. His striving to be like a God in bounty, throws  
him to the lowest estate of man. It is for none but Him that has  
all, to give to all abundantly. Where the carrying stream is greater  
than the bringing one, the bottom will be quickly waterless; and  
then what commendation is it, to say there is a plenty wasted! He  
has the best fame, that keeps his estate un-niggardly: the other's  
flux, is merely out of weakness. He overvalues the drunken and  
reeling love of the vulgar, that buys it with the ruin of himself and  
his family. He fears he is not loved, unless he be loose and scat-  
tering. They are fools that think their minds ill woven, unless they  
have allowance from the popular stamp. The wise man is his own  
both world and Judge; he gives what he knows is fit for his estate  
and him, without ever caring how the waving tumult takes it. To  
weak minds, the people are the greatest parasites; they worship and  
knee them to the spending of a fair inheritance; and then they crush  
them with the heavy load of pity. It is the inconsiderate man, that  
ravels out a spacious fortune. He never thinketh how the heap

will lessen, because he looses, but by grains, and parcels. They are ill stewards, that so shower away a large estate. Says *Democritus*, when he saw one giving to all, and that would want nothing which his mind did crave; mayest thou perish unpitied, for making of the virgin graces, harlots. He made his liberality, like a whore, to court the public; when indeed she ought to win by modesty. For, as the harlots' offers, but procure the good man's hate: so when bounty proves a courtezan, and offers too indecently, it fails of gaining love, and gets but the dislike of the wise. He does bounty injury, that shews her so much, as he makes her but be laughed at. Who gives or spends too much, must fall, or else desist with shame. To live well of a little, is a great deal more honour, than to spend a great deal vainly. To know both when, and what to part withal, is a knowledge that befits a Prince. The best object of bounty, is either necessity, or desert. The best motive, thy own goodness: and the limit, is the safety of thy state. For this I will constantly think; the best bounty of man, is, not to be too bountiful. It is not good to make our kindness to others, to be cruelty to ourselves and ours.

## LIV.

*Of Man's Inconstancy.*

NO Weathercock under Heaven; is so variable as inconstant Man. Every breath of wind, fans him to a various shape. As if his mind were so near a kin to air, as it must with every motion, be in a perpetual change. Like an instrument cunningly played on, it does rise, and fall, and alter, and all on a sudden. We are feathers

blown in the bluster of our own loose passions, and are merely the dalliance of the flying winds. How many in an instant have murdered the men they have loved! as if accident were the fate of things, and the epicure had balked truth. How ardently can we affect some, even beyond the desire of dying for them, when immediately one sudden ebullition of choler, shall render them extremely offensive! nay, steep them in our hate, and curses! Behold the hold which man doth take of man! it is lost in a moment, with but the clacking of the tongue, a nod, or frown, or any such like nothing. We cancel leagues with friends, make new ones with our enemies, and break them ere concluded. Our favorites with the places alter: and our hate hath wings to alight, and depart. In our diet, how infinitely does the variation of humours dis-relish the ill tasting palate! what to day we raven on, is the rise of the next day's stomach. In our recreations how inconstantly loving! sometimes affecting the noiseful hound; sometimes the stiller sport of the wing; though ever engaged to a giddy variety. In our apparel how mutable! as if fashion were a *God*, that needs would be adored in changes. Our whole life is but a greater, and longer child-hood. What man living, would not die with anguish, were he bound to follow another, in all his unsteadfast motions which, though they be ever turning, yet are never pleasing, but when they proceed from the native freedom of the soul: which argues her change not more out of the object, than herself, and the humours wherewith she is composed. They first flowing to incite desire, then poured out upon an object, die in their birth, while more succeed them. Like soldiers in a running skirmish, come up, discharge, fall off, fly, and reinforce themselves. Only order is in their proceedings, while confusion doth distract the man. Surely, there is nothing argues his imperfection more. For though the

nobler elements be most motive, and the earth least of all, which is yet basest; yet are they never mutable, but as the object that they fix on makes them, nor do they ever wander from that quality, wherewith Nature did at first invest them. But man, had he no object, he would change alone; and even to such things, as nature did not once intend him. Minds thus tempered, we use to call too light, as if they were unequally mixed, and the two nimble elements had gotten the predominance. Certainly, the best is a noble constancy. For, perfection is immutable. But, for things imperfect, change is the way to perfect them. It gets the name of wilfulness, when it will not admit of a lawful change, to the better. Therefore constancy without knowledge, cannot be always good. In things ill it is not virtue, but an absolute vice. In all changes, I will have regard to these three things; God's approbation, my own benefit, and, the not harming of my Neighbour. Where the change is not a fault, I will never think it a disgrace; though the great exchange, the world should judge it so. Where it is a fault, I would be constant, though outward things should wish my turning. He hath but a weak warrant for what he does, that hath only the fortune to find his bad actions plausible.

## LV.

*Of Logic.*

NOTHING hath spoiled truth more than the invention of Logic. It hath found out so many distinctions, that it enwraps reason in a mist of doubts. It is reason drawn into too fine a thread; tying up truth in a twist of words, which being hard to unloose, carry her

away as a prisoner. It is a net to entangle her, or an art, instructing you how to tell a reasonable lie. When *Diogenes*, heard *Zeno* with subtle arguments, proving that there was no motion; he suddenly starts up, and walks. *Zeno* asks the cause? Says he again, I but confute your reasons. Like an over-curious workman, it hath sought to make truth so excellent, that it hath marred it. *Vives* says, he doubts not but the *Devil* did invent it; it teaches to oppose the truth, and to be falsely obstinate; so cunningly delighting, to put her to the worse, by deceit. As a *Conceitist*, it hath laid on so many colours, that the counterfeit is more various than the pattern. It gives us so many likes, that we know not which is the same.—Truth in logical arguments, is like a Prince in a masque, where are so many other presented in the same attire, that we know not which is he. And as we know there is but one Prince, so we know there is but one truth; yet by reason of the mask, judgement is distracted and deceived. There might be a double reason why the *Areopagitæ* banished *Stilpo*, for proving by his sophistry, *Minerva* was no Goddess.—One, to shew their dislike to the art; another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to wanton with the *Gods*. Sure, howsoever men might first invent it, for the help of truth, it hath proved but a help to wrangle; and a thing to set the mind at jar in itself: and doing nothing but confound conceit, it grows a toy to laugh at. Let me give you but one of our own.

*Nascitur in tenebris animal, puer, inscius, infans,  
Conferat Oxonium se, cito fiet homo.*

A thing born blind, a child, and foolish too,  
Shall be made man, if it to Oxford go.

*Aristarchus's* quip, may fall upon our times : Heretofore (says he) there were but seven wise men ; and now it is hard to find the number of fools.—For every man will be a *Sophister*, and then he thinks he is wise ; though, I doubt, some will never be so, but by the help of Logic. Nature herself makes every man a logician : they that brought in the art, have presented us with one that hath over-acted her ; and something strained her beyond her genuine plainness.—But I speak this of Logic at large, for the pure art is an excellency. Since all is in use, it is good to retain it, that we may make it defend us against itself. There is no way to secure a mine, but to countermine. Otherwise, like the *Art of Memory*, I think it spoils the natural. How can it be otherwise, when the invention of man shall strive with the investigation of supreme Nature ? In matters of Religion, I will make Faith, my means to ascertain, though not to comprehend them : for other matters, I will think simple nature the best reason, and naked reason the best Logic. It may help me to strip off doubts, but I would not have it help to make them.

## LVI.

*Of thoughtfulness in Misery.*

THE unfortunate man's wisdom, is one of his greatest miseries.—Unless it be as well able to conquer, as discern, it only shews him the blacker face of mourning. It is no commendation, to have an insight, deep in calamity. It can shew him mischief, which a fool sees not ; so helps him to vexation, which he cannot tell how to cure. In temporal things, it is one great happiness to be free from miseries : and, next to that, is not to be too sensible of them. There

is a comfort, in seeing but the shell of sorrow. And, in my opinion, he does wisely, that when grief presents herself, lets her wear a vizor, fairer than her naked skin. Certainly, it is a felicity to be an honest fool, when the piercing eye of his spirit, shall not see into the bowels of his attendant trouble. I believe our eyes would be ever winterly, if we gave them the flow, but for every just occasion. I like of *Solon's* course, in comforting his constant friend; when taking him up to the top of a turret, over-looking all the piled buildings, he bids him think, how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing; how many are, and how many will be. Then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own.—To mourn for none else, were hardness and injustice, to mourn for all, were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes. Sorrows are like putrid graves, the deeper you dig, the fuller both of stench and horror. Though consideration and a fool, be contraries, yet nothing increaseth misery like it. Who ever knew a fool die of a discontenting melancholy? So poor a condition is man fallen to, that even his glory is become his punishment: and the rays of his wisdom, light him but to feed those anguishes, which the darkness of his mind would cover. Sorrows are not to be entertained with hugs, and lengthened compliments; but the cast of the eye, and the put-by of the turning hand. Search not a wound too deep, lest you make a new one. It was not spoken without some reason: That fortunate, is better than wise—since whosoever is that, shall be thought to be this. For vulgar eyes judge rather by the event, than the intention. And he that is unfortunate, though he be wise, shall find many, that will due him, with, at least, supposed folly. This only is the wise man's benefit; as he sees more mischiefs, so he can curb more passions; and by this means hath wit enough to endure

his pains in secrecy. I would look so far into crosses, as to cure the present, and prevent the future: but will never care for searching further, or indearing cares by thoughtfulness. They are like *Charon's Cave* in Italy, where you may enter a little way, without danger, and further perhaps with benefit, but going to the end, it stifles you. No ship, but may be cast away, by putting too far into tempestuous seas.

## LVII.

*Of ill Company.*

WE have no enemy like base company; it kills both our fame, and our souls. It gives us wounds, which never will admit of healing: and is not only disgraceful but mischievous. Wert thou a King, it would rob thee of thy royal majesty; who would reverence thy sway when, like *Nero*, thou shouldst tavern out thy time with wantons, triumph with minstrels in thy chariot, and present thyself upon a common Stage, with the buskinned *Tragedian* and the *Pantomime*?—It is like a ship new trimmed, wheresoever you but touch, it soils you; and though you be clean, when you enter, even a little motion will fill you with defiled badges. And then the whiter the swan is the more is the black apparent. How many have died ignominiously, and have used their last breath, only to complain of this, as the witch that had enchanted them to the evils, that they now must smart for! it is an engine wherewith the Devil is ever practising, to lift man out of virtue's seat: it is the spiritual whore, which toys the good man to his soul's undoing. Certainly, if there be any *Dalilah* under Heaven, it is in bad society. This will bind us, be-

tray us, blind us, undo us. Many a man had been good that is not, if he had but kept good company. When the *Achates* of thy life shall be ill, who will not imagine thy life to be so too? even waters change their virtues, by running through a changed vein. No man but hath both good and bad in his nature, either of which, fortify, as they meet with their like; or decline, as they find a contrary. When vice runs in a single stream, it is then a passable shallow; but when many of these shall fall into one, they swell a deeper channel to be drowned in. Good and wise associates, are like Princes in defensive leagues; one defends the other against devices of the common foe. Lewd ones are like the *mistaken lantern* in 88, which under pretence of guiding, will draw us unto hazard, and loss, among our enemies. Nor was the fiction of the *Syrens*, any other in the moral, than pleasant wits vitiated in accustomed lewdness, who for that, were feigned to be monsters of a parted nature, and with sweet tunes, entice men to destruction.— Could my name be safe, yet my soul were in danger; could my soul be free, yet my fame would suffer; were my body and estate secure, yet those other two (which are the purest excellencies of man) are ever laid at stake. I know, Physicians may converse with sick ones, uninfected: but then, they must have stronger antidotes, than their nature gives them; else they shall soon stand in need, of what themselves once were, Physicians. One rotted apple, will infect the floor. The putrid grape, corrupts the whole sound cluster. Though I be no hermit, to sit away my days in a dull cell; yet will I chuse rather to have no companion, than a bad one. If I have found any good, I will cherrish them as the choicest of men; or as Angels, that are sent for guardians. If I have any bad ones, I will study to lose them; lest by keeping them, I lose myself in the end.

## LVIII.

*That no man, always sins unpunished.*

When *David* saw the delights of the wicked, he is forced to fly to the stop, with a *Fret not thyself, O my soul!* The jollities of the villanous man, stagger the religious mind. They live, as if they were passing through the world in state; and the stream of prosperity turning itself, to roll with their applauded ways: when if we do but look to despised virtue, how miserable and how stormy is her sea! Certainly, for the present, the good man, seems to be in the disgrace of heaven: he smarts and pines, and saddeneth his encumbered soul, and lives as it were, in the frown and nod of the trading world. When the *Epicure* considered this, it made him to exclude *Providence*. And surely to view the virtuous, with but nature's eyes, a man would think, they were things that nature envied, or that the whole world were deluded with a poisonous lie, in making only the virtuous happy. It is only the daring soul, that digesting vice in gross, climbs to the seat of honour. Innocence, is become a stair to let others rise to our abuse, and not, to raise ourselves to greatness. How rare is it, to find one raised for his sober worth and virtue! What was it but *Joseph's* goodness, that brought him to the stocks, and irons? Whereas if he had coped with his enticer, it is like he might have swam in gold, and lived a lapping to the silks and dainties. The world is so much knave, that it is grown a vice to be honest. Men have removed the temple of honour, and have now set it like an arbour in a wilderness, where unless we trace those devious ways, there is no hope of finding it. Into what a sad complaint did these thoughts drive the weighty Tragedian.

*Res humanas ordine nullo  
 Fortuna regit, spargitque manu  
 Munera cæca, pejora fovens.  
 Vincit sanctos dira libido ;  
 Fraus sublimi regnat in aula ;  
 Tradere turpi fasces populus  
 Gaudet : eosdem colit, atque odit.  
 Tristis virtus perversa tulit  
 Præmia recti : Castos sequitur  
 Mala paupertas, vitioque potens,  
 Regnat Adulter.*

Bent to worse, all human ways  
 Quite at random, Fortune sways,  
     Her loose favours blindly throwing.  
 Cruel lust the good man kills ;  
 Fraud the Court triumphant fills ;  
     People honours ill bestowing.  
 Then they hate, even those they kiss.  
     Sad worth, ill-rewarded is ;  
 And the chaste are poor, while vice  
     Lords it by Adulteries.

Were these ages chained to ours? Or why complain we that the world is worse, when fifteen hundred years space cannot (for ought I see) alter the condition? But, what is past, we forget; what is to come, we know not: so we only take a spleen at the present. It is true, vice braves it with a boldened face, and would make one think, it were only she that the dotting world had chose, to make a favorite on. But, if we have time for observation, we

shall see her halting with a crutch, and shame. Have we not seen the vices of the aged father, punished in the son when he hath been aged too? I am persuaded there be few notorious vices, but even in this world have a certain punishment; although we cannot know it. GOD (for the most part) doth neither punish, nor bless at once, but by degrees, and warnings. The world is so full of changings, that it is rare for one man, to see the compleated race of another. We live not long enough to observe how the Judgments of the justest GOD, do walk their rounds in striking. Neither always are we able. Some of GOD's corrections are in the night, and closetted. Every offence meets not with a market lash. Private punishments sometimes gripe a man within, while men looking on the outer face of things, see not how they smart in secret. And sometimes those are deep wounds to one man, that would be balm and Physic to another. There are no temporal blessings, but are sometimes had in the nature of perverted curses. And surely all those creatures that GOD hath put subordinate to man, as they (like inferior servants) obey him while he is a true steward: so when he grows to injure his great master, they send up complaints against him, and forsake him, chusing rather to be true to their maker, GOD; than assisting to the vileness of his falsest steward, man. So that though men by lewd ways, may start into a short preferment; yet sure there is a secret chain in nature, which draws the Universal to revenge a vice. Examples might be infinite; every story is a chronicle of this truth, and the whole world but the practice. How many families do we daily see, wherein a whipping hand scourgeth the stream of all their lineal blood? As if there were curses, hereditary with the lands their Fathers left them. I confess, they have a valour beyond mine that dare forage in the wilds of vice. Howsoever I might for a while, in my self, sleep with a dumb conscience; yet I cannot think,

the All of creatures, would so much cross the current of their natures, as to let me go unpunished. And, which is more than this, I find a soul within my soul, which tells me, that I do un-nobly; while I love sin more for the pleasure of it, than I do virtue for the amiable sweetness that she yields in herself.

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## LIX.

*Of Opinion.*

NOT any earthly pleasure is so essentially full in itself, but that even bare conceit may return it much distasteful. The world is wholly set upon the gad and waving: mere opinion is the genius, and, as it were, the foundation of all temporal happiness. How often do we see men pleased with contraries? As if they parted the fights and frays of nature: every one maintaining the faction which he liketh. One delighteth in mirth, and the friskings of an airy soul: another findeth something amiable in the saddest look of melancholy. This man loves the free and open-handed; that, the grasped fist, and frugal sparing. I go to the market, and see one buying, another selling, both are exercised in things different, yet either pleased with his own; when I, standing by, think it my happiness, that I do not either of these. And in all these, nothing frames content so much as imagination. Opinion is the shop of pleasures, where all human felicities are forged, and receive their birth. Nor is their end unlike their beginning: for, as they are begot out of an airy phantasm; so they die in a fume, and disperse into nothing. Even those things which in them carry a shew of reason, and wherein (if truth be judge) we may discern solidity, are made placid

or disgustful, as fond opinion catches them. Opinion guides all our passions and affections, or, at least, begets them. It makes us love, and hate, and hope, and fear, and vary: for, every thing we light upon, is, as we apprehend it. And though we know it be nothing, but an uncertain pre-judgment of the mind, mis-informed by the outward senses; yet we see it can work wonders. It hath untongued some on the sudden; and from some hath snatched their natural abilities. Like lightning, it can strike the child in the womb, and kill it ere it is worlded; when the mother shall remain unhurt. It can cast a man into speedy diseases, and can as soon re-cure him. I have known some, but conceiting they have taken a potion, have found the operation, as if they had taken it indeed. If we believe *Pliny*, it can change the sex: who reports himself to have seen it; and the running *Montaigne* speaks of such another. Nor is it only thus powerful, when the object of the mind is at home in ourselves; but also when it lights on things abroad, and apart. Opinion makes women fair, and men lovely: opinion makes men wise, valiant, rich, nay anything. And whatsoever it can do on one side to please, and flatter us; it can do the same on the other side, to molest and grieve us. As if every man had a several seeming truth in his soul, which if he follows, can for a time render him, either happy, or miserable. Here lies all the difference; if we light on things but seeming, our felicity fades; if on things certain and eternal, it continues. It is sure, we should bring all opinions to reason, and true judgement, there to receive their doom of admittance or ejection; but even that, by the former is often seduced, and the grounds that we follow, are erroneous, and false. I will never therefore wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with particular affections, to things sublunary. There are not more objects of the mind, than dispositions. Many things I may love, that

I can yield no reason for : or if I do, perhaps opinion makes me coin that for a reason, which another will not assent unto.— How vain then are those, that assuming a liberty to themselves, would tie all men to their tenets? Conjuring all men to the trace of their steps ; when it may be, what is truth to them, is error to another as wise. I like not men that will be Gods, and have their judgements absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my mind informs me, let me never desire to take away the like from another. If fair arguments may persuade, I shall with quiet, shew what grounds do lead me. If those cannot satisfy, I think I may wish any man to satisfy his own conscience. For that, I suppose, will bear him out, in the things that it justly approves. Why should any man be violent for that, which is more diverse, than the wandering judgements of the hurrying vulgar, more changing than the love of inconstant women : more multifarious than the sports and plays of nature, which are every minute fluctuous, and returning in their new varieties? The best guide that I would chuse, is the reason of an honest man : which I take to be a right-informed conscience : and as for books, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as discourses but of private men, that must be judged by religion, and reason ; so not to tie me, unless these and my conscience join, in the consent with them.

## LX.

*That we are governed by a power above us.*

THAT which we either desire or fear, I observe, doth seldom happen : but something that we think not on, doth for the most part

intervene, and conclude : or if it do fall out as we expect, it is not till we have given over the search, and are almost out of thought of finding it. Fortunes befall us unawares, and mischiefs when we think them escaped. Thus *Cambyses*, when *Cyrus* had been King of the *Boyes*, he thought the predictions of his rule fulfilled, and that he now might sit and sleep in his throne ; when suddenly he was awakened to ruin. So *Sarah* was fruitful, when she could not believe it : and *Zachariah* had a son, when he was stooped into years, and had left hoping it. When *Dioclesian* thought himself deluded by the prophecy, having killed many wild boars, at last he lights on the right *Aper*, after whose death he obtained the Empire. As if GOD, in the general, would teach, that we are not wise enough to choose for ourselves, and therefore would lead us to a dependency on him. Wherein he does like wise Princes, who feed not the expectations of favorites that are apt to presume ; but often cross them in their hopes and fears : thereby to tie them faster in their duty and reverence, to the hand that giveth. And certainly, we shall find this infallible : though GOD gives not our desires, yet he always imparts to our profits. How infinitely should we entangle ourselves, if we could sit down, and obtain our wishes ? Do we not often wish that, which we after see would be our confusion ? and is not this, because we ignorantly follow the flesh, the body, and the blinded appetite, which look to nothing, but the shell and out-side ? Whereas GOD respecteth the soul, and distributeth his favour, for the good of that, and his glory. GOD sees and knows our hearts, and things to come in certainty : we, but only by our weak collections, which do often fail of finding truth, in the cloud of the world's occasions. No man would be more miserable, than he that should cull out his own ways. What a specious shew carried *Midas's* wish with it, and how it paid him with ruin at last !

Surely, GOD will work alone, and man must not be of his counsel. Nothing pulls destruction on him sooner, than when he presumes to part the Empire with GOD. If we can be patient, GOD will be profitable: but the time and means we must leave to him, not challenge to ourselves. Neither must our own endeavours wholly be laid in the couch to laze. The moral of the tale is a kind of an instructive satire, when the Carter prayed in vain to *Jupiter*, because he did not put his shoulder to the wheel. Do thy part with thy industry, and let GOD point out the event. I have seen matters fall out so unexpectedly, that they have tutored me in all affairs, neither to despair, nor presume: not to despair; for GOD can help me: not to presume, for GOD can cross me. It is said of *Marius*, that one day made him Emperor; the next saw him rule; and the third he was slain of the soldiers. I will never despair, because I have a GOD: I will never presume, because I am but a man. *Seneca* has counsel, which I hold is worth the following.

*Nemo confidat nimium secundis,  
Nemo desperet meliora lapsus;  
Miscet hæc illis, prohibetque; Clotho  
Stare fortunam.*—

Let none fallen, despair to rise,  
Nor trust too much prosperities,  
*Clotho* mingling both, commands  
That neither stands.—

## LXI.

*Of Misery after Joy.*

AS it is in spiritual proceedings, better never to have been righteous, than, after righteousness, to become apostate: so in temporal it is better never to have been happy, than after happiness, to be drowned in calamities. Of all objects of sorrow, a distressed King is the most pitiful; because it presents us most the frailty of humanity: and cannot but most midnight the soul of him that is fallen. The sorrows of a deposed King, are like the distortments of a darter conscience; which none can know, but he that hath lost a crown. Who would not have wept, with our second Edward, when his princely tears, were all the warm water his butchers would allow, to shave him with? when the hedge was his cloth of state; and his throne, the humble, though the honoured, ground. Misery after joy, is killing as a sudden damp; terrible, as fire in the night, that startles us from a pleasing repose. Sudden changes, though to good, are troublesome, especially if they be extreme: but when they plunge us into worse, they are then the strapadoes of a human soul. A palpable darkness in a summer's day, would be a dismal thing. Diseases, when they do happen, are most violent in the strongest constitutions. He that meets with plagues after a long prosperity, hath been but fatted, like a beast, for slaughter: he is more mollified, only to make the pains and pangs of death more sensible: as if we should first supple a limb with oils and unguents; and then dab it with aqua fortis, toothed waters, and corroding minerals. It is better never to have been fair, than after a rare beauty, to grow into ugliness. The memory of thy blessedness,

makes thy misery more deplorable ; which like dead beer, is never more distasteful, than after a banquet of sweat-meats. Nor is their misery merely opiniate, but truly argued from the measure of pity that it meets with from others. For you may period upon this ; that where there is the most pity from others, there is the greatest misery in the party pitied. Toward those that have been always poor, pity is not so passionate : for they have had no elevation to make their depression seem the greater wonder. The tanned slave, that hath ever tugged at the oar, by a long use, hath mingled misery with nature ; that he can now endure it, uncomplaining. But when a soft wanton comes to the galley, every stroke is a wounding spear in the side. I wonder not to hear deposed *Dionysius* say, they are happy, that have been unblest from their youth. It was the opinion of *Diogenes*, that the most lamentable spectacle that the world had, was an old man in misery : whereunto, not only a present impotency, but also a remembrance of a passed youth, gave addition. Even the absence alone of fore-gone joy, is troublesome : how much more, when they wind downward, into smartful extremities ? Death and darkness both, are but privations ; yet we see how deep they terrify. Wax, when it takes a second impression, receives it not without a new passion, and more violence : so the mind, retaining the prints of joy, suffereth a new creation, in admitting a contrary stamp. For *Bajazet* to change his Seraglio for a cage ; for *Valerian* to become a footstool to his proud foe ; are calamities that challenge the tributes of a bleeding eye. I shall pity any man that meets with misery ; but they that find it after continual blessedness, are so much the more to be wailed, by how much they are unacquainted with the gloominess of downfalls. That, which *Sophonisba* returned, when her husband sent her poison, the day after her wedding, as it shewed resolution in her,

so incites compassion in others; *Hoc nuntia, melius me moriturum fuisse, si non in funere meo nupsissem.* Tell him, I had died more willingly, if I had not met my Grave in Marriage.

## LXII.

*Of the temper of Affections.*

EVERY man is a vast and spacious sea: his passions are the winds, that swell him in disturbant waves: how he tumbles, and roars, and fomes, when they in their fury trouble him! sometimes the West of pleasure, fanning in luxurious gales: sometimes the maddened South, sorrowful, and full of tears; sometimes the sharp East, piercing with a testy spleen: sometimes the violent and blustering North, swelling the cheek, with the anger's boiling blood. Any of these, in extremes, make it become unnavigable, and full of danger to the vessel that shall coast upon it. When these are too loud, it is perilous: but when again they are all laid in the stillness of an imotive calm, it is useless: and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is far from availing to the profit of a voyage: and the passengers may sooner famish, by being becalmed, than coast it over for the advantage of their mart. Surely the man that is always still and reposed in his own thoughts, though they be good, is but a piece of deadened charity. I care not for the planed Stoic, there is a sect between him and the Epicure. An unmoved man, is but a motive statue; harmless and unprofitable. Indeed fury is far the worsere extreme; for, besides the trouble it puts on the company, it always delivers the author into successive mischiefs. He that is raging in one thing, seeds his business with many inconveniences. Fury is

like false position in a verse, at least nine faults together. Says *Claudian*,

— *Caret eventum nimium furor :*

— Rage knows not when, nor how to end.

I like neither a devouring Stork, nor a Jupiter's log. Man is not fit for conversation, neither when his passions hurry him in a hideous distemper; nor when they are all laid in a silent and unstirring calm. The sea is best in a pretty pleasant gale: and so is man, when his passions are alive, without raging. GOD implanted passions in the soul, as he gave his talents in the Gospel, neither to be lavished out impetuously, nor to be buried in napkins. We may warm us at these fires: though we burn not. Man without any, is no better than a speaking stone. *Cato's* best Emperor was, *Qui potuit imperare affectus*; he does not say, *deponere*. Moderate passions, are the most affable expressions of humanity; without which, the soul finds nothing like itself to love. A horse too hot and fiery, is the danger of his rider: one too dull, is his trouble: and as the first will not endure any man; so the last will be endured by no man. One will suffer none to back him; the other admits each child to abuse him. A good temper is a sure expression of a well-composed soul. Our wild passions are like so many Lawyers, wrangling and bawling at the bar; discretion is the Lord-keeper of man, that sits as Judge, and moderates their contestations. Too great a spirit in a man born to poor means, is like a high-heeled shoe to one of mean stature: It advanceth his proportion, but is ready to fit him with falls. The flat sole walks more sure, though it abates his gracefulness: yet being too low, it is subject to bemire the foot. A little

elevation, is the best mediocrity; it is both raised from the earth, and sure: and for his tallness, it disposeth it to an equal competency. I will neither walk so lifted, as to occasion falling; nor so dejected, as at every step to take soil. As I care not for being powder, or the cap of the company; so I would not be earth, or the fool's foot-ball.

## LXIII.

*That Religion is the best Guide.*

NO man lives conveniently, unless he propounds something, that may bound the whole way of his actions. There must be something for him to fly to, beyond the reach of his cavilling senses, and corrupted reason: otherwise, he shall waver in his ways, and ever be in a doubtful unsettledness. If he takes policy, that is both endless and uncertain: and many times depends more upon the circumstance, than the main act. What to day is good, is to morrow unsaving: what benefits one, may be the undoing of another; though to an eye that is not curious, the matter may appear the same. How like the Ass it showed, when he thought by leaping in his master's lap, to be made much on, because he had seen the Dog do the like, before him? Besides policy is not a flower growing in every man's garden. All the world is not wit and stratagem. If it were, policy is but a fight of wit, a brain war: and in all wars how doubtful, how inconstant is victory! *Oedipus's* cunning in resolving the *Sphinx's riddle*, did but betray him to the fatal marriage of his mother. *Palamedes* found out *Ulysses'* feigned madness; and *Ulysses* after, by hidden gold and forged letters, found means to have him stoned; even while he made a show of defending him. No

man has a monopoly of craft alone. Again, in private men it is infinitely shortened; both in respect of means and lawfulness. Even those that have allowed deceit lawful in Princes, have yet condemned it as vicious in private persons. And believe it, policy runs smoothest, when it turns upon a golden hinge: without the supply of means, it is but like a clock without a weight to set it going: curious workmanship, but it wants a mover. If a man takes nature, she is both obscure and insufficient: and will, with a pleasing breath, waft us into *mare mortuum*. Nay, she that before man fell, was his sufficient genius, is since become his parasite, that smoothing his senses, serves them, as the tyrannous Emperor did his servants, let them fall into a chamber filled with roses; that, being smothered in them, they might meet the bitterness of death, in sweetness. Nor is nature, for the most part, without the over-bearing of predominant humours. *Cicero* is in one place doubtful, whether she be mother, or a step-dame; she is sometimes so weighing a man to extremities. Nor, if she were able, could we have her pure alone. Custom hath so mingled her with art, that we can hardly sever her: if we do, we shall so differ from the world, as we shall but, by it, make ourselves a prey to the nature that is arted with the subtilties of time and practice. Either of these are but sinking floors, that will fail us, when our weight is on them. Reason is contradicting, and so is nature; and so is religion, if we measure it by either of these. But faith being the rule of that, placeth it above the cavils of imagination, and so subjecteth both the other to it. This being above all, is that only, which giving limits to all our actions, can confine us to a settled rest. Policy governs the world; nature, policy; but religion, all. And as we seldom see those kingdoms governed by Vice-roys, flourish like those where the Prince is present in person: so, we never find policy or nature, to keep a man in that

quiet, which religion can. The two first I may use as counsellors; hear what they say, and weigh it: but the last must be my Sovereign. They are to religion, as Apocrypha to the Bible; they are good things, may be bound up, and read with it: but must be rejected, when they cross the text canonical. GOD is the summit of man's happiness: Religion is the way. Till we arrive at Him, we are but vapours, transported by unconstant winds,

## LXIV.

*Of the Soul.*

HOW infinitely is man distracted about himself? Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that distraction, his soul! Some have thought it of the nature of fire, a hot subtil body dispersing itself into rays, and fiery atoms; as *Democritus* and some of the Stoics. Others have thought it air; as *Diogenes*, and *Varro*, and others. *Epicurus* makes it a spirit, mixed of fire and air. Some would have every element a parent of a soul, separately: so every man should have many distinct souls, according to the principles of his composition. Some have called it an undetermined virtue; some, a self-moving number; some a quintessence. Others have defined it to be nothing but harmony, conflated by the most even composure of the four elements in man. And for this, one might thus argue: The body is before the soul: and till the body be perfect, the soul appears not: as if the perfection of the body, in his even contemporaneity, were the generation of the soul within it. The soul also changeth with the body.—Is it not childish in infancy, luxurious and unbounded in youth, vigorous and discerning in the strength of

manhood, forward and doting in the declining age of his life? For, that which in old men we call transcending wisdom, is more collection by long observation and experience of things without them, than the genuine vigour of judgment in themselves. Hence some wise Princes have been careful, neither to chuse a green head, nor one that is worn with age, for counsel. Next, we see the soul following the temperature of the body; nay, even the desires of it, generated by the present constitution of the body: as, in longing after things that please our humours, and are agreeable to their defect or excess. Doth not the distemper of the body insaniate the soul? What is madness but *mania*, and the exuberancy and pride of the blood? And when, again, they mean to cure the soul, do they not begin with doses, and potions, and prescriptions to the body? *Johannes de Combis*, cites *Augustine*, saying, *Anima est omnium similitudo*: because it can fancy to itself, the shape of whatsoever appears. But, for all these, I could never meet with any, that could give it so in an absolute definition, that another or himself could conceive it: which argues, that to all these, there is something sure, immortal and transcending, infused from a supernal power. *Cicero* is their divine, where he says, *Credo Deum immortalem, sparsisse animos in humana corpora*: and where he says again; *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere: cum exissent ex iis, emori*:—I could never think souls to live in mortal bodies, to die when they depart them. *Seneca* does raise it higher, and asks, *Quid aliud voces hunc, quam Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem?*—What other canst thou think it, but a God, ining in the flesh of man? The conscience, the character of a God stamped in it, and the apprehension of eternity, do all prove it a shoot of everlastingness. For though I doubt whether I may be of their opinion, who utterly take away all reason from beasts; yet I verily

believe, there are things that were never instincted in them. Man hath these things in grant only; whereby the soul doth seem immortal: and by this seeming, is proved to be so indeed: else seeming should be better than certainty, and falsehood better than truth, which cannot be. Therefore, they which say the soul is not immortal; yet, that it is good, men should think it so, thereby to be awed from vice and incited to virtue; even, by that argument, argue against themselves. They that believe it not, let them do as Philosophers wish *them* to do, that deny fire to be hot, because they see not the means that make it so; let them be cast into it, and then hear if they will deny:—So let them that deny the immortality of the Soul, be immerged in the horrors of a vulned conscience, then let them tell me what they believe. It is certain, Man hath a Soul, and as certain, that it is immortal. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it; I confess, my human reason could never so inform me, as I could fully explain it to my own apprehension. O my GOD! what a clod of moving ignorance is man! when all his industry cannot instruct him, what himself is; when he knows not that, whereby he knows that he does not know it.—Let him study, and think, and invent, and search the very inwards of obscured nature; he is yet to seek, how to define this inexplicable immortal, incorporeal wonder: this ray of THEE! this emanation of thy DEITY! Let it then be sufficient, that GOD hath given me a Soul, and that my eternal welfare depends upon it: though he be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I think both *Seneca* and *Cicero* say true, when they are of opinion, that man cannot know what the soul is. Nor indeed need any man wonder at it: since he may know, whatsoever is created by a *Superior Power* suffers a composure, but cannot know it; because it was done before itself was. Man, though he hath materials, cannot make any

thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without defect, in respect of the end it is intended for. How then can man think to know himself, when both his materials and composure, are both created and formed by a *Supreme Power*, that did it without his co-operation? Why should I strive to know that, which I know I cannot know? Can a man dissect an atom? can he grasp a flame? or hold and seize on lightnings? I am sure I have a soul; and am commanded to keep it from sin.— O Thou, the God of that *little God* within me, my Soul! let me do that, and I know, thou art not such an enemy to ignorance in man, but that thou art better pleased with his admiration of thy secrets, than his search of them.

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## LXV.

*Of Courtesies.*

NOTHING enslaveth a grateful nature, like a free benefit. He that confers it on me, steals me from myself; and in one and the same act, makes me his vassal, and himself my King. To a disposition that hath worth in it, it is the most tyrannical war in the world: for, it takes the mind a prisoner; and till the ransom be paid by a like return, it is kept in fetters; and constrained to love, to serve, and to be ready, as the conqueror desires it. He that hath requited a benefit, hath redeemed himself out of prison; and, like a man out of debt, is free. For, Courtesies to noble minds are the most extreme extortions that can be. Favours thus imparted, are not gifts, but purchases, that buy men out of their own liberty.— Violence and compulsion are not half so dangerous. These besiege

us openly, give us leave to look to ourselves, to collect our forces, and re-fortify, where we are sensible of our own weaknesses: nay, they sometimes befriend us, and raise our fortitude higher than their highest braves. But, the other, undermine us by a fawning stratagem; and if we be enemies, they make us lay down our weapons, and take up love. Thus the *Macedonian* proved himself a better Physician for calumny, by his bounties, than his Philosophers by their grave advisements. They make of an enemy, a subject; of a subject, a son. A crown is safer kept by benefits, than arms. *Melius beneficiis Imperium custoditur quam armis.* The golden sword can conquer more than steel ones: and when these shall cause a louder cry, that shall silence the barking tongue. There is nothing adds so much to the greatness of a King, as that he hath wherewith to make friends at his pleasure. Yet even in this he plays but the royal merchant, that putting no condition in his bargain, is dealt with in the same way: so for a petty benefit, he often gets an inestimable friend. For, benefits binding up our bodies, take away our souls for the giver. I know not that I am ever sadder, than when I am forced to accept courtesies, that I cannot requite. If ever I should affect injustice, it should be in this, that I might do courtesies, and receive none. What a brave height do they fly in, that, like Gods, can bind all to them, and they be tied to none! but, indeed, it is for a GOD alone. How heroical was it in *Alexander Severus*, who used to chide those he had done nothing for, for not asking: demanding of them, if they thought it fit, he should still be in their debt; or that they should have cause to complain of him when he was gone. Certainly, as it is a transcending happiness to be able to shine to all, so, I must reckon it one of the greatest miseries upon earth, wholly to depend upon others' favours; and, a next to this, is to receive them. They are grains cast into rich ground,

which makes itself sterile, by yielding such a large increase. Gifts are the greatest usury, because a two-fold retribution is an urged effect that a noble nature prompts us to. And surely, if the generous man considers, he will find he pays not so much for any thing, as he does for what is given him. I would not if I could, receive favours of my friends, unless I could re-render them. If I must, I will ever have a ready mind, though my hand be shortened. As I think there be many, will not have all they may; so I think there are few, can requite all they have: and none, but must sometimes receive some. God hath made none absolute. The rich depends upon the poor, as well as does the poor on him. The world is but a more magnificent building: all the stones are graduately cemented, and there is none that subsisteth alone.

## LXVI.

*Of a Man's Self.*

WE ever carry our greatest enemy within us. There was never a sounder truth, than, *Nemo læditur nisi à seipso*. Had we the true reins of our own passion and affections, outward occasions might exercise our virtues, but not injure them. There is a way to be wise and good, in spite of occasions. We go abroad, and fondly complain, that we meet with wrongs; as if we could cross the proverb, and prove, that they may be offered to a willing preparedness. Others cannot draw us into inconveniences, if we help not ourselves forward. It is our inside that undoes us. Therefore says *Machiavel*, a Prince ought to know the tempers of men, that he may fit them with baits, and wind them to his own ends. A courtezan cannot

hurt thee, unless there lays a lecher in thy heart. When men plot upon us, to intrap and snare us, they do but second our own inclinations: and if they did not see a kind of invitement from ourselves, they would never dare to begin. When *Cyrus* besought the Lacedemonians to enter league with him, rather than *Artaxerxes*; he only tells them, he had a greater heart than his brother, and could bear his drink better: for he knew, they loved men generous and hardy: so by making himself like them, he thought to win their liking. When men happen upon things that go against the genius of the mind, then they work in vain: but when other's flatteries shall join with the great flatterer, a man's self; he is then in the way to be wrought upon. It is sure, there is sometimes a self-constancy, that is not temptable. In Athens there may be one *Phocion*, to refuse the gold of *Harpalus* and *Alexander*. But this indeed is rare, and worth his magnifying. *Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna despiciens.* Otherwise it is we only, that ruin ourselves: If not totally, yet primarily. If we do ill compulsively, we are cleared by the violence. In the judgement of an upright soul, a man is not guilty of that which he cannot avoid, (I mean in civil matters.) There is no mischief that we fall into, but that we ourselves are at least a coadjutive cause, and do help to further the thing. A man's own heart is as arch a traitor, as any he shall meet withal: we trust it too much, and know it too little: and while we think it sure-footed, it slides, and does deceive us. That we are the authors of our own ill, the success will tell us: for, conscience is always just, and will not chide us wrongfully: and when we have done an ill, though by others procurement, yet she rates us even to a loathing of ourselves. Says the Comic,

———*Jam adherit tempus, cum se etiam ipse oderit.*

The day will come, when he shall hate himself.

The wise man should ever therefore keep a double watch; one, to keep his heart from extravagances; the other, to keep the enemy from approaches. Occasion, and our nature, are like two inordinate lovers; they seldom meet, but they sin together. If we keep them asunder, the harm is prevented: or if they do meet, and the heart consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the offence be punishable, though the act be committed. It is no fault in the true man, to let the thief have his purse, when he can do no other. In the old Law the ravished woman was to be freed; for, says the text, There is in her no cause of death. *Qui volens injustè agit, malus est: qui vero ex necessitate, non dico prorsus malum.* It is not the necessitated, but the willing ill that stains. Even actual sins have so far dependency on the heart's approbation, as that alone, can vitiate or excuse the act. While we keep that steady, our enemies can much less hurt us. The reason is, it is not in man to compel it. The mind of man, from man, is not capable of a violation: and whom then can I tax for my yielding, but myself? No man hath power over my mind, unless I myself do give it him. So that this I shall think certain; no man falls by free action, but is faulty in something, at least by some circumstance; though inexcusable in the most, and most important. I know calumny and conjecture may injure innocence itself. In matters of censure, nothing but a certain knowledge, should make us give a certain judgement. Fame and air are both too weak foundations for unspotted truth to build on: only deeds are liable to the down-right tax: because they carry the heart along: which in every action is a witness, either for or against us. Surely, man is his own devil, and does oftentimes tempt himself. All the precepts of moderation we meet with, are but given us to beware ourselves: and undoubtedly, he that can do it, is rising towards Deity. Hark but to the harp of *Horace*.

*Latius regnes, avidum domando  
 Spiritum, quàm si Lybiam remotis  
 Gadibus jungas, et uterque ; Pænus  
 Serviat uni.*

By curbing thy insatiate mind,  
 Thou shalt sway more, than couldst thou bind  
 Far *Spain* to *Lybia* : or to thee  
 Cause either *Carthage* subject be.

One eye I will sure have for *without* ; the other I will hold *within* me : and lest I see not enough with that, it shall ever be my prayer that, I may be delivered from myself. *A me me salva, Domine !* shall be one petition I will add to the *Litany* of my beseeching.

## LXVII.

*Of the worst kind of Perfidy.*

THE Dead, the Absent, the Innocent, and him that trusts me, I will never deceive willingly. To all these we owe a nobler justice ; in that they are the most certain trials of human equity. As that grief is the truest, which is without a witness ; so is that honesty best which is for itself, without hope of reward or fear of punishment. Those virtues that are sincere, do value applause the least. It is when we are conscious of some internal defect, that we look out for others' approbation. Certainly, the world cannot tempt the man that is truly honest. And he is certainly a true man, that will not steal, when he may without being impeached. The two first are hindered,

that they cannot tax my injury; and deceit to them is not without cowardice, throwing nature into the lowest degree of baseness. To wrong the third, is savage, and comes from the beast, not man. It was an act like nature in *Xenocrates*, when the pursued sparrow flew into his bosom, to cherish and dismiss it. How black a heart is that, which can give a stab for the innocent smiles of an infant? Surely innocence is of that purity, that it hath more of the GOD in it than any other quality; it intimates a freedom from general vice. And this is it, which makes the injury to it so detestable; and sometimes gives the owners a divine and miraculous force: as we may read in the *Turkish story*, of a Child that struck an intending murderer into a swoon with offering to embrace him. The last, I cannot defraud without ingratitude; which is the very lees of vice: and makes my offence so much the greater, by how much he was kinder, in making me master of himself. Assuredly, as nature hath endued man with a more earnest desire to do right to these, because a true performance doth in these things most magnify him; so she hath made the contrary appear the most odious, because they are breaches that most destroy humanity. It came from him that had but nature—*Cicero*; *Perditissimi est hominis, fallere eum, qui lesus non esset, nisi credidisset*—None but the most villanous man, will deceive him that had been safe but for trusting.

## LXVIII.

*Against Insultation.*

IT cannot be safe to insult over any. As there is no creature so little but may do us mischief; so is no man so low, but may occasion our

smart. The spider can im poison ; the ant can sting ; even the fly can trouble our patience. Into all sensitive creatures, nature hath put a kind of vindictive justice ; that in some measure they are able to return an injury.—If they do not always, it is only because they are not able. Man hath both a more able, and more impatient soul : and though reason teaches him not to be furious, yet withal, it teaches him not to be dull. Extremities of injury, often awaken extremities of revenge ; especially, if we meet with contempt from others, or find despair in ourselves ; for despair makes a coward bold and daring. Nor stands it but with reason, that a strong patience urged beyond itself, should turn into the strongest rage. The bow that is hardest to bend, sends out an arrow with most force. Neglect an enemy, but contemn him not. Disdain will banish patience and bring in fury : which is many times a greater Lord, than he that rules a kingdom. Contempt unbridles fear, and makes us both to will, to dare, and to execute. So *Lipsius* has it, *Contemptus excutit timoris frænum, et efficit, ut non velis solum, sed audeas et tentes.* It is not good, too far to pursue a victory. *Sigismund* said true,—he hath conquered well, that hath made his enemies fly : we may beat them to a desperate resistance, that may ruin us. He is the wrong way high, that scorns a man below him, for his lowliness. They are but puffed minds, that bubble thus above inferiors. We see, it is the froth only, that gets to the top of the water. Man cannot be so much above man, as that his difference should legitimate his scorn. Thou knowest not what may shew itself, when thy contempt awakes the lion of a sleeping mind. All disdain, but that of vice, detracteth from the worth of man. Greatness in any man, makes not his injury more lawful, but more great. And as he that suffers, thinks his disgrace more noted for the others eminency ; so he thinks his own honour will be the more, when he hath accomplished his

revenge; whereby, in some kind, he hath raised himself to be his superior's equal. Man is *Animal generosissimum*: and though he be content to subject himself to another's command yet he will not endure his braves.

A lash given to the soul, will provoke more, than the body's cruel torture. Derision, makes the Peasant brave the Prince. When *Augustus* saw one like himself, and asked him in a scoff, if his Mother were never at Rome: The boy answers, no; but his Father was. When *Julian* in a mock, asked the reverend and aged, blind *Ignatius*, why he went not into Galilee to recover his sight: says he, I am contentedly blind, that I may not see such a tyrant as thou art. We are all here fellow-servants: and we know not how our grand master will brook insolencies in his family. How darest thou, that art but a piece of earth, that heaven has blown into, presume thyself, into the impudent usurpation of a Majesty unshaken? Thou canst not sit upon so high a cog, but may with turning, prove the lowest in the wheel: and therefore thou mayst think of the measure that thou wouldst then have given me. If we have enemies, it is better we deserve to have their friendship, than either to despise, or irritate them. No man's weakness shall occasion my greater weakness, in proudly contemning him. Our bodies, our souls have both the like original composure: If I have any thing beyond him, it is not my goodness, but GOD's: and he by time and means, may have as much, or more. Take us alone, and we are but twins of Nature. Why should any despise another, because he is better furnished with that which is none of his own?

## LXIX.

*Of Assimilation.*

THROUGH the whole world this holds in general, and is the end of all—that everything labours to make the thing it meets with like itself. Fire converts all to fire. Air exsiccates and draws to itself. Water moistens, and resolveth what it meets withal. Earth changeth all that we commit to her, to her own nature. The world is all vicissitude and conversion. Nor is it only true in materials and substances; but even in spirits, in incorporeals; nay, in these there is more aptness; they mix more subtilly, and pass into one another with a nimbler glide: so we see infection sooner taken by the breath than by contaction: and thus it is in dispositions too.—The soldier labours to make his companion valiant. The scholar endeavours to have his friend learned. The bad man would have his company like himself. And the good man strives to frame others virtuous. Every man will be busy in dispensing that quality, which is predominant in himself. Whence this *caveat* may well become us, to beware both whom and what we chuse to live withal. We can converse with nothing but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of time, assimilate us to itself. The choice therefore of a man's company, is one of the most weighty actions of our lives: for our future well or ill being, depends on that election. If we chuse ill, every day declines us to worse; we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to vice. By living under *Pharoah*, how quickly *Joseph* learned the courtship of an oath! *Italy* builds a villain: *Spain* superbiates; *Germany* makes a drunkard, and *Venice*, a lecher. But if we chuse well, we have a hand of virtue, gently lifting us to a continual rising nobleness. *Anti-*

*thenes* used to wonder at those, that were curious in buying but an earthen dish, to see that it had no cracks nor inconveniences, and yet would be careless in the choice of friends; so, take them, with the flaws of vice. Surely, a man's companion is a second genius, to sway him to the white or bad. A good man is like the day, enlightening and warming all he shines on: and is always rising upward, to a region of more constant purity than that wherein it finds the object. The bad man is like the night, dark, obtruding fears, and dimitting unwholesome vapours upon all that rest beneath. Nature is so far from making any thing absolutely idle, that even to stones and dullest metals, she hath given an operation; they grow and spread, in our general mother's veins; and by a cunning way of encroachment, cozen the earth of itself: and when they meet a brothered constitution, they then unite and fortify. Hence grows the height of friendship, when two similiary souls shall blend in their commixions. This causes that, we seldom see different dispositions be entirely loving.

*Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosus :  
Sedatum celeres, agilem, gnavumque remissi :  
Potores Bibuli media de nocte Falerni,  
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula——*

Sad men hate mirth: the pleasant sadness shun:  
Swift men, the slow; the slothful, those that run.  
Who drinks at midnight, old *Falernian* wine,  
Scorns him that will not take his cups.——

It is likeness that makes the true-love-knot of Friendship. When we find another of our own disposition, what is it but the same soul,

in a divided body? what find we, but ourselves intermutually transposed, each into other?—And nature, that makes us love ourselves, makes us with the same reason; love those that are like us. For, this is a friend, a more sacred name than a brother. What avails it to have the bodies from the same original, when the souls within them differ? I believe, that the applause which the ancients gave to equal friendship, was to be understood of the likeness of minds, rather than of estate, or years: for we find no season, nor no degree of man, but hath been happy with this sun of the world—Friendship: whereas in jarring dispositions, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I think, if the minds be consonant, the best friendship is between different fortunes. He that is low, looks upward with a greater loving reverence: and he that is high, looks downward more affectionately, when he takes it to be for his honour, to favour his inferior, whom he cannot chuse but love the more for magnifying him. Something I would look to outwards; but in a friend, I would especially chuse him full of worth, that if I be not so myself, he yet may work me like him. So for company, books, or whatsoever, I would, if I have freedom, chuse the best: though at first I should not fancy them, continual use will alter me, and then I shall gain by their graces. If judgement direct me right in my choice, custom winning upon my will, will never fail in time, to draw that after it.

## LXX.

*Of Poets and Poetry.*

SURELY he was a little wanton with his leisure, that first invented Poetry. It is but a play, which makes words dance, in the even-

ness of a cadency: yet without doubt, being a harmony, it is nearer to the mind than prose; for that itself is a harmony in height. But the words being rather the drossy part, conceit I take to be the principal. And here though it digresseth from truth, it flies above her, making her more rare, by giving curious raiment to her nakedness. The name the *Grecians* gave the men that wrote thus, shewed how much they honoured it; they called them *Makers*. And had some of them had power to put their conceits in act, how near would they have come to Deity. And for the virtues of men, they rest not on the bare demeanour, but slide into imagination: so proposing things above us, they kindle the reader to wonder and imitation. And certainly, Poets that write thus, *Plato* never meant to banish. His own practice shews, he excluded not all. He was content to hear *Autimachus* recite his poem, when all the herd had left him: and he himself wrote both tragedies, and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too busy with his Gods; and he being the first that made Philosophy divine and rational, was modest in his own beginnings. Another name they had of honour too, and that was *Vates*. Nor know I how to distinguish between the Prophets and Poets of *Israel*. What is *Jeremiah's Lamentation*, but a kind of Saphick Elegy? *David's Psalms* are not only Poems but Songs, snatches and raptures of a flaming spirit. And this indeed I observe to the honor of Poets; I never found them covetous, or scrapingly base. The Jews had not two such Kings in all their catalogue, as *Solomon* and his Father; both Poets. There is a largeness in their souls, beyond the narrowness of other men: and why may we not then think, this may embrace more, both of Heaven, and God? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason, that they, most of them, are poor: they find their minds so solaced with their own flights, that they neglect the study of growing rich: and this, I confess again, I think,

turns them to vice, and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty lovers of their palates; and this is known an impoverisher. *Antigonus*, in the tented field, found *Antagoras* cooking of a *Conger* himself. And they all are friends to the grape and liquor: though I think, many, more out of a ductile nature, and their love to pleasant company, than their affection to the juice alone. They are all of free natures; and are the truest definition of that Philosopher's man, which gives him, *animal risibile*. Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them sensual: yet this does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some rhyming fools; but what have they to do with poetry? When *Salust* would tell us, that *Sempronia's* wit was not ill; says he, — *Potuit versus facere, et jocum movere*: She could make a verse, and break a jest. Something there is in it, more than ordinary: in that it is all in such measured language, as may be marred by reading. I laugh heartily at *Philoxenus's* jest, who passing by, and hearing some Masons, mis-sensing his lines, (with their ignorant sawing of them) falls to breaking their bricks amain: they ask the cause, and he replies, they spoil his work, and he theirs. Certainly, a worthy Poet is so far from being a fool, that there is some wit required in him that shall be able to read him well: and without the true accent, numbered poetry does lose of the gloss. It was a speech becoming an able Poet of our own, when a Lord read his verses crookedly, and he beseeched his Lordship, not to murder him in his own lines. He that speaks false Latin, breaks *Priscian's* head: but he that repeats a verse ill, puts *Homer* out of joint. One thing commends it beyond oratory: it ever complieth to the sharpest judgements. He is the best orator that pleaseth all: even the crowd and clowns. But Poetry would be poor, that they, should all approve of. If the learned and judicious like it, let the throng

bray. These, when it is best will like it the least. So, they condemn what they understand not; and the neglected Poet falls by want. *Calphurnius* makes one complain the misfortune,

*Frangere puer calamos, et inanes desere Musas :  
Et potius glandes, rubicundaque ; collige corna.  
Duc ad mulctra greges, et lac venale per Urbem  
Non tacitus porta : Quid enim tibi Fistula reddet,  
Quo tutèrè famem ? certè, mea carmina nemo  
Præter ab his scopulis ventosa remurmurat Echo.*

Boy, break thy pipes, leave, thy fruitless muse :  
Rather the mast, and blood-red Cornel chuse.  
Go lead thy flocks to milking ; sell and cry  
Milk through the City : what can learning buy,  
To keep back hunger ? None my verses mind,  
But Echo, babbling from these Rocks and Wind.

Two things are commonly blamed in Poetry : nay, you take away that, if them : and these are lies, and flattery. But I have told them in the worst words : for it is only to the shallow in sight that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an allegory, or a moralled fable, than in a bare narration. And for flattery, no man will take Poetry literal : since in commendations, it rather shews what men should be, than what they are. If this were not, it would appear uncomely. But we all know, *Hyperboles* in Poetry, do bear a decency, nay, a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it, is, that it wantons the blood, and imagination ; as carrying a man in too high a delight. To prevent these, let the wise Poet strive to be modest in his lines. First, that

he dash not the Gods; next that he injure not chastity, nor corrupt the ear with lasciviousness. When these are declined, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher than the slacked pace of prose. Flashes that do follow the cup, I fear me, are too sprightly to be solid: they run smartly upon the loose for a distance or two, but then being foul, they give in and tire. I confess, I love the sober Muse and fasting: from the other, matter cannot come so clear, but that it will be misted with the fumes of wine. Long poetry, some cannot be friends withal: and, indeed, it palls upon the reading. The wittiest Poets have been all short, and changing soon their subject: as *Horace*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Seneca* and the two *Comedians*. Poetry should be rather like a *Curanto*, short and nimbly lofty; than a dull lesson of a day long. Nor can it be but deadish, if distended; for when it is right, it centers conceit, and takes but the spirit of things: and therefore foolish poesy, is of all writing the most ridiculous. When a *Goose* dances and a *Fool* versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an *Ass*, that is a rhyming one.—He is something the less unwise, that is unwise but in prose. If the subject be history or contexted fable, then I hold it better put in prose or blanks: for ordinary discourse never shews so well in metre, as in the strain it may seem to be spoken in: the commendation is, to do it to the life: nor is this any other, than Poetry in Prose. Surely, though the world think not so, he is happy to himself that can play the Poet. He shall vent his passions by his pen, and ease his heart of their weight; and he shall often raise himself a joy in his raptures, which no man can perceive but he. Sure *Ovid* found a pleasure in it, even when he wrote his *Tristia*. It gently delivers the mind of distempers; and works the thoughts to a sweetness, in their searching conceit. I would not love it for a profession; and I would not want it for a recreation.—

I can make myself harmless, nay, amending mirth with it ; while I should, perhaps be trying of a worser pastime. And this I believe in it further, unless conversation corrupts his easiness, it lifts a man to nobleness ; and is never in any rightly, but it makes him of a Royal and capacious soul.

## LXXI.

*Of Fear and Cowardice.*

THEY that are made of fearful dispositions, of all others, may seem the least beholden to nature. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more unfortunate. They enjoy nothing without a frightened mind ; no, not so much as their sleeps. They doubt what they have done, lest it may hurt them : they tremble at the present ; and miseries that but may come, they anticipate and send for, and infer in a more horrid habit, than any enemy can devise to put them in. Nay, it were well, if they did but fear more miseries, than the bolder people : but it plainly appears, that the coward really meets more dangers, than the valiant man. Every base nature, will be ready to offer injuries, where they think they will not be repaid. He will many times beat a coward, that would not dare to strike him, if he thought him valiant. When the passenger gallops by, as if his fear made him speedy, the cur follows him with an open mouth, and swiftness : let him walk by, in a confident neglect ; and the dog will never stir at him. Surely, it is a weakness, that every creature (by a native instinct) takes advantage of : and cowards have souls of a coarser mixture, than the common spirits of men. Evils that must be, they meet with before their time ; as if they strived

to make themselves miserable, sooner, than God appointed them. Evils that are but probable, they ascertain. They that by an even poize, might sit safe in a boat on a rough sea, by rising up to avoid drowning, are drowned. For this is sure; it cozens the weak mind infinitely, both in making of her falsely believe, she may avoid dangers by flying, and in counterfeiting whatsoever is ill. All diseases are belied by fear, and conceit: and we know some, out of fear of death, have died. In a battle we see the valiant man escape often, safe, by a constant keeping his rank; when the coward, shifting dangers, runs by avoiding one, into the several walks of many. *Multos in summa pericula, misit venturi timor ipse mali.* Certainly, I have studied in vain, in thinking what a coward may be good for. I never heard of any act becoming virtue, that ever came from any. All the noble deeds that have beat their marches through succeeding ages, have all proceeded from men of courage. And I believe many times, their confidence kept them safe. An unappalled look does daunt a base attempter. And oftentimes, if a man has nothing but a courageous eye, it protects him. The brave soul knows no trembling. *Cæsar* spake like *Cæsar*, when he bade the mariners fear nothing; for they carried him and his fortunes. And indeed valour casts a kind of honour upon God; in that we shew that we believe his goodness, while we trust ourselves in danger, upon his care only: whereas the coward eclipses his sufficiency, by unworthily doubting, that God will not bring him off. So unjustly accusing either his power, or his will, he would make himself his own Saviour, and becomes his own confounder. For when man mistrusts God, it is just with God to leave man. *Marcus Antonius* would not believe, that *Avidius Crassus* could ever have deposed him: and his reason was, the Gods had greater care of him, than to let *Crassus* wrong him undeservedly. And this, winning him love, establish-

ed him : whereas fear on the other side frustrates a sufficient defence. *Themistocles* compared a coward to the sword-fish, which hath a weapon, but wants a heart. And then, what use can the quaking hand put it to ? Nay, when he may fly, cowardice hinders him from playing the coward : he would run away, and fear arrests him with a senseless amazement, that betrays him to the pursuit of his foes. No armour can defend a fearful heart. It will kill itself, within. *Cleomenes* was so far out of charity with this pale passion, as the spoils he won from cowards, he would neither sacrifice to the Gods, nor let the *Lacedemonian* youth behold them. There are two miseries, for which it is famous beyond all other passions. Love, anger, sorrow, and the like, are but for a time, and then over : but this is perpetual : a disease of a life long, which every day slaves a man, to whatsoever ill he meets with. It vassals him to the world, to beasts, and men. And like a surly tyrant, enforceth whatsoever it proposeth. For this, does *Martial* Epigram upon it.

*Quid si me Tonsor cùm stricta novacula supra est,  
Tunc libertatem, Divitiasque roget ?  
Promittam : nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,  
Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa, Timor.*

Suppose my Barber, when his Razor's nigh  
My throat, should then ask wealth, and liberty ;  
I'd promise sure. The Barber asks not this,  
No, 'tis a thief, and fear imperious is.

Next, whereas other passions are grounded upon things that are, as envy upon happiness, rage upon injury, love upon beauty, and so the rest. This is as well upon things that are not : it coins mischiefs

that neither be, nor can be. Thus having no object to bound it, it runs in *infinitum*, and cannot be secured by any condition of life. Let the coward have a guard, and he fears that: Let him have none, and he will fear for want of it. I have known some as happy as the world could make them; and their own needless fears, have made their lives more sour, than his that hath been straited in all. I have pittied them; to think that a weak, vexatious, and unprofitable passion should quite ruin the blessings of a fair estate. Some things I may doubt, and endeavour to shun: but I would never fear them to a servility. If I can keep but reason Lord, fear will serve and benefit me: but when that gets the throne, it will domineer insultingly. Let me rather have a mind confident, and undaunted with some troubles; than a pulse still beating fear, in the flush of prosperity.

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## LXXII.

*That Man is neither happy nor miserable, but by Comparison.*

THERE is not in this world, either perfect misery, or perfect happiness. Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched. What should we account miserable, if we did not lay it in the balance with something that hath more felicity? If we saw not some men vaulting in the gay trim of honour and greatness, we should never think a poor estate so lamentable. Were all the world ugly, deformity would be no monster. In those countries where all go naked, they neither shame at their being uncovered, nor complain that they are exposed to the violence of the sun and winds. It is without doubt, our eyes gazing at others above,

casts us into a shade, which before that time, we met not with. Whatsoever is not pain, or sufferance; might well be borne without grumbling: did not other objects, fuller of contentedness, draw away our souls from that we have, to those things which we see, we have not. It is envy, and ambition, that makes us far more miserable, than the constitution which our liberal nature hath allotted us. Many never find themselves in want, till they have discovered the abundance of some others. And many again, do bear their wants with ease, when they find others below themselves in happiness. It was an answer bewraying a Philosopher, which *Thales* gave to one, that asked him how adversity might best be borne?—By seeing our enemies in worse estate than ourselves. We pick our own sorrows, out of the joys of other men: and out of their sorrows, likewise, we assume our joys. When I see the toiling labourer sweat through both his skins, yet can scarce get so much, as his importunate belly consumes him; I then look upon myself with gladness. But when I eye the distributors of the earth, in their royalty: when I think of *Nero* in his journey, with his thousand chariots, and his mules all shod with silver: then what a poor atom do I account myself, compared with these huge piles of state?

*Tolle felices, removeto multo  
 Divites auro, removeto centum  
 Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus  
 Pauperi surgent animi jacentes.  
 Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.*

Void the blest, and him that flows  
 With weighty gold, and fifty ploughs  
 Furrowing wealthy pastures goes.

Poor minds then will spring. For none  
Is poor but by comparison.

It was comparison, that first kindled the fire, to burn Troy withal. *Give it to the fairest*, was it, which jarred the Goddesses. *Paris* might have given the ball with less offence, had it not been so inscribed. Surely *Juno* was content with her beauty, till the *Trojan* youth cast her, by advancing *Venus*. The *Roman* dame complained not of her husband's breath, while she knew no kiss but his. While we spy no joys above our own, we in quiet count them blessings. We see even a few companions can lighten our miseries: by which we may guess the effect of a generality. Blackness, a flat nose, thick lips, and goggled eyes, are beauties, where nor shapes nor colours differ. He is much impatient, that refuseth the general lot. For myself, I will reckon that misery, which I find hurts me in myself; not that which coming from another, I may avoid, if I will. Let me examine whether that I enjoy, be not enough to felicitate me, if I stay at home. If it be, I would not have another's better fortune put me out of conceit with my own. In outward things, I will look to those that are beneath me; that if I must build myself out of others, I may rather raise content than murmur. But for accomplishments of the mind, I will ever fix on those above me; that I may, out of an honest emulation, mend myself by continual striving to imitate their nobleness.

## LXXIII.

*Of Pride and Choler.*

THE Proud man and the Choleric, seldom arrive at any height of virtue. Pride is the choler of the mind; and choler is the pride of the body. They are sometimes born to good parts of nature, but they are rarely known to add by industry. It is the mild and suffering disposition, that oftenest doth attain to eminency. Temper and humility are advantageous virtues for business, and to rise by. Pride and choler make such a noise, that they awake dangers, which the other with a soft tread steal by undiscovered. They swell a man so much, that he is too big to pass the narrow way. Temper and humility, are like the Fox, when he went into the garner he could creep in at a little hole, and arrive at plenty.—Pride and choler are like the Fox offering to go out, when his belly was full: which enlarging him bigger than the passage, made him stay and be taken with shame. They that would come to preferment by pride, are like them that ascend a pair of stairs on horseback; it is ten to one but both their beasts will cast them, ere they come to tread their chamber. The minds of proud men have not that clearness of discerning, which should make them judge aright of themselves, and others. It is an uncharitable vice which teaches men how to neglect and contemn. So depressing others, it seeketh to raise itself: and by this depression angers them, that they bandy against it, till it meets with the loss. One thing it hath, more than any vice, that I know—It is an enemy to itself. The proud man cannot endure to see pride in another. *Diogenes* trampled *Plato*; though indeed it is rare to find it in men so qualified. The main thing that should mend these two they want, and that is the reprehension of a friend. Pride

scorns a corrector, and thinks it a disparagement to learn : and choleric admits no counsel that crosses him : crossing angers him, and anger blinds him. So if ever they hear any fault, it must either be from an enemy in disdain, or from a friend, that must resolve to lose them by it. *M. Drusus* the Tribune of the people, cast the Consul *L. Philippus* into prison, because he did but interrupt him in his speech. Other dispositions may have the benefits of a friendly monitor ; but these, by their vices, do seem to give a defiance to counsel. Since, when men once know them, they will rather be silent, and let them rest in their folly, than by admonishing them, run into a certain brawl. There is another thing shews them to be both base : they are both most awed by the most abject passion of the mind, fear. We dare neither be proud to one that can punish us ; nor choleric to one much above us. But when we have to deal with such, we clad ourselves in their contraries ; as knowing they are habits of more safety, and better liking. Every man flies from the burning house : and one of these hath a fire in his heart, and the other discovers it in his face. In my opinion, there be no vices that encroach so much on man as these : they take away his reason, and turn him into a stone : and then virtue herself cannot board him, without danger of defamation. I would not live like a beast, pushed at by all the world for loftiness : nor yet like a wasp, stinging upon every touch. And this moreover shall add to my mis-liking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of strife among brethren.

## LXXIV.

*That great benefits cause Ingratitude.*

AS the deepest hate, is that which springs from the most violent love; so, the greatest discourtesies often arise from the largest favours. Benefits to good natures, can never be so great, as to make thanks blush in their tendering: but when they be weighty, and light on ill ones, they then make their return in Ingratitude. Extraordinary favours make the giver hated by the receiver, that should love him. Experience hath proved, that *Tacitus* wrote truth: *Beneficia usque adeò læta sunt, dum videntur posse exsolvi, ubi multum antevenère, pro gratia, odium redditur.* Benefits are so long grateful, as we think we can repay them: but when they challenge more, our thanks convert to hate. It is not good to make men owe us more than they are able to pay: except it be for virtuous deserts, which may in some sort challenge it. They that have found transcending courtesies, for offices that have not been sound; as in their first actions they have been strained, so in their progress they will prove ungrateful: for when they have served their turn of his benefits, they seldom see their patron without thralldom, which (now by his gifts being lifted into happiness) they grieve to see, and strive to be quit of. And if they be defensive favours, for matter of fact, they then with their thralldom, shew them their shame: and this pricks them forward to wind out themselves, though it be with incurring a greater. The malefactor which thou sawest, will, if he can, condemn thee. Some have written, that *Cicero* was slain by one, whom his oratory had defended, when he was accused of his father's murder. I knew a French gentlemen invited by a Dutch to his house; and according to the vice

of that nation, he was welcomed so long with full cups, that in the end the drink distempered him : and going away, instead of giving him thanks, he quarrels with his host, and strikes him. His friend blaming him, he answered, it was his host's fault, for giving him liquor so strong. It passed for a jest : but certain, there was something in it more. Men that been thus beholding to us, think we know too much of their vileness : and therefore they will rather free themselves by their benefactors ruin, than suffer themselves to be had in so low an esteem. When kindnesses are such as hinder justice, they seldom yield a fruit that is commendable : as if vengeance followed the bestower, for an injury to equity, or for not suffering the Divine edicts to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robbest the law of a life, to give it to an ill-deserving man. The wrong thou dost to that, is greater than the benefit that thou dost confer upon him. Such pity wounds the public, which is often revenged by him thou didst bestow it upon. Benefits that are good in themselves, are made ill by their being mis-placed. Whatsoever favours thou impartest, let them be to those of desert. It will be much for thy honour, when, by thy kindness, men shall see that thou affectest virtue : and when thou layest it on one of worth, grudge not that thou hast placed it there : For, believe it, he is much more noble that deserves a benefit, than he that bestows one. Riches, though they may reward virtues, yet they cannot cause them. If I shall at any time do a courtesy, and meet with a neglect, I shall yet think I did well, because I did well intend it. Ingratitude makes the author worse, but the benefactor rather the better. If I shall receive any kindnesses from others, I will think, that I am tied to acknowledge, and also to return them ; small ones, out of courtesy ; and great ones out of duty. To neglect them, is inhumanity : to requite them with ill, satanical. It is only in rank

grounds, that much rain makes weeds spring : where the soil is clean, and well planted, there is the more fruit returned, for the showers that did fall upon it.

## LXXV.

*Of Virtue and Wisdom.*

THERE are no such guards of safety, as Virtue and Wisdom. The one secures the soul ; the other, the estate and body. The one defends us against the stroke of the law ; the other against the mutability of fortune. The law has not power to strike the virtuous ; nor can fortune subvert the wise. Surely, there is more Divinity in them, than we are aware of : for, if we consider rightly, we may observe, virtue or goodness to be habitual, and wisdom the distributive or actual part of the Deity. Thus, all the creatures flowing from these two, they appeared to be *valdè bona*, as in the text. And the son of *Sirach* couples them more plainly together : for he says, *All the works of the Lord are exceeding good : and all his commandments are done in due season.* These only, perfect and defend a man. When unjust kings desire to cut off those they distaste, they first lay trains to make them fall into vice : or at least, give out, that their actions are already criminal ; so rob them of their virtue, and then let the law seize them. Otherwise, Virtue's garment is a sanctuary so sacred, that even Princes dare not strike the man that is thus robed. It is the livery of the King of Heaven : and who dares arrest one that wears his cloth ? This protects us when we are unarmed : and is an armour that we cannot, unless we be false to ourselves, lose. *Demetrius* could comfort himself with

this, that though the *Athenians* demolished his statues, yet they could not extinguish his more pyramidical virtues, which were the cause of raising them. *Phocion* did call it the Divine Law, which should be the square of all our actions. Virtue is the tenure, by which we hold of Heaven: without this we are but out-laws, which cannot claim protection. Sure, Virtue is a defendress, and valiants the heart of man. *Horace* reports a wonder, which he imputes to his integrity.

*Integer vitæ scelerisque ; purus,  
Non eget Mauri Jaculis nec Arcu,  
Nec venenatis gravida Sagittis,  
Fusce, pharetra.*

*Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,  
Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus  
Lambit Hydaspes.*

*Namque ; me sylva lupus in Sabina,  
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra  
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,  
Fugit inermem.*

Innocent and spotless hearts,  
Need nor Moorian bow nor darts:  
Quivers cram'd with poison'd shot,  
O *Fuscus!* they need not.

Boiling sands, unnavigable,  
*Scythia's* mount inhospitable,  
*Media, Inde,* and *Parthia,* they  
 Dare pass without dismay.

For when I prais'd my *Lalage,*  
 And careless walk'd beyond my way,  
 A fierce Wolf from a Sabine wood,  
 Fled me, when I naked stood.

If sometimes Virtue gives not freedom, she yet gives such cordials, as frolic the heart, in the press of adversity. She beams forth herself to the gladding of a bruised soul: and by her light the dungeoned prisoner dances. Especially she is brave, when her sister wisdom's with her. I see not but it may be true, that the wise man cannot fall. Fortune, that the Ancients made to rule all, the wisest of the Ancients have subjected to wisdom. It is she that gives us a safe conduct through all the various casualties of mortality. And therefore when fortune means to ruin us, she flatters us first from this altar: she cannot hurt us, till we be stript of these habiliments: then she doth both wound and laugh. It is rare to see a man decline in fortune, that hath not declined in wisdom before. It is for the most part true, that,

*Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere :*

Fortune first fools the man she means to foil.

She dares not, she cannot hurt us while we continue wise. Discretion sways the stars, and fate: for wealth, the Philosopher's fore-

sight of the scarcity of oil, shews it can help in that defect. For honour, how many did it advance in Athens, to a renowned authority? When all is done, the wise man only is the cunningest fencer. No man can either give a blow so soon, or ward himself so safely. In two lines has the witty *Horace* summed him.

*Ad summum ; Sapiens uno minor est Jove, Dives,  
Liber, Honoratus, Pulcher ; Rex deinque ; Regum.*

Take all ; there's but one *Jove* above him. He  
Is rich, fair, noble, King of Kings, and free.

Surely, God intended we should value these two above our lives ; to live, is common ; to be wise and good, particular ; and granted but to a few. I see many that wish for honour, for wealth, for friends, for fame, for pleasure : I desire but these two, Virtue, Wisdom. I find not a man that the world ever had, so plentiful in all things, as was *Solomon*. Yet we know, his request was but one of these ; though indeed it includeth the other. For without virtue, wisdom is not ; or if it be, it is then nothing else, but a cunning way of undoing ourselves at the last.

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LXXVI.

*Of Moderation.*

NOTHING makes greatness last, like the moderate use of authority. Haughty and violent minds, never bless their owners with a settled peace. Men come down by domineering. He that is lifted

to sudden preferment, had need be much more careful of his actions, then he that hath enjoyed it long. If it be not a wonder, it is yet strange; and all strangers we observe more strictly, than we do those that have dwelt among us. Men observe fresh authority, to inform themselves, how to trust. It is good that the advanced man remember to retain the same humility, that he had before his rise: and let him look back, to the good intentions that sojourned with him in his low estate. Commonly, we think then of worthy deeds; which we promise ourselves to do, if we had but means. But when that means comes, we forget what we thought, and practice the contrary. Whosoever comes to place from a mean being, had need have so much more virtue, as will make good his want of blood. Nobility will check at the leap of a low-man. *Salust* has observed of *Tully*, when he was spoken of for Consul: that, *Pleraque; Nobilitas invidia æstuabat, et quasi pollui Consulatum credebat; si eum, quamvis egregius, homo novus, adeptus foret.* To avoid this, it is good to be just and plausible. A sound heart will fasten friends; and link men to thee, in the chains of love. And believe it, thou wilt find those friends firmest, (though not most) that thy virtues purchase thee. These will love thee when thou art but man again: whereas those that are won without desert, will also be lost without a cause. Smoothness declineth envy. It is better to descend a little from state, than assume any thing, that may seem above it. It is not safe to tenter authority. Pride increaseth enemies: but it puts our friends to flight. It was a just quip, that a proud Cardinal had from a friend, that upon his election went to Rome, on purpose to see him: where finding his behaviour stretched all to pride and state, departs, and makes him a mourning suit; wherein, next day, he comes again to visit him: who asking the cause of his blacks, was answered, It was for the death of humility,

which died in him, when he was elected Cardinal. Authority displays the man. Whatsoever opinion in the world, thy former virtues have gained thee, is now under a jury, that will condemn it, if they slack here. The way to make honour last, is to do by it, as men do by rich jewels ; not in-common them to the every-day eye : but case them up, and wear them but on festivals. And, be not too glorious at first ; it will send men to too much expectation, which when they fail of, will turn to neglect. Thou hadst better shew thyself by a little at once ; than in a windy ostentation, pour out thyself altogether. So, that respect thou gainest, will be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste. Some profit thou mayest make of thinking from whence thou camest. He that bears that still in his mind, will be more wary, how he trench upon those, that were once above him.

*Famâ est, fictilibus cœnasse Agathoclea Regem ;*

*At que abacum Samio sæpe onerâsse luto :*

*Fercula gemmatis cùm poneret horrida vasis,*

*Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul .*

*Quærenti caussam, respondit : Rex ego qui sum*

*Sicania, figulo sum genitore satus.*

*Fortunam reverenter habe, quicunque repente*

*Dives ab exili progrediare loco.*

With earthen plate, *Agathocles* (they say)

Did use to meal : so serv'd with *Samo's* clay.

When jewell'd plate, and rugged earth was by,

He seem'd to mingle wealth, and poverty.

One ask'd the cause ; he answers : I that am

*Sicilia's* King, from a poor Potter came.

Hence learn, thou that art rais'd from mean estate  
To sudden riches, to be temperate.

It was the admonition of the dying *Otho*, to *Cocceius* : neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that *Cæsar* was his uncle. When we look on ourselves in the shine of prosperity, we are apt for the puff and scorn. When we think not on it at all, we are likely to be much imbas'd. An estate even'd with these thoughts, endureth Our advancement is many times from fortune ; our moderation in it, is that, which she can neither give nor deprive us of. In what condition soever I live, I would neither bite, nor fawn. He does well that subscribes to him that writ,

*Nolo minor me timeat, despiciatve major.*

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LXXVII.

*Of Modesty.*

THERE is Modesty, both a virtue, and a vice ; though indeed, when it is blameable, I would rather call it a foolish bashfulness. For then it betrays us to all inconveniences. It brings a fool into bonds, to his utter undoing : when out of a weak flexibility of nature, he has not courage enough to deny the request of a seeming friend. One would think it strange at first, yet is it provedly true : that modesty undoes a maid. In the face, it is a lure to make even lewd men love : which they often express with large gifts, that so work upon her yielding nature, as she knows not how to deny : so rather than be ungrateful, she often becomes unchaste. Even blushing brings

them to their devirgination. In friendship, it is an odious vice, and lets a man run on in absurdities ; for fear of displeasing by telling the fault. It is the fool only, that puts virtue out of countenance. Wise men ever take a freedom of reprovng, when vice is bold and daring. How plain was *Zeno* with *Nearchus* ? How blunt *Diogenes* with *Alexander* ? How serious *Seneca* with the savage *Nero* ? A spirit modestly bold, is like the wind, to purge the world's bad air. It disperses exhalations from the muddy earth, which would, unstirred, infect it. We often let vice spring, for wanting the audacity and courage of a *debellation*. Nay, we many times forbear good actions, for fear the world should laugh at us. How many men, when others have their store, will want themselves, for shaming to demand their own ? And sometimes in extremes, we unwisely stand upon points of insipid modesty. But, *Rebus semper pudor absit in arctis*. In all extremes fly bashfulness. In any good action, that must needs be bad, that hinders it : of which strain, many times, is the fondness of a blushing shamefacedness. But to blush at vice, is to let the world know, that the heart within, hath an inclination to virtue. Modesty a virtue, is an excellent curb to keep us from the stray, and offence. I am persuaded, many had been bad that are not ; if they had not been bridled by a bashful nature. There are divers that have hearts for vice, which have not face accordingly. It chides us from base company ; restrains us from base enterprizes ; from beginning ill, or continuing where we see it. It teaches to love virtue only : and directs a man rather to mix with a chaste soul, than to care for pressing of the ripened bosom. It awes the uncivil tongue ; chains up the licentious hand ; and with a silent kind of majesty, (like a watch at the door of a thief's den) makes vice not dare peep out of the heart, wherein it is lodged. It withholds a man from vain-boasting : and makes a

wise man not to scorn a fool. Surely the graces sojourn with the blushing man. And the Cynick would needs have virtue to be of a blush-colour. Thus *Aristotle's* daughter showed herself a better moralist, than naturalist: when, being asked which was the best colour, she answered: That which modesty produced in men ingenuous. Certainly, the heart of the blushing man, is nearer heaven than the brazed forehead.—For it is a branch of humility, and when that dies, virtue is upon the vanish. Modesty in women, is like the angel's flaming sword, to keep vile man out of the Paradise of their chastity. It was *Livia's* modesty, that took *Augustus*: and she that won *Cyrus* from a multitude, was a modest one. For though it be but exterior, and face-deep only, yet it invites affection strongly. *Plautus* had skill in such commodities;

*Meretricem pudorem gerere magis decet, quàm purpuram :*  
*Magis quidem meretricem pudorem, quàm aurum gerere condecet.*

Even in a whore, a modest look, and fashion,  
 Prevails beyond all gold, and purple dyes.

If that be good which is but counterfeit, how excellent is that which is real? Those things that carry a just infamy with them, I will justly be ashamed to be seen in. But in actions either good, or not ill, it may as well be a crime. It is fear and cowardice, that pulls us back from goodness. That is base blood, that blushes at a virtuous action. Both the action, and the moral of *Agésilau's* was good: when in his oblations to *Pallas*, a louse bit, and he pulls it out, and kills it before the people, saying; Trespassers were even at the altar to be set upon. I know, things unseemly, though not dishonest, carry a kind of shame along. But sure, in

resisting villany, where courage is asked, bashfulness is at best, but a weak, and treacherous virtue.

## LXXVIII.

*Of Suspicion.*

SUSPICIONS are sometimes out of judgement. He that knows the world bad, cannot but suspect it will be so still : but where men suspect by judgement, they will likewise, by judgement, keep that suspect from hurting them. Suspicion for the most part, proceeds from a self-defect : and then it gnaws the mind. They that in private listen others, are commonly such as are ill themselves. The wise, and honest, are never fooled with this quality. He that knows he deserves not ill, why should he imagine that others should speak him so ? We may observe how a man is disposed, by gathering what he doubts in others. Saint *Chrysostom* has given the rule ; *Sicut difficile aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est : Sic difficile aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est.* *Nero* would not believe, but all men were most foul *Libidinists*. And we all know, there was never such a Roman beast as he. Suspecting that we see not, we intimate to the world, either what our acts have been, or what our dispositions are. I will be wary in suspecting another of ill, lest by so doing, I proclaim myself to be guilty ; but whether I be, or not, why should I strive to hear myself ill spoken of ? Jealousy is the worst of madness. We seek for that, which we would not find : or, if we do, what is it we have got, but matter of vexation ? which we came so basely by, as we are ashamed to take notice of it. So we are forced to keep it boiling in our

breasts : like new wine, to the hazard of the hogshead, for want of venting. Jealousy is a gin that we set to catch Serpents ; which as soon as we have caught them, sting us. Like the fool, that finding a box of poison, tastes, and is poisoned indeed. Are we not mad, that being quiet as we are, must needs go search for discontentments ? So far should we be from seeking them, as to be often careless of those we find. Neglect will kill an injury, sooner than revenge. Said *Socrates*, when he was told that one railed on him ; let him beat me too, so I be absent, I care not. He that will question every disgracive word, which he hears is spoken of him, shall have few friends, little wit, and much trouble. One told *Chrysipus*, that his friend reproached him privately. Says he, Ay, but chide him not, for then he will do as much in public. We shall all meet with vexation enough, which we cannot avoid. I cannot think any man loves sorrow so well, as out of his discretion, to invite it to lodge in his heart. *Pompey* did well to commit those letters to the fire, before he read them, wherein he expected to find the cause of his grief. I will never undertake an unworthy watch for that which will but trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to do that, which we shall be ashamed to be taken in ? Certainly, they that set spies upon others ; or by listening, put the base office of *intelligencer* upon themselves ; would blush to be discovered in their projects : and the best way to avoid the discovery, is at first to avoid the act. If I hear any thing by accident, that may benefit me ; I will, if I can, take only the good : but I will never lie in wait for mine own abuse ; or for others that concern me not. Nor will I flame at every vain tongue's puff. He has a poor spirit that is not planted above petty wrongs. Small injuries I would either not hear, or not mind : nay, though I were told them, I would not know the author : for by this, I may mend myself, and never malice the person.

## LXXIX.

*Of Fate.*

CERTAINLY, there is a Fate that hurries man to his end beyond his own intention. There is uncertainty in wisdom, as well as in folly. When man plotteth to save himself, that plotting delivers him into his ruin. Decrees are past upon us: and our own wit often hunts us into the snares, that above all things we would shun. What we suspect and would fly, we cannot: what we suspect not, we fall into. That which saved us now, by and by kills us. We use means of preservation, and they prove destroying ones. We take courses to ruin us, and they prove means of safety. When *Agrippina's* death was plotted, her woman thought to save herself, by assuming of her Mistress' name: and that only was the cause of her killing. *Florus* tells of one, to whom, *Victoriam prælio error dedit*: an error in the fight, gave victory. How many have, flying from danger, met with death?—and, on the other side, found protection even in the very jaws of mischief?

*Et cum Fata volunt, bina venena juvant.*

And when Fate lists, a doubled poison saves.

Some men in their sleep are cast into fortune's lap: while others with all their industry, cannot purchase one smile from her. How strange a rescue from the sackage of an enemy had that city, that by the Leader's crying, back, back, when he wanted room for the fetching of his blow, to break a chain that hindered him, was, by mis-apprehending the word, put back in a violent flight? There

is no doubt, but wisdom is better than folly, as light is better than darkness. Yet, I see, saith Solomon, it happens to the wise and fool alike. It fell out to be part of *Mithridates* misery, that he had made himself unpoisonable. All human wisdom is defective: otherwise it might help us, against the flash and storm. As it is, it is but lesser folly; which preserving sometimes, fails us often. Grave directions do not always prosper: nor does the fool's bolt ever miss. *Domitian's* reflective galleries, could not guard him from the skarfed arm. Nor did *Titus's* freeness to the two *Patrician* aspirers, hurt him: for, his confidence was, that fate gave Princes sovereignty. Man is merely the ball of time: and is sometime taken from the plough to the throne; and sometimes again from the throne to a halter: as if we could neither avoid being wretched, or happy, or both.

*Non sollicitæ possunt curæ  
Mutare rati stamina fusi.  
Quicquid patimur, mortale genus,  
Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.  
Servatque; suæ decreta colûs  
Lachesis, dura revoluta manu:  
Omnia certo tramite vadunt;  
Primusque; dies, dedit extremum.*

Our most thoughtful cares cannot  
Change established fates firm plot.  
All we suffer, all we prove,  
All we act comes from above.  
Fates, decrees still keep their course:  
All things strictly by their force

Wheel in undisturbed ways ;  
Ends are set in our first days.

Whatsoever man thinks to do in contrariety, is by GOD turned to be a help of hastening the end he hath appointed him: it was not in the Emperor's power to keep *Ascletarius* from the Dogs, no, though it was foretold him: and he bent himself to cross it. We are governed by a power, that we cannot but obey: our minds are wrought against our minds, to alter us. Man his own traitor, and maddeth to undo himself. Whether this be, nature ordered and relinquished; or whether it be accidental; or the operating power of the stars; or the eternal connexion of causes; or the execution of the will of God; whether it takes away all freedom of will from man; or by what means we are thus wrought upon, I dispute not. I would not think anything, that should derogate from the majesty of GOD. I know, there is a Providence ordering all things as it pleaseth; of which, man is not able to render a reason. We may believe *S. Jerome*,—*Providentia Dei omnia gubernantur; et, quæ putatur pœna. Medicina est.* But the secret progressions, I confess, I know not. I see, there are both arguments and objections on every side. I hold it a kind of mundane predestination, writ in such characters, as it is not in the wit of man to read them. In vain we murmur at the things that must be: in vain we mourn for what we cannot remedy. Why should we rave, when we meet with what we look not for? It is our ignorance that makes us wonder ourselves to a dull stupefaction. When we consider, but how little we know, we need not be disturbed at a new event.

*Regitur Fatis mortale genus,  
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest*

*Firmum, et stabile : perque ; casus  
 Volvitur varios, semper nobis  
 Metuenda dies*

All mankind is ruled by fate,  
 No man can propose a state  
 Firm and stable: various chance,  
 Always rolling, doth advance  
 That something which we fear.

Surely out of this, we may raise a contentment royal, as knowing we are always in the hands of a noble protector; who never gives ill, but to him that has deserved ill. Whatsoever befalls me, I would subscribe to, with a squared soul. It were a super-insanitated folly, to struggle with a power, which I know is all in vain contended with. If a fair endeavour may free me, I will practise it. If that cannot, let me wait it with a calmed mind. Whatsoever happens as a wonder, I will admire and magnify, as the act of a power above my apprehension. But as it is an alteration to man, I will never think it marvellous. I every day see him suffer more changes, than it is of himself to imagine.

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LXXX.

*Of Ostentation.*

VAIN-GLORY, at best, is but like a window-cushion, specious without, and garnished with the tasselled pendant; but within, nothing but hay, or tow, or some such trash, not worth looking on.

have found a flood in the tongue, I have often found the heart empty. It is the hollow instrument that sounds loud: and where the heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal. Certainly, he that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is inconsiderate; and knows not the slides and casualties that hang on man. If he had not an unworthy heart, he would rather stay till the world had found it, than so indecently be his own prolocutor. If thou beest good, thou mayest be sure the world will know thee so. If thou beest bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse; while the actions of thy life confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the good thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine own worth, in drawing of it up by so unseemly a bucket, as thine own tongue. The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him so. Virtue is built upon herself. Flourishes are for networks; better contextures need not any other additions. *Phocion* called bragging *Laosthenes*, the Cypress tree; which makes a fair show, but seldom bears any fruit. Why may he not be emblemed by the cozening Fig tree, that our Saviour cursed. It is he that is conscious to himself of an inward defect, which by the brazen bell of his tongue, would make the world believe, that he had a church within.—Yet, fool that he is! this is the way to make men think the contrary, if it were so. Ostentation after, overthrows the action, which was good, and went before; or at least, it argues that good not done well. He that does good for praise only, fails of the right end. A good work ought to propound, he is virtuous, that is so for virtue's sake. To do well, is as much applause as a good man labours for. Whatsoever good work thy hand builds, is again pulled down by the folly of a boasting tongue. The blazings of the proud will go out in a stench and smoke: Their braggings will convert to shame. Saint *Gregorie* has it wittily: *Sub hoste quem*

*posternit, moritur, qui de culpa quam superat elevatur.* He both loseth the good he hath done, and hazardeth for shame with men: For clouds of disdain are commonly raised by the wind of ostentation. He that remembers too much his own virtues, teacheth others to object his vices. All are enemies to the assuming man. When he would have more than his due, he seldom findeth so much. Whether it be out of jealousy, that by promulgating his virtues we vainly think he should rob us of the world's love; or whether we take his exalting himself, to be our depression; or whether it be our envy; or that we are angry, that he should so undervalue goodness, as, despising her inward approbation, he should seek the uncertain warrant of men: or whether it be an instinct instamped in man, to dislike them: it is certain, no man can endure the puffs of a swelling mind. Nay, though the vaunts be true, they do but awaken scoffs: and instead of a clapping hand, they find a check with scorn. When a soldier bragged too much of a great scar in his forehead, he was asked by *Augustus*, if he did not get it, when he looked back, as he fled? Certainly, when I hear a vaunting man, I shall think him like a piece that is charged but with powder; which near hand gives a greater report, than that which hath a bullet in it. If I have done anything well, I will never think the world is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to essential virtue, by the hoarse clamour of the blundering rabble. If I have done ill; to boast the contrary, I will think, is like painting an old face, to make it so much more ugly. If it be of any thing past, the world will talk of it, though I be silent. If not, it is more noble to neglect fame, than seem to beg it. If it be of ought to come, I am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not sure to perform. We disgrace the work of virtue, when we go about any way to seduce voices for her approbation.

## LXXXI.

*Of Hope.*

HUMAN life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than Hope. It is the miserable man's God, which in the hardest gripe of calamity, never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is the presumptuous man's Devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. Hope is to a man, as a bladder to a learning swimmer; it keeps him from sinking, in the bosom of the waves; and by that help it may attain the exercise: but yet many times it makes him venture beyond his height, and then, if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would die, did not Hope sustain them? How many have died by hoping too much? This wonder we may find in Hope: that she is both a flatterer, and a true friend. Like a valiant Captain, in a losing battle, it is ever encouraging man; and never leaves him, till they both expire together. While breath pants in the dying body, there is hope fleeting in the waving soul. It is almost as the air, by which the mind does live. There is one thing which may add to our value of it; that it is appropriate unto man alone: for surely beasts have not hope at all; they are only capable of the present; whereas man, apprehending future things, hath this given him, for the sustentation of his drooping soul. Who would live rounded with calamities, did not smiling hope cheer him, with expectation of deliverance? The common one is in *Tibullus*:

*Jam mala finissem Letho; sed credula vitam.  
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.*

*Spes alit agricolas ; spes sulcis credit aratis  
 Semina, quæ magno fœnore reddat ager.  
 Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc captat arundine pisces,  
 Cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.  
 Spes etiam valida solatur compede vinctum ;  
 Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus.*

Hope flatters life, and says she'll still bequeath  
 Better ; else I had cured all ill's by death.  
 She blithes the farmer, does his grain commit  
 To earth, which with large use replentieth it.  
 She snares the birds ; and fishes as they glide,  
 Strikes with small hooks, that cozening baits do hide :  
 She cheers the shackled prisoner, and while his thigh  
 Rings with his chain, he works and sings on high.

There is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, vex, fright, torture, shew death with his horridest brow ; yet Hope will dart in her reviving rays, that shall illumine and exhilarate, in the tumour, in the swell of these. Nor does she more friend us with her gentle shine, than she often fools us with her sleek delusions. She dandles us into killing flames : sings us into lethargies : and like an over-hasty Chirurgeon, skinneth dangers that are full, and foul within. She cozens the thief of the coin he steals : and cheats the gamester more than even the falsest die. It abuseth universal man, from him that stoops to the loam wall upon the naked common, to the Monarch in his purpled throne. It undoes the melting prodigal ; it delivers the ambitious to the edged axe ; and the rash soldier, to the shattering of the fired vomit. Whatsoever good we see, it tells us we may obtain it ; and in a little

time, tumble ourselves in the down of our wishes: but it often performs like *Domitian*, promising all with nothing. It is indeed the rattle which nature did provide, to still the froward crying of the fond child, man. Our life is but a run after the drag of something that doth itch our senses: which when we have hunted home, we find a mere delusion. We think we serve for *Rachael*, but are deceived with bleared-eye *Leah*. *Jacob* is as man, *Laban* is the churlish, envious, ungrateful world: *Leah* is the pleasure it pays us with: blemished in that which is the life of beauty, perished even in the eye; emblemed too by the sex of frailty, women. We see a box, wherein we believe a pardon; so we are merry in the brink of death. While we are dancing, the trap-door falls under us, and hope makes us jocund, till the ladder turns, and then it is too late to care. Certainly, it requires a great deal of judgement to balance our hopes even. He that hopes for nothing, will never attain to anything. This good comes of over-hoping, that it sweetens our passage through the world, and sometimes so sets us to work, as it produces great actions, though not always pat to our ends. But then again, he that hopes too much, shall cozen himself at last; especially, if his industry goes not along to fertile it. For, hope without action is a barren undoer. The best is to hope for things possible and probable. If we can take her comforts, without transferring her our confidence, we shall surely find her a sweet companion. I will be content, my hope should travail beyond reason; but I would not have her build there. So by this, I shall reap the benefit of her present service, yet prevent the treason she might beguile me with.

## LXXXII.

*That sufferance causeth Love.*

IN noble natures, I never found it fail, but that those who suffered for them, they ever loved entirely. It is a justice living in the soul, to endear those that have smarted for our sakes. Nothing surer ties a friend, than freely to subhumerate the burthen which was his. He is unworthy to be freed a second time, that does not pay both affection and thanks, to him that hath undergone a mischief due to himself. He hath in a sort made a purchase of thy life, by saving it: and though he doth forbear to call for it, yet I believe, upon the like, thou owest him. Sure, nature being an enemy to all injustice, since she cannot recall a thing done, labours some other way, to recompence the passed injury. It was *Darius's* confession, that he had rather have one whole *Zopyrus*, than ten such *Babylons* as his mangling won. *Volumnius* would needs have died upon *Lucullus* corpse, because he was the cause of his undertaking the war. And *Achilles* did alter his purpose of refraining the *Grecian* camp, to revenge *Patroclus's* death, when he heard that he was slain in his borrowed armour. Sure, there is a sympathy of souls; and they are subtilly mixed by the spirits of the air: which makes them sensible of one another's sufferances. I know not by what hidden way; but I find that love increaseth by adversity. *Ovid* confesses it:

— *Adverso tempore crevit Amor:*

— Love heightens by depression.

We often find in Princes, that they love their favourites, for being

skreens, that take away the envy of the people, which else would light on them: and we shall see this love appear most, when the people begin to lift at them: as if they were then tied to that out of justice and gratitude, which before was but matter of favour, and in the way of courtesy. To make two friends entire, we need but plot, to make one suffer for the other's sake. For this is always in a worthy mind; it grieves more at the trouble of a friend, than it can do for itself. Men often know in themselves how to manage it, how to entertain it: in another they are uncertain how it may work. This fear troubles love, and sends it to a nearer search, and pity. All creatures shew a thankfulness to those that have befriended them. The lion, the dog, the stork, in kindnesses are all returners: whole nature leans to mutual requitals; and to pay with numerous use, the favours of a free affection. And if we owe a retribution for unpainful courtesies, how much should we reflow, when they come arrayed in sufferings? Though it be not to ourselves a benefit of the largest profit; yet it is to them a service of the greatest pains: and it is a great deal more honour to recompence after their act, than our receipt. In courtesies, it is the most noble, when we receive them from others, to prize them after the author's intention, if they be mean, but after their effect, if they be great: and when we offer them to others, to value them less good, but as the sequel proves them to the receiver. Certainly, though the world hath nothing worth loving, but an honest man: yet this would make one love the man that is vile. In this case I cannot exempt the ill one out of my affection: but I will rather wish he may still be free, than I in bonds to lewdness; nor will I, if my industrious care may avoid it, ever let any endure a torment for me; because it is a courtesy, which I know not how to requite. So till I meet with the like opportunity, I must rest in his debt, for his passion. It is

not good to receive favours, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those bonds are cruel ties, which make man ever subject to debt, without a power to cancel them.

## LXXXIII.

*That Policy and Friendship are scarcely compatible.*

AS Policy is taken in the general, we hold it but a kind of crafty wisdom, which boweth every thing to a self-profit. And therefore a Politician is one of the worst sort of men, to make a friend of. Give me one, that is virtuously wise, not cunningly hid, and twined to himself. Policy in friendship, is like logic in truth: something too subtile for the plainness of disclosing hearts. And whereas this works ever for appropriate ends; love ever takes a partner into the benefit. Doubtless, though there be that are sure, and straight to their friend: yet in the general, he is reckoned, but a kind of *postpositum*: or an heir that must not claim till after. We have found out an adage, which doubles our love to ourselves; but withal, it robs our neighbour. *Proximus ipse mihi*, is urged to the ruin of friendship. They that love themselves over-much, have seldom any expressive goodness. And indeed, it is a quality that fights against the twist of friendship. For what love joins, this divides, and distanceth. *Scipio* would not believe it was ever the speech of a wise man, which wills us, so to love, as if we were to hate immediately. The truth of affection projecteth perpetuity. And that love which can presently leave, was never well begun. He that will not in a time of need, hallow it with a straitened friend, does but usurp the name, and injure it. Nor is he more to be regarded,

that will kick at every fail of his friend: A friend invited *Alcibiades* to supper, he refused; but in the middle of their meal, he rushes in with his servants, and commands them to catch up the wine, and carry it home to his house: they did it, yet half they left behind. The guests complained of this uncivil violence: but his friend with this mild speech, excused him, saying: He did courteously to take but half, when all was at his service. Yet in these lenities I confess Politicians are most plausible. There are that will do as *Fabius* said of *Syphax*, keep correspondency in small matters, that they may be trusted; and deceive in greater, and of graver consequence. But these are to be banished the league. The politic heart is too full of cranks and angles, for the discovery of a plain familiar. It is uncertain finding of him, that useth often to shift his habitation: and so it is a heart, that hath devices, and inversions for itself alone. Things that differ in their end, will surely part in their way. And such are these two: The end of policy, is to make a man's self great. The end of love, is to advance another. For a friend to converse withal, let me rather meet with a sound affection, than a crafty brain. One may fail me by accident, but the other will do it out of fore-intent. And then there is nothing more dangerous, than studied adulation; especially, where it knows it is trusted. The soundest affection, is like to be between those, where there cannot be expectation of sinister ends. Therefore, have your Poets feigned the entirest love, among humble shepherds: where wealth and honour have had no sway in their unions.

## LXXXIV.

*Of Drunkenness.*

SAID *Musæus*, the reward of virtue, is perpetual drunkenness. But he meant it, of celestial exhilaration: and surely so, the good man is full of gladdening vivification, which the world does never reach unto. The other drunkenness, arising from the grape, is the floating of the sternless senses in a sea, and is as great a *Hydra*, as ever was the multitude. That dispositions differ, as much as faces, drink is the clearest prover. The cup is the betrayer of the mind, and does disapparel the soul. There is but one thing which distinguisheth beast and man; reason. And this it robs him of: nay, it goes further, even to the subverting of nature's institution. The thoughts of the heart, which GOD hath secluded from the very devil and spirits, by this do suffer a search, and denudation. *Quod in corde sobrii, in lingua ebrii.* He that would anatomize the soul, may do it best, when wine has numbed the senses. Certainly, for confession, there is no such rack as wine; nor could the devil ever find a cunninger bait to angle both for acts and meaning: even the most benighted cogitations of the soul, in this flood, do tumble from the swelled tongue; yet madly we pursue this vice, as the kindler both of wit and mirth. Alas! it is the blemish of our times, that men are of such slow conceit, as they are not company one for another, without excessive draughts to quicken them. And surely it is from this barrenness, that the impertinences of drink and smoke, were first taken in at meetings. It were an excellent way, for men of quality, to convert this madness, to the discussion and practice of arts, either military or civil. Their places of resort might be so fitted with instruments, as they might be like academies

of instruction, and proficiency. And these they might sweeten, with the adding of illusive games. What several plays and exercises, had their continual use with the flourishing Romans? were there not their *Compitales*, *Circenses*, *Scenicos Ludicros*, and the like? all which, were as schools to their youth, of virtue, activeness, or magnanimity: and how quickly, and how eagerly, were their bacchanalia banished, as the teachers only of detested vice? Indeed, drunkenness besots a nation, and beaстиates even the bravest spirits. There is nothing which a man that is soaked in drink is fit for, no not for sleep. When the sword and fire rages, it is but man warring against man: when drunkenness reigns, the devil is at war with man, and the epotations of dumb liquor damns him. Macedonian *Philip* would not war against the Persians, when he heard they were such drinkers: For he said, they would ruin alone. Doubtless, though the soul of a drunkard should be so drowned, as to be insensate; yet his body, methinks, should irk him to a penitence and discession. When like an impoisoned bulk, all his powers mutiny in his distended skin, no question but he must be pained, till they come again to settling. What a monster man is, in his inebriations! a swimming eye, a face both roast and sod, a temulentive tongue, clammed to the roof and gums; a drumming ear, a fevered body; a boiling stomach; a mouth nasty with offensive fumes, till it sicken the brain with giddy verminations; a palsied hand and legs tottering up and down their moistened burthen. And whereas we eat our dishes several, because their mixture would loath the taste, the eye, and smell; this, when they are half made excrement, reverts them, mashed in an odious vomit. And very probable it is, that this was the poison, which killed the valiant *Alexander*. *Proteas* gave him a quaff of two gallons, which set him into a disease he died of. It is an ancient vice; and tem-

perance is rare. *Cato* used to say of *Cæsar*, that he alone came sober, to the overthrow of the state. But you shall scarce find a man much addicted to drink, that it ruined not. Either it dotes him into the snares of his enemies, or overbears his nature, to a final sinking. Yet there be, whose delights are only to tun in: and perhaps, as *Bonusus*, they never strain their bladder for it. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for consuming of the country's fat. That it is practised most of the meanest people, proves it for the baser vice. I knew a gentleman that followed a noble lady, in this kingdom, who would often complain, that the greatest inconvenience he found in service was, his being urged to drink. And the better he is, the more he shall find it. The eyes of many are upon the eminent: and servants, especially those of the ordinary rank, are often of so mean breeding, as they are ignorant of any other entertainment. We may observe, it ever takes footing first in the most barbarous nations. The *Scythians* were such lovers of it, as it grew into their name: and unless it were one *Anacharsis*, how barren were they both of wit and manners? The *Grecians*, I confess, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in brain. The *Italians* and *Spaniards*, which I take to be the most civilized, I find not tainted with this spot. And though the heathen (in many places) templed and adored this drunken God; yet one would take their ascriptions to him, to be matter of dishonour, and mocks: As his troop of furyed women: his chariot drawn with the Lynx and Tiger: and the beasts sacred to him, were only the Goat and Swine. And such they all prove, that frequently honour him with excessive draughts. I like a cup, to brisk the spirits; but continuance dulls them. It is less labour to plough, than to pot it: and urged healths do infinitely add to the trouble. I will never drink but liberties, nor ever those so long, as that I lose mine own.

*Horace reads it thus:—Non ego te candide Bassareû !  
 Invitum quatiàm : nec variis obsita frondibus  
 Sub divûm rapiam. Sæva tene Berecynthio  
 Cornu tympana ; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,  
 Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio, gloria verticem,  
 Arcanique ; fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.*

— Dear *Bacchus*, I'll not heave  
 The shaken cup against my stomach : nor yet reave  
 Ope arbored secrets. Let thy timbrels fierce,  
 And Phrygian horn be mute : blind self-love curse,  
 Braves without brain ; faith's closetings, alas !  
 Do follow thee, as if but clothed with glass.

Let me rather be disliked for not being a beast, then be good-fellowed with a hug, for being one. Some laugh at me, for being sober : and I laugh at them for being drunk. Let their pleasures crown them, and their mirth abound : the next day they will stick in mud. *Bibite, et pergræcamini, ô Cimmerii ! Ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, et mors ipsa comitantur.*

## LXXXV.

*Of Marriage and single life.*

BOTH Sexes made but man. So that Marriage perfects creation. When the husband and the wife are together, the world is contracted in a bed : and without this, like the head and body parted, either would consume, without a possibility of reviving. And though we

find many enemies to the name of marriage; yet it is rare to find an enemy to the use of it. Surely he was made imperfect, that is not tending to propagation. Nature in her true work, never made anything in vain. He that is perfect and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guilty of a contempt against nature; as disdain- ing to make use of her endowments. Nor is that which the *Turks* hold, without some colour of reason: They say he that marries not at a fitting time, (which they hold is about the age of five and twenty years) is not just, nor pleaseth not GOD. I believe it is from hence, that the vow of chastity is many times accompanied with such inconveniences as we see ensue. I cannot think GOD is pleased with that, which crosseth his first ordination, and the current of nature. And in themselves, it is a harder matter to root out an inseparable sway of nature, then they are aware of. The best chastity of all, I hold to be matrimonial chastity; when pairs keep themselves in a moderate intermutualness, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to union, and continuance of the world in posterity. And it is fit even in nature and policy, that this propriety should be inviolable: First, in respect of the impureness of mixed posterity. Next, in respect of peace and concord among men. If many men should be interested in one woman, it could not be, but there would infinite jars arise. Some have complained of the Christian religion, in that it ties men so strictly in this point, as when matches happen ill, there is no means of remedy. But surely if liberty of change were granted, all would grow to confusion: and it would open a gap to many mischiefs, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessity are digested, and made straight again. Those I observe to agree best, which are of free natures, not subject to the fits of choler. Their freedom shuts out jealousy, which is the canker of wedlock; and withal, it divideth both joy and sorrow.

And when hearts alike disclose, they ever link in love. Nay, whereas small and domestic jars, more fret marriages, than great ones and public; these two will take them away. Freedom reveals them, that they rankle not the heart to a secret loathing and mildness hears them, without anger or bitter words: so they close again after discussion, many times in a straighter tie. Poverty in wedlock, is a great decayer in love and contentation; and riches can find many ways to divert an inconvenience; but the mind of a man is all. Some can be servile, and fall to those labours which another cannot stoop to. Above all, let the generous mind beware of marrying poor: for though he cares the least for wealth, yet he will be most galled with the want of it. Self-conceited people never agree well together: they are wilful in their brawls, and reason cannot reconcile them. Where either are only opinionately wise, hell is there: unless the other be a patient merely. But the worst is, when it lights on the woman: she will think to rule, because she hath the subtler brain; and the man will look for it as the privilege of his sex. Then certainly, there will be mad work, when wit is at war with prerogative. Yet again, where marriages prove unfortunate, a woman with a bad husband, is much worse, than a man with a bad wife. Men have much more freedom, to court their content abroad. There are, that account women only as seed-plots for posterity: others worse, as only quench for their fires. But surely there is much more in them, if they be discreet and good. They are women but in body alone. Questionless, a woman with a wise soul, is the fittest companion for man: otherwise God would have given him a friend rather than a wife. A wise wife comprehends both sexes: she is woman for her body, and she is man within: for her soul is like her husband's. It is the crown of blessings, when in one woman a man findeth both a wife and a friend. Single

life cannot have this happiness; though in some minds it hath many it prefers before it. This hath fewer cares and more longings: but marriage hath fewer longings, and more cares. And as I think care in marriage may be commendable; so I think desire in single life, is not an evil of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a thing that accompanies nature, and man cannot avoid it. Some things there are, that conscience in general, man condemns, without a literal law; as injustice, blasphemy, lying, and the like: but to curb and quite beat down the desires of the flesh, is a work of religion, rather than of nature. And therefore says Saint *Paul*, I had not known lust to have been a sin, if the law had not said, thou shalt not covet. Votive abstinence, some cold constitutions may endure with a great deal of vexatious penitence. To live chaste without vowing, I like a great deal better: nor shall we find the devil so busy to tempt us to a single sin of unchastity; as he will, when it is a sin of unchastity and perjury too. I find it commended, but not imposed. And when *Jephtha's* daughter died, they mourned, for that she died a maid. The *Grecians*, the *Romans* did, and the *Spaniards* at this day do (in honour of marriage) privilege the wedded. And though the Romans had their vestals, yet after their thirty years continence, the cruelty of inforced chastity was not in force against them. Single life I will like in some, whose minds can suffer continency: but should all live thus, a hundred years would make the world a desert. And this alone may excuse me, though I like of marriage better. One tends to ruin, the other to increasing of the glory of the world, in multitudes.

## LXXXVI.

*Of Charity.*

CHARITY is communicated goodness, and without this, man is no other than a beast, preying for himself alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon charity, than there are, that do subsist of themselves. The world, which is chained together by intermingled love, would all shatter and fall to pieces, if charity should chance to die. There are some secrets in it, which seem to give it the chair from all the rest of virtues. With knowledge, with valour, with modesty, and so with other particular virtues, a man may be ill with some contrary vice: but with Charity we cannot be ill at all. Hence I take it, is that saying in *Timothy*; The end, or consummation of the law is love out of a pure heart. *Habere omnia Sacramenta, et malus esse potest: habere autem Charitatem, et malus esse non potest*, said Saint *Augustine* of old. Next, whereas other virtues are restrictive, and looking to a man's self: this takes all the world for it's object: and nothing that hath sense, but is better for this displayer. There be among the *Mahometans*, that are so taken with this beauty, that they will with a price redeem engaged birds, to restore them to the liberty of their plumed wing. And they will oftentimes, with cost, feed fishes in the streaming water. But their opinion of deserving by it, makes it as a superstitious folly: and in materials, they are nothing so zealous. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to God, than Charity. As all things are filled with his goodness, so the universal is partaker of the good man's spreading love. Nay, it is that which gives life to all the race of other virtues. It is that which makes them to appear in act. Wisdom and science arc worth nothing, unless they be distributive, and declare them-

selves to the world. Wealth in a misers hand is useless, as a locked-up treasure. It is Charity only, that maketh riches worth the owning. We may observe, when charitable men have ruled, the world hath flourished, and enjoyed the blessings of peace and prosperity: the times have been more pleasant and smooth: nor have any Princes sat more secure or firm in their Thrones, than those that have been clement and benign: as *Titus, Trajane, Antonine*, and others. And we may observe again, how rugged, and how full of bracks those times have been wherein cruel ones have had a power. *Cicero* says of *Sylla's* time, — *Nemo illo invito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam, retinere potuerit.* And when the Senate in Council, was frightened at the cry of seven thousand *Romans*, which he had sent to execution at once; he bids them mind their business, for it was only a few *Seditiaries*, that he had commanded to be slain. No question but there are, which delight to see a Rome in flames and like a ravished Troy, mocking the absent day with earthly fires, that can linger men to martyrdom, and make them die by piecemeal. *Tiberius* told one that petitioned to be quickly killed; that he was not yet his friend. And *Vitellius* would needs see the scrivener die in his presence, for he said he would feed his eyes. But I wonder, whence these men have their minds. God, nor man, nor nature ever made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the wilderness, from the imboasted savage, and from tormenting spirits. When the leg will neither bear the body, nor the stomach disperse his recipe, nor the hand be serviceable to the directing head, the whole must certainly languish, and die: so in the body of the world, when members are sullened, and snarl one at another, down falls the frame of all.

*Quod mundus, stabili fide,  
 Concordes variat vices :  
 Quod pugnancia semina  
 Fœdus perpetuum tenent :  
 Quod Phæbus roseum diem,  
 Curru provehit aureo.  
 Ut quas duxerit Hesperus.  
 Phæbe noctibus imperet .  
 Ut fluctus avidum mare  
 Certo fine coerceat,  
 Ne terris liceat vagis  
 Latos tendere terminos :  
 Hanc Rerum seriem ligat  
 (Terras ac Pelagus regens,  
 Et Cælo imperitans) Amor.*

That the world in constant force,  
 Varies his concordant course :  
 That seeds jarring, hot and cold,  
 Does the breed perpetual hold :  
 That the sun in its golden car,  
 Does the rosy day still rear.  
 That the moon sways all those lights,  
*Hesper* ushes to dark nights.  
 That alternate tides be found,  
 Seas high-prided waves to bound ;  
 Lest his flood waters mace,  
 Creek broad earths invalued face,  
 All the frame of things that be,

Love (which rules Heaven, land, and sea)  
Chains, keeps, orders, as you see.

Thus *Boetius*. The world contains nothing, but there is some quality in it, which benefits some other creatures. The air yields fowls; the water fish; the earth fruit. And all these yield something from themselves, for the use and behalf, not only of man, but of each other. Surely, he that is right, must not think his Charity to one in need, a courtesy; but a debt, which nature at his first being, bound him to pay. I would not water a strange ground, to leave my own in drought: yet I think to every thing that hath sense, there is a kind of pity owing. *Solomon's* good man, is merciful to his beast: nor take I this to be only intentional; but expressive. GOD may respect the mind, and will; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my mind be charitable, that GOD may accept me. Let my actions express it, that man may be benefited.

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### LXXXVII.

#### *Of Travel.*

A speech which often came from *Alexander* was; that he had discovered more with his eye, than other Kings did comprehend in their thoughts. And this he spake of his travel. For indeed, men can but guess at places by relation only. There is no map like the view of the country. Experience is the best informer. And one journey will shew a man more, than any description can. Some would not allow a man to move from the shell of his own country. And *Claudian* mentions it as a happiness, for birth, life, and burial,

to be all in a parish. But surely, travel filleth the man: he hath lived but locked up in a larger chest, which hath never seen but one land. A kingdom to the world, is like a Corporation to a kingdom; a man may live in it like an unbred man. He that searcheth foreign nations, is becoming a gentleman of the world. One that is learned, honest, and travelled, is the best compound of man; and so corrects the vice of one country, with the virtues of another, that like *Mithridate*, he grows a perfect mixture, and an antidote. *Italy, England, France, and Spain*, are as the court of the world; *Germany, Denmark, and China*, are as the city. The rest are most of them country, and barbarism: who hath not seen the best of these, is a little lame in knowledge. Yet I think it not fit, that every man should travel. It makes a wise man better, and a fool worse. This gains nothing but the gay sights, vices, exotic gestures, and the apery of a country. A travelling fool is the shame of all nations. He shames his own, by his weakness abroad: he shames others, by bringing home their follies alone. They only blab abroad domestic vices, and import them that are transmarine. That a man may better himself by travel, he ought to observe, and comment: noting as well the bad, to avoid it; as taking the good, into use. And without registering these things by the pen, they will slide away unprofitable. A man would not think, how much the characterizing of a thought in paper, fastens it. *Litera scripta monet* has a large sense. He that does this, may, when he pleaseth, re-journey all his voyage, in his closet. Grave natures are the best proficients by travel: they are not so apt to take a soil; and they observe more: but then they must put on an outward freedom, with an inquisition seemingly careless. It were an excellent thing in a state, to have always a select number of youth, of the nobility and gentry; and at years of some maturity, send them abroad for education. Their

parents could not better dispose of them, than in dedicating them to the republic. They themselves could not be in a fairer way of preferment: and no question but they might prove mightily serviceable to the state, at home; when they shall return well versed in world, languaged and well read in men; which for policy and negotiation, is much better than any book-learning, though never so deep, and knowing. Being abroad, the best is to converse with the best, and not to choose by the eye, but by fame. For the State, instruction is to be had at the Court. For traffic, among Merchants. For religious rights, the Clergy; for government, the Lawyers; and for the country, and rural knowledge, the Boors and Peasantry can best help you. All rarities are to be seen, especially antiquities; for these shew us the ingenuity of elder times in act: and are in one both example and precept. By these, comparing them with modern invention, we may see how the world thrives in ability, and brain. But above all, see rare men. There is no monument, like a worthy man alive. We shall be sure to find something in him, to kindle our spirits, and enlarge our minds with a worthy emulation of his virtues. Parts of extraordinary note cannot so lie hid, but that they will shine forth through the tongue, and behaviour, to the enlightning of the ravished beholder. And because there is less in this, to take the sense of the eye, and things are more readily taken from a living pattern; the soul shall more easily draw in his excellencies, and improve itself with greater profit. But unless a man has judgement to order these aright, in himself, at his return, all is in vain, and lost labour. Some men, by travel will be changed in nothing: and some again, will change too much. Indeed, the moral outside, wheresoever we be, may seem best, when something fitted to the nation we are in: but wheresoever I should go, or stay, I should ever keep my God, and friends unchangeably. Howso-

ever he returns, he makes an ill voyage, that changeth his faith with his tongue and garments.

## LXXXVIII.

*Of Music.*

*DIOGENES* spake right of music, when he told one that bragged of his skill; that wisdom governed cities; but with songs, and measures, a house would not be ordered well. Certainly, it is more for pleasure, than any profit of man. Being but a sound, it only works on the mind for the present; and leaves it not reclaimed, but rapt for a while: and then it returns, forgetting the only ear-deep warbles. It is but wantoned air, and the titillation of the spirited element. We may see this, in that it is only in hollowed instruments, which gather in the stirred air, and so cause a sound in the motion. The advantage it gains upon the mind, is in respect of the nearness it hath to the spirits composure, which being ethereal, and harmonious must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the air is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the ear, by whose winding entrance, it is made more pleasant, and by that in-essent air, carried to the auditory nerve, which presents it to the common sense, and so to the intellectual. Of all music, that is best which comes from an articulate voice. Whether it be that man cannot make an instrument so melodious, as that which God made, living man: or, because there is something in this, for the rational part, as well as for the ear alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a careless freeness, and a kind of a neglective easiness. Nature being always most lively, in an unaffected, and spontaneous

flowing. A dexterous art shows cunning, and industry; rather than judgement, and ingenuity. It is a kind of disparagement, to be a cunning fidler. It argues his neglect of better employments, and that he hath spent much time upon a thing unnecessary. Hence it hath been counted ill, for great ones, to sing, or play, like an arted musician. *Philip* asked *Alexander*, if he were not ashamed, that he sang so artfully. And indeed, it softens the mind; the curiosity of it, is fitter for women than men, and for courtesans than women. Among other descriptions of a *Roman* dame, *Sallust* puts it down for one, that she did — *Psallere, et saltare, elegantius, quàm necesse est probæ*. But yet again it is pity, that these should be so excellent, in that which hath such power to fascinate. It were well, vice were barred of all her helps of wooing. Many a mind hath been angled unto ill, by the ear. It was *Stratonice*, that took *Mithridates* with a song. For as the notes are framed, it can draw, and incline the mind. Lively tunes do lighten the mind: grave ones give it melancholy. Lofty ones raise it, and advance it to above. Whose dull blood will not caper in his veins, when the very air he breathes in, frisketh in a tickled motion? Who can but fix his eye, and thoughts, when he hears the sighs, and dying groans, gestured from the mournful instrument. And I think he hath not a mind well tempered, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly anthem. So that indeed Music is good, or bad, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely, they did mean it excellent, that made *Apollo*, who was god of wisdom, to be god of Music also. But it may be the *Egyptians*, attributing the invention of the Harp to him, the rarity and pleasingness, made them so to honour him. As the *Spartans* used it, it served still for an excitation to valour, and honourable actions: but then they were so careful of the manner of it, as they fined *Terpander*, and nailed his harp to the post, for

being to inventive, in adding a string more than usual; yet had he done the state good service; for he appeased a sedition by his play, and poetry. Sometimes, light notes are useful; as in times of general joy, and when the mind is pressed with sadness. But certainly those are best, which inflame zeal, incite to courage, or induce to gravity. One is for religion; so the *Jews*. The other for war, so the *Grecians*, and *Romans*. And the last for peace, and morality: Thus *Orpheus* civilized the *Satyrs*, and the bad rude men. It argues it of some excellency, that it is used only of the most ærial creatures; loved, and understood by man alone; the birds next have variety of notes. The beasts, fishes, and the reptiles, which are of grosser composition, have only silence, or untuned sounds. They that despise it wholly, may well be suspected, to be something of a savage nature. The *Italians* have somewhat a smart censure, of those that affect it not: They say that GOD loves not him, whom he hath not made to love music. *Aristotle's* conceit, that *Jove* doth neither harp nor sing, I do not hold a dispraise. We find in heaven there be hallelujahs sung. I believe it, as a helper both to good and ill; and will therefore honour it, when it moves to virtue, and beware it when it would flatter into vice.

## LXXXIX.

*Of Repentance.*

HE that will not repent, shall ruin; nor is he to be pitied in his sufferings, that may escape a torment, by the compunction of a heart, and tears. Surely, that GOD is merciful, that will admit offences to be expiated by the sigh, and fluxed eyes. But it is to

be wondered at, how repentance can again infavour us with an offended God; since when a sin is past, grief may lessen it, but not un-sin it. That which is done, is unrecalable; because a sin does intend in *infinitum*. Adultery once committed, maugre all the tears in man, for the act remains adultery still: yea though the guilt, and punishment be remitted: nor can a man un-act it again. When a maid is robbed of her virgin honour, there may be some satisfaction, but no restitution. Certainly, there are secret walks of goodness and purity, whereby all things are revolved in a constant way, which by the Supreme power of God, they were at first invested in. And when man strays from this instinct, the whole course of nature is against him, till he be reduced into his first rank and order. And this, I think, may excuse God of changeableness, when he turns to man, upon his penitence: for indeed it is man that changes, God is still the un-altered same. And the first immutability of things, never leaves a man, till he be either settled again in his place, or quite cut off from troubling of the motion. And as he is not rightly re-inserted, till he does co-operate with the noble revolution of all: so he is not truly penitent, that is not progressive in the motion of aspiring goodness. When he is once thus again, though he were a straggler from the round, and like a wry cog in the wheel; yet now, he is straightened, and set again in his way, as if he had never been out. Says the *Tragedian*:

*Remeemus illuc, unde non decuit prius  
Abire.*

Return we whence it was a shame to stray:

And presently after,

*Quem pœnitet peccasse, pœnè est innocens.*

He that repents, is well-near innocent.

Nay, sometimes a failing and return, is a prompter to a surer hold. Saint *Ambrose* observes, that *Peter's* faith was stronger after his fall, than before: so has he doubts not to say, that by his fall, he found more grace, than he lost. A man shall beware the steps he once hath stumbled on. The devil sometimes cozens himself, by plunging man into a deep offence. A sudden ill act grows abhorred in the mind that did it. He is mighty careless, that does not grow more vigilant, on an enemy that hath once surprised him. A blow that smarts will put us to a safer ward. But the danger is, when we glide in a smoothed way: for then we shall never return of ourselves alone. Questionless, Repentance is so powerful, that it cannot be but the gift of Deity. Said the *Roman Theodosius*: That living men die, is usual, and natural; but that dead men live again by repentance, is a work of Godhead only. How far, how secure should we run in vice, did not the power of goodness, check us in our full-blown sail? Without doubt that is the best life, which is a little sprinkled with the salt of crosses. The other would be quickly rank, and tainted. There are whose paths are washed with butter, and the rose-bud crowns them: but doubtless, it is a misery to live in oiled vice, when her ways are made slippery with her own slime: and the bared track inviteth to a ruinous race. Heaven is not had without repentance, and repentance seldom meets a man in jollity, in the career of lust; and the blood's loose riot. A father said of *David*; he sinned, as Kings used to do; but he repented, sighed, and wept, as Kings have used not to do. I would not be so happy, as to want the means whereby I might be penitent. I am

sure no man can live without sin: and I am sure no sinner can be saved without it. Nor is this in a man's own choice, to take it up when he please. Surely, man, that would never leave to sin, would never of himself begin to repent. It were best, if possible, to live so, as we might not need it: but since I can neither not need it, nor give it myself, I will pray him to give it me, who after he hath given me this, will give me both release and glory.

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## XC.

*Of War, and Soldiers.*

AFTER a long scene of peace, war ever enters the stage; and indeed, is so much of the worlds physic, as it is both a purge, and blood-letting. Peace, fulness, pride and war, are the four fellies, that being let into one another, make the wheel, that the time turn on. As we see in bees, when the hive multiplies and fills, nature hath always taught it away of ease by swarms: so the world and nations, when they grow over-populous, they discharge themselves by troops, and bands. It is but the distemper of the body politic, which (like the natural) rest, and a full diet hath burthened with repletion: and that heightens humours, either to sickness or evacuation. When it is eased of these, it subsides again to a quiet rest and temper. So war is begotton out of peace graduately, and ends in peace immediately. Between peace and war are two stages; luxury, ambition: between war and peace, none at all. The causes of all wars, may be reduced to five heads: Ambition, Avarice, Revenge, Providence, and Defence. The two first, were the most usual causes of war amongst the *Heathen*. Yet what all the conquer-

ed called pride, and covetousness ; both the *Romans* and *Grecians* where taught by their high bloods, to call honour and increase of Empire, the original of all, *Tibullus* will needs have gold.

*Quis fuit horrendos primus qui protulit enses ?*

*Quàm ferus, et verè ferreus ille fuit ?*

*Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata,*

*Tunc brevior diræ mortis aperta via est.*

*At nihil ille miser meruit ; nos ad mala nostra,*

*Vertimus, in sævas quod dedit ille feras.*

*Divitis hoc vitium est auri : nec bella fuerunt,*

*Faginus adstabat dum Scyphus ante dapes.*

Of killing swords who might first author be ?

Sure, a steel mind, and bloody thought had he.

Mankinds destruction Wars ; were then made known,

And shorter ways to death with terror shown.

Yet (cursed) he's not in the fault ; we madly bend

That on our selves, he did for beasts intend.

Full gold's in the fault : no wars, no jars were then

When beech-bowls only were in use with men.

That which hath grown from the propagation of religion, was never of such force, as since the *Mahometan* law, and *Catholic* cause, have ruffled among the nations. Yet questionless to lay the foundation of religion in blood, is to condemn it, before we teach it. The sword may force nature, and destroy the body, but cannot make the mind believe that lawful, which is begun in unlawfulness : yet without doubt in the enterprisers, the opinion has animated much : we see how it formerly fired the *Turk*, and is yet a strong motive to

the *Spanish* attempts: Unless he throws this abroad to the world, to blanch his rapine and his cruelty. For that of revenge; I see not, but it may be lawful for a Prince, even by war, to vindicate the honour of himself, and people. And the reason is, because in such cases of injury, the whole nation is interested: and many times the recompence, is more due to the subjects, than the Sovereign. That of Providence may well have a pass: as when Princes make war to avoid war: or, when they see a storm inevitably falling, it is good to meet it, and break the force: Should they ever sit still while the blow were given them, they might very well undo themselves by patience; we see in the body, men often bleed to prevent an imminent sickness. For that of defence, both religion and all the rules of nature plead for it. The Commanders in War ought to be built upon these three virtues; they should be wise, valiant, experienced. Wisdom in general, many times ends the war without war. Of all victories the *Romans* thought that best, which least was stained with blood. And they were content to let *Camillus* triumph, when he had not fought. In these times it is especially requisite, since stratagems and advantages are more in use than the open and the daring valour. Yet valiant he must be; else he grows contemptible, loses his command, and by his own fear, infects his troops with cowardice. To the eternal honour of *Cæsar*, *Cicero* reports, that in all his commands of the field, there was not found an *Ito*, but a *Vini*: as if he scorned in all his onsets, to be anything, but still a leader. Always teaching by the strongest authority, his own forwardness, his own example. And though these be excellencies, they be all, without experience, lame. Let him be never so learned, his books cannot limit his designs in several: and though he be perfect in a paper-plot, where his eye has all in view; he will fail in a leaguer, where he sees but a limb

at once: Besides, experience puts a credit on his actions, and makes him far more prompt in undertakings. And indeed, there is a great deal of reason, why we should respect him, that with an untainted valour, has grown old in arms, and hearing the drum beat. When every minute, death seems to pass by, and shun him; he is as one that the Supreme God has cared for, and, by a particular guard, defended in the hail of death. It is true, it is a life tempting to exorbitancy; yet this is more in the common sort, that are pressed as the reffuse, and burthen of the land, than in those that by a nobler breeding, are able to command. Want, idleness, and the desperate face of blood, hath hardened them to outrages. Nor may we wonder, since even their life is but an ordered quarrel, raised to the feud of killing. Certainly, it was with such that *Lucan* was so out of charity.

*Nulla fides, pietasque viris, qui castra sequunter,  
Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.*

Nor faith, nor conscience, common soldiers carry.  
Best pay, is right: their hands are mercenary.

For the weapons of war, they differ much from those of ancient times: and I believe, the invention of ordnance hath mightily saved the lives of men. They command at such distance, and are so irresistible, that man came not to the shock of a battle, as in former ages. We may observe, that the greatest numbers, have fallen by those weapons, that have brought the enemies nearest together. Then the pitched field was the trial, and men were so engaged that they could not come off, till blood had decided victory. The same advantages are still and rather greater now, than of old: the wind,

the sun, the better ground. In former wars, for all their arms, the air was ever clear: but now their pieces do mist, and thicken it, which beaten upon them by disadvantages, may soon endanger an army. Surely, wars are in the same nature with offences, *Necesse est ut veniant*, they must be; yet, *Væ inducenti*, they are mightily in fault that cause them. Even reason teaches us to cast the blood of the slain, upon the unjust Authors of it. That which gives the mind security, as a just cause, and a just deputation. Let me have these, and of all other, I shall think this, one of the noblest, and most manly ways of dying.

## XCI.

*Of Scandal.*

IT is unhappiness enough to himself, for a man to be rotten within. But when by being false, he shall pull a stain on a whole Society, his guilt will gnaw him with a sharper tooth. Even the effect is contrary to the sway of nature, and the wishes of the whole extended earth. All men desire, that, vexing their foes, they may gratify and glad their friends: only he that scandals a Church, or nation, makes his friends mourn, and his enemies rejoice. They sigh, for his just shame unjustly slung on them: these smile, to see an adversary fallen, and the blow given to those that would uphold him. And though the Author lives where he did, yet his soul has been a traitor, and helped the contrary side. One ill man may discountenance even the warranted and maintained cause of a nation; especially if he has been good. Blots appear fouler in a strict life, than a loose one; no man wonders at the swines wallowing: but to see

an ermine mured, is a prodigy. Where do vices shew so foul, as in a Minister, when he shall be heavenly in his pulpit alone? Certainly, they wound the gospel, that preach it to the world, and live, as if they thought to go to Heaven some other way than that they teach the people. How unseemly is it, when a grave cassock, shall be lined with a wanton reveller, and with crimes, that make a loose one odious? Surely, GOD will be severest against those, that will wear his badge, and seem his servants, yet inwardly side with the devil, and lusts. They spot his honour, and cause profane ones to jest at his holiness. We see, the Prince suffers in the fails of his Ambassador: and a servant's ill action is some touch to his master's reputation: nor can he be free himself, but by delivering him up to justice, or discarding him: otherwise, he would be judged to patronize it. Other offences GOD *may* punish, this he must, lest the enemies of his truth triumph against him. *David* had his whip for this: because by this he had caused the enemies of GOD to blaspheme, the child must die. When he that had anthemed the pureness of the GOD of *Israel*, and proclaimed the noble acts he did of old; and seemed as one endeared to the Almighty's love: how would the *Philistines* rejoice, when he should thus become apostate, and with a wild licentiousness, mix his lust with murder and ingratitude? Surely, the vices of *Alexander* the sixth, did mightily discolour papacy: till then, Princes were afraid of bulls and excommunications but it was so usual with him, to curse upon his own displeasure, and for advancing of his spurious race: that it hath made them slighted, ever since his passions so impublished them. What a stain it was to Christendom, that the *Turk* should pull a Christian-King's violated covenant from his bosom, in the war, and present it to the Almighty, as an act of those, that professed themselves his servants? Beware how thy actions fight against

thy tongue or pen. One ill life will pull down more, than many good tongues can build. And doubtless, God, that is jealous of his honour, will vindicate these soils, with his most destructive arm. Take heed, not of strictness, but of falling foully after it. As he that frames the strongest arguments against himself, and then does fully answer them, does the best defend his cause: so he that lives strictest, and then foregoes his hold, does the most disgrace his patron. Sins of this nature, are not faults to ourselves alone, but, by a kind of argumentative way, dishonour God in the consequent. And even all the church of sincerest good men, suffer in a seeming good man's fall. This is to be religiously lewd. If thou be unsound within, soil not the glorious robe of truth, by putting it upon thy beastliness. When *Diogenes* saw a wanton vaunting in a Lion's skin, he calls unto him, that he should forbear to make virtue's garment blush. And indeed, virtue is ashamed, when she hath a servant vile. When those that should be suns, shall be eclipsed, the lesser stars will lose their light and splendour. Even in the *Spaniards* conquest of the *Indians*, I dare think, their cruelty and bloodiness, have kept more their faith, than all their force hath won them. Some would not believe, Heaven had any blessedness, because there were some *Spaniards* there. So hateful can detected vice make that which is even goodness itself: and so excellent is a soul of integrity, that it frights the lewd from luxury to reverence. The beastly *Floralians* were abashed and ceased at the upright *Cato's* presence. A second to eternal goodness, is, a wise man, uncorrupt in life: his soul shines, and the beams of that shine, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same spirit guide both the hand and tongue. I will never profess, what I will not strive to practise; and will think it better

to be but crooked timber, than a strait block, and after lie to stumble men.

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XCII.

*That Divinity does not cross Nature, so much as exceed it.*

THEY that are Divines without Philosophy, can hardly maintain the truth in disputations. It is possible they may have an infused faith, sufficient for themselves: but if they have not reason too, they will scarce make others capable of their instruction. Certainly, Divinity and morality are not so averse, but that they well may live together: For, if Nature be rectified by religion; religion again is strengthened by Nature. And as some hold of fate, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ above in the stars, only we have not skill to find it: so, I believe, there is nothing in religion, contrary to reason, if we knew it rightly. For conversation among men, and the true happiness of man; philosophy hath agreed with scripture. Nay, I think I may also add, for defining of God, excepting the Trinity, as near as man can conceive him. How exact hath it made justice? How busy to find out truth? How rightly directed love? exalting with much earnestness, all those graces, that are any way amiable. He that seeks in *Plato*, shall find him making God the *Solum summum Bonum*; to which a pure and virtuous life is the way. For defining God; my opinion is, that man, neither by Divinity nor philosophy, can, as they say, *Quid-ditative*, tell, what he is. It is fitter for man to adore and admire him, than in vain to study to comprehend him. God is for man to stand amazed and wonder at. The clogged and drowsy soul, can

never sound Him, who is the unimaginable fountain of spirits; and from whom, all things, by a graduate derivation, have their light, life, and being. In these things they agree, but I find three other things, wherein Divinity over-soareth Nature. In the creation of the world, in the redemption of man, and in the way and rites wherein God will be worshipped. In the creation of the world: no philosophy could ever reach at that which *Moses* taught us. Here the *Humanists* were all at a stand and jar: all their conjectures being rather witty, and conceit, than true and real. Some would have all things from Fire; some, from Air; some, from Water; some, from Earth; some, from Numbers; some, from Atoms; from Simples, some; and some from Compounds. *Aristotle* came the nearest, in finding out the truest *Materia Prima*: but because he could not believe this made of nothing, he is content to err, and think it was eternal. Surely, this conceit was as far from reason, as the other: his reason might have fled into omnipotency, as well as to eternity. And so indeed, when Philosophy hath gone as far as she is able, she arriveth at Almightyness, and in that abyss is lost: where not knowing the way, she goeth by guess, and cannot tell when she is right or wrong. Yet is she rather subordinate, than contrary. Nature is not cross, but runs in omnipotency: and like a petty river, is swallowed in that boundless main. For the redemption of man, even the Scriptures call it a mystery: and all that humanity could ever reach of this, was, only a flying to the general name of mercy, by the urgings of the conscience. They all knew they had failed and fallen. Their own bosoms would tell them thus: but the way how they might be restored, never fell into their *Heathen* thoughts. This was a work that God declared only to his own peculiar, by the immediate revelation of his word and will. For the manner how God would be worshipped, no

naturalist could ever find it out, till he himself gave directions from his sacred scripture. In the first chapter to the *Romans*, Saint *Paul* grants, that they may know GOD, through the visibilities in his works: but for their ignorance in this he says, the wrath of GOD is revealed against them: because that, when they knew GOD, they glorified him not as GOD, but turned the glory of the uncorruptible GOD, to the similitude of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things. And these, three things the Scripture teacheth us; which else we could never have learned, from all the books in the world. Thus we see for morality, Nature still is something pert and vigorous: but in the things of GOD it is confined, that she is thick-sighted, and cannot see them. Can a fly, comprehend man upon the top of Monarchy? no more can man comprehend GOD, in the height of Omnipotency. There are as well mysteries for Faith, as causes for Reason. This may guide me, when I have to deal with man; but in Divine affairs, reason shall wait on faith, and submit to her prerogative. The conscience is great; but GOD is far greater than it.

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 XCIII.

*Of tediousness in Discourse.*

A Prating barber came to trim King *Archelaus*, and asked him, Sir, how will you please to have me cut your hair? Says the King, silently. And certainly, though a man has nothing to do, but to hear and answer; yet a limitless tongue, is a strange unbitted beast, to worry one with. And the misery is, they that speak much,

seldom speak well: for they that know how to speak aright, know not how to dwell in Discourse. It cannot be but ignorance, when they know not, that long speeches, though they may please the speaker, yet they are the torture of the hearing ear. I have pitied *Horace*, when he was put into his sweat, and almost slain in the *via sacra*, by the accidental detention of a babbler's tongue. There is nothing tires one, like the sawing of ones ears, when words shall clatter, like a window loose, in the wind. A talkative fellow is the unbraced drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits. Surely, nature did not guard the tongue with the double sense of teeth and lips, but that she meant it should not move too nimbly. I like it in *Isocrates*, when of a scholar, full of words, he asked a double fee: one, to learn him to speak well; another, to teach him to hold his peace. They which talk too much to others, I fear me, seldom speak with themselves enough: and then, for want of acquaintance with their own bosoms, they may well be mistaken, and present a fool to the people, while they think themselves are wise. But there are, and that severally, that be much troubled with the disease of speaking. For, assuredly, loquacity is the fistula of the mind; ever running, and almost incurable. Some are blabbers of secrets; and these are traitors to society; they are vessels unfit for use; for they be bored in their bottoms. Some will boast the favours they have found; and by this means, they often bring goodness into suspicion, lose love, and injure fame.

*Sed tacitus pasci si posset Corvus, haberet  
Plus dapis, et rixæ multo minus, invidiæque.*

But could the Crow be silent fed, his diet  
Might daintier be, less envied, and more quiet.

You shall find too, them that will cloy you with their own inventions: and this is a fault of Poets; which unless they meet with those that love the muses, is, as a dainty oration delivered to one in a language that he understands not. His judgement found this fault, that made his Epigram inviting his friend to supper, promise that he

—— no verses would repeat.

Some will preamble a tale impertinently: and cannot be delivered of a jest, till they have travelled an hour in trivials; as if they had taken the whole tale by stenography, and now were putting it out a large: thus they often spoil a good dish, with improper sauce, and unsavoury forcemeats. Some have a vein in counselling; even till they stop the ear, they pour it in. Tedious admonitions dull the advised, and make the giver contemptible. It is the short reproof, that stays like a stab in the memory: and many times three words do more good, than an idle discourse of three hours. Some have varieties of stories, even to the trying of an auditor; and these are often, even the grave follies of age: whose unwatched tongues stray into the waste of words, and give us cause to blame their memories, for retaining so much of their youth. There are too, that have a leaping tongue, to jig into the tumult of discourse; and unless you have an *Aristius* to take you off, you are in much danger of a deep vexation. A rook-yard in a spring morning, is neither so ill nor noiseful, as is one of these. But this is commonly a feminine fault. Doubtless, the best way for speech, is to be short, plain, material. Let me hear one wise man sentence it, rather than twenty fools, garrulous in their lengthened tattle. *Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid: nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia. Hugo Victorinus.*

## XCIV.

*Of Liberty, and Restraint.*

IT was but a flourish of *Cicero's* oratory, when he said, *Ad Decus et Libertatem nati sumus*. The greatest Prince that ever was produced by woman, comes insanguined into the world, and is a poor resistless slave, to the first arm that he falls into. But if he meant it of the noble spirit of man, then I think it is true: for it still advanceth to that sun, from whence it hath both life and vigour. And thus, we see all things do aspire to Liberty, and the affecting of an uncontrolled freedom. Every creature is prompted by nature, to be like that, from whence it is derived. Look over all the world, and you shall find, that everything, as far as the ability will give it line, does snail it after Deity, and with a kind of rising emulation, slowly apes Almightyness. But this Liberty of human spirit, is that which cannot be restrained, and therefore the restraint of the body, is that which we will speak of. This is commonly by imprisonment, or by service. That of imprisonment, is nothing such a mischief, as most do think it. The greatest is, in that, the eye is debarred the delight of the world's variety. Nor indeed is this total, but in part, and local only. In this, a blind man is the most miserable prisoner of all: Whatsoever place does hold him, he is still in the world's dungeon, wandering in the night's uncomfortable shade. And indeed, the most burthensome imprisonment, is to be prisoner to a disease; as to the gout, the palsy, and the like: because, for the most part, these hold us, not without pain and the mighty trouble of our friends about us. For the other, I see not, but a local restraint, without want, and enforced employment, may very easily be converted to a happiness: unless men will let

their minds long against the tide of reason. It is no other but a place of retiring, and sequestration from the world, which many of the wisest have voluntarily put upon themselves. *Demosthenes* would shave his beard by half, to keep himself within, by a willing necessity. *Dioclesian's* two-and-twenty years Empery, could not put him out of love with his retiring place: nor *Charles* the Fifth, his many kingdoms. There are examples of extraordinary gain, that men have made of such confinements. Assuredly, while a man is tossed among men and business; he cannot so enjoy himself, as when he is something secluded from both of these. And it is a misery when a man must so apply himself to others, as he cannot have leisure to account with himself. Besides, be he never so at large; he does but run over' the same things; he sees but the like world in another place. If he has but light, and any prospect, he may see by that, what the rest is, and enjoy it, by his boundless mind. For the restraint by service; if it be with imposed toil, then is it far worse, than the being circummured only. This man differeth not in the act of his life from a beast: he must ply his task, and have his food but only to make him fit for his task again: he is like one that is surety for a bankrupt. The gods sell all for labour; and he has entered covenant, to work for one that plays: so is become a principal for another man's debt, and pays it. This surely is the greatest captivity, the greatest slavery. The attendant services of nobility, are far easier to the man and mind: though the perpetual sight of full estates above them, may well endanger those minds that have not ballast in them. To see Heaven and come no nearer, than to wait at the door, is a terrible torment to the spirit. A naked beauty seen, would tempt one chaste, to err. Yet withal, it is something like love, a kind of bitter-sweet, it both pleaseth and displeaseth the mind at once: it is pleased to see it; but it is

displeased, that it cannot enjoy it. Besides, if there be toil, a wise man may take less of it: and an honest man, by the plea of his duty, makes his mind content in dispatches, Courage and ability, make business much the easier. One asked the *Cynic*, how he could live a servant to *Zeniades*? but he returns; that a lion does not serve his keeper, but his keeper him. Yet for all this, nature pleads for Liberty: and though commands may be often easy, yet they sometimes grate, and gall. So that if we appeal to the mind of man, that will say, it is better being a king, though but in a tub; than to be a servant in the roofed palace. There are helps, that may abate inconveniences: but Liberty will over-sway with man. When one was applauding *Calisthenes*, that he went brave, and dined with the King; *Diogenes* replies, that for all that, *Calisthenes* dined when *Alexander* pleased; and *Diogenes*, when it pleased *Diogenes*. If this be not rather opinionative than real, it is questionless an unhappiness to serve. If I have my liberty, I would rest in the privileges that accrue from it. If I want it, I would joy in the benefits that accrue to the want: so in either estate, I may find content my play-fellow.

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 XCV.

*Of the Causes that make Men different.*

*HOMO homini quid præstat?* was the former times just wonder: and indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the spirits of men. It hath been a question, whether all souls are equal at their first infusion: and if it be of that soul purely, which at the same instant, is both created and infused; then, no

question but they are alike. Nothing comes immediately from God, but is pure, perfect, and uncorrupt. But because the sensitive part in man bears a great sway, it many times falls out, that by the deficiency of the organical parts, the soul is eclipsed and imprisoned so, as it cannot appear in the vigour it would shew, if the body's composition were perfect, and open. A perfect soul in an imperfect body, is like a bright taper in a dark lanthorn: the fault is not in the light, but in the case, which curtains it with so dull an outside, as will not let the shine be transparent. And we may see this, even in those that we have known both able and ingenious; who after a hurt received in some vital part, have grown mopish, and almost insensible. When the vital passages of the sensitive and vegetative are imperfect, though they extinguish not the intellectual, because it is impossible, that a thing mortal, should destroy a thing immortal: yet their defects keep it so under, as it appeareth not to the outward apprehension. Not that man hath three distinct souls: for the intellectual in man, containeth the other two: and what are different in plants, beasts, and man; are in man one, and combined together. Otherwise, he were a plant, and severally, a brute, and rational. But as the solid crystalline Heaven, and first Mover, contains the region of the fire, and air; and the region of the fire and air, the globe of the earth and waters; yet all make but one world: so the intellectual contains the sensitive, and the sensitive the vegetative; yet all in man, make but one soul. But the differences of men may all be referred to two causes; either inward, or outward: inward, are defects in nature and generation: either when the active part, the seed, is not perfect; or when the nutritional and passive power fail of their sufficiency, are too abundant, or corrupted. And when man is of himself, from the womb, the malignity of some humour may interpose the true operation of the

spirits internal. Certainly, those men that we see mounting to the nobleness of mind, in honourable actions, are pieces of nature's truest work; especially in their inward faculties. External defects, may be, and yet not always hinder the internal powers: as, when they happen remoted from the noblest parts, else they are often causes of debilitation. And these are commonly, from the temperature of the air, from education, from diet, and from age, and passion. From the air, we see the Southern people are lightsome, ingenious, and subtile, by reason of the heat that rarifies the spirit. The Northern are slower, and more dull, as having them thickened with the chill cold's condensation.

*Temperie Cæli, Corpusque, Animusque Juvatur.*

Both soul, and body, change, by change of air.

Education hath his force seen in every place. If you travel but from court, to the country,; or but a village to an academy: or see but a horse well managed, and another resty in his own fierceness. Diet, no question alters much; even the giddy airiness of the *French*, I shall rather impute to their diet of wine, and wild fowl, than to the difference of their clime, it being so near, and adjoinder to ours. And in England, I believe our much use of strong beer, and gross flesh, is a great occasion of dregging our spirits, and corrupting them, till they shorten life. Age, is also a changer. Man hath his zenith, as well in wit, as in ability of body: he grows from sense, to reason; and then again declines to dotage, and to imbecility. Youth is too young in brain; and age again, does drain away the spirits. Passion blunts the edge of conceit: and where there is much sorrow, the mind is dull, and unperceiving. The

soul is oppressed, and lies languishing in an unsociable loneliness, till it proves stupid, and inhuman. Nor do these more alter the mind, than the body. The lamenting *Poet* puts them both together.

*Jam mihi deterior canis aspergitur ætas ;  
 Jamque, meos vultus ruga senilis arat.  
 Jam vigor, et quasso languent in corpore vires :  
 Nec Juveni lusus, qui placuere, jvant.  
 Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere possis ;  
 Ætatis facta est tanta ruina meæ.  
 Confiteor, facere hoc annos : sed et altera causa est ;  
 Anxietas animi, continuusq ; labor.*

Now, colder years, with snow my hairs enchain :  
 And now the aged wrinkle ploughs my face.  
 Now through my trembling joints, my vigour fails,  
 Mirth too, that cheered my youth, now nought avails.  
 So ruined, and so altered am I grown,  
 That at first sight, I am not to be known.  
 Age one cause is : but that which more I find,  
 Is pain perpetual, and a troubled mind.

Certainly, the best is, to weigh every man, as his means have been : a man may look in vain for courtship, in a plough-man ; or learning in a mechanic. Who will expect a lame man should be swift in running : or, that a sick man should deliver an oration, with a grace, and cheerfulness ? If I find any man failing in his manners, I will first consider his means, before I censure the man. And one that is short of what he might be, by his sloth and neg-

ligence; I will think as justly blameable, as he that out of industry has adorned his behaviour above his means, is commendable.

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XCVI.

*Of Divination.*

WHAT is it man so much covets, as to pry into nature's closet, and knows not what is to come? yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall find it a profitable Providence, which hath set our estate in future, something in dark and shade. If man doubted not of what death would deliver him to, he would (I think) either live more lewdly, or more unhappily. If we knew death were only an end of life, and no more; every man for his own ends, would be a disturber of the world's peace. If we were certain of torment; thought and fear, would make our present life, a death continual, in the agitations of a troubled soul. If we were sure of joy, and glory, we should be careless of our living well. Certainly, God hath made man to dwell in doubt, that he might be awed to good, by fear and expectation. We are led along by hope, to the ends that are appointed us: and by an uncertain way, we come at last to a certain end; which yet we could neither know, nor avoid. The great Creator wisely put things to come, in the mist and twilight, that we might neither be over-joyed with the certainty of good; nor over-much terrified with the assurance of an unavoidable ill. Though prescience, and Divination be a god-like quality, yet, because it can only tell of danger, and not prevent it, the wiser sort have ever had this art in neglect, or dislike. If fate be certain, it can be no good to know it, because we cannot prevent it. If it be

uncertain, we search in vain to find out that which may never be. So, either way we hazard for unhappiness. *Bis miser esse cupit, qui mala, quæ vitari non possunt, amat præscire* I remember, *Cicero* reports it of *Cato*, that he wondered how soothsayers could forbear laughter, when they met one another; they knew they used so to gull the people. One thing there is, that (if it were certain) doth mightily disparage it; and this is, that it sets a man over to second causes, and puts him off from Providence. But it cannot be certain and determinate: Man is not wise enough, to scent out the abstruse steps of Deity. It is observed by one, that what *Nigidius* used for defence of his art (by turning of a wheel, and marking it twice with ink) hath cast it all into a vast uncertainty. And indeed, the minute of Generation, Conception, and Production, are so hard to know justly; the point of place so hard to find: the Angles, the Aspects, and the Conjunctions of the Heavens, so impossible to be cast right in their influences, by reason of the rapid and lightning-like motion of the spheres; that the whole art, thoroughly searched and examined, will appear a mere fallacy and delusion of the wits of men. If their calculations be from the seven motive spheres only, how is there such difference in the lives of children born together, when their oblique motion is so slow, as the Moon, (though far more speedy than any of the rest) is yet above seven-and-twenty days in her course? If their calculations be by their diurnal motion, it is impossible to collect the various influences, which every tittle of a minute gives. Besides, in close rooms, where the windows are closed; the fire, perfumes, concourse of people, and the parental humours, bar their operation from the child. But suppose there were a fate transferred from the stars to man; who can read their signification? Who hath told their particular predictions? Are they not all merely the uncertain conjectures of men, which rarely

hit, and often fail? So in beasts, in birds, in dreams, and all viary omens they are only the guessive interpretations of dim-eyed man: full of doubt, full of deceit. How did the *Tuscan* soothsayers, and the philosophers that were with *Julian*, differ about the wounded lion, presented him, when he went to invade the *Persians*? How about the lightning that slew *Jovinianus*, and his two horses? Yet of the rest, I believe there is more from the stars, than these other observations: but this is then for general inclinations, not for particular events: those are sure in the hands and cabinet of the Almighty: and none but Prophets that he inspires, are able to reveal them. The securest way is to live well; then we may be sure of a fair end, and a passable way. He that lives virtuously, needs not doubt of finding a happy fate. Let my life please GOD, and I am sure, the success shall please me. Virtue and vice are both Prophets; the one, of certain good; the other, either of pain, or penitence.

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 XCVII.

*That it is best, increasing by a little at once.*

THERE is no such prevalent workman, as sedulity, and diligence. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which have been done by degrees, and gentle augmentations. And yet there are, that are over-ready in the ways of pleasing and labour. When diligence reaches to humour and flattery, it grows poor, and un-noble: and when to pride and curiosity, it then looses his praise. So the Priest of *Ammon* would needs salute *Alexander* as a GOD: and *Protogenes* spent seven years, in drawing *Jalysus* and his dog: And a King

of *Persia*, would needs, for a present, adulterate roses with an artful smell. When these two are avoided, diligence and moderation are the best steps, whereby to climb to any excellency. Nay, it is rare if there be any other way. The heavens send not down their rain in floods, but by drops, and dewy distillations. A man is neither good, nor wise, nor rich, at once: yet softly creeping up these hills, he shall every day better his prospect; till at last he gains the top. Now he learns a virtue, and then he damns a vice. An hour in a day may much profit a man in his study; when he makes it stint and custom. Every year something laid up, may in time make a stock great. Nay, if a man does but save, he shall increase; and though when the grains are scattered, they be next to nothing: yet together, they will swell the heap. A poor man once found the tag of a point, and put it in the lap of his skirt: one asked him, what he could do with it? He answers, what I find all the year, (though it be never so little) I lay it up at home, till the years' end; and with all together, I every new-year's day add a dish to my cupboard. He that has the patience to attend small profits, may quickly grow to thrive and purchase: they be easier to accomplish, and come thicker. So, he that from every thing collects somewhat, shall in time get a treasury of wisdom. And when all is done, for man, this is the best way. It is for GOD, and for Omnipotency, to do mighty things in a moment: but, *degreely* to grow to greatness, is the course that he hath left for man. And indeed, to gain any thing, is a double work. For, first, it must remove the hinderances; next, it must assume the advantage. All good things that concern man, are in such a declining estate, that without perpetual vigilancy, they will reside, and fall away. But then there is a recompence, which ever follows industry: it ever brings an income, that sweetens the toil. I have often found hurt of idleness; but never of a

lawful business. Nay, that which is not profitable in itself, is yet made so, by being employment: and when a man has once accustomed himself to business, he will think it pleasure, and be ashamed of ease. *Polemon*, ready to die, would needs be laid in his grave alive; and seeing the sun shine, he calls his friends in haste to hide him: lest (as he said) it should see him lying. Besides, when we gain this way, practice grows into habit: and by doing so a while, we grow to do so for ever. It also constitutes a longer lastingness. We may observe, those creatures that are longest in attaining their height, are longest in declining. Man is twenty years increasing, and his life is fourscore: but the sparrow, that is fledged in a month, is dead in a year. He that gets an estate will keep it better, than he that finds it. I will never think to be perfect at once. If I find myself a gainer at the year's end, it shall something comfort me, that I am proceeding. I will every day labour to do something that may mend me; though it be not much, it will be the surer done. If I can keep vice under, and win upon that which is good, (though it be but little at once;) I may come to be better in time.

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### XCVIII.

#### *Of God, and the Air.*

FOR man to pray aright, is needful: but how to pray so is difficult. We must neither mis-conceive of God, nor are we able rightly to conceive him. We are told he is a Spirit: and who can tell what a spirit is? Can any man tell that which no man ever saw? man is able only to comprehend visible substances; what is invisible,

and spiritual, he can but guess and rove at. Spirit is a word, found out for man to mask his ignorance in: and what he does not know, he calls it by that name. When we speak of God, we are to believe an ubiquity: but then, how are we able to conceive what this ubiquity is? I speak to reason, not faith; for I know, this believeth what it sees not: yet, something to help nature and reason, I would wish a man to consider the Air. It is every where: not a vacuum in the whole *Natura rerum*: nay, you cannot evade it: Dig the most condensed earth, and it is at the point of your spade: you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the Air; and yet this Air, although you know, you cannot see. It is also inviolable: cast a stone, and you make no hole in it: nay, an arrow cannot pierce it: it closeth again, and there is no track left. Nay, there be Philosophers that will tell you, the progressive motion of a stone cast, when the hand has left it, is from the air itself: that shutting suddenly after, and nature impatient of a vacuity, it does with a co-active power, thrust it still forward, till it passes against institutive nature, who made it incline to the centre. Nor is it corruptible. We speak falsely, when we say, the air infecteth. They are unwholesome vapours and exhalations, that putrid things breathe out; and these, being carried by the motive wind and air, fly about, and infect, through their rarity and thinness. The Air itself ever clarifies: and is always working out that taint, which would mix with it. Next, we can do nothing, but the Air is privy to it: even the acts of lightless closets, and the thick-curtained beds, are none of them done without it. When *Diogenes* saw a woman bow so much to the altar, as she left her back-parts bare; he asked her, if she were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the gods behind her. Nay, our very thoughts, which the Devil (though he be the subtlest of all malevolent spirits) cannot know, are not framed

without this Air. Every breath we take, it goes into our heart, to cool it. Our veins, our arteries, our nerves, our inmost marrow, are all vivified by their participation of Air: and so indeed is every thing that the world holds; as if this were the soul that gave it livelihood. Fishes, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet we see, the want of air kills them: as when a long frost shuts up a pond in ice. Even plants, which are but vegetatives, will not grow in caves, where the motive and stirring air is barred from them. We may often observe, moreover; that heat and moisture is the only cause of all generation: and these are the qualities proper to the Air alone. Now, I would not wish a man to compare GOD, the Creator, with this element, which is but a creature: but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of eminence, let him in his soul set GOD above, and see if by this way, he climb not nearer Deity, than he shall by any other. If this be so universal, why may he not by this, think of a spirit more diffusive and ubiquitary? That which *Ovid* writ of Poets, may be applied to all the wise, and come something near to this purpose.

*Est deus in nobis, sunt et commercia Cæli,  
Sedibus Æthereis Spiritus ille venit.*

In us God dwells, Heaven our acquaintance is,  
His Spirit flows through Airy influences.

Certainly by this way, it is not so difficult for reason to conceit an omnipresence: and if we have this, we may by it appear at his omniscience and omnipotence too: for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. Saint *Augustine* when he has told us that God is not an object perceivable by any of the outward senses, says:

*Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile.*  
So the ways of GOD, in scripture, are compared to the flight of an Eagle in the air, which no man can either trace or know. Surely, therefore, when we are to speak to Him, the best is, humbly to entreat his Spirit to inspire ours in the way and apprehension that may best please him. He is best able, by his secret immission, to direct us the way he does best approve of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the good, when they know, the Searcher of the heart and reins is with them, and beholds them. From this I will learn to cheer myself in sufferings, and to refrain from ill, even in private. How can man think to act his ill unseen, when GOD shall, like the Air, be circumspectious round about him? It is not possible, that such a Majesty should either not defend the innocent, or permit an ill to be unpunished.

## XCIX.

*Of Contentment.*

THEY that preach Contentment to all, do but teach some how to dwell in misery: unless you will grant desire content, and chide her but for murmuring. It is not a fault to strive to better our estates: which yet we should never do, if we rested fully content with what we enjoyed for the present. GOD hath allotted man a motive mind, which is ever climbing to more perfection, or falling into a lower vice. Certainly, that Content which is without desiring more, is a kind of fault in any. Perfection is set in that height, that it is impossible mortal bodied man, should ever reach the Crown: yet he ought still to be aiming at it, and with an in-

dustrious prosecution, persevere in the rising way. We cannot be too covetous of Grace; we may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawful ways, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but it is lawful to desire to increase, even in temporal wealth. Certainly, man should be but a dull earth, to sit still and take the present: without either joy, or complaint: without either fear, or appetite. In this, I like not *Aristippus's* doctrine, who is hot in persuading men, neither to be troubled at what is past; nor to think of what is to come. This were quite to vilify Providence: who is one of the principal guards of man. For, though it be true, that nothing is so certain, but that it may sometimes fail: yet, we see, it seldom does: and even probability is almost certain. Let not man so sleep in content, as that he neglect the means to make himself more happy and blessed: nor yet when the contrary of what he looked for comes, let him murmur or repine at that Providence, which disposed it to cross his expectation. I like the man, that is never content with what he does enjoy; but a calm and fair course, has a mind still rising to a higher happiness: but I like not him, that is so much discontent, as to repine at anything, that does befall him. Let him take the present patiently, joyfully, thankfully. But let him still be soberly in quest for better: and indeed, it is impossible to find a life so happy here, as that we shall not find something, we would add; something, we would take away. The world itself, is not a garden, wherein all the flowers of joy are growing: nor can one man enjoy them. If it were, that all were here, we may questionless conclude; that there is no absolute contentment here below. Nor can we in reason think there should be: since whatsoever is created, was created tending to some end: and till it arrives at that, it cannot be fully at rest. Now we all know God to be the end, to which the soul tends: and till it be

dismanacled of the clogging flesh, it cannot approach the presence of such purity, such glory: when it meets with GOD, and is united to him, who is the spring, and source of all true happiness; then it may be calm, and pleased and quiet: till then, as Physicians hold of health, that the best is but neutrality: so it is of happiness and content, in the soul; nay, the most absolute content man can enjoy, in his corruptible rags of earth, is indeed, but lesser discontentment: that which we find here most perfect, is rather mere Utopian, and imaginative, than real, and substantial: and is sooner found falling from a poet's pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, that swims in the deepest stream of pleasure; and of these, instead of many, you may take that one of *Martial's*:

*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,  
 Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:  
 Res non parta labore, sed relicta;  
 Non ingratus ager, focus perennis,  
 Lis numquam, Togarara, Mens quieta,  
 Vires ingenuæ, salubre corpus,  
 Prudens Simplicitas, pares Amici,  
 Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa;  
 Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis:  
 Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:  
 Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.  
 Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque; malis:  
 Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.*

Things that can bless a life and please,  
 Sweetest *Martial*, they are these:

A store well left, not gained with toil ;  
A house thine own, and pleasant soil,  
No strife, small state, a mind at peace,  
Free strength, and limbs free from disease,  
Wise innocence, friends like and good,  
Unarted-meat, kind neighbourhood,  
No drunken rest, from cares yet free ;  
No saddening spouse, yet chaste to thee :  
Sleeps that long nights abbreviate,  
Because it is liking, thy wished state :  
Nor feared, nor joyed, at death or fate.

But where shall you find a man thus seasoned? if it be for a while, it lasts not; but by one, or other accident, he is tossed in the waving world. And this made *Diogenes* resolve; unto fortune, to oppose his confidence and resolution; to the law, nature; and to his affections, reason. This was good, but not well: we have Grace, and Scripture, for a better guide than nature. I would be so content with what I have, as I would ever think the present best: but then I would think it best, but for the present: because, whensoever I look forward, I still see better; to arrive at which, my soul will long and covet. The soul that by but half an eye sees God, will never be but winging, till she alights on him.

## C.

*How he must live, that lives well.*

WHOSOEVER neglects his duty to himself, his neighbour, or his God; halts in something, that should make life commendable. For ourselves, we need order: for our neighbour, charity; and for our God, our reverence, and humility: and these are so certainly linked one to another, as he that lives orderly, cannot but be acceptable, both to God, and the world. Nothing jars the world's harmony, like men that break their ranks. One turbulent spirit will dissentiate even the calmest kingdom. We may see the beauty of order, in nothing more, than in some Princely procession: And though indeed, the circumstances, and complements belonging to State, be nothing to better government; yet by a secret working in the minds of men, they add a reverence to State: and awe, the (else-loose) rabble. See a King in Parliament, and his nobles set about him: and see how mad he shows, that wildly dances out of his room. Such is man, when he spurns at the law he lives under: nay, when he gives himself leave to transgress, he must needs put others out of their way: and he that disorders himself first, shall trouble all the company. Did every man keep his own life; what a concord in music would a world, a kingdom, a city, a family be? But being so infinitely disjointed, it is necessary some should help it, and be charitable. If no man should repair the breeches, how soon would all lie flatted in demolishment? Love is so excellent, that though it be but to one's self alone, yet others shall partake and find the benefit. Posterity will be the better for the bags that the covetous man hoarded up for himself. But when a man shall be ever striving to do the world a courtesy, his love is so much the more

thank-worthy, by how much the good is larger. Without charity, a man cannot be sociable: and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to do in the world. How pleasant can good company make his life beneath? Certainly, if there be anything sweet in mere humanity, it is in the intercourses of beloved society, when every one shall be each other's counsellor, each other's friend, and mine, and solace. And such a pleasant life as this, I take to be the best pleasing, both to GOD and man. Nor yet can this be truly pleasant, unless a man be careful to give to GOD the honour that he owes him. When a man shall do these, and perform his duty to his Maker; he shall find a peace within, that shall fit him for whatsoever falls. He shall not fear himself: for he knows his course is order. He shall not fear the world: for he knows he hath done nothing, that has angered it. He shall not be afraid of Heaven; for he knows, he there shall find the favour of a servant, of a son; and be protected against the malice and the spleen of Hell. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the world should flout my innocence: I wish to obey *Saint Bernard*, then I know I cannot but be happy, both below, and after. *Tu qui in Congregatione es, benè vive, ordinabilitèr, sociabilitèr et humilitèr: ordinabilitèr, tibi, sociabilitèr proximo, humilitèr Deo.*

OMNIA DEO.

TO THE MOST  
VIRTUOUS, DISCREET, AND NOBLE,  
THE LADY DOROTHY CRANE,

*Daughter to the Right Honourable and Religious the Lord Hobart.*

MADAM,

IF ever resolutions were needful, I think they be in this age of looseness; wherein it were some unhappiness to be good, did not the consciousness of her own worth, set virtue firm, against all disheartenings. This makes her of so specious a glory, that though she need not the applause of any, to add to her happiness; yet she attracts the hearts of all that know her, to love, service, and admiration. That I have sacred this offertory of my thoughts to your Ladyship, this is reason enough; if not, your love to my dearest friend may second it. To apparel any more in these paper vestments, I should multiply impertinents; and perhaps displease. For I have ever found face-commendation to dye wisdom's cheek of a blush-colour. Discreet nature is always modest; and deserving best, loves least to hear on it. This only I will truly add: that I know not a thing of that value, that should make me shrine up a work of this nature, to any, in whom I could observe the possibility of a fail in virtue. Such a dedication were to put virtue to a step-dame, that would not nurse, but stifle her. With your goodness, I am sure she shall find the tenderness of a maternal love. And if in these weak extractions, your judicious eye light you to aught, increasing that affection, (all bye respects put away,) my next petition will be, that it may please you to command

Your immutable Servant,

OWEN FELLTHAM.

## TO THE PERUSER.

*TO begin with apologies, and intreat a kind censure, were to disparage the work, and beg partiality : equal with ostentation, I rank them both. If thou beest wise, pleasing words cannot blind thy judgment from discerning errors, wheresoever they appear. If thou beest foolish, they can neither blanch thy folly, nor make thee think better, than thy indiscretion leads thee to. Request from others, may sway our words, or actions ; but our minds will have their own free thoughts, as they apprehend the thing. Internal judgment is not easily perverted. In what thou shalt here meet with, use the freedom of thy native opinion ; Et lectorem, et correctorem liberum volui. I shall ever profess myself his debtor, that greets me with reprehensions of love. The noblest part of a friend, is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good ; I must think him wise and faithful : wise, in spying that which I see not : faithful, in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery. That I have made it public, I plead not the importunity of friends ; that were to play the hazard for folly, if it prove not, I writ it without encouragement from another ; and as I writ it, I send it abroad. Rare, I know it is not : honest, I am sure it is : though thou findest not to admire, thou mayest to like. What I aim at in it, I confess hath most respect to myself—That I might out of my own school take a lesson, that should serve me for my whole pilgrimage : and if I should wander from the rest, that my own items might set me in heaven's direct way again. We do not so readily run into crimes, that from our own mouth have had sentence of condemnation. Yet, as no Physician can be so abstemious, as to follow strictly all his own prescriptions : So I think there is no Christian so much his mind's master, as*

*to keep precisely all his resolutions. They may better shew what he would be, than what he is. Nature hath too slow a foot, to follow Religion close at the heel. Who can expect, our dull flesh should wing it with the flights of the soul? He is not a good man that lives perfect: but he that lives as well as he can, and as human frailties will let him. He that thus far strives not, never began to be virtuous; nor knows he those transcending joys, that continually feast in the noble-minded man. All the external pleasures that mortality is capable of, can never enkindle a flame, that shall so bravely warm the soul, as the love of virtue, and the certain knowledge of the rule we have over our own wild passions. That I might curb those, I have writ these: and if in them, thou findest a line may mend thee; I shall think I have divulged it to purpose. Read all, and use thy mind's liberty; how thy suffrage falls, I weigh not: for it was not so much to please others, as to profit myself.*

*Farewell.*

# RESOLVES:

DIVINE, MORAL, POLITICAL.

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## I.

### *Of Idle Books.*

IDLE books are nothing else, but corrupted tales in ink and paper : or indeed, vice sent abroad with a Licence: which makes him that reads them, conscious of a double injury: they being in effect, like that sin of brutish adultery. For if one reads, two are caught: he that angles in these waters, is sure to strike the Torpedo, that instead of being his food, confounds him. Besides the time ill spent in them, a two-fold reason shall make me refrain: both in regard of my love to my own soul, and pity unto his that made them. For if I be corrupted by them, the comprisor of them is mediately a cause of my ill: and at the day of reckoning (though now dead) must give an account for it, because I am corrupted by his bad example which he leaves behind him; so I become guilty by receiving, and he by thus conveying this lewdness unto me: he is the thief, I the receiver; and what difference makes our law betwixt them? If one be but off, the other dies; both, I am sure, perish alike. I will write none, lest I hurt them that come after me. I will read

none, lest I augment his mulct that is gone before me: neither write, nor read, lest I prove a foe to myself. A lame hand is better than a lewd pen: while I live, I sin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedness, than life, If I write aught, it shall be both on a good subject, and from a deliberate pen: for a foolish sentence dropped upon paper, sets folly on a hill, and is a monument to make infamy eternal.

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## II.

### *Of Humility.*

THE humble man is the surest peace-maker: of all moral virtues, Humility is the most beautiful; she both shuns honour, and is the way to it: she rocks debate asleep, and keeps peace waking, nay, doth foster, doth cherish her: which is well expressed in a story of two Goats, that met at once, on a very narrow bridge, under which there glided a deep, and violent stream: being both met, the straitness gave denial to their journey; get back they could not, the plank was so narrow, for their returning turn: stand still they might, but that could neither be continual, nor to purpose: and to fight for the way in so perilous a place, was either to put a wilful period to their lives, or extremely hazard them. That they may therefore both pass in safety, the one lies down and the other goes over him: so while their passage is quiet, their lives are secure, from death, from danger. I have ever thought it idle to continue in strife; if I get the victory, it satisfies my mind, but then, I shall have his malice too, which may endamage me more: so my gain will be less than my hinderance: if I be overcome unwillingly, then is the disgrace mine,

and the loss ; and though I have not his malice, yet shall I not want his scorn. I will (in things not weighty) submit freely : the purest gold is most ductile : it is commonly a good blade that bends well. If I expect disadvantage, or misdoubt the conquest, I think it good wisdom, to give in soonest ; so shall it be more honour to do that willingly, which with stiffness I cannot but hazard upon compulsion. I had rather be accounted too much humble, than esteemed a little proud : the reed is better that bends, and is whole, than the strong oak, that not bending, breaks : if I must have one, give me an inconvenience, not a mischief : the lightest burthen, is the easiest borne.

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### III.

#### *To Perfection, what is most necessary.*

TO make a perfect man, there is requisite both religion and nature. Nature alone we know too loose ; Religion alone will seem too hard ; some for religion I have known formal, strict ; yet have so wanted the pleasing parts of good nature, that they have been feared, but not loved : for being of a fiery spirit, even slender occasions have made way to the divulging of their own imperfections : either by too severe a reprehension, or else by too soon sudden contempt : both which make much for the harbouring of hate against themselves, by making them esteemed, either rash censurers, or angry proud ones ; and we all know, that as judgment is never shot suddenly, but from a fool's bow ; so blind choler broke into expression, is the true mark of an intemperate mind ; others there yet rest, whom it tickles much to chatter of their own merits, and they cannot lay an egg, but they

must cackle; or like the boasting Pharisee, trumpet out the report of their own praises; if not out of an affected singularity, and an overweening opinion of their own excellence; yet for lack of an humble and discreet nature, that should cause their observation to be busied at home. And this is that makes the world disdain, or contemn them: self-commendation is an arrow with too many feathers: which we levelling at the mark, is taken with the wind, and carried quite from it. Some again for nature, I have found really qualified: ennobled with such a mild affability, such a generous spirit, and such sweetness of disposition and demeanour, that their humble and courteous carriage have prevailed much in the affection of those with whom they have had commerce: yet because they have wanted religion, (that like a good subject should make an elaborate work rare) they have, only in a superficial applause, won the approbation of the unsteady multitude; who love them more for suffering their rudeness, than for any noble worth that is obvious to their undiscerning judgments. But in all this, they have got no reverence, no respect at all. Thus religion without nature (in men merely natural) begets a certain form of awful regard: but to them, it is like a tyrannical Prince, whom the people obey more for fear of an austere rebuke, than for any true affection they bear to his person. Now nature without religion, often wins love: and this is like a Master too familiar with his servant, that in the beginning gains love, but shall in the end find contempt: and his toleration will be made an allowance of ill. Both together are rare for qualification. Nature hath in herself treasure enough to please a man; religion a Christian: the last begets fear, the other love; together, admiration, reverence. I will like, I will love them single; but conjoined, I will affect and honour.

## IV.

*Of Lies and Untruths.*

I FIND, to him that the tale is told, belief only makes the difference betwixt a truth, and a lie: for a lie believed, is true: and truth uncredited, a lie, unless he can carry his probation in his pocket, or more readily at his tongue's end; for as he that tells a smooth lie, is judged to speak truth, till some step forth to contradict his utterance: so he that tells an unlikely truth, is thought to broach a lie, unless he can produce convincing reason to prove it; only the guilt, or justice of the thing, rests in the knowing conscience of the relater. In the hearer I cannot account it a fault; it is easy to be deceived, in miracles, in probabilities: albeit the judgment that passeth on them, be both honest, wise, apprehensive, and clear. In the teller, justly; if it be a lie, there needs no text to confute it; if it seem so, and he cannot purge it, discretion were better silent. I will tell no lies, lest I be false to myself: no improbable truths, lest I seem so to others: If I hear any man report wonders, what I know, I may haply speak; what I but think, shall rest with myself; I may as well be too suspicious, as over-credulous.

## V.

*Three things aggravate a Misery.*

THREE things there are which aggravate a misery, and make an evil seem greater than indeed it is. Inexpectation, unacquaintance, want of preparation. Inexpectation, when a mishap comes sudden-

ly, and unlooked for: it distracteth the mind, and scares both the faculties and affections from their due consultation of remedy: whereas an evil foreseen is half cured, because it giveth warning to provide for danger. Thus the falling of a house is more perilous than the rising of a flood: for, while of the former, the hurt is more unavoidable, by reason both of the violence and precipitation: the latter, through the remissness of coming, is less dangerous, less prejudicial; there being time either to avoid the place, or to countertermure. If this suffice not: think but how odious treason would shew in a dear friend, from whom we only expected the sweet embraces of love: the conceit only is able to kill, like a mad dog's biting, that not only wounds the body, but insaniates the soul. Secondly, unacquaintance.—Familiarity takes away fear, when matters not usual, prove inductions to terror. The first time the fox saw the Lion, he feared him as death: the second he feared him, but not so much: the third time he grew more bold, and passed by him without quaking. The imbellick peasant, when he comes first to the field, shakes at the report of a musket: but after he hath ranged through the fury of two or three battles, he then can fearless stand a breach; and dares undaunted gaze death in the face. Thirdly, want of preparation. When the enemy besiegeth a city, not prepared for war, there is small hope of evasion, none at all to conquer, none to overcome. How much more hard is winter to the grasshopper, than the pismire, who before, having stowed her garner, is now able to withstand a famine? Lest then, I make my death seem more terrible to me, than indeed it is; I will first daily expect it: that when it comes, I may not be to seek to entertain it; if not with joy as being but flesh, yet without sorrow, as having a soul. Second, I will labour to be acquainted with it, often before it come, thinking it may come: so when I know it better, I shall better sustain it: with

less fear, without terror. Third, I will prepare for it, by casting up my accounts with God, that all things being even and straight betwixt us, whensoever He shall please to call for me, I may as willingly lay down my life, as leave a prison. Thus shall I make my death less dreadful, and finish my life before I die. He that dies daily, seldom dies dejectedly.

## VI.

*Of Good and Bad Ends.*

A GOOD beginning I have often seen conclude ill. Sin in the bud is fair, sweet, pleasing; but the fruit is death, horror, hell. Something will I respect in my way, most in my conclusion: in the one, to prevent all wilful errors; in the other, to insure a Crown. For as judgment hath relation to the manner of dying, so hath death dependence on the course of living. Yet the good end hath no bad beginning: it once had. A good consequence makes the premises so esteemed of, and a sweet relish at the leaving off, makes the draught delightful, that at the first did taste unpleasant. That is well, that ends well: and better is a bad beginning that concludes well, then a prosperous onset that ends in complaint. What if my beginning hath been ill? sorrows over-blown, are pleasant; that which hath been hard to suffer, is sweet to remember. I will not much care what my beginning be, so my end be happy. If my sun set in the new Jerusalem, I have lived well, however afflictions may have sometimes clouded my course.

## VII

*Extreme Longings seldom seem to succeed well,*

EXTREME longings in a christian, I seldom see succeed well: surely God means to temper his, as he would not have their affections violent, in the search of temporal blessings: or else he knows our frailty such, as we would be more taken with the fruition of a benefit, than the Author. Prosperities are strong pleaders for sin: Troubles be the surest tutors of goodness. How many would have died ill, if they had lived merrily? God hath several ways to reduce his, to his own orders; among which, I am persuaded, none is more powerful, than restraint of our wills. It sends the soul to meditation, whereby she sees the world's follies in such true colours of vanity, that no sound discretion can think them worth the doting on: and though our discontentments so transport us, as we see not the good we reap by a deprivation; yet sure we are happy by this want: for we are like women with child; if we had the things we long for, how soon should we eat and surfeit? When nature finds her ardent desires fulfilled, she is ravenous, and greedy; yea then she hath so little moderation, as it is not safe to satisfy her. If I can, I will never extremely covet: so though I meet with a cross, it shall neither distemper nor distract me: but if my desires out-strip my intentions, I will comfort myself with this, that the enjoyment might have added to my content, and endangered my soul: but the want, shall in the end, be a means to embetter them both. God's saints shall with joy subscribe to his will: though here for a time it may seem to thwart them.

## VIII.

*Of Silence. Of Babbling.*

A WORTHY act hath he done, that hath learned to refrain his tongue: and surely much evil hath he prevented, if he knows when to be well silent. Unkindness breeds not so many jars, as the multiplying of words that follow them. How soon would these coals die, if the tongue did not enkindle them? Repentance often follows speaking; silence, either seldom, or never: for while our words are many, sin is in some, in most. Go to the Crane, thou babbler, read her story, and let her inform thee: who flying out of *Sicily*, put little stones in her mouth, lest by her own garrulity she bewray herself as a prey to the Eagles of the mountain *Taurus*; which, with this policy, she flies over in safety. Even silence, every where is a safe safeguard: if by it I offend, I am sure I offend without a witness: while an unruly tongue may procure my ruin, and prove as a sword to cut the thread of my life in two: it is good always to speak well, and in season: and is it not as safe sometimes to say nothing? He that speaks little, may mend it soon: and though he speaks most faults, yet he exceeds not: for his words were few. To speak too much, betrays folly; too little, an unperceiving stupidity: I will so speak, as I may be free from babbling garrulity: so be silent, as my spectators may not account me blockishly dull. Silence and speech are both, as they are used, either tokens of indiscretion, or badges of wisdom.

## IX.

*Of Prayer.*

IT is a hard thing among men of inferior rank, to speak to an earthly Prince: no King keeps a court so open, as to give admittance to all comers: and though they have, they are not sure to speed; albeit there be nothing that should make their petitions not grantable. Oh how happy, how privileged then is a Christian? who though he often lives here in a slight esteem, yet can he freely confer with the King of Heaven; who not only hears his entreaties, but delights in his requests; invites him to come, and promiseth a happy welcome; which he shews in fulfilling his desires, or better, fitter for him. In respect of whom, the greatest Monarch is more base, than the basest vassal in regard of the most mighty and puissant Emperor. Man cannot so much exceed a beast, as God doth him: what if I be not known to the Nimrods of the world, and the Peers of the earth? I can speak to their better, to their Master; and by prayer be familiar with him. Importunity does not anger him; neither can anything but our sins make us go away empty; while the game is playing, there is much difference between the king and the pawn; that once ended, they are both shuffled into the bag: and who can say whether was most happy, save only the King had many checks, while the pawn was free, and secure? My comfort is, my access to heaven is as free as the Prince's: my departure from earth not so grievous: for while the world smiles on him, I am sure I have less reason to love it than he. God's favour I will chiefly seek for; man's, but as it falls in the way to it: when it proves a hinderance, I hate to be loved.

## X.

*A Virtuous Man is a Wonder.*

THE virtuous man is a true wonder: for it is not from himself, that he is so. But, that I see so many wicked I marvel not. It is easier running down the hill, than climbing it. They that are this way given, have much the advantage of them that follow goodness. Besides, those inclinations that sway the soul to vice, the way is broader, more ready: he that walks through a large field, hath only a narrow path to guide him in the right way: but on either side, what a wide room he hath to wander in? Every virtue hath two vices, that close her up in curious limits: and if she swerves, though but a little, she suddenly steps into error. Fortitude hath fear and rashness: liberality, avarice and prodigality: justice hath rigour and partiality. Thus every good mistress hath two bad servants: which hath made some to define virtue to be nothing but a mean between two vices, whereof one leads to excess, the other to defect: making her like the roof of a church, on whose top, we scarce find room to turn a foot in: but on either side a broad road to ruin: in which, if we once be falling, our stay is rare, our recovery a miracle. The man that is rare in vice, I will never admire: if he goes but as he is driven, he may soon be witty in evil: but the good man I will worthily magnify: he it is can sail against the wind, make the thorny way pleasant, and unintangle the incumbrances of the world.

## XI.

*Of venial Sins.*

WHAT sin is there, that we may account little, or venial, unless comparatively; seeing there is none so small, but that (without repentance) is able to sink the soul in eternal damnation? Who will think that a slight wound, which gives a sudden inlet to death? But should we grant this error, yet these of all others, I observe the most dangerous, both for their frequency and secrecy: the one increasing them to a large heap, the other so covering them, as we see not how they wrong us. The rain that falls in smallest drops, moistens the earth, makes it mire, slimy, and dirty: whereas a hard shower, that descends violently, washes away, but soaks not in. Even the smallest letters are more hurtful to the sight, than those that are written with a text pen. Great sins and public, I will avoid for their scandal and wonder: lesser and private, for their danger and multitude: both, because my GOD hates them. I cannot, if I love Him, but abhor what he loathes.

## XII.

*Of Memory and Forgetfulness.*

MEMORY and Forgetfulness, are both in friendship necessary. Let me remember those kindnesses my friend hath done to me, that I may see his love, and learn gratitude. Let me forget those benefits I have performed to him, lest they shuffle out the effect of my love, and tell me, he is requited. Thus may we together in-

crease our friendship and comforts: otherwise, a man may have many acquaintances, but no friends; though unthankfulness banisheth love, gratitude obtains a repeal.

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### XIII.

#### *A Christian's Valour and true Fidelity.*

I Observe, besides the inward contents of a peaceable conscience, two things, wherein a Christian excels all other men. In true valour: in Fidelity. In true valour; that is, in a just quarrel: for if his cause be naught, there is none more timorous than he; and indeed to shew much courage in a bad matter, is rather a token of a desperate folly, than any badge of a magnanimous mind; but in a just cause, he is bold as a lion. Nothing can daunt his ever undaunted mind. Not infamy; for he knows in this, his share is not worse than his Master's; and while it is for his name's sake, he knows he is in it, blessed. If there be any nectar in this life, it is in the sorrow we endure for goodness. Besides, he weighs not, how he falls to the world and men; so he may stand firm to his heavenly Father. That GOD we fight for, is able enough to vindicate all our wrongs. Not afflictions; how many did *Job*, and the *Apostles* wade through with courage, with content? These he knows are here but for a time, transient, and momentary. Neither shall the *Israelites* live always under the tyranny of *Pharaoh*, or the travels of the wilderness. He knows also, the more abundant in sorrows here, the more abundant in joys hereafter; His tears shall return in smiles, his weepings in a stream of pleasures. GOD doth not recompence with a niggardly hand; he shall find his joys as an

over-flowing sea; and his glory beyond thought, exuberant. Not death; for he knows, that will be his happiest day, and his bridge from woe, to glory. Though it be the wicked man's shipwreck, it is the good man's putting into harbour; where striking sails and casting anchor, he returns his lading with advantage, to the owner; that is, his soul to God; leaving the bulk still moored in the haven; who is unrigged, but only to be new built again, and fitted for an eternal voyage. Had not Christians had this solace; how should the martyrs have died so merrily, leaping for joy, that they were so near their home, and their heaven; dying often like *Samson* among his enemies, more victory attending their end, than proceedings? Ah peerless valiance! unconquerable fortitude! Secondly, in fidelity. There is no friendship like the friendship of faith. Nature, education, benefits, cannot altogether tie so strong as this. Christianity knits more sure, more indissoluble. This makes a knot that *Alexander* cannot cut. For as grace in herself is far above nature, so likewise is she, in her effects: and therefore, unites in a far more durable bond. And a Christian, though he would resolve with himself, to deal double; yet if he be sincere, in spite of his resolution, his conscience will rate him, check him, and deny him to do it; nay, though he would, he cannot resolve. He that is born of God, sins not: and the Spirit of sanctification will not let him resolve upon ill. This is that fidelity that we find and admire in many, that have chosen rather to embrace the flame, and die in silence, than to reveal their companions and brethren in Christ. Tyrants will sooner want invention for torments, than they with tortures be made treacherous. The league that heaven hath made, hell wants power to break. Who can separate the conjunctions of the Deity? Again, as well in reproof, as in kindness, doth his love appear. For howsoever he conceals his friend's faults, from the eye

of the world; yet he affectionately tells him of them, in private: not without some sorrow on his own part, for his brother's fall. He scorns to be so base as to flatter: and he hates to be so currish as to bite. In his reprehensions, he mingles oil and vinegar: he is in them, plain, and loving. Inviolable amity! invaluable love! Here is met courage and constancy; one to withstand an enemy, another to entertain a friend. Give me any foe, rather than a resolved Christian: no friend, unless a man truly honest. A father is a ready treasury; a brother an infallible comfort; but a friend is both.

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#### XIV.

##### *In Losses what to look to.*

I will in all losses, look both to what I have lost, and to what I have left. To what I have lost: that if it may be, and be good, I may recover it: if not, that I may know what I have fore-gone. To what I have left: that if it be much, I may be thankful, that I have lost no more, having so much that I might have been deprived of: if little, that I may not repine; because I have yet something: if nothing but my life, that I may then be glad: because that will be the next thing I shall lose. Which, whensoever it happens, will with double joy recompence all the rest. God's presence is abundant plenty: having that, I know not want, nor loss, nor admission of ill.

## XV.

*How to establish a troubled Government.*

A man that would establish a troubled Government, must first vanquish all his foes. Factious heads, must be higher by a pole than their bodies. For how will the folds be quiet, while yet among them there be some wolves? He that would rule over many, must fight with many, and conquer: and be sure, either to cut off those that raise up tumults: or by a majestic awe, to keep them in a strict subjection. Slackness and connivance, are the ruin of unsettled kingdoms. My passions and affections are the chief disturbers of my civil state: what peace can I expect within me, while these rebels rest unovercome? If they get ahead, my kingdom is divided, so it cannot stand. Separations are the wounds of a crown: whereby (neglected) it will bleed to death. Then will I strive to subdue.—If I cut them not off, I will yet restrain them. It is no cruelty to deny a traitor liberty. I will have them be my subjects, not my Prince: they shall serve me, and I will sway them. If it cannot be without much striving; I am content with a hard combat, that I may have a happy reign. It is better I endure a short skirmish, than a long siege: having once won the field, I will hope to keep it.

## XVI.

*Death is the beginning of a Godly man's joy.*

DEATH to a righteous man, whether it cometh soon or late, is the beginning of joy, and the end of sorrow. I will not much care, whether my life be long or short. If short; the fewer my days be the less shall be my misery, the sooner shall I be happy. But if my years be many, that my head wax grey, even the long expectation of my happiness, shall make my joy more welcome.

## XVII.

*Of doing Good with Labour, and Evil with pleasure.*

IT was anciently said, that whatsoever good work a man doeth with labour, the labour vanisheth, but the good remains with him that wrought it. And whatsoever evil thing he doeth with pleasure, the pleasure flies, but the evil still resteth with the actor of it: goodness making labour sweet; evil turning pleasure to a burthen. I will not care how laborious, but how honest; not how pleasurable, but how good my actions be. If it could be, let me be good without pleasure; rather than lewd with much joy. For though my good be at first tedious; I am sure in time it will yield me content: whereas the evil that now is delightful, cannot but prove a woe to my soul. The sweetest liquor is not always the most wholesome. The lemon is more tart, yet excelleth the orange that delighteth the taste: poison may a while seem pleasant, and a weak stomach think a cordial fulsome.

## XVIII.

*Of being the world's Favourite without Grace.*

WHAT if I were the world's chiefest favourite? endowed with the chiefest ornaments her treasury could afford me, adorned with beauty, embellished with a fair proportion, in policy subtle, in alliance great, in revenue large, in knowledge rich, famed with honour, and honoured with attendants; and to all these, had adjoined the prolonged years of *Methuselah*, yet if I wanted Grace, they would all turn to my greater disgrace and confusion. Good parts employed ill, are weapons, that being meant for our own defence, we madly turn their edge, and wound ourselves: they might make me fair in show, but in substance more polluted: they would be but as a saddle of gold to the back of a galled horse; adorn me they might, better me they could not. Grace only can make a man truly happy: what she affordeth, can content sufficiently, and with ease furnish the vast rooms of the mind: without her all are nothing: with her, even the smallest is true sufficiency: how fully can she be rich in the penury of these outward royalties? something indeed they add to her ornament, but it is from her that they assume their goodness. For though heaven hath made them so in their own nature, yet it is from her that they prove so to me. Do we not oftener find them lights, to blind us, than to direct us? I will never think myself nearer heaven, for having so much of earth. A weak house with a heavy roof is in most danger. He that gets Heaven, hath plenty enough, though the earth scorns to allow him anything: he that fails of that, is truly miserable, though she gives him all she hath. Heaven, without earth, is perfect: earth without heaven, is but a little more cheerfully hell. Who have been more splendid in these

external flourishes, than the heathen? but in the other, it is the Christian only can challenge a felicity. Having these, I might win applause with men; but the other wanting, I shall never gain approbation with GOD. And what will all their allowance avail when the earth's Creator shall judge and condemn? It is a poor relief in misery, to be only thought well of by those that cannot help me.

## XIX.

*Humanity and Misery are parallels.*

IS not a man born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward? is not his time short and miserable, his days few and evil? What madness then were it in me, to hope for a freedom from sorrows, or to think myself exempt from the common appointment of the most High? It hath been censured as phrensy, to undertake to expel nature; what shall I think it, to hope to frustrate the designment of the Lord of nature? Humanity and Misery, are always parallels: sometimes individuals: and therefore when we put sorrow in an emblem, we paint him a man. If I have but few crosses, I will truly then account myself favoured: if I have many, and be sometimes free; I will think I escape well, being so untoward. If I have nothing but troubles, yet may I not complain: because my sin hath deserved more than here I can be able to suffer. Had I but a being, though full of woe, yet were I beholden to GOD for it. His very least, and meanest gift, exceedeth much, even all my best desert. I do infinitely want how to merit a permission to live.

## XX.

*Of Reputation : or, a Good Name.*

TO have every man speak well of me, is impossible ; because howsoever I carry myself, some *Cynic* will bark at my course. Who can escape the lash of censure ? If I should be vicious and profuse, I should be loved of some ; but not the best, not the good. If I should camelion-like, change myself to every object, if I were not extraordinary wary, I might soon counterfeit some man's humour false, and that would bane my drift. For both to virtue and to vice, is flattery a false glass, making the one seem greater, the other less than it is : and if it lights on a noble discretion, it is ever so unhappy, as to beget the ruin of itself. But imagine I could do it with such exactness, that even the eye of *Lyncæus* could not espy it : yet when one should commend me for one thing, and another for the contrary ; what would the world think of me, that could thus in one, be hot and cold ? Should I not be censured as a *Timorist* ? Yes surely, and that justly : neither could it be but just with God, at last to unmask my flattery, and unrip my folly, in the view of the multitude. Private sins are punished with a public shame. A supposed honest man found lewd, is hated as a grown monster, discovered by the blab of time. Sin is a concealed fire, that even in darkness will so work, as to betray itself. If I live virtuously and with piety, the world will hate me, as a separatist : and my reputation will be traduced by the ignominious aspersion of malevolent tongues. To be good, is now thought too near a way to contempt : that which the ancients admired, we laugh at. A good honest man is a fool. What then ? shall I, to please a man, displease a Christian ? I had rather live hated for goodness, than be loved for vice.

He does better that pleaseth one good man, than he that contents a thousand bad ones. I would if it could be, please all; yet I would win their love with honesty: otherwise let their hate wound me, rather than their love embrace. What care I for his friendship that affects not virtue? having his hate, he may hurt me outwardly: but enjoying his love, I will justly suspect my soul of some ill. For if his affection be towards me, it is sure because he sees something in me that pleaseth himself: but while he sees every thing unlike him; how is it possible I should be beloved of him? since diversities breed nothing but dis-union: and sweet congruity is the mother of love.

## XXI.

*Sin brings Sorrow.*

WHO admires not the wisdom of *Demosthenes*, in the answer he returned to *Corinthian Laïs* [*Pœnitere tanti non emo.*] Certainly, had he not known it from a self-experience, it is not possible a Heathen should have spoke so divinely. All our dishonest actions, are but earnest laid down for grief. Vice is an infallible forerunner of wretchedness. Let the worldling tell me, if he finds it not true, that all his unwarrantable aberrations, wherein he hath dilatedly tumbled himself, end at last, either in anguish or confusion; Sin on the best condition brings repentance: but for sin without repentance, is provided, hell. It is not folly, but madness, even the highest, that makes a man buy his own vexation. I will force myself to want that willingly, which I cannot enjoy without future distaste. Though the wasp falls into the honey, that after drowns her: yet

the bee chuseth rather to go to the flower in the field, where she may lade her thighs securely, and with leisure, than to come to the shop of the Apothecary, where she gets more, but makes her life hazardable.

## XXII.

*Of Works without Faith, and of Faith without Works.*

WORKS without Faith, are like a salamander without fire, or a fish without water: in which, though there may seem to be some quick actions of life, and symptoms of agility: yet they are indeed, but fore-runners of their end, and the very presages of death. Faith again without works, is like a bird without wings: who, though she may hop with her companions here upon earth; yet if she live till the world ends, she will never fly to heaven. But when both are joined together, then doth the soul mount up to the hill of eternal rest: these can bravely raise her to her first height: yea carry her beyond it; taking away both the will that did betray her, and the possibility that might. The former without the latter, is self-cozenage; the last without the former, is mere hypocrisy: together, the excellency of religion. Faith is the rock, while every good action is as a stone laid; one the foundation, the other the structure. The foundation without the walls, is of slender value: the building without a basis, cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their conjunction makes them good. Chiefly will I labour for a sure foundation, *saving Faith*; and equally I will seek for strong walls, *good Works*. For as man judgeth the house by the edifice, more

than by the foundation: so, not according to his Faith, but according to his Works, shall GOD judge man.

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## XXIII.

*A rare thing to see a rich man religious.*

IT is a rare thing to see a rich man religious; we are told, that his way is difficult: and not many mighty are chosen. For while the earth allows them such joys, it is their heaven; and they look for no other: their pleasures are sufficient unto them, both for honour, solace, and wealth: who wonders to see them careless of the better, when they dote upon the worse? neither the mind nor affection can be seriously divided at once. Again, even low Commons whom they think meanly of, are higher often in virtues of the mind; are dearer unto GOD than they: and shall sit in heaven above them. Are there not many servants, that in their life-time have borne the burthen, now crowned with unending joys, while their masters are either in a lower degree glorious, or excluded that celestial society? I dare make it a part of my faith, yet avouch myself no heretic. Even in the meanest things, GOD shews his mighty power; impossibilities are the best advancers of his glory. For what we least believe can be done, we most admire, being done. Yet in this observe the mercy of GOD, that though the worldling hath not pity in his thoughts, yet GOD gives him all these good things that he hath no right to: albeit by his own ill, he, like envy, extracts evil out of good: so they prove in the end, nothing but paper pillars, and painted fruit. Let all men bless GOD for what they enjoy: they that have wealth, for their riches: I will praise him that he hath

kept them from me. I have now what is good for me: and when my time comes, my joy shall abound.

## XXIV.

*What a Virtuous Man is like, in the purity of a Righteous life.*

A Virtuous Man, shining in the purity of a righteous life, is a light-house set by the sea-side, whereby the mariners both sail aright, and avoid danger: but he that lives in noted sins, is a false lantern, which shipwrecks those that trust him. The virtuous man by his good carriage wins more to godliness, and is the occasion of much good, yea it may be, so long as the moon renews: for his righteousness dies not with him: those good examples which he lived in, and those pious works which he leaves behind him, are imitated and followed of others, both remaining and succeeding. So they are conveyed from one generation to another: and he, next God, is a primary cause of a great deal of the good they achieve. So we cannot but grant, that while here his memory wears out, his glory in a better world augments daily: either by his good precedents, his pious institutions, his charitable deeds, or his godly works: each of which, with God's blessing, are able to kindle some heat in the cold zeal of posterity. Examples are the best and most lasting lectures; virtue, the best example. Happy man! that hath done these things in sincerity: time shall not out-live his worth: he lives truly after death, whose pious actions are his pillars of remembrance: though his flesh moulders to dust in the grave, yet is his happiness in a perpetual growth: no day but adds some grains to his heap of glory. Good works are seeds, that after sowing re-

turn us a continual harvest. A man lives more renowned by some glorious deeds, than ever did that *Carian*, by his *Mausolean* monument. On the contrary, what a woeful course hath he run, that hath lived lewdly, and dies without repentance? his example infects others, and they spread it about to more: like a man that dies of the plague, he leaves the infection to a whole city: so that even the sins of thousands, he must give an account for. What can we think of such, as have been the inventors of unlawful games and callings that are now in use? sure they have much to answer for, that thus have occasioned so much ill: yea better had it been, they had not been at all, than being, to be loaden with the sins of so many. Miserable man! that when thy own burthen is insupportable, thou yet causest others to add to thy weight; as if thou wouldst be sure desperately to make thy rising irrecoverable: are the waters of thy own sins so low, that thou must have streams from every place, to run into thy ocean. Who can without a shower of tears, think on thy deplorable state; or without mourning, meditate thy sad condition? Oh! let me so live, as my life may be beneficial, not hurtful to others. Let my glory increase, when my life is done: I am sure satiety in Heaven is not capable of either complaint or discontent: but as for spoiling others by my own confusion, sin, I should think death a fair prevention. I love not that life which makes death eternal. I have sin enough of mine own, to sigh, and sorrow, and mourn for: I need not make others mine, by my own bad actions. A little of this is too much; yea, he hath enough that hath none; he hath too much that hath any at all.

## XXV.

*Of being Proud, by being commended.*

HE deserves not commendation, that for being commended grows proud: every good thing a good man speaks of me, shall, like the blast of a trumpet in war, incite and encourage me to a closer pursuit of more noble virtue: not like *Bucephalus'* trappings, blow me up in a higher conceit of overprizing my own weakness: so while some speak well, let my deeds exceed their tongue. I had rather men should see more than they expect, than look for more than they shall find.

## XXVI.

*Of Secrecy in projecting ought.*

WHEN a man hath the project of a course in his mind, it is good wisdom to resolve of secrecy, till the time his intent be fulfilled: neither can he choose but be foolish, that brags much, either of what he will do, or what he shall have: for if what he speaks of, falls not out accordingly, then will the world mock him with derision and scorn: and oftentimes his liberal tongue, may be an occasion of some one's sudden intercepting his aim: divulged intentions seldom proceed well: multitudes make a jar in businesses; their opinions or councils either distract judgement, or divert resolution: but howsoever, if what we boasted of cometh to pass, yet shall we be reputed vain-glorious boasters, unwise. Braggers lift up expectation so high, that she over-thinks the birth: and many times the

child which indeed is fair, we think not so, because we were possest with hopes of finding it rare. Secrecy is a necessary part of policy: things untold, are yet undone, then to say nothing, there is not a less labour. I observe, the Fig-tree whose fruit is most pleasant, blooms not at all: whereas the Sallow that hath glorious palms, is continually found barren. I would first be so wise, as to be my own counsellor: next, so secret, as to be my own counsel-keeper.

## XXVII.

*A Rule in reading Authors.*

SOME men read Authors as our gentlemen use flowers, only for delight and smell, to please their fancy, and refine their tongue. Others like the bee, extract only the honey, the wholesome precepts, and this alone they bear away, leaving the rest, as little worth, of small value. In reading I will care for both, though for the last, most: the one serves to instruct the mind; the other fits her to tell what she hath learned: pity it is, they should be divided: he that hath worth in him, and cannot express it, is a chest keeping a rich jewel, and the key lost. Concealing goodness, is vice; virtue is better by being communicated. A good style, with wholesome matter, is a fair woman with a virtuous soul, which attracts the eyes of all. The good man thinks chastely, and loves her beauty for her virtue: which he thinks still more fair, for dwelling in so fair an out-side. The vicious man hath lustful thoughts; and he would for her beauty fain destroy her virtue: but coming to solicit his purpose, finds such divine lectures from her angel's tongue, and those delivered with so sweet a pleasing modesty, that he thinks

virtue is dissecting her soul to him, to ravish man with a beauty which he dreamed not of. So he could now curse himself for desiring that lewdly, which he hath learned since only to admire and reverence: thus he goes away better, that came with an intent to be worse. Quaint phrases on a good subject, are baits to make an ill man virtuous: how many vile men seeking these, have found themselves convertites? I may refine my speech without harm: but I will endeavour more to reform my life. It is a good grace both of oratory, or the pen, to speak or write proper: but that is the best work, where the graces and the muses meet.

## XXVIII.

*A Christian compared in a three-fold condition to the moon.*

WE see in the moon a three-fold condition; her wane, her increase, her full: all which I lively see resembled in a Christian; three causes working them—sin, repentance, faith. Sin, which after the act, when he once considers, it makes him like the moon in her wane, or state of decrement, obscuring, and diminishing that glorious light of the spirit, which whilome shined so brightly in him: nay, sometimes as the moon in her latest state of diminution, he seems quite gone, resting for a time like a man in a trance, like a tree in winter, or as fire buried in concealing embers, without either sense, or shew, of either light or heat. But then comes repentance, and casts water in his face, bedews him with tears, rubs up his benumbed soul; that there is to be seen some tokens, both of life and recovery: this makes him spring, causes him to begin to bud again, unburies his lost light, and by little and little, re-collects his decayed

strength of the apprehension of GOD's spirit: so sets him in the way to joy, and renewed courses. But lastly, faith appears, and perfects what repentance began, and could not finish: she cheers up his drooping hopes, brings him again to his wonted solace, spreads out his leaves, blows up his fainting fire to a bright flame: makes him like the moon in her full glory, indues him with a plentiful fruition of the presence of the Almighty, and never leaves him till he be re-settled in his full joy, contentment, happiness. Thus while he sins, he is a decrescent; when he repents, a crescent; when his faith shines clear, at full. Yet in all these, while he lives here he is subject to change—sometimes like a beacon on a hill, he is seen afar off, and to all: sometimes like a candle in a house, nearer hand and only to his familiars: sometimes like a lamp under a bushel, he is obscured to all; yet in all he burns: though in some, insensibly: and is never without one sound consolation, in the worst of all these: for as the moon when she is least visible, is a moon as well as when we see her in her full proportion; only the sun looks not on her with so full an aspect, and she reflects no more than she receives from him. So a Christian in his lowest ebb of sorrow, is the child of GOD, as well as when he is in his greatest flow of comfort, only the sun of righteousness darts not the beams of his love so plentifully, and he shews no more than GOD gives him. When GOD hides his face, man must languish; his withdrawals, are our miseries: his presence, our unfailing joy. Sin may cast me in a trance, it cannot slay me: it may bury my heat for a time, it cannot extinguish it: it may make me in the wane, it cannot change my being: it may accuse, it shall not condemn. Though GOD deprive me of his presence for a time, he will one day re-enlighten me, polish me, and crown me for ever: where the

Moon of my inconstant joy shall change to a Sun, and that Sun shall never set, be clouded, nor eclipsed.

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## XXIX.

*A Rule for Spending and Sparing.*

IN expences I would be neither pinching nor prodigal: yet if my means allow it not, rather thought too sparing, than a little profuse: it is no disgrace to make my ability my compass of sail and line to walk by. I see what I may do; others, but what I do: they look to what I spend, as they think me able; I must look to what my estate will bear: nor can it be safe to strain it at all: it is fit I should respect my own ability, before their forward expectation. He that, when he should not, spends too much, shall, when he would not, have too little to spend. It was a witty reason of *Diogenes*, why he asked a halfpenny of the thrifty man, and a pound of the prodigal; the first, he said, might give him often, but the other, ere long, would have none to give. Yet say, I had to dispend freely; as to be too near, having enough, I esteem sordid: so to spend superfluously, though I have abundance, I account one of folly's deepest oversights. There is better use to be made of our talents, than to cast them away in waste: God gave us them, not to spend vainly, but to employ for profit, for gain.

## XXX.

*Of a Christian's settledness in his Saviour.*

AS the needle in a dial, removed from its point, never leaves its quivering motion, till it settles itself in the just place it always stands in: so fares it with a Christian in this world: nothing can so charm him, but he will still mind his Saviour: all, that put him out of the quest of Heaven, are but disturbances. Though the pleasures, profits, and honours of this life, may sometimes shuffle him out of his usual course, yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs to and fro like quicksilver, and is never quiet within, till he returns to his wonted life, and inward happiness: there he sets down his rest, in a sweet, unperceived, inward content: which, though unseen to others, he esteems more than all that the world calls by the name of felicity; they are to him as May-games to a Prince; fitter for children, than the royalty of a crown. It shall not more grieve me to live in a continued sorrow, than it shall joy me to find a secret perturbation in the world's choicest solaces. If I find my joy in them, without unquietness, that will prove a burthensome mirth. For finding my affections settle to them without resistance, I cannot but distrust myself, of trusting them too much. A full delight in earthly things, argues a neglect of heavenly. I can hardly think him honest, that loves a harlot for her bravery, more than his wife for her virtues. But while an inward distaste shews me these cates unsavory, if my joy be incomplete in these terrene felicities, my inward unsettledness in them, shall make my content both sufficient and full.

## XXXI.

*The World's enchantment, when she smiles on us.*

STRANGE is the enchantment that the world works on us, when she smiles and looks merrily: it is justly matter of amazement, for a man to grow rich, and retain a mind unaltered: yet are not all men changed alike, though all in something admit variation. *The spider kills the man, that cures the ape.* Fortune's effects are variable, as the natures she works upon: some, while their baskets grow more full, their minds are higher, and rise: they now know not those friends, that were lately their companions: but as a tyrant among his subjects, grows haughty and proud; so they, among their familiars, scorn and contemn; spurning those with arrogant disdain, which, but of late, they thought as worthy as themselves, or better: high fortunes are the way to high minds: pride is usually the child of riches. Contempt too often sits in the seat with honour. Who have we known so imperious in office, as the man that was born to beggary? As these rise, so some fall, and that which should satiate their desire, increaseth it: which is ever accompanied with this unhappiness, that it will never be satisfied: this makes them baser, by being wealthier: profit (though with drudgery) they hug with close arms. All vices debase man, but this makes a master a slave to his servant, a drudge to his slave; and him that God set over all, this puts under all. Pitiful! that man, when good things are present, should search for ill: that he should so care for riches, as if they were his own: yet so use them, as if they were another's: that when he might be happy in spending them, will be miserable in keeping them: and had rather, dying, leave wealth with his enemies, than, being alive, relieve his friends. Thus as one

aspires, the other descends: both extremes, and justly blameable. If my estate rise not, I hope my mind will be what it is, not ambitious, nor avaricious. But if the divine Providence shall, beyond either my desert or expectation, bless me, I will think, to grow proud, is but to rise to fall: and to prove covetous, only to possess wealth, that the nobler minds may hate and scorn me. For what is there they esteem more sordid, than for a man's mind to be his money's mercenary?

## XXXII.

*The Christian's Life—what?*

A Weak Christian's life is almost nothing but a vicissitude of sin and sorrow. First, he sins, and then he laments his folly: like a negligent school-boy, he displeaseth his master, and then beseecheth his remission with tears. Our own corruptions are diseases incurable: while we live, they will break out upon us; we may correct them, we cannot destroy them: they are like the feathers in a fowl: cut them, they will come again: break them, they will come again: pluck them out, yet they will come again: only kill the bird, and they will grow no more. While blood is in our veins, sin is in our nature: since I cannot avoid it, I will learn to lament it: and if, through my offences, my joy be made obscure, and vanish; that sorrow shall now beget my joy, not because I have been sinful, but because for sin I find myself sorrowful. All other sorrows are either foolish, fruitless, or beget more: only this dark entry leads the way to the fair court of happiness. God is more merciful in giving repentance to the delinquent, than in granting remission to the

repentant: He hath promised pardon, to the penitent, but, no repentance to the peccant.

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## XXXIII.

*A good Rule for choosing a Friend.*

IN choosing friends, there be two sorts of men, that I would for ever avoid: for besides the learning of their vices, I dare not trust them with a secret. There is the angry man, and the drunkard: the first, in his fit, is merely mad; he speaks not a word by reason, but by brutish passions: not upon premeditated terms, but whatsoever his memory on the sudden catches, his violent passion driveth out, be it known or hidden: so oft, in a brawl, he blabs out that, which being cooled, he much repents to have named: committing that, in his sparkling fury, which his appeased soul will tremble to think of. Anger is the fever of the soul, which makes the tongue talk idle: it puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot hear what counsel speaks; it is a raging sea, a troubled water, that cannot be wholesome for the use of any: and if it be true which *Hippocrates* tells, that those diseases are most dangerous that alter the habit of the patient's countenance: this must needs be most perilous, that voice, colour, countenance, pace, so changeth, as if fury, dispossessing reason, had set a new garrison in the citadel of man. This he knew, that gave us that precept, *Make not friendship with an angry man*. The other hath no memory at all: for the abundance of wine hath drowned up that noble recorder: and while *Bacchus* is his chief god, *Apollo* never keeps him company: friends and foes, familiars and strangers, are then all of equal esteem: so he forget-

fully speaks of that in his cups, which, if he were sober, should be buried in silence. First, he speaks he knows not what, nor after, can he remember what that was he spake. He speaks that he should forget, and forgets that, which he did speak. Drunkenness, is the funeral of all-intelligible man; whom only time and abstinence can resuscitate. A drunkard's mind and stomach are alike; neither can retain what they receive. I would be loath to admit of a familiar so infectious as either; more unwillingly to reveal myself to any so open. What friend soever I make choice of, I will be sure he shall have these two properties, mildness, temperance: otherwise, it is better to want companions, than to be annoyed with either a madman, or fool. *Clitus* was slain by a drunken master, the Thessalonians massacred by an angry emperor, and the deaths of either lamented by the agents.

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## XXXIV.

*Liberty makes Licentious.*

I See, liberty makes licentious, and when the reins are given too loosely, the affections run wildly on, without a guide, to ruin: for man's will, without discretion, that should add limits, is like a blind horse without a bridle, that should guide him aright; he may go fast, but runs to his own overthrow, and while he mends his pace, he hastens his own mischief. Nothing makes us more wretched, than our own uncontrolled wills. A loose will fulfilled, is the way to work out a woe. For besides this folly in beginning wrong, the greatest danger is in continuance: when, like a bowl running down a hill, he is ever most violent, when he grows nearest his

centre and period of his aim. These follies are prettily shadowed in the sports of *Actæon*, that while he suffered his eye to rove at pleasure, and beyond the pale of expedience, his hounds, even his own affections, seize him, tear him, prove his decay. Let it be my vigilance to curb my beginning desires, that they may not wander beyond moderation; if my own will be a blind conductor, good precepts to an ingenuous nature, are bits that restrain, but hurt not. I know, to follow a soothing fancy, cannot be but ridiculously ill: and this inconvenience besides, have I seen, that he which may do more than is fit, will, in time, do more than is lawful. He that now exceeds the measure, will, ere long, exceed the manner. Vice is a peripatetic, always in progression.

## XXXV.

*That All secrets should not be imparted to the faithfulest Friend.*

EVEN between two faithful friends, I think it not convenient that all secrets should be imparted: neither is it the part of a friend, to fish out that, which were better concealed. Yet I observe some, of such insinuating dispositions, that there is nothing in their friend's heart, that they would not themselves know, with him: and this, if I may speak freely, I count as a fault. For many times by too far urging, they wring blood, from whence, only milk should flow: knowing that, by their importunity, which not only breeds a dislike in them to hear, but also, when their conference is ended, begets a repenting sorrow in him that told it; and, makes him wish he had locked up his lips in silence, rather than have poured out his heart with such indiscretion. How many have

bewailed the untimely disclosures of their tongue : how many have screwed out secrets, that would have given thousands to have returned them unknown ? If I have a friend that I care not to lose, I will never engage myself so much, as to be beholden to him to know all. If I have one that is faithful, I will not wrong him so much, as to wrest that from him, which should cause him to be sorrowful. If he reveals ought un-urged, my advice is faithful and free : otherwise, to press out a secret that may prove prejudicial, I esteem as the beginning of the breach of amity, and the primary breeder of a secret dislike.

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 XXXVI.

*What loss comes by the gaining either of the Pleasure or Profit of the World ?*

WE know it is sometimes better to sound a retreat, and so retire, than it is to stay in the field and conquer ; because it may so fall out, that the prize we win, cannot countervail the loss, that by this war we shall sustain : so like the foolish mariner, that seeing a fish in the sea, leaps into the water to catch that, which, together with his life, he loseth. We often lose an eternal kingdom, for the gain of toys and vanities. Who is there that, hazards not his soul for the pleasures or profits of sin ? which when they have, what have they got, but shadows or vexations ? The wealthy man is like a powder-master, who hath provision against an enemy, but is ever in danger of being blown up. As for pleasure, it is at best but a hilded vessel, which though it please the palate for a cup or two, yet the lees are at hand, and they mar it : a little disturbance turns

it into distaste. What a fool were I, to cast away my soul on such transitory trifles? which, when I have, I am neither sure to enjoy, nor to find commodious: what I cannot keep without danger, I will never earnestly seek. To lose a crown of gold for a counterfeit, is more than a childish fondness. I had better sit still, and be quiet in peace, than rise to conquer a petty village, when my loss is a large city.

## XXXVII.

*Of using Means,*

CHRIST healed diseases three manner of ways; with means, as the leper in the eighth of *Matthew*; without means, as the ten lepers in the seventeenth of *Luke*; against means, as the man born blind, in the ninth of *John*. I will look to means, as being more ordinary, more revealed: but if my blind eye see not that present succour, my fear is not more, nor my grief. It is as easy to God to work without means, as with them: and against them, as by either: it is all one to him—be clean, or, go wash: yea, though every argument concludes danger, let not my hopes fail me yet, his omnipotency is beyond that feeble stay of the soul: nor yet will I so depend on his will hidden, as I neglect to practice his will revealed. For as to disregard his appointed means, is a supreme contempt; so to depend too much on things unsearchable, is rather a badge of rash presuming, than any notable courage of faith. I must look to *my* way, and let him alone in his.

## XXXVIII.

*The Misery of being old and ignorant.*

IT is a capital misery for a man to be at once both old and ignorant. If he were only old, and had some knowledge, he might abate the tediousness of decrepit age, by the divine raptures of contemplation. If he were young, though he knew nothing, yet his years would serve him to labour and learn; whereby, in the winter of his time, he might beguile the weariness of his pillow and chair. But now his body being withered by the stealing length of his days, and his limbs wholly disabled, for either motion or exercise; these, together with a mind unfurnished of those contenting speculations of admired science, cannot but delineate the portraiture of a man wretched. A gray head with a wise mind, is a treasure of grave precepts, experience, and judgment; but foolish old age is a barren vine in Autumn; or an university to study folly in: every action is a pattern of infirmity: while his body sits still, he knows not how to find his mind action: and tell me, if there be any life more irksome than idleness? I have numbered yet but a few days; and those, I know, I have neglected: I am not sure they shall be more, nor can I promise my head, it shall have a snowy hair. What then? Knowledge is not hurtful, but helps a good mind: any thing that is laudable, I desire to learn. If I die to-morrow, my life, to-day, shall be somewhat the sweeter for knowledge: and if my day prove a Summer one, it shall not be amiss to have provided something, that, in the evening of my age, may make my mind my companion. Notable was the answer that *Antisthenes* gave, when he was asked what fruit he had reaped of all his studies? "By them," saith he, "I have learned both to live and to talk with myself."

## XXXIX.

*A two-fold way to Honour.*

THERE is a two-fold way to honour ; direct, when God calls ; indirect, when man seeks it, without the Lord's warrant : *David* went the first, and his crown departed not from his head, till nature had paid her debt, and his life dissolved : and when he is gone, his issue succeeds him. *Absalom* went the other, but his sins pulled him down with vengeance, and only a dumb pillar speaks his memory. God cannot endure the aspiring spirit, that would climb the hill of preferment without his leave. Thieves of honour seldom find joy in their purchases ; stability, never. Besides, I observe, the man that is fit for a place of note, never seeks it so much, as he is sought for, for it : whereas, ever the bramble, that is low and worthless, cries out aloud, *Make me a King* : it is incident to a weak mind to over-value itself. How many would be magistrates, that know not how to be men ? *Moses* objects much, when God himself imposeth a charge : for a man of understanding knows that it is better to live in the valley, where the time's tempests blow over him, than to have his seat on the mountain's top, where every blast threatens both his ruin and fall : howsoever others measure him, he knows his own height, and will not exceed it. Yet being placed by an Almighty hand, He that set him there, can keep him secure. But he must then be aware, that he makes not that his king, that should be his subject : that he gives not the reins, where he should use the check : and that he plays not the ape too much, either by too idle imitation, or by doting too fondly on his darling honour. Thus cautious, may he live safe : when he that reacheth promotion without God's calling him, may flourish a while, but not thrive.

In ascents, those are the safest that are broadest, and least sudden, and where the light is open : how soon is a fall caught in those stairs that are dark, narrow, and quickly rising? I will as well look to the way as the thing : there is no path to happy preferment, but that which virtue treads ; which was well noted by the heathen, when they built the Temple of Honour, so that none could enter it, but they must first pass through that of Virtue. I had rather live honestly, though meanly, than by unlawful practices usurp a crown.

## XL.

*Cowardice, worthless.*

NOTHING more dis-worths a man than cowardice, and a base fear of danger : the smooth way it makes difficult, the difficult, inaccessible. The coward is an unfinished man ; or else one which nature made less than others : if ever he did any thing well, fortune was his guide, not wisdom. His fear in him begets delay, and delay breeds that he fears, danger : the soldier that dares not fight, affords the enemy too much advantage for his preparation, both for directing his soldiers, plotting his stratagems, strengthening his files, ordering his camp, or doing any thing that may turn disadvantage upon his foe : when, as the valorous warrior gives most discomfiture in his sudden onset, where he takes away the time for fortification. If it be by speech a man is to act his part, fear puts an ague in his tongue, and often leaves him either in an amazed distraction, or quite elinguid. For the too serious apprehension of a possible shame, makes him forget that which should help him

against it ; I mean a plain boldness, bequeathing a dilated freedom to all his faculties and senses, which now, with a cold fear, are frozen and congealed. If not this, out of an unmeasured care to do well, it drives a man into affectation ; and that, like mis-shapen apparel, spoils the beauty of a well-limbed body ; for Nature will not endure the rack : when you set her too high she proves untuneable, and instead of a sweet close, yields a crack ; she ever goes best in her own free pace ; I will neither stay her so long as to meet delay, nor run her so far as to do ought affectedly ; I had rather be confidently bold, than foolishly timorous : he that in every thing fears to do well, will at length do ill in all.

## XLI.

*Of lamenting the loss of Trifles.*

MANY have much lamented the loss of trifles, when they might have gained by such damages, had they not, with them, lost themselves ; I mean their quiet minds and patience. Unwise, so to debar themselves of rest, when their vexation cannot yield them profit : if tears could either recover a loss, or recall time, then to weep were but to purpose ; but things past, though with prudence they may be corrected, yet with greatest grief they cannot be recalled : make them better we may, but to make them not to be at all, requires more than a human strength, or a finite power. Actions once done, admit a correction, not a nullity. Although I will endeavour to amend what is gone by amiss, yet will I labour never to grieve for any thing past but sin ; and for that always. A small loss shall never trouble me : neither shall the greatest hinder-

ance make my heart not mine own. He spoke well that said, "He which hath himself, hath lost nothing."

## XLII.

*A Practice with*  
*A Rule of* } *Friendship.*

SOME men are of so noble and free a disposition, that you cannot, being a friend, ask ought, to receive a denial; it being one part of their happiness to pleasure the man they love. Yet these in the end, and these times, are the only unhappy men. For being exhausted by the necessities of others, and their base working on a free nature, an unwelcome want at once undoes them and the goodness of their disposition. Pity such willing courtesies should be cast away in such ungrateful ground, that like an unbottomed gulf, swallows, but returns not; or that a man's firm love should make him do that, which should kill himself in future. Contrary to these, you have another sort as fast and holding; and though sometimes they might pleasure a friend, without a self-prejudice, yet their inbred crabbedness reserves all with a close hand. And while the other ruins with a fair affection, he thrives with a vulgar hate and curses; such as the first, are best to others; such as the last, to themselves. I will so serve others, as I injure not myself; so myself, as I may help others.

## XLIII.

*Sin, by but Once committing, gains a Proneness to Reiteration.*

AS there is no feat of activity so difficult, but being once done, a man ventures on it more freely the second time : so there is no sin at first so hateful, but being once committed willingly, a man is made more prone for a reiteration. For there is more desire of a known pleasure, than of that, which only our ears have heard report of. So far is ignorance good, that in a calm it keeps the mind from distraction ; and knowledge, as it breeds desire in all things, so in sin. Bootless, therefore, shall ever be that cunning fetch of Satan, when he would induce me once to make a trial of sin, that I might thereby know more, and be able to fill up my mouth with discourse, my mind with fruition ; bearing me in hand, I may at my pleasure give it the hand of parting, and a final farewell. Too often, alas ! have I been deceived with this beguiling persuasion, of a power to leave, and a will to return, at my will. Henceforth shall my care be to refrain from *once*. If I grant that, stronger persuasions will plead for a second action : it is easier to deny a guest at first, than to turn him out, having stayed a while. Thou knowest not, senseless man, what joys thou lovest, when thou fondly lashest into new offences. The world cannot repurchase thee thy pristine integrity : thou hast hereby lost such hold of grace, as thou wilt never again be able to recover. A mind not conscious of any foul enormities, is a fair temple in a dirty street : at whose door sin, like a throng of rude plebians, knocks incessantly : while the door is shut, it is easy to keep it so, and them out ; open that, but to let in one, thousands will rush in after him : and their trappings will for ever soil that unstained floor : while thy conscience is unspotted, thou hast that

can make thee smile on the rack and flames; it is like *Homer's Nepenthe*, that can banish the sadness of the mind. But when thou woundest that, thou buriest thy joys at once; and throwest a jewel from thee, that is richer than the wealth of worlds. Fool that thou art, that wandering in a dark wilderness, dost wilfully put out thy candle, and thinkest cold water can slack thy thirst, in the burning fit of an ague; when it only breeds in thee a desire to pour in more. He that never tasted the pleasures of sin, longs less after those baneful discontenting contents. What sweets of sin I know not, I desire still to be unexperienced in. I had rather not know, than by knowledge be miserable. This ignorance will teach me knowledge, of an unknown peace. Let me rather be outwardly maimed, and want discourse, than be furnished of that, and possess a wound that bleedeth within.

## XLIV.

*Of purchasing Friends with large Gifts.*

IT is foolish, and savours not of common policy, to purchase friends with large gifts; because having once used them to rewards, they will still expect more; and custom that pleaseth, is seldom omitted without either discontent or danger. If then our loves' tokens shall seem to diminish, friendship likewise will decrease; and if not quite consume, yet easily be drawn to allow harbour to base disrespect: which, what a thorn it is to an affectionate mind, I desire rather to know by judicious observation, than by real experience: but sure I am, it no way can be small: yet most true must it needs be, that friendship won by large gifts, resembles but the

straw fire, that, having matter to feed upon, burns brightly: but let new fuel be neglected, it dies, consumes, and quite goes out. Nor, further, can this amity be ever approved, or sure, or sincere. For he that loves me for my gifts' sake, loves my gifts above myself: and if I should happen to light on adversity, I should not find him then to appear; there being no hope of a gainful requital. If I give any thing, it shall be because he is my friend; not because I would have him so: not so much that I may have his love; but that, already, he hath mine. I will use them sometimes, to continue friendship, never to begin it. I do not hold him worthy thanks, that professeth me kindness for his own ends.

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 XLV.

*Just Shame in a good man, saddens his soul.*

*Of Credit, or Good Name,*

vid. page 291.

NOTHING more saddens the soul of a good man, than the serious apprehension of a just shame. If it were false, his own clearness would be a shield, strong enough to repel the darts of slander: for man is never miserable, till conscience turns his enemy. If it were but the loss of riches, there were a possibility of a recovery: if of friends, he might find more, or content himself with the knowledge of their happiness, in that glorious mansion of the saints: if of corporal anguish, a quiet mind might mitigate his pains; or industry, with time, take a truce with sorrows: but this misery is immedicable. Credit, once lost, is like water so diffusively spilt, that it is not in humanity to re-collect it. If it be, it hath lost the purity, and will,

for ever after, be full of soil : and by how much his honesty was more noted ; by so much will his shame be more, and his grief. For see what a horror he hath before him ; all will be now ready to brand him with the odious, and stigmatical name of a hypocrite. His reputation (which though it be not dearer than his soul, yet he prizeth above his life,) will be blacked with an eternal stain ; which nor absence, time, endeavour, nor death, can wash away. If he lives, and could, in himself, forget it ; yet, the envious world will keep it upon record : and when he minds it not, rub it on his galled soul. If he could fly from his country, that would, like a bloodhound, follow him : if he dies, that will survive him, and make his very grave contemptible : nay, so far will it spread, as somewhat to infect his friends ; and though haply, in himself, he may be bettered, by so rash a fall ; yet the cruel and uncharitable world will ever think him worse. In this, I dare not follow it : in doing that, may cause this I hope I shall not. I will first, strive to be void of the act might bring shame ; next, not to cast it in the dish of the penitent. If my sufferings be unjust, I am sure, in the end, I shall find them comfortable. If GOD hath pleased to remit offences, why should I commemorate them ? A good life is a fortress against shame : and a good man's shame is his benefit : the one keeps it away ; the other, when it comes, makes it prove profitable.

## XLVI.

*The Will accepted with GOD for the Deed.*

THE will for the deed, is oft, with GOD, accepted : and he that is a thankful debtor, restores a benefit. Many benefits, nay, all I

possess, O LORD, from Thee I know I have received: requite them I cannot, return them I may not, and to rest ungrateful, were a sin inexcusable. Since, then, I cannot retaliate thy love, or retribute thy favours, yet, LORD, will I owe them, with a desire to pay.

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## XLVII.

*Concealed Grudges, the Gangrene of Friendship.*

THERE is not any thing eats out friendship sooner than concealed grudges. Though reason, at first, produceth opinion; yet opinion, after, seduceth reason. Conceits of unkindness, harboured and believed, will work, even a steady love, to hatred. And, therefore, reserved dispositions, as they are the best keepers of secrets; so they are the worst increasers of love. Between friends it cannot be, but discourtesies will appear: though not intended by a willing act, yet so taken by a wrong suspect; which, smothered in silence, increase daily to a greater distaste: but revealed once, in a friendly manner, oft meet with that satisfaction, which doth, in the disclosure, banish them. Sometimes ill tongues, by false tales, sow discord between two lovers. Sometimes mistakes set the mind in a false belief. Sometimes jealousies, that flow from love, imprint suspicion in the thoughts. All which may find ease in the uttering, so their discovery be in mildness; otherwise, choler casts a mist before the eyes of the mind, and when it might see clearly, will not let it. If, between my friend and myself, a private thought of unkindness arise, I will presently tell it, and be reconciled: if he be clear, I shall like him the better when I see his integrity: if faulty, confession gains my pardon, and binds me to love him: and

though we should, in the discussion, jar a little, yet will I be sure to part friendly. Fire, almost quenched, and laid abroad, dies presently: put together, it will burn the better. Every such breach as this, will unite affection faster: a little shaking prefers the growth of the tree.

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## XLVIII.

*Of Affecting a high seat of Honour.*

I Have sometimes wished myself in some high seat of honour: with what folly, I have after seen, and been displeas'd, with myself, with my desires; so unbefitting wisdom, so dissonant from christianity. For what can a high place confer unto me, that can make my life more truly happy? if it adds to my joys, it increaseth my fear: if it augments my pleasure, my care is more, and my trouble. But perhaps I shall have reverence, wear rich apparel, and fare deliciously: alas! cold flames, wet raiment. Have I not known some enjoying all, and never found other fruit, but envy, beggary, and disease? so have, in the end, wished to change, for lower honours, for meaner dignities, accounting themselves as the flag on the top of a shipmast, as more high, and more visible; so more and ever open, to the wind and storms: being, as a worthy judge once answered one, that gave him his title of honour: True honourable servants: to post through the toils of a circuit, and think on any man's business but their own. Ah! tissue cover, to a straw cushion! But I shall have more means, so shall I do the more good, I grant; but may I not do as much good, with less means? It is a question, who shall have more reward; of him that

does most in quantity, or most according the proportion of his means? If CHRIST may be admitted as arbitrator, the poor widow gave more than all the rich ones. I fear, if I had more, I should spend more in waste: sure I am, I should have more to answer for. Besides, who knows what a change wealth might work in me? what a snare hath it proved to many, that, like the sun, have, in the morning of their time, mounted themselves to the highest pitch of perspicuity and brightness? which, when they have once attained, they decline, fall, vanish, and are gone; leaving nothing behind them, but dark night, black reputation. If not this, what can I tell, but that I might gather, like a sponge, to be squeezed out again, by some grinding oppressor? So be more vexed with an unexpected loss, than pleased with my short enjoyment. The thief that meets with a full purse, takes it away, and returns a stab; while the empty pocket makes the life secure: then, perhaps, we could wish to be poor, but cannot; that so we might lessen our grief, by the sorrow for our loss. Tell me, then, O my soul! what should make thee wish to change? I live in a rank, though not of the highest, yet affording as much happiness,—more freedom; as being exempt from those suspicious cares, that prick the bosom of the wealthy man: it is such as might content my better, and such as heaven smiles on, with a gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage be fair and honest; and without these, who is well? I have necessaries, and what is decent; and, when I desire it, something for pleasure. Who hath more that is needful? If I be not so rich, as to sow alms by sackfuls, even my mite is beyond the superfluity of wealth: and my pen, my tongue, and my life, shall, I hope, help some to better treasure than the earth affords them. I have food convenient for me; and I sometimes find exercise, to keep my body healthful; when I do, I make it my recreation, not

my toil. My raiment is not worst, but good; and, than that, let me never have better. I can be as warm in a good kersey, as a Prince in a scarlet robe. I live where is much means of true salutation: my liberty is mine own, I can both frequent them, and desire to profit by them. I have a mind can be pleased with the present; and if time turns the wheel, can endure the change without desiring it. I want nothing but abundance; and this I need not, because want herein I account much better than real possession: if it had been fit for me, I know, my GOD would have bestowed it on me. He never was so careless of a child of his, as to let him miss that, he knew might make for his good. Seeing, then, he sees it inconvenient, it shall be my joy to live without it; and, henceforth, will I not long any more to change. He is not a complete christian, that cannot be contented with that he enjoys. I will rather settle my mind to a quiet rest, in that I find, than let her wander in a wearied solicitude, after ungoten plenty. That estate that GOD gives me, ever will I esteem best: though I could not think it so, I am sure it is so; and to think against knowledge, is a foolish suspicion.

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### XLIX.

#### *Of Jealousy of Another.*

IT is a precept from a perfidious mind, that bids us think all knaves we deal with; so, by distrusting, to hinder deceit. I dare not give my mind that liberty, lest I injure charity, and run into error. I will think all honest, if strangers; for so I am sure they should be, only let me remember, they are but men; so may,

upon temptation, fall with the time ; otherwise, though they want religion, nature hath implanted a moral justice, which, unperverted, will deal square. CHRIST's precept was found in the mouths of heathen : *Do not to another, what thou wouldest not have done to thyself.*

## L.

*The great Evil that Neglect brings both to Body and Soul.*

THOUGH the bodies' excretions grow but insensibly, yet, unless they be daily taken away, we see they make men monstrous : as *Nebuchadnezzar's* hairs were like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws, in his seven years beastiality. So that those things which nature, with due ordering, hath made for use and ornament ; with a careless neglect, grow to mischief and deformity. In the soul I find it yet worse : and no vice so soon steals on us, as the abuse of things in themselves lawful : for nature, ever since her first deprivation, without a corrigible hand to restrain her, runs into wide extremities. I know, it is good the vine should flourish ; but let it alone, and it ruins itself, in superfluous branches. Our pleasures, we see, are sometimes the enlivenings of a drooping soul : yet how easily do they steal away our minds, and make us, with a mad affection, doat upon them, none suspecting, in so fair a semblance, a *Sinon*, that should gull us with such delusive postures ? but, because we know them lawful, we boldly and heedlessly use them : and, as providence is the mother of happiness, so negligence is the parent of misery. I will ever be more circumspect in things veiled with either goodness or sweetness. Nothing steals more

souls from God, than lewd courses that are outwardly glorious. Reason hath not so dull an eye, but she may see those things that are apparently ill: but those that are so, only by their accident, have power to blind her sight; so require more care, more vigilance. I will only use them, to make me better: when they leave that, I will leave them; and deal with them in a wise discretion, as the Emperor *Commodus* did with his servants, in a wicked jest, banish them; not for the ill they have done me, but for the harm they may do. Since all my goodness cannot make one sin good, why should an accidental sin spoil that, which is good in itself?

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 LI.

*Of Solitariness and Companionship.*

THERE is no man that lives well, but shall be suspected for self-conceited, unless he can live, like an hermit, in a cell; or like some *Satyr*, in an unfrequented desert. He cannot, for his life, so carry himself, but he shall sometimes light on lewd company; such as he neither loves, nor cares for. If he continues society with them, he endangers his soul; either by participating of their bad actions, or else by conniving at those offences, he sees they delight in: either of which, not only cast a present guilt on the soul, but even work it to such a temper, as makes it apt to receive the impression of any ill; so secretly insinuating, till it come from toleration, to allowance, action, custom, delight. Bad companions are like traitors, with whom, if we act, or conceal, we are guilty: this pitch will defile a man. If he shall, out of an honest care of his soul's

welfare, and his love to religion, labour to avoid such bad associates; or, being unhappily fallen among them, seek for a present escape; then pride, and a high conceit of himself, is guessed the only motive of his body's departure; when indeed it is only goodness that importunes his absence. But tell me now, is it not better I leave them, and be thought proud, wrongfully; than stay with them, and be known bad certainly? He is a fool that will sell his soul, for a few good words, from a man's tongue. What is it to me, how others think me, when I know my intent is good, and my ways warrantable? A good conscience cares for no witness: that is alone, as a thousand. Neither can the world's calumnies, work a change in a mind resolved. Howsoever here my reputation should be soiled unworthily, yet the time is not far off, when a freedom from sin will be more worth, than a perpetuated fame from *Adam*, till *Doomsday*. While heaven and my conscience see me innocent, the world's suppositions cannot make me culpable. He that is good, and ill spoken of, shall rejoice for the wrong is done him by others. He that is bad, and well reported, shall grieve for the injury he does himself. In the one, they would make me what I am not: in the other, I make myself what I should not. Let me rather bear ill, and do well; than do ill, and be flattered.

## LII.

*Better to suffer Injuries than offer them.*

FOR injuries, my opinion is with *Socrates* : It is better to suffer, than to offer them. He may be good that bears them : he must be ill that proffers them. *Saul* would slay *David*, when himself only is vicious, and ill. Vice is accompanied with injustice ; patience is an attendant on virtue.

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## LIII.

*Government and Obedience, the two causes of a Common Prosperity.*

IN all nations, two things are causes of a common prosperity ; good government, and good obedience : a good magistrate, over a perverse people, is a sound head, on a surfeited body. A good commonalty, and a bad ruler, is a healthful body, with a head aching : either are occasions of ruin ; both sound preservatives. A good governor, is a skilful ship-master, that takes the shortest and the safest course ; and continually so steers, as the rocks and shelves, which might shipwreck the state, be avoided : and the voyage ever made, with the soonest speed, best profit, most ease. But a wicked magistrate is a wolf made leader of the fold, that both satiates his cruelty, and betrays them to danger. To whom, if you add but ignorance, you may, upon certain grounds, prophesy destruction. The judge's insufficiency, is the innocent's calamity. But if the commonwealth be obedient, and the ruler

worthy, how durable is their felicity and joy? *Solon* might well say, that city was safe, whose citizens were obedient to the magistrates, and magistrates to the laws. What made the *major Scipio* so victorious, but his wisdom in directing, and his soldiers' willingness in obeying, when he could shew his troops, and say, "You see not a man among all these, but will, if I command him, from a turret throw himself into the sea?" The inconvenience of stubbornness, that Counsel knew, who, meeting with an obstinate youth, sold both him and his goods, saying, he had no need of that citizen that would not obey. As it is in the larger and more spacious world, so is it in the little world of man. None, if they serve their true Prince, but have a governor completely perfect. Criticism itself, cannot find aught in GOD to cavil at. He is both just and merciful; in the concrete, and the abstract, he is both of them. Who can tax him with either cruelty or partiality? though my obedience cannot answer his perfection, yet will I endeavour it. If CHRIST be not my king to govern, he will neither be my prophet to forewarn, nor my priest to expiate. If I cannot come near it, in effect, as being impossible; I will in desire, as being convenient: so though less, yet if sincere, I know he will accept it; not as meritorious, but respecting his promise.

## LIV.

*Of a Fruitless Hearer's danger.*

IT is an aphorism in physic, *That they which, in the beginning of sickness, eat much, and mend not, fall at last to a general loathing of food.* The moral is true in divinity. *He that hath a sick conscience,*

*and lives a hearer under a fruitful ministry, if he grows not sound, he will learn to despise the word.* Contemned blessings leave room for curses. He that neglects the good he may have, shall find the evil he would not have. Justly he sits in darkness, that would not light his candle when the fire burned clearly. He that needs counsel, and will not hear it, destines himself to misery; and is the willing author of his own woe. Continue at a stay he cannot long: if he could, not to proceed, is backward. And this is as dangerous to the soul, as the other to the body. Pitiful is his estate, that hates the thing should help him: if ever you see a drowning man refuse help, conclude him a wilful murderer. When God affords me plentiful means, woe be to me if they prove not profitable: I had better have a deaf ear, than hear to neglect or hate: to the burying of such treasures, there belongs a curse; to their mis-spending, judgments.

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 LV.

*Of God's gifts which are common to All, and Peculiar to the Elect only.*

GOD gives three kinds of gifts—Temporal, Spiritual, and Eternal. Temporal, as wealth, pleasure, honour, and such like. Spiritual, as saving faith, peace of conscience, and assurance of salvation. Eternal, as glory, and happiness in heaven for ever. The first is common to the wicked as well as the godly; and they mostly flourish in these terrene beauties. For who so great in favour with the world as they? “They live, become old, yea are mighty in power;” as *Job* speaks in his 21st chap.: yet all these sweets

pass away like a vapour, and though they revel out their days in mirth, yet in a moment they go down to the grave. The two other, God bestows only upon his elect: all that here he often gives them, is only one of these, some spiritual favours he bestows upon them, the other he reserves for them, when earth cannot call them her children. One he gives them not, till they be gone from hence; the other, when they have it, the world sees it not. What difference can a blind man perceive between a sparkling diamond, and a worthless pebble? or what can a natural man spy in an humble Christian, that ever he thinks may make him be happy? Afflictions here are the lot of the righteous, and they dim those splendid beauties, that speak them fair in the eye of the Almighty: they are sports of the privy chamber, that these kings joy in: the uncivil vulgar see not the pleasures of their crown: whereas the wicked and God-forsaken man, spreads out his plumes, and seems even to check the sun in his glory. Vice loves to seem glorious, yea more to seem, than to be. What a lustre these glow-worms cast in darkness, which yet but touched, are extinct? A poor reckoning, alas, in the end! when all these counterfeit jewels shall be snatched from him, and he answer for all strictly, at the unavoidable bar of the last judgment. They had need have some pleasure here, that can have nothing but woe hereafter. Flesh, rebellious flesh, would sometimes set me to murmur at their prosperity; but when my mind, in her closet, revolves their fickle estate, and finds all their good in present and outward, I see nothing may be a mid-wife to the least repining envy. When my soul solaceth herself in those ravishing delights that exhilarate a Christian's mind, how poorly can I think of those lamentable joys? The spiritual man looks on the flourishes of this life with pity, not desire. If God gives the wicked one, and me two, why should I complain?

but when the least of mine is infinitely better than his all, let me never grudge him so poor and so short a heaven. If God affords me his children's favours, (though oppressed with poverty) I am richer than all their gaudy adulations can make me; because I have already the earnest of a world of joy, which the wicked shall never obtain.

## LVI.

*Of Libelling against them that are fallen.*

I Wonder what spirit they are endued withal, that can basely libel at a man that is fallen! If they were heavenly, then would they with him condole his disasters, and drop some tears in pity of his folly and wretchedness: if but human, yet nature never gave them a mind so cruel, as to add weight to an over-charged beam. When I hear of any that fall into public disgrace, I have a mind to commiserate his mishap, not to make him more disconsolate. To envenom a name by libels, that already is openly tainted, is to add stripes with an iron rod, to one that is flayed with whipping; and is sure, in a mind well tempered, thought inhuman, diabolical.

## LVII.

*The vanity and shortness of Man's life.*

OUR years at full are fourscore and ten; much time compared to a day, but not a minute in respect of eternity; yet how few live to tell so large a succession of time? One dies in the bud; another in the bloom; some in the fruit; few like the sheaf, that come to the barn in a full age: and though a man lives to enjoy all, see but how little he may call as his own. He is first *Puer*, then *Juvenis*, next *Vir*, and after, *Senex*; the first he rattles away in toys and fooleries, and ere he knows where he is, spends a great part of his precious time: he plays as if there were no sorrow; and sleeps, as if there would never be joy. The next, pleasures and luxury shorten and hasten away: unchecked heat makes his nimble spirits boil; he dares then do that, which after, he dares not think of: he does not then live, but revel; and cares not so much for life, as for that which steals it away—pleasure. He hath then a soul that thinks not of itself, but studies only to content the body; which with her best indulgence, is but a piece of active earth; when she leaves it, a lump of nastiness. The third, cares of the world, and posterity, debar of a solid content: and now, when he is mounted to the height of his way, he finds more misery, than the beginning told him of. What jars, what toils, what cares, what discontents, and what unexpected distractions, shall he light upon? If poor, he is miserable and ridiculous; if rich, fearful and solicitous: this being all the difference between them, the first labours how to live; the other studies how to continue living. In the last, nature grows weak and irksome to herself, venting her distaste with *Solomon*, and mourns that now she finds her days that be un-

pleasing. He that lives long, hath only the happiness to take a larger taste of misery: what before he thought hurled about with more than a spherical swiftness, he now thinks more tedious than a tired hackney in foul ways. Time, that before he hath wooed to stay for him, now he could, on his knee, sue to, to haste him away. But if (that honey of all humanity) learning, hath taught him a way to cozen his sorrows, he could then, with old *Themistocles*, find in his heart to weep, that he must then leave life, when he begins to learn wit. Thus all man's ages are so full of troubles, that they filch away his time of living. The first is full of folly; the second, of sin; the third, of labour; the last, of grief. In all, he is in the court of this world, as a ball bandied between two rackets, joy and sorrow: if either of them strike him over, he may then rest; otherwise, his time is nothing but a constant motion in calamity. I have only yet run through the first, and passed my puerile; whether my life or my youth shall be ended first, I neither know nor care. I shall never be sorrowful for leaving too soon, the tempests of this tumbling sea. But if I see my Summer past, I hope, in Autumn, GOD will ripen me for himself, and gather me: if my Maker and Master saw it fit, I could be content neither to see it, nor Winter,—I mean the winter of age: but if he shall appoint me so large a time, I shall willingly pray, as my Saviour hath taught me, *His will be done*: though I wish not the full fruition of all, yet do I desire to borrow a letter from each: so instead of *Puer*, *Juvenis*, *Vir*, and *Senex*, give me the four first letters, which will make me *Pius*.

## LVIII.

*A good Rule in wearing of Apparel.*

TWO things in my apparel I will only aim at—commodiousness, decency: beyond these, I know not how ought may be commendable; yet I hate an effeminate spruceness, as much as a fantastic disorder. A neglective comeliness is a man's best ornament. *Sardanapalus* was as base in his feminine vestures, as *Heliogabalus* was mad, when he wore shoes of gold, and rings of leather: the one shewed much pride, the other more wantonness: let me have both these excluded, and I am pleased in my garments.

## LIX.

*The good use of an Enemy.*

THOUGH an enemy be not a thing necessary, yet is there much good use to be made of him; yea, sometimes he doth a man a greater pleasure, than a dearer friend. For, whereas a friend, out of a fear to displease, and a kind of conniving partiality, speaks only *placencia*, and such as he thinks, may not give a distaste; an enemy utters his opinion boldly; and if any act, misbesecming virtue, spring from a man, he will be sure to find it, and blow it abroad. So that if a man cannot know by his friends, wherein he offends, his enemy will be so much his friend, as to shew him his folly, and how he fails. It was a good speech of *Diogenes*. "We have need of faithful friends, or sharp enemies." Every man hath use of a monitor: yet I see in all such a natural and wilful blindness through

self-love, that every man is angry when his enemy reviles him, though justly : and all pleased, when a friend commends, though his encomium be false, and desertless. I will entertain both with an equal welcome : neither, without some meditation and good use. If one praise me for the thing I have not, my first following endeavour shall be to get what he commends me for, lest, when the time comes that I should shew it, he reap disgrace by reporting untruths, and I lose my credit, by wanting that I am supposed to possess. If for that I have, I will strive to attain it in a measure more large ; so shall his words be truth, and my deeds prove them. If my enemy upbraids me, let me see if it be justly. It was an argument of much worth, in that renowned *Macedonian*, which made him (when he was told *Nicanor* railed on him) say, “ I believe he is honest, and fear I have deserved it.” If it be so, I will labour to shake off that corruption, and be glad I have so discovered it. But if injuriously he reports foul, it shall be my joy to bear contentedly the unjust aspersions of malicious censure : whoever was, that was not slandered ? Though he should be believed a while, yet at last my actions would outweigh his words, and the disgrace rest with the intender of the ill. So that web of scandal they would inject upon me, my life shall make a garment for themselves to wear. That stone that injury casts, ever in the end lights on herself.

## LX.

*Inward Integrity and outward Uprightness ought to be respected,  
whilst we live here.*

TWO things a man ought to respect while he lives here; his inward integrity and his outward uprightness: his piety toward God, and his reputation among men. The one is by performance of religious duties; the other, by obedience to the laws public: the one makes his life famous; the other, his death happy: so both together, bring credit to the name, and felicity to the soul. I will so be alone, as I may be with God: so with company, as I may please the godly; that, report from good men may speak me virtuous. Thus whensoever my breath shall be made but air, they shall believe, and I know myself to be blessed. The death of a good man is like the putting out of a wax perfumed candle; he recompences the loss of light, with the sweet odour he leaves behind him.

## LXI.

*Of the danger of Neglecting the duty of Prayer.*

AS it fareth between two friends, that have been ancient familiars, yet dwelling asunder; the one, out of a careless neglect, forgets and omits his usual duty of visitation, and that so long, that at last he forbears to go at all; so their loves decay and diminish: not proceeding from any jar, but only out of a stealing neglect, of renewing their loves. Even so it falls out between God and the

careless Christian, who, when he hath omitted the duty of prayer, and perhaps hath some small motives of a happy return, the *Devil* asks him with what face he can now repair unto Him, having been so long a stranger both to Him and to that holy duty. Disrespect is the way to lose a friend : he that would not continue a friend, may neglect him, and have his aim. Experience hath taught me how dangerous negligence hath been, how prejudicial : how soon it breeds custom ; how easily and insensibly custom creeps into nature ; which much labour and long endeavour cannot alter or extirpate. In this cause there is no remedy but violence, and the seasonable acceptance of opportunity : the vigilant mariner sails with the first wind, and though the gale blow somewhat adversely, yet once launched forth, he may either find the blast to womb out his sails more fully, or else help himself, by the advantage of sea-room : whereas he that rides still anchored in the river, and will sail with none, but a wind fair, may either lie till he lose his voyage, or else rot his bark in the harbour. If a supine neglect run me on these sands, a violent blast must set me afloat again. In things that must be, it is good to be resolute. I know not whether I shall have a second call, or whether my first motion shall die issueless. I am sure I must return, or perish ; and, therefore, necessity shall add a foot to my weak desires ; yet I will strive more to prevent this, by frequent familiarity, than being an estranged friend, to renew old loves : not that after error, I would not return ; but that I would not stray at all.

## LXII.

*A good man's Joy in his many sorrows.*

THE good man hath many sorrows, that the wicked man never knows of: his offences, the sins of the time, the dishonour of God, the daily increasing of *Satan's* kingdom, and the present misery of his Father's children. So that many times, when the profane man is belching out his blasphemies, he inwardly drops a tear in his soul, and is then petitioning Heaven for his pardon. But to strengthen him under the burthen of all these, he hath one joy (that were all his sorrows doubled) could make him lightly bear them: and this is the truth of God's promises. If I have more troubles than another, I care not; so I have more joys. God is no tyrant, to give me more than my load. I am well in the midst of all, while I have that, which can uphold me in all. Who deserves most honour, the sluggard that hath kept his bed warm, or the man that hath combated a monster, and mastered him? *Job* was not so miserable in his afflictions, as he was happy in his patience.

## LXIII.

*Envy a Squint-eyed fool.*

THE envious man is a squint-eyed fool, and must needs want both wit and honesty; for as the wise man hath always his mind fixed most on his own affairs; so, on the contrary, he observes other men's; while those that are proper and pertaining to himself, enjoy

the least of his counsel and care. He sees others, and is blind at home ; he looks upon others, as if they were his, and neglects his own, as if they were another's. Again, that which he intends for mischief, and a secret disgrace, ever adds some splendour to the brightness of his worth, he doth so unjustly malign ; as if wishing him infamous, he would labour to make him famous : or desiring to kill him, would prescribe him a cordial. Envy, like the worm, never runs but to the fairest and the ripest fruit : as a cunning blood-hound, it singles out the fattest deer of the herd : it is a pitchy smoke which, wheresoever we find, we may be sure there is a fire of virtue. *Abraham's* riches were the *Philistines'* envy. *Jacob's* blessing bred *Esau's* hate. He is a man of a strange constitution, whose sickness is bred by another's health ; as if nature had made him an antipathite to virtue : if he were good, or meritorious, he would never grieve to have a companion : but, being bad and shallow himself, he would dam up the stream that is sweet and silent : so by envying another, for his radiant lustre, he gives the world notice, how dark and obscure he is in himself. Yet to all these blurs, if it were a vice, that could add but a dram of content, there might something be spoken in way of apology ; but whereas all other vices are retained, either for pleasure or profit ; this only, like a barren field, brings forth nothing but briars and thorns ; nothing but a meagre leanness to the pined corpse, accompanied with grief, vexation, madness. If another excel me in goodness, I will make him my example to imitate : not my block to stumble on. If in wealth, I shall, with him, bless God for his plenty, never grudge at those fair favours of heaven : God hath enough both for me and him : but if he deserves better, let me applaud the divine justice, not tax it. If the vice itself shall not cause me to shun it ; yet the folly of it shall awe me so much, as not to shake hands with

a serpent so foul : it is only the weak-sighted, that cannot endure the light. A strong eye can, unhurt, gaze on the sun.

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## LXIV.

*God's Law our Looking-glass.*

THE counsel the philosopher gave the young men of Athens, may, with much profit, be applied by a Christian, viz. *That they should often view themselves in a glass, that if they were fair and well featured, they should do such things as should be becoming their amiable shape ; but if foul and ill favoured, that then they should labour to salve the bodies' blemishes, by the beauties of the mind, accoutred with the ornaments of virtue and good literature.* The law is the Christian's looking-glass, which will shew all, without either flattery or partiality. It is a globe hung in the midst of the room, which will shew thee every dirty corner of thy soul. If thou hast wandered in a dark way, this will tell thee thy aberrations, and put thee again into the true path. In it will I often behold myself ; that if I be free from the outward actual violation of it, any thing fair, or have some beauties, I may study daily how to maintain them, how to increase them. But if I find myself like a leopard in his spots, or an *Ethiopian* in his hue, natural, black and deformed, (as I cannot be otherwise in myself) it shall yet make me see my defects, and strive to mend them. Known deformities incite us to search for remedy : The knowledge of the disease, is half the cure.

## LXV.

*The Majesty of Goodness.*

THERE is no man so badly inclined, but would gladly be thought good : no man so good already, but would be accounted somewhat better ; which hath oft made me sit down with wonder, at the choice excellency of religious virtue ; that even those which in heart contemn this princess, yet cannot but think it an honour, to be accounted as attendants to her. Such a divine and amazing majesty there is in goodness, that all desire to wear her livery, though few care to perform her service : like proud courtiers, they would fain be favourites, but scorn to attend. If then they cannot but affect her, that are her enemies, how should they love her that joy to be friends ? If I be bad, let my care be to be good indeed, not thought so. If any good parts already shine in me, I had rather in silence know myself better, than have the inconstant deem me either rare or excellent.

## LXVI.

*The true cause of a wicked Man's short Life.*

IT was well said of *David*, "The wicked man shall not live out half his days ;" for by his intemperance, he pulls on himself either diseases or judgments, which cut him down before he be fully grown. And though his days be multiplied, he makes them seem much shorter than indeed they are. For besides the being taken away by untimely accidents, there be two things that seem to con-

tract time in a more compendious scope. Either excessive and secure joy; or else a sure expectation of ill. One of these in every wicked man hath residence: the former is too ordinary; the latter not so common, nor fully so dangerous. The first hath his conscience so cast in a sleep, that it feels not those privy and perilous wounds, that sin impairs it withal. All is frolic, jocund, merry; and he swims in the fullest delights invention can procure him: his eyes enchanted with lascivious objects; his ears charmed with scurrilous talk; his taste glutted with luxurious riots; his smell filled with artificial perfumes; and his arms heated with the wanton embraces of lust: every sense hath his several subject of solace: and while in all these, his affections are wholly taken up in the present apprehension of pleasure, how can he count of the precipitate pace of time, that like an arrow, from a strong bent bow, sings with the speed of his course? If his delights would give him leisure, to meditate a little on this, he might be so much himself as to know how his time posteth; but letting it pass, as a thing unthought of, his end steals on him unlooked for, unwelcome, unawares: and all those voluptuous merriments, wherein, in his life-time, he imbathed himself, now seem as a day that is past, whose sun declined at noon. But if otherwise, this sensuality blinds him not, or that his conscience be awake already: then, alas! how timorous and terrified he is, with the expectation of his doom, and final confusion? wishing that he were either some senseless stone, that the bitter throes and pangs of despair might not freely pierce him; or else, that he had such wings, as could procure his escape from death and marrow-searching judgment. So like a condemned man, that knows the date of his days, he lies telling the clock and counting the hour; which he spends, in wishing every day a year, every hour a day, every minute an hour,

that still he might awhile enjoy the sweet possession of his dear and beloved life. Thus either while his soul cleaves to the midst of his mirth, his way beguiles him ; or else, while he quivers with the consideration of the shame that attends him, he sails with such fear, that he minds not his voyage ; so is sucked into the gulf, ere ever he be aware. A full swing in pleasure, is the way to make man senseless : a confident persuasion of unavoidable misery, is a ready path to despair. Those potions that are good but tasted, are mortal ingurgitated. Pleasure, taken as physic, is like a cordial to a weakened body ; and an expedient thought of our dissolution, may be as a corrosive plaister to eat away the deadness of the flesh. Both are commendably useful. I will neither be so jovial, as to forget the end ; nor so bad, as not to remember the beginning of life—God.

## LXVII.

*Prayer more needful in the Morning, than Evening.*

THOUGH prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night, yet I hold it more needful in the morning, than when our bodies do take their repose. For howsoever sleep be the image or shadow of death, and when the shadow is so near, the substance cannot be far : yet a man at rest in his chamber, is like a sheep impenned in the fold ; subject only to the unavoidable, and more immediate hand of God : whereas in the day, when he roves abroad in the open and wide pastures, he is then exposed to many more unthought of accidents, that contingently and casually occur in the way : retiredness is more safe than business : who believes

not a ship securer in the bay, than in the midst of the boiling ocean? Besides, the morning to the day, is as youth to the life of a man: if that be begun well, commonly his age is virtuous: otherwise, GOD accepts not the latter service, when his enemy joys in the first dish. He that loves chastity, will never marry her that hath lived a harlot in youth. Why should GOD take thy dry bones, when the devil hath sucked the marrow out?

## LXVIII.

*The three Books in which GOD may be easily found.*

GOD hath left three books to the world, in each of which he may easily be found: the *Book of the Creatures*, the *Book of Conscience*, and *His written Word*. The first shews his omnipotence: the second, his justice: the third, his mercy and goodness. So though there be none of them so barren of the rudiments of knowledge, but is sufficient to leave all without excuse, apologies; yet in them all, I find all the good, that ever either the Heathen or the Christian hath published abroad. In the first, is all natural philosophy: in the second, all moral philosophy; in the third, all true divinity. To those admirable pillars of all human learning, (the philosophers) GOD shewed himself in his omnipotence and justice, but seemed, as it were, to conceal his mercy: to us Christians he shines in that which outshines all his works, his mercy. Oh! how should we re-gratulate his favours for so immense a benefit, wherein secluding himself from others, he hath wholly imparted himself to us? In the first of these I will admire his works, by a serious meditation of the wonders in the creatures. In the second, I will reverence his

justice, by the secret and inmost checks of the conscience. In the third, embrace his love, by laying hold on those promises, wherein he hath not only left me means to know him, but to love him, rest in him, and enjoy him for ever.

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LXIX.

*The praise of Learning ; yet without Grace, it is a Mischief.*

IF the fault be not in the misapplication, then it is true that *Diogenes* spake of learning ; that, "It makes young men sober, old men happy, poor men rich, and rich men honourable." Yet in any without grace, it proves a double mischief ; there is nothing more pestilent, than a ripe wit applied to lewdness ; because he that knows himself to be quick and acute, relies on his own brain, for evasion from all his villainies ; and is drawn to the practice of much vice, by the too much presuming on his own dexterity. Ability and a wicked will are fuel to burn the world with ; wit and wantonness are able to entice a chaste one. Resolution and policy can cast broils in christendom, and put civil men into civil wars ; if you believe not this, examine the Jesuit. On the contrary, where grace guides knowledge, and religion hath the reins of art : there, though on earth, the man is made heavenly ; and his life is truly angelical. He does good by the instinct of Grace, and that good he doth well, by the skilful direction of learning : religion is as grammar, that shews him the word and the ground ; while knowledge, like rhetoric, doth polish it with beseeeming ornaments. He that gives alms does good, but he that gives willingly to the needy, and in season, does better. I will set myself to attain both ; for

as he can never be a good orator, that wants either grammar or rhetoric; so there is no man can be a complete Christian, without grace, and some knowlege. *Uzzah* intended well, but did not know so: and want of goodness spoiled *Achitophel's* counsel. How can we either desire or love him that we do not know? since *affectus motus est cordis, à notitia et cognitione objecti exercitatus.*

## LXX.

*A Covetous Man can be a friend to None.*

THE covetous man cannot be a true or faithful friend to any; for while he loves his money better than his friend, what expectation can there be of the extent of his liberality? In adversity and the time of tempest, when he should be a haven to rest in, and an *alter idem*, he will either, like the crocodile, seize on him in the fall, and take the advantage of his necessities; or else, out of a loathness to lose any thing by his disbursement, rather see him macerated by a consuming want, than any way send him a salve for distress. Words from a dead man, and deeds of charity from a man covetous, are both alike rare, and hard to come by. It is a miracle if he speaks at all; but if he doth break silence, it is not without terror and amazement to the hearers. A covetous man's kindness is like the fowler's shrape, wherein he casts meat, not out of charity to relieve them, but treachery to ensnare them. He reaches thee bread in one hand, and shews it; but keeps a stone in the other, and hides it. If yet his courtesies were without danger, I would rather endure some extremity, than be beholden to the alms of avarice. He that overvalues his benefit, never thinks he hath

thanks sufficient. I had better shift hardly, than owe to an insatiable creditor.

## LXXI.

*The folly of contemning the Poor in Christ. Magnanimity and Humility cohabitants.*

I Have seen some high-minded roysters scornfully contemn the lowly poor of Christ; as if they were out of the reach of the shattering wind of judgment, or thought it an impossibility ever to stand in need of the help of such humble shrubs. Fools, so to contemn those whose aid they may after want: it is no badge of nobility to despise an inferior. Magnanimity and humility are cohabitants: courtesy is one of the fairest gems in a crown: it was *Cæsar's* glory to save his countrymen, which lives still in that speech which says, "He pardoned more than he overcame:" true honour is like the sun, that shines as well to the peasant in the field, as the monarch on his throne: he that withholds his clemency, because the subject is base, denies a remedy to his wounded foot, because it is an inferior part; so he may justly after complain and want it. When the lion was caught in a snare, it was not the spacious elephant, but the little mouse, that restored him his wonted liberty: though the head guides the hand, the hand defends the head.

## LXXII.

*Sudden Occasion of Sin dangerous.*

AS sudden passions are most violent, so sudden occasions of sin are most dangerous ; for while the senses are set upon by unthought of objects, reason wants time to call a council, to determine how to resist the assault : it is a fair booty makes many a thief, that if he had missed of this accident, would perhaps have lived honestly. Opportunity is a wooer, that none but heaven can conquer, Humanity is too weak a spell for so powerful a charm : she casts a fury into the blood, that will tear out a way, though the soul be lost by it. The rack is easier than her importunity ; flames are snow-balls to it : sure, if the *Devil* would change his properties, he would put himself into this subtle thing : she pulls us with a thousand chains ; at every nerve she hangs a poise to draw us to her sorcery : and many times in our gain, we are lost for ever. What tortures cannot force us to, she will smoothly persuade : she breaks all bonds, laws, resolutions, oaths. Wise was the abstinence of *Alexander*, from the sight of *Darius's* daughters, lest their beauty should incite him to folly : she runs us into errors, and makes us so desperate, as to dare any thing : if she offer me her service to ill, I will either kick her, as a bawd to vice, or else wink when she shews me her painting. Occasion is a witch, and I will be as heedful in avoiding her, as I will be wary to eschew a sin. But if I be constrained to hear the syren sing, *Ulysses* was wise, when he tied himself to the mast.

## LXXIII.

*Of being Vice's Friend, and Virtue's Enemy.*

MY hatred to my enemy shall be but in part, my love to my friend, whole and entire; for howsoever I may hate my enemy's vices and his ill conditions, yet will I love his person, both as he is a man and my brother. His detestation is too deep, that will burn his linen, because it is foul; they may both return to their former purity; and then to hate, is sinful. But as for my friend, I will love both his person and his qualities: his qualities first, and for them, his person. Yet in neither will I so hate, as to be a foe to goodness; nor so love, as to foster iniquity: it is a question which is the worst of the two, to be vice's friend, or virtue's enemy.

## LXXIV.

*Next GOD, the good Man is the only Friend.*

NEXT God, the good man is the only friend; for when all other slink out of the way, he only is a secure harbour for a shipwrecked soul to ride in; if he be upright that is fallen in distress, he then relieves him, as a brother, as a member: if lewd, yet necessity induceth a commiseration; and seeing the glorious impress of the Almighty's image in him, he cannot, but for his Father's sake, affect him. If he be poor, of God's making, by the unavoidable designment of a supreme providence, nature incites a relief; for he knows not how soon a like lot may fall in his own ground. The same sun saw *Job* both rich and poor to a proverb. If his own ill

courses have brought his decay, he is not so obdurate and flinty, but that he can afford him a hand of compassion to strengthen him a little in the midst of disasters ; hoping that his charity may either work his return, or stay him from speedy ruin. If he be ill, he is a magistrate, to correct and reclaim him ; if good, he is a father, to uphold and love him ; if rich, he reads him a lecture of moderation and discreet disposture ; tells him, not possession, but use, divitiates a man more truly : if poor, he sets him to school with *Paul*, there to learn, *content is plenty* ; tells how that *Pagan* cynic could laugh at riches, when he called them nothing but fortune's vomit ; if wise, he is his delight and solace ; even the garner, where he leaves his load and locks his store : if ignorant, he instructs him with the oracles of God ; dictates sentences unto him, and speaks all, *tanquam ex tripode*. Every way I find him so beneficial, that the pious will not live but with him ; and the bad man cannot live without him. Who had saved the offending *Israelites*, had not *Moses* stood up to intercede ? It shall more joy me to live with Christians, than men.

## LXXV.

*The hard-hearted Man hath Misery almost in Perfection.*

THE hard-hearted man hath misery almost in perfection ; and there is none more wretched, than a man with a conscience seared. Other sinners march in the high-way to ruin ; but he, as he goes, builds a wall at his back, that he cannot retire to the tent. Neither mercies nor judgments win him at all. Not mercies : those, his pride makes him think but his due ; and while they are but com-

mon ones, they pass away with his common thoughts. Benefits seldom sink deep in obdurate minds; it is the soft nature that is soonest taken with a courtesy. Not judgments; for either he reverberates them back, before they pierce, as a wall of steel doth a blunt-headed arrow: or if they do perhaps find entrance, like the elephant, with the convulsion of his nerves and his body's contraction, he casts out the shaft that sticks within him; so still he rests unmollified, for all this rain and hail. Warnings to perverse dispositions, are the means to make them worse: those plagues and wonders that would have melted a milder soul, only reduced *Pharaoh's* to a more hard and desperate temper. Strange! that he should lock out of his own good, with so strange a key, so sure a ward; when every vice that defiles the mind, finds both ready and free welcome. If I live in sin, GOD's first call is mercy; I had better go willingly, than be led by constraint: it is fit he should know the smart of torture, that nothing will cause to confess but the rack: if I find GOD whips me with any sensible stroke, I will search the cause, then seek the cure; such blows are the physic of a bleeding soul; but neglected, my sin will be more, and my punishment: it is in vain to be stubborn with GOD: he can crush us to nothing, can turn us to any thing: let me rather return speedily, and prevent judgments, than stay obstinately, and pull down more: as it is a happy fear which prevents the offence and the rod, so that is a miserable valour, which is bold to dare the Almighty.

## LXXVI.

*Of Censure and Calumny.*

SOME men's censures are like the blasts of rams' horns, before the walls of *Jericho*; all the strength of a man's virtue they lay level at one utterance; when all their ground is only a conceited fancy, without any certain basis to build on. What religious mind will not, with amazement, shudder at the peremptory conclusions, where they have set their period? Wondering, man, that knows so little, should yet so speak, as if he were privy to all. I confess, a man may rove by the outward lineaments, what common inclinations rule within: yet that philosopher did more wisely, that seeing a fair face, with a tongue silent, bade him speak, that he might see him. For the cheek may be dimpled with a pleasing smile, while the heart throbs with undiscerned dolours: and as a clear face shews not always a sound body; no more is an ingenuous look, always the ensign of a mind virtuous. I will only walk in Christ's path, and learn by their fruit to know them: where I want experience, charity bids me think the best; and leave what I know not, to the Searcher of hearts. Mistakes, suspicion and envy, often injure a clear fame: there is least danger in a charitable construction.

*In part he's guilty of the wrong that's done,  
Who doth believe those false reports that run.*

I will neither believe all I hear, nor speak all I believe; a man's good name is like a milk-white ball, that will infinitely gather soil in tossing. The act of *Alexander*, in this cause, merits an eternal memory; that having read a letter with his favourite, *Hephestion*, wherein his mother calumniated *Antipater*, took his signet from his

finger, and impressed his lips with it; conjuring, as it were, the strict silence of another's disgrace. Oh, *Alexander!* this very action was enough to make thee famous: who should not, in this, admire and imitate thee? A desire to disgrace another, cannot spring from a good root: malice and baseness ever dwell with calumny. I will judge well of every man, whom his own bad life speaks not ill of: if he be bad, I will hope well; what know I how his end may prosper? I had better labour to amend him to himself, than, by publishing his vices, make him odious to others. If he be good, and belongs to God, how can I choose but offend much, when I speak ill of a child that is endeared to such a Father's affection? God loves his own tenderly; and whosoever offers a disgrace to them, shall be sure to pay for it, either by tears or torment.

## LXXVII.

*Three things that a Christian should specially know.*

THERE are three things especially that a Christian should know: his own misery; God's love; his own thankful obedience. His misery, how just; God's love, how free, how undeserved; his own thankfulness, how due, how necessary. Consideration of one, successively begets the apprehension of all: our misery shews us his love: his love calls for our acknowledgment. Want makes a bounty weightier: if we think on our needs, we cannot but admire his mercies: how dull were we, if we should not value the relief of our necessities? he cannot but esteem the benefit, that unexpectedly helps him in his deepest distress: that love is most to be prized,

whose only motive is goodness. The thought of this will form a disposition grateful: who can meditate so unbottomed a love, and not study for a thankful demeanour? His mind is cross to nature, that requites not affection with gratitude. All favours have this success, if they light on good ground, they bring forth thanks. Let me first think my misery without my Saviour's mercy: next, his mercy without my merits: and from the meditation of these two, my sincerer thanks will spring. Though I cannot conceive of the former, as they are infinite and beyond my thought, yet will I so ponder them, as they may enkindle the fire of my unfeigned and zealous thanksgiving. That time is well spent, wherein we study thankfulness.

## LXXVIII.

*Fools great esteem of outward Beauty.*

THOUGH the fools of the world think outward beauty the only jewel that deserveth wearing, yet the wise man counts it but an accident, that can neither add nor diminish to the worth of virtue, as she is in herself; so as he never esteems her more or less, but as he finds her accomplished with discretion, honesty, and good parts. If my friend be virtuous and nobly-minded, my soul shall love him, howsoever his body be framed; and if beauty make him amiable, I needs must like him much the better: the sun is more glorious in a clear sky, than when the horizon is clouded. Beauty is the wit of nature put into the frontispiece. If there be any human thing may teach Faith reason, this is it: in other things we imagine more than we see; in this we see more than we can imagine. I have

seen (and yet not with a partial eye) such features and such mixtures, as I have thought impossible for either nature to frame, or art to counterfeit; yet, in the same face, I have seen that which hath outgone them both, the countenance. Oh! if such glory can dwell with corruption, what celestial excellencies are in the saints above? Who would not gaze himself into admiration, when he shall see so rich a treasure in so pure a cabinet, unmatched virtue, in matchless beauty? But if my friend's body hath more comeliness than his soul goodness, I like him the worse, for being but outwardly fair. Wickedness in beauty is a traitor of the bed-chamber; poison in sweetmeats. A vicious soul in a beautiful body, I account as a *Jesuit* in the robes of a courtier; or somewhat more fitly, a *Papist*, that will go to church.

## LXXIX.

*Of Being, and Seeming to be.*

AS I think, there are many worse than they seem; so, I suppose, there are some better than they shew: and these are like the growing chesnut, that keeps a sweet and nutrimental kernel included in a rough and prickly husk. The other, as the peach, hold a rugged and craggy stone, under the cover of a velvet coat. I would not deceive a good man either way: both offer a wrong to virtue: the one shews her worse than she is, dulling her beauty with dim colours, and presenting her with a harder favour than her own: the other doth varnish over the rottenness of vice, and makes goodness but the vizard of hypocrisy. Either are condemnable: painting the face is not much worse than wilfully soiling it. He is as well

a murderer, that accuseth himself falsely, as he that did the act, and denies it. One would obscure goodness with vice ; the other would palliate vice with goodness. Fraud is in both ; and I am sure no pleasure can make deceit allowable. I will, therefore, strive to avoid both ; and, with *Chrysostom*, either seem as I am, or be as I seem. But if I should err on one side, I had rather resemble a plain countryman, that goes in russet and is rich in revenues, than a riotous courtier, that wears glorious apparel, without money in his purse.

## LXXX.

*Sanctity is a Sentence of three Stops.*

A Christian's voyage to Heaven, is a sentence of three stops ; comma, colon, period. He that repents, is to come to the comma, and begins to speak sweetly, the language of salvation ; but if he leaves there, God understands not such abrupt speeches : sorrow alone cannot expiate a pirate's robberies : he must both leave his theft and serve his country, ere his Prince will receive him to favour. It is he that confesseth and forsakes his sin, that shall find mercy : it is his leaving his wickedness, that is as his colon ; and carries him half-way to heaven. Yet here also is the clause imperfect, unless he goes on to the practice of righteousness, which, as a period, knits up all, and makes the sentence full. Return and penitence is not sufficient for him that hath fled from his Sovereign's banner ; he must first do some valiant act, before, by the law of arms, he can be restored to his former bearing. I will not content myself with a comma ; repentance helps not,

when sin is renewed ; nor dare I make my stay at a colon ; not to do good, is to commit evil, at least by omission of what I ought to do : before I come to a period—the constant practice of piety, I am sure, I cannot be sure of complete glory. If I did all strictly, I were yet unprofitable ; and if GOD had not appointed my faith to perfect me, miserable. If he were not full of mercies, how unhappy a creature were man.

## LXXXI.

*The great Good of Good order.*

EVEN from natural reason, is the wicked man proved to be son unto Satan, and heir of hell and torments. For not to speak of heaven, (where the blessed are happy, and all things beyond apprehension excellent,) even in the firmament, we see how all things are preserved by a glorious order: the sun hath his appointed circuit, the moon her constant change, and every planet and star their proper course and place. For as they are called fixed stars, not because they move not at all, but because their motion is insensible, and their distances ever the same, by reason of the slow motion of the eighth sphere, in which they are: so they are not called wandering planets, for that they move in an uncertain irregularity; but because those seven inferior orbs, wherein they are set, are diversely carried about, which makes them appear sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, yet ever in the settled place of their own orb, whose revolutions also are in most strict and ever certain times. The earth likewise hath her unstirred station; the sea is confined in limits; and in its ebbings and flowings, dances,

as it were, after the influence and aspect of the moon, whereby it is both kept from putrefaction, and by struggling with itself, from overflowing the land. In this world, order is the life of kingdoms, honours, arts ; and by the excellence of it, all things flourish and thrive. Only in hell is confusion, horror, and amazing disorder. From whence the wicked man shews himself sprung ; for there is nothing that, like him, lives so irregular and out of compass. Disorder is a bird of the *Devil's* hatching : I fear lest those that rent the church for ceremony, have some affinity with that prince of misrule : we oft find the parent's disposition, though not propagated to the child, yet followed by him. I do not censure, but doubt. We have seldom known him good, that refuseth to obey good orders. Who can expect a fruitful crop, when the field is sometimes blasted with lightening, sometimes drenched with inundations, but never cherished with a kindly sun ? things incapable of a true form, are ever mending, yet ever imperfect : when the ranks are broken, the victory is in hazard. One bad voice can put twenty good ones out of tune. I will first order my mind by good resolution ; then keep it so by a strong constancy. Those soldiers died bravely, that where they stood to fight, they fell to death.

## LXXXII.

*Three things encounter our Consideration, and these three have three Remedies.*

IN every man there be three things that encounter our consideration ; the mind, the behaviour, the person. A gross blemish, in any of which, sticks some disgrace on the unhappy owner. If the

mind be vicious, though the carriage be fair, and the person comely; honesty esteems not outward parts, where inward grace is wanting. If his mind be good, and carriage clownish, his outward bad demeanour makes his inward worth ridiculous: and admit he hath both deserving applause, yet a surfeited and diseased body makes all disregarded, while the approach of his presence may prove prejudicial, infectious, noisome. To remedy the defects of all these, I find three noble sciences—divinity, philosophy, physic: Divinity, for the soul, to preserve that unstained and holy; as also to indue it with understanding; for GOD, with his graces, instils knowledge: it was the keeping of his law, made *David* wiser than those that taught him. Divine knowledge is not without human; when GOD gives the first, in some measure he gives both, and therefore we seldom find the ignorant man honest: if he be mentally, yet he fails expressively. Philosophy, for his manners and demeanours, in the many contingent things of this life; to fit him both with decent compliments and sufficient staidness; neither savouring of curiosity, nor rusticity: nor was ever religion found of a foe to good manners; for she shines brightest in a brave behaviour, so it be free from affectation, flattery. Philosophy is the salt of life, that can dry up the crude humours of a novice; and correct those pestilent qualities wherewith nature hath infected us: which was ingenuously confessed by *Socrates*, when *Zopyrus*, by his physiognomy, pronounced him foully vicious. Physic, to know the state of the body, both to avoid distempers in health, and to recover health in wearying diseases; it is the restitution of decaying nature; when she is falling, this gives her a hand of sustenance; it puts away our blemishes, restores our strength, and rids us of that which would rid us of our lives. In all these, though a man be not so learned, as to teach them to others, yet

in all, I would know so much as might serve to direct me in mine own occasions. It is commendable to know any thing that may bear the title of good ; but for these, so pleasing sciences, I will rather study with some pains, than want experience in things so necessary. Thus shall I fit my mind for GOD, my body to my mind, by behaviour to both, and my friends.

## LXXXIII.

*How the distempers of these times should affect wise men.*

THE distempers of these times would make a wise man both merry and mad : merry, to see how vice flourishes but a while, and being at last frustrate of all her fair hopes, dies in a dejected scorn ; which meets with nothing in the end, but beggary, baseness, and contempt. To see how the world is mistaken in opinion, to suppose those best that are wealthiest. To see how the world thinks to appal the mind of nobleness with misery ; while true resolution laughs at their poor impotency, and slights even the utmost spite of tyranny. To see how men buy offices at high rates, which, when they have, prove gins to catch their souls in, and snare their estates and reputations. To see how foolishly men cozen themselves of their souls, while they think they gain, by their cunning, defrauding another. To see how the projectors of the world, like the spoke of the wheel of *Sesostris'* chariot, are tumbled up and down, from beggary to worship ; from worship to honour ; from honour to baseness again. To see what idle compliments are current among some that affect the fantastic garb ; as if friendship were nothing but an apish salute, glossed over with

nothing but the varnish of a smooth tongue. To see a strutting prodigal overlook a region, with his waving plume, as if he could as easily shake that, as his feather; yet, in private, will creep, like a crouching spaniel, to his base, muddy prostitute. To see how pot-valour thunders in a tavern, and appoints a duel, but goes away, and gives money to have the quarrel taken up underhand. Mad on the other side, to see how vice goes trapped with rich furniture, while poor virtue hath nothing but a bridle and saddle, which only serve to increase her bondage. To see *Machiavel's* tenets held as oracles; honesty reputed shallowness; justice bought and sold; as if the world went about to disprove *Zorobabel*, and would make him confess money to be stronger than truth. To see how flattery creeps into favour with greatness, while plain dealing is thought the enemy of state and honour. To see how the *Papists* (for promotion of their own religion) invent lies, and print them; that they may not only cozen the present age, but gull posterity with forged actions. To see how well-meaning simplicity is foot-balled. To see how religion is made a politician's vizor, which, having helped him to his purpose, he casts by, like Sunday apparel, not thought on all the week after. And which would mad a man more than all, to know all this, yet not know how to help it. These would almost distract a man in himself. But since I find they are incurable, I will often pray for their amendment in private; never declaim but when I am called to it. He loseth much of his comfort, that without a just deputation, thrusts himself into danger. Let me have that once; and it shall never grieve me to die in a warrantable war.

## LXXXIV.

*To revenge wrongs—What it savours of.*

TO revenge a wrong, is both easy and usual ; and, as the world thinks, savours of some nobleness : but religion says the contrary, and tells us, it is better to neglect it, than requite it. If any man shall willingly offer me an injury, he shall know I can see it, but withal he shall see, I scorn it ; unless it be such, as the bearing is an offence. What need I do that, which his own mind will do for me ? If he hath done ill, my revenge is within him ; if not, I am to blame in seeking it. If unwillingly he wrongs me, I am as ready to forgive, as he to submit ; for I know a good mind will be more sorrowful, than I shall be offended : *With his own hand he rebateth his honour, that kills a prisoner humbly yielding.* Who but a Devil, or a Pope, could trample on a prostrate Emperor ?

## LXXXV.

*Who is most subject to Censure.*

I Observe none more liable to the world's false censure, than the upright nature, that is honest and free. For many times, while he thinks no ill, he cares not though the world sees the worst of his actions ; supposing he shall not be judged worse than he knows himself : but the world being bad itself, guesses at others by its own ; so concludes bad of those that are not. Some have I known thus injured, that out of a mind not acquainted with ill, have, by a free demeanour, had infinite scandals cast upon them ; when I

know the ignorant and ill world is much mistaken, and conjectures false. I will never censure, till I see grounds apparent: he that thinks ill without this, I dare pawn my soul, is either bad, or would be so, if opportunity but served him. In things uncertain, a bad construction must needs flow from a bad mind: who could imagine private vice which they do not see, by a harmless carriage which they do see, unless either their own ill practice or desires had prompted them? Vice, as it is the *Devil's* issue, so in part it retains his qualities; and desiring others bad, believes them so. But virtue had a more heavenly breeding; she is wary, lest she censure rashly; and had rather strain to save, than err to condemn. If my life be free from villainy and base designs, I know the good will speak no worse than they see: as for those that are lewd, their black tongues can never spot the fair of virtue; only I could sometimes grieve to see how they wrong themselves by wronging others.

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## LXXXVI.

*Content makes Rich.*

EVERY man either is rich, or may be so; though not all in one and the same wealth. Some have abundance, and rejoice in it; some a competency, and are content; some having nothing, have a mind desiring nothing. He that hath most, wants something; he that hath least, is in something supplied; wherein the mind which maketh rich, may well possess him with the thought of store. Who whistles out more content than the low-fortuned ploughman, or sings more merrily than the abject cobbler that sits under the stall? Content dwells with those that are out of the eye of the

world, whom she hath never trained with her gaudes, her toils, her lures. Wealth is like learning, wherein our greater knowledge is only a larger sight of our wants. Desires fulfilled, teach us to desire more; so we that at first were pleased, by removing from that, are now grown insatiable. Wishes have neither end; nor end. So, in the midst of affluency, we complain of penury, which, not finding, we make. For to possess the whole world with a grumbling mind, is but a little more specious poverty. If I be not outwardly rich, I will labour to be poor in craving desires; but in the virtues of the mind (the best riches :) I would not have a man exceed me. He that hath a mind contentedly good, enjoyeth in it boundless possessions. If I be pleased in myself, who can add to my happiness? as no man lives so happy, but to some his life would be burdensome; so we shall find none so miserable, but we shall hear of another that would change calamities.

## LXXXVII.

*The Condition of things, which the World yields.*

TO have been happy, is wretched; to be happy, momentary; to may be happy, doubtful. All that the world yields is either uncertainly good, or certainly ill. Even his best cordials have some bitter ingredients in them, lest foolish sensuality should catch them with too greedy a hand. We should surfeit with their honey, if there were not gall intermingled. The reason of defect I find in the object, which being earthly, must be brittle, fading, vain, imperfect; so, though it may please, it cannot satisfy. Earth can give us but a taste of pleasure, not fill us. What she affords,

let me lawfully use ; trust to, never. HE only, that hath been, is, and shall be for ever, can make my past happiness, present ; my future, certain ; and my present continue, if not as it is, better, and then for ever.

## LXXXVIII.

*Good Name, how it is both the Best and Brittlest thing that is.*

A Good name is, among all externals, both the best and most brittle blessing. If it be true, that *Difficilia quæ pulchra*, this is a fair beatitude. It is the hardest both to get and keep ; like a glass of most curious workmanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not gained but by a continued habit of many virtues, is, by one short vicious action, lost for ever. Nay, if it could only vanish in this sort, it would then, by many, be kept untainted : if it could not be lost but upon certainties ; if it were in our own keeping ; or if not in our own, in the hands of the wise and honest ; how possible were it to preserve it pure ? But, alas ! this is the misery, that it rests upon probabilities, which, as they are hard to disprove, so they are ready to persuade : that it is in the hands of others, not ourselves ; in the custody not of the discreet and good only, but also of fools, knaves, villains ; who, though they cannot make us worse to ourselves, yet how vile may they render us to others ? To vindicate it from the tongues of these, there is no remedy, but a constant, careful discretion. I must not only be good, but not seem ill. Appearance alone, which in good is too little, is in evil too much. He is a wilful murderer of his own fame, that willingly appears in the ill action he did not.

It is not enough to be well-lived, but well-reported. When we know good fame a blessing, we may easily, in the contrary, discern a curse; whereof we are justly seized, while we labour not to avoid it. I will care as well to be thought honest, as to be so: my friends know me by the actions they see; strangers by the things they hear: the agreement of both, is the confirming of my goodness. The one is a good complexion, the other a good countenance: I deny not but they may be several; but they are then most graceful, when both are seated together. It had been well spoken of *Cæsar*, if he had not put her away, when after trial, and the crime cleared, he said, “*Cæsar’s* wife should not only be free from sin, but from suspicion.” An ill name may be free from dishonesty, but not from some folly. Though slanders rise from others, we ourselves oft give the occasion. The first best way to a good name, is a good life; the next, is a good behaviour.

## LXXXIX.

*Earthly delights sweeter in Expectation than in Enjoyment.*

ALL earthly delights I find sweeter in the expectation, than the enjoyment: all spiritual pleasures, more in fruition than expectation. Those carnal contentments that here we joy in, the *Devil* shews us through a prospective glass, which makes them seem both greater and nearer hand: when he took *CHRIST* to the mountain, he shewed him all the kingdoms, and the glory of them; but never mentions the troubles, dangers, cares, fears, vigilancies, which are, as it were, the thorns wherewith a crown is lined. Oh! what mountains of joy do we cast up, while we think on our earthly *Canaan*?

whatsoever temporal felicity we apprehend, we cull out the pleasures and overprize them ; the perils and molestations we either not see or not think of ; like the foolish man, that at a dear rate buys a monopoly, wherein he counts the gains and overcasts them ; but never weighs the charges nor the casualty, in making him liable both to the hateful curse of the people, and the severe censure of a parliament. Herein we are all fools, that seeing these bladders, we will blow them beyond their compass. It is *Satan's* craft to shew us the enticing spots of this panther, concealing the torvity of her countenance. But when again we look at heavenly things, like a cunning juggler, he turns the glass ; so detracts from those fair proportions, the chief of their beauty and worth ; those we believe both less and more remote, as if he would carry us in winter to see the pleasures of a garden. Thus the heart informed by abused senses, is content to sail as they steer ; so either toms herself in the bosom of the waves, or cuts through the way to her enemy's country, where she is quickly taken, ransacked, and rifled of all. If this were not, how could we be so heartless in pursuit of celestial prizes ; or what could breed so soon a loathing of that, which most we have coveted, and sweat to obtain ? If my mind grow enamoured of any sublunary happiness, I will cool it with this knowledge ; and withal tell her, she is happier in apprehending the taste without the lees, than in drinking the wine that is yet unfinned. That felicity which experience finds lame and halting, thought and suspicion give a perfect shape. But if the motions of my soul wheel toward any divine sweet, my strongest arguments shall persuade a proceeding. Here imagination's dark eye is too dim to fix upon this sun. When I come to it, I am sure I shall find it transcending my thoughts : till then, my faith shall be above my reason, and persuade me to more than I know. Though fruition

excludes faith, yet belief makes blessed. So I will believe what yet I cannot enjoy.

## XC.

*How the Mind and Desire make Actions either Tedious or  
Delightful.*

EVERY man's actions are, according to his mind, tedious or delightful.—For be it never so laborious and painful, if the mind entertains it with delight, the body gladly undergoes the trouble, and is so far at the mind's service as not to complain of the burthen. And though it be never so full of pleasure, that might smooth the senses, yet if the mind distastes it, the content turns to vexation, toil. Desire is a wind that, against the tide, can carry us merrily; with it, make us fly. How pleasant would our life be, if we had not cross gales to thwart us, various tides to check us? With these, how full of distress? yet in them we often increase our sorrows, by vainly striving against unconquerable fate; when, if we could but persuade our mind, we might much ease both it and our body. That which is bad, though never so pleasurable, I will strive to make my mind dislike, that my body also may be willing to forego that which my mind hates. That which is good, and should be done, I will learn to affect and love, howsoever my body refuse. As my mind is better than it, so my care shall be more to content it; but most to make it content with goodness, otherwise I had better cross it, than let it settle to unlawful solaces. I prefer this unquietness, before the other peace. That which is easy, I will easily do; that which is not, my mind shall make so. My

life, as it is full enough of travail, why should I, by my mind's loathing, make it seem more difficult ?

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XCI.

*That we cannot know GOD as he is.*

I Cannot know GOD as he is ; if I could, I were unhappy, and he not GOD. For then must that eternal omnipotence of his be finite and comprehensible ; else how could the fleet dimensions of the mind of man contain it ? I admire the definition of *Empedocles*, who said—" GOD was a sphere whose centre was every where, and circumference no where." Though his full light be inaccessible, yet from this ignorance springs all my happiness and strongest comfort. When I am so engulfed in misery, as I know no way to escape, GOD, that is so infinite above me, can send a deliverance, when I can neither see nor hope it. He needs never despair, that knows he hath a friend, which, at all assays, can help him.

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XCII.

*Of the Mind of Man after the conquest of a strong Temptation.*

IF I were so punished as to live here perpetually, I would wish to have always such a mind as I find after the conquest of a strong temptation ; then have I as much happiness as can be found in this life's moveables. The trial, first bewrays the danger, then the escape ushers in succeeding joy : and all know the sun appears

more lustrous to a prisoner that comes out of a dungeon, than to him that daily beholds his brightness. When is wine so pleasant as after a long thirst? Besides, the soul withdrawn from God, returns in the end with comfort, and again sweetly closeth with her Maker, whose goodness she knows it is to make her so victorious. We are never so glad of our friend's company, as when he returns after tedious absence. All the pleasures that we have, relish better when we come from miseries: then, what a glory is it to a noble spirit, to have endured and conquered? there being more sweetness in a hard victory, where we come off fair, than in the neglected pleasures of a continual peace. Those fowls taste best, that we kill ourselves birding. What bread eats so well, as that which we earn with labour? And, indeed, it is the way to make us perfect; for as he can never be a good soldier, that hath not felt the toil of a battle; so he can never be a sound Christian, that hath not felt temptation's buffets. Every fire refines this gold. If I did find none, I should fear I were vice's too much; or else that God saw me so weak, as I could not hold out the encounter: but seeing I do, the pleasantness of the fruit shall furnish me with patience, to abide the precedent bitterness; this gone, I shall find it a felicity to say, "I have been wretched."

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 XCIII.

*Of Nobility joined with Virtue—How Glorious.*

EARTH hath not any thing more glorious than ancient nobility, when it is found with virtue. What barbarous mind will not reverence that blood which hath, untainted, run through so large a

succession of generations? Besides, virtue adds a new splendour, which, together with the honour of his house, challengeth a respect from all. But bad greatness is nothing but the vigour of vice, having both mind and means to be uncontrollably lewd. A debauched son of a noble family is one of the intolerable burthens of the earth, and as hateful a thing as hell; for all know he hath had both example and precept flowing in his education, both which are powerful enough to obliterate a native illness; yet these in him are but auxiliaries to his shame, that with the brightness of his ancestors, make his own darkness more palpable. Vice, in the son of an ancient family, is like a clownish actor in a stately play; he is not only ridiculous in himself, but disgraces both the plot and the poet; whereas virtue in a man of obscure parents is like an unpolished diamond, lying in the way among pebbles, which, howsoever it be neglected of the uncivil vulgar, yet the wise lapidary takes it up as a jewel invaluable; it being so much the more glorious, by how much the other were baser. He that is good and great, I would sell my life to serve him nobly; otherwise, being good, I love him better, whose father expired a clown, than he that being vicious, is in a lineal descent from him, that was knighted with *Tubal Cain's* falchion, which he made before the flood.

## XCIV.

*Of Extreme Passion.*

I Find some men extremely passionate; and these, as they are more taken with a joy, so they taste a disaster more heavily.

Others are free from being affected ; and as they never joy excessively, so they never sorrow immoderately ; but have together, less mirth and less mourning ; like patient gamesters, winning and losing are one. The latter I will most labour for. I shall not lose more contentment in apprehending joys, than I shall grief in finding troubles. For we are more sensible of pain than delight ; the one contracting the spirits, the other dilating them. Though it were not so, living here, vexations are more ordinary ; joy is a thing for hereafter. Heaven cannot be found upon earth. Many great joys are not so pleasant, as one torment proves tedious. The father sighs more at the death of one son, than he smiles at the birth of many.

## XCV.

*How knowledge of ourselves, and the things we intend, make us do well.*

IN weighty affairs we can never do well, unless we know both ourselves and the things we intend. Truth falls into hazard when it finds either a weak defender, or one that knows not her worth. How can he guide a business, that needeth a guide for himself ? Have we not known many, taking their abilities at too high a pitch, rush upon matters that have proved their overthrow ? Rash presumption is a ladder that will break our necks. If we think too well of ourselves, we overshoot the mark : if not well enough, we are short of it. And though we know ourselves, yet if ignorant in the thing, we expose ourselves to the same mischief. Who is so unwise as to wade through the river he hath not sounded, unless

he can either swim well, or have help at hand? He that takes upon him what he cannot do, rides a horse which he cannot rule: he can neither sit in safety, nor alight when he would. Whatsoever I undertake I will first study myself, next, the thing that I go about: being to seek in the former, I cannot proceed well; understanding that, I shall know the other the better: if not the particulars, I may cast it in the general; something unseen, we must leave to a sudden discretion, either to order or avoid. It is not for man to see the events, further than nature and probabilities of reason lead him. Though we know not what will be, it is good we prepare for that which may be: we shall brook a check the easier, while we thought of it, though we did not expect it. But if, knowing both aright, I find myself unable to perform it, I will rather desist from beginnings than run upon shame in the sequel. I had better keep myself and ship at home, than carry her to sea, and not know how to guide her.

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 XCVI.

*What man would do, if he should always prosper.*

WHAT an elated meteor would man grow to, did prosperity always cast sweetening dews in his face? Sure he would once more, with *Ovid's* giants, fling mountains on heaps, to pull down GOD from his throne of majesty; forgetting all felicity, but that airy happiness he is blinded with. Nothing feeds pride so much as a prosperous abundance. It is a wonder to see a favourite study for ought but additions to his greatness. If I could be so uncharitable as to wish an enemy's soul lost, this were the only way—let him live in

the height of the world's blandishments. For how can he love a second mistress, that never saw but one beauty, and still continues deeply enamoured of it? Every man hath his desires intending to some peculiar thing: God should be the end we aim at; yet we often see, nothing carries us so far from him as those favours he hath imparted us: it is dangerous to be outwardly blessed. If plenty and prosperity were not hazardous, what a short cut should some have to heaven, over others? It is the misery of the poor to be neglected of men: it is the misery of the rich to neglect their God. It is no small abatement to the bitterness of adversities, that they teach us the way to heaven. Though I would not inhabit hell, if I could, I would sometimes see it; not out of an itching desire to behold wonders, but by viewing such horrors, I might value heaven more dearly. He that hath experienced the sea's tumultuous perils, will ever after commend the land's security. Let me swim a river of boiling brimstone, to live eternally happy; rather than dwell in a paradise, to be damned after death.

## XCVII.

*Pride and Cruelty make any more odious than any sin besides.*

EVERY vice makes the owner odious, but pride and cruelty more than any beside. Pride hath no friend; his thoughts set his worth above himself, all others under it. He thinks nothing so disgraceful as want of reverence, and familiarity. There is a kind of disdainful scorn writ in his brow and gesture, wherein all may read—*I am too good for thy company.* So it is just all should despise him, because he contemneth all. He that hath first over-

prized himself, shall after be under-valued by others; which his arrogancy thinking unjust, shall swell him to anger, so make him more hateful. Pride is ever discontentive; it both occasions more than any, and makes more than it doth occasion. As humility is the way to get love and quietness, so is pride the cause of hatred and war. He hath angered others, and others will vex him. No man shall hear more ill of himself, than he that thinks he deserves most good. It was a just quip of that wise king to that proud physician, who, writing thus—*Menecrates Jupiter, Regi Agesilao salutem*, was answered thus—*Rex Agesilaus, Menecrati sanitatem*: indeed he might well wish his wits to him, that was so unwise as to think himself God. *Aristotle*, when he saw a youth proudly surveying himself, did justly wish to be as he thought himself; but to have his enemies such as he was. I dare boldly say—Never proud person was well beloved. For as nothing unites more than a reciprocal exchange of affection, so there is nothing hinders the knot of friendship more than apparent neglect of courtesies. Cruelty is a cur of the same litter. It is nature's good care of herself that warns us from the den of this monster. Who will ever converse with him, that he hath seen devour another before him? A tyrant may rule, while he hath power to compel, but when he hath lost that, the hatred he hath got shall slay him. Who wonders to hear young *Cato* ask his schoolmaster how *Silla* lived so long, when he was so hated for his cruelty? It was a devilish speech that *Caligula* borrowed of the poet, *Oderint dum metuant*: "I am content if they fear me, that they should hate me." And sure if any man took the course for it, he did when he bid his executioners so strike, as they might feel that they were dying. He that makes cruelty his delight, shall be sure to have hate his best recompense. Detestation waits upon unmercifulness. Who would not help to

kill the beast that sucks the blood of the fold? What hath made some nations so odious as those two, pride and cruelty? The proud will have no friend; and the cruel man shall have none. Who are more miserable than they that want company? I pity their estate, but love it not. Were I lord of the whole globe, and must live alone, I had unhappiness enough to make my commands my trouble. The one turned angels out of heaven, the other monarchs from their thrones; both, I am sure, are able to turn us to hell: it is better being a beast, than dying a man, with either unpardoned.

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XCVIII.

*Whether Likeness be the cause of Love, or Love the cause of Likeness.*

I Know not whether is more true, that likeness is the cause of love, or love the cause of likeness. In agreeing dispositions, the first is certain; in those that are not, the latter is evident. The first is the easier love; the other the more worthy. The one hath a lure to draw it; the other, without respect, is voluntary. Men love us for the similitude we have with themselves; GOD, merely from his goodness, when yet we are contrary to him. Since he hath loved me, when I was not like him, I will strive to be like him, because he hath loved me. I would be like him, being my friend, that loved me when I was his enemy. Then only is love powerful, when it frames us to the will of the loved. LORD, though I cannot serve thee as I ought, let me love thee as I ought. Grant this, and I know I shall serve thee the better.

## XCIX.

*Love and Fear do easily draw us to Belief.*

WHAT we either desire or fear, we are easily drawn to believe. Tell the prodigal his kinsman is dead, should leave him an estate to swagger with, he will quickly give credit to it. The mother of a sick infant, if she but hears death whispered, she is confident her child is gone: either of them transports the mind beyond herself, and leave her open to inconveniences. How many have shortened their days by sudden false apprehensions, that have been helped forward by one of these two; or else so discovered their minds, as they have made way for themselves to be wrought upon by flattery, by seducement? In the one, nature is covetous for her own good, so dilates herself, and, as it were, stretcheth out the arms of her soul to embrace that which she hath an opinion may pleasure her; and this is in all sensitive creatures, though, I know, the desire of only rational and intelligible things, is peculiar to man; who, by virtue of his intellectual soul, is made desirous of things incorporeal and immortal. Thus he that would be well spoken of, believes him that falsely tells him so. In the other, nature is provident for her own safety; so all the spirits shrink in, to guard the heart, as the most noble part: whereby the exterior parts being left without moisture, the hair is sometimes suddenly turned grey: the heart, thus contracted and wrought upon by itself, more easily then admits any thing that is brought her by the outward senses. Thus if the miserable man hears a fire hath been in the town wherein his house is, he cries "undone," though his own were never in danger. In either of these how might persuasion work and betray us? What nature hath infused, I cannot cast out; correct I may. If I

must desire and fear, I will do it so moderately as my judgment and reason may be still clear. If unawares I be overtaken, I will yet be careful to conceal myself; so, though my own passions be over-strong, others shall not see them to take me at advantages. As many have been spoiled by being soothed in their plausible desires, so have many been abused, by being malleated in their troublesome fear.

## C.

*Though Resolutions change, yet Vows should know no Variety.*

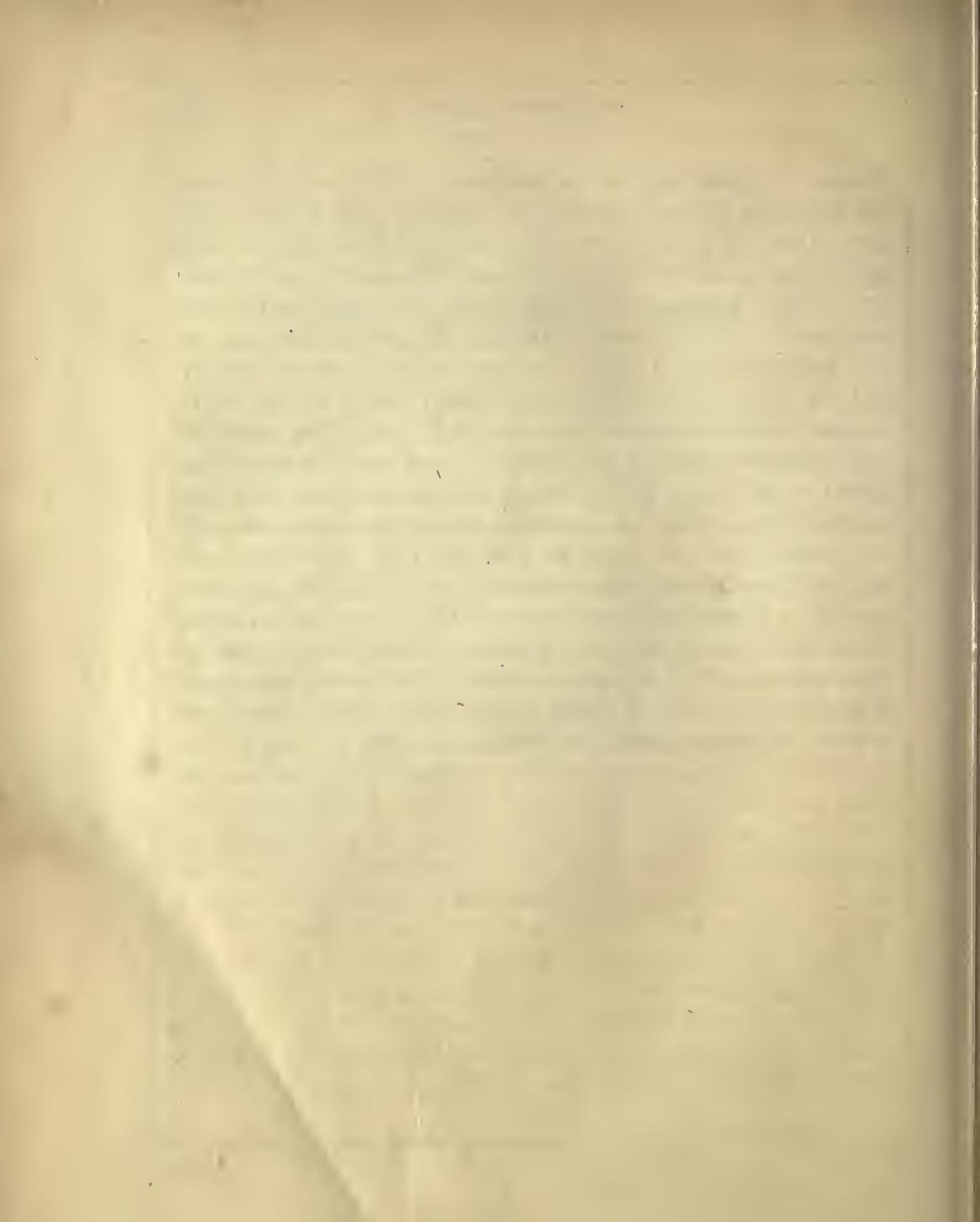
RESOLUTIONS may often change; sometimes for the better; and the last ever stands firmest. But vows well made should know no variance; for the first should be sure without alteration. He that violates their performance, fails in his duty, and every breach is a wound to the soul. I will resolve oft before I vow once; never resolve to vow, but what I may keep; never vow, but what I both can and will keep.

OMNIA DEO.

*DEO AUCTORIS VOTUM.*

OH Thou everywhere, and good of all! whatsoever I do, remember, I beseech thee, that I am but dust; but as a vapour sprung from earth, which even thy smallest breath can scatter. Thou hast given me a soul, and laws to govern it. Let that eternal rule, which thou didst first appoint to sway man, order me. Make me careful to point at thy glory in all my ways; and where I cannot rightly know Thee, let me rightly admire Thee, that not only my understanding, but my ignorance, may honour Thee. Thou art all that can be perfect: besides Thee, nothing is. Oh, stream thyself into my soul, and flow it with thy grace, thy illumination. Make me to depend on Thee. Thou delightest that man should account Thee as his Royal Protector; and cast himself, as an honourer of Thee, at thy feet. O establish my confidence in Thee; for thou art the fountain of all bounty, and canst not but be merciful. Nor canst thou deceive the humbled soul that trusts Thee. And because I cannot be defended by thee, unless I live after thy laws; keep me, O my soul's Sovereign! in the obedience of thy will; and that I wound not my conscience with the killing soils of vice; for this, I know, will destroy me within, and make thy cheering spirit leave me. I know I have already infinitely swerved from the tendings of that divine guide, which thou hast planted in the mind of man. And for this I am a sad prostrate, and a penitent at the foot of thy

throne. I appeal only to the abundance of thy remissions, and the ways thou hast appointed for the buoying up of drowned man. O my God, my God, I know it is a mystery beyond the vast soul's apprehension, and therefore deep enough for man to rest in safety in. O thou Being of all beings! cause me to roll myself to thee, and into the receiving arms of thy paternal mercies, throw myself. For outward things, I believe thou wilt not see me want: they are but the *adjunctamenta* of thy richer graces; and if it were not for my sins, it would be some distrust to beg them. The mines and deprivation, are both in thy hands. I care not what estate thou givest me, so thou ray thyself into my soul, and givest me but a heart to please thee. I beg no more than may keep me uncontemnedly and unpitiedly-honest. Save me from the *Devil*, lusts, and men; and for those fond dotages of mortality, which would weigh down my soul to lowness and debauchment, let it be my glory (planting myself in a noble height above them) to contemn them. Take me from myself, and fill me, but with thee. Sum up thy blessings in these two, that I may be rightly good and wise. And these for thy eternal truth's sake grant, and make me grateful.



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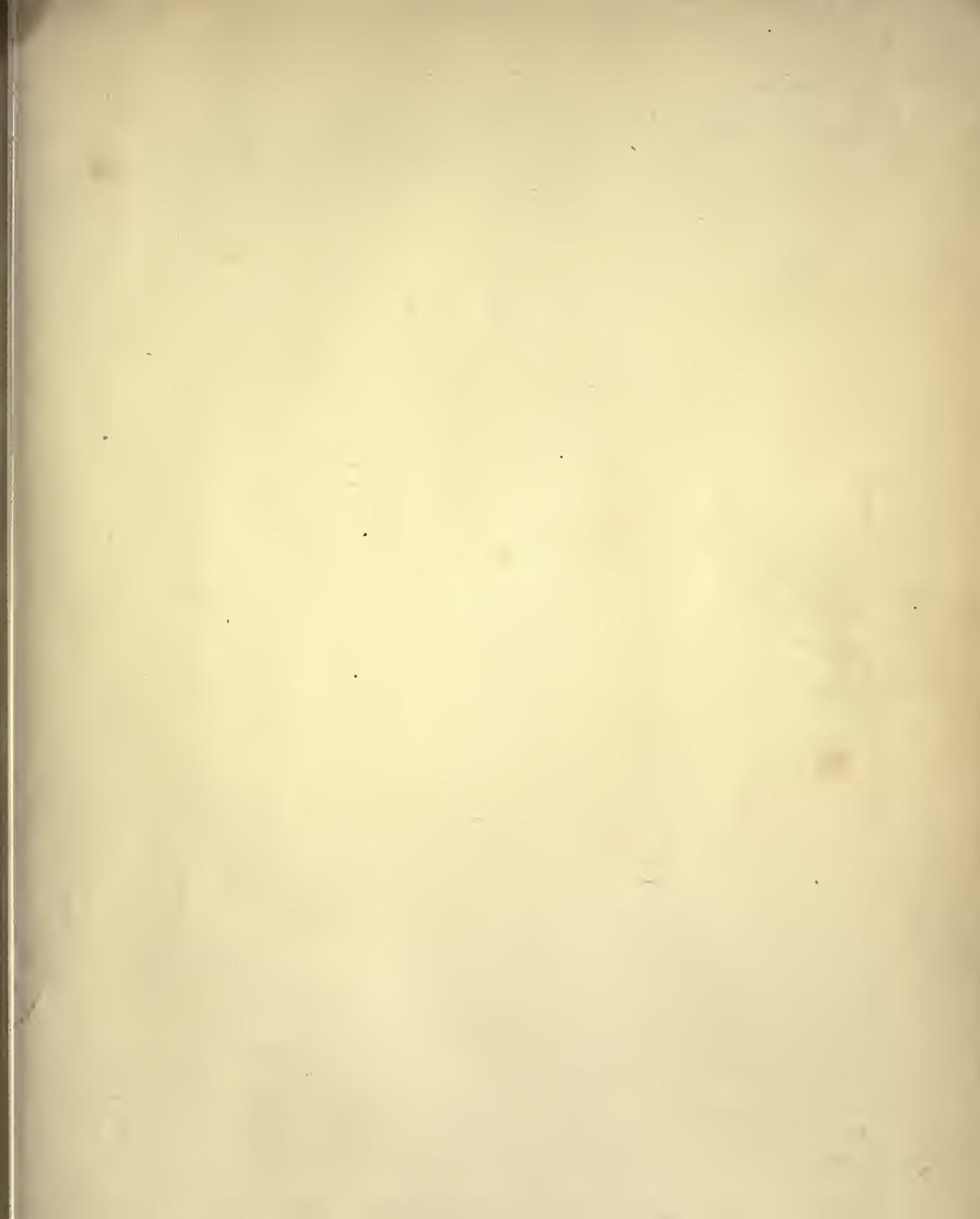
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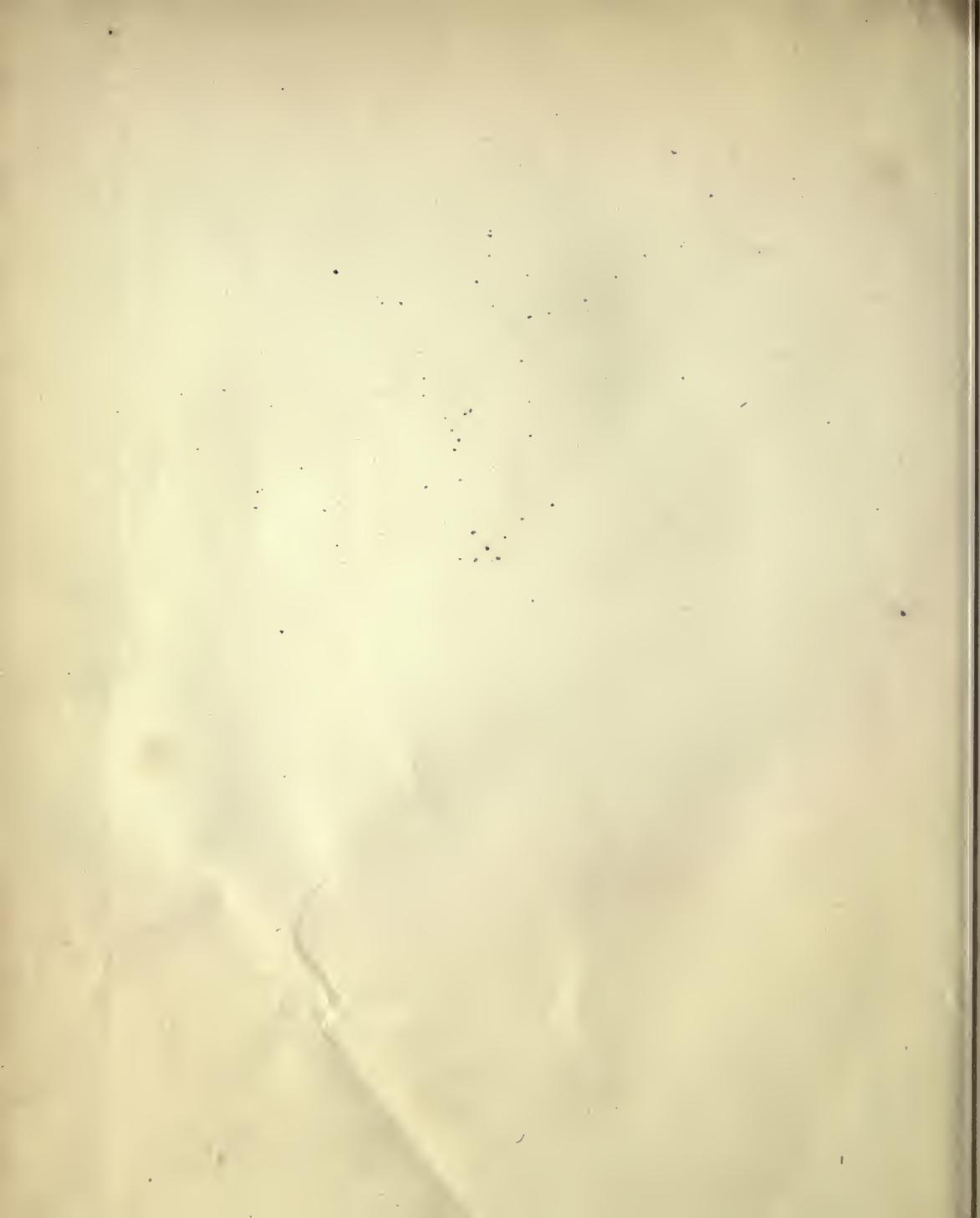
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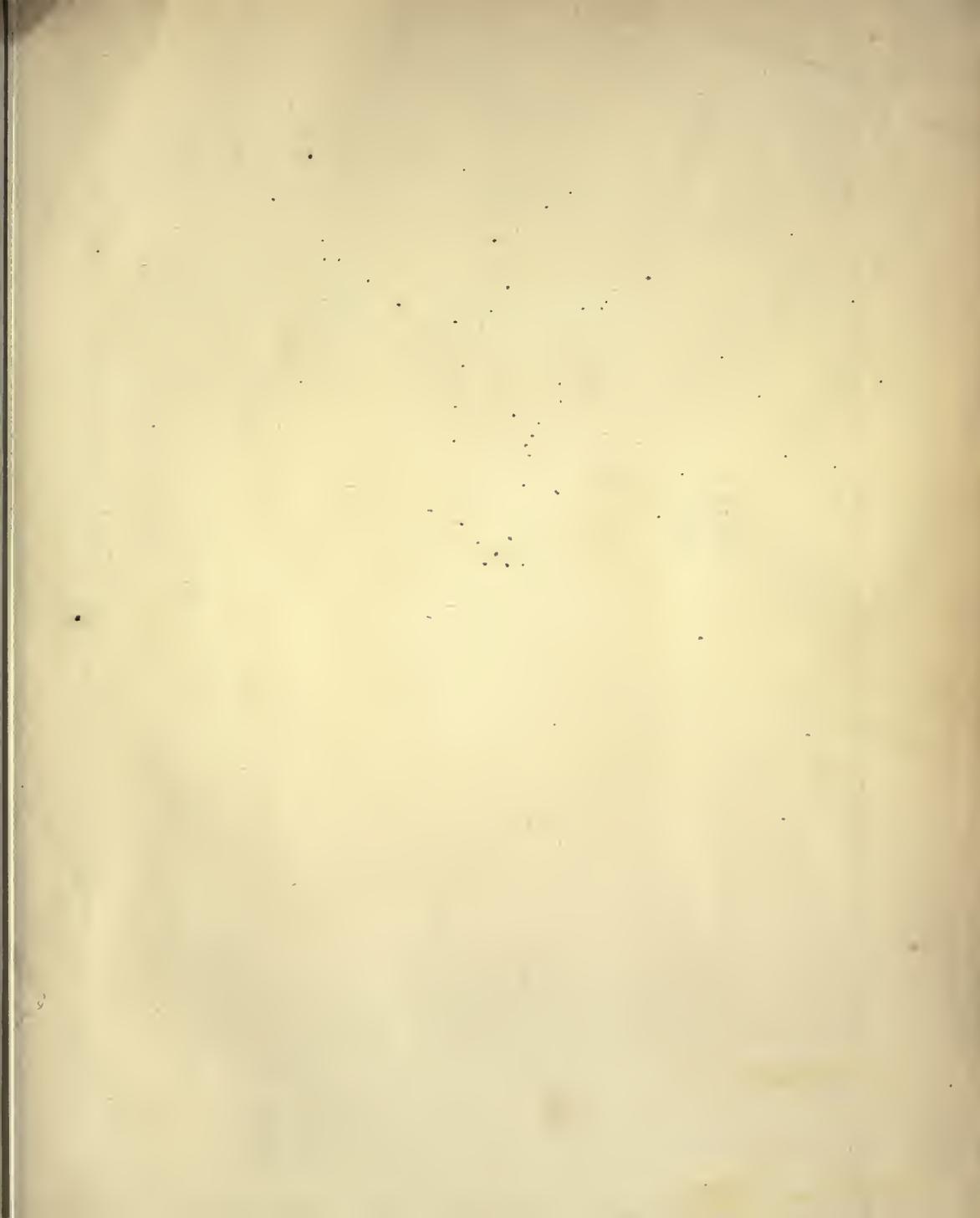
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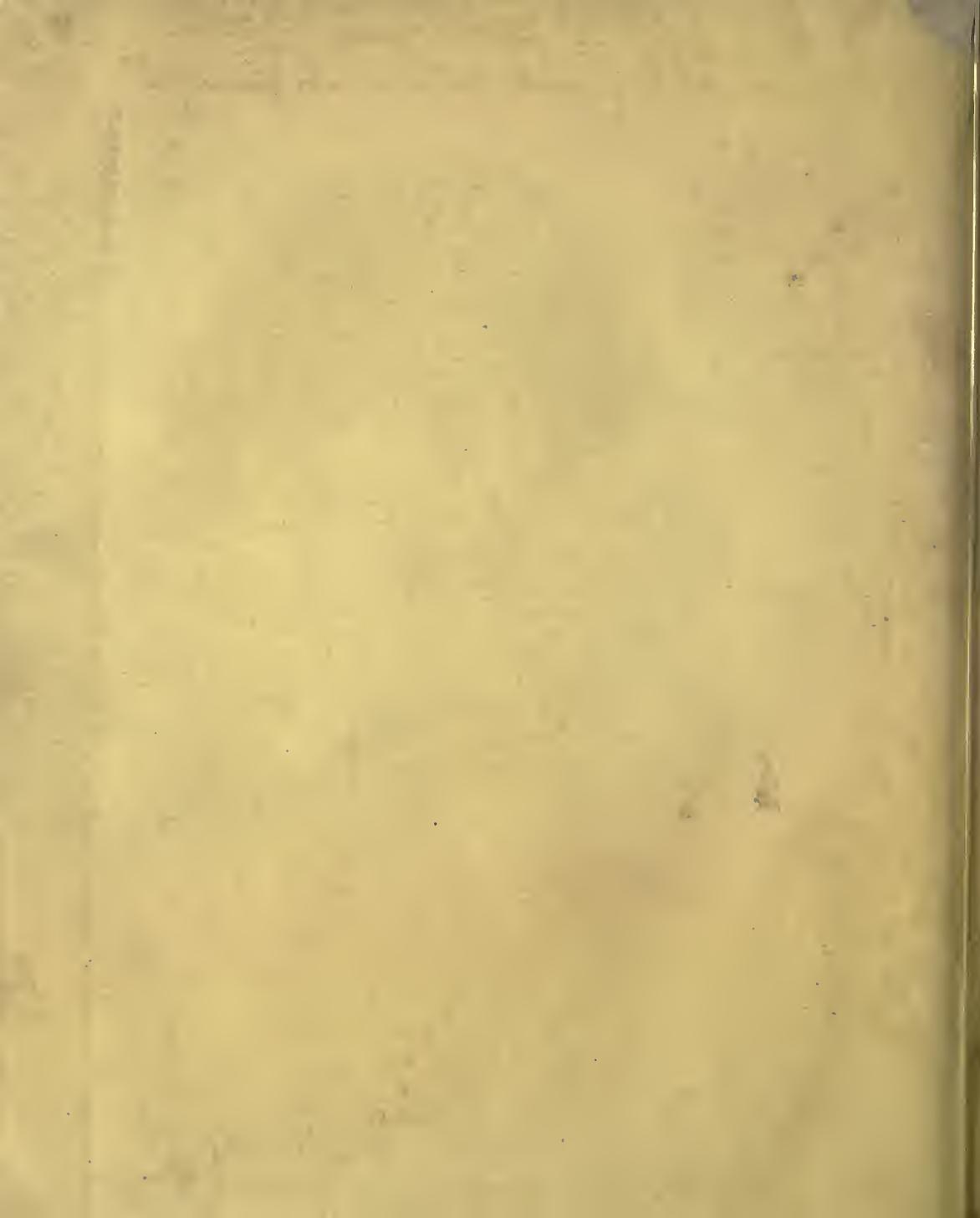
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